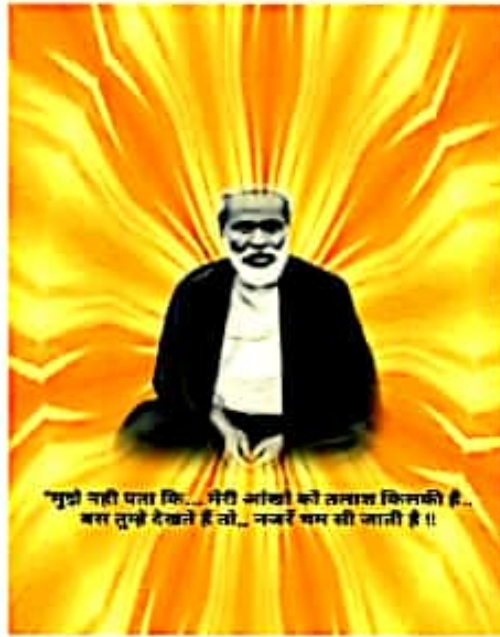


**AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A
S U F I**

(Autobiography of Samarth Sadguru Mahatma Ramchandra ji Maharaj - Alias Janab Laalaaji Maharaj)



(समर्थ सदगुरु लाला जी महाराज)

Mahatma Ramchandra Publications League

Fatehgarh (U. P.)2096201

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A
SUFI

Autobiography
of
Paramsant Samarth Sadguru Mahatma
Ramchandraji Maharj
alias
Janab Laalaji Maharaj

Original:

Divya Kranti Ki Kahani (Hindi)
Dr. (Smt.) Suman Saxena, MA, PhD

Translated in English:

R.K.Gupta

Edited:

Mahatma Shri Dinaysh Kumar Saxena

***'KAB WO SUNTA HAI KAHANI MERI
AUR PHIR WO BHI JUBANI MERI'***

**(Would He ever listen to my agony,
And that too in my own words?)**

(Galib)

Ramchandra

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FOREWORD

It is quite a strange idea to publish an autobiography of a saint, during whose physical life-time, the next-door neighbor did not know, even his name. Why? The answer is perhaps that he was truly a fakir in terms of *Tasawwuf* of Sufism. In other words, fakir Ramchandra was really the one, who had “annihilated his self”.

Born on the auspicious day of Basant Panchami, the 2nd February 1873, named Mahatma Ramchandrajī and affectionately known as “Laalaaji Maharaaj”, he became such an illustrious and celebrated saint that today, after more than one hundred years, a dozens of missionaries are full-time working in propagation of his tenets and his beliefs. More than one hundred countries are running well established training centers all over the world, in his name.

By adducing this edition, titled as, “**Autobiography of a Sufi**”, I am feeling felicitated. This is because as put forth by Revered Maulaana Rum in his Masnavi –

***“Khush tar an bashad ki shrin dilruban;
Ghufta aayad dar hadith-i-digaran.”***

(Secret of the beloved is better relished, when explained in the language of others)

Amongst the other languages, publication first in ‘English’ has been decided after viewing a report of a British Linguistic-Scientist, and the author of “The Story of English”, Dr. David Crystal’s ‘Thesis’, where in, it has been observed-“India has now become the nation having largest English speaking persons, in whole of the world, leaving behind even America.”

I would humbly like to state here that the books like this one are not simply to be read but to be meditated, because of the fact that their contents are epiphanic and their real meaning manifests only through His Grace. In this context it would be appropriate here to quote a couplet written by a well renowned Urdu poet Man Mohan Laal Saxena, alias “Bismil”, ‘Bharatpuri’ which reads-

***“Ek (one) ummi (illiterate person) pe (upon whom) Jo ho jaati hai (when
it so happens) rahamat Teri (Thy Grace);
Tere (Thy) ahkaam (dictations) utar aaten hain (manifests down) Quran
ho kar (in the form of Holy Quran)”***

The idea behind quoting this couplet is that the composer of the original book in Hindi, i.e. Dr. (Mrs.) Suman Saxena, a saintly noble person R.K.Gupta, I.R.S., holding one of the highest positions in Central Excise and Customs Department of the Government of India who could endure the labor of its initial translation into English Language and the other members of the team (including me), it could not have been possible for them to accomplish this task without His grace. Such a book, as I mentioned earlier needs to be meditated upon instead of just reading. I would like to suggest the

learned readers to read only one paragraph at a time and meditate upon it, keeping in mind this couplet-

**“Drop all the objects out of sight,
Go into sight, go into sight, and go into sight.”**
- Masnavi of Maulaanaa Rum.

Here it is also worth mentioning that ‘the life and works of “Fakir Ramchandra” of Fatehgarh (U.P.)’ initially composed in Hindi (Divya Kranti Ki Kahaani), by Dr. (Mrs.) Suman Saxena, the English translation of which is now in the hands of learned readers, renamed as “Autobiography of a Sufi” does not relate to any particular religion. So far as reality is concerned, the consciousness of God is lost in the consciousness of a Sufi. To understand better, if Sufi’s knowledge is a ‘line’, God’s knowledge is a ‘point’. The existence of a line is based on the existence of a point. This is how the Sufi is always “self annihilated”. In Sufism, the life beyond death is “*Wasl*” (literally means-‘wedding, i.e. the wedding with God)-meaning there by that the Sufi has died for himself but lives in the God.

A Hadith says-“*Anaa inda zanni abdihi.*” God says that I am with the thought of my servant (Sufi). Reading about the life and works of noble persons, therefore, takes the reader closer to God. Saints and the Sufi fakirs etc. in my eyes are the living scriptures, rather than the philosophical and mystical literature. To clear the confusion let me mention that there is difference between “Esoterism” and “Mysticism” although there is some overlapping. Many mystical traditions do not insist on additional knowledge, but rather seek to focus believer’s attention on prayers and more pointedly upon the object of devotion i.e. one’s spiritual Master, unlike the denominational cult, as in the case of the tradition fakir Ramchandra belonged to.

Before concluding, I express my gratitude and offer complements to all those who have extended their helping hand in the publication of this book.

I pray to my Master for all to achieve their Goal during their present lifetime.

Servus Servorum Dei

Fatehgarh (U.P.)
Friday Dated- May 02, 2010

Dinaysh Kumar Saxena

Preface To The Original Book “Divya Kranti Ki Kahani”

On the eve of this year’s festival of lights (Dipawali), the divine light that was cast upon me, the blessing which I received in the form of giving a shape to this manuscript, has turned into a fortune for me for ever. The thirsty devotees have received the nectar of divine words; those seeking the scriptures have received the code of *Brahma-Vidya*; the scholars have received their reference book and what can I say about me, I have received that treasure and blessing, which I would have expected to receive in person from the embodiment of grace, compassion and love, my grand father-in-law Shri Shri 1008 Mahatma Shri Ramchandraji (Shri Shri Laalaji Maharaj) being his grand daughter-in-law. I am sure if he had been alive today, he would have definitely entrusted this work to me. Perhaps it is his desire, his wish that sparkled my mind and descended on my tongue in the form of his words, in my eyes in the form of his smile, in my ears in the form of his speech, and that is how, no wonder it has become possible that the manuscript of this autobiography in the name of “Divya Kranti Ki Kahani” could be carved out of the material taken from his letters, diaries, other documents and books. The wise readers would decide it for themselves as to what extent I have been able to succeed in reflecting his personality in the present book. As far as I am concerned, I have made a humble effort to comply with the direction I received from him. I would consider myself gratified if this could benefit even a little bit to the beloved-brethrens.

In the process of putting them together in a book form, the original material has been translated from Urdu to Hindi and put sequentially in an order. At some places I have filled up the gaps in an appropriate manner taking help of other relevant material. For any shortcoming in my effort or for any confusion that might have crept in, I consider myself responsible for which I heartily seek to be pardoned.

In translating the material in to Hindi, I have received special help from a friend and well-wisher of my husband, a devotee saint and also an associate of Lalaji Maharaj Shri Jahur Mohammad Khan, Chief-Controller, North-Eastern Railways. I express my hearty gratitude towards him. In editing and improving the printed material, I have received valuable guidance from my research-guide Dr. B.B.Lal, former Chancellor, Bundelkhand University, Jhansi (U.P.). His fatherly affection has greatly supported me. I express my hearty gratitude to him by respectfully bowing down to him. I express my gratitude towards the authors and publishers of the books which provided useful material for this work. I also express my deep gratitude towards others who have encouraged and supported me, specially those great scholars of Hindi, who have graciously endorsed this work and have expressed their opinion; I seek their blessings.

I have been specially encouraged by the Director in-charge of the Ramashram Sansthan, Fatehgarh by his gracious resolution to publish this book. I express my respectful gratitude and thanks to Shri Beni Madhavji Agrawal, who is a man of piety in the real sense of the term and who is well known for his benevolence, service and financial help, and also to Shri Ramesh Chandraji Mathur, who is a reputed journalist and regional representative of many periodicals and Aakashvani (Radio broadcast) and is well known for his broad mindedness and for social service.

I respectfully acknowledge the service rendered by the managers of the Printing center at Jaipur. In spite of their limited resources, they have with great enthusiasm and cordiality accomplished the work of printing of this book.

On this happy occasion of thanks-giving, I very humbly acknowledge my gratitude towards my venerable, beloved and my all-in-all and greatly revered husband Shri Shri Dinaysh Kumarji. He is so close to me that I am afraid that even this formality of expressing my gratitude towards him may amount to misconduct on my part, as it may be indicative of a feeling of distance between us. I am frightened by the very thought of it and, therefore, I am unable to observe this formality of thanking him. Here, I would definitely like to reveal that it is he, who lovingly compelled me to take the pen in my hand and it is because of his love, his inspiration and insistence that I have been able to accomplish this task. The extent of respect and honor I am receiving from him is unprecedented; in fact it is my great fortune. It is a tradition of Indian culture that a marriageable girl cherishes a desire and dreams of getting a husband like Lord Ram but in today's circumstances how many of them are really fortunate to see their wish come true. In my case, however, the matter is entirely different. Perhaps as a result of the good deeds in the past lives and as a result of the blessings of the elders I have got my "Ram" but it pains my heart to ask myself 'whether I could become his Sita'? Through this work, I am very humbly present before the kind and gracious seekers with the expectation of being blessed by them that 'I do also get colored in the color of my Ram and become his worthy Sita and may sing in the words of Mira'-

"PACHRANG CHOLA PAHAR SAKHI RI, MEIN JHIRMIT RAMAVA JATI"

Dr. (Smt.) Suman Saxena

About the Book

Sufis do not belong to any particular caste, creed or religion; they belong to the entire humanity. The present book 'Autobiography of a Sufi', which is an account of the life of Mahatma Ramchandrajji of Fatehgarh (Janab Laalaji Maharaj) brings forth this point in the most vociferous way. Mahatma Ramchandrajji, who was the first duly authorized Hindu Sufi, at one point of time expressed a desire to convert to Islam, the religion of his spiritual Master Maulana Fazl Ahmad Khan (*Huzur Maharaj*), but his Master out rightly rejected the idea stating that in all the human beings, the flow of spirituality occurs in the same manner but their way of living differs. Religion depends upon the society and circumstances in which one is born but the soul is the same in everyone. Spirituality is a matter of soul, which is same in every one and it requires no particular religion to be followed.

Mahatma Ramchandrajji at one place writes that -"I do not know from where a false thought had entered in my sub-conscious mind that my revered Master, whom I considered as my all in all, my guide and on whom I have cast the burden of my both the worlds and on whose hands I have even taken the initiation, he is a Muslim too. I because of my worthless intelligence kept on thinking of that great man, who was above all religious and communal prejudices, only as a Muslim; only a Muslim alone, a communal! Till then I had not understood Islam in its real sense. I was familiar neither with the Hindu philosophy nor with Islam. When I was exposed, in a moment it appeared that the entire philosophy was staring at me."

He had hidden this fact from his wife, who was a staunch Hindu and an embodiment of purity. Observing rituals was ingrained in her right from the beginning. What to talk of eating non-vegetarian food, she did not eat even those vegetable foods like turnip, jackfruit, and *Masur Dal* (a small grained pulse-red in color) which even slightly aroused that feeling. But then it was she, who exposed the biggest falsehood of his life, the greatest sin.

He writes-"I was standing at such a juncture, where my mind was unable to help me. Gathering all the courage that I could muster, I the greatest coward of this world, ultimately decided that whatever be the consequences now I would not let this secret to remain a secret any more. Converting all my cowardice into strength when I appeared before my wife my mental state was no different than that of a thief. Thief and that too such a thief, who was about to surrender. I, like a child, narrated my entire story to her and also what I had been thinking about her. She was still the same, quiet and serious. She was perhaps not aware what was passing through my mind and behaved as if nothing had happened. She heard me like a wise judge and then she announced her brief judgment-'You have done a wonderful thing.' And then like a true companion she insisted-'Take me also to that *Param Sant* (great saint). I am a servant at your feet. Let my birth be also fruitful. For a lady the biggest religion is her husband and nothing else. Without this servant your goal would not be achieved, this is what the scriptures also state'. Forgetting about my guilt, now I was happy that she was happy. She not only saved me from sinking but in fact showed me the way. Her silent but lively expression

was getting engraved on my mind-‘Saints do not belong to any caste, they do not belong to any race, they are above all such considerations’. What could not have been achieved even after taking several births, I was able to achieve that in a moment by the grace of God, although I did not deserve it. By the grace of my Master, I was taken out of this dilemma.”

He was the first Sufi saint from the Hindu religion, who was fully authorized to train others and in turn to authorize them to do so in accordance with the Naqshbandi Sufi tradition. At the time of bestowing upon him the full authorization in the Naqshbandi Sufi tradition, a conclave of all the great saints and scholars belonging to various religions and sects was called by his spiritual Master and they were requested to approve of or reject the authorization after duly satisfying themselves. He was asked various questions, one of which related to the state of affairs after death.

He writes-“the question that was put before me was-what is death? What is the state of affairs after death?” My *Hazrat Qibla* stroked my back and sat behind on one side. Our eyes exchanged a glance and like a machine I started to answer. Those were the most valuable moments of my life and I was feeling that behind my words it was none else except my Huzur Maharaj, who was speaking through me. I spoke for about one hour and every one listened with apt attention. When the words started falling short of expression, their place was taken by charged emotions-and I do not know under whose influence and on whose strength I had announced-‘O Greatly revered scholars and saints! Whatever could be expressed through words about death I have mentioned before you. Now this humble servant is making an attempt to take you all through the experience of death’ and while I was saying so, their eyes got closed and amidst total silence they all experienced the reality of death. The silence was broken by Huzur Maharaj asking them to open their eyes. It was indescribable; tears were rolling out of their eyes. What madness was this? What an obsession it was? The experience of and encounter with the ‘Causal body’ by the embodied soul while still in the gross-physical body, the experience of death while still alive and the experience of the state beyond death, it was all not only astonishing but a new and unbelievable chapter in the history of spirituality.

The saints and scholars present in the conclave had remarked “what kind of love it was, what kind of madness it was, and what a strange transmission of energy this was that the one to whom a Naqshbandi Sufi is nominating his successor is a ‘*Vedanti*’. How can this happen?” Some *Vedantis* (scholars of Vedas) were also present there. They were desirous to know how such a practical knowledge of Vedas and Upanishads could be kept a secret with Sufis and that too in such a peaceful and quiet manner that no one had even an idea of it that why such a great necessity could not convert into a revolution so far?”

While granting him the full authorization, his spiritual Master, *Huzur Maharaj*, had remarked-“Ramchandra, today you have brought glory to your parents and enhanced the status of all the Buzurgan-e-Silsila-e-Aliya-Naqshbandia-Mujaddiya-Mazhariya (to all the elders of this great Order). If I would have allowed you to accept Islam, you would have become merely an ordinary Muslim. But today what is being talked because of you relating to the heavens, the Sun and the Earth, I am exhilarated. My son a time would

come and surely it would come that you would shine like the Sun. God willing, a new era would dawn with you.

The present book is an English translation of the original book “Divya Kranti Ki Kahani”, which is in the Hindi language by Dr. (Smt.) Suman Saxena and which has been carved out of the material taken from Mahatma Ramchandraji’s letters, diaries, other documents and books and presented in the form of an autobiography.

The idea to translate that esteemed book in the English language occurred suddenly as a divine inspiration from my Master Paramsant Thakur Ram Singhji Sahab (a disciple of Janab Laalaji Maharaj), which started taking shape immediately on November 18, 2009 and by His grace the translation work was completed by the end of March, 2010. I am extremely grateful to the saint-couple Dr. (Smt.) Suman Saxena and Mahatma Shri Dinaysh Kumar Saxena (grand daughter-in-law and grandson of Janab Laalaji Maharaj) for permitting me to translate the original book “Divya Kranti Ki Kahani” and to get it printed for the benefit of all those readers, who could not read the Hindi version. Mahatma Shri Dinaysh Kumar Saxena has also edited and improved upon the translation work and hence this book in its present form is in your hands. I am also grateful to my wife Smt. Anita Gupta and my son Ch. Vipin for their valuable suggestions and other help from time to time. I am also grateful to Shri Neeraj Mittal, who so readily agreed to print the book under the banner of BRPC Ltd.

For ease of reference, the book has been divided in various chapters. Where ever possible the Hindi and Urdu verses have been translated in English and the original verses have also been reproduced, as it is not always possible to convey the exact meaning of many things while translating them in a different language. A glossary of some of the terms used in this book has also been given at the end of the book.

For any short-comings in the translation or for any inadvertent mistake I seek the forgiveness of the wise readers.

For any further reference or material, readers are requested to visit the following web-sites:

Laalajinailayam.googlepages.com,
Sufisaints.net, and
Sufism.weebly.com

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'A Solemnly Call'

**How so ever, are you,
Under any mode of existence, thou art in,
Accept my solemnly call,
And come forth,
I am restlessly looking forward; thou art to come,
Have courage and embrace my touch,
Get absorbed in the ethereal companionship,
And embosom the pleasure of annihilation, beyond the veil,
So come and let me welcome thee in this town,
Situating on the Southern bank of the Ganges,
In my abode, within the city of Fatehgarh,
Do come, come at least once,
My doors are open, even today,
I am ardently eager to warmth you,
Am self waiting for you,
To look at, at least once, only once,
My eyes are impatient, pungent are my looks;
Search for thee is on, even today,
Come once, only once, but do come,
Be as you are, once, only once,
You have been reciting Gita and Vedas, so long,
Kept on performing Yagya and Havans (rituals and sacrifices),
And whatever miseries you had to undergo,
It went on, and continued,
Now you would have to gather the courage,
To get rid of the knowledge so acquired,
To become an ignorant again,
So as to get completely absorbed in nothingness,
The beliefs with which you have tied yourself,
You would have to get rid of them, as well,
In the entire humanity, in the history of the world,
And the life and its appearance contained in it,
I shall fill it with love and with the truth of love,
Let this be a renaissance, come on, I shall make you fearless,
Come on, once only, only once, only once.**

Fakir Ramchandra

Introspection

Revered Father,

This servant, as he is, proffers at Your feet. He has not learnt how to sing in Your praise or how to know Your greatness. Yes, at times he feels proud of his consciousness, but the truth is that what he considered as knowledge and his achievement appears all to be meaningless, because when he is put to test, nothing proves worthy. The result of all his search and enquiry is that he has come to know that he knows nothing.

In all parts of the world various streams of knowledge are flowing continuously day in and day out in the shape of numerous publications, books, newspapers and periodicals etc. The views expressed in these writings appear to provide the basis for hymns in your praise. But then they enter in the mind and rest somewhere in such an unorganized manner that they cannot be retrieved when required and even if there is some impression left, it is so vague that it serves no purpose.

From where do all these thoughts and scene arise and where do they rest? Are these not a reverberation of Your name and its reflection, which arise like a wave in Your ocean of knowledge and then they become slow and quite? Knowledge and ignorance, light and darkness, matter and consciousness, life and death, strength and weakness, all duality is the playful creation of You and Your 'Maya' (illusion). All the creatures are participating in this play according to their role and are witnessing and repeating the same. Some are engaged in this play, some are looking at it and some others are repeating the game. This wheel is so rotating that one is unable to comprehend its end. Perhaps what is referred to as the '*Mahapralay*' (the dissolution of all creation) may be its end?

Those, who have left from the scene were, as if they were free souls, who having played their roles, have set quietly in a corner. Such a quite and free departure that they did not look back even once. Even the great people so disappeared that not even their memory is left behind. It matters little if only a few show their glimpse as sages and seers, messiahs and '*Avtars*' (incarnations of God).

This emblematic name and form will remain too, as long as one's own light remains. But after all an emblem is an emblem. The present personality (the causal body or *Karan Sharir*) is certainly an embodiment of some other personality that existed earlier. If somebody could imagine himself an embodiment of his father and his father to be an embodiment of his father's father and so on and thus slips in to the remote-past to such an extent that he starts feeling that the sequence of embodiment and the emblem is ending and there remains nothing except the essence, then it is possible that this very point is the ultimate, his starting point.

O' The Supreme Soul! This *Sevak* (servant) being an embodiment of many such, one after another embodiments and ultimately becoming an intermingled form of some state of the *Satpurush* (the Truth) and a version of the way to Truth is trying to discharge his responsibility according to Your will. You are omniscient. So I leave it unto You to

decide how capable is Your servant in playing his role and whether the role played by him is based on truth or otherwise. If he is an embodiment of some state of the *Satpurush*, then what state of Truth? It is my firm belief that the waves of the ocean of Your Mercy and Grace have taken this body into Its shelter from all sides from the very first day. The first gleam of enlightenment was bestowed on me in the lap of my intensely devoted mother and I was fortunate to be bloomed in the warmth of this Divine light (in the form of my mother) for seven years.

O' The Merciful! Your boundless Compassion did not keep me away from its current and eventually on an auspicious day of my nineteenth year You sent me and ultimately apportioned me the epitome of mercy and the light of knowledge to guide and lead me to the path of Truth and made me to surrender my being to him. He, the true guide, on the very first day uttered in my ears that "your true self from the very first day is bent towards the Truth; so become an epitome of the *Satpurush* and prove the Truth to be truth. Use the reflective action as the divine path to reach the '*Dhruva Pad*' (the polar state). Use the '*Maya*' (illusion) as a tool in performing your role but take the shelter only of the Truth."

Having said so my guide did not leave me alone on my own but for sixteen years like an eidolon he always remained with me and with great kindness took both my spiritual and worldly care. Every moment he inspired me to be away from ostentations and denominational-rituals of all sorts and eventually colored me in his own color and asked me to spread his holy-mission all over the world in such a manner that no one was left untouched. His instructions were that disgraced and strayed people in need of help should be assisted and made internally strong. By this he meant that until people were not helped to gain internal strength, they would not be awakened, they would not realize their self and their intellectual level would remain unchanged. They would remain under the influence of various disorders, i.e. there would not be any possibility of further progress. He thus laid stress on the point that as far as possible the focus should remain on internal practice and simultaneously the character should be built keeping the religious dictates in mind. One should also draw benefit from reading and following the scriptures. It was his opinion that one should engage himself in internal practice and also keep company of such people so that not only character is built but the path of social progress is also made accessible. As against this, mere listening to discourses or devotional songs or reading books would not help in achieving the objectives.

Now, my beloved ones give thought to it and consider to what extent the principles based on his desire and expectations are being followed? Most of the people are running after ostentations, amusements and illusory glimpses and for them to confine only up to the internal practices is a burden for them. It has become difficult to leave behind the old lazy habits and to follow the religious discipline. This is the reason that our mission is limited to only a few people and even they keep on trying to hide their faces and to run away. Many have run away and many are in the process. Even then those few who are steadfast, their commitment and internal condition can be judged only by those who themselves are engaged in internal practice. Why is it that our mission, even after so much time, has not achieved the place it deserved amongst the seekers? It has

neither gained popularity, nor does it have any written code of conduct or a fund or any social or economic status. One of the reasons appears to be the impractical strictness about the message of our great ones being not made public for the fear of not introducing even the slightest variation or modification, which has been considered as being impertinent. But now it is being felt that my beloved ones and quite a few others in the mission expect that some shape should be given to all this in the 'Satsang' (gatherings for practice in silence or Holy service), meaning thereby that the silent signs that have been passed through the generations and expectations from the people be formalized and published in the form of books and periodicals.

This servant always had a view up till now, and still holds, that the old scriptures and books given by the sages and the material provided by various saints, Upanishads, *Gita*, *Ramayan*, *Ramcharit Manas*, literature of Sant Kabir, Guru Nanak Sahab's *Granth*, "*Ghat Ramayan*" of Tulsi Sahab of Hathras, letters and *Qulliyat* of Param Sant Rai Sahab Saligram, literature of Maharshi Dayanand, words of Swami Vivekanad and Swami Ramtirth etc. are enough for the seekers to derive inspiration and guidance. If some people find it difficult to understand and reach the depth of these books, they can refer to the books written by Maharshi Shivvrat Lalji, who has been kind enough to write these books in simple and common man's language, which are easy to understand for all. I do not understand why despite all these gems being already available people should be fascinated to write more books? It appears that the reason behind doing so is the difficulties faced by people in the modern times due to which they feel that these books are beyond their comprehension and the common people expect a still simpler path to follow. Inquisitiveness is natural in human beings. It is embedded in their character to know and experience more and more new things. Although one should not have the same level of interest in any thing after having experienced the same, but this is not always necessary that one would have achieved something while undergoing that experience. Therefore, a constant desire to keep on experimenting continues.

And then there are such books, which the readers are not able to benefit from fully. One reason for it is that the philosophy discussed in such books is not based on the self-experience of the author but mostly based on things heard or aberration of scriptures. At times the motive behind it is not welfare of public but promotion of authors own self-interest. Such books with all excellence in their get up do not benefit the real seekers.

Till now I have confined this storm of thoughts within me. But my beloved brothers have insisted that keeping the above difficulties faced by them in mind I should also write. Their silent insistence has compelled me to write this "Story of Divine Revolution" in the form of my autobiography, which is in your hands. Besides I had a fear in my mind, which also has inspired me to write it. I always was apprehensive that in the background of their boundless reverence and devotion my beloved ones may not paint me as a god in future by ignoring my human weaknesses and desires like any other person and start making an effort to prove me to be an incarnation, which is usual and which puts the ordinary seekers in dismay considering their own shortcomings and weaknesses.

Although I am fully conscious but my academic qualification is not such that I may write a foolproof script. The readers may, therefore, find linguistic and technical deficiencies, besides unconnected material here and there, as I am not apt in this work.

I have not even the slightest intention of satisfying my ego through this attempt. This work is entirely aimed at serving my own brethren, my fellow-disciples and seekers. I am, therefore, not embarrassed at my shortcomings.

You are beloved of God. Your prayers have force in them. Even mistakenly, if you can devote one moment for praying for me in your prayers, that is all that I expect and long for through this work.

***“JAMALE HAMNASHIN DARMAN ASAR KARD,
BAGARNA MAHUMA KHAKAM KI HASTAM.”***

The aura of my Beloved has so impacted upon me; otherwise I am the same agglomeration of dust, which I was earlier.

Forever Your Servant,

(Fakir Ramchandra)

Bouquet of Prayers

During my journey on the path, whenever I felt weak or tired, this bouquet of prayers has given me the support and provided me the encouragement and vigor to move ahead. These prayers, which are my favorite and helped me from time to time, are presented here as a bunch. In the *Samadhi Pad Sutra 23* of *Patanjali Yoga Shashtra* the expression '*Ishwar Pranidhanadwa*' has been used to state that *Vinay Prasray* (taking support of prayers) is the means through which one can reach the state of *Samadhi* and realization. In fact the simplest and the best way to know and realize the Truth is through prayers.

*SERVE VEDA YAT PADMAMNANTI,
TAPASI SARVANI CH YAD VADANTI/
YADICHCHINTO BRAHMCHRYA CHARANTI,
TAT TE PADAM SANGRAHEN BRAVIMYOMITYETAT/
-AUM ITI ETAT (KATHOPANISHAD 1,2,15)*

That which is sought to be established by all the Vedas through various verses and in different manners; that which is the only objective of all the penance and worship; and that for whom all the seekers sincerely observe celibacy, I would tell you the Essence of that *Purushottam Bhagwan* (the Ultimate God). And that is the One Word "Aum".

Guruvandana:

*GURURBRAHMA GURURVISHNU GURURDEVO MAHESHWARA/
GURUR SAKSHAT PARBRAHMA, TASMAI SHRI GURUVEI NAMA//*

Guru (teacher, Master) is the Brahma (the Creator), he is the Vishnu (the Sustainer), he is the Maheshwara (the Dissoluter) and he is the Supreme Being personified; I bow down before him.

*AUM BHURBHUVA SWAH, / TAT SAVITURVARENYAM BHARGO,
DEVSYA DHIMAHI DHIYO YO NAH PRACHODYAT//
-(YAJURVEDA 36/30)*

Bhu, Bhuva and Swah are the three great phrases. Aum denotes the Supreme Being, who is the base of all beings (Bhu), Omnipresent (Bhuva) and Bliss personified (Swah). We may be blessed to receive the great and pious light of that Brilliant, Controller and Lord of all creation, who may inspire our intellect and actions.

The savior of all, the Soul of all souls, the One who liberates us from all pains, He who is Bliss personified and who bestows happiness to all, He who is the Creator of the universe and who alone is worth seeking, who is the Supreme, Pious and Pure, we should seek Him, meditate upon Him, so that the Supreme Being inspires our intellect/senses to adopt good character and to indulge in right actions.

Mangalbhawana

*AUM VISHWANIDEV SAVITADURRITAN PARASUV /
YAD BHDAM TANN ASUV //*

O' the Supreme Being! You are the most Pious. You alone bestow upon us all the happiness. O' Master! You are the Creator of the entire universe and You alone are the treasure of all Qualities. O' Lord! Remove all our pains, vices and weaknesses and we humbly pray to You to bless us with good qualities, deeds and things.

*BHADRAM KARNEBHI SRANUYAM DEVA BHDAM PASHYEMAKSHBHIRYAJATRA/
STHIRAIRANGETUSHTVA SASTANOOBHIR VYSHEMAHI DEVAHITAM YADAYOO//
-(YAJURVEDA 25/21 RICHA: 1/81/8)*

O' the assiduous and learned ones! May we listen to auspicious through our ears and not the evil and indecent. May we see that which is decent through our eyes and not that which is indecent. We may live long high quality life with healthy and strong bodies offering prayer to the Almighty. This is what we pray to the Almighty.

Shivsankalp

*YATJAGRATO DOORMUDAITI DEVAM SUPTASTH TATHAIVAITI/
DOORAMGAMAM JYOTISHAM JYOTIREKAM TANME MANAH SHIV SANKALPAMASTU//*

This fickle mind goes to various objects not only when one is awake, but also when one is asleep. The knowledge of soul is possible only through it and not without it. It caters to all the senses; they cannot work without it. It vows and chooses alternatives. O' Lord! May our minds vow to peaceful and auspicious things. This is our humble prayer.

Abhayam

*ABHAYAM MITRADBHAYAMMITRAD ABHAY GYATADBHAYAM PAROKSHAT/
ABHAYAM NAKTAMBHAYAM DIVA NA SARVA ASHA MAM MITRAM BHAVANTU//*

O' the Supreme Being! May we have fear from no one, be it a friend, a foe, someone known or unknown; let us be afraid of no one. Day or night, in all directions, may we wander fearlessly. This is our humble prayer.

Sharanam

*AAUJU BILLAHI MINASH SHAITVANIR RAJIM/
BISMILLAHIR RAHMANIR RAHIM/
ALHAMDU LILLILAH RABBIL AALMIN/
AR RAHMANIR RAHIM, MALIK YOUNIDDIN/*

*IYAK NA ABUDU VA IYAK NASTAIN/
IH DINAS SISHATAL MUSTAKIM/ SIRATAL LAJIN AN AMT ALAIHIM/
GAIL MAGJUBE ALAIHIM VA LAJJU AALLIN//
- (From the Holy Qur'an)*

I take the shelter of the Almighty to save myself from the evil Satan. I first take the name of the Almighty, who is highly benevolent and merciful. All the praise is for Him. He is the provider for all; He is the liberator, extremely kind and graceful. He is the Master of the Day of Judgment. O' Lord! We worship You alone and pray for Your help and protection. O' Merciful! Take us on that glorious path, following which seekers have received Your grace, mercy and favor and not on that path, which leads to Your displeasure or punishment or that followed by the astray ones. May it be so!!!

Yachana

*ALLAH HUMMA SALLE ALA SAIYEDANA MOHAMMADIN/
MADNIL JUDE WALKARAM VA ALEHI VA SALLAM//
-(DARUDSHARIF)*

O' the Supreme Being! Kindly bestow Your grace and mercy on our Patron, Hazrat Mohammad and his children, who is very graceful, kind and benefactor, and give them long life and happiness.

Divya Prasad

*BISMILLAHIR RAHMANIR RAHIM/
KUL HU WALLA HU AHAD! ALLAH HUSSAMAD
LAM YALID, WALAM YULAD;
WA LAM YAKULLAHU KUFAPAN AHAD*

(O' Paigamber (Prophet), if people say you as the son of the God and if they ask you about the God, then tell them)

The God is One. He is free from all bondage; He requires no support; none is born from Him, nor has He taken birth from anyone, nor is there any one equal to Him.

Blessings

- Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
- Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.
- Blessed are they who are hungry and thirsty after righteousness; for they shall be filled.
- Blessed are the merciful; for they shall get mercy.
- Blessed are they who are pure at heart; for they shall see God.
- Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God.

- Blessed are they, who are persecuted for righteousness; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
- Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you and persecute you and shall say all sort of evil against you falsely, for my sake; rejoice and be glad for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets who came before you.
(From New Testament: St. Mathew Ch. 5-Teachings from mountain)
- Thy will be done.
- There is really only one prayer: Thy will be done.
-M.K.Gandhi

Samarpan (Surrender)

O' Supreme Soul! I bow before You and accept what You wish for me. My aim is to abide by Your desire. I have given up the thought of both this world and the hereafter, which are in Your hands. Kindly bestow Your grace and mercy on me.

*(JAISI SAMAJHO ATI NIKOU TAISOI KAROU NATH NIJ JIYAKOU!
CHIT SOI CHINTAN KARE, WAK BAKAI NIT SOI
KAYA KARM WAHI KARE, JO TUMHE ATI PRIYA HOI!)*

Sahkar Avam Shanti Path

*AUM SAH NAVVATU/ SAH NOU BHUNAKTU/
SAH VIRYA KARVAVAHAI/ TEJASVI NAVDHITAMASTU/
MA VIDVISHAVAHAI/
AUM SHANTI: SHANTI: SHANTI:
-(TAITIRIYARANYAKE BRAHMANNADVALLI PRABHA //10//)*

O' the Supreme Being! Kindly protect us both (the Master and the disciple); take care of both of us together; both of us be enlightened together and our knowledge be enlightening. We may not be envious of each other; we may have no feeling of duality among us; we may tie each other with the cord of affection and we may reach the state of total absorption. Aum Shanti: Shanti: Shanti:

*AUM DHOU: SHANTIRANTIRAKSHAM SHANTI: PRITHVI SANTIRAAP:
SHANTIRAUSHADHAY: SHANTI:/
VANASPATAY: SHANTIRVISHVEDEVE DEVA: SHANTIRBRAHMASHANTI: SARVA/
AUM SHANTI: SHANTIREV SHANTI: SA MA SHANTIREDDHI//
AUM: SHANTI: SHANTI:
-(YAJURVEDA 36/17)*

O' God! May we be at peace in the Dhou *Loka*, in the sky and on the earth. Water and herbs may give us peace. Trees bearing fruits without flowers may give us peace. May we receive peace from all the learned ones and from the scriptures. All the

substances may give us peace. Even the peace may also be peaceful and that peace may always be prosperous for us. Aum Shanti: Shanti: Shanti:

The Significance of the Publication of Autobiography

In this era of utilitarianism, if my autobiography does not in any way appear to be providing some value-based gain to people, they would consider it as a material only for time pass and like any other novel they would read it and keep it aside and later consign it to some scrap-dealer. At most there could be some write-ups published in some newspapers or magazines or some evaluation of my work and that would be all; the work would have met with its fate.

According to one of the famous *Vedic Sutras* (formulations) “*Jivantan Jyoti Rabhye Hi*” meaning thereby that one should learn from the living ones. And they alone can be considered as the living ones, who are alive for all times and at all places, yesterday, today and forever. But with this it is also true that one who has been born would also have to die. Then how is it possible to find such an ideal person, who may be before us from the beginning to the end.

To my limited intellect it appears that “living ones” are those, who have been succeeding sequentially in a chain. This humble fakir (an ascetic) has studied and analyzed various religions and philosophies according to his capability and has come to the conclusion that it is only by sticking to the faith and belief of his Masters and the spiritual knowledge revealed by them, that one can be confident of being protected up to the last. An extraordinary guide for self-realization and for shaping the character, Hazrat Shah Fazl Ahamad Khan Sahab (Raipuri) Rahmat Ulla Allehi (RUA), is not only my *Gurudev* (Master) but the lord of my whole existence. He has not only initiated me but he has given me the *Bayat* (oath of allegiance) in the holy hand of his Master; I am sold to him. His personality has embraced my whole existence into his own and he has cast me in his own mold. My friends, therefore, would have to acquaint themselves with his character and the founder and successors of his *Guruparampara* (tradition).

*SHURU KARATA HOON MEIN ALLAH KE NAAM SE,
JO BARA MEHARBAN, NIHAYAT RAHAMWALA HAI/
E ALLAH! RAHMAT KA SILA NAZIL FARMA UPAR,
SARDAR HAMARE AUR MALIK HAMARE SAHIB KE,
JO SAHABE TAAJ AUR MERAJ AUR BURRAK AUR NISHAN KE HAIN/
DUR KARNE WALE SAKHTI AUR VABA AUR KAHATSALI AUR BIMARI AUR DARD KE,
NAAM UNKA LIKHA GAYA HAI,
BULAND KIYA GAYA HAI,
SHAFaat KIYA GAYA HAI,
NAQSH KIYA GAYA HAI/
BEECH LOH AUR KALAM KE,
SARDAR HAI ARAB AUR AJAM KE,
JISM UNKA BAHUT PAK, KHUSHBUDAR, PAKIJA, ROSHAN,
BEECH KHANA-E-KABA AUR HARAM KE,
AAP AFTABE CHASHT KE,*

**MAHTAB ANDHERI RAAT KE,
 MADNAD NASHIN BULANDI KE,
 NUR RAHE RAAST KE,
 PANAH MAKHLUKAT KE,
 CHIRAG TARIKIYON KE,
 NEK AADATON WALE,
 BAKHSHANE WALE UMMALON KE,
 SAHABE BAKHSHIH AUR BUJURUGON KE/
 AUR ALLAH NIGAHBAN HAIN UNKA,
 AUR JIBRAIL KHIDAMAT GUJAR HAI UNKA,
 AUR BURRAK SAVARI HAI UNKI,
 AUR MERAJ SAFAR HAI UNKA,
 AUR SIDARTUL MINTAHA MUKAM HAI UNKA,
 AUR KABA KAUSEN WISAL,
 ILAHI MATLUB HAI UNKA,
 AUR MATLUB AUR MAKSUD HAI UNKA,
 AUR MAKSUD UNKE PAAS MAUJUD HAI/
 SARDAR RASUL KE,
 KHATMA SAB NABIYON KE,
 BAKHSHANE WALE GUNAHGARON KE,
 GAMKHWAR MUSAFIRON KE,
 RAHMAT JAHAN KE LOGON KE,
 MOOJIB AARAM AASHIKON KE,
 MURAD MUSHTAKON KE,
 AAFTAB KHUDA SHANASHON KE,
 CHIRAG RAHE KHUDA CHALANE WALON KE,
 CHIRAG MUKARRABON KE,
 DOST RAKHANE WALE MOHATAO KE,
 AUR MUSAFIRON AUR MUFALISON KE SARDAR/
 JINN WA INS KE NABI,
 MAKKA MUAJJAMA AUR MADINA MUNNAWAR KE PESHWA,
 BAITUL MUKADDAS AUR KABA KE WASILE,
 HAMARE BEECH DUNIYAN AUR AAKHARAT KE SAHABE MARTABA,
 MIKDAR DO KAMANON KE,
 MAHABOOB PARVARDIGAR KE,
 NANA IMAM HASAN AUR IMAM HUSSAIN KE,
 MALIK HAMARE AUR MALIK JINS WA INS KE,
 KUNNIYAT ABUL KASIM NAAM MOHAMMAD/
 BÊTE ALLAH KE,
 NUR ALLAH KE,
 NUR E AASHIKON,
 NUR JAMAL AUR HASRAT KE,
 DARUD KO JO UPAR UNKE, AUR UNKI AULAD KE,
 AUR UNKE DOSTON KE,
 AUR SALAM BHEJO,
 SALAM BHEJNA//**

It roughly translates as under:

I begin in the name of Allah,
Who is extremely kind and merciful,
O' Allah! Kindly bestow Your grace,
On our lord and the Master of our Master,
Worthy of crown, *Meraj* (spiritual ascent), *Burrak* (divine horse) and *Nishan*
(divine sign),
Who removes all difficulties, evils, pains and afflictions,
His name has been glorified,
Engraved by the Divine pen on the Divine box,
He is the lord of Arab and Azam,
His body is pious, fragrant, pure and shining,
Between the *Khana-e-Kaba* and *Haram*,
He is the rising Sun of early morning,
And the Moon of the dark night,
Seated at the highest,
The light of the path,
Shelter for the whole world,
A lamp in the darkness,
Possessor of all good qualities,
Obtainer of forgiveness for all,
Foremost amongst the blessed and worthy ones,
And Allah is his caretaker,
And Jibrail is in his service,
And *Burrak* is for him to mount upon,
And he ascends to *Meraj*,
And his destination is *Sidartul Mantaha**,
And *Kaba* and *Kousain Visal***,
Is verily what he loves,
And it is his love and desire,
And what he desires is with him,
He is the foremost of all prophets,
And the last amongst the prophets,
Obtainer of forgiveness for all sinners,
Soother for all travelers,
Grace for all the people,
Sought by all the lovers,
Desired by all the seekers,
A lamp to light the path of all seekers of Truth,
A light for all the near ones,
And for those who are friends of paupers,
And a guide for all travelers and poor people,
Prophet of all *Jinns* and human beings,
Lord of *Makka*, *Muajjama* and the illuminated *Madina*,

For the sake of the holy oath of allegiance and Kaba,
He acts as intercessor for us between this world and the hereafter,
Measure of the two arches,
A beloved of God,
Grandfather of Imam Hasan and Imam Hussain,
Our lord and lord of all *Jinns* and human beings,
Born in the family of Abul Qasim, which is known by your name Muhammad,
A son of God,
A light of God,
A light for all beloveds,
Brilliance of beauty and desire,
Salutations upon him,
Also upon his children,
And upon his friends,
Send our salutations,
Send our salutations||

*a berry tree located in the seventh sky, which can be reached only by Jibriel

**the meeting point of the two arches

Due to the hurling of ignorance as a result of concealment of *Swaroopanand* (the bliss experienced when one is firmly rooted in the Self), feeling of happiness has spread all over the world. Due to the feeling of a distinguished identity and association with the power to scatter, there is a harmony even in this hurling. Having fragmented, the bliss of Self of all creatures is spread more or less in the entire universe and until these particles of bliss unite and condense with a feeling of being whole, one cannot have a glimpse of the bliss of Self. The objective of *Sadhana* (spiritual practices) is to gather these scattered particles and give them a form. The *Beej Mantra* (seed-formulation) given by the Master has an inseparable relation with the *Ishta* (the spiritual goal). This *Beej Mantra* given by the Master grows in the soil of heart of the seeker. The relation between this *Beej Mantra* and the *Ishta* is the same as between the seed and the tree growing from it. As the tree springs out of the seed in accordance with the law of nature, exactly in the same manner due to the spiritual energy of Master, the *Ishta* is revealed.

What we long for becomes the objective of our *Sadhana* (intuitive-devotion). The object of longing becomes the source of happiness and gaining happiness is gaining the *Ishta*. Knowingly or unknowingly, everyone is in search of happiness. But the true and lasting happiness is nothing but the bliss of Self. It is only because of it that nothing else can be more attractive than happiness. Whatever one likes, it is all for the Self. Therefore, Self, happiness and *Ishta* all are basically one and the same. Whatever one longs for, unknowingly he seeks for nothing else but his Self. Not understanding this reality one thinks that what one seeks is something different and, therefore, one keeps on running after various things.

The advice of some of my progressive friends has always been reminding me that “reading Ramayana, Gita, Mahabharat, Vedas, Upanishads and other scriptures would not help; you would have to write your own Ramayana, Mahabharat and Gita; you would

have to yourself become Ram and Krishna". Accordingly, while jotting down the biography of Hazrat *Paigamber* (Prophet Mohammad), *Sallalaho Sallam* (because all the saints of my Master's tradition successively are merged and exist in His identity and they have no separate existence) in the following chapters, I have tried to cast my own life in the same mold. Throughout my life I have endeavored to do so and I have made such an effort in this direction that I wish that by looking at me people might get an idea of His life. It is the result of His grace and mercy that my biography has been scripted and has reached such a stage that its publication has become possible. If this could provide a glimpse of my *Ishta* to the readers, and if it could provide them value based fundamentals of spirituality, I would consider this effort to be meaningful. Many a times I have come across blankness and faced dark nights, but at every stage I have tried to ensure that the readers may not see even a shadow of those in it. My only attempt is to see that the readers of my biography be energized with a new vigor and enthusiasm and their lives are free from all sorts of difficulties, deprivations and anguishes and that building of their character may provide a support to them. I have full faith that whoever would ponder over and adopt the below mentioned principles in his life, he would always get the necessary help for reaching his destination and his life would become easy and their lives would be a beacon for the others.

The points that need to be kept in mind are: -

1. To fulfill responsibility towards all the members of the family, including children with full attention;
2. To regularly arrange for the daily necessities of the family so that no one is put to unnecessary difficulties. One should also keep in mind the quality of the provisions and the liking of the family members;
3. (In a joint family) To encourage one's wife and children to live a simple life and to be happy in whatever condition one might have to live;
4. To ensure proper interaction with spouse and to develop mutual consent for a common faith and belief;
5. If someone is suffering seriously in the family or relation, or if some one dies, one must sympathies and try to share their grief;
6. To nurture a feeling of compassion and mercy in the heart. One of Prophet Mohammad's attributes is '*Rahmat-e-Alam*', which means compassion and mercy personified for the world). This should always be kept in mind;
7. To garner a feeling of love and affection for all without expecting anything in return;
8. To be kind to animals and to keep their needs in mind and to feel for them and serve them like a member of the family;
9. To treat ladies with respect, follow etiquettes and to be kind to them;
10. To be kind and sympathetic to servants;
11. To do good even to enemies and to think well of them;
12. To forgive the enemies and to overlook their conduct;
13. To love and have sympathy for the poor;

14. To rise above religious bigotry when meeting with persons belonging to other religions;
15. To maintain a distance with atheists and those who equate others with God, but at the same time not to have hatred towards them;
16. Cultured behavior with enemies and to provide monetarily help to the needy;
17. To worship and venerate the Supreme Soul and to have faith on him;
18. To be firm on one's promise and to stand by it in all situations and to fulfill the same;
19. To speak the truth without being afraid of its result;
20. To stand firm with one's bow without being afraid of the difficulties with enthusiasm and courage;
21. To complete the job taken in hand and to take it to its reasonable end;
22. To fulfill others' desires and to do their work, if not unethical;
23. To attend personally to all daily chores;
24. To develop a nature of being alert, modest, reserved and maintaining a reasonable distance;
25. To discourage people from indulging in flattery;
26. To encourage people to respect equality;
27. To discourage people from heroism or being authoritative and to encourage them to be polite, natural and to behave like ordinary people;
28. To encourage simplicity; and intimacy and frankness in behavior;
29. To discourage praise on one's face and criticism of others;
30. Not to run away from family and responsibilities for seeking the God;
31. Adoption of non-violence;
32. Not to accept any undue obligation or undue favor from any one;
33. Not to accept donations, presents or gifts from a person under obligation;
34. Presents and gifts be given with due respect;
35. Not to accept any donation given by others for charity;
36. Not to beg and not to ask for help with meekness;
37. To receive guests with honor;
38. To sacrifice one's own self interest for others and to help them even at the cost of one's own basic needs;
39. It is easy to deliver justice in isolation but difficult to deliver unbiased justice while living in the society and keeping relations with all;
40. Whatever path one may adopt, but one should adopt its principles to such an extent that it becomes a part of his existence;
41. "*Tawakkul*" i.e. to have complete faith and dependence on the Almighty. To leave the outcome of all actions and efforts, all incidents and their effect on the Supreme Soul and to live according to His Will.
42. One should not speak of any doubt, threaten or frighten any one for seeking the love of God. Rather one should explain His love using the terms like 'surely' and 'invaluable'. Feeling peace and comfort in His worship and to worship Him without seeking anything in return.

43. “*Khashiyaten Illahi*”-meaning thereby to be afraid of His wrath. The real meaning is not to expect that the time spent by him in worship would see him through, but to constantly keep His fear. To think what would happen when his turn would come.
44. Continuous remembrance even in the battle field, i.e. while performing one’s duty or any action;
45. ‘*Dawam Jikr-e-Illahi*’- meaning thereby constant remembrance. In this regard Gita says:

“*ABHYASYOGAYUKTEN CHETSA NANYAGAMINA/
PARAM PURUSHAM DIVYAM YAATI PARTHANUCHINTYAN*”08/08

(O’ Parth! Because of the practice of meditation and with an unwavering mind, one who is constantly engaged in His remembrance, reaches the Divine in the form of Light, i.e. he reaches the God.)

46. “*Jokoshauk*”- meaning thereby with full intent and vigor, i.e. with virtuous happiness. For virtuous happiness it is necessary that through ‘*Karmayoga*’ (action) one has destroyed the effect of one’s sins, which purifies one’s heart and one receives spiritual happiness. Having tasted it, one does not wish to lose it even for a minute and, therefore, his mind does not stray and his intellect is concentrated on the Supreme.
47. *Hajj*. This is a religious duty of all Muslims, which those capable have to perform at least once in their lifetime.
48. *Jakat*. According to Islamic tradition, those who are rich should give 2.5% to them who are poor and needy. The money or other things left out after the expenditure in the year, calls for *Jakat* to be given thereon. This is cast as one of Divine duties.
49. Fasting.
50. ‘*Tilawat*’- meaning thereby reading of some religious books.
51. ‘*Namaz*’- meaning thereby offering prayers. Muslims have to offer prayers five times a day, at the appointed time. They offer 42 ‘*Rak’at*’ *Namaz*. One ‘*Rak’at*’ involves one sequence of getting up and sitting down, in which duration one performs two *Sajda* and one ‘*Ruquo*’.
52. Proper mannerism of addressing Hazrat *Paigamber* (prophet), and adoption of his mannerism of conversation and talking.

The significance of life and significance of publication of biography are two different things. It is a great opportunity to be borne as a human being. It is well known that human life is for trying and achieving liberation. My elders never made it their objective to strive for personal liberation; their objective is “liberation for all”. And that too to such an extent that until the last one of the successive disciples and the seekers of Truth has reached the ultimate destination of his spiritual journey, i.e. until he has firmly rooted himself in the Truth, till then even after being eligible to be established at the highest point of divinity, not to accept that and not to care for self-interest for their sake. My great Master used to explain it by giving example of a family where one does not occupy a seat in a train or bus until all the family members have been seated. We never

resort to occupying a comfortable seat and leave the wife and children to care for themselves. Similarly, in the case of esoteric knowledge, even after acquiring eligibility to be established at the highest point, we wait for the last of such persons to reach a similar state and keep our selves ready and be available to them for whatever help they require.

Giving a shape to my autobiography and its publication would be meaningful only if it may inspire the coming generations to carry on this tradition. This should become our culture and it may expend far and beyond. The 21st verse of the third chapter of *Gita* also states:

**“YADYACHARIT SHRESHTHASTANTDEVETARO JANA/
SA YATPRAMANAM KURUTE LOKASTDANUVARTATE//”**

Meaning thereby that the conduct of great persons sets an example for the others to follow. The benchmark established by them becomes a guiding factor for others.

Those who have gained fame because of their good conduct and qualities and upon whom most of the people have faith and reverence are addressed as great persons in the above verse. If such people rightly pursue their *varnashram dharma* (the particular socio-religious duty of members of each of the four *varnas* in the four stages of life) then others also imitate them in discharging their responsibilities, which helps in the orderly running of the world without any obstruction. But if the virtuous ones give up their duties, it leads others also to think that there is no sanctity of duty, otherwise such a great person would not have abandoned his duty. This thus leads to abandoning of one's duties and responsibilities, creating chaos everywhere. The virtuous ones, therefore, should keep on performing their duties and discharge their responsibilities according to the need of time. One should not give up action. In the above verse Lord Shri Krishna has clearly stated that the virtuous ones establish the standards through their own conduct, thus creating a faith in the others in action and how to perform one's duties. The virtuous ones should, therefore, carefully engage in action to discharge their responsibilities so that an orderly existence can be maintained in the world. They should not even slightly upset the established order and people's faith in action.

Not all the people in the world are required to perform the same duties. Depending upon the place, society and one's own status and the circumstances, different people have different duties to perform. It is not possible for a virtuous one to himself engage in all such activities and to set a standard for each of them. Therefore, the *Vedic* and worldly activities sanctified by virtuous ones, even orally, act as guidance for others.

My Ancestors

*MATA HOTI BARI BHOOMI SE,
PITA SWARG SE UCHCH MAHAN/
YAH SOCHAKAR SRI GANAPATI NE,
KI PRADIKSHNA TAJ ABHIMAN//
EK DANT GAJBADAN CHATURBHUI,
GANANAYAK VISHVESH SUJAN/
ADI PUJYA BAN GAYE,
TABHI SE MANAGALMAY BHAGWAN//*

(Mother is greater than the earth; Father is higher than the heavens; having thought so the lord *Ganesha* circumambulated around his parents leaving aside all pride. The one-toothed, bodied like elephant, having four arms; the leader of *Ganas*, lord of the world and knowledgeable, first amongst those to be venerated, became from then onwards the most auspicious and giver of happiness.)

My revered father! With the grace of my Master, I have used this expression many a times to address my lord. But I do not know why I am feeling so exalted and pleased deep within that I find that words fail to express my feelings. My revered father, my progenitor, my god-like father, late Chaudhary Harbksha Raiji, whose blood flowing in my arteries does not tire telling the untold story of his character, I am an embodiment of his imagination and a result of his dreams. My existence is the result of his desire to have a son. Like my mother, he was also a person dedicated to *Ramayana*. He was a person of integrity, action and one who was committed to his duty. I do not know amongst how many engrossed imaginations he would have selected my name as "Ramchandra". Perhaps he would have also expected a glimpse of lord Ramachandra's character in me. At times he used to recite this couplet of Goswami Tulsidasji:

*"DHANYA JANAMU JAGATI TAL TASU/
PITAH PRAMOD U CHARIT SUNI JAASU//
CHARI PADARATH KARTAL TAKEN/
PRIYA PITU MATU PRAN SAM JAKEN//"*

[In this world only his birth is praiseworthy, whose deeds make his father happy. A son, who loves his mother and father more than himself, has an easy access to all the four objectives of life (*Dharma, Artha, Kaam* and *Moksha*)].

In my effort to achieve my desired objective in the journey of life, through out I found the above expectation of my father as my companion. It was because of this that I never felt tired.

He being Dashrath (legendry Ram's father) and me his Ram, all that I wished all that I ever longed for, right or wrong, he fulfilled it treating me like a prince. Besides my mother was a benign lady and an ardent devotee. In my eyes she was a Meera (a great devotee of lord Krishna) as well as Sahjobai (a great saint). She was completely absorbed

in the profound love for Divinity, totally lost in ecstasy of Beatific-vision and I was fortunate to see her in that state. I am proud of my ever-affectionate mother. Her unbound affection always kept on giving me a feeling that in her lap I was protected from all evils of the world and that nothing could ever harm me even a bit. So many years have passed, but even now her image is alive, as it is, in my mind.

She used to read *Ramayan* daily full with full intensity of feeling. She would make both of us brothers to sit in front of her while she was engaged in her *Sadhana* (consciousness of God-perception). She used to depict ever new lore of her lord with eyes full of tears in such a manner that it formed such an indelible impression on our minds, which was difficult to achieve even after thousands of years of penance and yogic practices. My Master, my all-in-all, had known this in our very first meeting. It is not an exaggeration to say that I got the first glimpse of my *Satguru* (Spiritual Master) in my mother. Even than I could prove myself neither a Sravan Kumar nor a Nachiketa. Whatever I am today, it is all because of their blessings and support. Even after giving all that belongs to me as homage to them I cannot repay their debt on me. Those were unforgettable moments; who knows whether these emotions recur or not; let me light a lamp in their name.

My genealogy and the history of my ancestors is very old. I am presenting it before you, as I heard it from my mother. There was a village by name 'Adhyoli' somewhere in the vicinity of Delhi region. My ancestors lived in over here and thereby acquired the family name of 'Adhyolia'. According to the available genealogy, our family tree starts with Chaudhary Mantokhrai. It is said that impressed by his honesty, integrity, efficiency and bravery, the then emperor Akbar gave him the title of Chaudhary with the land-lordship of 555 villages. This area is now located in the District Mainpuri in Uttar Pradesh, which was then known as Bhoomi-gram and later on came to be known as Bhogaon. Chaudhary Mantokhrai was blessed with three children namely-1. Shri Sevaram, 2. Shri Bhuvandas and 3. Chaudhary Hemachandra. From this third son Chaudhary Hemachandra starts the branch of our family. Chaudhary Narpatrai, Chaudhary Hulasrai, Chaudhary Makkhanlal and Chaudhary Chunnilal were our great grand fathers in that order. Chaudhary Vrindavanlal was the son of Chaudhary Chunnilalji, who was our grandfather. He had two sons namely 1. Chaudhary Harbakhshrai and 2. Chaudhary Ulfatrai. Both these brothers had two children each. My father had me-Ramchandra and my younger brother-Shri Raghubar Dayal (Nanhe) and my uncle Chaudhary Ulfatraiji was blessed with two sons-Dr. Krishna Swaroop and Shri Ram Swaroop, who are my cousins.

The first revolution for freedom took place in 1857 in the Nineteenth century, which took Bhoomi-gram also in its fold. As a result our family got dislocated. Our ancestors got scattered in the nearby areas wherever they found shelter. My father also moved and settled at Farrukhabad where he started serving. He was appointed as Superintendent in the Octroi Department (*Chungi Mahakama*). Throughout his life he lived here. He received many appreciation and merit certificates during his service because of extraordinary excellence in his work. I have kept them safely and feel proud of his honesty and integrity.

My Childhood

When I was not in the present form of Ramchandra, somewhere my manifestation must have fostered. As the reflection of one's face is seen clearly in mirror, similarly it is possible to see the soul in the human body. If a seeker before he dies, during his lifetime, is not able to do so, i.e. if he has not been able to achieve the polar state of the *Satpurush*, not been able to know the Brahman or to be established in Brahman, then he would fall in the category of creatures to be born and would be one of those awaiting to take birth in a body on earth or some other planet and would accordingly take birth. This is the plan of my Lord. I have not been separated in all these births from the free flow of this mercy and love of my Lord. It was the call of my Lord that my father had this desire in his mind:

**“EK BAR BHUPATI MAN MAHIN/
BHAI GLANI MERE SUT NAHI”**

(Once the king was upset that he had no son)

Here me and my *Saarathi* (charioteer), both were eager to get our imminent bodies, my father was also eager and restless to beget me.

My revered father was a wealthy person. It is well accepted that a lot of wealth had been lost by my ancestors in fulfilling the requirements of their luxurious lives, yet enough was left with my father that he could take care of a comfortable life for his loyal and devotee wife and himself. I also came to know through some of my relatives that my ancestors had picked up some quarrel with the neighboring king of Mainpuri. Generation after generations this quarrel kept on intensifying and even fights also took place between them. People of Bhogaon even now keep on saying proudly that in one of such fights they had defeated the king of Mainpuri and as a token of victory they had uprooted a door of his fort, which they had brought with them and kept safely. The matter went to court where, it is said, our ancestors lost the case and they had to pay a lot of money as compensation. The purpose of stating the above story is just to make the point that in spite of all this our monetary condition was reasonably good. Besides the prestige of being a land lord, my father being a Superintendent of Octroi was held in high esteem and even the British officers had respect for him. Our *Kutumba* (joint family including relatives) was a large one, which also was a reason for this respect like a king.

In spite of all these means of comfort and luxury, my father constantly had an upsetting feeling of not begetting a child. If like Dashrath, he also had a Master then in my biography too the following verse of Goswami Tulsidasji could have been repeated:

“DHARAHOON DHIR HOIHAHI SUT CHARI”
(Have patience, you would be blessed with four sons)

And he would have immediately invited *Rishi* (sage) Shrangji to perform ‘*Putra Kameshti Yagya* (a *Yagya* performed to beget son).

Yes, he did not have a capable Master like Vashishthaji, nor did he have a sage like *Rishi Shrangī*, who could have performed the *Yagya* for him, but his wife, who was not only loyal and faithful to her husband, but also an ardent devotee, herself became the *Yagyik* (the one who conducts the *Yagya*-the priest). Contextually one more thing I must mention here. I am proud to be born at Farrukhabad because from ancient times it has been a land of sages and seers. The then Kapil Muni's ashram and Kampil, a pious place for the *Jains* are situated here. Sankisa, an important place related to Gautam Buddha is also nearby. The fort of King Drupad was also in this area. Reminiscent of this fort are still lying here, which I have also seen myself. There is also a historical pond named 'Rudrayan'. The name of the village 'Rudayan' is a degeneration of 'Rudrayan'. It is said that in the time of Mahabharat *svayamvar* (a tradition of selecting her husband by the bridegroom herself) of Draupadi was held here. Arjun showed his extraordinary skills in the art of archery and wedded Draupadi by piercing the eye of a fish hanged high over a bamboo by seeing its reflection in a pot filled with oil kept on the ground. Also there is a village situated nearby 'Jijota', which is a degeneration of 'Yagyota', where Pandavas had performed *Yagya* (sacrifice). Besides there are other places which are important from a historical point of view. Kannauj is also nearby.

Here, in the vicinity was situated the ashram of Vishvamitra. On the road leading from Kannauj to Fatehgarh, there are two ashrams of two great sages on either side of the riverbank of river Kali. On the one side was situated the ashram of sage Uddyalak, where 'Kathopanishad' was written and drawing a stick from *Munja* (a type of grass of the fibers of which ropes or cords are made) practical knowledge of thumb-sized *Purusha* (the embodied soul) was gained. On the other side of the river was situated the historical ashram of *Rishi Shrangī*. The settlement that followed him was named after him as 'Singhi Rampur'. In this very Singhi Rampur, just as a matter of chance, a great saint was camping. Occasionally he used to visit Farrukhabad. One day when the saint visited some place in our neighborhood, my mother along with my uncle Chaudhary Ulafatraiji went to see him for *Satsang* (seeking divine). He was narrating and explaining the verses of saint Kabir. My mother got so engrossed in it that she forgot about everything else. Tears started flowing from her eyes and she got in to a blissful *Samadhi* (trance-the state of total absorption) like state. After a while when she opened up her eyes, she was still immersed in that ocean of bliss. When she was about to leave for home the saint placed his hand on her head and blessed her saying-"My daughter! May the Almighty bless you with prosperity and fill your heart with His love". This blessing showed its effect on her and as the days passed by she kept on making spiritual progress and the love of God kept on increasing in her heart and she started to acquire the state of saint Meerabai:-

"ROM ROM NAKH SIKH SAB NIRKHAT LALAKI RAHE LALCHAY"
(You are filled in every cell of mine, yet I crave to see You)

This human body because of its resemblance to a *Pur* (town) is called 'Pur'. Arrangements like that of guards and governors make it resemble a town. And like a town with all its systems in place is seen useful for its independent lord, similarly this

human body full with various systems and mechanisms should also be seen to serve its independent lord, the soul.

**PURAMEKADASHDWARAMJASYAAVKRACHETASA:
ANUSHTHAY NA SHOCHATI VIMUKTASCH VIMUCHCHATE// ET DVAITAT//
(KATHOPANASHAD 2:2:1)**

The human body like a town has eleven gates. Two ears, two eyes, two nostrils and one mouth, these seven gates related to the upper body; three-naval, genitals and anus related to the lower body and 'Brahmarandhra' located in the head, comprising of these eleven, the human body is a town with eleven gates.

This body is the *Pur* for the soul and the soul is the one which travels, it is the Sun moving in the sky, it is the *Vasu*, it is the air moving freely in the space, it is the fire on the earth, it is the *Soma* (nectar) in the pot. Similarly it (the soul) moves in the body, born out of space, water, earth, *Yagya* and mountains. It is truth and great. *

My affectionate mother was getting absorbed in the divine love. Her devotion, her penance and her *Sadhana* was such that not only she was getting enlightened but was also immersing her husband in this divine love.

In Shloka 9 of the ninth chapter of Gita, Lord Srikrishna says-“**YE BHAJANTI TU MAAM BHAKTYA MAYI TE TESHU CHAPYAHAM**”, meaning thereby that “those who worship me with devotion, they are mine and I also reveal myself in them. As the fire resides subtly in all materials but it appears only when an effort is made, similarly the omnipresent Supreme Lord reveals only in the hearts of those who worship Him with devotion.”

By the grace of God, it so happened that a blanket wearing *Avadhut* (an ascetic-usually absorbed in his own self) arrived in Farrukhabad. No one knew him, as he was new to Farrukhabad. Neither earlier nor was he to be seen after this incidence. It appeared that his arrival there and walking across our street was preplanned. Suddenly he knocked at our door and asked for some food. My mother saluted him and whatever food that was ready, i.e. *Puri*, *Subzi* and *Mithai* (a sort of deep fried bread, vegetables and sweets) were

*** TADEVAGNIASDADITYASTDVAYUASTADU CHANDRAMA:/
TADEV SHUKRAM TAD BRAHMA TA AAPA SA PRAJAPATIA//
(YAJURVEDA A. 32.MAN.01)
SA DHATA SA VIDHARTA SA VAYUARNABH UCHIDRATAM/
SOAYARMA SA VARUNA SA RUDRA SA MAHADEVA/
SO AGNI SA U SURYA SA U AVAM MAHAYAMA//
SA VARUNA SAYAMAGNIARBHAVATI SA MITRO BHAVATI PRATRUDDYANA/
SA SAVITA BHUTVAANTARIKSHEN YATI SA INDRO BHUTVA TAPATI MADHYATO
DIVAMA//
(ATHARVEDA)**

offered to him with great respect. He, however, expressed a desire to have some fish. Since my mother was a devout *Vaishnav* (a devotee committed to pious life), there was no question of any non-vegetarian food being available.

It was a testing time for her. Family life is one of austerities, where one has to practice self-restrain, service and tolerance. She prayed the Almighty for help- "**SHISHYASTEAHAM SHADHI MAM TVAM PRAPANNAMA**"(I am your disciple and in your shelter). The divine resides in all creatures, one just has to turn to Him; He is always eager to take them in His fold.

**SARVADHARMANPARITYAJYA MAMEKAM SHARANAM VRAJ/
AHAM TVA SARVAPAPEBHYO AMOKSHYISHYAMI MA SHUCHA//
(GITA 18/66)**

(Leaving aside all obligations (religious acts; dependence upon one's own efforts) seek refuge in Me alone (take shelter only of the Lord); I shall redeem you from all sins, why do you worry.)

Strange is Lord's ways; His acts are full of love. He takes his devotee on the path He wishes holding his hand. Whatever be the difficulties, it all eases out in His company.

With my mother, a loyal maid was also present, standing right behind her. In this difficult moment my mother looked towards her. Before my mother could say anything, she informed my mother that two cooked fish had been sent by Nawab of Shamshabad (for my father), which are kept in the guestroom and if she permits, the same can be served to him. My mother immediately asked them to be served to the ascetic, which he happily ate. My mother then witnessed an act of the grace of God.

This maid standing behind my mother was not educated but she was wise and loyal. She noticed the signs of satisfaction and happiness on the face of the ascetic. She immediately very humbly and politely mentioned to him that her mistress (my mother) by the grace of God had everything required for a comfortable living, but she did not have a child and requested the ascetic to pray for her to beget a child.

The ascetic was impressed by the request of that maid and the silent devotion exhibited by my mother. With a loud laughter he uttered "Allah-o-Akbar" and raising his right hand said "one-two" and left the place. It is said that no one ever saw that ascetic after this incidence.

The blessings of that ascetic fructified and exactly after ten months on 2nd February 1873 on the day of Basant Panchami (spring festival) and then after about two and a half years on 7th October 1875 my parents were blessed with two sons. The first and the elder one was me (Ramchandra) and the second one, dear to me as my life, my brother-Raghubar Dayal.

Growing like the moon of *Shukla Paksh* (the nights of bright moon), both of us brothers were being looked after with great care and attention. If our mother had to go somewhere, she would carry us together with her fondly. Our father would make us ride on his shoulders and would feel joyous seeing us happy. I still remember those days like a lovely dream.

Peeping from my faded and forgotten memories there is one incidence, which appears like a clear picture in my mind. Before taking you to those happy days in the past, contextually I would like to narrate a few lines from the famous work “Prithviraj Raso”, composed by the well-known poet Chanvardai of the medieval period. This poet during the later period of the completion of his work served in the court of Shahabuddin Ghauri. When Prithviraj Chauhan was about to throw a sound-piercing arrow, Chanvardai gave him some lessons in morality. In one of the verses he states how people belonging to different castes behave differently when they act as chiefs. I am giving this verse from my memory:

**“KHATRI HOY PARDHAN KHAY, KHANDO DIKHARAVE,
SAHU HOY PARDHAN BHARE GHAR RAJ THAMBHAVE,
KAYATH HOY PARDHAN AHONISI RAHE PIYANTO,
BAMMAN HOY PARDHAN SADA RAKHVAI NICHINTO,
NAI PARDHAN NAHI KIJYE, KAVI CHANDVIRARD SAANCHI CHAVAI,
CHAHU AAN BAAN GUN SATTHVAI, MAT CHUKKAS MAUTE TAVAI”**

Yes! I have also been born in a *Kayasth* family and my father also had the habit of drinking.

It was a festival day, perhaps my birthday. Some of my father’s friends and some government officers had come for dinner. That evening liquor was specially served to the guests. My mother did not use to like it but she never made an issue of it. When all the guests had departed after dinner, my father came inside the house. It was my fourth birthday and I was not a small child to be carried in lap. Even then out of profound love for me he picked me up in his lap. I do not know why at that moment because of the smell of liquor coming out of his mouth, I did not like his show of love upon me and I started feeling irritated. After a successful attempt I got down saying that he smelled. This had a deep psychological impact on him and he felt ashamed on his condition. I recollect my mother said only this that the children are now growing; you should keep this in mind. My father could not stay with us and went to sleep in his bedroom.

After this incidence my father not only gave up drinking but also developed an aversion to it. Never ever in his life thereafter he talked about drinking. My mother was never tired of telling us of this tremendous change in his life again and again.

Both my mother and father were very affectionate to me. I spent my childhood in luxury with great care and attention. There were lots of servants to attend on to me and there was also carriage at home for me to ride.

I did not like to mix up with other children of my age. My mother till she was alive was my all in all, my friend my companion, everything. I imitated her in whatever she did. Reading Ramcharitmanas was her life. Both of us brothers were not mentally grown up but we used to listen to her with apt attention, as if we understood everything. Sometimes she used to read some special incidences in the Ramcharitmanas with great absorption and tears used to flow from her eyes out of emotions. Seeing her weep we also used to weep. If she asked us why we were weeping, we used to tell her "because she was weeping so did we. We like to weep with you". She used to then embrace us. She would clear her tears with the border of her *saree* and then clean our faces with the same drenched border. This used to make us very happy.

She had a very sweet voice and she had adequate skills of singing. She used to recite the 'Manas' (Ramcharitmanas) in a melodious voice. In her company, not only I developed an inclination towards spirituality, but I also got interested in singing and poetry. The seed of 'knowledge of Self' sowed in my heart due to her grace, supported me through out my life and my life became an instrument for the nurturing of that seed.

By the time I was about to be seven years old, my mother departed from this mortal world. I pray the Almighty that her soul may rest in peace, wherever she may be, and that she acquires the highest of the spiritual attainments.

My childhood became meaningless. I felt that I had lost the shelter of my affectionate mother and with that I had become a destitute. My father, however, filled that gap with his unbound love and affection. His responsibility now had increased. He had assumed the role of mother also for us. All the time he was worried about us, although outwardly he appeared to be more serious and unconcerned. He constantly used to ponder about our future, to make us successful persons and to see us at the height of success.

Morning and evening walks were his daily routine. He started taking us with him. On the way he used to explain us his experiences of life. We also did not hide anything from him. At times when he was in good mood he used to tell us historical, meaningful and moral stories. Sometimes he used to ask us what had we learnt from those stories and after that he himself used to explain us and used to tell us many useful things. At times he would ask us to repeat the earlier stories. My younger brother Nanhe (we have our pet names as 'Puttu' and 'Nanhe' resp.) was more interested in this. Thus, in a way, my father used to recall his childhood. We, two, in spite of being young started getting the lessons of life through these stories. There was a gap between our mental status, but this benefited both the sides. We were learning about life and he used to feel happy. This also exercised our faculty of remembering things.

I was a healthy child and was also interested in studies but even then my father did not send me to a school in spite of attaining the school-going age. The only reason for this appeared to be his affection. The formal initiation of my education had taken place in my mother's time. My father then appointed a *Maulvi Sahab* (a teacher) to teach me Urdu and Persian. He also taught me poetry.

At the time of my mother's demise we were 7 & 5 respectively. We were both young children. My father, therefore, appointed a lady, who was Muslim, to look after us. She remained with us for about three or four years. She was an experienced and worldly-wise person. She really loved us and ensured that we did not feel the loss of our mother, even for a day. We also made an effort to give her the due respect and love throughout our life. She lived for long and participated and performed the customs and rituals usually performed by the elders in the family in the marriages of all my brothers, my son and nephews. Last time she participated in the marriage of my son Ch. Jagmohan Narain and gave a rupee to his wife as a keep-sake to solemnize the first glance of his bride's face (a present given as a part of a ritual in Hindu marriages). Her personality and her words of wisdom had a great impact on my life.

At about ten years of age I was admitted to the local Mission High School of Farrukhabad. I passed the 'Middle Class Anglo-Vernacular Examination' in the second class from this school. The name of the institution that awarded me this certificate was 'Education Department, North-Western Provinces and Avadh' at the age of 18 years.

During the middle class studies, my only other extracurricular activity was to learn about the Christian religion and getting a close familiarity with the above mission. The saying of revered Jesus that 'it is possible for a camel to pass through the hole of a needle but it is not possible that a rich person may receive his (Jesus) grace' had a great and lasting impact on my mind. It was because of this that never in my life I found it difficult to sail through the tough situations.

The turning wheel of time brought me down from the height of a royal and luxurious life to a hard life full of difficulties in a moment, but due to the grace of my Master my faith in divine love remained unshaken and it was not lost even a bit.

Prakriti Purush Darshan

*UTAISHAM PITOT VA PUTRA ESHAMUTAISHAM/
JYESHTHA UT VA KANISHTHA/
EKO HA DEVI MANASI PRAVISHTA PRATHAMON/
JAATA SA U GARBHE ANNANT//
(ATHARVAVEDA 10,8,28)*

This *Jivatma* (embodied Self) sometimes becomes father of those (children), whose child it becomes at some other time; sometimes their elder brother and sometimes their younger brother. It is only One, who, established in *Gyana* (knowledge) was born earlier and after entering in to the womb, takes up a new body again.

I am reminded of a story, which was once narrated by my father when he took us (both the brothers) on morning walk. I would like you to listen to it. This story relates to the incidence through which the God gave *Gyan* (gnosis) to Devarshi Narad. Once Devarshi Narad visited Lord Krishna in Dwarka. Lord Krishna welcomed him with great cordiality and asked him about the purpose of his visit. Devarshi Narad requested Lord Krishna to tell him what is '*Prakriti*' or '*Maya*' (illusion). Lord Krishna very graciously told him "that '*Prakriti*' couldn't be explained in words; it could only be experienced. Come with me." Thus they both left Dwarka and reached a place in the deserts. Narad asked surprisingly 'where have you brought me, my Lord? How would I know about "*Maya*" in this desert?' Lord Krishna asked him to have patience and after going some distance he suddenly stopped and told Narad that he could not walk any further; he was feeling thirsty. Then he gave him his pot to fetch some water from somewhere. Narad consoled him and said that he would fetch some water for him quickly. Narad then walked away in search of water. A little far away he spotted an inhabitation. Perhaps this was the gross form of '*Maya*'. He was delighted that he had found a well. A beautiful young girl was drawing water out of the well to fill her vessel. Narad was astonished at the beauty of this girl, who looked like a goddess. He immediately asked her if she could give him some water to quench his thirst. The girl was as polite as she was beautiful. She agreed with great devotion. Narad outwardly was drinking water but his eyes and mind were set at the blooming youth of the girl, and he was lost in it. Narad followed the girl to her house, where he saw a person and asked him whether he was the chief of the house. The man replied that he was not only the chief of that house but was the landlord of the whole village and asked Narad-"what is your purpose, Sir". Narad, getting reckless out of the attraction of her youth, immediately said that he wanted to marry his daughter. The old man too did not take ill of it and thinking that Narad was an appropriate groom for his only daughter said 'why not'-you are young and healthy, but there is one condition. After marrying my daughter you will have to stay in this very house in this village. Narad, who was deeply attracted towards the girl immediately agreed. Both of them then were tied in the knot of marriage. After a few days the old man died and Narad had to take charge of all his responsibilities. He was blessed with four children and thus he got absorbed in his own world. When he would take one of his children in his lap, the other would ask him to take him in his lap and so on. Considering this to be the ultimate success of life, Narad

used to appreciate his fortune. But then at this very moment he came across all sort of difficulties in the form of flood, storms and so on. His wife and children started crying and asked him to save their lives. Narad took them in a boat and in that turbulent water started somehow to save them. But the boat got toppled and Narad could save neither his wife nor the children. Drowning in water his children were shouting for help but Narad was helpless. Suddenly a big wave of water threw away Narad at the shore. He was moaning and lamenting that he had lost his wife and children and that there was no purpose in his living alone without them. Instantly he heard Krishna saying “Narad I am thirsty. Have you brought water?” This was Krishna’s voice. Narad turned and saw Krishna standing in front of him. He rushed and embraced Krishna and said “Krishna! My wife! My children! Bring them to life again.” Krishna alerted him “What are you saying Narad. There was no wife, no children; all this was *Maya*.” Narad regained his consciousness and saw Krishna in the form of ‘*Purusha*’ (the luminous Soul), who makes the entire creation dance to the tune of his eyebrows.

***JEEV CHARACHAR BAS KAI RAKHE, SO MAYA PRABHU SON BHAY BHAKHE/
BHRAKUTI VILAS NACHAVAI TAAHI, AS PRABHU CHADI BHAIYE KAHU KAHII//
(MANAS 1.199.5.6)***

(The ‘*Maya*’, which rules all the creatures, is afraid of the Lord, who makes it dance to the tune of his eyebrows. Why should then one worship anyone else)

Narad then implored-“O! Lord, You have done a great benefaction to me by giving me this *Gyana* (enlightenment). You have shown me both the ‘*Prakriti*’ and ‘*Purusha*’ personified. In fact the life itself is ‘*Maya*’. It is very difficult to get rid of it. It is only through the grace of the ‘*Purusha*’ that one could win over the ‘*Prakriti*’. Then only he can know You and can identify his own self.

***PRAKRITI PURUSHAM CHAIV VIDDHYANADI UBHAVAPI/
VIKRANSHCH GUNANSHCHAIV VIDDHI PRAKRITISAMBHAVANA//
(GITA 13:19)***

O! Arjuna, you should know ‘*Prakriti*’ i.e. this threefold ‘*Maya*’ and the ‘*Jeevatma*’, i.e. the ‘*Kshetrageya*’ (embodied Self) both without beginning and all the interplay of senses resulting from ‘*Prakriti*’. All the forms and modes (qualities) are born of Matter (‘*Prakriti*’).

***YA EVAM VETTI PURUSHAM PRAKRITIAN CH GUNAI SAHA/
SARVATHA VARTMANOAPI NA SA BHUYOABHIJAYATE//
(GITA 13:23)***

One who thus knows the ‘*Purusha*’ and ‘*Prakriti*’ with all its modifications, is not born again, although he acts in every way.

Although this was a story, but throughout my life I kept on pondering over it. In fact the condition of all of us is like that of Narad. Our desires and seeking happiness through fulfillment of desires keeps us engaged throughout our lives. But this is never

going to become possible. It is only through the grace of God that one can surrender to Him or be blessed with 'Gyana' and then alone one could be able to get rid of all sorrows and difficulties and be really happy. The fire of desires is terrible, which does not satiate by the fulfillment of desires, rather it gets more and more severe since an effort to fulfill desires acts as adding fuel to the fire. It is because of this that God has called desires as 'Mahashan' (great fire), which never satiates.

BUJHE NA KAAM AGNI TULSI KAHUN VISHAY BHOG BAHU GHEE TE/

It is not easy to understand this illusion. It is a long and tedious subject relating to philosophy. People have their own interpretations and, therefore, there could be difference of opinion. Any way we were talking about what sorrows and happiness are? What is this illusion etc.? Let us not stretch the argument and analyze the situation of Narad of this story. What was his control over the situation in which he found himself? This mind and the intellect both are given to us by the God and this world is also His creation. We have no right over anything. Like Narad we ourselves are the cause for our future sorrows. For consoling ourselves we keep on saying that this is a periodical cycle, which would keep on happening, but none of these philosophical explanations help us in anyway.

Explaining the state of soul and body sages have said:

***APADA PRADETI SWADHYA GRABHITOAMARTYO MARTYENA SAYONI/
TA SHASHVANTA VISHUCHNA VIYANTANYA NAYAM CHIKYURNA NI CHIKYURNYAM//
(RIGVEDA 1, 164, 38)***

The embodied Self takes birth as lower or higher creature according to the outcome of his deeds. The eternal soul in the company of gross body, assumes oneness with it and therefore, they live together in various births. People are able to know the gross body but they are unable to understand the soul.

The embodied Self and the 'Prakriti' have a relationship that of the user and the used. Being conscious the embodied Self is the enjoyer and being inert the 'Prakriti' is enjoyed by the embodied Self.

***PURUSHA SUKHDUKHANAM BHOKRATVE HETURUCHYATE
(GITA 13/20)***

The embodied Self is the cause of the experience of pleasure and sorrows, but some people consider the 'Antahkaran' (the seat of consciousness) to be the enjoyer. This, however, is not logical because being inert it is not possible for the 'Antahkaran' to be the enjoyer. The *Shuddha Atma* (pure soul) also is not the enjoyer. Lord Krishna has called such a person to be fool, who considers soul to be so. It is therefore the 'Prakritisth Purush' (embodied Self), who is the enjoyer.

The story of one such *Bhokta* (enjoyer), me, is here in its third step. I do not know what my objective was when I was born in this world. What was the desire left in me or what was my *Sankalp* (resolution) left unfulfilled before coming to this world of action, my consciousness was silent about it. Some one could say about my condition that when there was no consciousness how could it act?

The universal consciousness guides one's thinking and takes him away from individual consciousness to establish in pure consciousness. There is energy, action and unrestricted flow in the realm of universal consciousness. The silent state of individual consciousness becomes prominent in the universal consciousness. These would be explained clearly at the appropriate place.

The plight of the world is not always the same; it keeps on changing. When one passes through the hot and cold winds of the life, one becomes seasoned through these experiences and then one understands the truth:

**“DEH DHARE KA DAND HAI SAB KAHU KO HOY/
GYANI BHOGE GYAN SE, MOORAKH BHOGE ROY//”**

Child marriage was prevalent those days. We were still adolescent and studying, when both of us (brothers) were tied in the nuptial knot one after the other. Being a landlord family, the marriages were performed with great pomp and show. The other sides were also landlords. Like my childhood memories, the memories of my marriage are also dim and forgotten in my mind. It appears that it was something to happen, that has happened and that's it. Similarly, many bright nights of my life passed away just like that. Some of those days still reflect in my memory but some of them cannot be recollected even on making an effort. All those days unfolded like a cinema and disappeared. Yes, it is okay, as the time does not wait for anyone.

The image of a prince riding on the wave of affluence that was embedded deep within me started slowly disappearing and it looked as if it now wanted to depart. Again the wheel of time took a turn and a new facet of the world appeared before me. It appeared to have completely shaken my personality. The mirthful period of my life disappeared like a dream leaving behind its memories. Although its attraction was great but I never got disturbed even a bit. I had the faith that this turning wheel of time would never stop and that longingly it would take me on to m path of my Lord.

Ultimately the boat of my life also capsized in the midstream like that of Narad. Amidst lots of difficulties and hardships I was standing at such a juncture of my life that I had to take a decision about my future. My father, who was my refuge for all my comforts and my dreams and on whom our entire family depended, had departed from this mortal world. Our mother had already left us much earlier. I felt my world had been lost and that my future was in dark. Perhaps this was like a foreboding for my future life.

The luxury and comforts of the life of a landlord left us behind with the demise of our father. How strange was the play of my Lord. No certain source of income was now left with us.

We had to vacate our palace like house, which was well equipped with all comforts. In the city where we used to ride on horses and palanquins, we had now to walk in the same streets bare footed or wearing wooden slippers. This is a sad part of my own story, which however dear it may be to me, why should I make you unhappy by telling it to you.

Yes, I remember it very well that in some context, which I do not recollect now, when I started narrating this pathetic story of my life to my *Qibla Huzur Sahab* (my revered Master), he kept on listening and was moved so compassionately that he said, "Stop it now, Putulal, I cannot hear it anymore."

Even then, in those distressful moments, I clearly felt that I was engulfed by the benevolence of God, all around, inside and outside. The benefaction of God is pouring around me; that I belong to Him and that He has always taken care of me like a thing that belonged to Him.

*NA KAMYEAHAM GATIMISHWARATA PARA-MASHTADIRDHYUKTAMPUNARBHAVAM VA/
AARTI PRAPADHEYAKHILDEHBHAJAA MANTA STHITO YEN BHAVANTYADUKHA//
(SRIMADBHAGVAT 9/21/12)*

By the grace of God I was also occupied by the emotions of Rantidev-"I also did not beg for the "*Param Gati*" (attending the highest position-liberation) accompanied with "*Ashtha Siddhi*" (the eight fold yogic powers-miraculous powers) from the God. In stead I asked Him that dwelling in their hearts I may bear all the sufferings of all the creatures so that they may be relieved of the misery.

I am thus revealing the story of the struggle of my life but the sad parts of this story, which are very dear to me I would like to keep them hidden. Before entering into my arena, I always remembered the indication given by my Lord. It was because of this that I never strayed or got distracted.

*"NIRASHIRNIRMAMO BHUTVA YUDHYASV VIGATJVARA]"
(GITA 3/30)*

"Fight the war but leaving away from three things- the hope of enjoying the kingdom, the attachment for the body and things associated with it and the flood of desires."

Like Narad, it was my Lord, who overturned my boat that was filled with worldly desires and various resolutions and it was He (*Anandghan- Sachchidanand*) alone who lifted it with the waves of storm and threw it on the shore.

In a state of grief arising out of deprivation of the 'Prakriti' (the worldly possessions) Narad had a glimpse of the 'Purusha'. And it is not Narad alone, every fortunate 'Jeev' (embodied Self), who appears to be so deprived has such a glimpse of the 'Purusha'. When I was put to these difficulties and when I underwent the state of deprivation, I also received the grace of God.

Ultimately a day dawned when the Supreme Father (*Jajib Haqiqi*) turned His kind attention towards me and He sent an embodiment of His great power in the form of a living human being to show his real sympathy towards me. It was *Vishwaroop Darshan* (the cosmic form of Brahman-God), which in the form of *Atma Darshan* (in the form of individual soul) showed the path to me and holding my hand in a split moment took me to unknown heights. It was that place where everything of the universe shines with its splendor and glory. Whatever (beatific) did I see; that did I see and whatever I got (the heavenly bliss) is indescribable. You can find a glimpse of this account in those verses of the first chapter of Srimadbhagavad Gita where Arjuna lays down his weapons, out of dejection and confusion and refuses to fulfill his duty to fight with the enemy, like me. If Lord Shri Krishna with his splendor and glory had not pulled out Arjuna from that situation and if on the request of Arjuna had He not filled Arjun's heart with His *Jamali Surat* (peaceful-benevolent form), the result would have been entirely different. In short I was pulled up on to the path of success and I was not left alone to discharge my duty, rather he occupied my dark and impure heart to remain always with me.

I went out prepared to fight fearlessly like Arjuna, taking refuge in my *Hazrat Qibla* (my revered Master) ("*Yudhasva vigat jvar*"). I was now prepared to face the difficulties of the world undauntedly with courage. Although I was hesitant to write to him about my worldly difficulties but his great affection and magnanimity made me do so. Encouraging me to write about my hardships he once wrote to me: "Feel free to write to me in detail, I would be happy to read it. Why should it bother me? My dear, *Inshaallah* (God-willing) I would be with you till the last. You try to save me from difficulties in this world but I consider any pain suffered for you to be a relief for me. You are dear to my heart and I can not bear even a bit of your suffering."

The then Collector of Fatehgarh was a friend of our father. The ups and downs of our financial condition were not a secret for him. One day he called me and by his favor I was employed in his office as a paid apprentice to begin with. After some time I was made permanent. My salary those days was ten rupees per month only. The families of both of us brothers were dependant upon this meager salary.

For the most of my tenure in service, I was posted at the headquarters of Farrukhabad district situated at Fatehgarh. In between twice or thrice I was posted out of Fatehgarh in Aligarh *Tehsil* (a sub-district) and at Kaimganj as well. During this period I was fortunate to witness the grace of God many times.

One such incidence relates to the period when I was posted as the Head-Clerk in charge of the Record Room. The commissioner was to come for an inspection of my office next day. But in the evening of that previous day some *Satsangis* (ardent devotees

and associates) came to stay with me at my residence. Till late in night we were engaged in talking about Beatific vision and the next day also it so happened that the discussions continued and because of hesitation I could not leave for office. Routinely I used to reach office at the fixed hour i.e. 10 o'clock but that day I could not reach office till 1 PM.

When it occurred to me that the commissioner was to visit my office, I was upset. Somehow remembering the God I rushed to the office in a hurry. I was afraid that all is not going to be well now. On reaching my office I hesitantly and quietly occupied my seat. I started to think that my absence during the inspection by the commissioner would have created a very bad impression of me on him and the Collector and other officers would have been asked to explain my absence. All these thoughts had made me worry.

At last, still worrying about all that had happened, I whisperingly asked the nearest clerk "whether the inspection has been through all right? Nothing unexpected would have happened? Brother, I was caught in a strange situation, I was helpless. Some guests had arrived at my residence, which had delayed my arrival to office so badly. The very thought of inspection being carried out in my absence is causing palpitation in my heart. It is the first time in my life that I have committed such a mistake. All of you also must be thinking variously about me. The Collector would also be annoyed with me. Has he summoned me thereafter?" In one breath, like a person laden with guilt I uttered all this. I was feeling jittery. It looked as if I was caught red handed while stealing. It was the first time that I was late in the office without informing them and this had made me more nervous.

Seeing my pathetic condition that clerk started to laugh and said tauntingly - "Why sir, you found me fit for such a joke at this old age. Just now the officers have left after completing the inspection. You yourself attended them and assisted them so efficiently that they were all astonished. Whichever file they wanted to see you were producing that for their inspection immediately and now you are saying this to me. You never behaved like this earlier." This answer by that clerk looked like a slap on my face, which shocked me completely.

It did not take much time for me to perceive as to whose act it was. It was my Lord, who Himself had appeared in my place to attend to the inspection. Who else could be as efficient as He? I had not expected that for a humble servant like me He would have to take such a pain. My remorse made me to take a decision to become indifferent to the grant of extension of my service and to resign from the same as soon as possible. The same day I applied for relief from the service. Soon I was allowed to quit. 30 June 1928 was the last day of my service. But I am not retired. No. I have left the government service but now I am serving my Lord, who has very kindly taken me in his service. I felt to be blessed to have seen the '*Purusha*'.

My Guide! The Truth Personified!

The lord of my heart and my life, having entered into my life you have occupied each cell of my body; whatever belonged to me, you have embraced it all in your fold. The source of all bliss, how do I say it to you—"O my lord! Look at least once at me, speak to me. How should I understand what is your indication. Till I was not acquainted, I had not known you, it did not matter. Pushing everything else aside, you yourself came in to my life; you smiled at my ignorance and carelessness; you fascinated my immature mind and soaked me completely with the bliss of your tender touch. In that forgotten, subconscious state you held me by my hands. You took my head i.e. my ego and placed it on your broad chest, for me which was like the whole world. You fondled me with your tender hands and washed away all my darkness and vices. It would be in your memory that it was you, who covered my shivering body with your warm quilt. Why was it that you remained at a distance from me? I was listening to your heartbeats in my chest, like a fire, but in stead of getting scorched, I fell asleep-unconscious. It was my fortune that I saw you, in person, not outwardly but in my heart. Yes, it was not through these eyes but the eyes of my heart.

Leaving the thought of all the pleasures of the world aside, leaving everything behind, the memories of that feeling reflects in all my being. I am left with only the memory of those unforgettable moments. Only a faint creepy feeling of that touch is now left behind. With profound longing and eagerness I want to hold you deep within me and I again want to get merged with you. I make unsuccessful attempts to hold you and at times it appears that I have tied you but I do not know how I should explain you your own tricks. How do I explain even your act of keeping me thirsty? Amidst this insatiable thirst and craving, not to have a glimpse even of your shadow, is this not your cruel play?

O' my Master! How do I tell you that even this relation too has been established by you. Only once in my life I have tried and been able to look at you and immediately all my veins and arteries shouted in one voice that you alone are my mother, my master, one and all for me. But where is me? Every particle of my being laughed at my foolishness-O' you fool, what you are not tired of addressing as 'me', it is the converted form of that very being."

Gratification of a pleasant feeling naturally results in a flow of expression. It is not caused by a desire to exhibit or to show off. But it is because of the internal intimacy and feeling of affinity that the '*Sadhak*' wants to take all his own people to a good and auspicious plain. Keeping this in mind, I wish to show to the readers a glimpse of my internal experience by writing about my beloved Master and perhaps the readers would have also realized my limitations in doing so.

Before taking a plunge into the main stream, if the readers so permit me, I would like to take them to the realm of "Manas" (Ramcharitmanas). Perhaps it may provide some guide-line and also one thing leads to the other. I would make such an effort that what is there in my mind gets reflected through it.

In the Ramcharitmanas, Sutikshnaji, a dear disciple of Augustya *Muni* (sage), is a patron of selfless devotion and has unbound love for Lord Ram. By action, thought and words he is committed only to Lord Ram and even in dream he is not prepared to think of any other god. The same is also the essence of Sufism. Sufi saints say-“*YA TO KISI KO APNA BANA LO, YA KISI KE HO JAO*” (Either make some one your own or dedicate yourself to some one). They spend their entire life to have a glimpse of their ‘*Isht*’ (beloved or the real goal) and refuse to look at any one else. This is all what we practice.

The moment he (Sutikshnaji) heard about the arrival of Lord Ram, immediately with great expectations he rushed towards him thinking in his mind-“O Providence! Is it true that Lord Ram would be so kind to visit a wicked like me? Would Lord Ram together with his younger brother Laxmanji meet me taking me as his servant? I am not able to firmly believe this, because I neither have *Bhakti* (devotion), *Vairagya* (detachment) or *Gyana* (knowledge) nor I have indulged in *Satsang* or in performing any *Havan* or *Yagya*. I am also not firmly rooted in the love for Lord Ram. Yes, it is indeed a vow of the Lord, who is so kind, that one who has no other support, He takes care of him. Thinking so about the Lord, he was comforted and started saying in his heart-“Oh, I would be fortunate today to have a glimpse of my Lord.”

*“DISI AARU BIDISI PANTH NAHI SUJHA/
KO MEIN CHALEUN KAHAN NAHI BUJHA//
KABAHU PHIRI PACHEN PUNIJAI/
KABHUNK NRITYA KARAI PUNI GUNGAI//
AVIRAL PREM BHAGATI MUNI PAI/
PRABHU DEKHEN TARU AUT LUKAI//
ATISAY PRITI DEKH RAGHUBIRA/
PRAGATEN HRIDAY HARAN BHAV BHIRA//”*

{He (Sutikshnaji) was so excited that he did not know where was he going; he was going forth and back and sometimes he would start dancing and singing in the praise of the Lord. He was filled with devotion and the Lord was seeing him from behind a tree. When the Lord saw him (Sutikshnaji) in such a state of intense love for him, He appeared in his heart }

Overpowered by emotions Sutikshnaji set on the way steadfastly and got into a trance of love. But-

*“MUNIHI RAM BAHU VIDHI JAGAVA/
JAG NA DHYAN JANIT SUCH PAVA//
BHOOP ROOP TAB RAM DURAVA/
HRIDAY CHATURBHUJ ROOP DEKHAVA//
MUNI AKULAI UTHE TAB KAISE/
BIKAL HEEN MANI FANIGAN JAISE//
AAGE DEKHI RAM TANU SYAMA/
SITA ANUJ SAHIT SUCH DHAMA//”*

Lord Ram tried to wake up the sage in various ways but he did not respond because he was absorbed in the bliss of having the glimpse of the Lord in his heart. Then Lord Ram made his image of a king in the heart of the sage to disappear and in stead appeared in the '*Chaturbhuj Roop*' (the four-armed divine form). When the image of his beloved disappeared from the heart of the sage, he (Sutikshnaji) got so restless as if a *Mani*-wearing snake had lost his *Mani* (jewel). On opening his eyes he saw the treasure of all bliss Lord Ram together with Sitaji and Laxmanji in front of him.

Here the thing to understand is that Sutikshnaji's beloved is Ram the son of Dashrath. But is he really only the king Ram or merely a human being? No, He is the Creator of the entire universe and the Supreme Being. Similarly my *Hazrat Qibla** outwardly is only a Sufi but he has bestowed such a grace on me that I have seen the Supreme Being in him. I would not be able to describe what he really is even if I make effort in several births but then what he looks like even a description of that is not any less memorable.

Contextually let me clarify one more thing. A look at the ancient history reveals that those days the religious head also used to be the ruler. The chiefs of various administrative departments were also the religious chiefs of different levels. Under the same scheme of things the religious chiefs functioned even as judges. For example the '*Qazi*' used to deliver criminal justice and the '*Muftisahab*' used to decide civil cases.

The road from Fatehgarh, which for the civil administration of the Uttar Pradesh government is the district headquarters, to Farrukhabad passes through the main city of Farrukhabad and leads to the *Tehsil*. On this very road, at the beginning of Farrukhabad city, there is a suburb called Nitganja. On the main road of this Nitganja there is a '*Madarsa*' (an Islamic or religious school) by the name '*Muftisahab Ka Madarsa*', where primary school children used to be taught mainly Urdu and Persian languages, besides being taught Islamic philosophy and discipline. I did not know then why was I so fascinated by this *Madarsa*.

Our father had died and our financial condition was not such that we could live without doing anything. I had got an employment by the grace of the then Collector. Although the salary was not much but it was adequate to somehow meet with the basic needs of my family. The rent that we could afford to pay could provide us only a small house in which the entire family could barely sleep. Besides that the only space that was left could just be used as our kitchen. I used to have spare time at my disposal, which I used to spend in studying philosophical and religious books. It was not possible to find a separate place in this small house to store and read those books. While we were on the look out for the same, some one informed us about a room available in the Muftisahab's school on rent. It was a coincidence that we got that room. The very next day I shifted my books and some other things necessary for the daily needs and started living there. In our father's time the arrangement was such that at home ladies and gents had separate places

*Revered object of worship; Beloved Master

for living. On occupying that room in the *Madarsa* I felt as if that arrangement had resurfaced. Now I used to go to our house, where my wife and others were living, for food and other necessary requisites only, otherwise besides the office time I was generally confined to this room, as I did not like aimlessly wandering here or there from the very beginning.

Immediately on entering Muftisahab's school from the main gate there is a stone-building, which is mosque. Adjacent to it there is a bigger building starting with a raised platform, which is the school. Starting from the left of this building there is a series of small rooms in L shape ending at the main gate. In between these rooms there is a small gate, which opens in a narrow street that goes parallel to the school. In this street my above mentioned house is situated where other members of my family reside.

In the series of these small rooms the third room from the main gate was occupied by this servant called Ramchandra and the last, which is adjacent to the school building and almost just opposite the main gate was occupied by one '*Maulvi*' Sahab (a well-learned person of Islamic Philosophy), who used to teach children in this school. *Maulvi* Sahab had an attractive personality or one may say that the power of attraction had expressed itself through his personality. He used to rarely go out of the school and used to spend the time left after teaching the students alone sitting by himself. As far as I remember I had never entered this premises or the building earlier. But as I have already mentioned I always felt a deep attachment with this premises and, therefore, knowingly or perchance I used to pass through this school building even without a reason. For quite some time it continued like this. As although one is not able to see the soul but one gets attracted towards the body occupied by it, in the same manner I could know it only after getting a glimpse of *Maulvi* Sahab that he is that flower of rose which is exhaling the fragrance all over. I know only this much that it is beyond my capability to explain when did I see him or when did I not see him. After that moment I developed such a strong longing for him that unless I had seen him repeatedly so as to inscribe his image deep within my heart and I got absorbed in that image I would not feel at rest. My condition is explained in this verse:

*"PREM PRITI KI CHUNARI HAMARI, JAB CHAHAUN TAB NACHAUN MAHARAVA/
TALA KUNJI HAME GURU DINI, JAB CHAHIN TAB KHOLAUN KIVARVA//"*

When the eyes are closed then in the palace of heart and when the eyes are open in the whole world like Vrindavan (the holy city of Vrindavan associated with Lord Krishna), it is only he and he alone who is visible.

My service in the collectorate, a family managing somehow on a meager salary and all other things on the one side and *Maulvi* Sahab, whose real self is hidden not only from me but everyone else, on the other side. There is something special that no one is able to say or has the capability to say. One cannot live without seeing and at the same time one cannot see; it was a suspense holding one's breath. Sitting in His '*Shishmahal*'

(the palace laden with glass) He is looking at me but for my unfortunate eyes He is hidden behind the veil.

*“TU MOHI DEKHE, TOHI NA DEKHUN-YAH MATI, SAB BUDHI KHOI/
SAB GHAT ANTAR RAMASI NIRANTAR, MEIN DEKHAN NAHIN JANA/
GUN SAB TOR MOR SAB AVAGUN, KRIT UPKAR NA MANA/
MEIN TEIN TORI MORI ASAMAJHI, SAUN HO KAISE NISTANA/
HAH RAIDAS KRISHNA KARUNAMAY, JAI JAI JAGAT AADHARA!”*

I have already mentioned that the small gate of the school premises opened in the street just in front of my rented house where my family resided. Intentionally, however, I used to take a circuitous route through the main road in front of the school to reach my room in the school premises. The reason for doing this was nothing else except the attraction of *Maulvi Sahab*. Not much time had passed that I do not know how I on my own started saluting him (started saying him “*Aadab-arz Huzur*”) while passing through his room without any formal introduction. I also do not know when in reply to my salutation a silent blessing started to flow towards me from the other end, which made me feel so energized and elated that I developed such an addiction for it that I had no control over it. I also cannot explain the feeling of love experienced by me in this process. I was aware only of this much that very soon this routine had brought me on to such a point that I felt that if I leave all this perhaps I may not be able to live. On removing the veil (“*Ghoonghat ka pat khol*” *dene par*) from face I had seen my beloved (“*Pritam*”) but now every moment my heart desired to see his lovely face, which had made me restless. His glimpse for a moment everyday had become a necessary daily-routine for my eyes. I had started seeing him everywhere and the state of this *Sahaj Samadhi* (natural state of trance) was also not any less enchanting.

*“JAHN JAHN DOLON SO PARIKARAMA, JO KACHU KARON SO SEVA/
JAB SOVON TAB KARON DANDAVAT, POOJA AUR NA DEVA//
KAHON SO NAAM, SUNO SO SUMARIN, KHAVON PIYON SO POOJA/
GIRAH UJAD EK SAM LEKHON, BHAV MITAVA DOOJA!”*

(Wherever I go it is like circumambulating Him and whatever I do is His service. When I sleep it is salutation to Him, there is no other worshipping for me. Whatever I utter is His name, whatever I listen is His remembrance and whatever I eat or drink is offering to Him. Having destroyed my house I look everyone with one eye losing the sense of duality)

And-

“KHULE NAIN PAHICHANO HANSI HANSI, SUNDER ROOP NIHARON”

(I laugh and see His beauty through my open eyes)

It was the most important moment in my life during an evening of December 1891, when I returned late from my office due to some abnormally excessive work. As I

walked down on foot it had become dark by the time I returned home. Though it was not rainy season but that day it was raining with dense clouds and frequent lightening. It was raining continuously and I was completely drenched. Water was flowing down through my body. Why me alone, anyone in that situation would have been shivering badly in that cold and rainy weather. I was in such a bad state that I could have been an object of pity for anyone. Without noticing my condition, I, like a mad man with shaking feet, was rushing towards my room in the school premises when *Maulvi Sahab* spotted me and his loving and kind gaze took me in its fold. I immediately felt a warmth activation taking place in my heart. Like a piece of iron gets pulled towards a powerful magnet, I was drawn towards him and reached very close to him. Salutation today was expressed through eyes, in a hesitant, overwhelmed and dream like state. He looked at me. How fortunate I was and then I heard him saying very kindly "Oh! In this stormy weather you are coming at this time". I started sinking in the ocean of his love. I slowly lost all my senses. Tears started rolling out of my eyes continuously and the rain outside was arousing a feeling of unity. O! Voice, your existence has proved meaningful today; O! Eyes, you are fortunate; O! Ears, your effort has fructified today. This blissful union be auspicious, auspicious, and auspicious.

The moment I caught his gaze instantly something like electric-current passed through my entire body from the fingers of my feet to the vertex of my head. My body and mind got filled with a strange stimulating vibration. It appeared as if another soul is trying to subsume the existence of my soul in its own existence. And then I heard the sweet melodious voice of *Maulvi Sahab*, who was saying-"O! Son, go now and after changing your drenched cloths, come back once again to me for warming up your body before fire for some time before going to your residence". This humble servant immediately followed his orders and after changing my cloths I came back to sit at his feet. In the meantime *Huzur Maharaj* had lighted up an earthen stove (*Angithi*), which by now was red hot. He made me lie down on his cot and covered me with his quilt.

The bliss, absorption and light then was so intense and supreme that the force of rain and brightness of lightening both appeared dim in front of this flow. In my mind, heart and the entire body, both within and outside, I was constantly feeling the same vibration. It was the feeling of a divine bliss and a warm feeling of emotion in which it appeared that the soul wanted to absorb my mind and heart in it or one may say that my body and heart were getting absorbed in the soul, which was pulling the entire creation towards its Creator. At times I felt as if my entire body was melting and flowing down in the form of bright atoms and that I existed only in the form of light.

This was the first occasion; I was in the company (*Satsang*) of *Huzur Maharaj* for about two hours. When it receded to rain, I took his permission to return home. On coming out of his room it appeared to me as if the earth, the sky, all creatures, all plants and trees, everything was merged in that light and was dancing. All the spiritual chakras from the lowest to the highest had awakened on their own and were singing the song in the praise of their Beloved. Not only this but now the place and form of this "Ramchandra" in this impious body had been taken by Samarth Sant Sadguru *Huzur*

Maharaj Maulvi Shah Fazl Ahmad Khan Sahab Raipuri, Kaimganji, Naqshbandi, Mujaddi, Majhari.

I returned home but did not feel like eating. My mind was instead getting totally sunk in that state of absorption and with that powerful experience. I lied down and fell into a sound sleep. At around four in the morning I saw in dream that some great saints were present in a large gathering of elite people. Instantly from out of a glow of light a throne descended from the sky and a greatly divine and charming saint appeared to be sitting on that throne in front of the crowd. Immediately my revered Master *Hazrat Qibla Janab Maulvi Fazl Ahmad Khan Sahab Quddas Surruh* (holy soul-a title to show reverence) very politely produced this seeker before him. That divine soul accepted this humble servant and looking at me said-“right from the time of birth your inclination is towards the Truth”. The rest of his communication was not in words but a mental transmission which got registered directly in to my mind. I woke up in the morning and after following the day’s routine this *Murid* (follower-disciple-lover) of *Hazrat Qibla* visited him in the evening and narrated to him what I had seen in my dream. He got so delighted that tears started rolling out of his eyes. He then embraced me and said-“in fact right from birth your inclination is towards the Truth; there is no doubt about it. This dream and these words spoken about you may prove auspicious to you.” After this he sat in meditation for a while and spoke as if he had recollected some thing-“you are in fact a dear and loved one. I used to see you daily when you crossed me and used to feel that you saluted me with full preparation. Every fiber of my body used to feel elated and blessings on their own used to flow; I used to feel that I was eager to touch you. For the whole day I used to wait for you; I used to see you, console my heart and used to feel the intensity of your attraction, your love. Each day I sit with new expectations; whatever I have with me is all yours, you can take it whenever you want and so many other thoughts like this. I knew it was not a waiting in vain and in this manner *Resha-Resha* (bit by bit) I started getting absorbed in you. My internal attainments started to reflect in you. My son! This is not a dream. Rarely a person like you come on this earth, for whom no one knows how many people including saints and Mahatmas lay their eyes and wait for hundreds of years. Yes my son! It is you! It is a result of their prayers that what you have achieved in the very first sitting itself, people are not able to achieve it even after practicing for years. I felt as if a child after spending the whole day away from his mother comes and sucks the entire milk from the breast of his mother and satiates his hunger, in the same manner you have easily received the spiritual attainments of my whole life. My son I am not only extremely delighted but feel proud that I got you. It is ordinary to be ‘*Fanafilshaikh*’ (to merge in the identity of the Master), *Insha-allah* (God-willing) *Fanafilmuridi* (merger of the Master with the disciple) would be proud of you.”

My *Hazrat Qibla*, established at the *Dhrupad of Satpurush* (Polar State of Satpurush-the Truth), was such a personality that people never felt tired of him nor did he ever feel tired of them. Immersed in love, he was such a divine soul, which had achieved equanimity in happiness and sorrow, comfort and pain and which had risen above all such mental states and who was always contented. He never felt disturbed by the effect of the *Trigunas* (the threefold qualities of nature-i.e. *Satvagun, Rajogun* and *Tamogun*), nor did his mind ever wavered.

Huzur Maharaj was born here in Raipur town of Kaimganj Tehsil situated in Farrukhabad district of Uttar Pradesh. He was brought up and had his formal education here. For earning his livelihood he went to Farrukhabad and later returned back to Raipur. His father was Janab Gulam Hussain Sahab, who was a disciple of Hazrat Maulana Waliuddin (*Raham. Ula. Ala.*), a great Sufi saint of Kashmir and succeeded him in that Order. He was employed in army at the post of '*Nishan Bardar*'. *Huzur Maharaj*'s mother was initiated by Hazrat Maulana Afzal Shah Naqshbandi, who was a disciple and successor of Hazrat Maulana Abul Hasan Nasirabadi (Rah.) used to say it about her that- "My daughter has the capability to change the destiny and the will of God". An incidence relates to Hazrat Maulana Abdul Gani Sahab a co-disciple of *Huzur Maharaj* that one day the younger brother of *Huzur Maharaj*, Hazrat Maulvi Vilayat Hussain Khan Sahab and Hazrat Maulana Abdul Gani Sahab were to appear in an examination together. While going to appear for the exam both of them separately requested her to pray for them. She agreed. When both of them returned from examination, they asked her about the outcome of her prayers. She was such a simple and truthful person that she told them that whenever she raised her hands in prayer for the younger brother of *Huzur Maharaj*, instead of him his (Janab Abdul Gani Sahab) face would appear before her and thus she could not pray for her own son.

Huzur Maharaj passed all examinations in first division during his academic career, including the Middle school and the Normal training examination (for teaching). He learnt the Arabic and the Persian languages from Hazrat Khalifaji Sahab (Janab Ahmad Ali Khan Sahab-Rahmat Ulla: Allehi), who was also his spiritual teacher and the initiator. He (*Huzur Maharaj*) always kept his spiritual training and the company of his Master above all worldly affairs and his livelihood. In this regard he used to narrate an incidence related to him: "Once I was unemployed. It was 10th of December. My Master enquired as to how much money I would need for my living. I requested him to pray for five rupees per month, besides food. My Master thought for a little while and then said, 'You are employed from the First on this emolument.' I did not believe it. My Master made it out and asked me that I did not believe it. I mentioned that it will be true but it is strange that I am not aware of my employment till the Tenth of the month. On hearing this from me Hazrat Sahab ordained me, 'Secrets revealed to you, as a result of your spiritual progress, should not be made known to others. When a dedicated disciple like you does not believe, what can be expected of others?' When I left my Master's premises, I came to know that Munshi Badri Prasad had arranged a job for me in Jarad. I joined the job. After twenty days when I was paid the salary, it was for the whole month i.e. from 1st to 31st of December."

Just a few days later an important and unforgettable incidence in my life occurred again. That evening I was accompanying my *Rahnuma* (guide) *Huzur Maharaj* on the road that begins from the heart of Farrukhabad and leads to Fatehgarh. Walking slowly down the road I, lost in the memories of my past, was narrating him the story of my life in my own style-form a royal and luxurious living to wooden sleepers, from costly dresses to a '*Markin Tahmad*' (a cloth worn wrapped round the waist and falling to ankles, by men made of cheap cotton) and half-sleeve *Kurta* (shirt), and from beautiful

palaces to the small room in the school premises then occupied by me. I do not know how and in frenzy I had narrated all this to him. In the meanwhile we had left behind the city and reached a place where the village named Badhpur is situated by the side of the main road. There is a small culvert over here. By now my story had melted the heart of my *Hazrat Qibla*. A mixed feeling of pain and prayer aroused in his heart like a storm and in that surge of emotions he kept his left hand on my shoulder. With this both of us turned back like a machine. Then addressing to me he said: "It is enough. I cannot listen to it any further. Let us go back." After a little while he broke the silence saying-"Brother! You are very fortunate and promising! You should thank God that you have received this treasure cheaply, which is beyond price."

I was fully aware even amidst that surrender to my Master. I clearly felt that up to that culvert while I was narrating to him my painful and sad past, he was listening to it quietly. Till then the world in its gross form occupied my mind but the moment I turned back on his order, I entered such a door where it was only faith and truth. All the worries and sorrows disappeared for ever. I felt as if some one has taken upon him all my responsibilities and it appeared that something loving and extremely peaceful has entered deep within me. It was this support of a wonderful and invaluable help that took me to a different world.

After this incidence, I started to present myself everyday both in the morning and evening at the feet of *Huzur Maharaj* with a service comity and started benefiting from his company. On the auspicious day of 23rd January 1896, the request of this servant was granted:

**"MUDIT NATH NATH NAVAT, BANI TULSI ANATH KI,
PARI RAGHUNATH SAHI HAI"-VINAY PATRIKA (279)**

The most auspicious day of my life, on the twenty third day of this January of 1896, at five o' clock in the evening, my *Hazrat Qibla* took my hand in his hand and by giving it in the strong hands of his revered Master Hazrat Maulvi Ahmad Ali Khan Sahab-Rahmat Ulla: Allehi, he admitted me in the Silsila-e-Aliya Naqshbandia, Mujaddiya, Mazhariya (in the Naqshbandi Order). He initiated me. My desire of innumerable births was granted. He accepted me at his feet and gave me shelter. I am drenched with his unrestricted affection and love. I am bewildered by this unexpected kindness, which has no beginning or end.

What should I tell you; now my end is nearing. It is possible that what I am writing now may only be the means through which the forthcoming generations may know me. Thirty-five years ago I was standing at such a juncture, where I had many paths to choose from. I was numb to decide which path I should follow. I was able to understand and differentiate between two things, but it was of no use as I found that some people whether less in number or more, were moving ahead on each of the paths, and on enquiring each group was prepared to take me with them. They were not only ready but they were trying to persuade me through various arguments in their favor so that I may be inclined to accept their path. I was, however, not convinced because I was in a state of

being dazzled and was unable to accept any particular path because different people were pulling me in different directions. At one point of time I got tired and gave it up.

At last a day dawned when the Supreme Father, the God, turned His kind attention towards me and He sent an embodiment of His great power in the form of a living human being to show his real sympathy towards me. It was *Vishwaroop Darshan* (the cosmic form of Brahman-God). In the real form of *Atma Darshan* (in the form of individual soul), he showed me the path and holding my hand in a split of moment took me to unknown heights. It was that place where everything of the universe shines with its splendor and glory. What I saw or received is indescribable. You can find a parallel of this in those verses of the first chapter of Srimadbhagvad Gita where out of dejection and confusion, like me, Arjun had laid down his weapons and refused to discharge his duty to fight with the enemy. If Lord Shri Krishna with his splendor and glory had not pulled out Arjuna from that situation and if on the request of Arjuna had He not filled Arjun's heart with His Divine Light, the result would have been entirely different. In short I was pulled up on to the path of success and I was not left alone to discharge my duty, rather he occupied my dark and impure heart to be always with me. That charming beauty so occupied my heart that I lost the sense of my own being and I started to think that now it was not me but he and he alone. By and by he took over every cell of my body and then it was not me but he and at last it was neither he nor me; there was existence of both and that of none. It remained as it was.

My lord and the holder of my hand had such a great courage and enthusiasm that without having any regard for the cast or religion he kept on continuously showering his grace and kindness on all living beings and in all conditions. Each breath he inhaled washed and threw away the darkness in the hearts of people and every breath he exhaled filled their minds and bodies with the nectar of divine grace. He did his job while in body and now after leaving the body he is still engaged in doing the same work. One who can know it or see it, may like to know it or see it.

I have mentioned it earlier and now wish to say it again what my Master's desire was. All his actions and thoughts were for the deliverance of all beings and this had now become his nature. His prayers were answered and his efforts met with success. Those who know him would also know of the benefits derived by us directly or indirectly from him. Stating very briefly, in whatever virtuous effort we started to make and to secure their accomplishment, he breathed a new lease of life keeping both the demands of time and the religious sanctities in mind.

Amongst us co-disciples there was a young person, who besides attending the *Satsang* of *Huzur Maharaj* used to visit a lady in a brothel. Some friends brought this to the notice of *Huzur Maharaj*. He told them to inform him next time when this young man visits the lady. Next time when the young man went to visit the lady, *Huzur Maharaj* was informed of it. *Huzur Maharaj* took a bath, changed his dress, applied some scent and proceeded along with others to the brothel. It was a small place and the lady also knew *Huzur Maharaj*. She was surprised to see *Huzur Maharaj*, who asked her to sing some song. She sang some songs, which to her understanding could be of interest to *Huzur*

Maharaj. After hearing the songs *Huzur Maharaj* enquired about her charges for the night and paid her the fees. *Huzur Maharaj* was then around sixty. The lady and everyone else were taken aback that such a saint would stay in the brothel for the night. *Huzur Maharaj*, however, asked all others to go back. After everyone else left, *Huzur Maharaj* told the lady, 'For tonight you are in my service and you will have to obey whatever I command. I do not like your jewelry, remove them first and then take bath.' *Huzur Maharaj* had carried with him a pair of his wife's clothes, which he asked the lady to wear after the bath. The lady complied with it. After that *Huzur Maharaj* asked her to offer five prayers with him (five Namaz). The lady thought for a moment what a trouble she had invited for herself by accepting the fees and then told *Huzur Maharaj* that she did not know how to offer prayers. *Huzur Maharaj* told her, "You are in my service tonight and you shall have to do what I say. It does not matter that you do not know how to offer prayers. Repeat what I do." She started imitating *Huzur Maharaj*. When *Huzur Maharaj* put his head on the ground (in Sijda), she also did the same. At that moment *Huzur Maharaj* prayed, "O Almighty, with Your kind grace I have brought this lady up to this point. Now it is 'You' and she." *Huzur Maharaj* then left that place and came back home but that lady was frozen in that posture. Through out the night she lied in that posture. In the morning her mother woke her up. On opening her eyes, she was baffled. She looked around and told her mother, "Whatever I could earn for you, I have already handed it over to you. Your jewelry is lying there. These clothes are not yours and now I am going away."

There was a *neem* tree in front of *Huzur Maharaj*'s house. At around eleven in the morning she came there and sat under the tree. *Huzur Maharaj* spotted her and told his wife to bring her inside and to give her some food. After she had finished with the food, *Huzur Maharaj* enquired with her whether she wanted to come out of that life and spend a life of piety in future. She immediately agreed to it. *Huzur Maharaj* then asked her to pray the Almighty to forgive her for her past and called that young man and asked him if he liked that lady and wished to marry her. *Huzur Maharaj* then got them married and initiated both of them in the Order.

Till he left this mortal world, *Huzur Maharaj* was in full senses. At the time he was breathing his last, he was absorbed in reciting "*Kalma-Sharif*" (prayers of Holy Qur'an) and he kept on telling that "now my '*Rooh*' (life force) has withdrawn from my feet; now from my knees and now from my waist. Lastly he said that now everyone should focus his attention towards the Almighty since my '*Rooh*' is now getting withdrawn from my heart. "Everyone present there got absorbed in deep meditation (*Faiz ki dhar mein doobe huye the*)." On opening their eyes they found that *Huzur Maharaj* had left his mortal body for becoming one with the Supreme Being. It was then 3 o'clock in the afternoon of 30th November 1907. His tomb is situated in the west side of Raipur town of Kaimganj Tehsil near the Idgah on the side of the southern Minar.

My Wife

I have read about the *Gopis* (the ladies folk of Brij, who were beloveds and real devotees of Lord Shri Krishna) in the *Srimadbhagwat*:

“Those, who, while milking cows, while threshing paddy etc., while churning curds, while smearing floor of their houses, while swinging the cradle for their children, while singing *Lori* for their children to put them to bed, while sprinkling water in their houses and while sweeping their houses and attending to all the chores of their households, sing overwhelmingly in the praise of Lord Krishna with a heart filled with love and eyes filled with tears, and thus keep themselves continuously absorbed in the thought of Shri Krishna; these ladies of Brij are the most fortunate ones.”

I get lost thinking about the pious state of engrossment of these *Gopis* and just then I find my *Sati* (my virtuous and faithful wife) somewhere hidden amongst them. Yes, her name also is ‘Brijrani’. Like *Gopis* she is also a pious person and a devotee of Lord Krishna. It is my fortune that in this birth she is my wife. I am so deeply impressed by her other characteristic qualities that today while mentioning about her I feel a sense of reverence in my heart. All the places of pilgrimage on the earth rest at the feet of *Satis* (such virtuous and faithful ladies) and also the splendor of al sages and seers rests in them. “**YATRA NARYASTU PUJYANTE RAMANTE TATRA DEVTA**”-meaning thereby that where the ladies are respected, those houses are fortunate.

Throughout my life I have seen a glimpse of profound love and reverence in all her acts. None of her acts were such in which she did not keep me in her thoughts and made me the center of all her activities. I would also be unable to not to keep her at the center in my divine story. Howsoever she may drag her feet; here I would not listen to her. God may help me to fulfill my desire as well as I may comply with the directions of lord Manu (mythological man: a progenitor of the world and its inhabitants, who also gave the *Manusmriti*). In the beginning itself I have mentioned about my experience.

The life of man is like a *Yagya* in which participation of his wife is not only expected but also is a must. Whosoever indulges in a religious act alone without the participation of his wife, his act bears no fruit. In the *Grihsthashram* (family life), marriage is not only sacrosanct but an important institution which manifests in the form of a family.

In this regard *Manusmriti* and other scriptures dwell at length and there is nothing more to write about. Even then I would like to include here my experiences in the context of introducing and depicting the character of the heroin of my autobiography. But before doing so I would like to take my readers through the *Satsang* of a Sufi saint. It may not appear to be in an appropriate order in the beginning, but I believe that the learned readers would pardon me.

Sriman Khwaja Mohammad Baqi Billah Sahab (peace be upon him) is one of the great pillars of the Naqshbandia Order of Sufis. He was the 24th Master of this Order. On the occasion of a spiritual festival, a young man, who had got married recently was present. The great Khwaja Sahab (peace be upon him) showered his grace on him and asked him to sit down. After a moment the great Master uttered that marriage causes three harms. First harm is caused to the ego or the mind because as soon as it enters the mind many desires and resolutions start raising their head. In the sequence of the origin of creation it is the first glimpse of *Prakriti*. All the natural forces of world start working by seeking refuge in man. Desire or passion is the first form of *Shakti* (power). It is called "*Kaam Shakti*" (the power of passion), because the first act of nature is to create or it may be said to be an internal desire which inspires to multiply, to become two from one and then three from two and so on. Slowly and slowly this gives rise to many difficulties, and these difficulties have in fact arisen. These are the various forces. Learned people call the collective pool of these forces as the character of a person. *Kaam, Krodh, Lobh, Moh* and *Ahamkar* (passion, anger, greed, attachment and ego) etc. are said to be various forms of *Sankalp* (resolution). *Sankalp* here has been used in the sense of desire and determination. The first desire of creation is passion i.e. to get married, which is at the top in the sequence of creation. Thus, the first element of *Prakriti* is the *Shuddha Ahamkar* (pure ego).

All the saints whether Hindu, Muslim, Persian or Buddhist have equated ego with a serpent. The meaning of the story relating to 'Kali-Dah' by Lord Shri Krishna (the story of defeating the serpent residing in the river Yamuna and dancing on its heads by Lord Shri Krishna) also indicates towards the subjugation of ego in the form of serpent. He through His yogic powers had conquered over *Kaam, Krodh, Lobh* and *Moh* etc. What is desired is to bring all these passions at a point of equilibrium.

The condition of *Chitta* (ego) of an unmarried person or *Brahmachari* (a celibate person) is like that of a serpent exposed to severe cold or in other words the absence of a female for the serpent like mind is similar to living in severe cold. When one gets married it is like facing the hot sun. It looks as if the *Kaam Shakti* (force of passion) that was lying dormant within has woken up and all the good effect of exercising restraints has vanished. Its solution lies in refraining from indulging in fulfillment of passionate desires all the time and in exercising restraint. In this regard I am reproducing here the essence of the experience of my whole life.

The state of occupation of mind all the time by passion is like that of cocks and goats etcetera. A person engrossed in such thoughts is like an animal whose mind always wavers and can never achieve equanimity. All his controls are lax. My dears! "Man is born free, but everywhere he is tied in chains". The passion of lust is such a strange force that even *Yogis* and *Mahayogis* could not resist it. Till it is under the influence of coldness, the serpent of passion would keep on lying in an inactive state, but the moment it gets even slight warmth it would become active. There is no other way except to the extent possible obstructing adequate heat reaching it. The essence is that one should try and achieve the state of equanimity of mind and also to set limits for everything. Here

also the experience is that it is not only very difficult but almost impossible to live within limits and to remain in a state of equanimity of mind.

Yes, there is another way, which concerns the fair sex i.e. women. If some institution organizes such programs for them then to some extent there is a possibility of safety.

In the *Satsang* associated with the mission of my revered *Satguru* the number of ladies is not much and, therefore, such difficulties are not abounded. I have full faith on the blessings of the hierarchical elders of this Order that the current of this divine mission would continue to spread amongst people. Clearly, therefore, taking this issue as a potential problem, attention should be paid to it right from this moment. All the friends and brothers, who are working as *Acharyas* (Masters) in the spreading of this mission, have a greater responsibility cast on them in this regard.

I am leaving behind a few words here, which may serve as pointers for the coming generations in seeking some guidance: 'In the opinion of the learned ones, ladies have nine times greater heat of sexuality in them as compared to men, which keeps on radiating from their bodies in the form of invisible rays. In this context I wish to mention here an incidence related to Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him). He received a divine message that special limits be laid between men and women and immediately this was propagated by him and people also started to follow the same. After a few days, once when Prophet Muhammad entered his house (the portion occupied by ladies) there was a man present in the house besides Prophet's wife. With great astonishment he asked his wife-"*Bibi* (an address showing respect for ladies), are you not aware of Allah's order?" The great lady spontaneously answered-"*Huzur*, he is a blind person." Prophet had a brief observation-"*Bibi*, you are not a blind." My readers can draw their lesson from this anecdote.

Without hiding my words behind literary paraphrasing, I would like to say it straight that ladies should avoid using such cosmetics and cloths that may help in arousing the hidden feelings of the other side. Scriptures have supported my statement in many ways.

***"MA VAN VRAKO MA VRAKIRADADHARSHIANMA PARIVRAKTMUKT MATI DHAKTAM/
AYAM VA BHAGO NIHIT IYAM GIRDASTRVIME VAN NIDHAYOM MADHUNAMA|]"
(RIGVEDA 1/183/4)***

The contextual meaning is that "O women and men! You should not be oppressed by wicked or violent-natured men or by wicked or violent-natured women. Both of you should neither abandon each other nor you should cause hurt to each other by transgressing your limits; it is worth obeying for both of you. O beautiful ones! The treasures of these sweet foods, water and fruits, which are the destroyers of your mutual grief, are for both of you."

ADHYA PASHYASVA MOPARI SANTARRAN PADAKOU HAR|

MA TE KASHPALKOU DRASHANASTRI HI BRAHMA BABHUVITH//
(RIGVEDA 8/33/19)

“O lady! Look down. Do not raise your eyes. Walk with a decent gait. Let not your lower limbs-waist, belly, buttocks, thighs, calf of legs or the ankles be seen.”

Ladies should be a symbol of modesty and decency. They should not show gestures and fickleness and should refrain from exhibiting their person. Such acts result in the ruining of the society.

My second request to the ladies participating in *Satsang* is that when they sit for meditation, they should, along with their other prayers, also pray for their co-disciples that amongst themselves they may have a feeling of brothers and sisters or that of a mother and son and that they may mutually strengthen each other.

My third request to the ladies is that when they are amidst men they should leave behind their sex consciousness and consider themselves as having entered into a man's body.

I would also like to remove a delusion amongst ladies. I understand that the desire of ladies to look beautiful, which forms the basis of their consciousness and considered as their dignity does not reflect from use of cosmetics or from exhibition of body. Through these they may look anything but not beautiful, although they may think that they are looking beautiful. It is then natural to know how they would really look beautiful.

The fact of the matter is that the face and the body, which are imagined and desired to be shown beautiful using external cosmetics, are a reflection, a mirror, showing the inner personality. If your mind is beautiful then your face, your body would radiate that beauty. If your mind is dirty then the external make up would appear as if it is an attempt to cover filth with dust. How then to acquire the inner beauty is the question that lies before us.

The inner beauty is gained by the purity of mind and purity of mind is achieved through single-minded meditation, intentness and devotion. How the single-minded meditation can be practiced, I would explain it later at the appropriate place. I would, however, like to mention it here that an indication of achieving purity of mind is establishment of an internal (mental) connection with one's lord, one's beloved. Without his saying we may know what is there in his mind and act accordingly. It is expected both of the man and woman. When the wife starts reading the mind of her husband and the husband starts knowing what is there in the mind of his Master, his parents or the one he adorns and acts accordingly, one can understand that he has achieved purity of mind. This is the *Pativrat Dharma* (loyalty) of wife. To take care of the physical needs of the husband but lacking in devotion is not loyalty to the husband. This was the greatness of Sitaji's (Lord Ram's wife) loyalty due to which she had become so virtuous that she received the blessings of Anusuyaji:

“SUNU SITA TAV NAAM SUMIRI NARI PATIVRAT KARAHİ” (3.5)

(Listen O Sita! By remembering you, women would acquire loyalty towards their husband)

It was the characteristic quality of her loyalty that Sitaji used to know what was there in her husband's mind. It was her unique achievement.

“PIY HIY KI SIY JANANI HARI” (2.10.1.3)

It is in this state that a wife turns from being indifferent to being devoted to her husband and acquires the eligibility for getting respect and honor.

TAS MEIN SUMUKHI SUNAVAUN TOHI/ SAMUJHI PARAI JAS KARAN MOHI/ (1.120.5)

I am proud of my life-partner, who, in my effort (*Satsang*), has walked with me keeping shoulder to shoulder and who has assisted me all along in all my experimentations and analysis and guided me to the right path.

Now I wish to take back my learned readers to the *Satsang* (congregation) of the great Master Khwaja Sahab (peace be upon him) where he is addressing the newly married young man.

“The second harm caused by marriage affects the mind or the psyche and relates to the faith because at this juncture the sole belief in the truth that “God is Omnipotent” gets shaken by duality.”

Khwaja Sahab (peace be upon him) explained in regard to the first harm caused by marriage that it occurs by not laying down and not sticking to the limits in relations between man and woman and, therefore, the mind gets out of control like a horse without reins. The second harm relates to the loss of purity of mind. Sufi saints, therefore, have put awareness and surrender at the top, which keeps the *Hridaya Chakra* (the spiritual center of heart-*Anahat Chakra*) or the mind pure.

The state of duality in faith is the biggest obstruction, which does not allow the effort to fructify. Like a mirror the steadiness of mind is as important as its cleanliness because a shaking mirror can not show true reflection. The state of duality is unfortunate.

Delusion is a sin and this is what duality is, which is opposed to the state of being firm. What is delusion? It is the collection of various emotions or thoughts and with that losing the faith one had in the earlier state. The state of having no doubt is that where one has faith only on God and none else; one sees existence of only one power and no other power. This is *Shakti* (power) and also the steadiness of mind. Now I would request the learned readers to carefully ponder over and analyze the words of the great Master Khwaja Sahab (peace be upon him).

Earlier he was alone and he was worried about taking care of only himself. Now they have become two and have set the further process in motion. The concerns about feeding and taking care of them have increased. What is the duality of faith? One's own attention and faith, which gets divided on becoming two. The division in faith is the loss that is caused to the mind. What is the meaning of feeling concerned about feeding and taking care-it is losing the faith in one and placing it in some other and in such a situation one loses faith in the "One, who is omnipotent and the only One taking care of the needs of all". The state of mind being firmly rooted at one place now gets lost.

Now let us consider what is faith or surrender? Villagers and those not acquainted with courts also explain their case to their advocates in their own words and sign the *Vakalatnama* (power of attorney) leaving the entire matter to the advocate and they themselves become free. They know that they know nothing about the legal matters and that they can not argue the case. Leaving the entire matter in the hands of the advocate, they carry no burden on their heads.

In the same manner, the real provider for all of us is the God and He alone in the real sense is our advocate. Those, who in their hearts really consider Him to be their advocate, they live in peace. To leave one's honor, one's life and belongings etcetera in the hands of one's advocate and to become free from all worries, is to 'surrender' in the real sense. Man spends all his time worrying about his livelihood and thinks that it is he who would arrange for himself. It is against the spirit of faith and surrender. Thus, it causes a difference in the state of dependence on God, which is a loss to heart.

Then Hazrat Khwaja Sahab (peace be upon him) stated that the solution lies in making an effort to earn the livelihood but not to get worried about it. He explains the reason for doing so by saying that it is He, who feeds and takes care of the whole world; He would take our care as well. He further explains that this does not mean that taking Him to be one's advocate one should sit idle because that would not be truly obeying Him. The Lord desires that one must make an effort. The God has *Kriya Shakti* (the power to act) and He is the Lord of the entire creation. There is vigor and action in the realm of the Universal Consciousness and no obstruction. How can then man live without vigor and action? And if he does so i.e. if he indulges in inaction, then he alone would be responsible for his future sorrows. According to scriptures, one must earn his livelihood, which is a door to be kept open and not to be closed.

In this context Lord Shri Krishna in the forty-eighth verse of chapter 2 asks Arjuna:

*YOGASTHA KURU KARMANI SANGA TYAKTVA DHANANJYA/
SIDHYASIDHYO SAMO BHUTVA SAMATVAM YOG UCHYATE//
(GITA-2:48)*

"O Dhananjya! Perform your duties, dwelling in Yoga, relinquishing *Aasakti* (attachment), and being indifferent to success or failure, for evenness of mind is called Yoga."

The third loss after marriage occurs to the *Atma* (Self), because it diminishes the power of attraction. *Surat* (*Tavajjoh*-the attentive power of soul) continuously causes the flow of pure light (*Satvik Prakash*) from that Original Source towards the Self, but when it gets associated with worldly things, its flow, which was so far connected with God, becomes weak and slow. The flow of current from *Satya Pad* (the abode of Truth) and its radiations fall directly on the *Atma* and make it ever-blissful. The means of this boundless flow is *Surat* (*Tavajjoh*), which in a way is a reflection of the God. When this *Surat* disconnects itself from the Dhruva Pad of the Satpurush (Polar state of the Supreme Being) and diverts towards worldly affairs, it automatically results in the reduction of receiving the flow of divine current, which is the third loss to the *Atma*.

Possibly my future readers would have started entertaining some doubts in their mind that just now Lalaji was preparing to talk about his wife but suddenly what has come to his mind that he has started talking about philosophy. I, however, request my readers once again to read these pages repeatedly. They would know the reason. The young man who was present there was married recently and has come into contact with an unknown lady. If you are a *Sadhak* (seeker-wayfarer), then these things which we have just now discussed would guide you and direct your consciousness whenever you come in contact with any thing physically beautiful and attractive. The attraction of all those things would not distract you even a bit, this is my personal experience. God be your guide.

My image which is there in your mind-a person who by birth is Hindu but in look a staunch Muslim. Average height. Wheatish complexion. Broad forehead, shining eyes. Soft hairs, one tooth in the front row a little longer than the others. Grown up moustache and beards. Small but thick beards. Ears neither long nor small, average body, neither thin nor stout. The whole existence lost in the beloved. And exactly opposite to it is my wife, a staunch Hindu born and brought up in the *vaishnavite* tradition, every cell of her body embedded in purity, both worldly and spiritually. She is the heroin of my autobiography.

On the Bareilly-Lucknow rail route there is an old place called Shahajahanpur. Kanwal Nainpur, which is located in this district, is my father-in-law's place. My father in law Shri Yadunath Sahay Kanchan, a rich person, belonged to this place.

This divine soul, my wife, an incarnation of devotion and love, is *Chir-Suhagan* (ever-fortunate, a lady whose husband is alive). It would not be an exaggeration if I compare her with any *Mahasati* (great ladies) of the world. I have not seen such a beautiful combination of all the qualities that a virtuous lady should have in anyone else. She is my life-companion, who is always prepared to offer all that belongs to her in the sacramental fire of my life. Inspiring me to follow the right path, she herself being righteousness personified, kept me always alert.

**“YA PATI HARIBHAVEN BHAJECHCHIRIV TATPARA/
HAYARTMANA HARERLOKE PATYA SRIRIV MODATE||”
(SRIMADBHA. 07/11/29)**

(One who like Laxmi serves her husband taking him to be Lord Vishnu, her husband assumes the form of the Lord in the heavens and she herself enjoys like Laxmiji.)

Like Shubha and Sukala my life partner is established in love and can not live away from me. I know her mind. Before telling you about some of the incidences relating to our loving and virtuous family life, I would like to reveal something to you, please listen.

*“LACHIMAN GAYE BANAHI JAB, LEN MOOL FAL KAND/
JANAK SUTA SAN BOLE, BIHANSI KRIPA SUKH VRIND// (3/23)
SUNAHU PRIYA VRAT RUCHIR SUSILA/
MEIN KUCH KARABI LALIT NR LILA//
TUMAH PAVAK MAHAN KARAHU NIVASA/
JOU LAGI KAROU NISACHAR NASA//
JABAHIN RAM SAB KAHA BAKHANI/
PRABHU PAD DHARI HIY ANAL SAMANI//
NIJ PRATIBIMB RAKHI THAN SITA/
TAISAI SIL ROOP SUVINITA//
LACHIMAN HUN YAHA MARAM NA JANA/
JO KUCH CHARIT RACHA BHAGWANA//”*

In the context of the story of Lord Ram, Mahatma Tulsi Dasji states-“When Laxmanji went away in the jungle to fetch some fruits etcetera then the treasure of all bliss and grace Shri Ram laughingly said this to Sitaji-O virtuous and righteous beloved! Please listen to me. Now I would engage in some *Lila* (play). So till I destroy the *Rakshashas* (devils), you should reside in the fire. The moment Shri Ram said so, Sitaji meditating at the feet of Lord Ram, took refuge in the fire. She left her shadow-image there. Her appearance, mannerism and modesty were all like Sitaji. The secret of this act of Lord Ram could not be known even to Laxmanji.”

This act of Lord Ram was repeated in my story as well. As the possessor of power from power, body from its shadow, sun and moon from their lights can never be separated; similar is my unbreakable relation with my beloved wife.

This incidence relates to a time about one year after the birth of my last child, my youngest daughter Sushila. One night a man, who was as bright as sun, wearing red cloths and a crown on his head, dark complexioned and with a *Pash* (a cord used for tying) in his hands appeared in the dream of my wife. She asked him-“Who are you and why have you come here?” He replied-“I am *Yamraj* (the lord of death) and I have come to take you away with me, as your life has now come to an end”. She again asked him-“Lord! It is your *Doot* (representatives or servants) who come to take away human beings at the time of their death; how is it that you have come yourself? *Yamraj* told her-“You are a *Pativrata Devi* (a lady observing fidelity to her husband) and possess various divine qualities. You, therefore, can not be taken away by my servants so I have come myself.”

Thereafter *Yamraj* pulled away the thumb sized *Jivatma* (embodied soul) from the body of my beloved wife and proceeded in southern direction.

Right from the beginning I used to get up early in the morning at four o'clock. The first thing in the morning we used to sit together for *Satsang* and morning prayers. So, when I saw her on the cot and not complying with the daily routine, out of anxiety I pulled the sheet covering her and I was wonderstruck. She was dull and dead. I was perturbed and for the first time I felt as if I am myself the wife and she is my husband. My world was lost and I felt that there was no meaning in my living alone.

It is said that once a *Gopi* mad in love of Krishna got into a dilemma that I, who continuously remember Krishna, may perhaps myself not become Krishna. If it so happens that I myself become Krishna how would then I enjoy this love with my beloved Krishna? Another *Gopi* told her-“You ought not to worry about it. Thinking about Shri Krishna when you would become Shri Krishna, Shri Krishna then also would become you (*Gopi*) thinking about you. This joy of love between the lover and beloved would continue in the same manner. So you be engrossed in Shri Krishna's thoughts.”

Whether it was me, who was her husband or it was she, who was my husband, whatever be the truth, this moment of separation was very frightening and difficult for me. At last, with the grace of my revered Master I saw another strange thing. She woke up again, alive. When she regained some consciousness, after salutation, she told me about her dream, as above. After narrating this she told me that where she was taken it was light all around and nothing else. There was indescribable peace. Her consciousness then felt like some divine voice saying her-‘Your life no doubt has ended but Our work is still unfinished. You are a religious person so be a *Chir-Suhagan* (ever-fortunate, a lady whose husband is alive). A very fortunate person, your husband, who is a *Satpurush* (who is established in Truth), go assist him and be his support. You have the divine blessing with you. Go now as a liberated person and act in accordance with the scriptures. Your sheath of attachment has been destroyed with the Truth-consciousness. Like a moving dead body, liberated from all attachments, you may live as long as you wish and come back when you desire (*Ichcha Mrityu*).’ After narrating what she had seen in her dream, she showed me a red circular sign which was marked on the lower part of her waist, before departure from that vision. The *Lila* (play) of God can not be understood and, therefore, there is no question of any astonishment. After this day our relationship was something else than that of a husband and wife.

She through her unblemished character bestows purity to our *Satsang* family. She has all the qualities like loyalty, modesty, decency, forgiveness, affection, natural beauty, irrepressible courage, sacrifice, restrain and firmness of character. The revolution to which I want to give a shape, she not only understands that well but also wants to participate in all my activities. As a wife she does not want to become a burden on me. Rather she reduces my difficulties and to the extent possible she tries to keep me happy and desires to see me succeed in my efforts. Accordingly, at one point of time she not only promised to assist me but also promised to lead a life of celibacy, and she is firm on her promise. Residing with me, a fakir, she is absorbed in the bliss of a lover and

beloved. She has forgotten the royal luxuries that were available to her at her father's place, which I could never provide to her. Now she is a complete *Yogini* (firmly established in Yoga). She is an ocean of forgiveness. In her character I see the firmness of the Himalayas.

In age she is a few months older than me. She is a serious person and an embodiment of purity. Observing rituals is ingrained in her right from the beginning. What to talk of eating non-vegetarian food, it is not possible for her to eat even those vegetable foods like turnip, jackfruit, and *Masur Dal* (a small grained pulse-red in color) which even slightly aroused that feeling. Thus in the backdrop of her seriousness, her commitment towards the *Panth* (path), fearlessness in her character and her calmness etcetera for quite some time I was hesitant with her, in spite of her complete devotion to me. It was the reason because of which although she was able to talk to me frankly, but I had kept a great truth of my life hidden from her. It was a sin and unjust to her.

My *Hazrat Qibla*-Maulvi Fazl Ahmad Khan Sahab Raipuri, my revered Master, is my guide and all in all for me. At one moment I felt that amidst all these emotions, which absorb me in great joy, I do not know from where a false thought had got entry. I used to look for it but was unable to understand its existence. I got tired of looking for it but I could find it. Exhausted, I gave up and felt as if I was losing everything. I started entertaining a thought that all my *Sadhana* (effort) was a waist and the only reason for thinking so was the nurturing of the feeling of that false thought. There was none else to take me out of this dilemma except my wife. I felt that someone was reproaching me, hurting me and was laughing at my pain. I felt that there was no one weaker than me in this world. Amidst this scolding I also felt as if the thief within me was none else than my own inferiority complex, which I do not know how and when entered my mind in the form of a pseudo-sect consciousness. I do not know from where this inferiority complex had entered in my sub-conscious mind that my revered Master, whom I considered as my all in all, my guide and on whom I have cast the burden of my both the worlds and on whose hands I have even taken the initiation, he is a Muslim also. This was not only a contradiction but the biggest sin of the world.

I because of my worthless intelligence kept on thinking of that great man, who was above all religious and communal prejudices, only as a Muslim; "only a Muslim alone, a communal! Till then I had not understood Islam in its real sense. I was familiar neither with the Hindu philosophy nor with Islam. When I was exposed, in a moment it appeared that the entire philosophy was staring at me." It was she, who is fortunately my wife, who exposed my falsehood towards him "whom I considered a strict communal".

Till now it was my dilemma, the biggest falsehood of my life, the greatest sin. The thief within me used to say that the leader of the path chosen by you is a Muslim. Your beloved wife, except whom you have no one else in the world, is a person born and brought up in strict Hindu tradition. When she would come to know that her life-partner has accepted a Muslim as his Master, what would she feel? Engrossed in these thoughts, I was standing at such a juncture, where my mind was unable to help me.

Gathering all the courage that I could muster, I the greatest coward of this world, ultimately decided that whatever be the consequences now I would not let this secret to remain a secret any more. Converting all my cowardice into strength when I appeared before my wife my mental state was no different than that of a thief. Thief and that too such a thief, who was about to surrender. I like a child narrated my entire story to her and also what I had been thinking about her.

She was still the same, quiet and serious. She was perhaps not aware what was passing through my mind and behaved as if nothing had happened. She heard me like a wise judge and then she announced her brief judgment—"You have done a wonderful thing." And then like a true companion she insisted—"Take me also to that '*Param Sant*' (great saint). I am a servant at your feet. Let my birth be also fruitful. For a lady the biggest religion is her husband and nothing else. Without this servant your goal would not be achieved, this is what the scriptures also state."

Forgetting about my guilt, now I was happy that she was happy. She not only saved me from sinking but in fact showed me the way. Her silent but lively expression was getting engraved on my mind—"Saints do not belong to any caste, they do not belong to any race, they are above all such considerations". What could not have been achieved even after taking several births, I was able to achieve that in a moment by the grace of God, although I did not deserve it. By the grace of my Master, I was taken out of this dilemma.

On her insistence when I took her to my Master's residence in the morning, he was very happy. Unknowingly I had done some such thing which he had liked. The entire day we enjoyed his hospitality. All through the day he was telling our *Guru-Mata* (wife of the Master), "look our daughter-in-law has come; our children have come". In spite of all his instructions being followed, he was saying—"how fortunate are we today that we are seeing our daughters and children. The Almighty has filled our house with joy. Bring bangles for them; fry *Puris* (deep fried pancakes) for them. She should remember that it is her mother-in-law's house". He was over-whelmed with love and that flux of love was engulfing me too in its fold. I had not seen him so over-whelmed with love before. Humanity had embraced humanity and the soul was eager to merge with its origin.

Now both of us had taken shelter at his feet in this atmosphere of love. Till now I was alone. It was the fructification of the entire effort of life. My *Hazrat Qibla* accepted and initiated her as well in the Order. This day was like a great festival in our life and the one never to forget.

This is the union of Radha and Krishna. Whereas all actions of Radha are for pleasing and alluring Krishna, all the actions of Krishna are also for alluring Radha. Their mutual desire to please each other is the secret of love between them. Mutuality of entertainment and the actions to allure each other, enforces the bond of love between them. These can neither be described by the devotee nor by the Lord Himself. This is beyond words. Being on the same platform in love, there is no formality here. Till there is a hesitation between the two to treat the other with respect, there is some lacking in love.

Where there is a feeling of equality and oneness, it is love. In this oneness there is no one big or small. Whatever a devotee, who is rooted in such a state of oneness, does, he does it all as a play in God.

I have read a lot of stories related to various devotees. In the chain of this Order as well, there have been some such great persons, who having looked at the face of their Master once, were stuck by that glimpse for the rest of their life. When they looked at the mirror, they saw the reflection of the face of their beloved smiling in the mirror. I am proud that my Master has showered such grace on me that he has accepted me as one of such persons in the chain.

I was then about 20 or 21 years old that I constantly and undoubtedly used to feel absorbed in my Master and I used to feel as if it was he, who was walking, who was sitting and who was performing all my actions in place of me and that I had no existence of my own but it was he all over.

Absorbed in the thought of my beloved, once I was buying some vegetables in the vegetable market. In the process I interacted with the owner of the market, who was a lady for a few moments. Her young daughter about 15-16 years old, who was nearby and towards whom I had not even looked so far, was looking at the glimpse of my beloved in me without blinking her eyes and she was stuck with that. I came to my senses only then, when she pointing towards me told her mother-“Mother, I would marry with him alone”. The onlookers were astonished with her sincere demand. I did not pay much attention to it and returned to my home. But that pretty girl was absorbed in the image she had seen in me for a moment. At home she repeated her request to her mother and said that she would not survive if she did not marry me. Her family members tried to reason her out but she was unmoved. She was suffering the pangs of separation and kept on crying. One day her family members felt that she would not be able to survive any more. I was informed about it. Her mother very humbly requested me to save the life of her only daughter by marrying with her. For a moment I felt this to be my duty to save her life and for that if I marry with her, there was nothing wrong in it. I also shared the thoughts crossing my mind with my wife. After pondering over for a few moments, she again showed me the right path saying-“this dilemma can be resolved only by him, who is playing with it. You should narrate the entire story to Huzur Maharaj and seek his guidance for us to do accordingly”. I followed her advice. Having heard my narration, he first smiled and then adopting a serious posture he said-“My son Putulal! What are you saying? You should have thought what would happen to my daughter-in-law and my children? Your argument is baseless. You should not enter into this fray. It is not right for you in any way. Why should you worry even if that girl dies? If she dies remembering a person like you, who is so pious and absorbed in his beloved, what could be better than this for her”. And it happened so.

She had again saved me from a difficult situation. The lover keeps on communicating with the beloved even though he may appear quiet. All his being speaks; it transmits a pure signal, a pure vibration.

She is also an ocean of forgiveness. As '*Jagat Janani*' (mother of the universe) she has forgiven me many times. Her role as a mother has been par-excellence. I have had a glimpse of the boundless affection in her heart many a times during the entertaining and unforgettable moments of our married life.

My Master has entrusted me with such a work in which I remain so engrossed that I am not able to remember anything else even for a moment. I have selected some special people for the above work of my Master, my all-in-all. I am worried about them throughout the day and night. I am fully aware that not even a small mistake on my part in this work would be tolerated. I put in a lot of effort and I am fully committed to it, yet I am not satisfied. The work is critical, highly important and intensive but the time at hand is short.

A stage came that it appeared to me that one of the persons would spoil the entire show. I used to scold him, reason out with him but he did not mend his ways. It appeared that all my effort would go in vain. I got tired of making any further effort and it appeared to me that this may also have an impact on others. One stale fish could spoil the entire tank. Amongst all these thoughts I decided to expel him out of my circle thinking that, perhaps, it would be the most appropriate thing to do on my part. *

I did so but he went away from one gate and entered again my house from another gate. He narrated the entire episode to my ever-obedient wife. Here she was a mother! She is the mother of all creation! Large-hearted, where there is a place for everyone to seek refuge. He was heard with full sympathy and consideration and I was completely ignored. Where was I in that scene? He was told to rest there or if he so desired to go in the inner room. Now who was more fortunate than him?

After the *Satsang* was over I went inside the house. My annoyance had not yet disappeared. I told the mistress of the house-"I have expelled him (by name) from *Satsang*. He can not now come back to me". Without looking at my face or at my expressions, she started saying-as if laughing loudly and taunting sweetly at me, "You are a father, you can expel him, you have the right to do so, but I am a mother, I can not do it". When I looked at her face there was that expression of the authority of a mother. Her face was shining with glory and the tenderness of a mother, which put me to a little shame. "*Siy Sundarta Barni Na Jaai*" (It is not possible to put the beauty of Sitaji in words). Such was her grandeur! Such a peace! I did not know of it. She, deserving all the reverence, was surely had a higher status than me. My thinking now had changed and I said-"okay, then ask him to come from tomorrow". Her amusement was still continuing

[* when a *Salik* (seeker after Truth) after *Mujahida* (striving against '*Nafs*'-lower self or desires) enters upon the stage of '*Mukashafa*' (lifting of the veil), in this stage the secrets of Divinity are revealed in the heart. The *Salik* sees lights and illuminations. He sees the realities of the '*Alam-e-Mithail*' with his bodily eyes; in fact by means of his five senses, he perceives the realities of that world and sometimes in that state resembling to lower animals, displays this type of perception.]

-“where has he gone”? And as an innocent child comes out of the lap of mother, he came out and started crying holding me in his arms. I also started weeping with him. With the tears flowing out of his eyes all that blemish also had flown out of him, as if it was never there. His unblemished character now is very dear to me. He has become an integral part of this large *Satsang* family now.

I was reminded that Yishu (Christ) had said once: “A man had hundred sheep, one of which was lost. He left the ninety-nine behind on the hillock to graze and went in search of the lost sheep. When he found that lost sheep, his happiness was greater than that seeing those ninety-nine sheep, which were not lost.” Yishu then said-“Your Supreme Father in the Heavens is like that”.

I was obliged to her that she had shown me how I should treat my people. In my heart I expressed deep gratitude to the role of a kind Master played by my wife. I was overwhelmed how my *Hazrat Qibla* provides me the guidance within or outside the house. It is only through his grace that everything is done-

*VACHAN-KARAM HIYE KAHAUN RAM SAUNH KIYE,
TULSI PAI NATH KE NIBAHAI, NIBHAIGO}*
(VINAY PATRIKA 259)

My Children

In sequential order, *Grihstha Ashram* (the stage of family life) is the second stage of life, but from the point of view of importance, it is the first. The ideal of family life is to have a perfect harmony and complete mutual trust between the husband and wife in matters relating to *Dharma* (religion or duty), *Artha* (earning of livelihood) and *Kaam* (fulfillment of desires).*

Bhagwan Ved Vyas has said *Grihstha Ashram* to be the most important and pious amongst all the *Ashrams*-

*SARVASHRAMPADEAPYAHURGRAHASTHAYAM DIPTA NIRNAYAM/
PAVANAM PURUSHA UYAGHRA YADDHARMAM PARYUPASTE//
(SHANTI 66/35)*

Meaning thereby that amongst all the *ashrams*, it is *Grihstha Ashram*, which is more glorious and endowed with more strength to resolve and act; it is very pious.

In this *ashram* the parents, representing the forefathers and in the form of Parvati-Parmeshwar, bring down with the eternal *Satya-Shiv-Sunder* (that which is true, beneficial and beautiful) resolution the noble-radiation from the heavens on to the earth. The Veda says-

*VIDATA SWARMANVE JYOTIRARYAMA
(RIGVEDA 10/43/4)*

Meaning thereby that this noble-radiation is the child, who keeps on reflecting a new facet of the eternal form of man.

The fruitfulness and importance of *Grihstha Ashram* lies in begetting a son. If one has all the worldly pleasures but not a son, his life is meaningless. Children establish and strengthen the bond of love between the parents as well. The child is the ornament of the family. Who would not be allured by their playful activities?

On seeing the charming playful activities of Sarvadaman, Dushyant (the legendary King Dushyant) had said-"Fortunate are those, who, pick up their smiling sons showing their little teeth while speaking lispingly, in their laps and in the process their cloths getting stained.

* Dharma-An organized system of beliefs, rites and ceremonies;

Artha-A means of support or subsistence;

Kaam-To fulfill desires or to seek comfort.

These are the three *Purusharth* (accomplishments) sought by a man; the fourth being 'Moksha' or liberation.

**AALAKSHYADANTMU KU LAANNIMITAHAASAI-
KHYAKTVARNARAMNIYAVACHA PRAVARTNA
ANKASRYA PRANYASTANAYANA VAHANTO
DHANYASTADANKRAJASA KALUSHIBHAVANTI
(ABHIGYANSHAKUNTALAM 7:17)**

Even from the religious point of view, a son is an asset of the family. Since he saves (*Tran*) the forefathers from the hell named “*Pu*”, he is called ‘*Putra*’. It is because of this that people look forward for the birth of a son to them. It has been considered from various other points of view also. Born from ‘*Atma*’, son is called ‘*Atmaj*’ (according to Hindu scriptures, father is re-born in the form of his son); for bringing fame to one’s name, he is called ‘*Nijnam-Saar*’ (the essence of one’s name) and from the point of view of *Gyana* and intelligence, he is called a knowledgeable and intelligent son. References are found in the sayings of saint Kabir, saint Dadu and in scriptures.

NIJNAMSAAR-KAH KABIR NIJNAM BINU, BURI MUA SANSAR/

Knowledgeable son-on whose birth the mother in the form of attachment dies.

“MRITA MOHMAYI MATA JATO GYANMAY SUT:”

An emancipator from the *Sakamsharir Roop Narak* (the hell of desires in the form of human body).

“DUTAR TARAI PAAR UTARAI NARAN NIVARAI NAUN RE”-SANT DADU

Saint Kabir has talked from the point of view that ‘son is the father of his father’ and has described his existence from the point of view of *Gyan*, *Vairagya* (detachment) and *Vivek* (prudence):

***PAHLA JANAM PUTRA KA BHAAU,
BAAP JANAMIYO PASCHE/
PUNAH: AGAWANI TO AAIYA,
GYAN, VIRAG, VIVEK PASCHE,
GURU BHI AAYENGE,
SAARE SAAJ SAMET//***

In this elaborate explanation of ‘son’, virtually a spiritual son (disciple) is also included. All parents desire that they be blessed with a son like Ram (Lord Ram), or that their son may become a Ram. Ram or a son like Ram is the unfulfilled desire of all of us, which lies at the center of our lives. To fulfill this desire, we have been moving ahead in the life and kept on moving till the end without its fulfillment. From this view point children are a desired reflection of parents thinking and their spiritual practice and attainments.

This eternal thought of the sages has also supported the optimistic view point of the 'Mahayana' period as expressed by Ashvagosh:

RAGYAMRISHINAN CHARITANI TANI KRITANI PUTRAIKRITANI PURVA/ (BUDHCHARIT 1/46)

Meaning thereby that the sons of kings and sages have completed the tasks left unfinished or not undertaken by them.

God-willing, if it occurs at some point of time to think about what the desire of the Supreme Father is, how would He like His children to be, then one should desire his children to be molded accordingly and he should put in all his effort to accomplish this task and pray that his sons be able to meet the deficiencies left in him.

I came across a story written by the great saint Mahatma Shri Charan Dasji. I am reminded of it in the present context. There was a city. It had a strange custom that on completion of one year the king was taken across the river on a boat and left in that barren place all alone and a new king for the city used to be crowned. This was going on for many years.

According to the tradition once a person got the kingdom of that city. He was very intelligent. So, immediately on becoming the king he asked his ministers 'for how long was he crowned as the king'. The ministers told him that 'it was for one year'. When he asked 'what would happen after one year', he was told that 'on completion of one year period, he would be dethroned and would have no right on any thing belonging to the kingdom and that he would be taken across the river and left in the dense forest all alone. The boatmen would leave you there and come back. This is the practice followed here for the eternity.' The king thought that 'one year is enough time. Anything can be made possible in this period of one year'. He took over the charge of the kingdom and started managing the affairs very prudently and carefully, but he did not forget that it was all for only one year. He did not care for his personal comfort and negated all the kingly pleasures and privileges. He ordered that "forest across the river be cut down and converted into an inhabitation. Let there be a city. Adequate material and people be sent there so that within the period of a year all arrangements are put in place." Within one year a small city cropped up there with all the amenities necessary for a comfortable living. On completion of one year he was dethroned according to their tradition, but he was unperturbed and was laughing. When he was happily riding the boat for going across the river, the sailors were surprised and asked him that "all others who were taken across the river used to cry but you are laughing." He explained that 'they spent their time in enjoying the pleasures of the kingdom and did not bother about the future. They thus had to suffer but I was careful and kept on thinking that after one year I would have to leave all this behind. I, therefore, refrained myself from indulging in all worthless activities, all personal comforts, and kept on making an effort to improve the condition of living after one year. I have nothing to worry now because I have made the proper use of the one year as the king and, therefore, I am laughing now.'

We should also be able to laugh like him; should be able to discharge our responsibilities towards our children with commitment; keep our attention focused on our goal and not be distracted from it. But then it is not that easy. A recluse was sitting besides me. *Satsang* was on. In between I received a message about the demise of one of my daughters, who was not well for some time and was seriously ill. Although I did not get disturbed or saddened and was sitting quiet and absorbed within myself, after a few moments some tears started rolling out of my eyes. Seeing this *Sanyasiji* (the recluse) was curious to know that even after being at a high stage of spiritual elevation saints are pained at the demise of their children and they shed tears? I sat composed for some time and then suddenly started tearing leaves lying over there. Pointing towards the sound arising from the tearing of those leaves I resolved his doubt that when the union of elements combined with each-other is suddenly broken, it is natural that a sound is produced; their reaction is, therefore, natural.

Before marriage girls have great attachment with their parental family. They keep on playing with dolls. But the moment they tie the knot of marriage with their husbands, all the playing with dolls automatically become a matter of the past. When one starts playing a real game, interest in false games diminishes on its own. She knows and feels in her heart that her 'home' is somewhere else where her beloved lives. Thinking of an unknown place she first gets a creepy feeling in her heart but then she is reminded-"how can it be a strange place for her where her beloved resides? I belong to him. It is his choice to keep me where ever he wishes. He should keep me in his heart." This consolation gives her the life. She has only one objective-"where ever I live with him, that is my own home and that is my paradise."

*“JYON TIRIYA PIHAR BASAI, SURATI RAHAI PIY MAHIN/
AISE JAN JAG MEIN RAHAIN, HARI KO BHOOLAT NAHIN//”*

I too, a seeker, absorbed in my beloved, do not know what games was I playing? I also played many games with the dolls (*Gudde-Gudia*). We too are the puppets in some one's hands. Me, a male doll, and she a female doll. We also repeated the same sequence. For quite some time I was so engaged in playing with the dolls created by me, that I forgot about every thing else; I forgot that I too have to go across the river to meet my beloved. Even on attaining full youth, I was engaged in playing with those dolls. And now when I am reminded of my beloved it appears as if all this adornment, all my youth, everything is just a waste, if I am not able to meet my beloved. Beauty and adornment are meaningful only if "the beloved looks at them"; when one is able to meet the lord, otherwise it is all meaningless.

*“CHURI PATAKAUN PALANG SE, CHOLI LAUON AAGI/
JA KARAN YAH TAN DHARA, NA SUTI GAL LAGI//”*

The fruitfulness of taking this birth lies in meeting with the "lord", and if that does not happen then let these bangles and cloths be burnt. What is the use of that adornment, which is deprived of the pleasure of meeting one's beloved.

When I was awakened, I got into a hurry. I got engaged in shaping myself and all that belonged to me as per the desire of my lord. No one knows what may attract him? Perhaps unknowingly this servant may be able to do some such thing, which may catch his eyes. I now had not even a moment to spare; I now did not waste even a moment. I was worried all the time that if there was even the slightest short coming in my descendants, whether my blood relations or in those related to my soul (*Satsangi*), I would not be pardoned. All my effort would be a waste. When I look at my deeds my heart starts sinking and I get disappointed. When I remove the veil from my heart and see it in its true form, I see all my shortcomings, my sins, my misdemeanors and I get frightened that not even a slight shadow of these may be cast on my descendants. I keep worrying about it day and night.

By the grace of God I was blessed with eight daughters and two sons. My elder son Ch. Harishchandra was to live only for a few years and he completed his task in two-three years. I used to worry about the marriage of my daughters. I wrote about this to my *Hazarat Qibla*. The reply that I got from him, not only it solved my problem but it gave such strength to my belief that it never then got shaken. Every word of that letter has embedded in my memory and it has become a '*Mantra*' (a sacred text) for me—"Insha-Allah marriage of your daughters would be well done. Definitely there is some purpose behind it. Our dignity is in the hands of God. Have faith." And it so happened that I very comfortably performed marriage of my five daughters.

"Satyakam"! It is not merely a story but it is the complete philosophy of life. In the ancient India there was a great sage by the name Gautam. Many seekers in search of Truth used to visit him. Once an eight year old boy presented himself before him and after saluting him said—"O Great Sage! My name is Satyakam. I want to be your disciple." In reply the sage enquired—"which lineage do you belong to?" Satyakam answered—"I do not know this nor does my mother know about it. I do not have my father. My mother Jabal has named me 'Satyakam Jabal'. Kindly accept me as your disciple." Before the sage would have said something, one of his old disciples remarked—"Gurudev (Master), only Brahmins are eligible to receive the knowledge of Truth. Perhaps Satyakam may not be a Brahmin." The sage then defined who a Brahmin was stating—"a person, who speaks the truth fearlessly, is a Brahmin" and with this he announced his decision—"Satyakam, I accept you as my disciple. Tell me what your objective is?" Satyakam replied—"My lord I want to know the '*Brahman*', the Absolute Truth." The great sage thought over it and came to the conclusion—"this boy is truthful and committed. I would help him in achieving his objective." Then he took the boy to the cow-shed and said—"look these are four hundred cows and calves. Take them to some far away forest. When they become strong and healthy and a thousand in number, then you come back to me." The promising disciple obeyed the Master and took away the cows and calves, thinking in his mind that I had requested the sage that I want to know the *Brahman* but I do not know why has he asked me to go the forest? Whether I would be able to know the *Brahman* there? But on reaching the jungle he gave up all these thoughts and the doubts in his mind. He got absorbed in the peace and the natural beauty of the jungle. With great attention he started looking after the herd. In the evening when the animals rested, he again used to start thinking-'where do I look to know the *Brahman*.' As a result of his care and service, the

animals started growing stronger and their number also started increasing. He looked at them and it appeared that they were more than a thousand and then thought that the task assigned by his Master had been accomplished. But when he was about to return, he found that one calf was missing. He searched for the calf in all directions, but could not find it. He, therefore, got very upset and started wailing. At last he found the calf. On finding the calf he felt greatly relieved and happy. Suddenly a thought crossed his mind whether I would also be able to realize the *Brahman*? In the evening he again had a feeling of unprecedented peace on seeing an old bullock. It then appeared to him as if the bullock was saying him that 'the *Brahman* was in the North, in the South, in the East, and in the west.' Again it sparkled in his mind-'it is true that the *Brahman* is everywhere. Why should then I search for Him?' the same day he returned to the ashram of sage Gautam with all the animals. At the time of sunset he lighted fire and it appeared to him that the lord of fire (Agnidev) was telling him that 'the *Brahman* is in the earth, in the sky, in the *Vayu* (air), and in the ocean.' This thought that 'the *Brahman* is infinite like the sky' started agitating his mind. Next day seeing the rising sun he asked himself-'how bright is the sun. It is astonishing. Who gives it light?' He got the answer from a swan flying across-'the *Brahman* is in the sun, *Brahman* is in the lightning, and *Brahman* is in the fire.' It appeared to him that his inner heart was also accepting-'yes it is so undoubtedly. It is the *Brahman*, who gives brightness to the sun'. This flow of thoughts deeply agitated Satyakam's mind. He started thinking-'who is it that makes me breathe, makes me see, makes me hear, and makes me think?' he got his answer from some bird flying across-'it is the *Brahman*, *Brahman*, and *Brahman* alone.'

When Satyakam reached the ashram, sage Gautam was astonished to look at his face and he remarked-'Satyakam, your face is shining with the knowledge of *Brahman*. How did you receive this knowledge?' Satyakam narrated all that had happened and then again requested sage Gautam to guide him saying-'till the Master does not guide, it is not possible to achieve the goal. Kindly guide me.' Sage Gautam was thrilled and said him-yes, my son, I shall guide you. And then the capable Master gave his disciple the great knowledge.

My existence and capability is very small and limited. Besides my ten children, nieces and nephews, I have about 200 persons who are associated with me like the cows and calves, which are as dear to me as my own children. I am busy looking after them. Some words of Mahatma Yishu guide me even today. He has said-"I am the crop of life. One who comes to me would never be left hungry. One who has faith in me would never be left thirsty. But I say it to you that although you have seen me but you do not believe me. Even then some people would come to me, who have been given to me by my Father, and I would never push them out, because I have come here from the heaven to fulfill not my desire but the desire of my Father, who has send me here. And it is the desire of the *Parmeshwar* (Supreme Lord) that out of the people given by Him to me, I should not lose even one. On the last day (Day of Judgment) I should bring them to life again for an eternal life, because this is what my Father desires that one who sees and has faith in His son, he should get the eternal life. On the last day I shall again bring him to life."

All my children (both by blood and by spiritual connection) have no match to them in the *Sadhan Jagat* (amongst seekers) and as I believe, all of them in their areas and when their time comes, they would be my successors. I have conferred on some of them the authority of *Acharya* (spiritual preceptor or guide) and Guru (Master). I have also had some difference of opinion on this issue with some of my close associates. Their feeling is that conferring of such status liberally may cause a division in the *Satsang* family. It is my request to them that as in the case of worldly affairs, after the death of the father, the elder brother takes care of his minor brothers and nephews and treats them as his son and the question of division does not arise there, similarly I want to see this happening in my *Satsang* family. I want to see that after I have left this body, my spiritual children who have been conferred with the status of *Acharya*, their take upon them this as their first duty to see that they do not differentiate between their co-disciples, who have yet not achieved perfection, and their own disciples and children. Keeping this in mind, I have entered a note in my '*Vasiyatnama*' (will) to be complied by Ch. Brijmohan Lal:

VASIYATNAMA

"May Allah, the Pious, keep our intentions right and our destiny be in accordance with the way and belief of our guides and great Masters. Amin|| Amin||
There is no surety of life. No one knows when it is his last. I am, therefore, leaving behind a few things, as my will, in writing with the hope that after me my children by blood and by spiritual connection may act upon them, if the Almighty gives them the strength and courage, and it is only in His hands.

(Signed) Fakir Ramchandra,
23 October 1930

For Dear Son Jagmohan Narayan-

- (1) First the '*Jajb*' (attraction) and then after crossing the stage of '*Suluk*' (the path of yogic practices etc.), you should reach the state of perfection and this would become possible only through your Master. If, perhaps you may not get an opportunity*, in that case as and when the divine grace inspires, you would not be able to find a person more helpful than your brother Brijmohan Lal (the Almighty may bless him with long life). It is obvious that you should not default in obeying him and you should put your heart and soul together to achieve perfection in this '*Tariqa*' (Sufi way). I am sure he would do his best for you.

* His (Laalaji's) son, Shri Jagmohan Narain was the disciple of Maulana Abdul Gani Khan Sahab (R.U.A.), who was the co-disciple of Huzur Maharaj (Hazrat Maulana Fazl Ahmad Khan Sahab (R.U.A.), who left his gross body on 30th Nov. 1907) and both of them were of the same age group, whereas Shri Jagmohan Narain lived in this world from 02 Nov. 1901 to 14th Aug. 1944. The statement in question is made keeping in view the above fact.

- (2) As far as Murshadi and Maulai Janab *Hazrat Qibla's* indication given to me (the indication given by my Master and Hazrat Maulavi Abdul Gani Khan Sahab), amongst my children the conduct of my dear son Jagmohan is alright by birth and amongst the *Lataifs* (spiritual subtleties) the *Lataif-Qulb* (the spiritual center of heart) is activated from the day of initiation. But to me he still has to establish himself in the state of '*Jajb*', which he should accomplish.

There is a difference between the natural conduct (the spiritual inclination by heredity) and the acquired conduct by practice. In the natural conduct not much is required to train but in the acquired conduct a lot of effort needs to be made and there is always a fear of falling. Alhamdlillah (all praise be upon God) that his natural conduct by heredity has been approved by *Hazrat Qibla*. For the sake of the great Masters, God, the Pious, may see him through with this *Niyamat* (valuable gift).

My dear son should always be thankful for this *Niyamat* and should consider himself wholly dependant upon Him because the one who has given this *Niyamat* has the right to take it back any time.

- (3) This humble fakir, to the extent possible, has gone through and analyzed the philosophies and beliefs of various religions and at last has found the way and the belief of the great Masters of this Order to be such that if one sticks firmly to them, he can be expected to sail through till the last.

I can say that till now he has not been able to fully commit to the way and have full faith, as he should have been, but in his heart he has accepted them. I am sorry to say that none of my friends or associates has shown the courage to accept these beliefs.

For this I hold myself wholly responsible that I could not put all this in the form of a written statement before them, although I have been orally telling them on various occasions. I do not know how many out of them have accepted and implemented them.

It is obvious that the off-springs are generally weaker and inferior to their forefathers. Similarly in matters related to spirituality and character, there could be a falling of level, but then this is not necessary. God's powers are not limited. Whenever He desires such a vibrant person can be born from weak parents, who may not have his match in five hundred years.

I have seen some of the playful activities of my lone son Ch. Jagmohan Narayan and my youngest child, my daughter Sushila secretly. I would like to share these with you.

My youngest and the last child is my daughter Sushila (but we call her Sheela only), who is like a flower, dear to all. The *Satsangi* brothers visiting me love her like their sister. She is yet a child and, therefore, she keeps moving in and out. Her nature and behavior charms everyone. Her looks and character like a goddess impresses all. Speaking less, behaving courteously, understanding the needs of *Satsangis* and providing them with their needs, even without their asking and that too with humility etcetera are some of her note-worthy acts which I have come across at times. Often she was tried to be lured by money, sweets and toys etc. but in vain. Charmed by her mannerism, many of

her brothers coming from outside used to ask her for various things such as toys, sweets, cloths or anything else that she may require but she would not agree to take anything from them and on insistence would say-“*Bhaisahab* (respected brother) I do not need anything”.

Leaving behind her childhood, now she has grown up a bit although her age is not such that she may talk so maturely or about serious matters but still there is a splendor in her voice. She is extraordinarily fearless and has the capacity to show the right path to others. We were using onion and garlic in cooking. Whenever someone, who was averse to onion and garlic used to visit us we refrained from using the same in cooking. One day Sheela asked me-“Pitaji (Father)! What impression would they be carrying of us, who do not eat onion and garlic? Would not they be thinking that we have given up the use of onion and garlic, taking them to be *Asatvik* (lacking virtue)? But then this is not the truth and is artificial. We should, therefore, give up onion and garlic once for all for their sake. We should appear as we actually are and let the visiting persons find us as we are.” Her argument touched my heart and from that day we have given up using onion and garlic in our house. Such a fearlessness and frankness has come in my children from their mother.

Besides my lone son Ch. Jagmohan Narayan, all my nephews, who are named as Brijmohan, Radha Mohan, Jyotindra Mohan, Narendra Mohan and Rajendra Mohan are all very dear to me and I do not consider them less than my son. Ch. Brijmohan amongst my nephews is dearer to me, as the others are still quite young and besides he loves me a lot and tries to come to my expectations and adopt them in his life and he is also very enthusiastic. He has a lot of plans; God may help him.

Ch. Brijmohan has stayed with me for a long time and there have been a lot of difference of opinion between him and my son Jagmohan Narayan, but in spite of that they have a strong feeling of love towards each other. Ch. Jagmohan Narayan outwardly looks to be a prince enjoying all the worldly comforts but from within he is an ascetic and totally detached person. On the other hand Ch. Brijmohan is just opposite to him. Outwardly Ch. Brijmohan is a detached fakir but from within he is a Rajyogi of high order with a loving heart. Whatever may be the truth, both of them are complimentary to each other and both of them are dear to me like my two eyes. Just like in the Ramcharitmanas-“*More Ram Bharat Dui Aankhe*” (For me Ram and Bharat are just like my two eyes. Meaning thereby that it most difficult to say as to whom I like more.)

Ch. Jagmohan Narayan is called ‘Jaggu Babu’ by his brothers and because of his qualities he is very popular amongst them. He is a great exponent of Indian wisdom and an active worker for a new renaissance. He has chosen the path of sacrifice and service and by now he has moved much forward on this path. He is very courageous and enthusiastic. There are a lot of hopes from a person like him, who is never tiring and fully committed. Everyone is looking at him.

A treasure of many qualities, he is the light of my family. He is like a pillar for our future society. He is apt at painting and many other crafts. He has the capability to do his work on his own. It was difficult to find so many qualities at one place in a single

person. It was because of this that he charmed my *Hazrat Qibla* as well. I felt so fortunate. It had now become a part of my adoration to look after and serve the one who had charmed my lord. One, who is conceived for a great purpose, his life alone would be great and all his inclinations, deeds and actions would also be great.

Once I visited my *Hazrat Qibla* with the entire family. We were all enjoying the benefit of his company. We were bathing in the bliss flowing from him, oblivion of the surrounding, deeply absorbed and quiet, as if we had completely lost in his existence, in his love and in his fold. On the other hand my son Jaggu was lost in his own world. He was playing with the wooden slippers (*Kharaun*) of Huzur Maharaj. He had tied both the slippers with a string and was engrossed in taking care of them. Strolling around my *Hazrat Qibla* appeared there and after just having a look at him asked him smilingly- "*Kyon Miyan Kya Ho Raha Hai*" (what are you doing my son)? Engrossed in whatever he was doing, my son replied- "My horses are tied. They may not run away." This answer so fascinated him that while we were returning he did not forget to give him those *Kharaun*. They are still today his inheritance, for which I was prepared to give all that belongs to me, all my achievements I was prepared to sacrifice but I could not get them and my son had got them just on the first step of his beginning.

"PRABHU KARI KRIPA PANWARI DINHI"

He got the benefit of the entire *Yagya* (sacrificial act) on the very first offering itself. I was feeling deeply elated. My life-force was absorbed in the feeling of divine bliss.

One knows not what has lured his lord. The glimpse of that side of my Master, which I had because of my son, I did never deserve it. I have been having his glimpse in my millions of my birth but I could never see him to the satisfaction of my heart. I could not open the doors of my heart to see the one, who was residing therein and charming my heart. At times I felt that he was present before me face-to face but I could not raise my eyes to look at him. How can I express the strange condition of my mind that neither I can look at him nor I can live without looking at him? This desire which can never be satiated has existed in me all through my various births. The one, with whom all my existence is always eager to merge completely, and to whom all my qualities belong, he is my lord, my life. He alone understands the emotions in my heart. He also enjoys making me restless. His teasing me is his grace, which I deserve by no means. Shall I be able to keep this intact? This is burning question and also the basis of my future life. Like many of his blessings, this blessing (my son) is also now with me.

What to talk of that love which gets fed up? What to talk of that devotion, which does not take the whole of the world in its fold? What to talk of that *Sadhana* (effort made for spiritual progress), which does not see his Beloved every moment, removing the veil of worldly things. And what to talk of that *Bhakta* (devotee), who does not always see the presence of his Lord everywhere. What is left between them after removing the veil? The world says that it shall remain forever and the devotee says that he would rest only after removing it from in between and it is the devotee who always wins. How

beautifully he gets over the world without fighting with it. He just turns his attention within and looks for his Lord in his heart. The glimpse of his Lord occupies his mind, his being and now whatever and wherever he sees, he sees his Lord and nothing else. The world does not remain the same for him; it becomes the very auspicious and charming form of the Lord.

It is said in the scriptures that as the sun and darkness can not exist together, similarly 'Ram' (the God) and 'Kam' (the desires) can not exist together in the heart of the devotee.

***“JAHAN KAM THAN RAM NAHI, JAHAN RAM NAHI KAM/
TULSI KABHUNK RAHI SAKAIN, RAVI RAJNI EK THAM//”***

It is, therefore, expected of the devotees that they should get rid of desires considering them as a source of pain and sorrow. In fact there is no real happiness in fulfilling the desires. The only source of real happiness is the 'Sat-chit-anand' (the epithet of Supreme Soul) Bhagwan (the God). The pleasure arising out of fulfillment of desires is like that of a sweet poison, the taste of which first appears to be sweet but ultimately the result turns out to be like that of poison. The Lord Himself states in the fifth chapter of Gita that wise *Sadhaks* (devotees) do not get attracted to pleasures born of sense-objects. They spend their lives carefully in the remembrance of God.

***“YE HI SANSPARSHJA BHOGA DUKHYONAY EV TE/
AADHYANTVANT KAUNTEY NA TESHU RAMATE BUDH//”***

In the eight chapter of Brahmvaivart Puran, Devarshi Narad states-“who would be such a fool who would leave aside a thing greater than nectar in the form of serving Shri Krishna (worshipping Shri Krishna) and would engage himself in the pleasure of sense-objects? As the insects are attracted by light and fish is pulled towards a piece of flesh tied to a hook, similarly those who are attracted towards sense-objects, are eluded by dream-like unreal, vanishing and false feeling of pleasure in them.

By giving his wooden-slippers to my infant child Ch. Jagmohan Narayan, my revered Master had pulled down a long veil between that insect and the light of lamp, symbolizing the attraction of wealth and other luxuries of life. This act of benevolence on the part of my Master saved him through out his life from falling in the trap of worldly pleasures. To save my son from this trap, my revered Master very kindly deprived him of all sense-objects. After taking away the kingdom from Bali (legendry King Bali) God had said to him-

***BRAHMAN YAMANUGRIH NAMI TADWISHO VIDHUNOMYAHAM/
YANMADA PURUSHA STABDHO LOKAM MAAN CHAVMANYATE//
(SRIMADBHAGAVAD 8/22/24)***

“O Brahmaji! Under the influence of wealth, man starts reproaching Me (God) and others, because of which he falls from the path of virtue. I, therefore, to bring about salvation to him, deprive him of his prosperity.”

In solitude, I have looked deep within me many times. I have also seen my hands turning them on both the sides repeatedly. I would say truthfully to you that there is nothing in my hands but the hands to which my hands are tied have such an astonishing and boundless power that I can make available all the comforts of the world for my lone son whenever I so wish but I have full faith on the prophecy of my revered Master. It is because of this that whenever I see him under the scorching fire of great difficulties, I consider them to be the grace of God, which would light up his *Sadhan-Path* (spiritual path) and bless him with various attainments. I have full faith on the words of my lord.

Kunti, a devotee, also had asked the God for this blessing:

*VIPADA SANTU NA SHASHVATATRA TATRA JAGADGURO/
BHAVTO DARSHANAM YATSYADPUNARBHAV DARSHANAM//
(SRIMADBHAGAVAD 1/8/25)*

“O, the Master of the Universe! Let there be difficulties on every step in our lives, because it is only in difficulties that one can see You, which results in salvation. One does not have to reenter the cycle of birth and death thereafter.”

So when a devotee, by the grace of God, reaches a state of real happiness in the form of deprivation of sense-objects, and his mind gets rid of desires, it should then be understood that his fortune has awakened-

“RAMA VILAS RAM ANURAGI/TAJAT BAMAN EV NAR BUR BHAGI//”

All attachments and attractions would then take the form of undivided love at the feet of the Lord. The devotee then would not do anything by himself but the God residing in his heart would be the Doer, because his heart becomes the abode of the God-

*JAH NA CHAHIA KABAHUN KACHU TUM SAN SAHAJ SANEHU/
BASAHU NAIRANTAR TASUMAN SO RAUR NIJ GEHU//
(MANAS 2.131)*

Ch. Jagmohan Narayan in the form of my lone son is fructification of my dream. The entire *Satsang* family has a lot of expectations from him. He is endowed with great energy. He is not only a close associate in tending the flower-bed laid by my revered Master with great care and understanding but also competent to be a future guide, as he is an ideal seeker. He is capable of providing the right direction to the entire *Satsang* family. He gets so engrossed in taking care of the seekers coming from other places that he forgets about his own sleep, thirst, hunger or other comforts. During the annual functions of *Satsang* (*Urs* or *Bhandara*) and during the camps, he has been seen going without sleep for three-three nights. At times he has offered his own bedding to the guests

and himself slept on a piece of sacking, but no one has come to know of it. He has many facets of his life. (By the grace of God, he was authorized to impart training-'Izazat Talim'-to others in the very year when Mahatma Ramchandraji Maharaj left this mortal world.)

It is a coincidence that my daughter-in-law too is a true companion to him and his close associate. She herself bears with all difficulties and feels elated in serving the *Satsangis*. Two wives of Ch. Jagmohan Narayan have already died and she is his third wife, who is equal to him in modesty, virtue and service. God may bless them with long life. She does not have a child yet. No one knows the ways of the Almighty as to when He may shower His grace on this couple and bless them with all the happiness.....

Izazatnama (Mahatma Jagmohan Narayan)

Bismillahirrahman Rahim

8 Jamadi Ull Awwal 1351 Hijri
10 September 1931

Alhamadlillah Rabbal Aalmin.....

AMABAD FAKIR ABDULGANI MUJADIDDI MAZHARI IZAZAT DETA HAI KI BARKHURDAR AJIJ JAGMOHAN NARAYAN KI JISNE AKSAR AUR BESHTAR MUJH FAKIR KI SOHBAT MEIN RAHKAR SILSILAY ALIYA NAQSHBANDIA MUJADIDDI MAZHARIYA TARIQ PAR SALOOK KE MUKAMAT TAY KIYE HAIN, KI VAH MERI JANIB SE TALIBANE KHUDA KI TALIM DE AUR DAKHILE SILSILA KARE-ALLAHTAALA USKO AUR USKE BAVASTGAN KO KUBUL FARMAVE, AMIN/

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Cosmic Consciousness (Sayujyata)

'Sayujyata' means such a union where thereafter there remains no distinction between the two i.e. the seeker and the sought; the fructification of the Supreme desire to return to God. The worldly relations keep on changing. It is only for the spiritual relations for which it can be said that all the distinctions disappear. But the depth of such relations is beyond sensory perceptions and can be experienced 'within' only. Disappearance of all distinction is like dissolution of sugar in water and not oil in water. It depends upon their characteristic qualities whether the two would unite in such a manner that there would remain no difference between the two. It is possible only for a spiritual Master that if he is capable he may pull and throw away the ego (I-ness) from the heart of the disciple and replace it by the divinity residing within the heart of the Master. It is all an internal process which we may call 'transmission'.

There is an ancient story that the great sage Shwetashavtar was once asked to explain the eligibility criteria for giving the esoteric knowledge. The Upanishad answers it in the following words – 'This knowledge should not be given to any one who has not yet acquired purity of mind and also not to any one who is neither a son nor a disciple.' An important hint in the above statement is that it is the duty of the father or the Master to train them to acquire this eligibility. It is, therefore, not a rule that they may be eligible right from the beginning. The Upanishad further states that these secrets are revealed only in the heart of such a virtuous person who has great devotion for the God and who is equally devoted to his Master. A seeker, therefore, must have full faith and devotion.

* Cosmic consciousness (Sayujyata) - Our scriptures hold that God projects everything within. One, therefore, existed first as a part of God and comes here in this world to gain knowledge through one's own experience and then to return back to God, only. Like in the case of Lord Krishna, who is reported to have said "when the affairs of the world become rotten, I shew myself in the semblance of some body." Here it is the *Salik* (seeker) that transforms himself mentally or spiritually in to another character; so much so, that his essence, attributes and actions become the Essence, Attributes and Actions of God. He is born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever. *Fana* in its literal sense is the state of a '*Shay*' (thing), that does not last, i.e. when permanence of the state comes to an end, it is said to have attained '*Fana*'. The world will attain the state of '*Fana*', and the Futurity will remain in '*Baqa*'. *Fana* is the non-cognizance of one's attributes as one's own, and *Baqa* is the recognition of the same as the attributes of God. So long as one is present in one's sight, God disappears and when He is present in one's sight, one disappears. It is said that the question of Khilafat (a special kind of aroma, the source of which is unknown) or successor, in the first instance, is determined as per the awareness of *Fana* and *Baqa*.

** Within the eleven commandments of Naqshbandi Sufi Order, the 3rd one is 'Safar-dar-Watan'-the journey back to home, meaning thereby to traveling from the world of creation to the Creator.

The *Sadhana* (practice) from the beginning to the end by a seeker to acquire eligibility or to achieve all this is called '*Suffar*' (journey of a wayfarer) by Sufi saints, for which a special kind of preparation is required.** The essential basic requirements are high character, noble conduct, fearlessness and desire to do good to others. The *Yamas* (don'ts) and *Niyamas* (do's) of Yoga include this all. The *Sadhan-Chatustay* of Vedant (the four-prong practices of Vedant), *Bhakti Shastra* (scriptures) and *Nishkam Karmyoga* (selfless action) all are based on these qualities, but seekers generally forget the importance of acquiring these qualities and start concentrating on *Pranayam* (breathing exercises) etc. This, therefore, does not help them much in making spiritual progress. When the practices of *Sadhan-Chatustay* or *Yama-Niyam* fully become a part of one's being, one automatically reaches the heights of spiritual progress and the dormant powers get activated without indulging in any yogic *Sadhana*. Without these basic qualities there always exists a danger of falling down in spite of reaching heights of yogic accomplishments.

The real spiritualism is that condition of mind in which one sees all the creatures in Self and Self in all the creatures i.e. he sees the same soul manifesting in all beings with duality completely disappearing from his mind. In such a state the seeker feels the hunger of another hungry man, the sin of a sinner and the sorrow of a man in difficulty. The basis of such spirituality is love.

Knowing the One, retaining His consciousness and feeling His continuous presence is spirituality. Sant Kabir has said – "**NA PAL BICHURE PIYA HAMSE, NA HUM BICHURE PIYARE SE.**"

Since my *Hazrat Qibla* (revered Master) for a long time had been engaged in teaching, he, therefore, explained us sequentially all the details of the *Tariqat* (the Sufi way) of this Order and asked me and others to note them down. At times he would feel delighted on going through these notes. These teachings, which I had to follow in my life, I am reproducing here with the expectation that they may perhaps benefit you.

He used to say that both the gross body and the mind should be cleansed thoroughly in the beginning. Intoxication of any kind was like poison for the wayfarers of this Order. This habit must be given up at least a year before starting the *Sadhana* (practice). All the limbs like hands, feet and nails and the entire body must be kept clean and pure in all respects. All clothes used either as wearing apparels or for bedding must be kept very clean. All thoughts and feelings should be pure and quiet. Care of body must be taken with full intent, one should not neglect it and to the extent possible one should see that one remains healthy and that no harm is caused to it. Shoes should not be tight. The daily routine like getting up in the morning, going to bed etc. should be regulated and kept under check.

Wayfarers should continue using their ordinary intelligence. It is not appropriate to meditate upon any particular portion of the body, on breathing or on any worldly thought. All paths lead to the same destination. Till the time one is alive, one should distinguish between the body and the body-consciousness. Just alike this gross body there

is a subtle body within it. The subtle body is similar to the physical body but made of very subtle particles; it is very delicate and fine. There is a way for the subtle body to get out and the experience that may then be gained would be extra-sensory perception or the one beyond body. The points at which the inner bodies i.e. the subtle and the causal bodies meet or get connected, these meetings points are called 'Chakras' or '*Lataifs*'. Thus, chakras or *Lataifs* are not physical points existing in our body but these are only contact fields. The subtle and causal bodies meet at many points in the body of ordinary people. The five points or the other points at which these bodies meet if they are dissected at those points, these chakras would not be found to exist in physical form. A magnetic force connects these points, which on joining together appear like '*Kundalini*' (a coil) and it starts getting activated. In other words, the power that is accumulated due to their contact at various points is '*Kundalini*'.

Coming back to the main topic, I was saying that one needs to be very cautious during the course of practice (*Abhyas*). If one feels even slight heaviness, pain or vertigo, or some sort of pressure, one should immediately stop the practice as it indicates that the gross and subtle bodies are not able to withstand it and there is a possibility of falling ill. It is also seen at times that the vices that were so far dormant and subdued in the seeker get stirred and come on surface. Seekers, therefore, must comply with the '*Yam*' and '*Niyams*', throughout, right from the beginning. '*Yam*' means those things which are prohibited and '*Niyam*' means those actions which are necessary. *Ahimsa* (non-violence), *Satya* (truth), *Asteya* (not to take away anything that belongs to someone else without his permission). *Brahmacharya* and *Aparigrah* (avoiding unnecessary accumulation of things) are '*Yamas*' and '*Shauch*' (cleanliness), '*Santosh*' (contentment), '*Tapa*' (penance), '*Swadhyay*' (recitation and reading scriptures) and worship are '*Niyamas*'.

All the above things he used to first explain for hours together and then used to ask us to bring them in writing and then he would examine those notes carefully. If there was any mistake, he himself would correct it. He used to keep a note for himself and used to observe us to ensure that there was no shortcoming left in us.

My *Hazrat Qibla* was extra-ordinary in all respects. His entire personality and all his actions were a source of learning for us. Like a bride's friends adorn her at the time of her departure for her husband's house and ensure that everything is perfect, he also used to have the same enthusiasm and eagerness in preparing all of us. My lord was a splendid guide, who left no color behind in painting my personality.

One, who pervades every particle of this universe, who is looking at us all the time, both within and outside, what preparation can one do for meeting him? But a devotee can not restrain himself and on His invitation he puts his best and proceeds to meet Him with presents ("*TAN, MAN, JEEVAN SAAJI KAI, DAI CHALI LEI BHENT*"). The enthusiasm and eagerness is so great that the devotee adorns his body, mind and youth to give away them as present at the time of meeting his Beloved. But then immediately he thinks about his stupidity that what is the sense in adorning oneself? It is He, Who is present everywhere. The Beloved resides in his heart How can He be some one else? It is

He, who is seen everywhere wherever one looks at. There is nothing else except Him. It is He, who has pierced everyone's heart with His arrows. No place is devoid of Him.

As the Hindu scriptures mention of *Karmkand* (observing rituals), *Upasana-Kand* (Worship), *Gyan-Kand* (Knowledge) and *Siddhavastha* (Perfection), similarly, Sufi-saints also describe four states of wayfarers i.e. *Shariat Tariqat*, *Haqiqat* and *Marfat*. Hindu devotees also think of '*Brahman*' (God) as the beloved, who is treasure of all beauty and qualities. The '*Analhaq*' (I am the Truth) of the Sufis is the same as '*Aham Brahmasmi*' mentioned in the Hindu Scriptures. In the state of complete surrender, the devotee gets totally absorbed in his Lord and he assumes His form, His identity and becomes One with Him. This state of complete merger is described in detail in Sufism.

"*Fana*" (merger in the beloved-God) is that state in which the seeker loses the sense of his separate existence. '*Faqad*' is a later state in which the ego (I-ness) completely vanishes. '*Sukra*' (or the state of Love) is that state in which the seeker loses the consciousness of his individual existence and sees his Beloved everywhere and forever and he gets lost in this eternal love. This is the path of sacrifice. In the '*Prapti Paksha*' (as opposed to sacrifice) these matters are described in a different manner. There it is '*Baqa*'. It is that state in which the seeker with complete faith and devotion in the Supreme Being gets established in the 'One'. After this he realizes the God, which Sufi saints call '*Wajad*' and the last state is known as "*Shavha*" meaning thereby complete peace.

This facet of love, as much it appears to be simple in saying, in reality it is equally difficult. It is a matter of life and death. It is said – "*SIS UTARE BUIN DHARE, TA PAR RAKKHE BANDH.*". Here 'I' and the 'God' cannot Co-exist. To reach the God, 'I' would have to cease to exist.

I saw another *Lila* (play) of my lord. This incidence relates to the time when Huzur Maharaj, Janab Maulvi Sahab had fallen seriously ill. When the treatment in Farrukhabad did not help him, he was shifted to Kanpur. He was being treated in Kanpur. Every Saturday evening I used to go to Kanpur by train. After spending the day at his feet I used to return to Farrukhabad in the evening of Sunday. This had become my routine during those days. In the Pandabagh area on Railway Road in Farrukhabad city one Shah Sahab used to reside. People knew Shah Sahab as a saint possessing miraculous powers but in fact he was very narrow minded. He was unhappy with my revered Master Huzur Maharaj as to why he (Huzur Maharaj) was giving away the esoteric knowledge received by him from the Sufi Order, without hesitation to Hindus and why not to "Muslim friends" like him. Many times Shah Sahab used to expel them from his company and used to discard them. He had a special eye for me. Looking at his divinely affection, kindness and elderly attention by Huzur Maharaj on me, he (Shah Sahab) used to feel very upset.

During that period once when I was proceeding towards Farrukhabad Railway Station on a Saturday evening, suddenly Shah Sahab along with some of his disciples came out of a street on to the Railway Road. Out of courtesy I saluted him and wished to

move away quickly but Shah Sahab stopped me intentionally and embraced me clinching me close to his chest and kept on pressing me close to him repeatedly. And then he allowed me to go saying to his disciples that – “He is the disciple and *Khalifa* (successor) of Hazrat Maulana Shah Fazl Ahmad Khan Sahab Naqshbandi – Mujjadidi – Mazhari, and it is he who is Ramchandra.” I later came to know that it was well known about him that he had acquired such a miraculous power through which he used to squeeze and empty out the spiritual vitality of others and used to snap their divine link established between them and their Masters (Ruhani Nisbat Salb Kar Lete The). Perhaps he did the same with me by embracing me. I did not pay much attention at that time and went away. Later on I came to know that from that moment Shah Sahab had developed severe pain in his chest, which was not subsiding even after lots of treatment and on the contrary it was worsening. At last, the next day in the morning at about 4-5 O’ Clock he asked one of his close disciples – “Take me immediately to Maulana Sahab (Huzur Maharaj) at Kanpur, otherwise I would die of this pain; I cannot bear it any more. One, whose disciple is so elevated, he himself is the *Qutub* i.e. he is certainly the spiritual Governor of the Present time. This Ramchandra is a disciple of that Hazrat with whom I indulged in such a stupidity and attempted to squeeze his link with his Master. But the tables have turned. He has deprived me of my *Nisbat* (spiritual-link). This pain is because of that and if you want to see me alive do not wait any further and take me immediately to Kanpur.”

Shah Sahab was taken to Kanpur by the first train in the morning – and was brought before Huzur Maharaj. After exchange of formal salutations etc. Shah Sahab started crying and genuflected before Huzur Maharaj. Looking at his condition a Charpai (cot) was called for and he was made to lie down on it. In the meantime this humble servant after buying some fruits from market reached before Huzur Maharaj. I also spotted Shah Sahab who was crying due to pain. On seeing me Shah Sahab again cried and started saying to Huzur Maharaj– “Hazrat! I have seen many disciples who have completely merged their identity with their Masters (*Fana-Fil-Shaikh*) but such disciples are to be seen rarely in whom their Masters get merged (*Fana-Fil-Murid*). And verily dear Ramchandra is one, who has been so fortunate to receive the grace of Hazrat (you). He deserves to be called ‘*Fana-Fil-Murid*’. May it be auspicious to him, as well.” And he continued to speak about my revered Master and his kind heartedness. Shah Sahab had not yet finished that my lord said – “Janab Shah Sahab! Please do not worry. Be comfortable. Here is your spiritual wealth, which is lying safely under my pillow”. With these words, in a flash he lifted and kept the pillow in his lap and then sat straight in a charming pose. He then said – “Seek pardon of the Lord of all and repent. Take a vow that never in future you would behave in this manner with any wayfarer.” Shah Sahab got up and offered Tauba (repentance). Holding his ears by his own hands, he sought pardon. Huzur Maharaj then again addressed him and said – “Shah Sahab, close your eyes and focus your attention inside.” And to give me honor, my lord asked me – “give him *Tavajjoh* (direct your spiritual radiation towards him). Fill him with your love. I am behind you.” After about half an hour his roaring voice was heard – “stop it now.” Everyone opened his eyes. I saw Shah Sahab was even now murmuring before him; he was weeping intensely, but now I could see luster in his eyes and a glimpse of love and satisfaction on his face. His voice that I heard was – “Janab! You have done a miracle. I have not only got what I had lost but I have got it many times more----” and amidst that

feeling of love and gratitude for quite some time he kept on stroking my head and kept on blessing me.

After this incidence Huzur Maharaj became very quiet and serious, and desired to live alone. Whenever I used to visit him, he would give me lots of instructions and explain me lots of things concerning the '*Tariqat*' (theology). Special attention was paid on meditation (*Muraqab*). I was expected to give more and more time. Now he often used to say – “The work is too much and the time at hand is less”. His eyes used to show sparkles of a total revolution and complete change. It used to appear as if he wanted to reform the whole society. He did not want to see even the animals in difficulty. Though he would not say much but from his expressions it used to appear that he wanted to implement a lot of welfare schemes.

His attachment with me was 'increasing in geometrical proportion. It appeared that he wanted me to be the leader of the revolution that he wanted to bring about. I also used to experience all the time that in every cell of my body, in all my arteries and veins, he was continuously transmitting energy of eternal youth.

Once when I visited him, I saw him in a serious mood writing some thing with some old copies and books lying scattered around him. Thinking that perhaps my arrival may disturb him, I quietly sat in a corner and vigilantly started waiting for his orders. But immediately it occurred to me that he was waiting for me. As soon as I sat down, he stopped working and asked me to come close to him and then started to read it out for me – “When my revered Master Janab Ahmad Ali Khan Sahab (Rahmat Ullah Allehi) conferred the authorization and successor-ship to this humble servant, he gave me a letter to read. This humble servant, therefore, read the letter. When I finished reading, he said – Fazl Ahmad, these things did not materialize in my time. I said God willing they would take place now. He replied that now my end is nearing. I shall be here in this world only for some more time. What can be expected from me now? On hearing this, I started weeping. My revered Master said-well, this is not the time to cry. Immediately I felt warmth and a gushing feeling of happiness in my heart. Then he said – these words would not go empty, they would now come true through you and his words came true. Generally Hindus, Christians and *Shias* benefited from this Ahaq (one entrusted with great authority). Then the *Qalma* (Holy utterance)” Alhamdo Lilillah (all the praise is for the God) was read. Thereafter, Hazrat Murshadna Khalifa Ji Sahab said – “So far you have lived comfortably. Now I am casting on you an important and great responsibility. If you accomplish the task, you would be raised with the saints and holy persons on the Day of Judgment, otherwise this would drag you to hell. This humble servant wept a lot and requested for being excused from this onerous task. Khalifa Ji Sahab said, “God would make it easy for you” and he prayed for this servant. Then he called for the *Tabrrukat* (things received from saints and other elderly persons) and other gifts received from Hazrat Saiyedana Sahab(Hazrat Abul Hasan Nasirabadi-the spiritual Master of Khalifa Ji Sahab) and gave me his (Hazrat Saiyedana's) rosary, a sleeve of his *Kurta* (shirt), a piece of his turban and a cap and his own *Kurta*, saying that every *Buzurg* (an accomplished spiritual Master) gives some *Tabrrukat* to his *Khalifa* (his successor). It is your great

fortune that you have received the *Tabrrukat* of Hazrat Saiyedana Abul Hasan Sahab (Rah. U. Alehi.). You should thank the Almighty for these gifts.”

All the gestures of Huzur Maharaj were elegant. I could not then understand why the above passage written by him was read over to me. Next day I came to know that on 9, 10 and 11 Oct. 1896, he was himself organizing an *Urs* (ceremony) wherein saints and Mahatmas from all religions and sects were invited to participate. The *Urs* ceremony started in the morning of the first day i.e. 9th Oct. 1896 as already decided in which Huzur Maharaj had made me his right hand (trusted lieutenant) and accordingly I was made responsible for the execution of many of the programs.

In the evening of the last day of *Urs* i.e. on 11th Oct. 1896, a meeting of specially distinguished persons was called in which the Pir-mushadna (Masters), great saints-Sadgurus, Mathadhish (heads of monasteries) and other accredited with such high status belonging to various religions and sects including Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, Christians, Kabirpanthis, Jains, Buddhists and others, who had arrived from distant places were included. Presenting this humble servant before them Huzur Maharaj announced – “this fakir has been ordered by the Buzurgane Silila-Aliya Naqshbandia – Mujadiddia – Mazharia (great Masters of the Naqshbandia – Mujadiddia – Mazharia Order) that dear Ramchandra be conferred with full authorization (*Izazat-ta-amma*). So, the great ones! After testing him you may like to kindly concur in it or reject it.” Thereafter my lord (Huzur Maharaj) addressed me with my pet name and said- “My son Putulal! Give them ‘*Tavajjoh*’ and whatever questions they ask you, give them appropriate and satisfactory answer. The Almighty may give you success.”

I did not take any time in complying with the orders of my *Hazrat Qibla*. My eyes closed on their own. Thereafter like fumes a stream of thoughts erupted from deep within me, which possibly was a gross expression of my gratitude towards my Master. “It was enough that you gave me shelter at your feet and accepted me, a worthless person. The shower of your love on me, an undeserved person, comforts me every moment. I am getting immersed in the ocean of your boundless affection and love. Whatever has been done through me till now or ever since you have been showering your grace without any expectation from me, there is nothing that can be attributed to me; not even this attempt is mine. Whatever is there, it is only a fructification of your everlasting inspiration. Perhaps you would not have noticed. Whatever your love expected of me, I acted accordingly. The lord of my entire being! I am looking only at you. Thy will be done.”

Then the clouds of grossness started to disappear on their own and after a few moments it looked as if dawn had arrived. A dim light was seen and across that light, I had recognized, it was the subtle form of the guru of my Master, which had moved from the grossness of emotions and was now showing its glimpse on this side. It was my first encounter with such an enchanting and thrilling dance of the grace of *Sadguru*. What did I know that these were the very moments of getting face to face with ‘*Pralay*’ (dissolution); it was beyond imagination. The state of thoughtlessness was now reaching new heights and had reached the state of ‘*Tam*’ (the state of darkness or non-being or non-existence). I felt as if my own existence and even its feeling were disappearing. In

between when ever my attention returned to the state of being, I found there nothing except the existence of my Master. Slowly and slowly it (his existence) appeared to extend and to such an extent as if the entire creation would get merged in it. It was the state of a wonderful and divine bliss. All the Masters of this Order were being clearly seen twinkling across a transparent shield of light. It appeared as if the '*Prakriti*' (nature) was in a state of full bloom and all over it was bliss and bliss alone. For some time '*Satnam*' (the divine vibration) echoed in that scene with its charming and musical presence. Thereafter even that also disappeared. Whatever it was; there was neither light nor darkness; no color, no sound. Colorless melting light appeared to take the entire creation in its fold. Such a sparkling light in comparison of which the light of several suns would appear dim. In this ocean of love and bliss all of them were completely immersed. After about an hour it appeared that all of us were returning to our conscious state. Amongst all this, I felt that Huzur Maharaj was playing his role – and then I heard him saying – “It is enough now”.

Slowly everyone opened their eyes. On their faces an extra-ordinary happiness and satisfaction was clearly visible. Now my *Hazrat Qibla* was being profoundly congratulated. Words were falling short to express their feelings which were being communicated through wet eyes. The whole atmosphere was filled with '*Holi*' (the festival of colors) like gaiety. All of them had given a combined verdict – “he (i.e. this humble servant) has achieved marvel. Not only has he gained access to the '*Satpad*' (the abode of Truth) but he has established himself there and is absorbed in that state.” After these compliments, now the session of questions and answers had begun. The first question was – “Son, tell us what is the meaning of '*Shukr*' (gratitude). I answered- “to use everything (given by the God) appropriately in accordance with the scriptures is '*Shukr*'. The next question was – “What is the meaning of '*Yaft*'”. The servant first explained the literal meaning of the word '*Yaft*' which means a 'benefit' or 'gain' etc. and then explained that this word is used in conjunction with some other word. The way, in which this question was asked, I had understood that it was asked in the context of just finished meditation. I, therefore, continued,-“Its Hindi (Sanskrit) translation is '*Samyukta*' (joined-united), from which is derived the word-'*Samyojta*'. *Samyojta* is that spiritual state in which the lover and the one he loves i.e. the beloved, their existence becomes one, there is no difference (or separate identity) left between them. On reaching this state of '*Yaft*' or '*Samyojta*', there remains no fear of falling down. The true realization of 'Truth' occurs only in this state. In the sequence of questions and answers now it was the turn of – “Tajjali-e-Joat”. Tajjali literally means light or brilliance. In the context in which the question was asked it referred to “*Adhyatm Jyoti*” (the spiritual light) or “*Noor-e-Haq*” (the Divine Light). It is that state of illumination where the '*Mayavi Prakash*' (the physical light) has no access. Such a bond of love exists only when one gets absorbed in true love. It is a way of Samadhi or '*Murakaba*' (meditation) and the purpose is to evoke “*Jaukiya Prem*”. '*Jauk*' is the name of a special state that comes after relishing something i.e. the state where one retains the memory of the thing relished and longs for it. Such a meditation takes one to his goal.

From ordinary questions it was now the turn of complicated and difficult questions about which ordinarily a person like me could not be expected to have first-

hand knowledge or self-experience. The question that was put before me was “what is death? What is the state of affairs after death?” My *Hazrat Qibla* stroked my back and sat behind on one side. Our eyes exchanged a glance and like a machine I started to answer. Those were the most valuable moments of my life and I was feeling that behind my words it was none else except my Huzur Maharaj, who was speaking through me. I spoke for about one hour and every one was listening with apt attention. When the words started falling short of expression, their place was taken by charged emotions—and I do not know under whose influence and on whose strength I had announced—“O Greatly revered scholars and saints! Whatever could be expressed through words about death I have mentioned before you. Now this humble servant is making an attempt to take you all through the experience of death -----”. And while I was saying so, their eyes got closed and amidst total silence they all experienced the reality of death. The silence was broken by Huzur Maharaj asking them to open their eyes. It was indescribable; tears were rolling out of their eyes. What madness was this? What an obsession it was? The experience of and encounter with the ‘Causal body’ by the embodied soul while still in the gross-physical body, the experience of death while still alive and the experience of the state beyond death, it was all not only astonishing but a new and unbelievable chapter in the history of spirituality. People had once again become vocal. They were talking to each other and congratulating my lord. Yes, they were once again congratulating my lord, my Master. I was dumbstruck and not knowing what to do, was waiting for some such thing to happen that I, including all my physical existence may get completely merged in him. I do not know for how long this all went on.

After a little while the discussions took a new turn and now they all wanted to know in one voice not from me but from my Master. They were asking, what kind of love it was, what kind of madness it was, and what a strange transmission of energy this was that the one to whom a Naqshbandi Sufi is nominating his successor is a ‘*Vedanti*’. How can this happen? Some *Vedantis* (scholars of Vedas) were also present there. They were desirous to know how such a practical knowledge of Vedas and Upanishads could be kept a secret with Sufis and that too in such a peaceful and quiet manner that no one had even an idea of it that why such a great necessity could not convert into a revolution so far?

It was the last and concluding session of the full three days conclave. The enthusiasm and happiness which he was exhibiting all through these days now had been replaced by stillness and then with great ease he addressed – “In all the human beings of the world, spirituality flows in the same manner but their way of living differs.” In his brief address he also revealed one more thing to them all. It was an old incidence relating to the time when Swami Dayanand ji Maharaj had come to Karimganj. A lot of people had gathered. Besides *Aryasamajis*, scholars and saints belonging to other religions had also gathered to listen to him. He (Huzur Maharaj) along with his Pir-O-Murshadna (his spiritual Master) Hazrat Maulana Shah Ahmad Ali Khan Sahab (Raham. U. Al.) also had gone to listen to him. When both of them were returning after attending the last seminar, on the way Hazrat Khalifaji Sahab (my Master’s Master) had asked my Rev. Master (Huzur Maharaj) – “You must also raise a similar vibrant personality (*Jawan-Mard*) for the progress of the mission of this “*Silsila-e-Aliya*”. My Dada Guru (Master’s Master) had asked him to raise a person “exactly like Swami Dayanand”. In reply my Master

bowing his head down had said – “This servant has grown only a ‘*Babool*’ tree (the acacia tree)”. The Rev. Dada Guru Dev had raised his hands towards the sky in prayer and then he made this forecast – “God willing, he would so bloom that he would take upon himself all the pains and difficulties of the world to bear them in his heart and would spread greenery and comfort all over.” Then after narrating this incidence, Huzur Maharaj once again said “*Amin*” and for about two minutes he kept silence, absorbed in the past. My Rev. Master then looked at his hands on both the sides and thereafter rubbed them well on his face. Then he murmured something, looked at me intently and after closing his eyes for a few minutes, he spoke in calculated words – “After that day, waiting for the arrival of dear Ramchandra had become my *Ibadat* (adoration). The evening when it had become dark because of thundering and raining, that day was very satisfying for me. It was winters. That day he (this humble servant)- had got late in returning from the Collectorate Office, perhaps due to bad weather and his condition was very pitiable. When he having entered from the gate towards Madarsa-Muft Sahab was proceeding towards his room, he was completely drenched and his entire body was shivering because of cold. This fakir (Huzur Maharaj) was anxiously waiting for him in that stormy evening. I remember it very well. My looking at him; him getting perturbed and looking down; stopping a bit; a little hesitation; then first turning away his eyes and thereafter saluting me with great *Shaistagi* (respect). All this is fresh in my mind even today. I had instantly remarked-“Oh! You are returning at this hour in this stormy weather?” I remember it well. I remember the satisfaction and peace I got when he had come to my room for the first time. He had gone to his room for changing his clothes on my asking and to please me he had come back again after changing his dress along with a cap on his head with full Sufi etiquettes; and how eager I too was for him. Hastily I had raked up the fire in my *Barosi* (earthen stove). Nothing has faded from my memory that how passionately I had covered him with my quilt. I do not know whether it was done to comfort him from the cold and shivering or whether it was because of the eagerness to establish him in the eternity of my *Pir-o-Murshadna*.” And like this he was refreshing his memories of our past. Now, perhaps he was getting emotional too. I was unsuccessful in my attempt to gather courage to look at his moist eyes. Amidst this I was also not unaware of the emotions of the gathering. I was reminded of a line by a poet in which he had said it on behalf of a beloved- “*AB TUMSE RUKHSAT HOTA HOON, LO AAO SAMBHALO SAAJ-E-GAJAL; NAYE TARANE CHEDO, MERE NAGMON KO NIND AATI HAI.*” (I now take leave of you, come on and take charge of the floor; sing new songs, I want to take rest).

I can understand, no one had expected that the reply of Huzur Maharaj to tell them what they were anxious to know would make everyone so emotional. I was feeling clearly that the blessing of the entire chain of the great Masters of this Order was drizzling like the pearls of dew, which while on the one hand covered the entire atmosphere with golden- moonlight, on the other hand it had filled every one’s heart with an ocean of divine bliss in which they were fully immersed and were thrilled.

After a little while the mood of the assembly started changing and now everyone was sitting peacefully and quietly. My revered Master called me to sit very close to him. A file was kept near him in which some letters and documents already written in very

good and attractive handwriting were lying. Out of these, he took out two, which he considered to be extremely important; and started reading one of them, himself. This document was concerning this humble servant and contained details of those aspects of *Brahm Vidya* (esoteric knowledge) which were told by my revered Master to me and the details of spiritual centers which had been brought within my access and wherein I had been established firmly.

The letter had also indicated what ability and competence had been acquired by this humble servant for other seekers to take them to various chakras (spiritual centers) and to establish them there. The second document was an *Izazatnama* (letter of authorization) in favor of this humble servant, which was based on the narration in the first document. All the saints and great scholars present there endorsed both the certificates with unanimity and I was blessed profoundly. Since they were representing various sects and religions, they also having satisfied themselves, wrote *Izazatnamas* on their own behalf and requested Huzur Maharaj to give them to this humble servant. It was certified in all those *Izazatnamas* that this servant named Ramchandra has accessed and established himself in the state of '*Hirnyagarbh*' (the golden cosmic egg). My revered Master Huzur Maharaj read each one of them, laying his finger on every word. Thereafter, he requested one of the *Vedanti* saints present over there to briefly describe the state of '*Hirnyagarbh*'. He explained—"HIRNYAGARBHE ASTI YASYA SA HIRNYAGARBH. Meaning thereby that one who has '*Hirnya*' in its womb is '*Hirnyagarbh*'. *Hirnya* is the power of brilliance, superiority and sovereignty, which can be called '*Paramatma*' (the Supreme Soul) or '*Paramsatta*' (the Supreme Authority). This power is working in the Sun and in its nuclei because of which it is *Hirnyagarbh*." The expression and glow on the face of my revered Master was now worth seeing. He said—"Ramchandra, today you have brought glory to your parents and enhanced the status of all the Buzurgane Silsila-e-Aliya Naqshbandia – Mujaddiya – Mazhariya. If I would have allowed you to accept Islam, you would have become merely an ordinary Muslim. But today what is being talked because of you relating to the heavens, the Sun and the Earth, I am exhilarated. My son a time would come and surely it would come that you would shine like the Sun. God willing, a new era would dawn with you. Your generations after generations, grandsons after grandsons would attain sainthood and Masterhood. My son, this is a great thing." All those present there said "*Amin*". Huzur Maharaj then stood up and with him I and all others also stood up. My *Hazrat Qibla* embraced me and then after clearing his throat said in a very sweet voice—"Take this my son. Be always happy. Be this be very auspicious to you" and handed over the *Izazatnama* (the letter of authorization) to me. All others were also getting emotional. Huzur Maharaj then continued—"My son, this fakir is handing over to you all that he has earned in his life. All the auspiciousness is waiting for your *Tavajjoh* (attention)." Thereafter he got a bit serious and said—"My son, from today, nay right from now onwards, there is no difference left between you and me. My existence has annihilated in your existence and your existence has annihilated in that Ajim Hasti (Glorious Being) where my Qibla-o-Kaba (revered Master) was looking for you for long." And then after a while he said—"My son you must keep the following things always in your mind –

- Always try to avoid being a Makhadam (a lord or master) and be away from it;

- Try to be a servant and serve others;
- Never promise or make a commitment to any one that in so much time I would take you to such a spiritual state or experience. In stead always render whatever service you can render without any discrimination and never make any claim.

After saying all this he stroked his charming beard gently and then said further—"My son, one who wishes to seek the world, you should dispose him off as early as possible and you should not initiate him. God willing, this Order would never discontinue." While leaving Huzur Maharaj handed over all those invaluable inheritances to me (cap, turban, sleeve of *Kurta* etc.) which he had received from Janab Khalifa ji Sahab (his revered Master). It was my fortune.

The Night-Shelter (Nisha-Nid)

Some of my childhood impressions are so deep that they obsess me day and night. When I think about them, I start imagining a lot of things. I start playing with them. Amongst them there are lots of stories relating to various devotees. One of them relates to the great devotee Kakhushundi, a great deal of whose character is reflected in my own life. Perhaps this is what has formed the base of the brighter side of my life. There is no point in going in to the details of the story. Some of the *Chopaiyas* (four prong verses) of Manas (Ramcharitmanas), which constantly reflect in my mind, I would mention them here before you –

***“GAYAU GARUD JAHAN BASAI BHUSUNDA /
MATI AKUNTH HARI BHAGATI AKHANDA //
DEKHI SAIL PRASANN MAN BHAYAU /
MAYA MOH SOCH SAB GAAYAU //”***

Garudji (the mythological bird –vehicle of Lord Vishnu) went to that place where Kakhushundi, a great devotee with pure intellect used to live. Just by seeing that mountain he was so pleased that all the illusion (*Maya*), attachment (*Moh*) and worries (*Soch*) immediately vanished from his mind.

About the Ashram situated there, Lord Shankar says to Mahasati Parvati –

***“GIRI SUMER UTTAR DISI DOORI /
NEEL SAIL EK SUNDAR BHOORI //
TASU KANAK MAY SHIKHAR SUHAE /
CHAARI CHARU MORE MAN BHAYE //”***

In the north of mountain Sumeru far away there is a beautiful mountain named ‘Neel’. Its beautiful crests are golden, four out of which I liked very much –

***“TINH PAR EK EK VIPAT BISALA /
BUT, PIPAR, PAKRI RAJALA //
SAILO PARI SAR SUNDAR SOHA /
MANI SOPAN DEKHI MAN MOHA //”***

On these four crests there are trees of *Bargad* (Banyan), *Pipal* (Fig tree), *Pakar* and *Aam* (Mango) respectively. On the top of the mountain there is a pond with stairs made from *Manis* (precious stones), which are very enchanting.

***“SITAL AMAL MADHUR JAL JALAJ VIPUL BAHURANG /
KOOJAT KALRAV HANS GAN GUNJAT MANJUL BHRANG //”***

The water in the pond is pure, cold and sweet. Lotus flowers of various colors bloom in that pond. Swans and Bhanwras (black beetle) make sweet noise.

**“TEHI GIRI RUCHIR BASAI KHAG SOI /
TASU NAAS KALPANT NA HOI //
MAYAKRIT GUN DOSH ENEKA /
MOH MANOJ ADI AVIVEKA //”**
**“RAHE VYAPI SAMAST JAG MAHI /
TEHI GIRI NIKAT KABAHU NAHI JAHI //
TAHN BASI HARIHI BHAJAI JIMI KAGA /
SO SUNU UMA SAHIT ANURAGA //”**

That bird (Kakbhushundi) resides on that mountain. He is not destroyed even at the end of the *Kalp* (the mythological end of creation at the end of Brahma’s day). The good and bad qualities of nature (Maya) and weaknesses like attachment, desires etcetera, which have taken the entire world in their fold do not even go near that mountain. How that bird ‘Kak’ (crow) remains engrossed in the worship of God on that mountain, listen to that, O Uma!

**“PIPAR TARU TAR DHYAN SO DHARAI /
JAAP JAGYA PAKRI TAR KARAI //
AMB CHAHN KAR MANAS POOJA /
TAJI HARI BHAJANU KAJU NAHI DOOJA //”**

He mediates under the *Pipal* (the holy fig tree); performs *Japa Yagya* (recitation of the name of the Lord) under the *Pakar* tree; performs mental Pooja (worship) under the mango tree and engages himself in nothing else except worshipping the God.

**“BAR TAR KAH HARI KATHA PRASANGA /
AAVAHIN SUNAHI ANEK VIHANGA //
RAM CHARIT VICHITRA VIDHI NANA /
PREM SHAIT KAR SADAR GANA //”**

Under the Banyan tree he narrates the anecdote related to God. Many birds visit to listen to these anecdotes. He narrates the astonishing deeds of Ram in various ways with love and respect.

The issue that agitated my mind was that how could it be possible that the One whose remembrance takes creatures out of Maya, attachment and confusion, Garudji got in a delusion in His company? In the above story, Lord Shiva narrates to Mahasati Uma the incidence that led Garudji to visit that bird Kak. He (Lord Shiva) narrates–“When Shri Raghunath (another name of Lord Ram) acted in a manner, which embarrasses me, i.e. when he got himself tied (by the rope made of serpents sent by Meghnad i.e. son of Ravana) at the hands of Meghnad, then sage Narad sent Garudji–

**“BANDHAN KAATI GAYO URGADA /
UPJA HRIDAY PRACHAND VISHADA //
PRABHU BANDHAN SAMUJHAT BAHU BHANTI /
KARAT VICHAR URAG AARATI //”**

When Garudji removed the rope made of serpents, he was very perturbed. Recollecting how Lord Ram was tied by the rope made of serpents, he started thinking variously. It looked as if Garudji though had freed Shri Raghunath Ji, but he himself got caught in such a dilemma, from which it was extremely difficult for him to come out. He was continuously thinking—"I had heard that the One, who is free from all *Vikara* (deficiencies), beyond all illusion and attachments, the Supreme Lord has incarnated Himself in the world, but I did not see anything like that."

It is a different matter whether it was natural or not that such thoughts should have arisen in Garudji's mind. What agitated my mind was the characteristic of the ashram of Kakhushandji, a mere entry in the circumference of which awakens one's wisdom and removes all the veils of illusion and ignorance. Strange are His ways. This ashram of Kakhushandji became a point of attraction for me. Such a '*Tap*' and '*Sadhana*' (penance and effort), which may change the entire surroundings and fill it with divine current with such a continuous flow that all impurities, all veils are thrown away by its force. This had become my desired goal.

Inquisitiveness, which is a natural tendency of human beings, also entered my mind. Once one becomes inquisitive, he does not feel at peace until he has found his answer. Ram Krishna (the great saint Ram Krishna Param Hans) at one point of time was about to sever his head with a sword saying—"Are you an eternal mother or only a statue of stone? My prayers would have melted even a stone by now, but you are totally unmoved. If that is so, I would just sever my head. Why do not you show me a glimpse of You?" Just then a bundle of light engulfed his neck from all around. It is said that the goddess (Maan Kali) held his hand and answered his questions.

Some one reiterated the great saying of Yishu (Christ)—"Keep on knocking the door; it would be opened for you."

The God is kind and always eager to help us fully in this act. He says –

***"TESHA ME WANU KAMPARTHMAHAM GYANANJ TAMA: /
NA SHYAMYATMBHAVASTO GYANDEEPEN BHAVSTA //"***
(GITA 10/11)

Dwelling always in their heart, I shower my grace on them and dispel the darkness born of ignorance by the shining light of wisdom.

These were unforgettable days of my life as if a wave had taken me in its fold. The divine light, a glimpse of which I used to see in my heart, used to inspire me continuously that its brilliance should be radiated all around in such a manner that no creature is left out from its touch. This had made me restless. The flow in which I was bathing, its force was inspiring me to immerse the whole world in it.

I have one more son named Dr. Shyam Lal. He is my spiritual son but is closer than the closest. These days he was employed in government service. A few days ago he

was transferred and posed as the Health Officer in Dildar Nagar. I also had to go there on his insistence. I was staying with him and it was my first day there. In the evening when he returned from office, we sat for Satsang and started discussing about the importance of the name and forms of Satguru. We got absorbed in the discussions and the divine bliss started flowing. We were immersed in its flow and our consciousness was getting into a state of Samadhi (trance—deep meditative state). It is His will and on His inspiration that I asked Ch. Shyam Lal—“There is no one else here except you in the Satsang.” He replied—“We have come here only a few days ago. So, we are not acquainted with any one. Besides in this colony where we reside there is no other Satsangi, nor have I come across any person with such an inclination.” The extraordinary force of divine grace did not let me feel satisfied with this answer. I repeated my question thrice and every time his answer was the same. I wanted that the flow of divine bliss that we were then experiencing should also be experienced by others. But this could not be possible; we were the only two there and no one else. I was not satisfied. The bliss was overflowing as if the nectar was raining. There was a desire to share it and my voice was drenched with this shower. It appeared as if the entire creation was one’s beloved. What could one say or hear? That light, that charm, that bliss! There was again a flow of flux. It came to my mind that I should empty out this nectar on this surrounding; let it spread all over. Who knew that it would become the abode of auspiciousness and it so happened. Then and there on that entire colony I focused my attention and transmitted energy (did *Shaktipat*). A strange aspect of the divine will started to reveal. Beyond life and death, the current of that divine bliss, the divine vibration started echoing in every particle within that colony. It was wonderful; my desire that I cherished for ages was fulfilled. My Lord very kindly had graced me with His glimpse and touch. My heart was overflowing with bliss; I was totally lost in it and every bit of my existence was bathing in that shower of nectar. It appeared that every particle within that circumference was dancing under the influence of that divine bliss.

**“CHARCHA KARI KAISE JAAY |
BAAT JANAT KACHUK HUM, SO KAHAT JIY THARAI ||”**

This was my first experiment in Satsang involving the nature and the surroundings, which was extremely successful. I returned after a few days. Dr. Shyam Lal stayed there for some time. He says that the impact of divine bliss, which showered then on that day, can be felt even today. One of my other dear ones, Dr. Chaturbhuj Sahay also stayed there for a few days. He described the state of that place, which appeared to him just like that of the ashram of Kakhushundji. The internal (spiritual) condition of the people residing there is improving on its own and many of them have started attending the Satsang.

I felt in my heart that this is the playful act of the *Prakriti* and *Purush* (the creation and the creator), this is the *Alokik Mahamilan* (great divine union) of the *Maya* and *Mayapati*.

All the pleasures of the world, all its adornment, all its sweetness, all its charm, all its beauty is just an extension of a wave of that original union. That is the original source, which is true and eternal and everything is flowing from it. He alone is the basis of the fructification of the Sadhana of Kakhushundji and also the basis of that divine grace on this humble servant.

The divine feeling of bliss that a Sadhak (devotee) experiences, has its impact on his behavior and thinking. Rising above the feelings of attachment or jealousy, he starts garnering love in his heart for the entire humanity. He feels overwhelmed seeing his beloved in everyone– **“SIYARAM MAY SAB JUG JANI, KARAHUN PRANAM JORI JUG PANI”**.

Brahmvidya (the esoteric knowledge) has been kept as a secret and as something personal for ages, particularly for want of deserving candidates and, therefore, not many people could benefit from it. But I would like to be excused because I feel differently on this issue. I am not in favor of treating it as a mere ‘knowledge’. In my opinion it is not knowledge but it is the life itself, which needs to be lived. The Lord is like the Sandal tree and we, his servants, are like the air. The aim of our lives ought to be carrying His fragrance far and wide in all directions.

In Ratlam district of Malwa there is a tribal area ‘Ravti’, which is full of natural beauty. I had an occasion to visit this place for the sake of some of my Satsangi brothers. One of my cousins, Dr. Krishna Swaroop was posted there as Medical Officer. Besides there were two other Satsangis S/Shri Hiralal and Revashankar, who are employees of the hospital and are very dear to me. On their insistence I had to go to Ravti. The natural beauty of this place and the simplicity of the people were some such things that impressed me very much. I felt I should not go anywhere else leaving this place. Now this is the last phase of my life. In stead of focusing my attention and transmitting energy to individuals for evoking divine grace and love in their hearts I have turned my attention towards nature, which includes herbs, plants, trees, the mass of land and water bodies etc. I am eager to give shape to the dream of making an ashram like that of Kakhushundji. They have better capacity to absorb feelings and transmitted energy, as compared to individuals and can retain it in them for a longer period. As a result, whenever human beings come in their contact, they do not remain uninfluenced. It is because of this that in this place one still can have a glimpse of *Brij* (the play ground of Lord Krishna). Even if one considers it from the point of view of scriptures, such an experiment would prove to be an expectation arising from advanced Sadhana (spiritual effort).

Matter and consciousness are the two parts of creation. *Purusha* and *Prakriti* (the soul and the nature) are their form. While *Purusha* is conscious, *Prakriti* is inert. *Purusha* is the one who enjoys and the *Prakriti* is the one that is enjoyed. Both of them exist all over. **“ISHWAR ANSH, JEEV AVINASHI”** – all the creatures are an ‘Ansh’ (part) of the Supreme Soul. As the sparkles coming out of fire are not different from the fire, in fact both are fire; similarly ‘Jeev’ (an embodied soul) is no different from the Supreme Soul.

“KARYAKARANKRITARATVE HETU PRAKRITI RUCHYATE P”

(GITA 13/20)

In giving rise to '*Karya*' and '*Karan*' (the 'act' and the one, who is instrumental in the performance of the act), *Prakriti* is called the '*Hetu*' (the motive force behind it). *Akash* (ether or space) etc the five '*Bhootas*' (elements) and '*Shabd*' (vibration) etc the five '*Vishays*' (*Gunas*' or the immediate principle of the elements), these ten are called as '*Karya*'. The five organs of senses, (*Gyanendriya*), the five organs of action (*Karmendriyas*) and the *Manas* (the mind), *Buddhi* (intellect) and *Ahankar* (ego- the feeling of having a separate existence), these thirteen are '*Karan*'. *Prakriti* is the cause of all these and therefore, being their creator (*Janani* or the mother) all that is seen is an expression of *Prakriti*.

Prakriti is not an '*Ansh*' (part) of the '*Purusha*', but it's power. Power is not distinguishable from the holder of power and thus *Prakriti* and *Purusha* are constantly merged in each-other. At the time of *Mahapralay* (complete dissolution) the entire creation is dissolved. When the *Prakriti* is active it is manifested and when it is inactive it remains un-manifested.

The *Mool Prakriti* (the nature in its original form or the primordial determination) gives rise to Cosmic intelligence, which in turn gives rise to cosmic ego (*Samashti Ahankar*) and cosmic ego gives rise to *Manas* (the mind). The five subtle principles (*Tanmatras*) namely *Shabd* (vibration), *Sparsh* (touch), *Roop* (form), *Rasa* (essence-savor) and *Gandha* (odor) were given rise by *Ahankar*. Cosmic intelligence, cosmic ego and cosmic *Manas*, these three are the names of different states of *Antahkaran* (the inner-self).

The five organs of senses, the five organs of action, and the five gross elements (Ether or space, *Vayu* or air, *Agni* or fire, *Jal* or water and *Prithvi* or earth) are created by these *Tanmatras*. This is what the manifested world is. It is now clear that *Prakriti* is the cause of this manifested world. And since *Vani* (speech), *Manas* (mind) and *Buddhi* (intellect) are the seeds of *Prakriti*, it can neither be described nor understood through them. *Prakriti*, therefore, is indescribable, incomprehensible and beyond logic.

Prakriti and *Purusha* both are omnipresent through their action (or through their effects). One can understand the presence of *Prakriti* through the example of presence of water in the ice but being very subtle the presence of *Purusha* is not so clearly understood. Still as compared to *Prakriti* the presence of *Purusha* is felt more distinctly.

If in the manifestation of creation, *Prakriti* is the cause, then *Purusha* (God) is a greater cause. *Prakriti*, the cause of creation of *Vayu* (air) from *Akash* (ether-or space), *Tej* (fire) from *Vayu* and *Prithvi* (Earth) from *Jal* (Water) etc. pervades them all, can be understood. The *Prakriti*, however, is only a power (*Shakti*) of the *Purusha*, the possessor of the power (*Shaktiman*). As such, the cause of all causes, the *Chetan Purusha* (the treasure house of all consciousness – the God) is pervading the inert *Prakriti* and its manifestation in the form of this world. When the *Prakriti* manifests in the form of creation under the command of the *Purusha*, then the actual creator is the *Purusha*; the

Prakriti is only a medium. In fact, therefore, God alone is the root cause of the manifestation of the entire creation.

Gyanis (those pursuing the path of knowledge) can understand my above statement through this example. While asleep, in dream, the person seeing the dream himself through his imagination becomes the world seen in the dream and sees the dream; there is no other cause of that dream world except he himself. Similarly, because of *Agyan* (ignorance) where one feels the presence of *Prakriti* with its qualities, in fact, there is nothing else except the God. For the devotees, I would like to say that the *Prakriti* is the *Shakti* (Power) of the God and the power is never distinct from its possessor. Whatever manifestation is seen, it is all an extension of the *Prakriti*, the power of the God. It is all an expression of the God and He alone is the root cause of this all.

'*Purusha*' refers to *Atma* (the soul), which has two identities in the form of '*Jeevatma*' (the embodied soul) and the '*Parmatma*' (the Supreme Soul or the God). The *Jeevatmas* are many but the *Parmatma* is only One. The process through which *Jeevatma* reaches *Parmatma* is called '*Yoga*'. To make the matter simple one should understand this that '*Parmatma*' has also been considered to have two forms – *Sagun* (with all attributes) and *Nirgun* (with no attributes). Including the *Prakriti* which gives rise to the *Trigunas* (the three modes of nature) i.e. the *Satvaguna*, the *Rajoguna* and the *Tamoguna*, the form of the God is '*Sagun*' and besides this the One with no attributes is '*Nirgun*'. '*Sagun*' and '*Nirgun*' are the two beliefs or the two paths but in fact the God is One.

I am not a philosopher but I am merely a seeker. Those days, however, these thoughts used to occupy my mind and I used to analyze them. Occasionally I also used to go through the related books. During this period, perhaps some time in November 1930, one night I saw a dream. In the dream a person asked me – 'how many steps are there in reaching the state of '*Aham Brahm*' (I am the Truth). I was climbing the steps and counting them, but suddenly a thought of going to Kanpur occurred in my mind. So, while getting down, I forgot the count of steps and I did not give any reply to that person, as I was worried that I may not miss the train to Kanpur in the process of giving a reply to his question.

'*Aham Brahm*' is a great awakened state. How is it possible to see or realize that state in dream? Whenever I look for something but fail to find it, I immediately rush to mother. She is very kind to me. Her heart is larger and purer than the Ganges. She is a great munificent. Absorbed in the impulse of love, I make an attempt in my mind to suck all the knowledge, all the energy like milk from her breast and this loving attempt brings a smile on my lips. And overjoyed I pull her *Anchal* (border of saree) from her breast to hide my face. The Ganges of Knowledge flows unstopping; how and where do I store it?

To enter the realm of '*Aham Brahm*', the first condition is complete surrender of ego. "*Hanuman*", who is devotion personified, represents – '*Hanu*', which means to kill or to finish and '*Man*', which means honor or ego, i.e. one who has completely vanquished his ego. One who wishes to enter the state of *Aham Brahm*, therefore, needs to first understand '*Hanuman*' and to give up his ego. This is the essence of devotion.

Those seekers, who wish to move ahead on the path of Sadhana, I would suggest them to acquire that state (of surrendering the ego) since this is the only state where one could expect to be fully secured. In this state there is no place for Maya or doubt. *Vikar* (ill-thoughts) or *Agyan* (ignorance) do not arise in the mind of a devotee who lives within the circumference. This state is the holy ashram of Kakkbhushundji and this is the 'Nisha Nid' (the night shelter).

Mother 'Gita' (Srimad Bhagwad Gita) states that for making an entry in this 'Nisha Nid' one has to face the three modes of Maya i.e. *Satvaguna*, *Rajoguna* and the *Tamoguna*. The Maya(s), which great devotee, Sadhak an Yogi Hanuman had to face on his path included *Satoguni* Maya in the form of Sursa, which had come from *Devloka* (the abode of gods) *Tamoguni* Maya in the form of Simhika which had come from lower *Loka*, who used to catch hold of flying birds through their shadow and *Rajoguni* Maya in the form of Lankini, who resided in Lanka and had come from middle Loka.

**“URDHVA GACHANTI SATVASTHA MADHYAM TISHTHANI RAJSA /
JAGHANYAGUNVRATISHTHA ADHO GACHANTI TAMASA //”
(GITA – 14/18)**

Those established in the *Satvaguna* (virtuous or the pure – causal energy) go to higher *Lokas* such as the heavens. Those established in the *Rajoguna* (the subtle energy) live in the middle *Lokas* pertaining to human beings and those established in the *Tamogun* (gross or material energy) are influenced by things like sleep, negligence or lethargy, such persons go to lower *Lokas* and take the next birth in the form of insects or animals etc.

With this *Dev-Vani* (divine words) some states of meditation are also described, which are revealed by Hanumanji himself. It is through his grace that a seeker like me also could gain the fortune of making an entry in the circumference of *Aham-Brahm* or the ashram of Kakkbhushundji.

**JAAT PAWAN SUT DEVANSH DEKHA /
JAANAI KAHU BAL BUDH BISESHA //
SURSA NAAM AHINHA KAI MATA /
PATHINHI AAI KAH TEHIN BATA //
AAJ SURANHA MOHI DINHA AHARA /
SUNAT BACHAN KAH PAWAN KUMARA //
RAM KAJU KARI PHIRI MEIN AABON /
SITA KAI SUDHI PRABHUHI SUNAVON //
TAB TAB BADAN PATIHAU AAI /
SATYA KAH AUN MOHI JAAN DE MAI //
KABNEHUN JATAN DEH NAHIN JANA /
GRASASI NA MOHI KAHEU HANUMANA //
(MANAS 5-1-1-5)**

Gods saw Pawan-putra Hanuman (Hanuman, the son of Pawan) while he was going (in search of Sitaji towards Lanka). To test his capability and intelligence they sent

Sursa, the mother of serpents. She went there and said – “I have been given food today by the gods. Hearing this, Hanumanji told her that after accomplishing the task assigned to me by Shri Ramji and after informing him of the whereabouts of Sitaji, I shall myself come and enter in your mouth for you to eat me. O, mother! I am telling it to you honestly. Kindly allow me to go for the present.” But when she did not accede to his request, Hanumanji told her – “then you may eat me.”

As soon as she heard this, she expanded her mouth one ‘Yojan’ (about two miles) wide. Immediately uttering the two words “Ra” “Ma” (Ram) Hanumanji became twice her size.

**JAS JAS SURSA BADANU BADHAVA /
TASU DUN KAPI ROOP DIKHAHA //**

Sursa then widened her mouth to sixteen ‘Yojan’, according to her feminine nature. But Marutiji (Hanumanji) had faith on the two letters - “**PRITI PRATIT HAI AAKHAR ‘DU’ KI, TULSI HULSI BAL AAKHAR ‘DU’ KI**”. So Hanumanji expanded himself to thirty two ‘Yojanas’. Now Sursa, caring for nothing, expanded her mouth to a hundred ‘Yojan’. Hanumanji thought that he had to cross the hundred ‘Yojan’ wide sea, for which the time was about to be over and, therefore, he should cross this hurdle immediately. “**ATI LAGHU ROOP PAWAN SUT LINHA**”. Then Hanumanji took to a very tiny size, entered into her mouth and immediately came out; he then requested her to let him go.

**“BADAN PAITHI PUNI BAHAR AAVA /
MANGI VIDA TAHI SIR NAVA //”
(MANAS S-1-11)**

When a seeker starts moving on the path of devotion, then the three types of Maya(s) obstruct his way. One should treat them in the same manner as did Hanumanji. The Satvaguni Maya should not be opposed strongly, because it is not appropriate to oppose a tendency to indulge in virtuous deeds. Rather it is proper to adopt a selfless attitude and at the same time for the sake of devotion and getting rid of all attachments it is not possible to involve in them. One should, therefore, make himself small and in spite of being capable one should try to get out of the situation. One should not indulge in them because getting over both the types of tendencies is appropriate for a devotee. “**TYAGAHIN KARM SUBHASUBH DAYAK / BHAJAH MOHI SUR NAR MUNI NAYAK //**” But the Tamoguni Maya should be destroyed like ‘Simhika’ since even a small trace of sinful deeds can be a great obstruction on the virtuous path. Rajoguni Maya should be left alone after making it half-dead, because complete destruction of it would make one feel totally unsupported.

It is known that serpent is a symbol of *Ahankar* (ego). In the above episode the mother of serpents (**SURSA NAAM AHINHA KAI MATA**) was sent to test as to what extent the devotee (Hanumanji) had overcome his ego. But then Hanumanji is like a

master of this subject; one ought to learn humility and submission from him. Again and again he makes himself small; such a command he has over himself.

The bliss flowing from seeking love of one's lord is such an absorbing experience that having tasted it one cannot leave it. A little sparkle of His love is enough to make one forget everything else. A glimpse of one's lord in his heart, even only once, makes him see everywhere, in all, the existence of his lord alone.

Wherever one may see, it is his lord present there. This humble servant has been a recipient of undeserved grace. Was this the objective of my Sadhana (spiritual effort); was this the Prasad of my *Pooja* (result of my adoration)? The veil through which with difficulty I could see sometimes my beloved's hands, sometimes his feet sometimes his eyes or ears, now I have been able to embrace him to the satisfaction of my heart.

The state of self-realization and the state of bliss at that moment was something like this only. In meditation, I kept on getting absorbed deep within and it appeared to me as if there was no end, no limit of this body, rather it was pervading the entire creation. The boundaries within appeared to be the circumferences of the creation. My '*Prana*' (Self) was wandering without any obstruction. There was none else over there, only me and me alone; such a state, which is beyond words. There was neither any attachment nor any jealousy; neither love nor hatred; neither a desire nor no-desire; no feeling of any sort, no duality whatsoever. This was the *Brahm-Pad* (the abode of *Brahma*); this was the ashram of Kakkhushundji. This was my 'Nisha-Nid'. I reside here and I shall reside here. Now my body is not bondage for me. The spread of the entire creation is my body and I alone reside in there.

Ordinarily what is our own state of affairs? Please listen. On the one side there is the ocean of worldly pleasures full of strong waves of various attractions and on the other side is still and quiet *Satpurusha Jyotirmay Brahm*; on this side a wavering mind full of desires supported by its army of attachment and anger etc. and on the other side the soul full of bliss and peace. Both these wavering and quiet attitudes always exist in the world outside and inside in our mind. The self in the state of bliss i.e. consciousness in the state of peace and brilliance is eternal; besides this all that is manifested is inert, momentary and full of misery. The condition of the world outside is –

**PURAIN SAGHAN OAT JAL, VEGIN PAIYE MARM /
MAYACHANN NA DEKHIYE JAISE NIRGUN BRAHM//
(MANAS 3:39 KA)**

And on the other hand the condition inside is –

**BHOOMI PARAT BHA DAVAR PANI /
JANU JIVAHIN MAYA LAPTANI //
(MANAS 4:13:6)**

**ISHWAR ANSH JEEV AVINASHI /
CHETAN AMAL SAHAS SUKHRASI //**

**SO SAYA BAS BHAYAU GOSAI /
BANDHYO KIR MARKAT KI NAI //
JAD CHETANHI GRANTHI PARI GAI /
JADAPI MRISHA CHUTAT KATHINAI //
(MANAS 7:116:2:4)**

In the context of the condition inside the words of 'Kathopanishad' are also worth considering –

**“PARANJI KHANI VYTRIGATSVAYAMBHOO
STASMATPARAD PASHYATI NANTRATMAN //”
(KATHOPANISHAD 2:1:1)**

The *Svayambhoo* (the One, who has originated on his own – the God) made the senses to look outwardly in order that they may focus on healthy, virtuous and pure objects but those devoid of intellect get attracted towards sense-objects because of which the 'Jeev' (the embodied soul) is pulled towards outer allurements and not towards the soul inside. It is because of this that one considers the sense-objects as the source of pleasure and gets attracted towards them believing them to be so. But in fact he is in illusion because the real pleasure is in the soul and nowhere else. Even the experience of worldly pleasure is related to the soul –

**“ASTHI PURATAN KSHUDHIT SWAN AT JYON BHARI MUKH PAKARI /
NIJ TALUGAT RUDHIR PAN KARI MAN SANTOSH DHARAI //”
(VINAY PATRIKA 92/4)**

It is like a starving dog feeling satisfied by sucking his own blood oozing out of its own pellet due to rubbing of the old bone grabbed in the mouth.

A seeker looking for the real pleasure ultimately locates its source of origin –

**“KASHCIDDHIRA PRATYGATMAN MEIKSDSHDAVRIT
CAKSHURMRITTAMICCHANA”
(KATHOPANISHAD 2:1:1)**

One who has restrained his senses in the desire of eternity, who has withdrawn his senses from the outer sense-objects, only such a stable minded person can realize the soul within. Lord Krishna also has stated in Gita –

**YADA SANHARTE CHAYAM KOORMOANGANIV SARVASHA /
INDRIYANINDRIYARTHEBHYSAY PRAGYA PRATISHTHITA//
(GITA 2:58)**

When a person withdraws his senses from all sense-objects as a tortoise draws in its limbs from all directions, his mind becomes stable.

From the yogic point of view it is retraction ('Pratyahar') because when the senses withdraw from sense-objects and acquire the form of 'Chitta (consciousness), it is retraction.

One more thing that comes to fore as a result of Sadhana is that when senses are withdrawn from sense-objects and turned inwards, then the faculty of resolution and negating (*Sankalp-Vikalp*) in the mind becomes very active. As compared to normal state the mind becomes more turbulent and it becomes restless to flow outwardly through various sense organs such as eyes and ears etc. More care needs to be exercised in such a state. Remembrance of *Sadguru* and seeking his grace is beneficial. By doing so one may expect to get rid of the outwardly attractions.

This is the path of yoga. To focus one's attention upon one's *Ishta*, to meditate, to practice to listen to the divine vibrations in the form of particular *Shabda*, if known, at different chakras (centers of spiritual energy) and the Sadhak should not waste his time in futility. The need is to garner a yogi's feelings and think like a devotee; getting absorbed in the thoughts of divine.

This is also the state of *Gyana* (Knowledge). Its uniform, continuous and undivided flow (like a stream of oil) is meditation; nothing except the object of meditation (*Dhyey*), no other thought or resolution but a unified flow is meditation. Its flow would make one introspective and then one should try to realize the Self. One should then dissolve that subtler than subtle *Vriti* (faculty) and when it is the state of existence of *Gyana* alone and even beyond that when it is only the *Drishta* or *Sakshi Bhava* (the one, who is observing or witnessing) the Sadhak should consider himself to be the one who is so observing or witnessing. In the end even this *Drishta* or *Sakshi Bhava* would also disappear.

The Kathopanishad also so states (1:3:12 and 2:3:10) * that the five organs of senses together with *Manas* (the mind) get established in the Self and the *Buddhi* (intellect) also does not react, that is *Param Gati* (or the Supreme State). He experiences that bliss in his own self, which is beyond the senses and which can be experienced only by the pure intellect (here to say 'experienced by pure intellect' also does not appear to be proper but it is being said to convey the message). Considering nothing else greater than this bliss, he does not get upset by any sorrow or difficulty, and feels content with this state of bliss.

***ESH SARVESHU BHUTESHU GUDHOTMA NA PRAKASHTE /
DRISHYATE TVAGRAYAYA BUDHYA SUKSHMYA SUKSHMDARSHIBHI //
(KATHOPANISHAD 1:3:12)**

**YADA PANCHAVTISHTHANTE GYANANI MANSA SAH /
BUDDHISHCH NA VICHESTTI TAMAHU PARMAM GATIM //
(KATHOPANISHAD 2:3:10)**

In the path of yoga self-realization is practiced. Like seeking a straw out of the *Moonj* (a type of tall bush or grass of the fibers of which ropes or cords are made), the Self is sought in the cave of intellect and the heart. In the *Bhakti Marg* (path of devotion), those, who practice *Sagun Dhyān* (meditating on the God with attributes), it is the same, and there is no difference. It is a difference only in the way of practice for the sake of saying. Both of them seek the same Element. There also one meditates on the Swarūp (form) of God in his heart concentrating first on the entire figure and then on the face alone, gradually getting established in the *Shuddh Swarūp* (pure form or essence) of God, devoid of all thoughts. Thus, with a strong *Dhyān Yoga* (Yoga of meditation) the devotee becomes One with the pure form (or essence) of the God and realizes the God in himself.

**“SO TAI TOHI TOHI NAHI BHEDA,
BARI BICHI EV GAVAHIN VEDA ||”**

Therefore, seeking the Self in the cave of one's own heart, experiencing one's own essence, is realizing the same Element, which is pervading all.

It is the evening before tomorrow. We had come much ahead, let us go back to home. I would take you there where I have spent many years of my life. My childhood, my youth and thus now I have entered the last phase of my life.

A small beautiful and attractive town, Fatehgarh and the holy bank of the river Ganges, which are very dear to me. This holy piece of land surrounded by the river flowing along its green and bushy banks and many holy places has always been the *Sadhana Sthali* of the sages and seers (the place where they have performed their *Sadhana*). Many great sages, philosophers, scholars, poets and popular persons have taken birth here. And in such a serene atmosphere the nature has spread its splendid beauty in every nook and corner. Its dawn and dusk are the hot, rainy, winter and shining seasons; the stars in the sky, flowers on the earth are radiating their shine, their fragrance and their extraordinary beauty. And its night provides the golden opportunity for *Sadhana*. One of such *Sadhak* alone would have said –

“YA NISHA SARVABHOOTANAM TASYA JAGRITI SAYANMI”

The eyes see the beauty of the entire nature but even the sages have been allured by the beauty of the dawn. They have composed many verses in its praise. Praising the great inspirer and energizer, the dawn, the sages say –

**AA GHA YOSHEV SOONARYUSHA YAATI PRABHUNJATI/
JARYANTIVRIGANAM PADVDIYAT UTPATYATI PAKSHINA ||
(RIGVEDA 1:48:5)**

The dawn arrives like a beautiful young girl and pleasing them wakes up all the living beings. She sends the human beings for work and inspires the birds to fly in the sky.

This is a glimpse of the glory of the Vedic point of view. Through their poetic eloquence they saw the components of nature with such feelings and imagination that to them they appeared full of an expression of Self. For them the nature was not merely an inert object but a lively force with which they could establish a relationship of love. Similarly the environment of this place of my Sadhana, Fatehgarh, has been affectionate to me.

If this entire world is only Maya (an illusion), then such a view point of the sages establish us in a *Satoguni Chetna* (pure consciousness), where this nature, the world appears very beautiful and we naturally get lost in its attraction, start to imagine about its Creator and in all its acts we start looking for Him.

***“RUSHDVASTA RUSHTISHVETYAGADARIGU KRISHNA SAD NANYSAYA /
SAMANBANDHU AMRITE ANOCHI DHYAVA VANAM CHARAT AAMINANE//”***

The brilliant Sun comes in between the white-clad dawn and the black-clad night. It looks as if the two mothers are affectionately tossing him up towards each other; the night towards the dawn and the dawn towards the night. What a beautiful way to describe it.

Besides this during the period of Sadhana, a *Tamoguni* (dark side) form of Maya also remains active, which is very ugly and painful. These days as I am coming close to my origin, my lord, that *Tamoguni* Maya is chasing me in a terrible form. Even if I just describe it to you, you would be nauseating. You would be upset.

That day I was first time frightened in my life seeing the Maya in that form. I narrated that entire matter to my Master in a letter, some extracts of which I am giving here:

“It is necessary to mention the other side of the story as well, which would describe my state of affairs and it would also be known to my respected Sir (to you my lord) that I am so much harassed at home that at times I feel like running away and smashing my head, although I have no control over it. On reaching home some situation so arises that I get angry or otherwise I should become shameless. This is the reason that getting angry without any reason has become my habit and this as well has resulted in causing losses like throwing away and destroying various things. But this is confined only to my family. In solitude or while under the shelter of divine grace, I feel at peace and get some rest. Otherwise some thing is so done that I cannot compromise with it and it is also better not to do so. These things generally take place when I just return from my office or when I am tired or exhausted. I get angry very quickly and on trifling issues but when the intensity of my anger subsides, no traces are left in my mind and I feel like touching his feet. I am beaming short-tempered and try to find some reason

to be angry. A few months ago this was not the state of affairs. I have become very irritable.”

An extract of the reply of my revered Master also I am giving here. Perhaps this may serve as guidance for you, as well.

‘It is good to be harassed. Home is a school for learning and forbearance. In our system to be content with this all is called ‘*Tapa*’ (penance) and it is superior than the other forms of penance. However, instead of getting angry or feeling sad, one should try to acquire ‘*Gairat*’ i.e. to develop an attitude where on accusation or scolding by others one starts feeling that in fact it was his own fault and then he bears with it. For others while going to jungle or seeking solitude etc. are the ways to get relief from the worldly problems, for us the taunting and scolding by the kith and kin and others is our ‘*Riyajat*’ (practice i.e. the daily routine of engaging in spiritual Sadhana) and ‘*Chillakshi*’ (the period of forty days spent in spiritual Sadhana). Therefore, try to get over the feeling of irritation and be patient. *Insha-Allah* (God-willing) after this the state of ‘*Taslim*’ (compliance) and ‘*Raza*’ (to be content and feel happy in whatever condition He keeps) would also be reached.’

**“MATRASPASHANTU KAUNTEY SHITOSHNI SUKH DUKHDA |
AAGAMAPAYINOANITYASTAMASTI TIKHSVA BHARATA ||”
(GITA 2:14)**

O Son of Kunti! The contact between senses and sense-objects gives rise to heat and cold, pleasure and pain which are short-lived and fleeting. Therefore, O Arjuna! Ignore them.

By saying the relation between the senses and the Sense-objects as “*SHITOSHNI SUKH DUKHDA*”, the Lord here has shown that all those sense-objects on getting in contact with the senses give rise to all duals like heat and cold, attachment and aversion, happiness and sorrow, pleasure and pain, liking and disliking etc. Garnering a feeling of permanency in them is the cause of giving rise to various ‘*Vikaras*’ (shortcomings) and, therefore, taking them to be ‘*Anitya*’ (short-lived or temporary) one should not be influenced by them.

The pleasing contacts of senses with sense-objects are temporary and short lived and, therefore, there is not even a trace of the real pleasure in them. One should, therefore, bear with them i.e. taking them to be temporary one should not either feel attached or jealous, happy or sad. Company of kith and kin also falls within its ambit because like other sense-objects the pleasure or sorrow from their meeting or separation is also caused by the *Antah-karan* (inner-self) comprising of the four components – *Manas, Buddhi, Chit* and *Ahankar*) and the senses. It is, therefore, the order of the Lord to bear with all pleasure and sorrows arising out of all contacts or separations.

Mine is a small house, a small world. Every day different saints of high order visit my house to grace me. To me this small world of mine appears as if various toys with different tunings have come together in the form of a family making it a miniature module of the powers that are working in this vast cosmos. It appears as if some souls in the form of sons are dispersing their splendor of *Satvagun* (virtue); some souls with prominence of *Rajogun* in the form of daughters scattering their light of ostentation and as if some souls covered with the sheath of *Tamogun* were expert in spreading their net of lethargy, frenzy, lassitude, ignorance, indiscretion, arrogance, hypocrisy, conceit and non-belief. It appears as if this palace of my Lord has turned into a theatre where all the ten *Rasa* (different feelings) are continuously in play.

There are six types of demons or darkness in life – desire, anger, greed, passion, frenzy and ego. They turn a peaceful mind into a disturbed mind; they have no fixed time or place to attack. They appear any time and at any place. On the other hand the Vishnupuran states six attributes of the God-Grandeur, Vigor or the power to act, Glory, Wealth, Knowledge and Renunciation, which can win over these demons.

Suppose there is an actor, who performs different characters. Some times he plays the character of a King, sometimes that of a peon, a Brahmin, an outcaste and so on but while playing the particular role, he does not forget about the role of the character. He firmly plays that character.

Now look at a family man. How many roles does he play? He is an uncle to someone, a father to someone else, husband to his wife and so on. His role keeps on changing throughout the day.

I am also one of such ordinary family men with an ordinary family and an ordinary house. Those younger to me call me lovingly by the name 'Lalaji'. There is nothing in me, looking at which I may be counted in the category of a saint or *Satguru*, but I do not know under what confusion people have started taking me to be a Mahatma. I do not wish to analyze any truth or falsehood. To me it appears to be an act of divine play that I have to play the role of a saint and as a part of this drama everyday new and great devotees visit and shower their grace on me. I do not know what has made them to do so. Be it unknowingly, it is the grace of my lord; it is his affection and love in which I am bathing. This unexpected love showered on me rightly or wrongly is making me lost. I am not able to find its limits.

The desire to attain not only the heights of spiritual accomplishments, the *Brahm-Pad* (firmly rooting in the Truth) but also to enter the market of the world as a saint, I showed my eagerness and insisted upon it with you and to this also my Lord agreed. He put his love at stake without worrying what the critics would say. He ought to have thought about this as well?

How excellent would it have been if our love could have remained a secret only between the two of us? How would this tender plant of our love face the storm of the world? Looking at my eagerness, you have pushed me into the crowd of this world. Now

amidst this crowd it is not known whether I would receive clapping or scolding? The game of the player would be appreciated only when he is neither perturbed by scolding nor gets allured by clapping. Love hurts very deeply; he alone knows its pain, whose heart is pierced by the arrow of love. It cannot be described in words.

One more scene of love- Amongst the people arriving from Bundelkhand, there is one Shri Bhavani Shankar ji, who is an image of love personified. Verses of devotion and adoration flow through his Sadhana. He visits time and again but once he so arrived that I was enchanted by his appearance. He was fully charged with emotions.

That evening at my residence in Tallaiya Lane in Fatehgarh, I was engrossed in the discussions about the divine. I was feeling the warmth of the love of the Lord. It was a divine feeling of love in which I was totally absorbed. There was brilliance of beauty and the ocean of bliss was overflowing. At that divine moment, I was informed that Shri Bhavani Shankar ji was coming on foot from Jhansi via Urai-Kanpur to Fatehgarh along with some of his loved-ones to shower his grace on this humble servant. My heart and soul which were so far absorbed in the bliss deep within me, got overwhelmed with love, as if they were taken over by a storm. It appeared to me that in the form of the devotee, the Lord himself was coming. Would I be able to stay back when the God Himself was coming taking his form? No. Never. I would go to receive him and walk down to the point where I meet him. Some others also followed me. We left in whatever condition we were without losing a moment. I did not know when I had left behind Fatehgarh and reached Navedia. The two lovers absorbed in love met here. *EK SE ANEK MILE* (Many met the One). No. *ANEK SE ANEK MILE* (Many met the many). It was the meeting place; we shed tears of love over here. The union of beloveds is taking place all over. "*SAB GHAT HAUN BIHARAUN / SAB GHAT MERA SAAINYA, SOONI SEJ NA KOI ||*" No heart is devoid of soul. He is pervading everyone, everything. All over it is He, who is dancing.

***“AISE PIYYE JAAN NA DIJAI HO |
CHALO RI SAKHI ! MILI RAKHIE, NAINAN RAS PIJE HO |
SYAM SALONO SANWARO MUKH DEKHAT JI JAI HO ||
JOI JOI BHESH SAU HARI MILAI SOI KIJE HO |
MEERA KE PRABHU GIRDHAR NAGAR BARBHAGAN RIJHAI HO ||”***

This beautiful scene was to last only for few moments. It passed on. But I do not know why that moment, that scene, that place, that posture so enchanted me that I recollect them again and again in my mind. It is my hearty desire that this my ‘Sadhana *Sthali*’ (the place where one was engaged in Sadhana) irrigated by the tears of divine union may become my ‘*Tirth Sthal*’ (place of pilgrimage); turning into a land fertile for *Brahm Gyan* (knowledge of Truth), it may prove to be the ashram of Kakhushundji and my mind may get absorbed in its ambience for ever.

Daily, in the morning and evening, I come here at this place of our meeting (Navedia) and I spend hours in solitude. The groves of mango and berry and the thicket

of *Nagfani* (prickly pear) look very charming. I keep on murmuring these lines which I like very much –

***DAME VAPISI BAR SARE RAAH HAI /
AJJO, AB ALLAH HI ALLAH HAI /
VADAYE WASL CHOO SABAD NAJDIK /
AATASHE SHAUK TEJ TAR GARDAD //***

I have told Dr. Shri Krishna Lal and Shyam Lal, who are close to me like my son and whom I trust a lot that they should arrange a cow for me so that I may give up cereals etc. and take milk alone for my food, serve the cow and start living at this place of *Maha-Milan* (great union) Navedia. This may become my nest (my shelter).

***RAHIYE AB AISI JAGAH CHALKAR JAHAN KOI NA HO /
HAM SUKHAN KOI NA HO AUR HAM JABAN KOI NA HO //
BE DARO DIWAR KA EK GHAR BANANA CHAIYE /
KOI HAM SAYA NA HO AUR PASVAN KOI NA HO //****

*(It is a coincidence that the Maha-Samadhi of Shri Lalaaji Maharaj is situated at this place of *Mahamilan*).

I am again reminded of that incidence when I was narrating my pathetic story to my *Huzur Qibla*. He kept on listening attentively for quite some time and then said – “Putu Lal! Stop it now. I cannot listen to it any more.” I cannot say whether that incomplete story which I was narrating to my *Huzur Qibla* and was left in between has taken the shape of this story. At times, it also crosses my mind whether by narrating this or my story, I am not creating confusion. But then it also occurs to me whether I have my own existence at all? In the glory of my Master whether there is any trace of my existence left behind? Whether it is my story or the story of someone else? Whatever it be, to who-so-ever it relates, it is all his concern. Yes, I do have a desire, if he could ever care to listen to it –

***“KAB WO SUNTA HAI KAHANI MERI /
AUR PHIR WO BHI JABANI MERI //”***

Vista (Uttar Dipti)

My *Param Puja Gurudev* (revered Master), I do remember I used to address him as “Huzur Maharaj” and the essence of our relationship is contained in this small phraseology. Believe me, this is not just an adjective to show respect in ornamental terms. His eternal and uninterrupted presence for me is “*Huzuri*” and he is my “*Huzur*”. He had once told me in very tender words-“My son! Whatever and howsoever it be, you should convey the mission of the *Buzurgan-e-Silsila* (the great Masters of this Order) to the people of the world, so that the wretched, distressed and weaker people may also be able to find a way to make progress and seek salvation. He had also taken a vow from me as *Gurudakshina* (a fee or gift given by a disciple to his Master at the time of convocation) that in the name of God the mystic action performed by him on me with *Nishkam Prem* (unrestrained love) and *Nisvarth Bhav* (with no motif) should be repeated by me for others, without any discrimination. I am now in the last phase of my life. All along this has been biting my conscious that I have not been able to do anything in this regard. To a large extent it has been due to my engagement in the official work and the household chores. I agree that this is unpardonable.

I have mentioned this earlier that so far I had confined myself to the *Brahma Vidya* (esoteric knowledge) alone. In most of the sects and schools of thought social concerns also get associated and programs to build character and conduct of the Satsangis become a part and parcel of it, but I have not moved forward in this direction. I realized it a little later that I should have done something more than what I had done so far but than that has been left behind.

During this period the number of people associated with me went on increasing and people have been visiting me and assembling here at my residence in Fatehgarh. Slowly the number and size of these gatherings went on increasing. By the year 1923, they started to take the shape of ceremonies and thus during the Easter holidays in 1925, for the first time a four-days long organized program was held. The thing that astonished me most was that I did not know how and when these programs came to be called ‘*Bhandaras*’ (*Urs* or spiritual ceremonies). This was an occasion when I started to worry about giving it an organized form. In the year 1927 some rules were framed, which were published with the name “*Satsangiyon Ke Kartvyas*” (duties of associates of this school of spirituality) during the “*Bhandara*” that year. It is a different matter to what extent these rules were followed or put in action but they were a matter of discussions and people made commitment to abide by them in their lives. What was expected from people or what changes these rules brought in their lives was left behind; but it raised a storm in my mind that the people sent by my Master, who are now under my care, if there was even the slightest mistake or shortcoming in their character or conduct, I would not be pardoned. All my efforts would go waste. In this background, an outline was prepared to re-organize the entire association of this school of spirituality, which was read in the ‘*Bhandara*’ of 1928.

Perhaps people may not know that I am a little shy by nature but I liked experimenting. Because of this weakness in my nature at times I have met with failures

and I have also been rejected by my own people. Now I have also become used to all this. It is not a vice to be shy but often I have found myself to be submissive and timid. It could be possible that I would have inherited such a nature. In the 'Bhandara' of 1928, instead of reading it myself, I asked a boy named 'Ramprasad' to read the above mentioned written 'outline', without disclosing that it was on my behalf. This was read over before the folk. I was, however, not at all prepared to face their reaction. I was most surprised to see that those whom I considered as my trusted followers and had a lot of expectations from them, to whom I used to greet by addressing them as '*Murad*' (one, towards whom the Master shows his inclination) in place of '*Murid*' (a disciple), they were the ones, who were opposing it with full force.* They started saying that we come here only for the sake of spirituality, what all is this about? Already there are so many sects and schools; what is the need of one more?

It could be possible that they were not aware of the context and the purpose of the article read over to them and they might have entertained some doubts or confusions in their mind or that they might have been prejudiced against the boy who read it over or they might have some bias in their mind. Whatever be the cause of such a reaction, instead of going in the depth of the matter, I considered it better to accept it as God's will and to keep quiet.

In this regard I have to say that no religion till today has a formal organization nor it is possible to have one. To form such an organization would mean to destroy the religion. Religion is an entirely personal matter, which has nothing to do with any gathering or organization of people. What I mean to say is that there could be social, educational or cultural or other organizations, but not the one related to religion. It is important to know that if there is something to do with an organization, it would not be religious. No one can become religious by becoming a part of an organization. What I mean to say is that there is only one God and also there is only one religion. It is the people who have given many names to it.

There could be some other organizations as well. The thing that I want to talk about is an exhortation for awakening and not any organization related to any particular religion. I am not talking of any other society or of others, but I am talking keeping in view the people around me. I can say that there is so much sickness, disturbance and ugliness around them that any one, who is even a little bit religious, he can not be prepared to live with this ugliness, filthiness, foolishness and shallowness. One, who is religious, would not be prepared to let this mismatch and ugliness to continue and at the same time the society may also keep on moving ahead. Any one who would have had even a slight glimpse of religion in his life, he would like a complete change to take place.

* In Sufism '*fana-fil-shaikh*' means to consider one's self as existing in the form of one's *Shaikh (Pir)*. But to the contrary there have been certain disciples, like Swami Vivekananda for whom, his Master was waiting since long or Sant Kabir, who said "*Pache-Pache Hari Phirain, Kahat Kabir-Kabir*" (The Almighty is looking forward to him uttering O! Kabir-O! Kabir). Such disciples are called '*fana-fil-murid*'.

A complete change means revolution and revolution can not be brought about individually; it requires an organization because when one determines to bring about some change, the forces opposing the change come together collectively to oppose the change. It is difficult for an individual person or thinker to stand up against them since those who are rowdy, who are wrong and who wish to harm others, they are all organized. If, therefore, the good man thinks that there is no need of an organization, in my opinion he is strengthening them. This is the basic reason of the good man to fall behind and for the bad fellows to gain increasing strength that the good person tries to find various excuses for getting organized.

I too oppose the idea of any religious organization, but I am in favor of unity and the discipline associated with an organization. It is important to understand the difference between the two clearly.

I never say that whatever I say, you should start implementing it immediately. Through this message I only want to clarify that listen to me, understand what I want to say, think over it and give it a consideration. It is not necessary to accept what I say in order to understand it. So far as the question of making progress is concerned, you would neither grow by accepting what I say nor would it obstruct your progress. But by understanding anything there is always a possibility to benefit. As much as you try to understand, your capacity to think grows up. But we are eager either to accept or to reject because it takes time to understand and acceptance or rejection requires no effort.

Generally our condition is such that we have become mentally so lethargic that we do not want to apply ourselves nor we want to exercise our brains. It is because of this that today there is a flooding of 'ism' (various sectarian approaches giving rise to different interpretations and starting a new cult). There is a flooding of 'gurus' and new faiths. I can say with full confidence that the day people would start exercising their brains that day various 'gurus' and their glamour would shrink and be confined to themselves only. I am able to see that now-a-days monetary exploitation is not as effective as the mental or spiritual exploitation.

My friends! Mental or spiritual exploitation is this that I alone would think and you would accept or I compel you to accept. In the first situation, you exploited me and in the second situation I exploited you. Monetary exploitation is not as bad as the mental or spiritual exploitation. If one loses money, one can always earn it again, nothing is lost but once one loses his discretion or his faith, everything is lost. This alone is the basic reason for the whole world being tied in the shackles of mental and spiritual slavery today. The man of today is suffering from mental lethargy.

The purpose behind asking dear Ramprasad to read that article keeping away the name of the author, in the hope of looking for the possibility of a new society, was only this much that the listeners should understand the essence, analyze and think over it thoroughly before agreeing to accept the message contained therein or before putting it into action. In fact I had no intention of raising a new organization or to give birth to a new revolution. I had merely put an idea of a mental-revolution.

I am seeing that the social system is sick from the one end to the other. It requires a complete change. The systems themselves give rise to various ailments in the society. I am not talking about the religion. The basic need is to focus on morals and morality and if the emphasis is to be laid on morality then the fundamental changes would have to be brought about in the thinking of the society. The need for a total change in the society is necessary because so far the mould in which we have been casting people, that mould itself is defective, which is causing many ailments. The defects are being produced by the mould and we have been making individuals responsible for them. The fact is that individual himself is affected by that ailment; how can he be the cause or responsible for the same. But it is ironical that it is happening for thousands of years.

It is also the truth that the reason for a thief to become a thief is his poverty. The reason for a criminal to be criminal lies in his abjection and inferiority complex. I hold that till there is poverty, abjection and distress in the world it is baseless to think of talking about morality, it would rather be hollow. If the entire wealth is concentrated in a few hands and if it is expected that the others, who are deprived, they should not crave for wealth, they should not be greedy, they should not shun others, it would all just be a mockery. How can this be expected? It is just like a situation where in a corner of the house a lot of good food is laid and around the house there is a crowd of numerous starving people, who are smelling the food, who are able to look at the food and we preach them not to crave for the food, not to think about hunger, not to look at other's food and so on saying that it is a sin and against religion.

Not only this, I am seeing that even families are getting rotten. We are living therein for ages but are not aware of it. No couple, no family is happy; no father, no son is happy; no mother, no teacher, no disciple, no one is happy. No party is happy with its counterpart. Why? Because we have never given a thought to these relationships or to the importance of amicability.

Esoteric knowledge and spirituality is my area. I have concern with religion. But this does not mean that I do not think about other aspects of life. I am first a man, a family man. The country where I have born, the society where I live, do I have no responsibility towards them? The order given by my revered spiritual Master Hazrat Maulana Shah Fazl Ahamad Khan Sahab (Raham. U. Allehi) Naqshbandi-Mujaddidi-Mazhari (resident of Kaimganj, Distt. Farrukhabad, Uttar Pradesh) 'to spread this mission amongst the people of the world' is now my only religion (duty). This, however, does not at all mean that in the name of the people of world, I may gather a crowd around me and in the name of managing that crowd I may first start a new organization and then a new group and a new sect be formalized. Taking his teachings as the basis, I may start preaching myself and then become the head of a monastery and then following the sequence I may select my successor and announce his name during my life-time. Most of the people around me expect this all from me. No, not at all.

So far I have been firm on my views that if even a little ray of light of spirituality enters in some one's life, he acquires capability to see all aspects of life with the help of

that light. If one has the lamp of *Brahm Vidya* (esoteric-knowledge) and religion in his hand, one can see through all the problems of life. So, I have an eye on all aspects of life. The standards on which the society has build up so far they are entirely non-sensitive and based on historical considerations. No part of the society has been built up consciously after consideration. The need of the time is that we should think consciously to consider all aspects of life. Everything can be changed.

I had an opportunity to read the great philosopher Laotse. At one place he has written that he had heard from his ancestors that about two thousand five hundred years ago, a river used to flow between two villages. There was inhabitation on both the sides of the river. The only source for the people on either side of the river to know that there were people living on the other side of the river as well was the noise of dogs barking at night. Meaning there by that none of the people on either side of the river had ever tried to cross the river. It was strange that they never made such an attempt to know about the village on the other side. They used to say what was the need of doing so? They had been on many other long voyages and for them there was no importance of just going across and finding out about that village. Their argument was that those who have secured pearls in their hands, they do not look for pebbles. In the end Laotse had mentioned his observation about those people that "if one is not able to find pearls then that gap that remains in picking up, it compels one to pick up even the pebbles."

As far as I could understand it a dimensional difference has entered here. There is one journey which we can say as going up vertically; the other is horizontal, i.e. at the same level, which starts from me to you or from you to me. The level is same; whether I am in Kanpur or in Bombay or even if I go to the Himalaya, I would remain there and at the same level. The journey taking one to a different dimension (upwards) can be said to fall under the category of music or literature, because these are vertical. Such a journey does not ask one to go to any place here or there. Where ever one is, there is a way to ascend the heights. But that path is now closed, because you say that you would listen there itself. I hope you would have understood me.

Hazrat Shah Bahauddin Naqshband (Rah. U. Alle.) was a great Sufi saint after whom the Order of my Masters has been named. Once a person visited him and said-"I have everything, money and all other things needed for the worldly comforts, but in spite of that I am not happy. Please tell me about some such person who is the happiest and the most contented person in the world." Hazrat Shah Bahauddin told him-"I know of such a person but he lives in a far away place. To meet him you would have to travel a long distance." He replied-"I have no problem in traveling any far as I have all the means of comfort at my command. I am not worried about the distance." In counter reply Hazrat Bahauddin told him-"it is not a matter of distance. One has to ascend vertically up. You can go far away but this journey would require you to go up." This man was now confused and said-"I have all the means to travel long distance but I have no means to go up. What do you mean by going up? I can ride a bullock-cart, I can ride over a camel or horse, these are all available to me, who can take me to long distances but I am not able to understand how to go up." When this man thus enquired, Shah Bahauddin told him-"you can ride over all means of taking you to long distances but to ride over the means

that can take you up you would have to dissect yourself, because a lot of your own weight (that is your ego, your 'I-ness') does not allow you to go up. You would have to cut down and throw it away. While going on a journey of long distance you can remain intact and undivided, in the journey of going up you would not be able to keep yourself intact, because you yourself are the obstruction in that journey."

Look! If one thinks seriously, there is no obstruction in going up, except the "I", which has tied the entire load around it. It is that weight which causes the obstruction. This load is to be shed gradually. The fact of the matter is that in the mind of every person there is a disharmony. It exists at various levels. There are innumerable thoughts, many tensions. Every person is surrounded by various kinds of discords and unruliness. As far as the question of harmony or disharmony is concerned, one would have to do some such thing outwardly that its rhythm and consonance may settle the disharmony inside. One should try to create such a situation outside that the Self inside gets stabilized and even if it is only for a moment, it may get some rest. Meaning thereby that our effort should be in the direction of creating such a rhythm outside, may it be for a very small duration, that it puts an end to the discord inside. The purpose is achieved. The question is not your rhythm; the real question is the discord within the one who is their in front of you. No one knows for how long he was in search of such a puff of wind that may dry out all the humidity inside and finish all disturbances.

Before the reference to Laotse we were talking about 'the total change of all the units of the society and its reconstruction' starting everything completely afresh. A change would have to be brought about in the conception of the society, which divides it in many sections. The society in which we live today is divided. Today it is deeply embedded in their minds the section to which they belong. It would have to be thrown out of their minds. This feeling of belonging to a particular section would have to be thrown out.

If one needs to talk, one should talk about enjoyment and happiness. No one likes to hear about pain and suffering. The first thing relates to the rich and the second to the poor and poverty. Poverty, i.e. lacking resources, which is spread all around is not desired by any one. I also do not want it, it should be eliminated. But there is another sort of poverty, which is given to only them, who want it willingly. But then who craves for poverty? It happens when one realizes the futility of things through his own experience. When one realizes the reality of wealth, it becomes useless for him. Similarly when one realizes the hollowness of fame, it becomes meaningless for him. In other words when one realizes the reality of something, it becomes useless for him and he wishes to rise above that thing.

Beyond the boundaries of poverty lies affluence and beyond that affluence there is another state of poverty, which is something indescribable. Yishu had said-"fortunate are they who are really poor." What does it really mean? He does not consider them who are deprived of the luxuries as poor, since they crave in their hearts to acquire wealth and make effort for the same. His mind remains engaged in acquiring and accumulating

wealth. He longs for a big house. He wants to do the same which others are doing. He is suffering because he is not able to do so; otherwise really he is not a poor.

The society which we want to build today should be rich and richer, so much so that any one can willingly enjoy the poverty. If one does not pass through a state of prosperity, poverty can never be wished by any one voluntarily and till poverty is not wished as auspicious, it can not give happiness. Such a society would have to be created where people may wish to choose poverty voluntarily.

The biggest religious ceremony in society is marriage. I am also not less worried about it because what is being seen in the name of marriage in the society today is another name for various difficulties. Its path is laid with many pains. It is not a pleasure but constant pain. Perhaps it is because of this that one, who wishes to remain happy that he does not marry. It appears that it is a sign of being wise.

A foundation stone of the Order of my elders Sant Hazrat Khwaja Baqi Billah Sahab (Rah. U. Alle.), through whom the Naqshbandi Sufi Order entered India, has written in one of his memoirs that according to him marriage obstructs the path of *Brahm-Vidya* in three ways. The first obstruction comes in the form of its effect on mind which starts entertaining various sensual desires. The second effect is seen in the form of loss of purity of the mind whereby many doubts start arising in the mind and the third loss is caused at the spiritual level whereby the power of attraction gets diluted. My own belief is also the same that marriage is not a synonym for happiness. So far, marriage is definitely a source of sorrows. I want to build up such a society, where marriage becomes a definite instrument of happiness. But that would require a complete overhaul of the form of marriage and the rituals associated with it. The customs and rituals, the social feelings and views about marriage, everything would have to be recast completely afresh.

I have arrived at this conclusion also that the compulsion to marry should also be done away with. There should be talk of *Brahmcharya* (observing celibacy) and it should be encouraged and promoted. For this, if necessary, the definition of *Brahmchari* should itself be changed. In my mind *Brahmcharya* is not something relating to the physical body but with the mind and if the *Brahmchari* becomes a useful and inseparable part of the society, he should be relieved from the condition of observing celibacy through out his life. In fact the *Brahmchari* about whom I am talking of, should be prepared to live in seclusion and through his Sadhana he should gain control over his mind (i.e. sensual desires etc.). By seclusion I mean hermits, who should live in hermitage. Besides their own spiritual Sadhana, engagement in accordance with religion should also be the responsibility of that organization, which I want to establish. If they are continuously engaged in spiritual Sadhana, then the responsibility to provide for their daily necessities would also be upon this organization. These hermits instead of observing celibacy through out their lives should be ascetic persons. I have already started this experiment from my house in Fatehgarh, where I reside, with some young men and women. Some revolutionary freedom fighters and other Hindus, Jains, Muslims, *Sanyasis* (ascetics) and *Sanyasins* have been in my close contact secretly and they have assured me that they would immediately respond to my call leaving behind their own sects and would not only

help me in taking my plans further but would also work as an important unit of the same. There would be no compulsion on the duration of *Sanyas* (renunciation) or *Brahmcharya* (bodily-austerity).

There are lots of such other matters, which I found difficult to talk face to face because of my hereditary shyness. Therefore, there is a problem of the limitation of my expression through an article or lecture. It was on consideration of all these aspects that I had chosen the occasion of the annual function of 1928 (*Bhandara*) for the reading out of that article. I have already mentioned about the outcome of this effort. But I would also like to mention to you that the other name of a *Kranti* (revolution) is 'fire', which is the biggest religious ceremony in society is marriage. I am also not less worried about it because what is being seen in the name of marriage in the society today is another name for various difficulties. Its path is laid with many pains. It is not a pleasure but constant pain. Perhaps it is because of this that one, who wishes to remain happy that he does not marry. It appears that it is a sign of being wise.

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There are lots of such other matters, which I found difficult to talk face to face because of my hereditary shyness. Even otherwise, there was a problem of the limitation of expression through an article or lecture. It was on consideration of all these aspects that I had chosen the occasion of the annual function of 1928 (*Bhandara*) for the reading out of that article. I have already mentioned about the outcome of this effort. But I would also like to mention to you that the other name of a *Kranti* (revolution) is 'fire', which it has never been possible to be contained by one or more person, nor would it ever be possible. I, however, know that this work of the reconstitution of such society, leave aside its completion, I have doubts whether it would at all start in my life-time. But I am not disappointed. On the contrary I am sure that in the next two-three generations itself there would be some one amongst my grandson or great-grandsons who would be the messenger and leader of this revolution. I have faith on the capability and grace of my revered Master that he alone would give him the strength, bless him and accomplish this task through him.

I am not disappointed. My effort is continuing and would remain continued. I am not habituated to accepting defeat. I keep on thinking of new and newer aspects but I do not let my eyes turn away from my goal. I again proclaim that I am not tired yet. I also do not want to accept that either you or someone amongst you is the obstacle. I still want to think that you are a human being and you also have a mind to apply. In spite of all your effort I am keeping hopes and am making an effort that perhaps some day you may be able to appreciate my view point.

Now I am able to appreciate the truth behind the statement of the philosopher, who said that "Jesus was not killed by them, who hanged him on the cross, but he has been killed by those Christians, who were his followers". In the same sequence another philosopher has said "Socrates was not killed by them, who made him to drink the poison. Socrates was killed only by them, who claim themselves to be his disciples".

When Socrates was about to die, one of his friends Crato asked him-"how would we cremate you"? Socrates then had told him laughingly-look, how funny it is; they are my enemies who are trying to kill me and these are my friends, who are trying to cremate me. What kind of these friends are, who are asking me how they should cremate me. Later on Socrates told an interesting thing to Crato. It is not known whether he could understand it or not. He had said-"O crazy Crato! You make an effort to cremate me. But I am telling you, you all would have been cremated and still I would be alive. And even if you would be remembered, you would be remembered only for asking this question to Socrates." And we know today that the only information available about Crato is that he had asked this question to Socrates.

My *Hazrat Qibla* used to narrate a story. Once a man realized the Truth. The disciples of Satan came to know of it. They rushed to their master and told him-"You are

sleeping here, whereas there is a person, who has realized the Truth. It would add to our difficulties". Satan asked them not to worry and to inform everyone in that village that that person has realized the Truth and if any one wishes to become his follower, he should make haste. His disciples asked him how would they benefit by it and why should they do so? Satan replied-"O, you fools! It is my experience of thousands of years that if you want to distract someone from his achievements, if you want to pull him down, then gather a crowd of his followers around him. Go and announce it loudly all around that if any one is in search of a Guru then such and such person has realized the Truth. All those who are fools, they would surround him and you know it well that a wise person can do nothing amidst the crowd of fools?" And exactly the same happened. All the fools gathered around him. That man started running away from them, but had no shelter to save himself from them; there was no one to help him. His disciples held him firmly. You can escape from your enemy but not from your disciples? So he used to say that if some one realizes the Truth, he should always save himself from his disciples. They are always ready; Satan sends them well equipped.

In relation to Islam also, Huzur Maharaj used to say that the Holy Qur'an does not approve of any person (Guru) taking on a collegiums of disciples or followers. In fact the democratic outlook of Islam is against confessional or personality cult. But then people quote some examples from the Holy Qur'an which point out towards observation of some religious customs relating to acceptance of disciples. For example-"O my messenger! Whosoever takes the oath of allegiance (*Bait*) by giving his hand in your hand, that oath of allegiance would be in My (God's) hand".

But what I am seeing here is something else. What should I say about the people gathered around me? Socrates had only one friend Crato who asked him how should he be cremated after his death, but I have dozens of friends around me, who present themselves before me in their own style and on finding me alone they ask me "who would be your successor after you"? O my foolish friends! What do I have, which I should bequeath to someone? I have not inherited any ancestral property and even if I have some property, the first right on that would be of my only son Jagmohan Narayan. But for him also I have only '*Illat, Qillat and Jillat*' (ailments, poverty and disdain) as my only property. I have already mentioned that in the name of property I have nothing except a house in which presently I am residing with my family including my wife, my children and some Satsangi brothers and sisters. If this house remains intact, my next generation, my grandsons and great grandsons would stay in it.

There is lot of talk about the wealth and estate of my ancestors and this is true also that in the Mugal period they were gifted with the land-lordship of several villages and the title of 'Chaudhary'. My childhood was also spent in palatial luxuries. This is not a secret; my childhood has gone and by the time I became young everything was lost, as I have already mentioned earlier. My father had told me a few days before his demise that the property he had inherited had been consumed in luxuries and in meeting the expenses of litigations etc. Lastly he had told me that some valuable treasure in the form of precious metals and jewels was still left but since it was secretly kept in a *Tilism* (hidden in a secret place through *Tantra*), it can be found only by the one for whom it has been

kept. He had, therefore, given me detailed information about it as to how would it be opened and how the name of the real claimant would be announced. He had told me that this *Tilism* was created in the time of my ancestor Shri Mantokh Rai, who was in the seventh generation in the line of my father's (Shri Harbksh Rai) genealogy. I have already mentioned that ours is a joint family of the two brothers with large number of family members but limited sources of income. At last, when it became difficult to manage the family, I was reminded of that *Tilism* and the hidden treasure. With the help of the necessary information given by my father and some friends that place in Bhogaon (Distt. Mainpuri-Uttar Pradesh) was located. We had also taken a knowledgeable *Tantrik* (a person vested in tantric knowledge) with us. On excavating up to a certain depth, a seven feet square platform was found, which also was dug and after some more digging a desk was found, which was locked. The lock was broken. On opening the desk a letter in an envelop along with keys of the lower chambers and a booklet containing instructions for opening the lower chambers were found in the upper chamber of the desk. The treasure was hidden at some other place, which required some *Tantrik Pooja* (some tantric rituals) to be performed for knowing its location. The letter in that envelop was written in Persian. The writing was clear, which posed no difficulty for me in reading the letter. I was surprised to see that the letter was addressed to me. I was astonished at the capability and mathematical accuracy of the *Tantriks* of that period that they were so advanced in calculating the time and so sure of what they were doing that I was not only surprised but highly impressed. That letter first mentioned the details of the wealth hidden in the treasure, which consisted mostly of gold coins and jewels, and was given in the units of maunds, *Ser* (a unit of weight-equal to two pounds) and *Chantak* (a unit of weight-equal to two ounces). There were other precious stones as well, which were specifically described in the letter. The name of the person for whom this treasure was kept was not given in the letter but it gave a lot of indications about him; for example he would be a son of my son, he would be born six years before the middle of the twentieth century in the tenth month of the year and two months after the death of his father. Many indications about his physical body were also given. But what was written in the last made me shivering. I got the entire thing buried as it was before in my presence and returned home. Never again did I think of going back to look for that treasure. I saw my revered Master the same day in my dream. He was extraordinarily happy with me and said to me—"Putulal (me-Ramchandra)! You have come true on my expectations. You would leave behind for your grandson much more than the treasure meant for him, which you have buried again and left behind. The wealth that he would receive through you would make the world jealous of him. The task which we could not accomplish would be completed by him. He would never be dependant or indebted to any one. Mind it that there is nothing wanting in his upbringing. Insha-allah (God-willing) he would bring glory to your family. My prayers for him would always be there."

I soon forgot about this episode. I did not get stuck with it and with the grace of my Master I never found an obstacle in my path. I kept on moving ahead. My revered Master never left me alone and it was because of this that I was never distracted or misguided. I was never satisfied with a half-success, but at the same time I was never disappointed, nor did I ever turn and looked behind.

In fact I wanted to move ahead on my path absorbed fully in my Sadhana but in the meanwhile a crowd had gathered around me. They used to greet me in their own style and some of them used to even prostrate in front of me. People take them as my disciples, but in my eyes some of them consider themselves to be Master (Guru) and some even greater Master (Mahaguru). It is obvious that when their time comes, they all would propagate their own doctrines in their own areas. Many organizations and traditions would be born. All of them would be named after me. But you should not worry unnecessarily because all the people around me are not like this; some of them are very dedicated, although they are small in number. They also are weak to move ahead on the path of this great revolution on their own without any support.

The fire of eagerness to carry out a total revolution and fundamental change in every component of the society is burning in my heart. I am carrying an image of that in my hands in the form of a torch and its culmination is sparkling through my eyes. I am waiting for those few hands to whom I can entrust this burning fire in me and then leave this world so quietly that the generations to come may not even come to know that a person by the name "Ramchandra" had ever lived in this world.

The change that the nature expects is a complete overhaul. In this regard I can assure you that a person with distinguished talent, who in some past life has lived in the name of sage Bhardwaj and at present, who is active in the guise of an ordinary Sufi and a true Muslim with the name of Nurulhuda is engaged in this work. Except a few trusted ones, not many people know about our association. Whatever is known to me of the few past births, in every birth he has been having two wives, four daughters and one son and all these family members live with him as his trusted lieutenants. In this birth also he has two wives named Gazala and Shabana. Both of them are beautiful, attractive and well built. They are very decent, efficient and well versed in many languages and expression. They never leave him alone; never. It has come to my notice many times that both of them are quite elevated in esoteric knowledge and spirituality.

During the last two years I have had four long meetings with Hazrat Khwaja Nurulhuda Sahab. Twice he has come to my residence at Fatehgarh. He very much liked our house at Fatehgarh. He is a revolutionary saint and he is well aware what *Prakriti* (the nature) wants him to do. He says that this servant called Ramchandra has proved not only an effective associate in his spiritual progress, but also as a guide many a times. He feels obliged for it. I take it to be a sign of his greatness and humility. Although he is a realized soul, he is very humble and light-hearted by nature. Often he says that one should not waste time in dying. He desires to keep on working continuously, untiringly and with full commitment.

In service a person is not relieved till an appropriate arrangement for looking after his work has been made. Similarly, Khwaja Nurulhuda Sahab has fully assured me that I (Ramchandra) can go back (relinquishing my duties) to my Beloved any time and he would discharge the duties assigned to me with full dedication and responsibility. I have no doubts on his words.

My revered Master has given indications to me that after about thirteen years of my death that great man would be born, who is being awaited by the entire creation. Those, who have eyes and also insight, would be able to see his actions and their effects. As far as I could see, he would be fair-complexioned with very ordinary build up and exactly like me in physical appearance and looks. He would bear no such sign that would put any one in doubt that he is an extraordinary or a special person. Some of the physical signs alone would be such that although they would be covered, but on seeing them *Tantriks* of very high caliber alone would be able to recognize them. Among these signs the first would be that in the front portion of the sole of his feet, near the thumbs, clear chakras would be visible. These chakras would symbolize that Laxmi (the goddess of wealth) resides under his feet. Laxmi would be inclined towards him but he would not be attracted and would remain unattached. He would live his own life in scarcity and with difficulties but his favor would make others rich. Similarly, he would have some other signs but it is not prudent to disclose them here keeping his safety in mind, it can result in harm to him and, therefore, it would be appropriate to keep them a secret.

Possessing all my hereditary qualities, this representative of mine would spend all his life in anonymity. Only a few would alone be able to recognize him. To enable him to keep the arrangement of the *Prakriti* (nature) in order, such a distinguished person receives the energy directly from the source. Saints possessing the insight of the highest order in Yoga, who have the enhanced capacity to contact liberated souls in meditation, can directly establish an inner-contact with him. He would possess all appropriate qualities that are required to accomplish the task assigned to him and he would leave quietly after completing his job. People would see the results in due course of time.

Till the end of this century (possibly the year 1999), except his few associates no one would have even slight knowledge that the Sufi saint named Khwaja Nurulhuda has born again. But in a few years, i.e. by the middle of the first decade of the next century by my calculations, this news would have been confirmed amongst the great *Tantriks* of the world. As a result, one of their protectors through his *Yogmaya* would have resolved all their doubts about this great man beyond-knowledge (*Gyanatit Mahamanv*) that the Self within this ordinary looking body can prove to be so useful for them. It could also be possible under the automatic scheme of the nature that they may try to capture his Self under their control for using him to their advantage.

For the total change my representative-descendant, to whom I would like to introduce by calling him "a distinguished person", would be accomplished with various divine powers. Thus the efforts of those indiscreet *Tantriks* would not fructify. It has been indicated by the great Masters (*Gurujan*) that *Yoganiyas* possessing illusionary and other *Tantrik* powers, who would be sent to degrade and destroy this distinguished person, would not be successful in their effort. They would be disappointed and in due course of time would become his disciple and caretaker and would receive advanced esoteric knowledge from him, since that distinguished person would also be an ascetic. Besides out of his two wives and four daughters, one wife and two daughters would not be ordinary human-beings but would be divine and capable of adopting a body according to their desire. They would always remain with him and would assist and help him in his

time of difficulty and would protect him. I am, therefore, sure that after my death, the work of my Masters, which I could not complete in my life time, would be completed by that distinguished person as described above. In this regard, I would again like to mention it that this work is of a very important nature and change is imminent, after which the world would gain its desired shape. The time is not far away when under his direction various powers of nature, after he has prepared the base, would start working under his guidance. They are all awaiting him to call.

“My words are easy to understand and very easy to put in to practice; yet no one in the world understands them or puts them in to practice.”-Tao Te Ching (TTC-70)

It is now the time. Do not wait for the said distinguished person; instead, open your eyes and find him out because he is not far from you, but amongst you. The only necessity is to hear and follow his call.

Antah-karan: The seat of consciousness. According to Hindu philosophy, it comprises of four components- mind (*Manas*) the faculty which gives rise to emotions; intellect (*Buddhi*), the faculty which discriminates ; thought (*Chit*), where the thought first arises and ego (*Ahankar*), which owns up the act of doing. In Sufism it is called-“*Nafs*” comprising of four faculties-Retentive faculty (*Hafiza*); Imagination faculty (*Khayal*); Thinking faculty (*Mutasavvar*) and Fancy (*Wehm*). The centripetal force that keeps all these together and the common ground of their meeting is common sense (*Hiss-i-Mushtarak*).

Hazrat: Revered. A title generally used to show respect.

Jivatma: Embodied Self. A creature, who according to Hindu philosophy takes birth to bear the fruit of his past (of previous lives) deeds and because of a physical body, who has body-consciousness.

Maya: Illusion or Relativity. The power of God (*Mayapati*-the lord of *Maya*), which differentiates between the seer and the scene and thus sets the field of relativity or the illusion.

Prakriti: Nature. The entire creation is made of matter and consciousness. All that

- Satsang:* An assembly or congregation of people desirous of seeking the Truth; encouraging and exhorting each other to follow the path of Divinity. People collectively engaging in some *Sadhana*.
- Satsangi:* One, who attends or participates in a *Satsang*.
- Sayujyata:* According to Hindu philosophy, liberation has four stages namely- 'Salokyata' (the first state of beatitude-being in the same *Loka* of God), 'Samipyata' (beatific state of proximity of soul to God), *Sarupyata* (beatific state of being in the same form that of God) and 'Sayujyata' (beatific state of communion of soul to God). *Sayujyata* is that spiritual state in which the lover and the one he loves i.e. the beloved, their existence becomes one, there is no difference (or separate identity) left between them. On reaching this state there remains no fear of falling down. The true realization of 'Truth' occurs only in this state.
- Tavajjoh:* Transmission of spiritual vitality by directing one's spiritual radiations (glow) towards the recipient.
- Yagya:* A sacrificial act; a religious act (amongst Hindus) directed towards a specified goal.