

“Lord is One” Guru’s Grace reveals Him

Message to the world
from Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh

Sri Kalgidhar Chamatkar

(VOL-I)

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INTRODUCTION

The aim of human life is that the body soul may flourish. This is the gain of human life. The Lord's nectar, nectar of the soul, ecstasy of the Lord's Name, the relish or nectar or ecstasy can be gained only in human life.

Thus it is imperative that we must have goodwill towards pursuit of religion.

The moment we talk of religion, the first question that comes to our mind is "What is religion?" Religion is something that gives peace to the mind.

The body has six senses. This sixth sense is religion or so to say awakening the sixth sense is religion. The Lord has given this sixth sense to all humans. It is inherent in everybody. Thus religion is inherent in everybody.

The Guru has called it Super conscioucness.

All senses in the body are sensations. One can only feel them. Similarly, this sixth sense is a sensation, a wavy sensation.

There are four ingredients in religion:

1. The body. 2. The mind. 3. The body soul. 4. The Supreme soul.

Most of the writers mention only three. It is here that they misunderstand the Science of the soul. No doubt that the body soul is a particle of the Supreme soul but as it is, it is separated from the Supreme soul like a candle separated from the flame.

The sixth sense is a shuttle that shuttles between the mind, the body soul and the Supreme soul.

But somehow, the mind has been enticed by worldly desires and it cannot feel this sensation. Like, the light cannot pass through a black wall, it being opaque. Similarly, the sixth sense that is inherent in the body, the mind cannot feel. The layer of dirt of worldly desires on the mind has created a veil of blackness and the sensation cannot pass through it.

When the veil of blackness is gone or even when it becomes thin, the mind awakens and feels this sixth sense by way of a wavy sensation.

Then it recognizes the body soul. Then it recognizes the Supreme soul.

Then it gets immersed in the love of the Supreme soul and enjoys ecstasy or so to say peace. This happens in this life.

This is a divine secret. This is religion.

Nutshell: Religion is awakening the sixth sense and making it strong.

The endeavor is to recite the Lord's name with love by the tongue with attention of the mind towards the Lord.

The Lord is the living Spiritual power. The Lord is formless. His Name reveals the form. The Guru has said that Name is the Spiritual energy, Supreme wisdom, Divine love and Divine music.

Super consciousness is an energy that is there in every human being. In its initial stage it is like a wire that is not live.

It is the outer mind in our body that feels the pleasures and pains and also has desires. Besides this is the intellectual mind that can judge what is good and what is bad but it cannot go beyond. The intellectual mind can only draw inferences from whatever thought is fed to it by the five senses in the body, nothing beyond.

What is beyond the five senses cannot come under the purview of the intellectual mind. As such it has no jurisdiction beyond the five senses of the body. It acts on the feed from the five senses and reflects its authority on the five senses only. It cannot rise above the five senses. To feel the Lord in the body is beyond its scope. It cannot apprehend anything that is beyond the five senses. It cannot visualize the soul.

The secret of man's life lies in the sixth sense, i.e. Sublime consciousness. The Guru has called it Super consciousness.

Super consciousness is like a wire that is not live in the initial stage but in the body it is near the palace where the Lord resides. The Lord who is beyond the apprehension of the five senses is near the Super consciousness.

By the induction of the Lord's Name the Super consciousness becomes live. It is a sensation of the presence of the Lord in the body. It is not an assumption. It is real. One feels the sensation.

This live wavy sensation of Super consciousness electrifies the Sublime mind. It further electrifies the intellectual mind and rises above the five senses and transforms the intellectual mind into intuitiveness. This intuitive mind becomes close to the Lord. It becomes a personal relationship with the Lord.

Thus Super consciousness has a double-sided mechanism wherein its one end is in touch with the five senses and the other end is flying high in the world that is for us the unseen world.

Super consciousness acts like a magnetic needle that is always pointing towards the Lord. It is the Lord who gives the magnetic pull to Super consciousness.

The man with live Super consciousness is full of love, full of gusto. He loves nature. The beauty of nature is an inspiration to his mind.

For those who love the Lord and feel the presence of the Lord everywhere feel ecstasy in the wondrous scenes of nature. Their eyes shine and see radiance all around.

The Lord who is omnipresent everywhere is also present in the body but there are different means to seek him.

For the man with live Super consciousness it is the way of love. His eyes feel the charm of nature outside but his heart inside is in love. His Super consciousness is in

touch with the Lord who reveals Himself in his Name.

He is in constant remembrance of the beloved in his heart while his tongue is relishing the taste of His name as it recites.

This is how the Lord who is formless reveals Himself.

The Guru has given us a simple way to reach the Lord.

It is the way of love. It is the way of art.

In fact, it can be said that art is the only way to reach the Lord.

This live Super consciousness also has another capability in it. It can convert the form. The language that we speak is in the form of words spoken by the tongue.

The Lord's Name that our tongue recites is in the form of words on the tongue but beyond the tongue it becomes a feeling of love. Further down it becomes a silent prayer of love (recitation without the movement of tongue).

We can create a sensibility through music that will take us to the Lord's palace in our body. It is getting lost in the music while remembering the Lord.

When we practice to attune our breath with divine music, then after some time the breath becomes rhythmical. A musical sensitivity emerges in the body.

The Lord reveals Himself in His Name. He gives His sensation.

The more we recite the Lord's name or listen to the divine hymns, the stronger this sensitivity becomes. This sensitivity is the sensation of the Lord who is inside our body. With a strong sensitivity one gets immersed in the Lord's love.

This is the way of art.

The difference however is that an artist displays his mind in his art whereas the disciple of the Lord merges his mind in the Divine music. The 'mind and Divine music' become one. This is the meeting of the man and the Lord.

Guru Gobind Singh writes in his autobiography: I meditated at the Hemkunt mounts for a very long time. I became one with the Lord.

Again he says: The Lord ordained me to go to the earth and establish righteousness and true religion so that people refrain from evil doing. When the Lord ordained me, only then I came to this earth. I did not wish to come but since it was a command, I had to come.

Guru Gobind Singh says: I meditated on the Supreme power. He says, "I did not wish to come and I have left my Super consciousness tied to the Lord's feet." The Super consciousness that is tied to the Lord's feet is its one end. The other end is inside the body. The pull of love in the Super consciousness is its strength. The one end that is tied to the Lord's feet sends the waves of divine music. The resonance of the same at the other end produces waves of joy in the body.

The Guru says: The body is a temple. Man as a disciple is sitting in it. The divine music is on. The Super consciousness has become live with its resonance. The mind has merged with the soul. It is the Lord's grace that he has given the sensation of the divine music.

Man with the live Super consciousness can be very practical. He can fight in the battlefield. He is always out to do good. He is ready for any sacrifice for a good cause. He is one with the Lord. He is an 'Ideal Man'. He has constant remembrance of the Lord in his heart. He lives with his family. He has no desires and greed for riches. He has attained salvation while living.

Man of Super consciousness has a practical living. Despite the fact that his vision is engrossed in seeing the Lord, still he is enterprising and agile.

For the man of Super consciousness, 'Duty' became important. Devotion to the Lord became vital. To fight for the cause of righteousness became obligatory. Fearlessness of death became a passion.

Guru Gobind Singh said: If I desire for riches, then riches will come from far and wide. I have no greed for miraculous powers. He asked the gods to grant him the boon of fearlessness of death in the battlefield while fighting the cause of righteousness.

Thus the Guru has shown the way of religious pursuit and also living a practical and positive life.

Bhai Sahib Dr. Vir Singh in his book Rana Surat Singh writes:

Religiousness is: "Making the Super consciousness strong
And always live in high spirits."

The way of the Super consciousness is the way of rapture. It is a glimpse of radiance. It is the ecstasy in nature. It is the way of 'recitation of the Lord's Name with love'. By seeing the wondrous scenes in nature, the man of Super consciousness has got peace and bliss in his mind and in this way has got revelation of the Lord through His Divine music.

The Lord's Name that was on the tongue gets deep into the heart. It gets further deeper into the soul. One finds that the Super consciousness is the strength that understands the command of the Lord.

The man with the live Super consciousness becomes free from outside dependence. He is freed from worldly attachments. He is freed from the inner desires and wants. Prior to this, he was living a life of compulsion. Outside was the influence of the people around. Inside was the habitual behavior. He was passing time in this entanglement. Now the position has changed. Both the compulsions have vanished. He is free. He is his own guide. His path and pathfinder is the Lord's Name that is living and settled in his mind. The Name in the form of divine music is ever there. He is listening to the divine music. Thus he has realized the Lord and lives in ecstasy. His Super consciousness is merged with the Lord.

Making the Super consciousness strong is attuning it with the Lord. Attuning it with the Lord is remembering the Lord. Remembering the Lord is reciting His Name.

The Guru said: Recite the Lord's name by the tongue million times. This is the path to meet the Lord.

The critics might say: What is in a Name and what could happen by repetition of Name?

The critics are justified. The entire world is justified in saying so because the Lord who is infinite cannot be found by surmise. If He could be found by surmise then all the philosophers would have reached their aim. Nor can the Lord be seen with these eyes. If He could be seen with these eyes then the scientists would have found everything.

The Lord gives His sensation that can be felt by recitation of His name. This is a marvel of "Faith in the Lord and His grace."

Who could ever believe that by rotation of magnet electricity could be produced, bulbs could be lit and fans could move. The world was lighted and it became a comfort of life. It became a principle that mechanical power can be transformed into electric current.

(This is only an example and not an argument.)

One has to have faith that the Lord is present here, there, everywhere and the recitation or repetition or chanting of His name has to be with love, respect and with attention towards the Lord. Then it would surely be fruitful.

It is however necessary that one must have a great wish to meet the Lord and look for His grace. Like the bus will pick up a person only if the person is waiting and looking for a ride. It won't bother about those who are walking unmindful of it.

The Lord created the mind as a diamond or gem but it has become rusted by the 'ego and desires'. A rough diamond has to be put on the grinding wheel to bring out its lustre. Then only it shines and becomes of value.

Similarly, repetition of the Lord's name by the tongue is the grinding wheel for the mind. The mind becomes crystal and elevated by repetition of Name. This elevated mind, then feels a sensation of the presence of the Lord in the body and outside in nature. The Lord reveals Himself in his Name through sensation.

Most people who go the temples or churches or mosques are like spatulas moving in sweet dishes. The spatulas do not enjoy the taste of the sweet dish.

The Lord's Name is nectar. One has to make a sincere endeavor to drink.

The endeavour is recitation of Name and singing the praises of the Lord.

Let us recite: *'O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord'*

'Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru'

Let us start with at least five minutes a day.

Translator

PREFACE

Dear Reader,

A person who is in the incessant remembrance of the Lord has pearls, gems, rubies and jewels in his mind.

Padam Bhushan Bhai Sahib Dr. Vir Singh was a saint who had the pearls, gems, rubies and jewels in his mind.

He has put all these pearls, gems, rubies and jewels in his writings.

When you read his writings with love, these pearls, gems, rubies and jewels come out of his writings and enter your mind through a wavy sensation as if by magic.

In Bhai Sahib Dr. Vir Singh's writings the essence is the Lord's name that gives fragrance to his writings. I have tried my best to keep the essence and fragrance intact.

Something more about Saint Bhai Sahib Bhai Vir Singh:

Bhai Sahib Bhai Vir Singh always used to ask everyone who came to meet him to recite the Lord's name for at least five minutes a day. Once, a doctor from America came to meet him. When he was about to leave, Bhai Sahib told him to recite the Lord's name for five minutes at least everyday.

The doctor said: Please, I may tell you. This is impossible. I have to work so hard that I do not have even five minutes to spare.

Then Bhai Sahib asked him: How far from your house is your Hospital where you go for work?

The doctor replied: It is about one hour's drive from my residence.

Bhai Sahib said: What do you do while you are driving?

The doctor replied: Nothing.

Then Bhai Sahib said: Can you not recite the Lord's name in that time?

The doctor was amazed. He said: O! How well you have caught me. I promise to recite for full one hour while going and full one hour while coming back home.

Just by that two hourly recitation of Name, the doctor became so saintly that he became known as Dr. Saint.

In this way, Bhai Sahib Bhai Vir Singh put the Lord's name on every tongue.

That is just what Guru Nanak said to the saints when he visited Sirsa:

Put the Lord's name on every tongue.

Let us put it on our tongue: O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord.

Starting with at least five minutes a day.

- M. L. Mongia

“Lord is One” Victory is of the Lord

1.

Hemkunt to Lord's Palace

There is a resort known as Hemkunt-The seven mounts. Here the peaks might be in hundreds but seven are distinct. All seven are giving a scenic view as if adorned with silver pinnacles of ice. The early morning moon is going into hiding. Dawn is arriving. It is daybreak. Today the sky is clear. From the east a golden light is visible. The reflection of the golden light is falling on the icy peaks. The sun disc has appeared in its full splendour. See! Now it has risen higher. All the peaks glitter like gold. The sun rays showering on the icy peaks and their intermingling is creating wondrous in the eyes by its glitter of shining gold.

In the middle of these ice peaks is a low ground that is plain and level. Here exists a lake of water. See, the Lord's wonders that in this icy region a lake of water exists through which a small current flows down several kilometres and merges into Alaknanda. What a miracle that in this icy region the water of this lake is not static but flows through it and is not as cold as the ice. Who knows there could be a hot spring underneath that keeps the water warmer than ice.

Many more water springs exist in this icy region. Many caves have been carved at this spot. In olden times the meditative came and lived here. During summer and rainfall the ice melts and flows down. Various types of flowers grow and blossom. In the wintry season the meditative moved down to Pandkeshwar and other nearby places while in summer and rainy season they came here and meditated. In summer and during rainfall the rays from the rising sun falling on the mounts and icy peaks reflect such that their magnificence takes everyone into wondrousness.

Today! When the sun has risen high enough what we see is that a tall and thin meditative is sitting in meditation with eyes closed. There is hardly any flesh on the body. He looks like a subtle bony figure with a thin cover of skin. But even in this stature his appearance is splendour with vigour and radiance. He has done intense meditation. His vision can rise above the sphere of time and space, remains absorbed in thoughtlessness, but wishes to immerse his body soul in the Supreme soul. The Supreme soul has first bestowed His grace on him and then sent him from the unseen world to the visible world with some miraculous motive and put him in meditation here.

See! The clouds are getting thicker and thicker and the sun has again hidden. The stones and mounts all are in meditation. No sound even.

That side the meditative soul is rising [As water mixes and merges with water, similarly, the body soul mixes and merges with the Supreme soul].

The body soul has reached the sphere of ecstasy. It has reached the sphere of rapture. It has reached the border line between the visible and the unseen world. It had reached there several times but today a swinging movement happened that pulled it from the border line of seen world and carried it to unseen world, the Infinite.

Now what can one say? How can one describe the Infinite unseen world with the tongue of the seen world or listen with the ears of the seen world. To understand with the mind of the seen world is a tough task. However, to make us understand the sphere we describe it as follows:

The Lord blessed holy soul that went, felt like this: The Lord who is Infinite is not a lifeless in-animate being but a sentient Supreme soul, Lord Almighty and 'All pervading'. The Infinite is not an un-ending time but a living omnipresent Lord.

He is above time and space. He is above birth and death. The Lord is not a lifeless element but a living Supreme power. He is all ecstasy. We can-not understand him with our five senses. He only knows Himself. He is 'All knowing'. He is 'Without hate or vices'. He is love and rapture'.

The new-come soul is in wondrousness that beyond His Almightyness and all love, another aspect is present in the Lord. He is above time and space but everything happening in time and space is from Him. He is without eyes but has infinite eyes to see and has given eyes to the world to see. He is above creation but all is His creation and He pervades in His creation. The newly-come soul has perceived this wondrousness in the Supreme soul who is Infinite. Whatever He does is miraculous beyond the knowledge of our five senses. This miraculous-ness is His will.

At this time it came to the mind of the Lord's blessed soul that how shall the worldly humans gain knowledge of the Infinite when they themselves are finite. How do they measure the Lord's will with their own will? When the Lord is Infinite, then what He does and thinks is infinite. Since it is not possible to understand and describe Him, similarly it is not possible to understand and describe what he does and think.

If the sages search the world, then they will see that the sea is almost infinite but in that also rivers flow as on earth. In that one sea that is water everywhere, rivers flow but they are all part of the sea. Many types of currents are flowing in the sea but they all are part of the sea.

In the same way the Infinite pervades in the entire world and His miraculous-ness exists as His will. His will is also infinite. His form and His will are both true but both are in-describable.

After seeing all this wondrousness he perceived the Lord's will saying: You go to earth and create humans of 'High spirits'. Become a guiding star and create an 'Ideal Man'. Become an 'Ideal Man' and teach the people to become 'Ideal Men' who should be men of 'High spirits'. I had created my children as men and women of integrity but they have stooped low. You show them yourself as an 'Ideal Man' and as a Guru, teach them to become 'Ideal Men'. Give them strength and your fatherly love so that the earth becomes a place of comfort.

On perceiving this Lord's will as such he felt a bit nervous. Having meditated for ages in devotion for the Lord, today only his soul immersed in the Supreme soul but today only, the Lord's command says: Go to earth and do some work and what work? Create 'Ideal Men'. Many went to create 'Ideal Men' but they returned without success. How will I succeed in this task? Oh ho! But not to accept the command is no devotion! No duty! Not possible! Then I should ask for success from here only.

The Lord's blessed soul prayed: O Lord! Who am I to carry out your command in the world? If you keep me immersed in you while I am on earth, if this connection that I have made with you does not break, I should remain immersed in your love and you bestow your love on me and O Lord you be my support, then this meditative is ready to obey your command.

The Lord ordained:

I am in you, you are in me. This is incessant meeting.

This meeting will ever remain. It shall never break.

I shall be your support in the world.

*As the father supports the son, I shall be your support like that.
 Whatever you do shall be my doing. I give you my sacredness.
 No harm shall come near you.
 You shall be my son. I shall be your father.*

It became noon. The sun was sending hot rays on the icy peaks of Hemkunt when the Lord's blessed meditative opened his eyes.

He is feeling wondrous, ecstasy and rapture. The nectar filled eyelids open up and close down. Sometimes he gets the wavy sensation from the Lord's touch and sometime a feeling of wondrousness comes from the nature's scenic beauty and the Lord's praise. Sometimes he feels a wavy ecstatic sensation from the comforting solitude. Sometimes his body feels coolness from the cool and gentle breeze.

He remained in this rapturous pleasure for almost an hour and then got up.

The Lord's command came to his mind.

After intense meditation in devotion to the Lord his desire was to immerse his soul in the Supreme soul and live in that rapture always. But the command says: Not even solitude of mount Hemkunt but go to earth. Even at earth, go and accomplish a difficult task, create 'Ideal Men' who would give comfort to humanity.

O my mind! Let us see what is on earth and where have I to go?

Then he looked down. What did he see?

It is India. Aurangzeb is sitting on the throne. The subjects are Hindus, Muslims and of many different faiths, castes and creeds. It is darkness all round. People are un-educated. Hindus are living in fear, superstitions and cowardice. Muslims are in pride, hypocrisy, crime and brutality. There is infighting amongst pandits and other religious preachers. There is frequent bickering and clash amongst people of different creeds. People are weak and non-courageous. The subjects are in total suffering.

Aurangzeb is sitting in his court. He has put his father in jail. His elder brother Dara's slain head is presented before him. He orders: Wash his face properly. Then recognizes, yes, right, he is Dara. His heart feels comfortable. Then he brings tears in his eyes. Sons of the same father brought up and played together. O Kingdom! One brother is a killer, one a killed. One brother sits on the throne the other brother's slain head lay on the ground [History of India by Elphinston Part II Page 447].

Kingdoms are lovable. Brothers are strangers. Yes, Aurangzeb became victorious. He defeated all his brothers and became the king.

The Delhi Mosque was built as thanksgiving. He is trying to tie the cloak of religion between his heart and the people. He is thanking God for his victory that he gained through his vicious deeds. On the one hand, the brothers and relatives are being slain. On the other hand the mosque is being built in thanksgiving to God. The king of India comes to the mosque in simple dress and acts as a Muslim priest. But yes, he is raising his one hand in prayer to God and with his other hand he is signing the assassination orders of his brothers and relatives.

This hypocrite king was a good friend to some deceitful priests. [History by Dow Vol. III Page 355] see Lal Rukh Page 218.

It is the courtroom. Suleman is presented in front of Aurangzeb. He prays: Instead of giving me slow poison in the form of medicines, I may be killed instantly. All the courtiers weep for him. Aurangzeb shows his kindness and promises: You will live with dignity. A foreigner named Bernier is also sitting in the courtroom. The promise is made in his presence. But Aurangzeb's promise breaks. Suleman, his brother and Murad's younger son all three are shortly after assassinated in Gwalior jail. [Elphinston Part II page 450]

It gets into Aurangzeb's head that although my brother Murad has not done any crime but his remaining alive is a risk. One person is called from Gujarat. He comes and puts an application that Prince Murad while he was Subedar at Gujarat was instrumental in killing my father. A court case is made and Murad is executed in jail on the orders of the court. [Elphinston Part II page 451. Refer:Bernier and Khafi Khan].

On the orders of Aurangzeb Custom Duty was imposed on Hindus. Orders were issued not to go by the Calendar of Hindus. Instead, a Muslim Calendar was made although it had many deficiencies.

The festivals of God that were celebrated with pomp have been banned. Fairs of Hindu festivals have been banned. Octroi duty on roads was increased. Music, dance, singing, is all banned. Poets and astrologers have been dismissed. Writing and reading of poetry is banned. Writing of history is banned. Courts should go by Shariat law. Such orders have been given.

Aurangzeb has issued instructions that Hindus should not be given government jobs. All government jobs should be given to Muslims. [Elphinston Page nos. 490 to 493].

Aurangzeb is going to the Mosque. Hindus are standing in the market to pray that octroi be waived. The market place is full with crowds. There is no way to go. He orders: Go. The elephants and horses run and move crushing the crowds. [Elphinston page no. 494]

The king has become crazy for Muslim religion. He is going against not only Hindus but also against Muslim Shi-ites and the Sufis. The king has shown an iron hand against art craft and no arrangement is being made for the education of the people in general. It happens that when a king plucks one fruit by force, then his army plucks the entire garden.

When the kings demolished the big temples of Hindus, then what could be expected from the small rulers of states in regard to injustice to Hindus?

All said! In this way the Lord's blessed meditative saw all that was happening and was going to happen in the country. He visualized that on the one hand the selfishness of the mind and lack of education has made the people enfeebled and cowards. On the other hand the greed of the people has made them merciless and deceitful. A 'Lord created Man', 'Man of God' or an 'Ideal Man' is no longer present. To create an 'Ideal Man' or a 'Man of Lord' or 'men that the Lord desires should be' is the most challenging task that he has to accomplish. He saw the people weak and cowards. He saw the rulers as hypocrites, barbarians, selfish, jealous and mean. He went into a thought that what a difficult task I have been entrusted with on my soul immersing with the Supreme soul. But the inspiration of the command has enthused him. His Super consciousness is tied to the Lord's feet. The splendour of the Lord's support is not causing any reluctance or fear in his mind. This is ego-less-ness in the Lord's command.

It is sunset. Near the lake that is almost a kilometre long, stands a pillar and a platform. Here is sitting the Lord's blessed meditative. More meditative came and soon it became a congregation.

One meditative Jog Nath who was sitting amongst this congregation spoke: O Lord's blessed meditative! All of us here consider you as our Principal. You have got some miraculous blessings. You are above vices and hatred. You are an intense meditative. In my meditation I saw that you have reached the Lord's sphere and met the Lord. You have come back to this earth of 'ego and desires' and you wish to become a philanthropist and a king. We have great regard for you. If this is true then please save yourself from this world of 'ego and desires'. This 'ego and desires' are too powerful. They do not leave us even in these tough forests and solitude of the mounts.

The Lord's blessed meditative replied: O dear Jog Nath! I have met the Lord, the Creator of the universe, the Supreme soul. I have seen that He is not a sudden existence. Nor is He a god of fear, superstition or enmity. Nor is He a static insentience. He is Infinite and sentient, above time and space, but he pervades in His created world that I can call it 'His command'. He is the

Supreme power, strong, gracious and all sacredness. Nothing that is non-sacred affects him. The Lord of command has given me a command and I had thought of a respectful, courteous, indulgent, regardful, polite and obedient 'No'. I do not wish to leave the ecstatic pleasure of meeting the Lord that I am feeling now. But it is a duty to attune one's self to the Almighty Supreme Lord's command. The water undergoes sufferings and hardships in travel and reaches the sea. Now, if the sea commands that you rise up in the sky in the form of clouds and shower on earth and give coolness to it, then you tell what should the water do? It has to say 'Yes' to the command.

The meditative in renunciation said. O Lord's blessed meditative! What you say is true. We agree to it. But there can be no desire in the imperishable and vicious-less Infinite. He is without desires. Maybe you have misunderstood him. It could be an illusory phenomenon.

Lord's blessed meditative: What should I say? I have met Him. You have not met Him. You have mentioned 'desires'. The desires emerge from the mind. But the Infinite has no body and mind like we have. The desires that we know of do not exist there. The command that is in the Infinite is not like the desires in humans that are vicious in character. All miracles of the non-vicious sentient Lord are Infinite and non-vicious.

Allahyar meditative: You give some description of His command.

Lord's blessed meditative: The Lord, God, Supreme soul cannot be described. Similarly, His command cannot be described.

Bodh Muni: It is a misunderstanding. When one has reached a stage where it is thoughtless-ness then there is no thinking power. Then, how can you think of a command?

Lord's blessed meditative: The command that emerges in the human minds that live in time and space that command is not there. It is correct. However, the command there is like: If a river is flowing in the sea, then that will be part of the sea but for the earthly people it shall be a miracle.

Sone Muni: When it is 'No God exists', then?

Lord's blessed meditative: When you say 'No God exists', then you have been sitting in the thought of 'No God exists' for so long. Have you become 'Nothing'?

You do exist. It cannot be non-existence. It is existence and surely so. Existence cannot come from non-existence. Existence comes from existence. The existence is Infinite and sentient and has His own will that is beyond the apprehension of our mind and intellect. O friends! You must understand. The command that I have told you is there. It is absolutely certain. There is

no iota of doubt or misunderstanding. I have seen with my own eyes and felt in my own mind what I have told you. I have perceived with insight. However, if you still have any doubt, then I would like to make you understand that no desire and ego of any kind emerged in my mind. My mind is in complete harmony and renunciation. It is immersed in the rapturous love of the Supreme Lord.

Secondly, you listen to what shall be my task? What shall be my purpose for going to earth? My purpose shall not be to amass wealth or be famous or establish a kingdom. I have to create an 'Ideal Man' or so to say 'Man of Ideal' who should be a source of comfort to the suffering humanity.

Thirdly, I can foresee that from the body part of view, I shall have to face severe hardships. In a task where acute hardships are foreseeable, it cannot be with 'ego and desires'.

Brahm Rikhi: O Lord's blessed soul! I have discoursed several times that no God exists. Finish the misunderstanding and enjoy the ecstasy. The world is an illusion. Why bother about the sufferings of humanity or comfort to humanity. Who is cruel, who is coward, who is brave? These thoughts are anguishing thoughts. Leave these thoughts. There is no command. Why do you want to leave this solitude and beatitude and put your feet in the world that traps?

Lord's blessed meditative: We must try to understand properly. You and I can have sudden ideas but the command is not a sudden idea. It is indescribable like the indescribable Lord. We cannot exchange arguments in that. Arguments are all from the mind. Mind is bound by time and space. Mind is finite. To some extent it can probe, test and assess the knowledge of the finite. It has no jurisdiction in the Infinite. I wish I could describe to you my meeting with the Lord but I am not able to do so. My outer mind and intellectual mind are dissuading me from going. My heart does not wish to go. But the command is command and it is unchangeable and true. I cannot say any more.

All spoke: Well! It is sunset now. Let us disperse. We shall meet again sometime. Everybody got up, said goodbye to each other and went to their respective caves.

Everyone here considers him as the Principal. Everyone is convinced that we are meditating and waiting for the Lord's grace but the Lord first bestowed His grace on him and then sent him here to meditate.

They are surprised that today again the Lord has blessed him and assigned him the most difficult task of going to the world that traps.

II

Where it is snow and ice, neither the rapeseed grows or the mustard plant nor any flowers blossom, nor any wheat plants grow. Who knows whether the spring season has arrived or one is tossing and turning in severe winter.

The snow has stopped. This is a sign of change of season. When the snow melts, then the sprouting of plants down below shall be visible. Some apple trees might bear fruits, that also in the lower valleys. In the high range valleys it is different. Only in the summer months it is spring-time here. One can move up only in these summer months.

The valley of the seven peaks has become green. Flowers of different hues have started blossoming. The sun is bright and warm. It is less cold today.

All the meditative got together at the same platform. The conversation started.

One meditative spoke: After that day's talk my mind has been thinking a lot. Last night I saw a dream. Oh no! Not a dream. It was a glimpse. I had a glimpse of respected Gautam Budha. He said: You do not dissuade the Lord's blessed meditative. He belongs to the highest unseen sphere and he has to go and accomplish a great task that is a dire need of the hour. Such tasks are not desires, ego or greed. These tasks are part of the Universal command for some special purpose. These are accomplished for the comfort of humanity without attachment to the world. Again he said: I had also gone to the earth and created men of character. I lived a life of character and made more preachers of character. But in these men of character one deficiency remained that their minds were not connected to the Lord. Secondly, they were deficient in bravery. With time, the character of men went down and people became enfeebled. Buddhism almost vanished in India. Now it is the Lord's command that he shall go to earth. O dear! You must also go. Budha said that Guru Nanak has already set the standard of 'Ideal Man' which is being carried forward but the invaders want to finish them because their aim is to use force and grab. Their force crushes humane-ness and virtuous-ness. They threaten. There is fear of Guru Nanak's Ideal Men being crushed. They are fearless but still they require more of valour in them. The Lord's blessed meditative shall now go and firstly save Guru Nanak's 'Ideal Men' and inspire them with more courage and save humanity.

Jog Raj: O! You have said rightly. Even I had a glimpse in my meditation. Firstly, I had a glimpse of Gorakh. He said: The Yoga sect has vanished. No one goes for Raj yoga that is the real yoga. You cannot find anyone like

Patanjal. Reading the scripture has become a ritual only. No one acts on what he reads. Even other Hath yoga practices are also gone, what is left is dramas and theatre performances. The world is becoming materialistic. The need of the hour is strong 'Ideal Men'. It is the Lord's will that the Lord's blessed meditative shall go to earth and save Guru Nanak's 'Idea. Men' and make them stronger. The Sidhas of my sect fell out with Guru Nanak but Guru Nanak established his Supremacy and has created his 'Ideal Men'. Eight incarnations have nourished these 'Ideal Men' with their Spiritual power. The ninth incarnation is doing this Spiritual work now in a very difficult situation. Now the Lord's blessed meditative shall go as the Guru in the tenth incarnation of Guru Nanak to accomplish the ongoing task. Then, I had a glimpse of Patanjali as also Kapil Muni. They also said the same.

Sanyas Haal Muni: It is wondrous! I also had a glimpse and that was Shivji. He said: Do not dissuade the Vanquisher of viciousness. It is the Lord's will that he shall go to earth to eradicate the suffering of the people. Vedanta has made people renounce the family and go to the forests or mounts to meditate. The society is bereft of good people and is suffering. The need is 'Ideal Men'. That task he will accomplish.

Vishan Das, then spoke: Even I had a glimpse today and that was Krishan Dev. He said: You are meditating for your own salvation. However, those who are living in the highest sphere of the unseen world, they only understand the administration of the world. Men of God from time to time go to the earthly sphere but some deficiency remains in creating 'Ideal Men' and that makes a downfall.

The Lord's purpose to create His creation was that everybody and everything may flourish extensively and blossom. At this moment the human soul is not flourishing and blossoming. See a rose flower when it blossoms naturally. It has flourished to perfection. But man, either he is suffering or he is making others suffer. His soul has not flourished to perfection and he is not living a life of blossom in ecstasy.

Even I made Arjuna as the ideal. He had integrity in him but no valour. Then I inspired him that Khatrias are brave. Then he became brave. He combined integrity and valour. But the deficiency of ego remained.

The 'Ideal Man' should be a brave man but without ego. He should be brave but with integrity. This is the real 'Ideal Man' and the real idea. is to live in 'High spirits'.

The Lord's blessed meditative is going to create such 'Ideal Men'. Do not dissuade him. He is without desires, without ego and without greed. He is

immersed in the Lord's love. He will make good the deficiency that we made.

Allah Yaar, a meditative who had come sometime back and was meditating, sitting separately at a place, came and said: Friends! I also wish to say something: I had a glimpse of Mohammed. He said: All of you are trying to interfere in the Lord's will. Lord's blessed meditative is not a human meditative like you. He belongs to the highest sphere of the unseen world. His meditation is some grace from the Lord. The Lord has given him a command. He has no desire of his own in that. That is the Lord's will. That is the Lord's miracle. He has to do goodness to the world.

I saw people in superstitions and in worship of stone idols. I taught courage but integrity declined and it went too far. People like Taimoor and Mahmood became invaders. They were away from religion like cowards. Do not threaten and do not accept any threat. This is the marvel. Guru Nanak has set this Ideal for the world. Himself, he did not fear the brutal king Babar. He travelled to countries like Iran, Baghdad, Kandhar, Iraq and did not fear the Muslim priests or the rulers. He won over them by reasoning and gave them love without threat. It is sad that Aurangzeb wants to eliminate Guru Nanak's created handsome 'Ideal Men'. The influence of his mean-ness is decline in religiousness. Even I do not like that. That is why it is essential that courageous 'Ideal Men' with integrity but without 'ego and desires' be created in the world. The gracious Guru is going to earth for this task. He is going on the command of the Lord. Do not try to dissuade him. Then, I had a glimpse of another prophet who was crucified. He said: I taught integrity and I said: Do not use the sword. One who uses the sword shall be killed by the sword. But the world is such that when it came on me, I had to say: Buy and bring a sword. What I meant was bravery. This is the deficiency in humane-ness without bravery. Without being courageous one cannot be an 'Ideal Man' but he should be without ego. Otherwise, courage turns to brutality. If a lion comes to eat a widow's child, you feel mercy for the child and stop the lion from attacking. But if the lion does not stop, then you kill the lion with a sword and save the child. Then this bravery is without ego and desire. If this ideal is not there then you would be considered a coward. The sword should be a shield against brutality. It should not become brutal. The purpose is that there should be love in the world. Brutality and force should vanish. Then he said: Do not dissuade the Lord's blessed meditative. He is going on the Lord's command. He is the highest person to obey the Lord's command.

Sone Muni: Please! Don't be angry on me. I have faith in my mentor but in my view the end is nothingness. Today, I had a glimpse of my mentor. I

asked: What has happened to our Lord's blessed meditative? He replied: Whatever has happened is for good. Mercy and non-violence as a principle are good but with these qualities men have become indifferent. It is a deficiency in man that whatever knowledge he gains, his mind bends that side. It does not rise evenly on all sides. Now the Ideal that is useful for the world is what Guru Nanak has told: 'Do not threaten and do not accept threat'. Now we have to show how to keep up this ideal of bravery without 'ego and desires' and if need arises the sword may be used as a shield with integrity. That has to be exemplified so that man remains in high spirits and accomplished. He should be immune to threat, superstition, illusion, self-made religious code, worries of all sorts, fear of invaders, etc. These should not influence him. He should be a personality without fear, strong, blossoming, living on earth and immersed in the love of the Lord with intense integrity and accomplishment. This Lord's blessed meditative shall set an example of this exemplary 'Ideal Man' and make others like that. You also do not stay here. Go with him and do this Spiritual work under him. Like, you are living in renunciation at the mount, similarly your mind should remain in renunciation of worldly desires and attached to the Lord even in the battle ground. Do not go in forgetfulness of the Almighty Lord who is the creator and saviour of the world. The Lord is omnipresent, here, there, everywhere. The Lord is a living Lord, a loving Lord. Remembering Him incessantly gives profuse joy and ecstasy.

Brahm Rishi: O dear! We realized the world as perishable but we did not remember God nor did we realize that He reveals Himself in His name. We did Yoga of breath control to reach a state of thoughtlessness. Today, I had a glimpse of Vyas, then Hans, then Yagvulk, then Vashisht, then Ram, then Krishna and many more. The quintessence of what they all suggested is that all of us should go down along with Lord's blessed meditative and show that we can live in the world with mind detached from 'ego and desires' and attached to the Lord in His remembrance. If you feel the suffering of body discomforts, then what is your renunciation? Muni Yagvulk and Vyas, said: Do not consider the Lord's blessed meditative as an ordinary meditative like you. He is the Guru-soul in human form. Lord, the creator, is the Supreme soul but for the purpose of nourishing and religious teaching to the world, the Guru-soul is the Lord's administrator. The Lord's blessed meditative has the Guru-soul in him. He is a prophet with the Guru-soul in him. He has to set an example of 'Men in High spirits in remembrance of the Lord', without ego, not afraid of death, brave but without desires. For the sake of righteousness, they shall display fearlessness and live with mind detached from worldly desires

but attached to the Lord. Neither, they shall threaten nor accept any threat. In this way the world shall become a paradise. Such people shall not give suffering to anyone. Truth is not just speaking the truth. To have faith in the Lord, to live in the incessant remembrance of the Lord is Truth. Truth is to have faith that the Lord is our father, mother and gives us nourishment. Truth is to tread on the Spiritual path. The true Spiritual path is to live in the incessant remembrance of the Lord. The mind has to flourish and blossom as a rose. The incessant remembrance of the Lord is the endeavour for the mind to flourish and blossom. One who threatens takes you away from Truth i.e. the true spiritual path i.e. incessant remembrance of Lord.

One who accepts threat leaves the true path. Ideal Man is he who shall not accept any threat nor give threat. The need is to create such 'Ideal Men' in the world who should be fearless and if need be fight with swords and arms. They should always remain in High spirits in remembrance of the Lord, even if they have to die while fighting. The secret however is that they should be without desires in their mind but with mind attached to the Lord. The aim has to be that righteousness should prevail. So, even if one has to take up arms to fight, one should fight fearlessly. Enfeeblement and cowardice should not cause a hindrance nor they be cruel or hypocrites or looters. Righteousness should prevail and remembrance of Lord would keep them in High spirits. The Lord's blessed meditative has to go to accomplish this task. The stupid people are trying to undo the Spiritual path that Guru Nanak has shown to the world on the command of the Lord. 'To save that true Spiritual path', the Lord's blessed meditative has to go. He has to spread further the true Spiritual path already spread by Guru Nanak. My mind is full of love and reverence for him. No doubt the world is perishable but this conviction is true only if the mind remains un-attached to worldly desires.

Now everyone said: O Lord's blessed meditative! You may go. You are the Lord's right hand. You are the Guru-soul immersed in the Supreme soul. You go and please do us a favour, take us along. Like, we have enjoyed sitting in meditation free from the world in this solitude and ice in your company here, we shall fight the tyranny along with you. What shall we do here alone now?

On listening to this, the Lord's blessed meditative said: It is the Lord's grace that all your doubts have cleared. It is also the Lord's grace that you will come with me. Personally, I have got the sensation of the presence of the Infinite Lord in my mind, heart and body and my soul is immersed in the Supreme soul and I am always in ecstasy and rapture. All of you remain in

the incessant remembrance of the Lord that gives the sensation of the presence of the Lord in the mind, heart and body. The Lord is the support. Let us all go with this Lord's support and accomplish the Supreme task.

Brahm Rikhi: Will you go down to the world just now?

Lord's blessed meditative: No dear! First I shall go to the Lord's palace. I shall take blessings from the 'Infinite and ever-existing' Lord. I shall carry the blessings in my heart and then go to earth. I shall tie my Super consciousness to the Lord's feet and then go. There is no love in the world. People are in desires. Greed and hypocrisy has become a way of life and people are in vices. I have to keep my Super consciousness tied to the Lords' feet and remain in his love-pull and then establish righteousness in the world. I have been blessed like this but I have to go to the Lord's palace first and then go to earth. This is the Lord's command. I shall leave today. But for you, you have not to do any other type of meditation except recitation of the Lord's name and singing his praises. On my way back I shall come here and take you along.

What happened now?

The Lord's name went into everyone's mind, heart and body and everyone's tongue started reciting the Lord's name.

Everybody with mind immersed in the Lord's love bade him farewell and he departed from Hemkunt to reach the Lord's palace.



2.

Lord's Palace to Earth.

While listening to the divine songs the mind rose high. It appeared as if the world has turned. What we see is an exquisitely beautiful town, praise of which by a human being is beyond writing with a pen. The construction of which is of such materials that are beyond the understanding and intellect of a human mind. The houses here do not disintegrate and do not become old. No difference is there in day and night. Here is no suffering. The name of this town is Begum Pura. No thief or gambler lives here. No Police Station exists nor a guard required here. The palaces and houses are majestic and splendid standing unmoved like a meditative in meditation. They are such that they can be transformed in whatever manner you may choose and like. If you like to make new ones, then new ones come up as per your wish. These houses are not made of bricks and stones but from something subtler than one's thinking. Those who live here are images of handsomeness and goodness. Their faces emit lustre that is not there even in the sun. Their faces are holy, perfumed and pure as the sky in the spring season. The clothes that they wear are love and devotion. No one is visibly naked. The clothes are not like our clothes but are made of something like light with so many hues and shades that we have never witnessed on this earth. Rare is their sheen, lustre and wave. There is no smell even of bread, butter and vegetables.

Name nectar and divine song's nectar is their food and support. Every place is adorned with beautiful springing fountains amidst exquisite blossoming flowers. Their beauty and charm attracts the mind. But these fountains of water and flowers are not like the ones we have on earth. They are made of some subtle element. The mind is elevated in seeing the fountains flowing.

The vegetation here is wondrous. When one plucks a flower, then the flower shall be in your hand and also on the branch. Nothing dies here. No living being or vegetation dies here.

In this town, a little further stands a magnificent palace that is made of pearls and gems whose dazzle, the eyes cannot bear. From top to bottom are inlaid diamonds and sapphires much more beautiful than the diamonds and sapphires we see on earth and the artists have made it in such perfection that the moment you see these, your mind rises above time and space and goes into wondrousness and ecstasy.

Inside, the light is such that it emits light outside through all four sides of the walls as if the walls are see-through even more than glass.

When one goes near, the fragrance near the walls is so much that the mind rises to the tenth door in the body, is transformed and becomes sublime mind.

As the sunrays spread all round and give light, warmth and brightness to several planets and are helpful for the growth of living beings and vegetation, similarly, the radiance of the light rays from this Palace spreads to all spheres of the visible and unseen world, gives strength and power to the sun and moon, gives power to the earth to grow vegetation, gives life to the world, gives Spiritual awakening to the Lord seekers.

Whatever is there in the world is from the support of this centre. This is the Lord's Palace. His Name is His form. Name is the support of the world. The Lord reveals himself in His Name. To reach the Lord, the endeavour is 'recitation of Name'.

On seeing such a beautiful palace I thought I may as well go inside but all doors were closed and there was no option. Shortly after, I saw one godly soul with a dazzle that the eyes could not bear standing outside the door with devotion and humility with hands folded. In a charming and melodious tune, he sang a song that meant:

"O Lord! Which is the sphere where your remembrance is incessant?
O Lord! I have come to search that sphere".

This pang of love filled my eyes with tears. Tears started flowing down my eyes like a torrent in rainy season. Then a wavy sensation came that made my mind rise above time and space. I felt wondrousness. I had not seen any shadow of anyone in this town but I was feeling ashamed on seeing my own shadow. Now, when I saw all round I found my shadow had vanished in this divine sphere.

Meanwhile the door opened and the godly soul was given an indication

to come in but the godly saint that he was, he held my finger in his left hand and took me along inside. He went ahead and sat at a place of honour but my eyes could not bear the dazzle and I stood near the door against the wall like a figure on the wall.

After sometime when my vision became alright in that dazzle, then my head bent down effortlessly and I remembered one stanza that meant:

“Those who recite the Name incessantly and immerse their soul in the Supreme soul, Nanak loves them.”

Like, in a wintry black night when the sky is clear one can see millions of stars twinkling, similarly, much more millions of stars whose light was more than million of suns appeared inlaid in the roof as if these subtle stars have been put in place of rafters. The walls appeared like the forehead of a saint. The floor was so wondrous as if moonlight is spread on a lake of mercury. Whatever more I saw was something never seen on earth, neither can that be named in earthly language nor are there any words in our language wherein that could be described. But to make the earthly people understand, it can be described in our language in this way:

One exquisitely beautiful and sparkling throne is laid down. It seems to be made of materials subtler than electricity and resplendent. One Supreme soul is seated on it. He has no figure or appearance. He is seated on the throne but when one sees minutely then one sees Him pervading in all spheres of the visible and unseen world. He pervades in nature, forests and mountains. He is omnipresent, here, there, everywhere. He is so radiant that even the thunder of millions of rainy seasons looks less than an eclipsed moon. His magnificence is extreme love and blossom giving coolness to the eyes and ecstasy to the heart. He pulls everything towards Himself.

The rapture coming from His glimpse is indescribable. It is like a dumb person eating sweets, how will he tell?

Around the throne on all sides sat godly souls like the aura around the moon. When we speak out our mind by the tongue, even then the other persons do not understand it so well. But it is not like that with them. What their minds were to say was visible on their face. They appeared to be like written books of love and ecstasy. The figures of these saints were visible but they were so subtle and were not solid type. One could not perceive by the touch of hand nor were they made of earthly elements. At that time when we entered all these loving saints were singing a sweet song in a loving and divine melody. It was not music that could be sung by the throat and heard by ears. It was ecstasy and rapture. It was nectar to drink.

When the song finished and we saw intently, what we saw was that one more loving formless figure is sitting in front of the throne. His appearance was so unique amongst all saints, like the appearance of the bridegroom in a marriage party is unique. Love, faith, devotion, meditation, philanthropy and sensation of the presence of the Lord i.e. Super consciousness, all together were present in this unique Godly soul, like the sunlight has warmth, light and power all together.

A glittering love-cord is visible connecting the Infinite Supreme soul Lord sitting on the throne and the Guru-soul sitting in the front. The grace of the Supreme soul, the fountain of love sitting on the throne and the purity and humility of the Guru-soul sitting in front are interwoven.

A short while later, the loving Supreme soul sitting on the throne showed miraculous-ness that can be described as follows so that we may understand:

With great delight He addressed the Guru-soul sitting in the front: O dear! You adopted nine incarnations and had to bear extreme hardships but still you allayed the suffering of the people. This gives me extreme gladness. You remained in incessant remembrance of me and remained without ego in yourself. You have done a miraculous service.

This concept was something that gave profuse delight and the entire congregation was filled with extreme love and emotion, like when more water flows into the sea, the sea does not overflow.

The figure sitting in front, the treasure-trove of humility sang in a melodious tune:

The 'One' Lord you are Great!

One 'O Lord' you are Great!

O 'Almighty Lord' you are Great!

O 'All pervading Lord' you are Great!

When the song finished the congregation looked towards the most handsome face of the Supreme soul seated on the throne. The Supreme soul opened his 'more beautiful than lotus' lips and uttered: I sent many saints and prophets to earth time and again but none of them preached the true Name. All of them pronounced themselves as God and preached their own name.

On listening to these words the figure sitting in the front, the treasure-trove of devotion, fine-feelings, sea of humility, immersed in love, in deep emotion and praise said:

O Lord I adore thou!

O Lord Supreme are thou!

O Lord Saviour are thou!

O Lord Great are thou!

After this, the unique and wondrous, the Creator, the Saviour, the Supreme soul, all love for His holy men, sitting on the dazzling throne with His sacred and 'more beautiful than lotus face' uttered the following sacred words to bestow more unlimited love to the already filled love in the heart of the Lord's blessed meditative:

You are immersed in love of mine!

You are an image of mine!

Whosoever has your glimpse shall get salvation!

What I do you may undo!

What you do I shall not undo!

The entire congregation bowed their sacred heads and everybody gave adoration with respect.

After a few moments the Godly soul who looked like the moon in the galaxy of stars stood up in front of the Saviour, radiant like the sun, sitting on the throne like in our earthly humans an obedient son stands with folded hands and head bent in front of his loving father to get the father's pat on his back.

In this way the leading Godly soul made a sacred prayer in love and humility:

My Lord are you!

O Lord! Adoration to you!

But before the prayer finished the magnificent and radiant Supreme soul bestowed profuse blessings with love. *My son are thou!*

To establish religiousness, to earth I send thou!

To put people on the true religious path is for thou!

To refrain people from vices is for thou!

This blessing, this extolment, this compliment from the Supreme Lord with so much love and graciousness gave such feeling of extreme wondrousness that is difficult for a human to understand. The magnificent and radiant Supreme soul was 'more than a father' gracious. He showered love, ecstasy and rapture. The wavy sensation of ecstasy and rapture fragrant with love permeated in the mind, heart and soul of the Lord's blessed meditative, as if both were dyed in one colour. *Both became 'One'*. What to say of normal sight, even if one tried to see intently one could not see two different figures. For sure, 'Two' had become 'One'. Guru-soul immersed in the Supreme soul. It is difficult to understand this meeting.

It is all wondrous, ecstasy and rapture when the body soul immerses in the Supreme soul.

Now the Lord's blessed meditative again made a prayer: O Lord! 'Ideal Men' can be created on earth if you give support.

Again, blessings showered from the Supreme soul:

All religiousness in you shall be religiousness mine!

All sacredness in you shall be sacredness mine!

Your all deeds shall be deeds mine!

Immunity from the worldly ocean of fire is thine!

On listening to this blessing, the entire congregation with folded hands sang a divine song (*Kirtan*) of thanksgiving.

II

Now came the time of what the earthly people call as separation. But when earthly people separate, then there is no meeting. But this separation was divine.

By recitation of the Lord's name and singing His praises the mind is elevated and it becomes sublime. One feels the sensation of the presence of the Lord in the mind, heart and body. The body soul immerses in the Supreme soul. This is Super consciousness. This is meeting the Lord.

When the separation is divine then the connection remains. The Super consciousness remains connected. The body becomes a sort of glass cover over the soul. That does not make any difference in the connection. Like, if you keep a glass cover around a lighted lamp, it does not stop the light. It only acts as a curtain around the lamp.

For us this connection is in name only. But those who have to suffer the pangs of love, they only understand its pain. It is miraculous that neither the connection breaks, nor the remembrance goes, nor love declines, nor distance matters, yet separation! It is difficult to understand it in the true sense. The Lord's blessed meditative has himself expressed it in this way.

Now the Lord's blessed meditative, the god of philanthropy with not an iota of ego, blessed profusely by the Supreme Lord, the loving father, as per the wish of the Lord, came from the Lord's palace to the town. The entire congregation in reverence accompanied him.

What do we see now? An extremely beautiful aeroplane made of flowers is placed. It is called 'Command'. It has power that it takes Godly souls seated in it to the desired destination within moments without spending any time. It is made from Spiritual power. Four gods of light carry it. They are named: 1. Patience. 2. Thanks. 3. Lords will. 4. Lord's pleasure.

On the command of the Lord, the father, when the Lord's blessed meditative seated himself on the aeroplane of flowers from this place of comfort

to allay the suffering of the world and bear the hardships that would come in his way, then all the meditative from the time the world was created up to this day and all the saints and fakirs who were inhabitants of this spiritual and sinless town, bowed their heads down with extreme love, great admiration, faith and devotion. Then they sang a song full of love of the Lord.

Now the aeroplane of flowers started its downward journey. Millions of gods, saints, meditative and men of God stood in rows and watched. All hearts were full of admiration, love and reverence. There was ovation from all sides.

Everybody said: You are great! You are great! And the congregation showered flowers.

When the aeroplane of flowers left the town, then the saints of the spiritual town talked amongst themselves: O! How wondrous it was?

See! Not even one meditative from amongst those who went to the world came back immune from ego or esteem. Whosoever went in human body, either he forgot the Lord and sought his own worship or along with the Lord's name added his own name for worship and some asked people to worship them only.

But it is Guru Nanak only who praised and worshipped the Lord and preached the Lord's worship only. He had extreme devotion for the Supreme Lord and was the most sacred. He lived in the worldly ocean of fire in nine incarnations and spread the Lord's name for over two hundred years. He put true religion on a firm footing and created the Holy congregation for all times to come. All the time, he said: I am nobody. Lord is all. He reveals himself in His name. Recitation of His name with love is the true path. He deserves the admiration given to him by the Supreme Lord. The laudation of being a son, that means, immersion of his soul in the Supreme soul fully. That means no separation. It is most superb what he has been blessed.

This tenth incarnation shall have to face great hardships. He shall have to face intricate and knotty situations in their worst form. But he shall be finally victorious and the garden of congregation that nine incarnations have planted shall be saved. He will establish righteousness for all times to come.

Many meditative who had earlier been going to earth to serve the nine incarnations from time to time went along with the aeroplane of flowers. Some had already gone and some went afterwards. They wished to serve the Lord and bear extreme hardships to bring harmony on earth.

The aeroplane of flowers reached the earthly sphere and stopped at Hemkunt that is also called 'The seven icy peaks'. The meditative with great

devotion and reverence accompanied. Then the aeroplane of flowers reached the town of Patna in India. Here, in a temple lived Mother Gujri ji a most sacred soul immersed in the Lord's love. She was the respected wife of Sri Guru Tegh Bahadur. The revered Guru had gone to Assam. He made this sacred soul stay here at Patna to welcome the arrival of the Lord's blessed meditative.

When this aeroplane of flowers reached this heavenly home, then on his arrival on earth, all Lord's saints in their meditation felt the arrival of the Lord's blessed meditative on earth and with their Spiritual power reached the place, bowed down, touched their foreheads to his feet and in adoration sang a song.

In this way, when the divine song (*Kirtan*) finished, they raised a question: What has made you come to this world? The earth is not able to bear your radiance. It is strange to see such a great prophet coming to earth. What is the purpose? We are your servants and even the dust of your sacred feet is sacred. We have come to touch that sacred dust.

Then the Lord's blessed meditative replied: On the command of the Supreme Lord I have come to this earth. His command is to establish righteousness and eradicate sin.

On listening to this reply, everyone showed respect to him and with hands folded said: You are great! Great are you! Then they bowed down and with their Spiritual strength departed.

A few moments later, delightful news spread in the entire house that a miraculous child is born to mother Gujri ji and wondrousness prevailed.

First, there was a flash of light equivalent to a million bulbs. Then divine songs were heard in melodious tunes and then songs of ovation. The conversation and mirth was audible but it could not be understood. The face of the child has lustre more than the moon. He does not even cry. He is smiling and smiling. Mother is extremely happy and in ecstasy. She had glimpse of some godly souls also that she cannot describe.

This news of gladness spread all round.

Now we thought of returning home but it was dark all round and we could not see even our stretched hand. In this predicament we prayed to the Guru: O true Guru! Be gracious and show us the way.

In the meantime a ray of light became visible. When we went along that way, then we reached Assam state where a congregation had assembled.

The great Guru, Guru Tegh Bahadur was sitting in meditation and the musicians were singing a divine song. At this time the Guru smiled. The entire

congregation wondered why the Guru smiled. One disciple stood up in humility with hands folded. The Guru understood that he wished to ask the reason of his smile.

Then the gracious Guru said: O my Holy congregation! Guru Nanak's miraculous is wondrous. Now to allay the suffering of the people a tenth incarnation is born.

Then one disciple stood up in humility with folded hands and said: O magnificent! The ninth incarnation, you are seated here. Then what is the meaning of tenth incarnation.

Guru: What you say is true. But the Lord only knows what pleases Him. However you try to understand this way: The Guru-soul has been allaying the suffering of the people in nine incarnations. Now, it is the command of the Lord that it should adopt the tenth incarnation and continue to establish righteousness in the world and the body that has to adopt the Guru-soul is born today.

One disciple: We have not understood. Will you leave us?

Guru: No dear! The time has not yet come. But when I leave this earthly body, then the Guru Nanak-soul will adopt the body that is born in Patna today.

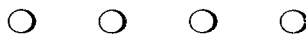
One disciple: Beloved Guru! We are confused. Your soul will enter another body and the newly born body is not a prophet.

Guru: O dear! This is something like a candle being lit by another candle. The body born at Patna today is also a prophet and a Godly soul. But after sometime, when I leave this earthly body, then the Guru Nanak-soul will adopt the body that is born in Patna today.

At this time four of Guru-disciples who served the Guru daily started thinking: Why the Guru remained sitting in meditation the whole night? He did not leave the seat. God knows what was happening in the Spiritual sphere. He only knows his pleasures.

Then one disciple got up and asked: Beloved Guru! Has a prince born in your house?

Guru: Yes a prophet is born.



3.

Saint Bheekan Shah

See! Lord's wondrousness. Here is Punjab and its central town Ramdas Pura near the village Guru-ki-ror where the ninth Guru lives. Again, see the impulse of the Guru to exert and show to the people the easy path of 'recitation of the Lord's name with love' to meet the Lord.

'A man of Lord is exuberant to do goodness to others.'

See! The impulse has seated the Guru on its head and carried him to Assam state to spread the Lord's name there. Guru Nanak had already sprinkled the Lord's name in the state but the seedling of Name was withering. To make it green and blossom again, the Guru is ready to go.

He left Punjab. He left his house Anand Bhawan at Anandpur. Guru Tegh Bahadur started eastwards. On the way wherever he stayed he spread the Lord's name.

He visited several pilgrimage centres like the third Guru did. He put people on the simple path of 'recitation of Name' that is like a bridge on a river, took them out of their mistaken beliefs, gave life to people living lifelessly in forgetfulness of the Lord, gave faith to the people that Lord is omnipresent, here, there, everywhere. He is the saviour, giver of nourishment, father and mother. He asked everyone to remember the Lord in every moment and every breath. This is the prime worship. Do good deeds. Do not tell lies. Keep away from vices. Lord is with you.

Travelling further he reached Triveni. Triveni is the confluence of three rivers. Big fairs are held here and people consider it holy to bathe here. He told the people that bathing cleans the body but the mind is not cleansed. It is the Lord's name that cleanses the mind and the mind becomes crystal. Then the Lord's name settles in the mind and the mind is elevated.

Travelling further, he reached Patna town. Uncle Phagu and many more devotees of the Guru lived here. They prayed that he should stay at Patna for some time.

Out of love for the congregation he decided to stay on at Patna.

Budha was born in this state. He did not talk about the fountain of goodness but preached only goodness. So, the need was to quench the thirst that the Lord seekers have for the Lord.

Now this state shall have the privilege of the birth of a prophet who understands goodness but has also realized the fountain of goodness, the source from where goodness emanates. He shall not say that there is curtain after curtain. Instead he shall say: See the Lord, omnipresent, here, there, everywhere, close to you, absolutely close to you, all pervading. A prophet who will not only say the command but also say: Without the Lord's name, everything else is a ritual of mistaken belief.

This state shall have the privilege that the biggest prophet of the world, the biggest giver of salvation, the strongest warrior, the biggest giver of freedom, the biggest prophet who transformed the mind of humans from animal to man and from man to saint, Guru-incarnation, poet, intellectual, diplomat, army commander, family man, saint, yogi, ascetic, preacher, acted on what he said, is born here.

This is why Guru Tegh Bahadur, the embodiment of virtues stayed here for some time. Then he left his family here and travelled to Assam. Here only the fortunate month of December arrived. Already since seven centuries the months of December arrived but the tyranny and oppression always remained.

But now! What a fortunate December has arrived? It shall bring the eradicator of suffering from heaven to earth.

It is the fortunate month of December. When the sacred feet arrive, vices run away. See they are running very fast. Sacredness will now prevail.

One day arrived. It was the seventh day of the Indian calendar.

On this day early in the morning, 'Guru with the Plume', 'Master of Spirituality and Sword', Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh was born in the house of Guru Tegh Bahadur, saviour and his 'Picture of sacredness' wife 'Mother Gujri ji'.

Prophets are born for the salvation of people on earth. When there is extreme tyranny on earth, then a saviour comes from the Spiritual unseen world. But this time the Master saviour came and not that he came once and went away, he adopted ten incarnations. Now this shall be the tenth incarnation

of the same Master saviour. When the Master saviour from the Spiritual world comes to earth, then it is natural that some Spiritual wonders shall happen and the Spiritual saints on earth shall be influenced.

One saint Bheekan Shah intuitively visualized the birth of a prophet at Patna and headed towards Patna. He went to the Guru-house and prayed that he be allowed to have a glimpse of the Prince-Guru.

In this house Spiritual men of God were welcome and respected as a dealer of silver and gold is welcome and respected in a jeweller's house. The maid brought the Prince-Guru in her lap and the saint made his forehead sacred by touching it to the Prince-Guru's feet.

Being in a human body sometimes doubts arise even in holy people. A doubt arose in the saint's mind that let me see whether he is born for Hindus or for Muslims. To test the same he took two bowls. One he filled with milk and another with water, with intention in mind that if he throws away milk then he shall be Muslim and if he throws away water then he shall be Hindu. But the miraculous child pushed both with his foot simultaneously. See the water and milk both mixed with each other and became one. It meant that the ego of Muslims and the caste system of Hindus shall both go and it will be one 'Ideal Man'. The love of milk and water is well known.

In this way Hindus and Muslims shall love each other.

If you boil milk then the water dries up. It does not let the milk burn. The milk in turn sees the suffering of his beloved, swells and overflows on the fire and extinguishes it. While swelling, if water is mixed in it, then it becomes happy and goes back.

The saint understood that this prophet of love will bestow humility to both so that they come to love each other.

Seeing this, his regard for the Prince-Guru swelled. He thought that at least the suffering humanity will benefit. The saint got much satisfaction and then he bowed down and went away.

The saint did not live long otherwise he would have witnessed that this Lord's blessed meditative removed the 'I and mine' i.e. ego from men and filled their minds with the spirit of sacrifice and 'do goodness' to humanity.

How he created the nectar and finished the caste system and opened the gate for everyone to become 'Ideal Men'. How he gave the Lord's name to everyone and elevated their mind. How he transformed men from animal to man and from man to saint. How Hindus became 'Ideal Men'. How Muslims

like Budhu Shah joined the fraternity of Ideal Men and sacrificed his sons for the sake of humanity. How the country got freedom. How the world got true religiousness.

O Great! 'Guru with the Plume'

O Great! 'Guru with the Plume'



4.

My Prince-Beloved

O moon! You have not risen today. But O moon! Beauty is not dependent on you only! Beauty is divine splendour. Sometimes it glances through you. Sometimes it glances through the flowing waters, sometimes it springs forth from the mounts, sometimes it blossoms from the plants and flowers, sometimes it flashes as fearsome thunder, sometimes it swims on the sea waves, sometimes it gives Spiritual awakening from the divine songs coming from sweet throats and wires of musical instruments, sometimes it shows itself through the sound of bombs in the battle ground, sometimes it shows in rattle, bricks, lime, wood or steel, sometimes it winks from the eyes of beautiful women, sometimes it springs up in bushy moustaches of handsome men or in elegant appearances.

O beauty! You are not material but you show yourself as splendour in material. Are you goddess or god or the Lord or the light of the Lord?

See! One sage has said that something that is beneficial is beautiful. But the appreciators of beauty know that you are a goddess from the heavens. You might be beneficial to one or many but your glamour is beyond beneficialness. Beauty is more beneficial than anything beneficial.

You live in the hearts of saints, poets, singers, artists and sculptors.

O beauty! You show yourself in nature but sometimes your glitter concentrates the mind and soul and immerses it in the rapturous Supreme soul.

You are not superstition. You are not an illusion of the mind. You are an angel from the unseen world. Those who cannot see anything beyond the visible world, it is you who tells them: See! This is the unseen world.

People think that the things or materials that are beautiful, it is some

characteristic of theirs. Some think that things put serial-wise look beautiful. Some think beauty is in lines and colours. Some think that beauty is only sensibility of the mind.

Beauty is what has been said above but it is still more and it is not dependent on what has been said above. Whatever characteristics you mention about beauty, still more remain.

It appears that beauty comes from material objects but actually it is a goddess that belongs to another sphere. The effect of beauty is ecstatic. It elevates the mind. The ecstasy takes the mind out of fear and anxiety. Sometimes its effect is so strong that the mind and soul immerse in the Supreme soul and rapture is so much that the mind stops thinking, understanding and perceiving as if in trance.

Yes! Beauty takes us to the world of sensation in moments. The ecstasy detaches us from the visible world and immerses our body soul in the Supreme soul. The body soul meets the Supreme soul.

In the blinking of an eye it gives the sensation of the presence of Lord in the body that gives ecstatic pleasure that is different from the pleasures of the eyes, ear, nose, tongue and body. This pleasure comes when the mind is elevated and detached from worldly pleasures. Then it gets a sensation of the presence of the Lord inside the body and outside in nature.

While sitting in the house we listen to a melodious tune coming from the market. The beauty of the music influences our mind. Our mind is elevated. Our eyes close. We feel ecstatic pleasure. The beauty of the music elevated our mind. We got a sensation of the soul.

But our habits are our enemy. We are extremely in love of the seen world. The beauty of the melody elevated our mind and we went into the sphere of sensation that gave ecstasy. But we leave that sphere of sensation and run outside. We rush to open the windows and see the humans and the musical instruments of leather and wood and get engrossed in the visible world.

Beauty takes us into wondrousness. Wondrousness is a sensation of the presence of the Lord inside our body and outside in nature that gives ecstatic pleasure. We lose that. If we had kept ourselves looking inwardly, then the effect of beauty would have kept our mind in elevation. Then the sensation would have become incessant. Then our body soul would have met the Supreme soul and immersed itself in it. That would have given extreme rapture. But we run after the things that are beautiful and get trapped in the worldly sights.

Since the world is perishable, everything perishes. We get separation, situations change. That is why one gets pain and suffering in this world. If man realizes that it is the goddess of beauty that gives a feeling of wondrousness, it has strength, it can give ecstatic pleasure, it can take us out of the 'sphere of fear and anxiety' to 'the sphere of tranquillity. Then to meet the Lord is a stone's throw.

But except those who are in recitation of the Lord's name none else would benefit from beauty. What people do is, to see beauty and run after the beautiful.

In the process of acquiring the beautiful the mind scattered. After acquiring the beautiful one ravishes. The ravishing makes the mind dirty. The scattered and dirty mind spoiled the beauty. Beauty was not spoiled. It slipped away. The beautiful withered. The scattered and dirty mind became weak and distressed.

The glimpse of beauty should have concentrated and cleansed the mind. The concentration and cleansing would have given ecstasy and strength. The beauty would have turned the mind inwardly and transformed it into sublime mind. That would have given the sensation of the Lord that gives rapture.

The same glimpse of beauty kept you in the visible world. The glimpse of beauty that would have given you the sensation of the Lord becomes a trap to keep you in the worldly ocean of fire.

But this is not the fault of beauty. This is the fault of man. What should a man do when his nature has become like that? Whenever a man sees beauty he wishes to acquire.

How to change this nature? To change this nature one requires company of Holy people.

The Holy company teaches you 'detachment from worldly desires' and 'recitation of the Lord's name with love'. The recitation keeps you in the presence of the Lord who is more beautiful than anything else in the world. The recitation of the Lord's name concentrates the mind and one gets the sensation of the presence of the Lord that gives ecstasy. This is not a glimpse of beauty. This is a magnet of love. The Lord invites you to sit in His rapturous lap.

Ah ha! O moonless night! We have seen beauty in you. It is early morning. The sleep said: Go and play in the lap of awaken-ness. It is cold. But sitting on the roof one sees millions of stars twinkling in the dark blue sky. In moonlight one sees less stars and those are dim also. But today one can see millions and are lustrous.

A soft breeze is blowing from the west. Actually it was moonlight but the moon hid itself early. But beauty has sat in the glimpse of the twinkling stars.

The breeze from the west has made the sky clear. Everything is facing eastward. We have also been influenced to see eastward. We got up and sat on the settee. Our eyes were drawn towards another wonder. It is not the moon but not less than moon.

One star is shining bright. What is that? Ah ha! Ah ha! It is Venice. The Muslims and Christians have named it out of love. But the Hindus have made it a companion with delight. When Venus does not rise then no marriages take place. All auspicious occasions are forbidden when Venus does not rise. Whenever it rises, those are the auspicious days.

Today, this auspicious star is pulling us eastwards. It appeared we are rising but no we did not rise. We walked eastwards and reached a beautiful place. It is a scenic spot. It is the bank of river Ganges. Very clean and green water is softly flowing.

This river has the privilege that the biggest prophet of the world has put his sacred feet here.

On one side of the river bank exists a very big town. This town has the privilege of the birth of the biggest prophet of the world.

See! Early in the morning, one pious figure wearing a woollen shawl is seated on a carpet spread on the marble stairs of the bank of the river. He is sitting with eyes closed but the doors of his heart are open. One God of love is seated in his heart. He is in love with someone whom he calls Prince-beloved. He is sitting and enjoying the ecstatic pleasure of love in this cool, soothing, and peaceful solitude.

Heavens are showering love. The stars are showering brilliance. The breeze has become melodious and is singing:

Night is sleepy but stars are awake

World is sleepy but saints are awake.

Ah ha! Ecstasy! Ecstasy of solitude and calmness of the night! Ecstasy of the bank of the river! Ecstasy of the sweet breeze! Ecstasy of the natural scenic beauty!

It is giving rapturous sensation of the Lord to the saint.

More brightness came from the east, a golden brightness.

From the city side one couple arrived. They placed a packet of cardamom as an offering in front of the meditative, bowed in extreme reverence and sat down at a little distance in humility. After sometime the meditative opened his eyes. The eyes that were full of love-ecstasy charmed the newly arrived couple and they bowed their head again.

The meditative blessed the couple and said: Welcome! What brings you here so early?

The newly arrived replied: O Holy man! We respect you as a King and worship you as a Brahmin and love you as a Holy man. I have come to your door as a beggar.

Brahmin: O King! You are also a King. Do not say such humble words.

Newly arrived: O respected Pandit Shiv Dutt! You are a Pandit worthy of worship. You are the most sacred Brahmin. I am a Khatri. I have come as a beggar, reason being that I have no child. There is no one to take over the kingdom. Many families have got children by your blessings. You be benevolent on me and bless me a son.

Shiv Dutt: O King Fateh Chand Maini! Your coming here is most welcome. But what you have heard that I have blessed sons to families is not true.

Fateh Chand: O Holy man! The tree loaded with fruits bends down. The scale that carries the weight bends down. But as you have blessed Jagta Seth and many others, you bless me also. I desire one son and for that I have come to request you.

Shiv Dutt: O King! O my friend! O respected gentleman! These miracles, the Lord himself is doing. This is all in His power. What should I say? He Himself has come to earth. These all are his miracles.

Fateh Chand: But he does it sitting on your tongue.

Shiv Dutt: Himself, he has come in human form. To me, he is blessing his rapturous glimpse. I tell you the truth. I am not trying to put you off. I am fully convinced that the Guru-soul from the unseen Spiritual sphere that comes to save the earth when there is great suffering on earth has come. I put him to test. Whatever way I tested he responded with love. On the day when I prayed that I should see him in the form of Ram, then he appeared as Ram. When I prayed that he should appear in the form of Krishna, then he appeared in the form of Krishna. When I wished the form of Budha, then he appeared like that. By himself, he blessed the Lord's name that has gone deep into my heart. Now I live in the recitation of the Lord's name and a longing for his glimpse. This is my meditation. This is my worship. See! The sun is rising in the east and my 'Bala Pritam'-'Prince-beloved' is standing on the sun disc with a bow and arrow. O dear! If you take his refuge, then what to talk of son you shall get eternal happiness.

Saying this, tears started flowing from Pandit's eyes. His body trembled and he got engrossed in the love-pull of the beloved. He opened his eyes after a long pause.

Fateh Chand: O Gracious! Then you take us to him. We both shall fall at his feet.

Shiv Dutt: This is the way of love. You sit in your house. Have a longing in your heart that the saviour of the world should come and give a glimpse. Remember him with love. Remember him from the core of your heart. Be in pangs of love. Love should swell in your heart. Then my wondrous Gobind, my 'Bala Pritam'-'Prince-beloved' will come to your house and will bestow all your wishes. But be careful don't consider him as a dry skinny, sad and sorry figure. He is the Master of the Spiritual sphere of the unseen world. He is a blossom, blossoming like a lotus, has a magical pull in him, he is ecstasy, he is a swelling sea of happiness. He is embodiment of love, charm, delight, bliss, happiness. He is a spell binder. He is vivacious. He is heart pleasing. He elevates your mind with love of the Lord. He is fountain of ecstasy always exuberant. His glimpse drags you but you do not know how it happens. His voice is enthralling. He is enchanting. One feels enamoured. He is sea of rapture. He is lake of exuberance. He is inspiration of the spring season. His smile is a blossom of rose. He is river of joy. His laugh is blossom of full garden. He is more handsome than the moon. He is radiance. You will see but you won't be able to bear his dazzle. But your inner vision will open. Then you will see Spirituality in him.

On listening to these words, a longing developed in both husband and wife. They felt a wavy sensation of wondrousness, a wavy sensation of ecstasy. Their mind got elevated.

Shiv Dutt: Please! You may go now. People are thronging for a bath. If they see you here, it will become a talk of the town. No doubt I am a king but being a Brahmin and a regular visitor my presence does not become hearsay of the town.

Fateh Chand: You are right. O gracious! It appears it is for this love that you have abandoned idol worship.

Shiv Dutt(with tears in eyes): Lord is neither in wood, nor in stone, nor in metal. The living God, God who gives life, the true God has come to earth. Now my Lord lives in my heart, my mind. It is not an imaginary figure created by my own mind. The living Lord is now really living in my mind, heart and body. I have got the sensation of the Lord in my body, 'My Prince-beloved', 'My Prince-beloved'.

Saying this, love-tears flowed from his eyes in torrents. The love-tears from the saintly eyes, the love drops, fell in the cool water of the Ganges.

King Fateh Chand and his wife departed.

The sun disc rose high. The sunrays are falling on the water of river Ganges. What a colourful wavy sensation are they giving?

Here, on the bank of the river people are thronging. It has become crowded with bathers, the ascetics, the idol worshippers.

Shiv Dutt Brahmin has no wish to go despite of this rowdy crowd. In this din and uproar he is sitting engrossed in some love. In this commotion he is in some yearning.

Suddenly, a sound was heard as if something heavy has fallen in the Ganges and the water swelled as if an earthquake has come in the sea. It has overflowed so much that even the bank is overflowing with water. All ascetics, all idol worshippers are running away. They are uttering Gobind, Gobind from their throats.

Within moments the bank became empty. The entire crowd ran away and vanished. No sooner than the bank became empty the flood stopped.

Soon, the Godly soul from the heavens was seen standing between the sun-disc and the yearning and thirsty eyes of Shiv Dutt.

The Pandit fell flat on the ground. The handsome Lord's beloved meditative touched his forehead softly with his toes and said: Get up.

Was it a touch of feet or the sea of rapture?

Immense sensation of the Lord's name went into the mind, heart and body cells of the Pandit. He got up and sat on his knees in great reverence. He is uttering Prince-beloved, my Prince-beloved. When he sees, he sees two suns one a lifeless sun and another a living sun and his eyes close.

Prince-beloved: Pandit dear! See! All idol worshippers ran away.

The sun worshippers could not withstand the hardship of a little water. The ascetics left their worship in the middle so that their clothes do not get wet. The meditative became restless with the sound of water. The love for religion has gone so low. This is the reason why the country is not prospering. People have become lifeless. Only the rituals remain. Bodies have become like statues with no life in them. Bodies have become like covers with no soul in them. Body is there but without remembrance of Lord. Pandit! Renounce. But what you renounce do not throw it in the river. Give it to some needy person. Meditate but do not meditate for thoughtlessness. Meditate to meet the Lord. Do not renounce the world. But let your mind rise above the world and do goodness to the world. Sing the praises of the Lord but do not renounce the family. Recite the Lord's name with love but do not leave your work of earning for the family. The body is perishable. It has to die one day. But do not become lazy in this thinking. Put it in doing service to the people. Spiritua!

strength is that the mind is in the incessant recitation of Name. The body soul is immersed in the Supreme soul and is in ecstasy and rapture.

Saying this, Prince-beloved jumped into the water. After him, eight to ten of his companions jumped. Softly, he is swimming. Handsome body, loving body, 'Prince-beloved' is swimming softly. The flow of water is taking the body far. Pandit is standing and looking. He bows his head, has tears in eyes, then a smile and feeling of rapture.

O fortunate Pandit! You have got a glimpse of the Lord. Feel yourself in high spirits on the top of the world.

After sometime Prince-beloved was far off and was not visible to the eyes.

II

Here stands a delightful and captivating palace decorated in different kinds. One beautiful lady of middle age, serene and comely is sitting and talking to herself: O Prince-beloved of Pandit Shiv Dutt! Please give a glimpse to this humble lady also. O Eradicator of sufferings of the world! Please give a glimpse. We are full of vices but for the sake of Shiv Dutt, please do give your glimpse. You bless him every day. Sometime you bless us also. O Prince-beloved! Pandit has not given us your address that we may find out and present ourselves there. We have been told only this path i.e. to sit at home and remember you. We should imbibe love for you in our heart. That is why we have no option but to put you in this trouble. Please give your glimpse. The path we have been told is recitation of name. The onus of coming is on you. Please be gracious O Prince-beloved of Pandit Shiv Dutt. Give your glimpse.

Meanwhile King Fateh Chand Maini came and asked: Darling! Did Prince-beloved come?

Queen: O my Master! He is in my heart. He is in my mind. His remembrance gives ecstasy. He has not given a glimpse to these thirsty eyes. We are not sacred. We are not High Brahmins. We are poor Khatris. O Master! We are not meditative. We have worshipped idols. We have not done any service. Pandit Shiv Dutt is a meditative since birth. We are sinners and full of vices. It is his grace that he has asked us to remember him. It is his grace that we feel his presence in our heart.

King: Darling! Today, it came to my mind that we remember him with a desire we are greedy for a son. That is why we remember him. If we remember him solely for love's sake, then he might come. Yesterday Pandit Shiv Dutt said that the mind that has desires is not clean.

Queen: It is true. What shall we do if we get a son? What shall he do? What benefit will we get? If by the blessings of Shiv Dutt we get a glimpse of Prince-beloved, what else is left worth desiring?

King: Darling! We are very fortunate that we are born in a time when the Lord himself has come to earth in human form to allay the suffering of humanity. The Lord is gracious that He has come in body form and we can see Him with these eyes.

Queen: O Master! It is true. We are born in a fortunate period. Then why should we desire a son? Why not we consider Prince-beloved as the saviour, father and mother, giver of bliss, Lord of the heavens, giver of life eternal? We must remember him in this way.

King: Then what should we do?

Queen: O Master! As you say.

King: Desire for a son. Let it go. But it is not going. The desires make a dent in the mind.

Queen: 'Detachment from worldly desires in the mind' is the wand to push them out. King: It is true. Where is King Dashrath who committed suicide in separation from son? Where is Ravana who was father to a thousand sons and grandsons? All perish. The world is perishable.

Queen: But they say, son saves you from hell. One is saved from going to hell if one has a son. What shall we do? O 'Desire for son' get away from my mind. By any means get away from my mind so that my entire mind becomes a room for Prince-beloved.

King: Why should we bother about hell now? Prince-beloved shall save us from hell. When one takes refuge with the lion, then why be afraid of the jackal.

Queen (in happiness): Yes. You are right. It is true.

King: But O darling! Who will look after our treasures?

Queen: When the fear of hell has gone, then let the fear of treasures also go. When the Prince-beloved shall save us from hell, then he will look after our treasures as well.

King: Yes darling! These treasures are all his grace. He is the Lord. He is the giver. Queen: When he is the giver, then he will look after also. Why should we put our 'I and me' and suffer. We should become his beloveds and enjoy the ecstasy of his love.

King: That is fine. O 'Desire of son', O 'thorn in the heart', go away. You leave us today. We leave you. It should be us and Prince-beloved. Prince-beloved of Shiv Dutt shall be our Prince-beloved. No. No. We should belong to him. He should be the Master and we should kiss his feet.

Queen: O 'Desire for son', go away. O 'Desire for a heir', go away. O Pandit Shiv Dutt! Please cleanse our mind so that we remember Prince-beloved with love and without desires.

Saying this, eyes of both of them closed but their inner vision is with Shiv Dutt on the bank of the Ganges. Shiv Dutt looked towards the sun and said: See the Prince-beloved is standing on the sun-disc. Both saw. What did they see? They saw that Prince-beloved is standing on the sun-disc with a bat in his hand. His companions throw the ball and he hits back. They are playing bat and ball.

Ah ha! It is wondrousness. The mind is feeling the sensation of the presence of the Lord in the mind, heart, body and soul. Their soul has got a touch of the Supreme soul.

In their courtyard a knock-knock is going on. The bats are hitting the ball. The boys are making so much noise but they are not listening. Their eyes do not open. There is so much noise that one would wake up even from a deep slumber but their bodies are motionless. The glimpse of the Prince-beloved that they had with their inner vision has put them in trance.

Now see! The empty lap becomes full, like dry wood becomes suddenly green.

See! The grace comes. See they get Super consciousness in their mind.

See! The company of Holy men makes you meet the Lord.

O Queen! See! Your lap becomes full. See! The saviour of the world, the child of seven years, no, not a child, the Master of heavens has come. But you are in your trance. He is busy in play. Now see! The play stops. How the miraculous enters the room? How softly he keeps his feet? How softly he sits in your lap? How lovingly he puts his hand around your neck and looks with a loving glance towards your face and says: Mother! Mother! Mother!

Nobody had earlier listened to anyone addressing the Queen as Mother. She is still in trance. The word Mother has gone deep into her heart. It has gone further deep into her soul when she was in trance. She perceived resonance of Mother, Mother. The Queen who had renounced the desire of becoming a Mother is listening to someone saying Mother, Mother. Startled! She opened her eyes.

The word Mother, sweet, soft, giving ecstasy, full of pull, is going in her ears. Her eyes opened. She saw intently. She sees her lap is full. The Godly soul that she saw with her inner vision sitting on the sun disc, is sitting in her lap. His eyes are looking at the Queen's face and his lips are saying Mother.

Oh! Queen! You were in longing for decades. You have got a son. Which

son? Whose dust of the feet, the meditative are thirsty for. See! He is addressing you Mother! Mother! A six lettered word. What was it?

She is in a hurry to bow her head to his feet but the Godly soul did not let her move and again said: Mom!

O Mother! He blesses sons to others but for your pure love is giving himself to you. He says: You Mother and I son.

Fateh Chand now felt a sensation inside. He had also not noticed the Master of heavens entering the room. He saw Prince-beloved sitting in the lap of the queen and uttering Mother. He wondered! O Who is that who is calling Mother to my son-less wife?

O Fateh Chand! See intently. He is the same. The big that he is. He can give you a gift as big as he is. The desires keep you away from the Lord. The desire of son vanished. Lord himself came as a son.

The King opened his eyes fully. Ah ha! My wife's lap is full. The Lord of the heavens, the Heavenly soul, Master of radiance, miraculous, with such love is sitting absorbed in motherly love and the mother is in ecstasy.

Yes King! He is the Prince-beloved.

The King remembered the words of Pandit Shiv Dutt: You remain in his remembrance. He shall come himself. Truly he has come.

The King got up with the intention of falling at his feet but see how swiftly 'the would be General' of the Army hugged the mother tightly and looking at her eyes again said: Mother!

The intensity of love was so much that it did not let Fateh Chand move a bit.

He went into deep trance.

Mom sees her husband in a trance and herself she is getting an echo of Mother in her ears.

So much time passed in this Godly rapture.

In the door, other companions are standing like dumb statues of stone.

Meanwhile, Pandit Shiv Dutt entered and in extreme gladness uttered: You! O Lord, You! O Lord, You! O Lord, You! O Lord.

Prince-beloved got up and joined in the chorus of You! O Lord, You! O Lord, You! O Lord, You! O Lord. Everyone got dyed in the love of the Lord. The house became a place of worship of the Lord. Was it a room or a sphere of divine Spirituality?

When the recitation of the Lord's name finished, then Prince-beloved in a lovingly voice said: Mother! We are hungry. Give something to eat.

Queen called her servant to bring some delicious sweets from the market but the miraculous said: We shall have fried grams and fried round bread.

See! By chance the cook had finished making both these items just then and they were hot. The queen went into the kitchen and she herself brought in a tray.

Prince-beloved gave some to Shiv Dutt, then, to his companions, then to the king and queen and then he himself ate.

After this, Prince-beloved along with his companions ran to the courtyard and played for full two hours before returning to his home.

III

Patliputra, in olden times it was Patliputra and now it is named Patna. How fortunate is Patna? In this Patna, sitting in a beautiful house Mother Gujri ji sat reciting the scripture '*Sukhmani*' (*Pearls of Peace*) when Maternal uncle Kirpal Chand came in and placed jewellery, money and sweets in front of her and said: Sister! Keep these.

Mother Gujri: From where have you brought these?

Kirpal Chand: The princely child went to King Fateh Chand's house and charmed them with his miraculous-ness. He addressed Queen as Mother and blessed her with the Lord's name. If I am not mistaken he is not an ordinary child. He is the Lord Himself. We should not see to his playfulness or miraculous-ness. This comes from him naturally. His Spiritual dazzle is so much that one cannot bear.

Mother Gujri: That is why I never stop him from doing what he likes to do. When he broke the pitchers with his pellet-swing then I bought new pitchers. When he pierced the pitchers with his arrows, then I prayed to the Lord to make the water of the well saline so that nobody shall come to fill water but I did not say anything to dear child.

Kirpal: Yes. You did well.

[This well exists inside the Gurdwara. Initially, the well water was sweet. But later it became saline.]

Kirpal: Whose earthen pitchers broke, their bad deeds were washed. Whose metallic pitchers broke, their vices vanished. Whosoever he loves or teases, he is fortunate. He will get eternal blossom. Whatever he does, is for the benefit of others. See, Raja Shiv Dutt. He is a renowned Pandit with a large following. He has so much devotion for him that he will not hesitate to sacrifice his head for him. He has left his idol worship and now he is in recitation of the Lord's name with love as preached by Prince-Guru. He even thinks that Prince-Guru is the Lord Himself. Jagta Seth, Madho Seth, Ralla Seth and many others have got sons by his casual blessing. So many people

have been cured of their maladies. Yesterday, he pushed one leper into the Ganges. When he came out he was hale and hearty. When you look at his miracles then you feel he is the Lord Himself. It is wondrous to see his miraculous-ness. Let us pray for his long life.

Meanwhile a sound like the sound of drums was audible. Prince-Guru is walking in the front with a bow and arrow in hand. Behind him a hundred companions are walking as if in a march past drill. It looked as if a Commander is leading his army for exercises. The moment he entered, he said: Mother! Bring sweets. My army shall have food here. Mother got up and hugged Prince-Guru, then kissed his forehead, loved him and said: Yes dear! Food is ready. You took so long.

Prince-Guru: Mother! Today, I adopted one more Mother.

Mother: How shall you be son of two Mothers?

Prince-Guru: Like, two eyes have one vision.

Mother: But you are one. How will you play in the lap of two?

Prince-Guru: As the moon plays in two lakes at the same time.

Mother: How shall you give eternal blossom to two Mothers?

Prince-Guru: Lord's Name is the son who shall play in the lap of all Mothers. Lord's scripture is the daughter who shall play in the lap of all Mothers. Everyone shall have sons and their sins shall be washed. They will get eternal blossom. The Lord's name will never die nor shall it make any lap empty. It will ever remain and blossom.

Mother: Something more?

Prince-Guru: The body soul immerses in the Supreme soul as the moon immerses in water. Now you serve food quickly. We all are hungry.

Soon, everybody sat in rows. The servers brought food. The Prince served food to all hundred companions and felt delighted. Then he said Bye! Bye!

When everyone had left, then Mother and Prince sat together.

Mother: Darling son! I hope none shall cast an evil eye on you. You have become a talk of the town.

Prince-Guru: Well! At present I am blessing the people. Whoever is blessed starts reciting the Lords' name. Who is above Guru Nanak? Those whom Guru Nanak loves the Lord loves them.

Mother: It is Muslim rule. Nobody should become envious.

Prince-Guru: Muslim rule is rule of tyranny. We shall finish that.

Mother: How shall you do that?

Prince: With sword and with heads.

Mother got startled. She got scared. She felt afraid and became quiet.

She thought: This is a house of power but carefree. I do not understand what he has uttered. But whatever he says has to happen. It cannot alter.

Then Mother changed the topic and asked: Son darling! Haven't you blessed the Queen for a son?

Prince-Guru: Both have become meditative without desires. In Guru Nanak's house people who come with desires are blessed the desires but those who come without desires, they are blessed 'recitation of the Lord's name with love'. They become our own. They are in Guru-love now.

It became evening. The stars twinkled. Prince-Guru jumped up from the bed and ran fast. Soon he was out of sight.

He went and stood in the house of an ascetic. He blessed the ascetic with the Lord's name and then went to King Fateh Shah's house.

In this way, the Godly soul in the Prince body blessed everyone and put them on the path of recitation of the Lord's name with love.

King and Queen recited the Lord's name incessantly and they got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in their mind, heart and body cells. Their body soul immersed in the Supreme soul and they got ecstasy and rapture. They drank the Name nectar all twenty-four hours.

Prince-Beloved loved them much. Almost every evening he went with his companions and played there in the courtyard. Sometimes he would go into their garden and pluck and plant flowers. One fruit tree 'Carissa carandas' planted by him exists even now. It gives fruits round the year. Nowhere else this type of fruit tree gives fruit for twelve months in a year. Prince-Beloved would play in their house till late evening and eat fried grams and fried round bread every evening. This food was kept ready for the Prince-Beloved every day. He would serve the same food to his companions also.

After sending off his companions, Prince-Beloved would come and sit with King and Queen.

At that time Prince-Guru's radiance could be felt. His graciousness could be felt as if a wavy sensation of the Lord's name is coming from him and entering everyone's body. The Lord's name is entering the mind, heart and body cells. It appeared as if somebody has put the Lord's name on their tongue. Everybody recited the Lord's name: O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru

Shiv Dutt often came in this time. Prince-Guru sat for an hour or more. Sometimes he sat in meditation and sometimes he gave a short discourse. In whatever way, everybody felt ecstasy and rapture. Sometimes his radiance

was so much that it was difficult to bear but it gave extreme ecstasy. Sometimes he looked towards everybody graciously. His look filled everybody with extreme ecstasy and rapture. Everybody went into trance.

Sometimes, he recited the scripture and sang divine songs in such sweet melody that a flying bird would stop to listen.

In this way everybody got so much dyed in the love of the Lord that is beyond words. It became a Holy congregation.

Everybody recited the Lord's name:

O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

Waheguru! Waheguru! Waheguru! Waheguru!

On the other side, Mother used to feel lonesome in waiting. Then maternal uncle or some other relative would come to take him. Then he went home.

In the house the congregation assembled in the evening in the presence of the Holy scripture Sri Guru Granth Sahib and recited the scripture 'Rehras' and sang divine songs (Kirtan). But everybody waited for Prince-Guru before beginning the recitation. Quite often he used to come late accompanied by King Fateh Chand and the Queen and also Pandit Shiv Dutt. Then only the recitation began and after the assembly food was served. As per the old practice even now in the Gurdwara the recitation of the scripture 'Rehras' begins late in the evening.

His miraculous-ness was a talk of the town. Almost every house got his blessings in some way. That is why the assemblies in the mornings as well as evenings were very large.

He became a beloved in Patna in childhood. Shiv Dutt had deep love and named him Prince-Beloved. In this way, he became known as Prince-Beloved by everyone.

Maybe he joked with people sometimes but there was none who was not blessed by him. He blessed everyone.

Nawab Rahim Baksh and Karim Baksh two prominent Muslims loved him. Land and gardens donated by them are even now a part of the Gurdwara. Guru Tegh Bahadur had put them on the path of 'Recitation of the Lord's name with love' but by the blessing of Prince-Beloved they got the sensation of the Lord in their mind, heart and body. They became 'Ideal Men' and lived a life in Blossom of mind.

As the rose blossoms, with recitation of the Lord's name the inner mind blossoms. Amongst his congregation, Prince-Beloved loved King Fateh Chand and the Queen much. The Queen was like a Mother to him.

According to Hindu religion it is the son who saves the parents from

going to hell. Here, Prince-Beloved blessed them so much that not only they were saved from hell but were saved from the cycle of births and deaths. He blessed them inner blossom of mind while living. They were intertwined in his love so much that there was not even one day when they did not have a glimpse of Prince-Beloved. In case the Prince-Beloved could not come to their house in the evening, then they did not care for what people will say and themselves walked down to the Guru's house and have his glimpse in the assembly there. But this happened a few times only. Otherwise, Prince-Beloved almost every day went to their house along with his companions and made them delighted.

Prince-Beloved loved Shiv Dutt also quite much. Initially, Shiv Dutt had some doubts but later his devotion increased day by day and his love became a bee poised on a lotus. Early morning he waited for his glimpse. Then again in the evening he would attend the assembly at King Fateh Chand's house where divine songs were sung. Many ascetics spoke to him against changing his devotion but he satisfied them saying that the Prince-Beloved has come from the heavens to allay the suffering of the people.

In this way, Prince-Guru spent his childhood in play, drill, marching, singing of divine songs, blessing the Lord's name and showing the true path of 'recitation of the Lord's name with love' to people at Patna.

IV

Now sometimes, his heart wished to meet his loving dad. Sometimes, he expressed so much pangs of love that would melt hearts who listened.

In view of this, the family sought permission from dad Guru-Tegh Bahadur.

When the permission came, then preparations started for going to Anandpur.

It is difficult to imagine the feelings of the congregation at Patna when they came to know of his preparation to depart.

Everyone was in emotion, in pangs of love. The thought of separation was killing. The disciples come with tears in eyes. Sometimes tears flow in torrents and they pray, sometimes to Mom, sometimes to Mati Das and sometimes to maternal uncle Kirpal Chand, "Please be gracious, stay on here. Whatever service is required we are at your service in mind, body, heart and money."

But every one of them said it is Prince-Guru's wish and command.

When people prayed to Prince-Beloved, then his outwardly appearance of a playful child vanished. Immersed in the Lord's love he said, "The Lord is

always with you. You are now immersed in His love. You are living in ecstasy. Bodily separation does not separate souls. My body has not separated me from my beloved Lord. You are not separated. Your soul is immersed in the Supreme soul.”

Prince-Guru explained to the congregation that it was the Lord's will. The congregation listened but when they reached their homes they felt the separation. For many days whenever the congregation assembled everybody became emotional and prayed to him to stay on. Sometimes he himself felt a pang and his eyes filled with tears.

This is true love. This is the congregation's true love. This is the support of the soul. This is the happiness of the soul. This is salvation. This is the true love. True love is Godly.

But he has to sit on the Guru-seat. That is the seat of graciousness.

In graciousness he gave such a discourse that everybody went into trance.

But O love! You are strong. Your strings are too strong. The devotees wished for his glimpse.

In this way, to accomplish the gigantic task for which he has come to earth as per the Lord's command and for which the time had come, Prince-Guru at the age of ten, meditative, ascetic, saviour, nourisher, yogi, prophet decided to depart from the comfortable living at Patna.

The day came when he had to depart.

At that time King Fateh Chand and Queen could not bear the separation. They prayed: How shall we live without your glimpse? Prince-Beloved had tears in his eyes with emotion. But since it was time to leave they started.

At that moment King and Queen broke down in tears and fell unconscious on the ground. Prince-Guru with his Spiritual power woke them up and profusely blessed them with the Lord's name.

But even after being blessed so much, Queen said: How shall we live without your bodily glimpse?

Prince-Guru then, gifted a dress and a sword and said: Whenever you wish for a bodily glimpse, you see me in this dress. You will get my glimpse. For my love, you serve fried grams and fried round bread to my 'Lord's-love immersed' companions. Then it shall be deemed that I am eating and you will get my glimpse.

Nawab Rahim Baksh prayed for a bodily glimpse. Prince-Beloved said: Whenever you will recite the prayer Japu ji, you will get my glimpse

Jaato meditative who meditated for long hours prayed for a glimpse.

Prince-Beloved said: You will get my glimpse while reciting the scripture.

Shiv Dutt Brahmin stood speechless with hands folded. In his mind he prayed.

Prince-Beloved said: You shall get my glimpse at the bank of the Ganges.

To Jagta Seth he said: Recite the Lord's name with love incessantly. You will get ecstasy.

Jagta Seth said: I have branches in all towns and my Managers are there. If you permit I shall send letters to provide you all comforts of stay.

Then Prince-Beloved said: I have got a letter from the Lord. That is respected everywhere.

But despite of that he sent instructions to his Managers to be at the service of Prince-Guru.

The entire congregation prayed.

Prince-Guru said: Whosoever comes to the morning assembly to listen to the divine songs will get my glimpse.

In this way, he blessed everyone and then departed. The entire congregation accompanied till Danapur. Here one humble lady served rice and lentil cooked in an earthen cooking pot.

Later, she converted her house into a Gurdwara that exists. The earthen cooking pot is there as a memento.

At Danapur, with great difficulty, Prince-Guru persuaded the congregation to return to Patna. Then he moved ahead.

King Fateh Chand and his Queen converted the room where Prince-Beloved used to sit into a Gurdwara and programmed singing of divine songs in the morning as well as in the evening. A large number of devotees assembled. Pandit Shiv Dutt attended the evening assembly without a break.

V

Time passed. Situations changed. It is over a decade, almost twelve years since 'Queen Mother's beloved son, godly son, saviour son blessed her with the Lord's name and she spent time in ecstasy and rapture of Name. She is fully immersed in the love of the Lord. Her soul has flourished by recitation of Name. She is extremely devoted. She is in the incessant recitation of the Lord's name with love. She has a glimpse of the Guru every day. She is immersed in Guru-Love.

Yes! Now Prince-beloved has become Guru-beloved. Those who are in extreme love get pangs of love. Love is life. Love is the support. The craving to meet is increasing day by day. Her heart swells with longing. She tries to control but the heart listens not. Once the hearts meet, then the love goes on

increasing and increasing. Even death cannot stop it. She tried to control the pangs of love by meditation, by divine singing but now it crossed limits.

Finally, the King and Queen departed towards Anandpur. The congregation accompanied.

Brahmin Shiv Dutt followed and joined them at Danapur and said: O King Fateh Chand, my well wisher, how you forgot me in my old age? Take me along to the beloved's town. My bones are old, my flesh is old, I have no strength but my love is young. O my friend! You know my love. Take me along. At least once I should have the glimpse of 'Guru with the Plume'. I should lay my head on his sacred feet. Then he prayed: O 'Guru with the Plume'! Be gracious and let me fall at your feet.

The prayer of Shiv Dutt melted King Fateh Chand's heart.

Fateh Chand had no objection of Shiv Dutt's coming with them but considering his old age he did not ask him to come along. Now when he heard the pangs of Shiv Dutt, then he touched his feet and said: You are the one who got me the first glimpse of Prince-beloved. If I get the privilege of taking you to meet Guru-Beloved, then what better way can be to make this life fruitful? You are welcome with love to join us. You shall be my master. I shall be your servant.

Then Shiv Dutt accompanied the party. He sat in a palanquin.

See! How much esteem Shiv Dutt has for Guru-Beloved? He says: O sinful body! Why have you given me defeat at this time? I should have gone on foot to meet Guru-Beloved. I am going in disregard by sitting in the palanquin.

But the Queen said: O godly soul! Do not say like that. Great is this body that we are going to have a glimpse of Guru-Beloved while it is living. The Guru says that saints wish to have a body that recites the Lord's name.

All told, the entire congregation immersed in love is moving on from Patna in Bihar to Anandpur in Punjab. The travel is on horses and palanquins but love keeps you in high spirits. Old, young and children all are travelling.

Moving slowly they reached Anandpur in the first week of January.

The 'Guru with the Plume' knows that his extreme devotee and Master of sixteen Schools of Philosophy, Shiv Dutt is arriving.

See! Everybody's devotion: King and Queen are coming to meet the 'Guru with the Plume' in full devotion to him as a disciple. They do not have ego in their mind that he is our God son. Shiv Dutt is coming in extreme humility to fall at his feet and lay down there forever.

Now see the Guru's honourable nature. He travelled this side and came up to Ropar riding a horse to receive his beloved disciples.

The labourers are carrying the palanquin in which Shiv Dutt is sitting.

The true Guru gestured the labourers to stop the palanquin and peeped inside and with extreme love said: O Brahmin! Look at me! Ah ha! The miraculous words, the words that would give sensation of the Lord, the divine words swelled Shiv Dutt's heart with extreme delight. See! How the 'Guru with the Plume' is saying: O Brahmin! Look at me! In extreme gladness Shiv Dutt came out of the palanquin and bent to fall at the Guru's feet but the true Guru embraced and clamped him with love. Shiv Dutt had tears of emotion but exuberant with love felt ecstasy. With that magnetic touch he felt so young. The true Guru hugged him again and again and loved him.

See, O forgetful, reader, friend the spectacle of Guru-love for his disciples. The bones have decayed. The body like the stump of a tree has rumbled. The flesh is crumpled. No handsomeness is left. If you see, you may not like to touch but the true Guru is looking at the handsomeness of the soul. He is in ecstasy on seeing the soul filled with the Lord's love. He sees the handsomeness of the inner soul and loves the withered cover of the soul by his embrace.

O Great 'Guru with the Plume'

O Great 'Guru with the Plume'

Now the Guru made him sit in the palanquin and wished to meet others in the congregation.

On seeing the Guru from a distance, the King and Queen got down from their horse and palanquin and walked down. Their faces are shining with delight. Their love in the mind has swelled and the heart is overflowing with love. They bent to fall at his feet but the true Guru kept the tradition and held them and addressing the Queen said: Mother!

It was not just saying Mother. It was showering ecstasy and love. Both the King and Queen are in rapture.

The true Guru again said: Mother! Your soul is immersed in the Supreme soul.

How can this meeting be described, the meeting after a decade of pull and pangs, the true Guru travelling so much distance to meet in advance, the Guru's honourable nature, his extreme love? It became a wondrous scene of virtuousness. The entire congregation bowed to the Guru. For full one hour none could feel where the time has gone. Then the true Guru by his Spiritual power made everybody alert. Then he met everyone individually, asked their welfare and blessed everyone. Half a kilometre further, tents were fixed for

their stay. Food was ready. The true Guru accompanied them up to their place of stay.

Now Shiv Dutt calls him 'True Guru'.

But the Guru said: You used to call me Prince-Beloved with so much love that I cannot forget the relish. You are old, senior, my first devotee at Patna and a revered saint. You must call me Prince-Beloved. I am not ready to relinquish the relish that I get. Seeing the Guru bestowing so much love and regard for his devotees, Shiv Dutt is in extreme delight. He said: O Fateh Chand! You live a long life that you have shown me this auspicious day. Again he said: O Lord of the heavens! My Prince-Beloved! Now I wish to die at your feet. The 'Guru with the Plume' laughed and said: As you wish.

Then they went to Anandpur.

The birthday of the true Guru was nearing and devotees were thronging to celebrate and have a glimpse of the Guru on the auspicious day. Everybody got ecstasy. The true Guru gave gifts to everyone. The true Guru gave a compilation of the Holy scripture Sri Guru Granth Sahib signed by him to King Fateh Chand and said: This is the true Guru for all times to come. It is for the entire community. You take this to Patna and in future see me in this Holy scripture. You can meet my soul in this Scripture. Reading the Scripture shall be talking to me. Whatever, it says is my discourse. Service to the Scripture is service to me and the congregation. In this way the true Guru blessed everyone. Again, the days of separation came. Devotees from far off place departed. Pandit Shiv Dutt left for his heavenly abode here only. His wish was fulfilled. This congregation was the last to depart. The true Guru came up to Ropar to see off his god-parents. King Fateh Chand led the congregation. They left in pangs of separation in love. But everyone was immersed in love of the Lord and in ecstasy. Travelling slowly they reached Patna.

King Fateh Chand converted his house and made it a Gurdwara and started a free kitchen. The Holy scripture Sri Guru Granth Sahib was seated there as the Guru. He spent the rest of his life in Guru-worship and service to the people. A gurdwara exists there. It is called 'Maini Congregation'. Fateh Chand's surname was 'Maini'.



5.

Guru's First Travel

The true Guru and party now left Danapur and kept travelling halting at Aare, Damra and Baxar and reached Chhota Mirzapur. The Guru-disciples were spread throughout the country. At every place devotees came and welcomed Prince-Guru. The Managers of Jagta Seth were hospitable. At every place the congregation assembled, sang divine songs (*Kirtan*) and recited the Lord's name. There were many devotees in Mirzapur. They became so exuberant to meet him that the love of the congregation made Prince-Guru stay there for three days. The congregation assembled everyday and sang divine songs (*Kirtan*). Maternal Uncle Kirpal Chand supervised the singing of divine songs (*Kirtan*) and discourses. Prince-Guru's magnificence and radiance elevated the minds of the devotees. He blessed the Lord's name that gave ecstasy to the congregation.

On the fourth day the party departed from here, crossed the Ganges and reached Kanshi. Guru Tegh Bahadur had put his sacred feet at Kanshi. Prince-Guru stayed at the place where Guru Tegh Bahadur had stayed earlier.

Guru Nanak Dev had visited Kanshi earlier and the Guru-disciples were spread far and wide. Then Bhai Gurdas also stayed here for a long time.

Since then a large congregation had been formed.

When they came to know that Prince-Guru has come, then everybody from far and near thronged to have his glimpse. People came in large numbers joyfully. Everybody got ecstasy on having his glimpse and listening to his discourse. Everybody was served food at night and then they slept. Next day, after the morning assembly they took Prince-Guru to visit and put his sacred feet at various prominent places. It was all joy and happiness all round. Next day, a group of needy and poor came. Prince-Guru picked up all gifts and

money whatever had been offered to him and distributed it to the needy and poor. Then Bhai Gurbaksh came with his congregation who brought all kinds of gifts and money and presented it to Prince-Guru.

When the devotees saw that Prince-Guru has distributed all that was offered to him, then they brought more money and offered it to Prince-Guru.

On seeing people making so much offering of money to Prince-Guru some learned Brahmins came in the afternoon to have his glimpse.

On seeing his magnificence and radiance in this young age they were impressed. But doubt arose in their mind whether he could be a prophet at this age, as we hear.

One learned Brahmin questioned Prince-Guru: Your ancestors and your self are Khatri. It is the Brahmin's right to accept charity. Khatri's religious code is not to accept charity and offering. Why do you accept this offering?

Material uncle wanted to reply but the Godly soul himself spoke: O respected Pandit! The offerings that are made to idols of Shiva, Vishnu or goddesses, those the Brahmins take. Have I kept any idols of worship that I take offerings made to idols? People give me presents considering me as a Prince of the Lord. It is out of their love. It is not given under any threat or greed. Our ancestors utilized the money to help the poor, got wells constructed, got tanks constructed. There is a free kitchen where everybody irrespective of caste and creed can eat food. So much so that sometimes they finished all the money by night and did not keep anything even for the next morning. They developed villages where everybody started earning. Later, my ancestors kept an army and were victorious four times in battles that nobody dared to face. Our accepting the offering is like a tree accepting water. The tree takes plain water but gives delicious fruits to the world. The Gurus blessed prosperity, religion and salvation. That fulfilled their worldly desires as well. You know our ancestors gave their lives for the sake of religion but did not use the money to save their lives. Instead, they utilized the money in constructing wells, tanks and towns like Taran-taran and Kartarpur where people got work and made a living.

One Pandit: What you say is that whatever you have done is to save the religion but when you mention blessing of prosperity, religion and salvation. Out of these, the first two are visible to the taker but salvation comes after death. How can you insist that you give salvation also?

Prince-Guru replied: What is the use of salvation that one would get after death and is not visible while living? While living in this life itself, when one gets out of sentiment, desires and ego and imbibes the Lord's name in one's

self, then the mind is elevated and feels a sensation of the presence of the Lord incessantly. One gets salvation while living in this world. Our ancestors said: In this world and in the next world too, a true disciple of the Lord lives a life of blossom and beatitude.

On listening to this reply the Pandits bowed their heads down.

One Pandit said: I ask forgiveness. We heard your greatness in this childhood. So, a doubt crept in our mind. You know, a scholar lives in doubt. His mind is satisfied only after testing. This is the fault in education.

Prince-Guru: You are all Brahmins and you consider yourself worthy of being worshipped. But all of you worship Ram and Krishna who were Khattris. We do not believe in the system of caste. But you are already in the worship of Khattris. So, the best thing would be that you consider the Lord-sent Gurus as prophets and take their blessings. If you remain in the system of caste you will get away from religion.

Then the Brahmins became humble and praised Prince-Guru and said: We agree that the Lord has sent you to save the world from suffering. You are great!

In the entire town of Kanshi it became known that he is a Lord-sent prophet. Every day, the congregation assembled and there was singing of divine songs (*Kirtan*). Prince-Guru stayed here for ten days. He blessed recitation of the Lord's name to everyone. From here, he planned to go to Prayag.

[Prayag]

The party crossed the Ganges and after halting at Mirzapur for some time, they reached Prayag. Here also he stayed at the place where Guru Tegh Bahadur had stayed while going to Assam. On hearing the news of the arrival of Prince-Guru, a large number of devotees came to seek his blessings. The congregation assembled twice, once in the morning and again in the evening. Prince-Guru blessed the congregation and accepted the offering that the devotees made with love. Sometimes, he would give a nice discourse. He stayed here for five days. Then the party departed for Ayudhya.

[Ayudhya]

After blessing a large number of devotees on the way Prince-Guru now reached Ayudhya. He stayed at the place where a Gurdwara exists now. Here also he stayed for two or three days and blessed the Lord's name to the people. He went sight-seeing to see some ancient spots like Guptaar Ghat etc. He distributed money to the needy and poor.

[Guru Nanak Matta]

He departed from Ayudhya and reached Guru Nanak Matta. Guru Nanak had put his sacred feet here and won over the Siddhas. Later, the Siddhas overpowered the Guru-appointee and took control of the place. Then the sixth Guru, Guru Hargobind travelled from Punjab, reached here and reinstated the Guru-disciple as the Head of the Gurdwara. Prince-Guru blessed the Lord's name to everyone and then departed.

[Pilibhit . . Dev Nagar]

From Guru Nanak Matta he came to Pilibhit. Here lived a very prominent personality who was deeply devoted to the Guru. His name was Raja Shamsheer Bahadur. He was the son of Raja Bagh Bahadur whom the sixth Guru, Guru Hargobind had blessed the Lord's name. He was a deep devotee. He made Prince-Guru and party stay at his house for five days with great respect, love and affection and was very hospitable all the time. When Prince-Guru departed, he showed great adoration for Prince-Guru.

Prince-Guru left Pilibhit and came to Dev Nagar. From his Mother, he heard how Bidhi Chand did service to the sixth Guru, Guru Hargobind. Here exists a shrine raised over the ashes of Bidhi Chand, a deep devotee of the sixth Guru. The congregation assembled and divine songs (*Kirtan*) were sung. He blessed the Lord's name to everyone. Here he blessed Bidhi Chand's heir Sunder Shah and his disciples who were all Lord-loving. They welcomed him with great respect and devotion.

[Lucknow]

Then he proceeded to Lucknow. At Lucknow, Bhagat Bhagwan, a saint of the Udasi sect welcomed him and was very hospitable. He respectfully made him stay with him. Prince-Guru gave him a sword as a token gift. This is still with his heirs even now.

Moving from here, the party reached a pilgrim centre named Brahmavart near Bathoor. This is situated on the bank of the river Ganges. He blessed the meditative with the Lord's name.

[Mathura]

Travelling from here via Chandausi and Khurja, he reached Mathura. Here, Brij Lal Chobey was very hospitable to the party. Prince-Guru blessed the Lord's name to everyone. Moving further, visiting Vindrabhan and halting at some places, holding assemblies and blessing the devotees, the party reached

Hardwar. They stayed at the Gurdwara of the third Guru at Kankhal for five days. The congregation assembled every day. He blessed the Lord's name to everyone. Travelling further, he came to Santalsar, Bhagwanpur, Booriye, Deeplay and finally reached Lakhnaur that is in Ambala District. Here lived Bhai Jetha, Cash Collector of the Guru. Dad Guru Tegh Bahadur had sent a message that Prince-Guru and party should halt here. Bhai Jetha arranged a large mansion where Mother and other members of the party stayed and arranged for all comforts. Everybody felt as if staying in one's own house.

News spread in the villages around that Prince-Guru is staying at Lakhnaur. Then all the devotees from all over, thronged to have his glimpse and do service for him and get his blessings. The congregation assembled in the morning and evening. There was hustle-bustle during the entire day. Prince-Guru went for horse riding. Prince-Guru made companions and played games. They shot arrows and practiced. It was all merry time playing and laughing.

There was a well near where Prince-Guru stayed but the water was saline. The villagers prayed to Mother to get a new well dug up that might give sweet water. One well already existed but was hidden. Nobody knew about it. Mother intuitively told the devotees to dig up that particular place. The place was dug and the water was sweet. Mother paid money for the digging. This well exists and is known as Mother Gujri's well.

Near Lakhnaur lived Shah Bheek who had gone to Patna to meet Prince-Guru. Now again he came to Lakhnaur to have Prince-Guru's glimpse.

Shah Bheek came along with his devotees. Prince-Guru was at that time playing Bat and ball with other children. Shah Bheek fell at the feet of Prince-Guru and prayed: You appear as a child but I recognize you. You are a prophet of the prophets. Lord has given me the vision of what is going to happen. Please bless that my dynasty should remain when the Mughal rule ends.

Prince-Guru replied: Yes, your dynasty shall remain for long.

The saint's dynasty is still living. When the saint returned, then his devotees asked him: Why you bowed to a Hindu saint?

Shah Bheek said: He is a Lord-sent prophet. He shall try to remove the friction between Hindus and Muslims and other castes. He is a beloved of the Lord. When he came I saw his splendour on earth. Then I went to have his glimpse. Then his devotees felt delighted.

Prince-Guru goes for horse-riding on his Ablak horse.

One day he went horse-riding to the mound of Bhustali. There, some Rajput Chiefs who were disciples of Shah Bheek came. They came and greeted

him. They presented some arrows and a bow to Prince-Guru. Prince-Guru blessed them and said: Live long. They lived for quite long.

Then he visited Bhano Kheri, Sular. Here Gurdwaras exist in remembrance. One Cash Collector named Ghoga of Nanheri took him to his village. There, some villagers talked to Prince-Guru regarding the bad character of Ghoga.

Prince-Guru immediately left the place saying: Ghoga the deceitful. He did not even drink water offered by him at his house and came to Ambala and rested. Here at Lakhnaur one day, Prince-Guru was playing with his friends in the open lands of Lakhnaur when one saint named Arif Din passed that way. He saw children playing and stood there. Then he looked at Prince-Guru. In wondrousness he stood and bowed his head down. Then he took him aside and conversed with him. Then he came back, sat in his palanquin and went away. When they reached their destination, then his followers asked him: How is it that you bowed to a Hindu child? Then the saint said: I will tell you the truth. When I sit in meditation, sometimes I get a vision of the unseen world. I see everybody standing outside the Lord's door but he goes inside. He has a deep relation with the Lord. I was dazed to see him on earth. He has come to fight tyranny and save people. It is God's will. Then the followers bowed their heads.

At Lakhnaur all the saints, sadhus, pirs, fakirs, pandits, rich people, middle class, poor people, all became devoted to him. The congregation assembled twice, once early in the morning and again in the evening. People listened to divine songs (*Kirtan*) and recited the Lord's name and got peace of mind. Prince-Guru blessed the Lord's name to everyone.

Now he was told to come to Anandpur. It was a scene of emotion when he departed. People could not bear the separation. The congregation walked a long distance accompanying Prince-Guru. Then he rode on his Ablak horse and went.

[Ropar]

Having left Lakhnaur Prince-Guru halted at Rano Majra, Nandpur Kalaur, and reached Ropar. One Muslim priest Maula Shah lived here. He came to meet Prince-Guru and with great respect fell at his feet.

Seeing his love, Prince-Guru looked towards his face and said: O dear! How come you touched my feet?

Muslim Priest: I am a devotee of your father Guru.

Child prince: How did you become his devotee?

Muslim Priest: When your father Guru Tegh Bahadur was overseeing the coming up of the town of Anandpur, then I passed by from there. In astonishment I asked: Whose houses are coming up here?

I was told: These houses are coming up for Guru Tegh Bahadur who is the ninth incarnation of Guru Nanak.

In much astonishment, I asked: Is one house not sufficient for the Guru? For whom are these big mansions coming up? His ancestors had said: Those who remember that the world is perishable, they do not amass riches.

Then one devotee said: These are for the devotees.

I was again astonished that he was a meditative at Bakala and he did not like to come out of his room. He preferred aloofness and was not willing to occupy the Guru-seat. With great difficulty the devotees made him agree to occupy the Guru-seat. His scripture tells renunciation of worldly desires. How is it that he has become worldly?

Then my mind said: Let me have his glimpse. Then I met him.

Since I was a meditative I could see the Lord's splendour on his face. I greeted him with respect and sat down. He blessed his love on me. It was time for lunch. He asked me to have lunch. I had lunch. Then he said: O saint! You rest here. While resting, I dozed off to sleep. In that sleep I reached the heavens. On seeing a blossoming face, I asked: You look very handsome. May I know how you reached here?

He said: O Priest! I was living on earth as a lion. One day, there was torrential rain, hail storm and extremely cold breeze blew. I was out hunting for prey. With great difficulty I reached my hut. My hut was quite big and I had made doors on three sides. When I reached near my hut, I listened to voices of men and women coming from inside the hut. I imagined that due to extreme cold some travellers have taken shelter here. Then O priest I thought as if I was a human. I should not go inside otherwise everyone will run out and die with cold. If I do not go inside then they will be in comfort. Sages say: To give comfort to others is much better than to look to one's own comfort. In this thought, I went and sat at a little distance. In that extreme cold my body became frozen and in that state I died. In lieu of doing the goodness and sacrificing myself, I have got comfort, a place in heavens.

Then, O Prince-Guru, I woke up. I do not know whether it was a dream or your father related a parable to make me understand or it was a fortunate happening within my mind that cleared my doubts but I came to understand that the miraculous Guru is getting temples made for the congregation. He is immersed in the love of the Lord only. His mind is not attached to the world.

But as per Guru Nanak's doctrine he lives in the family but with mind detached. Service to humanity is his basic idea. Then I got up to go and have his glimpse. On the way, I saw some children playing with bricks and sand. They made different types of houses with sand and then razed everything and went away. When I saw the play I realized that this play was meant for me to see. There was no attachment in the children. Like the non-attachment of the children, his constructing the houses is without any attachment. He is spending the money coming from the devotees for their comfort or for the comfort of humanity, so that the money is spent usefully. Sadhus, saints, needy may stay and get comfort. In this way, no doubt was left in me. Then I went and fell at his feet. He was very gracious to me. He blessed me the recitation of the Lord's name. My mind got elevated and I felt the sensation of the presence of the Lord inside my body and outside in nature. I had kept many fasts and did other practices but I was away from the Lord. I was in despair. I could not get happiness. With the blessings of your Dad Guru I got ecstasy and rapture. Then I became fearless from my Muslim religious brothers and considered him as the true Guru. Since then, I recite the Lord's name incessantly. I live in ecstasy. I do goodness to others. Where necessary, I get inns made.

O Prince-Guru! This is my story and my relation with you. That is how I have come to kiss your feet.

Prince-Guru was delighted to hear all that. Then he said: When the Super consciousness is not connected to the Lord then one is empty. If the Super consciousness is connected to the Lord then one is full. When one is full, in remembrance of the Lord's name, then one sees the Lord inside the body and outside in nature and humanity. Then one likes to do goodness to humanity.

On seeing the deep insight of Prince-Guru and listening to the Spiritual doctrine in such short words, he became full of devotion. He fell at Prince-Guru's feet again and said: What the Lord does is all goodness. What he really meant in these words was that the Lord is gracious. Whomsoever he wishes to give prominence he gives. Age is no bar. He has made you great. You are great! You are great!

Now Prince-Guru, after blessing the Lord's name to the people, departed from Rohtak and reached Kiratpur. Even before his arrival, news had spread that Prince-son of Guru Tegh Bahadur is arriving.



6.

Prince-Guru's Intuitiveness

Sahib Chand (looking towards the handsome face): O dear Hardita! Your dear brother Bhai Gurdita left this earthly body. We have to bow to the Lord's will. How much love and devotion he had for the Guru? He remained sincere and faithful till the end. May Lord bless this sincerity and faithfulness to all!

Nand Chand: O brother Hardita! What to say? Guru is the only support for humanity. Else is darkness all round. As the Guru is un-paralleled, similarly, the disciples of the Guru are unique. As the Guru is courageous, similar are the Guru-blessed disciples. Who can match the sacrifice of Guru Tegh Bahadur? But the spirit of sacrifice exists in his devotees. Great are his 'Ideal men'! Great is Bhai Gurdita! Great is Bhai Mati Das who accepted cutting of his body with a saw but did not change his religion. Great is Bhai Dyala who accepted putting himself in a boiling cauldron but did not succumb to the pressure of changing his religion. Your elder Brother Bhai Gurdita, immersed in Lord's love, immersed in Guru-love was freed from captivity the same day but see the devotion. His love was so profuse that he could not bear the separation. We have heard that when Guru Tegh Bahadur was beheaded, then shortly after, Bhai Gurdita left his earthly body. How did it happen?

Bhai Hardita: The Guru-disciple who cremated his body and came to Amritsar with his message, narrated that Guru Tegh Bahadur had told Bhai Gurdita that the captives will make you free from captivity. You live, remain dyed in the love of the Lord.

But he prayed to the Guru: I shall not be able to withstand the shock of your separation. I shall follow you at your feet.

It happened like that only. When in the afternoon Guru Tegh Bahadur was beheaded, then the Muslim Jail Superintendent freed Bhai Gurdita. Then

he came to Majnu-ka-Tilla where Guru Nanak had stayed. There, he said a prayer and then crossed the Yamuna and reached the green land where Bhai Budha used to bring Guru Hargobind's horses to graze. Then he recited the *Japu ji*, said the prayer and lay down in extreme devotion of the Guru. His soul that was already immersed in the Lord's soul left the earthly body through the tenth door. One disciple who was near cremated the body and brought the items of Guru-ship and the message.

Sahib Chand: When one is in love with a beloved, then one should die before he dies. To live without the beloved is worthless.

Sahib Chand: Guru Tegh Bahadur's head, one devotee brought to Anandpur. But the story of the body is wondrous.

Hardita: It is said that when the executioner Syed Adam beheaded Guru Tegh Bahadur with his sword, the head that separated from the body did not fall on the ground. At that time, in the crowd that had thronged to see what would happen, two of Guru devotees, Jaita and Uda had reached there in Muslim dress with intention to carry the head away in as best a way as possible.

Sahib Chand: Yes, they were those whom the Guru had blessed the Lord's name and made them Lord's beloveds when the country-men considered them of low-caste.

Hardita: It so happened that at the time of execution, a dust storm blew that was so black as if it were night, an earthquake came and the entire town was in awe and fear. In that commotion, Bhai Jaita put the sacred head in a sheet and like a bundle carried it on his head and left Delhi. The executioners and the public were all in awe and fear. This happened at the Police Station at Chandni Chowk. Bhai Uda dressed in Muslim robes remained near in the hope that Lord shall make some way that he may carry the body also. After sometime when the storm subsided it was announced that if any devotee of the Guru wishes to take the body, he may do so. Actually it was a ruse that if somebody comes, then we will arrest him and find out who was that who carried the head away despite the police standing there. But none of the Hindus or even the devotees of the Guru came forward. In the evening one devotee Lubana alias Vanjara who had unloaded many cart-loads of lime at the Red Fort and was returning with his empty carts, then Bhai Uda told him: This is the time you can do service to the Guru. Do not lose this chance of a lifetime. So both decided and proceeded with their line of empty carts towards Chandni Chowk. The irritating smell from the lime made the sentries put handkerchiefs on their noses and they moved away from their places. Then both of them moved the carts near to the place of execution. It is mentioned

that the carts were around one hundred in number. When they noticed that the body was lying un-attended, they carried it, covered it with sheets, and put it on one of the carts. They reached their village that was about three kilometres from Chandni Chowk. Hurriedly they collected some wood, put the body on it, said a prayer and lit a fire. The fire engulfed the entire village.

It became a mystery how the Guru's body had vanished.

In the pell-mell, wherever the Policemen doubted, they started searches in the houses of Guru-disciples. One whimsical Policeman rode a horse and went after Lakhi. What he saw there was that they had not even parked their carts but the entire village was on fire and all the villagers were trying to put off the fire. Then, the doubt in his mind vanished. But still he inspected the carts and was satisfied in his mind that they have not carried away the body. When the police went away, then Lakhi who was only showing off that they are extinguishing the fire started putting more wood at the place where the body was burning. In this way, the devotees, the great devotees saved the sacred body from the hands of the tyrants and cremated the sacred body of the great Guru who had sacrificed his body for their sake.

Sahib Chand: This is what is called devotion. This is love from the core of the heart. It is foolish for Aurangzeb to treat the Lord's loving people with tyranny. Those who are in forgetfulness of the Lord they shall die but those who are immersed in the love of the Lord, they are fearless and already detached from the body and the worldly gains. Who can win over their fearlessness? When the love rays from the Lord bring radiance in the mind, then they become drops of diamond that give eternal radiance. Who can put off that radiance? To try to kill the Lord's beloveds is inviting self annihilation. The kingship creates ego. Who is that who amasses power and keeps the mind in peace, maybe he is some rare fortunate person.

O brother, there are not many devotees in Delhi and those who were there became afraid and did not speak up. But see these three Jaita, Uda, and Lakhi, how fearlessly they acted. Even if there is one fearless man, one says, no fear. But here three came out.

Nand Chand: But it would have been wondrous if more Ideal Men had dared and sacrificed their lives for the sake of the Guru.

Sahib Chand: Wait and see! Guru Tegh Bahadur by his sacrifice has infused valour. People have woken up. People woke up when Guru Nanak left Sultanpur. People woke up when the prophet of peace Guru Arjan Dev sacrificed his life. People woke up when Guru Hargobind brandished his sword. And now we should have high hopes on the tender, smart, fast, newly

rising, Godly soul, the Prince-Guru. I feel Guru Tegh Bahadur has infused valour to the people and this Godly soul Prince-Guru will infuse an ocean of valour.

Meanwhile, Dulich Chand, Cash Collector of Multan, whom people called Dulcha, came. He said words of condolence to Bhai Hardita on the sad demise of his brother Bhai Gurdita who could not withstand his separation from Guru Tegh Bahadur and left his earthly body. Then he listened to what was being talked about.

Then Sahib Chand said: We were talking of infusing life into lifelessly living people. See! Bhai Mati Das was sawn with a saw but he did not utter a cry. He stuck to his religion till the end. Bhai Dyala was put in hot cauldron but he did not agree to change his religion. He went to his heavenly abode as a bride-groom goes for marriage. Great Bhai Dyala! The Guru's sacrifice as also the sacrifice of these two Ideal Men has infused valour into the people. But see the love of Bhai Gurdita. Without any suffering or pressure, he left his earthly body. The devotion that he could not withstand the separation is unique and has infused love and devotion in the people.

Dulcha: I respect you. Guru Nanak's house is great. Nobody can do what the Guru does. The service of Ideal Men is unique. But one thing you tell me. Is the death of Bhai Gurdita not a suicide? Is suicide not forbidden by the Guru? O Bhai Hardita! Don't consider this question of mine as an argument. I wish to clarify. Otherwise, I always praise him.

Next day, when the divine singing (*Kirtan*) finished and sacred sweet served, the Prince-Guru was sitting with eyes closed.

Today the congregation was of those who came every day. No new group had come. But the hall was full to capacity.

Suddenly, the Guru opened his eyes and said: Where is Dulcha?

Dulcha came and stood with hands folded.

Prince-Guru: Gentleman! What have you brought for me?

Dulcha: O True Guru! Whatever I brought, I put it at your feet the same day.

Prince-Guru: What have you brought personally?

Dulcha: Whatever small I could give, I gave.

Prince-Guru: Any gifts of love from some loving devotee?

Dulcha: I gave everything to you.

Prince-Guru: Make sure. Any gift you might have forgotten. See! My hands are un-adorned.

Dulcha: I have already given everything. You are making fun of me like a

child makes fun. For you it is a fun of youngsters but for me it is my respect.

True Guru: Yes, Dulcha! Your respect and my fun, see the wonder of the splendid Guru Tegh Bahadur. Saying this, the true Guru got up and pulled down Dulcha's turban.

The uncalled for and blunt reply from Dulcha had already caused surprise amongst the devotees and then it was wonder. When the turban fell down, then a pair of gold bangles embedded with jewels of the size of Prince-Guru's wrist also fell down. One devotee picked up the same and placed it in front of Prince-Guru who had gone back and sat on the throne in tranquillity like the smile of a rising moon.

Dulcha picked up his fallen turban and put it on Prince-Guru's feet and said: I am sorry! Please forgive me. My ego deceived me. I thought, since I collect money and give, I am great. I thought you are too young. Yesterday one devotee did tell me. Awake or you will fall down. But I did not understand. Today I fell down. I am greedy, blind and full of vices but you are all graciousness, image of Guru Nanak. Please forgive me.

At this time Bhai Hardita's soft heart melted and with folded hands, he said: O Magnificent! Please forgive him.

The true Guru said: The house of Guru Nanak is always a house of forgiveness. It is without desires. Give away everything. Empty the coffers. Lord is the support for Guru Nanak. But see the love of devotees.

Tell Dulcha, he is forgiven but he should narrate the story of suffering that I just heard. Let him narrate the story of the devotee who has gifted the bangles.

Then Dulcha got up and narrated the story of Bhai Roopa a rich merchant, how he was caught as a thief, how the Lord helped and he was released.

Then Dulcha narrated the message of love that he had sent.

Dulcha admitted: I became greedy on seeing his gifts. From what he had sent, I kept 58 pearls and 26 gold coins at home and the gold bangles, I decided to keep to myself after coming here and this I carried in my turban. I considered the Guru as a child. I loved the money. My mind deceived me. I am guilty but I thank my stars that here only, my guilt has been exposed. Now my lord! You save me for the future.

True Guru: O Dulcha! This wealth entices. This wealth entraps. Spend it usefully on arms. The country is suffering. People are in despair. Go, you are forgiven.

O Hardita! Nobody should remember his faults. Nobody should say anything to him. I have forgiven him. Wealth is not bad. The greed of wealth is bad. Yes! Roopa is good. He is a devotee of Guru Nanak. O great Guru

Nanak! O great Guru Nanak!

For some time the Guru remained absorbed in singing O great Guru Nanak!

The entire congregation got absorbed in singing O great Guru Nanak!

Then the true Guru got up and like a fragrant breeze of love went home to meet Mother Gujri ji.

On one side these wonders happened. On the other side, his playfulness, hunting and arrow shooting was marvellous. He went for hunting. He practiced use of arms. Then Mother had arranged for his schooling. That also he did not miss. But his thoughts and casual Spiritual utterances and sometimes his strong feelings for the Lord sprang forth in speaking to his tutors and they felt astonished.

In Patna, the true Guru was very fond of water games. Here he became even more so. Many times he would go to the river and enjoy the uproar. He would take his companions, relatives and friends, make two groups and fight hurling of water at each other, like in the army.

One day, he headed one group and for the second group he asked Gulab Rai to lead. The fight went on for a long time but then Gulab Rai's group was routed. In haste, Gulab Rai came out and hurriedly picked up the Guru's turban thinking as his own, tied round his head and ran. On somebody telling him the mistake, he took off the Guru's turban.

The Guru laughed and said: Let it be. Don't take it off. Leadership shall come to you but for a short time. Do not let ego get into your head. Ego brings downfall.

One day, the Guru heard the wailing of a woman. The soft hearted Guru went near. She was crying and his son lay in front of her.

His heart melted. He asked: O lady! Why are you crying?

She replied: Magnificent Guru! You live forever. See! This my only son, hale and hearty, he lay down. He neither speaks nor moves, nor breathes.

In the same soft heartedness he said casually: He is breathing, he is blinking. See, O lady! He is alive.

Everybody present there were amazed to see this miraculous-ness.

The devotees realized that he has the same heart and mercy as Guru Amar Das had. He has the same miraculous-ness.

He gives life to the lifeless.

He gives nourishment to the hungry.

Now his age was ascending. He was entering thirteenth or fourteenth year.

His inclination was towards forming an army. His arrows always shot the target. Besides arrow-shooting he practiced gun shooting. His gunshots hit the target marvellously.

His devotee's love for him was such that they did whatever pleased him.

The Chief of Kabul sent one Canopy worth two millions to the King at Delhi.

But the devotees at Delhi wished that for our King who is the true King of the Sphere of soul we should get a still better extremely beautiful Canopy.

The devotees at Afghanistan got a still better Canopy worth about two and a half to three millions. The Canopy was all embroidered with golden threads and embedded with diamonds and gems.

Duni Chand, a wealthy merchant of Kabul spent about two millions. But other devotees also donated money and decorations. Bhai Dyal Das, the Cash Collector supervised the making of this Canopy. When the Canopy was spread and side walls fixed, it was so prominent that the congregation could not bear the sheen.

In the history of Sikhs, the year is mentioned as 1736 (Indian Calendar) when the Canopy was fixed at Anandpur.

These are a few and rare specimens that have remained in memory in the sands of time. How the disciples loved the Guru, how they were immersed in the Lord's love and how 'Ideal Men', men of valour and freedom were coming up even in the rule of the tyrant king Aurangzeb.



7.

King Rattan Rai

One young king, early in the morning, was combing and dressing his hair, when suddenly his eyes noticed something in the corner of his forehead. He saw there was a mark near the hair. It seemed there were some letters but it was not clear what it was. It was not identifiable.

The young king thought that it might be the scar of an injury in childhood or maybe some pimple has left a scar. But it didn't appear to be a scar. It seemed something else. In this thinking his curiosity increased and the desire to find out the reality also increased. It occurred to his mind that whether it is the scar of an injury or the scar left by a pimple, mom would definitely know what it is and how it happened.

On the thought of this, he finished tying his turban and went to his mom. His mom was sitting with folded hands and eyes closed in meditation.

The young king waited for some time. When she opened her eyes, he bowed down.

His mom embraced him, kissed his forehead and touched his head lovingly. The young king then took off the turban from his head and asked: Mom! What is this mark on my forehead?

Mom looked at the mark. Her eyes closed. She had tears in her eyes.

Seeing this, the young king felt a little un-easiness in his mind.

He thought: I may not have made my mom sad.

Hastily he said: Have I done some disrespect that you have tears in your eyes?

Mom opened her eyes. Tears were still there, looked towards her son and with her hand made a gesture of 'No'. She wanted to talk but she was so much overwhelmed that she could not speak.

Now her darling son again said: Mom! If you don't want to tell, then I won't ask. But you feel relaxed.

Mom remained quiet for some time. Then she spoke and said: My darling son! This mark is not an injury or a pimple. This is the story of your birth. Yours and mine happiness is hidden in it.

Listening to this, the young king became very eager to know about the secret behind this mark.

Hastily he said: Mom! Then you must tell me the secret.

Mom replied: Darling son! Before you know this secret it is essential that you have 'love and devotion' for the Lord. Lord will bless you and you will have devotion. But you also have to prepare yourself. You are young. Your inclinations are towards merriment. You have sat on the throne at a very young age. I hope you have no outwardly desires in your mind at the moment. This secret requires respect. If your dad had been alive today, he himself would have told you and this utmost sacred and difficult task would not have been upon me to do. But everything happens as the Lord wishes.

Young king: Mom! Have I ever done anything that might make you sad? You are my loving mom. You are my darling mom. Don't be afraid. I will do whatever dad wished. I will do whatever will make you delighted.

Mom: Darling son! Then listen: You have come in our family in our old age sent by the Lord. A long time has passed when Akbar sent Raja Man Singh to invade Assam and occupy the state. But he did not succeed. Later, Aurangzeb sent Mir Jumla to invade Assam but he did not succeed either. Aurangzeb then sent Raja Ram Singh Rajput with lot of troops to invade Assam.

Now my darling son, you be full of respect and listen to the other side.

Evil and barbarism has increased so much on earth. The Lord almighty sent a prophet from the heavens to save people from this evil and to make people love the Lord. His name was Guru Nanak Dev.

Saying this she was full of emotion and tears fell from her eyes and she bowed down in the remembrance and respect for Guru Nanak Dev. The young king also was in deep respect.

Mom: Guru Nanak was born in Punjab where the Mohammedans were very cruel to the Hindus. Guru Nanak traveled far and wide and made people remember the Lord.

Young King: Mom! Where is he now?

Mom: Well! After doing the heavenly work, he left for the heavens but in his place he appointed Guru Angad Dev. Guru Angad Dev was just like Guru

Nanak. He gave life to lifelessly living people and when he left for the heavens, he appointed Guru Amar Das in his place. Similarly, there were eight incarnations like that. After that Guru Tegh Bahadur became the ninth guru. He was the Lord's image. We had heard a lot about the goodness and graciousness of the eight Gurus but lucky are these eyes that had a glimpse of the ninth Guru.

Young King (in eagerness): When Mom, when, when?

Mom: It was when you had not come into this world.

Young King: Mom! Did you go to meet him?

Mom: The Guru himself came to Assam to bless people. Even, Guru Nanak had come to Assam and traveled there in the state. There is a temple in Dhubri in remembrance of his visit. As Guru Nanak came to this earth to bless people, similarly, Guru Tegh Bahadur came to bless us.

Young King: Did you have a glance of him yourself, Mom?

Mom: Yes, with these eyes, as I am seeing you now. Darling! Now you remember the first thing we were talking about. When Raja Ram Singh Rajput came with his troops to invade Assam, then Guru Tegh Bahadur intervened and got a compromise made between Raja Ram Singh Rajput and the ruler of Assam. Thus the invasion and the consequent blood bath were averted.

Young King: Where was the Guru staying? Was he staying in our state?

Mom: The Guru was staying in Dhaka. From Dhaka he went to Mathurapur and then to Gangamati on the banks of river Brahmaputra. But for getting the compromise, he crossed the river and got the compromise made between Raja Ram Singh Rajput and the ruler of Assam. At Dhubri, he got a platform constructed at the place where Guru Nanak had put his sacred feet and deputed his disciples to spread Guru Nanak's message. After this, he came back this side of the river and started spreading the Lord's Name and blessings to the people. We were Guru's disciples since the time of Guru Nanak but quite much we had forgotten. When Guru Nanak blessed Noor Shah who was practicing hypnotism and mesmerism and misleading people, then the fame of Guru Nanak spread far and wide. In Assam, the name of Guru Nanak was already respected very much. So, when people came to know that the ninth incarnation of Guru Nanak, Guru Tegh Bahadur has come to Assam, then all the people thronged to meet him. Whoever went to the Guru got his wishes fulfilled as also the Lord's name. We also went and met him. What a glance it was?

A loving, cool, rapturous sensation went into our body. We felt as if he is our own. It was a delight and rapture. There was ecstasy in our heart. Our

body became light like a flower. A charm and blossom filled our eyes. We felt exuberance in our mind and our mind went into high spirits. Within moments our tongue started reciting the Lord's name. Automatically, we felt our ears are listening the name 'O Lord', 'O Lord'. Sometimes, we felt our tongue is reciting the name 'O Lord', 'O Lord'.

Young King: Mom! What is this, "O Lord?"

Mom: This is the name of the Almighty God. The Guru blesses us this Name. When we saw this miraculous-ness in the Guru, then your dad fell at his feet and became a Guru-disciple. The Guru blessed us with the Lord's name. We got into the lap of the Lord. We became his disciples. One day on seeing your dad sad, the Guru asked him: O King! Why do you look sad? Your dad said: O true Guru! I have become quite old and I do not have a son. Having a kingdom, sometimes I feel that I am the king of the state. After me, who will look after my kingdom? Who will look after my subjects? Previously, this sadness was constant but since I have met you my mind is at peace. But sometimes, when the thought comes to my mind, I feel sad. Sometimes I think, what to me, I have got all comforts. I should recite the Lord's name. The Lord will look after the subjects. Sometimes, I feel you are so gracious, I may ask you for the boon of a son. At that moment the Guru was playing with his ring. He had removed his ring from the finger and was shuttling it from one hand to another and was listening to your dad. His eyes were in ecstasy and were showering charm. Your dad again said to him: If you are gracious and bestow a son, it will be a boon from the house of Guru Nanak and I shall be too happy while living and even after death. After saying all this, your dad fell at his feet. With the same ring that he had in his hand, the Guru touched your dad's forehead and said: Look King! One child will come from the house of Guru Nanak. He will have long hair on his head which will ever remain. On his head, will be a stamp of this ring, so that you are sure that he has come from the house of Guru Nanak. So! My darling son, his words became true. Exactly after one year, you were born and it was wondrous to see that there was not only a stamp of the ring but even the word 'One Lord' was embossed on your head and could be read. So! You have come to this world sent by Guru Nanak who came to bless people and this stamp is his signature.

The young king felt it a wondrous happening. A tear came to his eyes.

He heaved a sigh and said: Mom! Can I meet the Guru?

Now, Mom heaved a long sigh and had tears in her eyes, was overwhelmed and could not speak. After a few moments, she spoke: Darling! He blessed

everybody and saw the torture that Aurangzeb was committing on everybody and took pity on people.

Aurangzeb felt jealous that there was so much love and respect for the Guru in the entire country. Later, when Aurangzeb started converting Hindus to Islam by force, then the Guru sent a message to him, saying that the people should be free to choose their own religion. Also, Aurangzeb received news that those Hindus who are followers of Guru Nanak and Guru Tegh Bahadur do not agree conversion to Islam and they also tell others not to do so. It was also suggested to him that if Guru Tegh Bahadur accepts Islam, then the entire country would become Mohammedan in no time. Then Aurangzeb called the Guru to Delhi and tried to persuade him to accept Islam but when he found that the Guru is adamant and will not agree, then he ordered cutting off the Guru's head.

Young King (with tears in his eyes): Is it? Is it? Mom! Is it?

Both became quiet and were in tears.

After sometime, Mom said: He was not in the cycle of births and deaths. He came for doing goodness to other people. He gave the life spark and recitation of the Lord's name to everybody. He made the Lord living in everybody's heart. The cycle of births and deaths is for people like us. For him, it was a sacrifice.

Young King: I am very unlucky.

Mom: A disciple of Guru Nanak is never unlucky. You are a Guru-disciple. Then how can you be unlucky?

Young King: How?

Mom: In his place, the tenth Guru is now on the Guru's throne.

The young king became very happy and said: It is wondrous that his son is on his throne now.

Mom: He is the tenth incarnation spreading the Lord's name and blessing people. In the Guru's house, whoever sits on the Guru's throne, it is, as if Guru Nanak is sitting on the throne, only the body is changed.

Young King: Mom! Where is the sacred place where he is living?

Mom: It is in Punjab state on the banks of river Satluj near Himalaya mounts near Shivalik hillocks, city of Anandpur.

Young King: It is far but it is not far. I shall endeavor to meet him and fall at his feet. Like you have been blessed with the Lord's name, I shall also be blessed with the Lord's name. Mom! Dad must have been very peaceful when he left for his heavenly abode.

Mom: Some people said that his end was so peaceful that even big saints do not have such a blissful end. It was all due to the Lord's name that the Guru blessed.

Young King: Mom! If I go to Punjab, will you come with me?

Mom: What better thing can I imagine that my darling son gets me a glimpse of the life-giving Guru in this old age?

The yes from Mom gave the young king so much happiness and to hide his happiness, he just said 'Alright', bowed his head to Mom and went away.

Mom got up. With folded hands she said a prayer. She recited the names of the ten Gurus. Then she remembered the ninth guru and prayed: It is your benevolence that you gave a son. It is your grace that you gave us the Lord's name. Again it is your grace that you have given a holy love sensation to my son. I am lucky that as I desired and by your grace my child has got a love sensation for you. O Lord! It is all your benevolence. While praying, she remembered her loving husband and his last desire: See! Make my son a disciple of Guru Nanak. It should not happen that he gets into bad company. I am going. Son is a child of seven years only. Now it is your duty to put him on the true Guru's path.

When she remembered all this, then she was in tears and said: My loving husband! Your son has become a lover of the Guru. The duty that you gave me, the Guru has helped me do it today.

II

The young king's mind in merriments got a heart piercing from his Mom. The euphoria and inclinations towards merriments decreased. The young mind that is generally carefree got a diversion. His mind got a direction to move. There was a center towards which the mind got attracted. The center was not visible but the idea got into his heart. The idea gave a direction to his mind. The direction was towards north. His mind was filled with fervor and joy. His mind was now all towards, how to be ready to go, how to reach and how he should meet the Guru.

His mind said: Although I am myself a king sitting on the throne, but there, where the king is of the Spiritual kingdom and the Kingdom of the heaven, the worldly kings are no match. The Guru gave his life and did not even whisper. The Guru did not bow down to Emperor Aurangzeb but preferred to sacrifice. For him it is no difference whether somebody is a king and there is no hatred for a poor person.

He got so much love and respect for the Guru that sometimes, he had tears in his eyes, pondering whether and when the Guru will look at him with love and when the Guru will bless him as he had blessed his dad.

He thought: What preparation should I do that the Guru might bless me when I meet him? What should I do? At the door of the Guru, kings like me are in waiting as my subjects wait for me. There, those are blessed whom the Guru bestows his grace upon. I do not know what is the requirement? These are the thoughts that crossed his mind. This is not inferiority complex. This is not depression. This is the love spark that his Mom has pierced in his heart intentionally.

Yes, there was another Mother, Mainawanti who pierced renunciation in his son's heart and King Gopichand abandoned his throne and became a recluse and begged for food in streets. Mainawanti died in sadness and the queens jumped from the palace and committed suicide. The kingdom was lost and the subjects were distressed.

The dream of Mainawanti that through yoga the body will escape death and live forever did not materialize. What remained were the hard yoga practices that Gopichand did while living in a cave but still the body could not live for long.

But here the Mom has deep understanding. She is talented. She has not pierced her son's heart with dry empty rituals and mistaken beliefs but she has pierced his heart with cool and sweet love spark of the Guru which has turned his mind towards the omnipresent living Guru. The Guru's life spark will give him life from lifelessness. She has given diversion to his mind so that he does not get into bad company and lose his kingdom in merriments. She has made his son shoot two arrows. One towards the enemies of his kingdom and the other that will kill the darkness of the soul and the soul will become crystal. This arrow will make her son a dutiful son. He will be blessed and then he will bless others. He will shoot two arrows at one time. He will not beg but will sit on his dad's throne and simultaneously remain in the love of the Lord. She has given a direction to her son's mind and is blessing him and is praying for him. My son! Do both things now. Rule your kingdom and love the Lord. Mom has pierced an arrow in her son's heart that is a 'Guru-love' arrow that has given happiness. The 'Guru-love' arrow has given sweetness and not grief. It has not taken him into mistaken beliefs, sadness or depression. It has not taken him away from his duty of looking after his subjects.

Mom has shot the 'Guru-love' arrow but not without any direction. It has a direction. The son has got freedom but from worldly desires only. His eyes

are now attached to the Guru. His mind is now detached but from worldly desires only.

His eyes are now longing for the Guru's glimpse. It is not dejection or sadness or inferiority complex or aloneness. Mom's loving words have turned his mind but not without any direction. The 'love arrow' has given delight. The young king has become lovelorn. The love is for the living Guru. He has love and eagerness now for the glimpse of the Guru all the time. He has eagerness to meet and hope to be blessed and is in exuberance to make the Guru happy.

This is the love and this is the happiness. On the Guru path is love and happiness together. The Guru is lovable. This gives the sweetness. One wants to love the Guru. This giving of love makes you feel delighted. It is a sacrifice to the Guru.

This Mom is a wise Mom. She has not shot an arrow of 'renunciation and sadness' but she has shot an arrow of 'Guru-love and happiness'. She has put her son in the magnetic pull of Guru Nanak.

What is the young king doing now? He is searching for gifts for the Guru.

Assam is a house of elephants. He has found an elephant which is jet black but whose forehead is ivory-white like the elephant's teeth. It has white lines going down from his forehead up to his legs. It appears as if it is the Kailash mount. The forehead is a lake and there are four rivers coming down its legs. It is a unique elephant. Another of this type may not be found. The young king has eagerness that the Guru who is the king of my heart will now ride on this elephant and I will consider it his grace to me. He is eager to see the glimpse.

His own age is of desires. But he has not desired that "I should ride the elephant and my subjects may see and say, 'how big is our king' and then I feel happy that I am a great king".

Not having this eagerness and not having this desire has gone into his heart without giving any pain. This is not sadness or renunciation or depression.

This is freedom from desires like the foundations of a building over which is building the eagerness to see how lucky I shall be to see the Guru riding the elephant and I shall be in ecstasy.

The elephant is being decorated in this eagerness. The saddle, the frontal, the back covering and the sides of the saddle are being decorated with silks, pearls, beads and brocades and golden embroidery. Also, trainers are training the elephant. The elephant can now carry a torch and can illuminate. If you shoot an arrow, he would go and pick up and bring it back to you. If you give

a whisk, then he will brandish the whisk at the person standing in front. Then the young king came to know that the beloved Guru is fond of arms. He is happy to receive arms.

Accordingly, he got a gun made which had five different modes in it. It could be a sword or a pistol or a dagger. Similarly, he got one sandalwood table. On pressing a button, a chessboard and two dolls would come out on both sides to play.

Similarly, he got a costly flower vase made. He selected five very swift horses.

He got lots of guns and other arms made. He got silks and pearl chains from Dhaka.

The first thing he did was to make arrangement so that in his absence the work of his kingdom should not suffer. He fixed the responsibility of the kingdom to his ministers. His ministers were all experienced and old. Guru Tegh Bahadur had blessed them. All of them were thankful to the Lord that the young king is treading on his dad's path as per the wishes of his dad. It is very good for the subjects that he has become religious minded.

The young king consulted his Mom and decided to take his Prime Minister along.

He was satisfied that his other ministers would manage his kingdom well and people will have no problem of any kind in his absence.

The young king spent a lot of time in getting the presents ready and making all arrangements.

His love for the Guru increased day by day. He was the king and he was young and with the blessings of his saintly Mom his love for the Guru knew no bounds.

Sometimes, he would feel exuberant to meet the Guru.

The saintly Mom also told him another secret that he had not known before.

She had the Holy Scripture 'Guru Granth Sahib' in the palace that she used to read without anybody's knowledge. The saintly Mother explained it all to her son and he started reading the scripture. That increased his love for the Guru very much.

Mother also told him that Guru Nanak wished that everybody should do all the worldly chores but the mind should remain detached from worldly desires.

One day the young king came to his mother with tears in his eyes and said: The scripture says that there should be no ego. Whatever I have got

made was all my desire and pandit says it is ego. If the Guru does not accept all these gifts thinking that these are all from ego then what shall I do? You say that in the Guru's durbar, the kings and poor men are treated as equal. He had tears in his eyes that he tried to hold but could not.

Mother saw the tears in his eyes and said: Listen! When your dad was alive, then all the time we had holy company. The Guru had deputed five of his selected disciples to stay with us and they gave us their holy company and went only after truly putting us on the true path and when we got the rapture of the Lord's name in us.

Whatever we have been told and we understand that whatever wish is there in your mind is a pious wish. It is not for you. You are doing all for the pleasure of the Guru and out of your love for the Guru. Any desire that is not for one's self but for the Guru or for the Lord is grace. This grace has come from the Lord.

This is the eagerness out of love. There is no selfish motive in love though outwardly it may look selfish. Actually love is a sacrifice. My son! Pandits have book knowledge only. They are not in the incessant recitation of the Lord's name. They have no love for the Lord. Their mind becomes clever after reading some books and gaining some knowledge but they have ego in them which does not let them have a sensation of the Lord's name. The ego is a veil between the mind and the Lord.

They understand but they have no feeling or sensation of the Lord in them.

They know but the Lord's name is not in their heart. They give discourses but are themselves without the love and sensation of the Lord. It is like a scientist telling the qualities of salt from the books. But unless somebody tastes the salt or if the salt is put on a wound, only then a person has a taste, feeling and sensation of salt.

Without actual tasting, it is dry knowledge only. Similar is the case with pandits.

What the pandit calls selfishness, is actually a situation when the mind is in the forgetfulness of the Lord or when there is no awakening of the remembrance of the Lord or when one is not in love with the Guru or when there is no love sensation in the person. Then there might be selfishness and the pandit may be right. But where there is a drizzle of love, where the Lord is in your heart, where there is a pull to have a glance, where the things that you like, you do not wish them for yourself but feel happy in presenting to the one whom you love, then it is all sacrifice. The enthusiasm in serving the beloved

is not ego. It is not darkness. It is a messenger from the heavens. It will guide us and take us to the Lord's palace.

This is 'Love enthusiasm'. My son! This is something that people did not understand properly and the kings relinquished their kingdoms and the family men left their families. The good people went into forests. The lights in their houses were extinguished and the people suffered. My son! Understand one more thing. The doctor had said one day that when one is healthy one's mind is also healthy. One Guru-disciple had also said that when one's mind is neither above human inclinations nor below human inclinations, then it has normal emotional feelings. If it goes below human inclinations, then it is evil. And when it goes above normal inclinations, then it is virtuous. When it is immersed in the Lord's name, then it is on a higher level.

So! Having normal inclinations is not bad. It is better than evil. It is only next to virtuous inclinations. People with normal inclinations reach the Lord much easier than those with evil inclinations. For the saint it is easy to prompt people with normal inclinations towards the Lord. The saint has to do much more effort to prompt the people with evil inclinations. So! We should pray to the Guru that he should make us rise above these three characteristics and immerse us in the Lord's name. But till then we should never go below the normal inclinations. We should never have evil inclinations. My son! The pandits do not understand these things. They have not experienced any such thing. They talk what they have read. When they will have the sensation of the Lord in their mind, then they will be able to tell something better. The more we are without desires when we love the Guru, the more we will be nearer him. Your mind is full of love for the true Guru and you wish to meet him because of your love for him and you wish to please him. In my view you have no desires for yourself. This is another sign of your being above normal human inclinations. We should not get into what the pandits say. We should go on the path of love and the principle of love. When our mind feels happy in the love of the Guru and the love is for love's sake only, then take it that we are surely treading on the right path. If there is any desire or deception, then this is a fault in us and we should try to remove it. Don't go after what the pandits say. They have book knowledge only. They do not have any love sensation in them. Like, sometimes cripple talk about valiant. They are themselves not valiant. They themselves have never been in fighting.

Young King: Mom! I do have a desire. Sometimes I am just in love with the Guru but sometimes I have a feeling of fear from death. Then I wish that I should meet the Guru quickly and please him so that he blesses me out of

the cycle of births and deaths. This is my desire for myself. Mom what you say is right but the pandit is also right. My love is out of a desire as such. This should not be the right spirit. Mom! This seems to be a fault. Is there any remedy for this?

Saying this, the young king had tears in his eyes and was overwhelmed.

Mom: This desire in itself is a non-desire. This desire is an unselfish act. To wish for emancipation from worldly desires is a real non-desire. It is a desire but it is a non-desire. We are the Lord's children and our soul is a particle of the Supreme soul. To get it out of the worldly entanglements and be immersed in the Lord's name is not a selfish desire. Do not have any misgiving. This is an awakening from darkness. This is an awakening from slumber. This is an awakening of the mind from the worldly intoxication that comes only by the grace of the Lord.

Young King: Mom! In that case my love and enthusiasm is all right.

Mom: It is all Lord's grace. When the Lord is benevolent he prompts you to love the true Guru.

III

They had many such discussions. After some days the young king started towards Punjab. The travel was to be like this: The young king Rattan Rai deputed the official work to his ministers. The minister for finance and other ministers stayed back. He took along the Prime Minister and some respectable people. Mom and some maids came along. Some of the troops went along for providing security.

A palanquin for Mom, horses for self and arrangement for the gifts that he had got for the Guru were made. They left Assam.

The young king has so much enthusiasm in him that he is going to meet the Guru.

There is a pull of love, throb in the heart, eagerness to wait for the blessed day when his forehead would touch the Guru's feet. His ears were waiting for the day when the Guru's words of nectar would enter his ears. His eyes were longing for the day when the glimpse of the true and handsome Guru would enter his eyes and make them cool.

In this way, the young king had an aim and his mind was set on the same. In this kind of an aim love springs up. He had an attraction, was exuberant and in love.

Sometimes, they are saying prayers and thanking the Guru for his benevolence.

At night before sleeping, Mom narrates some good things of the Guru or some good story of some Guru-disciple. The young king's mind, like a swan, eats the pearls of 'Guru-love'. When Mom does not narrate a good story about the Guru, then he doesn't get good sleep. He gets up early in the morning. He recites the Lord's name and reads the Guru's scripture.

He tries to find out in advance if there is a Guru-disciple living in the village or the town that he has to cross. Tries to meet them and listens from them, some story about the Guru. Wherever such a place as a Guru temple comes, everybody offers sacred sweet and listens to the divine music and then they move forward.

Like this, travelling almost every day they reached Patna. They visited the place where the Guru was born and stayed in his childhood. They bowed there with reverence and touched their forehead to the sacred ground. Many people from Patna welcomed them and were delighted to see the young king's love for the Guru.

The young king Rattan Rai listened to all the tales and happenings of the time when the Guru was in Patna. He met with love all the people who were blessed by the Guru when the Guru was in Patna. He was so much delighted to hear how the Guru blessed everybody that he stayed in Patna for more than ten days. He visited the beaches where the Guru used to play and have bath there. He saw the metallic pitchers in which the Guru had pierced holes with his arrows while playing.

While leaving, he donated a lot of money for making a Gurdwara in bricks and mortar where the Guru was born.

In this way, after visiting all Gurdwaras that came on the way, they reached the other side of the river Yamuna where the beginning of the Punjab province starts. Moving ahead they reached the river Satluj and then Anandpur was close by. They selected a place with trees that gave good shade. They put up tents there and rested.

Now the Guru got the information that the Guru's disciple, the young king of Assam has come. The Guru was also in young age. The Lord's love spark that was in the Guru like a flame in his entire body cells was giving a wondrous heavenly handsomeness on his face that attracted the disciples like a magnet and the Guru was always in graciousness for his disciples.

On listening to the young king's arrival, the Guru deputed persons and ordered: The young king is a guest. He should be provided proper place to stay and all groceries, water, wheat, grass and fodder for the horses, and all comforts be provided. Everything should be done for his hospitality. He should feel at home.

The Guru's maternal uncle Kirpal Chand personally supervised the young king's stay and all comforts were provided to the king and he explained all the traditional practices being followed at the Guru's palace.

The young king's entire cavalcade was delighted to see the love from the Guru's men. Everybody rested at night.

In the morning, the young king made a request to Uncle Kirpal Chand for the Guru's meeting.

Uncle Kirpal Chand went to the Guru and told him about the request.

The true Guru said: They are welcome to come to the durbar in the afternoon.

Listening to this, the young king's happiness knew no bounds. His heart was delighted that today he will have a glimpse of the true Guru. The golden time had come for which he was yearning for so long. The golden time had come for which he was suffering pangs of longing. That he will meet the true Guru and meet him today was like receiving a gift of treasure. Only those who love the Guru from the bottom of their hearts can feel this happiness. They only can value such a message whose hearts are pierced in love.

Mom felt, "My son's one wish will be fulfilled today. But my two wishes will be fulfilled today. For my son, he will be in rapture to meet the Guru and for me my wish to meet the Guru again in this age will be fulfilled and the second that my son has become a bee on the 'Guru lotus' by the grace of the Guru."

Moms are happier to see the happiness of their children than their own. Mom is seeing how exuberant is her son for the glimpse of the Guru?

The elephants are being decorated. The horses are being bridled. The young king himself inspects off and on whether the decoration is being done properly. By afternoon the elephant was in full decoration. The elephant was wearing golden laced bridles, on his forehead was red velvet, golden lace embedded with pearls, gold carvings on his teeth, silver anklets on his feet and was standing and swaying.

Alongside were the five horses with golden bridles and other decorations. They were in full bloom and even a fly could not sit on them. Similarly, all the gifts were ready to be presented to the Guru.

At this moment, Mom called her son inside and said: My darling son! Your gifts are marvelous and very expensive. You must be very happy that the Lord has given you so much that you are able to bring all these gifts for the Guru. But darling! This is the time to be watchful. The ego is very tricky. It comes at times when you least expect it to come. What the pandit had told

you, you have to be watchful about it, now. Don't think that you have brought all these gifts. This will be ego if you think like that. Remain in prayer that it is the Lord's grace that he has given us the privilege of having a glimpse of the Guru. Be in prayer that our humble gifts be accepted by the Guru. The gifts are of the Guru. We also belong to the Guru.

When the owner of a garden comes to the garden and the gardener presents him with flowers that actually belong to the owner only, even then the owner feels happy to receive those flowers. Similarly, we have to be humble and in prayer.

It is for the Guru to be gracious. The Guru is more gracious when are doing everything in love for him. So! Keep up this love and respect. Don't let ego drop in.

The young king listened to his mom attentively and was in tears of love for the Guru. He said to his mom: Let us pray.

Mother, immediately got up and prayed: O Lord of the heavens! Our eyes look outwardly and we cannot see you. We humble creatures have not learnt to look inwardly. You had given glimpse of yourself to outwardly looking people like us. We could see you in the true Guru in whose heart you were. You, yourself came to this earth, lived like us and blessed us with your divine love. Since then we have been longing to have your glimpse again and again. By your grace, you have given us an opportunity that these longing, pining, yearning eyes may once again see you in the Guru's glimpse. Please bestow your grace that we see 'You only'. We are humble and full of mistakes. Be benevolent and bless us your rapture and ecstasy. When we see you, we should not forget you again. Your blessing and grace may be incessant. Please open my son's inner eyes and bless that he never forgets you again. You have made us your own. Please keep us your own. We have no strength. Give us your grace. Bless us always.

Mom kept on praying like this with tears of humility in her eyes. Her eyes were closed and her face was heavenly ivory-white and bright immersed in love.

It was time to move. The young king bowed to her mom, but mom quickly lifted his head and said: Now your forehead has to touch the Guru's feet. Do not let it touch anybody else's.

The young king was in deep love for his mom. He was feeling thankful that: Whatever I am going to get is due to the goodness of my mom and I should touch her feet. Generally, moms stop their children from holy company but my mom is great who has put me on the Lord's path and given me proper

advice and saved me from going into bad company. In this way, mom and son were readying themselves to move.

Meanwhile, the message came that the Guru is sitting on the throne in his durbar.

The young king along with his courtiers walked and reached the durbar that is very difficult to find even for yogis and meditative.

They reached the entrance, and bowed there. The young king could not restrain his love. With lips shut and with eyes filled with tears of love, with lots of faith and love he entered the durbar. They crossed the gateway and bowed again. From a distance, he got a glimpse of the Guru. His eyes saw the handsomeness that he had never seen before. Like a lightning flash, his love crossed barriers. He walked fast and fell at the Guru's feet. How could he imagine what the touch of the Guru's feet was? The moment his head touched the Guru's feet, he felt a sensation like an electric current in his entire body. His entire body trembled. He felt a magical sensation. His entire vision changed. He was in rapture and ecstasy. His inner self became fresh and clean. He felt himself in high spirits. He felt rapture and felt a new life in himself. He felt his body so light as if it is not there. His inner self was all rapture and in ecstasy. For some time he could not feel where he is, whether he is there or not. When he felt he is there, it was all ecstasy. When he became fully conscious, he felt as light as a flower, in comfort, in ecstasy, in rapture that he had never experienced before and never imagined. He felt a magnetic pull and did not want to leave the Guru's feet. His mind was not ready to leave this pull. Time went by unknowingly.

Now the young king felt the Guru's sacred hand caressing his head, sending waves of divine sensation and joy and a divine voice said: Get up King, you are blessed. You are blessed in both the seeable as well as the unseeable world. You are Guru Nanak's child. You are blessed. Rattan Rai! Lord is with you.

Listening to the Guru's words the young king who did not want to leave the Guru's feet got up. For a few minutes he was in this rapture. He looked at the Guru's face and his eyes closed. His eyes opened and closed like this a number of times. After some time, he became alert. The Guru then asked him about his welfare. The young king responded and replied with respect. Then his minister narrated how the young king's father became a disciple of the Guru and prayed to him for a son.

In the meantime, all the gifts that the young king had got made with love and enthusiasm were brought in. All muslins, brocades, silks, jewelry, arms,

tables, expensive bowls and all other items were displayed and presented to the Guru.

The minister narrated with how much love and enthusiasm, the young king got all these gifts prepared.

The Guru listened to everything very attentively. It took more than an hour and a half to explain everything to the Guru. The specialties of the horses and the elephant were explained to the Guru. The special table and the five-in-one gun were presented to the Guru.

Then the topic came, how the young king's mother had brought up the young king and made him a follower of Sikh religion. How Mom, after the death of her husband king was looking after the kingdom and was deeply immersed in Guru-love and how she made her son kind, graceful and good for his subjects and developed love for the Guru.

When the Guru listened, he asked about the young king's mom.

He was told: Since we had not asked for permission from your side, so she is waiting anxiously in the guesthouse.

The Guru at once sent for her and she came. The eyes that had already got a glimpse of Guru Tegh Bahadur again saw the same divine face in Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh. She went into such deep ecstasy where the soul becomes crystal. It was rapturous beyond words. In this ecstasy her head touched the Guru's feet. She, who was already in rapture, now went into deep ecstasy. When her forehead touched the Guru's feet, the Guru felt the ecstasy in her mind and soul and said: Lady! You are blessed. You are blessed in both the seeable as well as the un-seen world. Again, he blessed her and said: Lady! You will not come into the cycle of births and deaths. You will always remain immersed in the Lord's love.

How wondrous it is, to see how the Guru had blessed even the kings and queens and given them the life spark and they got life from lifelessness.

After the mom was blessed, the young king said: O true Guru! Please also bless me. I humbly say so.

The Guru then blessed and said:

Live in high spirits and in incessant remembrance of the Lord.

IV

After having met the Guru about whom he had initially heard a lot and then he had the longing to meet, the young king went to the guesthouse.

In what rapture the young king is now? He doesn't speak much. His eyes have a subtle charm in them. There is a shine on his forehead. There is

coolness in the body. He feels as if his body cells were earlier closed and now they have opened up.

The mind, it appears has got up from a slumber. He has a sensation of awaken-ness in him. In this awakening there is sweetness, freshness and ecstasy. He feels he has just woken up. The body weight seems to have gone down. He is feeling as light as a flower. The entire body's feeling has come as above.

Mom understands that the Guru has bestowed a life spark to the young king and the touch of the same has ushered a new awakening in him and he has joined the fraternity of blessed people. Herself having this type of awakening in her, she understands the son's awakening better.

Mom did not speak much to her son. She did not narrate any Guru praises. She wanted that the young king should have dinner and he should go to sleep. He should not enter into any gossip or think of any worrisome issues. He should have dinner and go to sleep and again in the morning go to meet the Guru.

In this time, he should remain un-disturbed and not talk or do anything that may disturb his mind. She sat down near his bed and recited Sohila and Anand and then went to sleep.

She got up in the morning. Besides Japji, today she recited Sukhmani in a rhythmic tune. It was so well recited and rapturous as if it was a divine music from the heavens. When she finished the recitation, the young king got up and the first word that came out of the mom's darling son was 'O Lord' 'Waheguru'. It was in such a loving voice, that mom felt ecstatic.

Mom was immensely delighted to see her own-planted love-seed grow into a flower. She was happy that her son has got real inner happiness. Now he won't care for the un-real worldly merriments. Now his mind will not be wandering aimlessly after worldly pleasures.

The mind is such that it goes after one thing, enjoys it and then discards it and again starts running after another thing. Again, enjoy it and then discard it and again start running after a new thing. In this way, his entire life goes away. At the end only tiredness remains.

Mom is now sure that her son will not be lost in this world like a 'string cut' kite.

He has now got a center and an aim. She was all in thankfulness to the Lord for all this.

The young king now got ready, wore his arms and decorations and went to meet the Guru along with his Minister and courtiers.

The Guru was sitting immersed in the love of the Lord and it appeared as if the Lord himself has come to earth.

The young king came and sat at a little distance after bowing down in respect.

The musicians were singing Ramkali raga. The music was very sweet and cool.

The musician playing tabla was playing it so softly that it appeared as if it was a sitar. It did not sound like a tabla. The musicians were sensitive to the Guru sitting in rapture. They were playing the music very harmoniously and very softly. They did not want to utter any words that may give more sound nor wanted to play the music loudly. The sweet music was, as if the tunes were dancing on the silent waves of water and through the ears was taking you to the Lord's palace.

Till such time that the Guru did not open his eyes, the musicians played the music softly and that elevated the minds.

The music was falling softly on the ears like the snow falling like cotton soft balls.

The rays of the sun came. The Guru opened his eyes. The musicians started playing Bilawal raga in a soft sweet tune. Everybody in the holy congregation opened their eyes. In the entire durbar, it was already a feeling of rapture and now it became a wondrous ecstasy. Slowly, the music stopped. It became daytime. Today's durbar was in the open big lawn. After the recitation of the scripture and prayer, sacred sweet was distributed.

Now, the Guru met the young king. The young king's presents were now exhibited in the presence of the Guru. One by one, all the items were opened and explained to the Guru. The young king showed the five-in-one gun to the Guru and explained the use of it. The chess table was shown. By pressing a button, the chessboard came up and by pressing another button, players came up and sat. Another item was shown that became a throne on pressing a button. Similarly, the feats of the horses were displayed and then other arms and fighting equipment was shown.

In the end, the elephant held a torch in his trunk and waved. Then the elephant brought back the arrows shot at a distance. The elephant then waved a whisk.

The Guru was pleased and he caressed the elephant. The elephant then picked up the Guru's shoes and put the shoes in front of him.

The Guru was pleased to see all the feats that the elephant did and he named the elephant Prasadi. He ordered that the elephant be kept in the elephant yard and an exclusive person be appointed to look after this elephant and the man should learn to look after the elephant from the young king's men.

The Guru then sat down. All the gifts were taken care of and it became quiet. The Guru sat immersed in the Lord's name for quite some time. Then he opened his eyes and said: King Raitan Rai! You have come to this earth by the blessing of my dad Guru. You are a Guru-disciple. My dad called you from Guru Nanak's palace and blessed you to your dad king. Now you are blessed again.

Saying this, the Guru blessed the young king with love and said: 'O Lord' '*Waheguru*'.

The moment the Guru said 'O Lord' '*Waheguru*', then there was a sensation of 'O Lord' '*Waheguru*' in the entire body cells of the young king. The name 'O Lord' '*Waheguru*' settled in his mind. The young king got immersed in the Lord's name. The young king knew the Lord's name. Everybody sees an arrow in the hand or in the quiver but one in a million can feel the arrow being shot by a powerful hand and having pierced the heart.

The young king already had the sensation of the Lord's name in his body on the first night itself when his mom had put him to sleep in the cradle of the Lord's name. But today the Lord's name went deep into his soul. It is not that the Lord's name has just got into his heart only but the young king feels that his tongue and his body cells have become fountains of the Lord's name. When he looks towards the sky, the earth, the trees, he can visualize the miracles of the waves of the Lord's name. He visualizes, everything has got a tongue and is reciting the Lord's name. He is in ecstasy. This is the arrow shot from the bow of the true Guru. The Guru has pierced the heart of the young king with the Lord's name. He has been blessed immensely.

The young king now stayed at Anandpur. He had come to Anandpur, 'the town of rapture' but now the rapture has gone into his body in the Lord's name. There is another type of strength in his mind and body. He is in delightful high spirits. These are the results of having met the true Guru and being blessed by him.

It is said that the young king had come to Anandpur on the occasion of Deepavali and stayed here for five months.

Early morning, he listened to *Asa-di-var*, have breakfast and some rest and then go to the Guru's palace with his mother to meet the Guru. They talked to Mother Gujri ji, the Guru's mother.

When the Guru went for hunting, he used to take the young king along. Many times, the elephant's feats were displayed in the forests. The Guru and the young king were both of young age and both sides were abundant in gallantry and arms. For five months, it was a delight. Many times, they went to

the river Satluj for swimming and other water sports, sometimes walking and hunting and sometimes riding on Prasadi elephant.

But one thing was unique that despite the Guru treating the young king as a friend and equal to him, the young king's love and respect for the Guru increased.

It is generally seen that when a person gets an equal treatment and liberty, the respect for the person giving liberty becomes less and one tries to take undue advantage of the privileges and liberties extended to him but there are a few only in whom the respect and love increases when they are given love and liberty. The love they get increases the respect in them for the giver. In a selfish person, the love produces self-interest because of the greed in him but a pious person thinks otherwise. He thinks: See! I am getting so much love and respect that I really do not deserve. He thinks this way and his respect and love for the person increases.

This is the reason that the givers give that much as they get the love. They do not love overwhelmingly unless they are sure that the person is worthy of it.

A worthy person will respect the love he gets while an un-worthy person will not appreciate it and instead would be spoiled by the same.

Mom! Whenever she saw the Guru giving so much love to her son and treating him with liberty like a friend was pensive and always prayed to the Lord saying: O Lord, we are not used to getting so much love from you. Give us that much love for which we are worthy. Please do not give us so much love for which we are not worthy. But the true Guru knows the worthiness of both the mom and the son and has given them so much love because he knows they are worthy. Both of them accepted the love of the Guru with respect.

Now the time came to go back. Many times, the dates for departure were fixed but when the time to depart came, the young king got so much pull that he would postpone the date. Many times, the young king got ready to go but the Guru with his loving words would say, "Why not stay for another ten days?" and made the young king stay on. Sometimes, of his own love and sometimes of the guru's love, the young king stayed on but after full five months the departure was finally fixed.

It was not a renunciation or yoga practice that the young king would cut himself away from his kingdom like a kite with its cord cut flying astray and suffer in hard yoga practices and penances.

The young king is on the path of love, on the path of 'love of the Lord',

on the path of 'remembrance of the Lord' without any slackness and forgetfulness.

For a person on the path of love, it does not matter whether it is renunciation or family living, whether it is a house or an open land, whether it is a kingdom or a hut in a forest, whether it is excessive wealth or begging. It all pertains to the body and one has to accept whatever is in one's destiny. All other things are not important. The important thing is 'love of the Lord', remembrance of the Lord, 'the direction of the mind towards the Lord', the creator and savior and incessant remembrance of the Lord.

The most important thing is to remain in His touch. When the touch is not there, then we are like a pond of dirty water not connected to the fountain of fresh water. We have to be always at his feet. Away from the Lord is our soul's death.

The Guru has said: Those who are at the feet of the Lord are saved from the cycle of births and deaths. The mind is in its own sphere when it is not in the incessant love of the Lord. Sufferings are the result or so to say, sufferings engulf the mind because the mind has only a little strength of its own. When the mind is immersed in the Lord's love, then it gets the strength of the Lord in itself. When the Lord's strength is there, then the sufferings vanish.

O man! Why should you forget the Almighty who has all the strength? When you are in his remembrance all the time, then his strength will remove all your sufferings because he is the savior. He looks after those who fall at his feet. He is all comfort and sufferings cannot come near him. Like, if you go near a fire, you get the warmth and the feeling of cold goes away. Again, he is all benevolence. Everything is in his hands. Whatever you ask for, he gives. Again, when you are in the company of the Lord, then you get the fruits of the company. A good company gives good fruits. Your mind will get the Lord's strength. O my mind! You remain in the remembrance of the Lord always.

The young king has got the blessing of incessant remembrance of the Lord. His mind is now immersed in the Lord's love and he has the strength of the Lord in him.

Whether he rules a kingdom or he begs from door to door has no importance for him. If he leaves the throne and starts begging, it will be a wonder but it is of no consequence to him. He has got the sacred and important thing, that is, 'the incessant remembrance of the Lord'. This was the most important thing. This was the most important need. This was the ultimate aim of human birth. Now that he has got the ultimate aim, the only thing that

remains is to look after the body. Why should he not live when the Lord has given him everything?

He is now living:

1. In the constant remembrance of the Lord.
2. In high spirits.
3. To do goodness.

The young king has got the Lord's name in his heart. He is living in the incessant remembrance of the Lord. The connection of man with the Lord, he has found.

Guru Nanak has said, "Name is everything."

So! One thing is over. Now since the Lord's name is incessant, the mind remains in high spirits. This is for one's self. So! Second thing is over. Now, the mind is in the incessant remembrance of the Lord and is in high spirits. When he looks towards others, he wishes good for everyone. This is the third thing.

Man has only three connections: 1. With the Almighty. 2. Self. 3. People. There is no fourth.

1. Connection with Lord, it is that the Lord is with you always.
2. Connection with self, it is that self remains in high spirits.
3. Connection with people, it is that he wishes good for everyone.

A person who wishes good for everyone will also do goodness to others. He will do goodness, but he will do it in the name of the Lord according to the will of the Lord. The aim of life is thus fulfilled.

So! Why should a king pierce his ears and beg from door to door? Why should he not rule the kingdom with an un-selfish and awakened mind so that his subjects are benefited?

It is difficult but one has to do all three things. The first two are being done by the Lord's name, the third he has to do by sitting on the throne. The young king has to go back to his kingdom. This is the wish of the Guru.

This is Guru disciple-ship:

*"One has to remain in this world,
As a lotus remains in mud".*

At last, the day of departing came. Mom and son first went to the Guru's palace and paid respect to the Guru's wife. Then they fell at the Guru's feet with tears of love in their eyes. Now after the presentation of horses and elephant, they are presenting their inner self to the Guru. The saline tears are love tears that are coming out by themselves and are being presented to the Guru.

In this way, they took leave from the true Guru at the Guru's palace. Again, before leaving they came to the Guru's durbar with the same love and devotion. The Guru embraced the young king again and again. The Guru's uncle brought some presents.

The Guru gifted those to the young king with his blessings. The Guru gave him one book of the Lord's hymns.

Against all norms and practices, the Guru walked with the young king for some distance to bid him farewell. On this, the young king touched the Guru's feet and said: You have already blessed me so much. Now you please stay back. The young king could not speak. He was full of tears. He fell at the Guru's feet. His love tears fell on the Guru's feet. The Guru blessed him again and again. The Guru bestowed on him the Lord's name, the Lord's sensation and disciple-ship. The Guru blessed him again.

In this way, with folded hands, Mom, son, and all courtiers bowed to the Guru and departed. The young king separated from the Guru with pangs of love.

Mom and son are now traveling. Mom is sitting in a palanquin and singing the hymns of Guru Ram Das with deep love. She is singing and feeling the sensation. A soft voice is audible. Her eyes are full of tears. The young king is now walking along. He is listening to the hymns and getting the sensation and feeling the ecstasy.

* * * *

The Guru's words to the young king are repeated once again:

*"Live in high spirits and in the
incessant remembrance of the Lord".*

* * * *

Let us be in remembrance. Let us recite:

*O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord
Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru
starting with at least five minutes a day.*

* * * *

Guru Nanak has said: "Name is everything".

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Note: The quarrels of King Bhim Chand, Guru's advice to the kings to save the country, their pointless argumentation and excuses joined with some external pressure were the incidences that happened after King Rattan Rai left. That created a thought whether to stay on at Anandpur. At this time King

Fateh Shah grabbed some land belonging to the King of Nahan. The King of Nahan was in despair on that account. Across Yamuna in Dehradun, Ram Rai had become well known but his succumbing to his Cash Collectors was causing anxiety. Some meditative in that area who were devoted to the Guru were longing that he visits them. All these happenings prompted the Guru to go to Nahan. But before going to Nahan, there is story of his blessings to his devotees.

In Kiratpur lived one meditative named Budhan Shah. Guru Nanak blessed him, then Guru Hargobind, the sixth Guru blessed him. Now the tenth Guru meets him.



8.

My Milk [Budhan Shah]
 ['Guru with the Plume'-Guru Nanak]

Time keeps on passing. It went on passing. Over half a century passed. Guru Nanak, the sixth Guru-incarnation, Swordsman has now come in his tenth incarnation. He crossed near Kiratpur and spread the Lord's name in the mountainous valleys where the ninth Guru had put his sacred feet and made it a beautiful town.

The prophet soul incessantly immersed in the Supreme soul was the same in all ten incarnations. The splendor, magnificence and overflowing inner blossom, garland of beads in hand, sword on the waist and now the Plume adorned his head. Lord's name, zealously and high spirits joined together as Spiritual awakening. Lord's name for the congregations, bravery and valor to save the religion, but to remain steadfast in good moral character, it became necessary to keep up high spirits without ego.

[At Anandpur]

When the preparations for going to Nahan were on, then one day early in the morning when the tenth Guru Nanak sat on the bank of river Satluj, it was quiet and he was alone. His eyes, the eyes with the Lord's splendour closed. He saw inwardly and visualized the period of one hundred and fifty years or one hundred seventy years that had passed. An impulse of honorable nature came to his mind. In the forests he visualized and recognized one old aged meditative who had once done penance and kept fasts but was in despair and suffering.

Yes, I blessed him the Lord's name when he was in despair. I took him out of mistaken beliefs, hard penances, fasts and elevated his scattered mind,

blessed him the incessant recitation of the Lord's name. His soul immersed in the Supreme soul. He got ecstasy and rapture.

And had said: I shall drink milk in my sixth incarnation.

Then in the sixth incarnation I saw the saintly soul that I had nurtured, drank milk, had said: I shall drink again, O dear! Once again. That beloved saint's soul has flourished to full blossom. His body has become too old. But the soul is in full bloom and ready for the Lord's Palace. I blessed him in my first incarnation and nurtured him in my sixth incarnation. He has remained steadfast in his inner blossom of mind. Let me now present his flourished soul in full blossom to my saviour Lord. I should honour my natural repute.

The beloved true Guru who never forgot and always honoured his words thought of his dear devotee-saint and started from there towards where the saint lived.

Today, when Budhan Shah opened his eyes from meditation and saw towards the sky, then in elation of love he uttered: It is all wondrousness. What an ecstasy? What a rapture? O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! This rapture is the Lord. This rapture is Guru who took me out of despair and put me in rapture, who took me out of tears and put me in ecstasy, who took me out of anxiety and put me in rapture, who took me out of intellect and wisdom and put me in sublime consciousness.

This is the Lord.

O Lord! You are great!

O Lord! You are great!

You have blessed the rapture. That is your Name. O Guru Nanak! You are great! It is your graciousness that you blessed me the Lord's name. When the mind drinks the nectar that is above the pleasures of earth, then you name the nectar as rapture. This rapture is your Name O Lord! O Guru, the giver of Name nectar.

Having got the Name nectar blessed by you, I wish to meet you. You came for the sake of somebody. You come! You have blessed rapture. Now you come and bless the rapture of your glimpse. You come through my eyes and sit on the throne of my heart. I love to wash your feet with tears from my eyes. I shall put my heart on your feet. Come before these eyes close forever.

O beloved! You are my life. I have got every comfort and all is given by you. Now I wish to see you with these eyes and put my forehead at your feet. You have immersed my Super consciousness in your soul. Now my body should fall at your feet. My heart has again become like a child. I do not want salvation. Today, I do not even bother about rapture. This craving mind

wishes for your glimpse. Come and put your sacred feet that can be clamped by my bony hands. I shall put them on my eyes, on my chest. The craving heart wishes the coolness of your handsome feet. This craving forehead is longing for the touch of your sacred feet. As I have a human body, you also come in human body and give your glimpse. O formless and limitless! I am a human and I have human sensation. I say with my human love. For my sake please come in human form. O my Lord! Come as human. O Guru Nanak! O Guru Hargobind, the Swords-man! I wish you come as 'Guru with the plume'. Come, give me refuge at your feet and make me your own. I have no intellect in this old age. I forego the comforts of heaven, the ecstasy of salvation. I wish the comfort of your feet. I wish charity of your glimpse. O Lord! Come in human form. A long time has passed. The river brought fresh water in many seasons, many times. Many spring seasons came and vanished. Like an old Banyan tree with hand raised in longing, I am waiting. Come from formless to human form and give a glimpse. I should stay where you stay. You live in human form. I should serve you. You keep me with you. I am in human form. What shall I do with heavenly comforts? Please come and give me refuge at your feet.

In this way, in extreme devotion and love Budhan Shah was in longing and craving when suddenly there was a flash of light. The saint felt a lightning in the early morning hours. The dazzle was such that he could not bear. He tries to see and smells the breeze and says: Yes! The breeze is giving fragrance of beloved Guru Nanak. It is giving fragrance from his sacred body. His splendor can be seen in the sky. From the river is coming his cool fragrance. He is coming from the heavens. Welcome! Come! I shall fall at your feet.

Meanwhile, he felt a vision of Mardana. Mardana played rebeck and sang a divine song. The song swelled the love in his mind. The old meditative heart leapt to have a glimpse. Tears started flowing from his eyes in torrents like the river Satluj. Soon he got a true glimpse of Guru Nanak. See! How his head has fallen on his feet and the body is immersed in his love. As the black bee sucks the flower, he has clamped the Guru's feet. See! How the Guru has hugged his bony body and is loving him. How he is being loved.

Intellectuals have described the Spiritual ecstasy but how can this 'Disciple & Guru' love be described?

The meditative even forgot the ecstasy. The pull, the love, the pull of love has brought the beloved. He fell at his beloved's feet. He does not know whether he is on the beloved's feet or in his beloved's heart or immersed in the beloved. He knows nothing.

This is the string of love. This is the pull of love. This is the salvation beyond salvation. This is love beyond salvation. Whatever it is, it is extreme love. Not only the disciple is in Guru-love, even the Guru is in disciple-love.

The meditative who had all the knowledge of the world did not know that the disciple can immerse himself in Guru-love. In immersion, the feeling of time vanished. So much time has passed but he does not know.

Now the miraculous Guru said in his ears: "My Milk".

Yes! He regained consciousness. He opened his eyes. He had put his head in the lap of Guru Nanak but when he lifted it, it was from the lap of 'Guru with the Plume'. The most handsome face of Guru Nanak had charmed him. Now the most handsome face of 'Guru with the plume' has charmed.

O Lord! Your miracles are wondrous, your love is limitless, all are your images, all ages

O Handsome! O Beautiful!

You are Great!

New image! New love!

It has made the meditative go into rapturous love. The eyelids became heavy with nectar and closed again. His head has again gone into the beloved's lap. The Guru, with both hands clamped his body and he is immersed in Guru-love again.

What the beloved had uttered, the meditative could not hear.

The beloved is asking for milk but the devotee in Guru-love knows nothing.

The magnet of love is clinging to the beloved. Consciousness has become unconsciousness. Meditative soul is immersed in Guru-soul.

What a loving, mind elevating glimpse is the Guru-disciple meet?

Guru is immersed in disciple-love. Disciple is immersed in Guru-love.

After sometime, the ever awakened Guru again uttered:

"I am hungry"

O Nourisher of the world! O Savior of the world! O Lord of the world! O Merciful!

What miraculous-ness? You say, "I am hungry."

Then he said: "My milk."

The meditative heard the words 'My milk' and startled. He got up.

But see! He had put his head in the lap of 'Guru with the Plume' but when he lifted, it was from the lap of Guru Nanak. The beloved is the same. The meditative has recognized him. Only the incarnations are in different forms. He is immersed like the black bee. Like, the black bee is not misled by colors, blue, red, pink, it recognizes the lotus, may be in any colour, similarly he has recognized the beloved.

In the same love again, the Guru uttered: "My Milk"

The meditative got up. His feet would not move. His eyes do not go far from the beloved. The eyes see him again and again. Again, he got absorbed in the glimpse of the 'Guru with the Plume'. Again, he fell into the beloved's lap. He got immersed in Guru-love and had no consciousness to give milk to the Guru. The immersion was so deep that cannot be described.

After sometime again the Guru uttered: "My Milk."

The meditative startled and got up, tried to move his feet but saw the Guru's handsome face. The plume dazzled and immersed in love, again he fell in the Guru's lap.

O 'Beloved with the Plume'. The disciple cannot separate himself even one step. Now you immerse him in your lap forever. The disciple cannot bear the radiance of your face. For your natural repute, do not give him separation.

But now his consciousness woke up. The utterance of the Guru woke him up. Budhan Shah now got up but he saw the goat standing near. See the Lord's miracles. A cup is also lying near. In rapture, he milked the goat. Nobody knows whether he milked or the milk got milked by itself. The meditative only saw that the cup is full. It is full up to the brim and is overflowing.

See the hands of the disciple holding the cup and the Guru's 'more beautiful than a rose lips' that are touching the cup. This is the glimpse of Guru-disciple love. In this rapturous love the Guru and disciple are immersed.

All around Kiratpur, one can see this rapturous love of 'Guru and disciple'.

It is a loving glimpse of "My Milk."

Who can put it in words with ink? Who can picture it? It is being written in the heavens. It is being pictured in the heavens.

*O devotee! Live long in this Guru-love,
 you who have been joined with the beloved Guru with this Guru-love.
 Live ever swinging in this Guru-love. Live ever swaying in this Guru-love.
 Flourish in this Guru-love. Live ever flourishing in this Guru-love
 Live ever giving fragrance of this Guru-love.
 Live ever blossoming in this Guru-love
 Wondrous is the picture of "My milk."
 O Saint-devotee! For the sake of beloved Guru's head
 O Saint-devotee! For the sake of beloved Guru's feet
 For the sake of the Godly soul
 For the sake of this loving glimpse
 Give to us also: A small drop of this nectar,*

*one sip, one particle, one splash, particle of a particle
to us poor, to us orphans, to us beggars at your door.*

After blessing Budhan Shah the Guru traveled towards the valley of Sirmaur and moving slowly and blessing many people he entered the territory of the King of Nahan.

Here he stayed in this valley of Sirmaur. He got constructed one temporary fort, a Gurdwara and some houses to stay. The Gurdwara exists but the fort is not there. The spot is scenic but it has not been given proper attention. The Guru was delighted to stay here.

Specimens of how he blessed the world can be gauged by the stories that follow.



9.

The Hut at Chamba

The true Guru, the 'Guru with the Plume' came to Nahan city. He went for sight-seeing in the mounts and reached the bank of river Yamuna. He liked this place and stopped at a scenic spot. He got constructed some houses. The place became known as Paonta (meaning the Guru putting sacred feet).

When he first came to this beautiful open land then he had noticed an enclosure on one side. He went and stayed in the hut that belonged to a humble lady. He did not go to the place where tents were fixed. He went straight to the hut of this humble lady. This was right on the bank of river Yamuna.

The enclosure was full of flowers that blossomed. In the centre was the hut. On one side existed a cow-shed.

This lady Kishna and her husband became devotees of Guru Harkrishan a long time back. Sadhaura was their hometown. But later they moved to this place and meditated here. Gopal lived up to hundred years and died. Kishna was ninety. She was a meditative and had a deep craving to have a glimpse of the Guru. The true Guru accompanied by Nand Chand visited her when he felt a pull of love from her. She presented flowers and their fragrance to the Guru. Later, the Guru made it a very beautiful garden.



10.

Saint of Kalsi

King Medni Prakash of Nahan was sitting in his drawing room when his Prime Minister Harji came and their conversation started.

King: Harji! Have you brought any fresh news?

Minister: Your Excellency! The news is not encouraging. King Fateh Shah's daughter has got engaged to King Bhim Chand's son.

King: Is it done? That was expected. (Looking towards the sky and heaving a sigh) Previously the craze was for a son and now it is fear of the kingdom and the palaces.

Harji: Even I am worried quite much. King Fateh Shah is already screaming on the head and now he has become stronger.

King: Then any suggestion.

Minister: I cannot think of anything that is humanly possible. If the Lord helps, then it is different.

King: So far as the idols of gods are concerned, they are of no help. We have already worshipped these for a son but with no success. It appears there is no God in the idols. Some say it is superstition or a mistaken belief only. Rest is help of some saint. For that one is Budhu Shah at Multan. Another is Ram Rai at Dehradun, who has impressed Emperor Aurangzeb with his miracles. But he is a friend of King Fateh Shah who respects him much. So! All help is out of reach for us.

There seems to be only one way now. That is to make more recruitment in the army and when the time comes we should die fighting in the battle. We have to die one day. At least, this way we may get a place in heavens.

Minister: It is always good to remain in readiness to fight and at this particular time it has become most essential to remain in preparedness. Also it

is the duty of brave people to fight for righteousness and die while fighting. But we should not remain in worry and disappointment. We should also do something more.

King: What more?

Minister: In our kingdom within our borders one very aged Brahmin is meditating. Why not seek his help? In my view he is a saint and possesses Super natural powers. He lives in the deep forest. He is in meditation day and night. He is away from everyone. He has a disciple who looks after him. He lives on milk. He has kept a couple of cows that graze in the forest and give milk to the Brahmin. I am sure his blessings will be fruitful and great help to us. However, we must increase the armed forces. You ask the queen mother to give the keys of the treasure that our old kings have accumulated for difficult times. This is just the difficult time when the need is urgent.

King: Well! You are right. But woman, more so old woman might not agree. But I shall try. After all she is a mom, she may agree. Yes, yes. Minister, when do we go to meet the Brahmin?

Minister: Your Excellency! You talk to queen mother and I will talk to our Defense Minister for recruitment of more defense personnel and buying of more arms.

Then we can leave early tomorrow morning. We shall go for hunting and then take out time to meet the Brahmin. It is not proper for people to know where we are going.

King: How far is that?

Minister: About ten kilometers from the city towards north east on the banks of the river Yamuna is a village named Kalsi. It is on a little height. About one kilometer before that, on our side of the bank of the river at the confluence of rivers Tonsa and Yamuna is a nice plain. There in the forest is his hut on a big plot surrounded by big trees.

King: O.K. It doesn't seem to be too far.

After the conference with the king, the minister came away and met the Defense Minister and discussed regarding expansion of the army.

Also, the king made the queen mother agree on giving the keys of the old treasure to spend for expansion of the armed forces.

II

Next day, King Medni Prakash went for hunting. Along with him were the Minister and some military. The Minister arranged a resting place about one kilometer from the hut. In the afternoon, the King and the Minister went on

their horses for sight seeing. Then slowly they reached near the hut of the Brahmin. The King waited outside and the Minister tied his horse to a tree and walked inside the plot.

At that time the Brahmin was sitting in the verandah on a stone on which grass was spread out. His age was hundred years plus. His body was all bones. It appeared as if there was no flesh but his face was shining bright. His back was not straight. It was bent a bit and it looked as if the body had no strength in it. It was too fragile.

The minister went forward and greeted the Brahmin.

The Brahmin recognized him. He blessed him and said: Come! Sit down.

The Minister requested: The King is waiting outside. If you permit, I shall bring him.

On listening to this, the Brahmin tried to get up and with a trembling body said: Shri Krishna has said, "I am the king amongst people". It is my good luck that you have come as a King. Please do come.

But the Minister made him sit down and said: You please sit down. The King will himself come. He has not come to meet you as a King. He has come for your blessings. You are a saint. You are elder.

He said this and went out and brought the King inside. Both of them bowed from a distance.

The Brahmin who was quite aged but inwardly agile said: Thanks O Lord! My stars are good. Come as a King. You are welcome.

After a little talk regarding welfare the real subject was discussed.

The Brahmin listened to everything and said: O King! I have meditated in your kingdom and I wish that no harm should come to your kingdom. I pray to the Lord that your kingdom should remain forever. But two kings Fateh Shah and Bhim Chand are your enemies and in sadhus Ram Rai has Supernatural powers. I am a humble person. I have spent years in waiting for a glimpse of the Lord. My mentor had stopped me from using Super natural powers and I myself have not cared for these. My only desire is to have a glimpse of the Lord in actual or in my inner mind. I may have a glimpse or I may get immersed in the glimpse. But my wish has not been fulfilled.

After saying all this, the Brahmin had tears in his eyes.

Minister: You excuse us. We have encroached upon your time that you are spending for the glimpse of the Lord. We are needy persons. A needy person thinks more for himself.

Brahmin: Whatever you may say but a king is a protector of his subjects. It is his foremost duty to protect his kingdom. I have meditated in this kingdom

and I have lived happily here. Your coming is no encroachment on my time. I pray to the Lord to bestow His grace and I bless you. But I wish to tell you more.

Saying this, the face of the old Brahmin dazzled. His loose flesh became luminous. He swayed his head and closed his eyes. When he opened his eyes again, his eyes showered a charm. He had tears in his eyes. He was quiet for some time.

Then he said: O King! This is the Un-enlightened era (Kalyug) in its worst form. In this period one prophet had to come. The prophet has come but I do not know and if you meet him then victory is surely yours.

King: How can we find him without a proper address?

Brahmin: O King! I do not know the whereabouts. I was doing idol worship in my early age. Then I met a sadhu. He put me on worship of the idol of Shri Krishna. I spent most of my life in that worship. My longing was that whatever idol I worshipped should meet me in human form but I did not succeed. Now a few days back I saw one angel figure. He said: Why are you wasting time on idol worship? The prophet has already come to earth in human form. He is preparing for wars. He is a warrior and it appears that he is worldly but he is really from the Lord, a prophet and protector of the world. O King! If I see him I shall recognize him. He is young, angel like, magnificent and sweet but he keeps arms and has a luxurious living like kings. King: What is his name? Brahmin: I do not know his name. I had a vision only and everyday I get this vision. I would have run to search for him but my legs have no strength. This child gives me support of his shoulder or many a time carries me on his back up to the river and I have my bath. If I had the strength in me then I would not have sat calmly even for a day. Now I have got some hope but I have no strength left in me. Now I have got only a prayer in my mind that somehow I should have a glimpse before my eyes close forever and I should get the sensation of ecstasy and rapture that one gets only from a glimpse or meeting. O King! You have the strength and money. You search for him. If you are able to meet to him, your work will be done and (after a pause) maybe my stars also shine. Who knows! The Lord has prompted you that I give you the clue and you search for him and bring him here. Or you take me in a palanquin and throw me at his sacred feet so that I may be blessed with the sensation of the Lord. I am a beggar for it.

The king was overwhelmed with the Brahmin's love, respect, yearning and hope, his inability to move and yet in hope of some grace from the Lord. He became keen to ask about some whereabouts.

Brahmin: After eighty years of meditation I have got this vision only. What else should I tell? He is young, handsome, has eyes like the eyes of a deer and arms that dangle up to the knees. He is tall and slim. There is dazzle on his forehead that is difficult to bear. He keeps arms. He lives a luxurious life like a king.

He is a prophet.

On listening to this, the king and the minister looked towards each other as if they got some hints.

King: Does he stay at Kahlur? Is he an enemy of King Bhim Chand?

Brahmin: Enemy? No! He is not an enemy of anyone. He loves everyone. Enemies consider a prophet as an enemy. One's own deeds are enemies. One has to get the fruits of one's deeds. A prophet who comes from the Lord is all love.

King: If a prophet comes, he should come in a Brahmin body as yours. How is it that a prophet is keeping arms?

Brahmin (after heaving a sigh): Well! Prophet Ram was Khatri and he kept arms. Prophet Shri Krishna was Khatri and he kept arms. I do not know why a prophet comes like this? I can tell you more. We Brahmins are in rituals only. We can recite from the Vedas and do yagnas. The divine knowledge was always with the Khatri. Prophet Ram had it. We Brahmins took Ravana's side and became enemies. Probably you have not read Sanskrit. In olden days the divine knowledge remained hidden. We were in rituals only. Our ancestor Brahmins heard that the divine knowledge is with Khatri. On the one hand they rule a kingdom and on the other hand they enjoy salvation. Then our Brahmins got thirsty to get the divine knowledge from the kings. You must have heard that Sukdev Brahmin knocked at King Janak's door to gain divine knowledge. Again Udalik Brahmin went to Aruni Brahmin but Aruni told his inability to impart this knowledge.

Then Udalik went to King Kakayee. He got divine knowledge from him. Kakayee also told him that whatever knowledge he had earlier is wrong. Then Gargebalaki recited twelve articles of divine knowledge to King Ajatshatru, the king of Kanshi. But the king who was a Khatri told him that he was wrong. Then he explained the divine knowledge and told him also: See! I am a Khatri and I am giving divine knowledge to a Brahmin. This makes sure that the divine knowledge was with the Khatri king and not with the Brahmin. Again, King Parvahn Javli who was a Khatri imparted the divine knowledge to two Brahmins who did not have this knowledge earlier. Before this, Ati Dhanwan Khatri imparted the divine knowledge to Udarsandilya who was a

Brahmin. Then Sanat Kumar who was a god of wars imparted divine knowledge to Narad who was a well-known Brahmin.

When King Parvahn Javli imparted divine knowledge to Aruni Brahmin, then he said: As you have said that the divine knowledge is not in Brahmins, the same is also mentioned elsewhere. It is certain that the divine knowledge is absent in Brahmins up to today. Prophet Shri Krishna preached Gita that is the most respected scripture, in the battlefield to warrior Arjuna who was fighting. The author of Mahabharata wrote it in his book. So, O King! These things are all written in religious books from where it is evident that the Khattris who kept arms imparted the divine knowledge to the Brahmins. It is not sure whether originally this divine knowledge was with the Brahmins or the Khattris but from the religious books it is evident that Khattris were the leaders in this knowledge. The name of this knowledge is generally Upnashid. The old authors call it Upnashid that means something secret. Because this knowledge was given only to persons who had a right like one's son or those disciples on whom you could depend upon to keep the secret. This knowledge was not imparted to anyone else. O King! Do not have any doubts on this account that when he is a prophet, then why is he keeping arms or living like a king. Listen more. I am told that this prophet is a prophet of the prophets. He is stronger and a Guru of all prophets.

The Brahmin mentioned the word Guru casually meaning big or strong but that gave a good indication to the King and the Minister that he is called Guru. They realized that although he does not know much but he is describing quite well and now he has mentioned the name also correctly as Guru.

Brahmin: O respected King! You can go now and search and if you are able to meet him, then remember this old aged Brahmin. Get me his glimpse. May Lord fulfill your wish!

Minister: O Brahmin! Do prophets have long hair on the head?

Brahmin: All prophets and saints kept long hair. In Vedas the Lord is mentioned as 'with long hair and handsome beard'. Up to the time of Gautam Budha all prophets and saints had long hair. The bad habit of cutting the hair started after that only.

Minister (softly to the king): He has confirmed the long hair also.

Brahmin: When a prophet comes, his companions also come. They also must be keeping long hair. I had a vision.

King: He himself has long hair but his disciples, all are not keeping long hair.

Brahmin: If not now, then they will shortly start keeping long hair. That is my vision. He will establish righteousness and then he is not one. He has ten incarnations and all are with long hair.

The King and the Minister again looked towards each other. The mention of ten incarnations made them sure.

King: O Brahmin! We have inferred. Now we go. We will try to contact. If we are able to contact him, then we shall tell him our problem and invite him to our state. Then you can recognize him.

Brahmin: I have been meditating all my life. I have a vision. If I have his glimpse, then I shall recognize. Can a prophet remain hidden? But the minds that are dirty with worldly desires have a veil. They have been waging wars with prophets, otherwise why would Ravana go the wrong way?

King: Is he a prophet like Ram or Krishna?

Brahmin: I don't know but I heard that he is bigger than both. He is Guru almighty. I have not heard this from people. I heard this in my meditation.

King: Is he stronger than Saint Ram Rai in Supernatural powers?

Brahmin: O King! Prophets do not concentrate for Supernatural powers like the saints. There is strength in their words. Whatever they say happens. They are born prophets and whatever they say or wish it happens. If you talk of Supernatural powers, those they do not like to exhibit. They are happy in what the Lord does. But whatever they say even casually, that happens. I know Ram Rai. He came here once and I met him also. He is a sadhu who has Supernatural powers through concentration of mind. But about whom I have told you is a Lord-sent prophet. He won't do miracles for the sake of miracles for becoming famous. But whatever the prophet does casually is more than a miracle. It is the ego that says, "I can do miracles". He doesn't have ego. He is immersed in the Lord's love. He has the Lord's strength in him. The other sadhus have ego. They do miracles by concentration of mind. O King! It is the mind, wherever it concentrates that happens.

After this long conversation, they came to the conclusion that if the Brahmin's vision is true, then the Guru at Anandpur is a prophet. All the clues are matching. And even if he is not a prophet, we have found help. He has arms. He is gallant and brave. The gallantry of his armed men is well known. If he becomes our friend, then we will become stronger than our enemies. Then he is on the Guru's seat of which Ram Rai is a follower. He has a following all over Majha, Malwa, Darp, Nakka, Dhani, Pothohaar, Sindh and in the south also. If we can bring him in our kingdom, it will be a clever game to play. This has come to our mind only now after meeting the saint.

III

After reaching Nahan, the King secretly sent one Deputy Minister with lot of gifts to Anandpur. The Guru's maternal uncle Kirpal Chand welcomed the Deputy Minister with dignity and made him stay in extreme comfort at the Guru's place.

The Deputy Minister wanted to give the message in secret but the fearless Guru opened the letter next day in the durbar and the contents of the letter became known to everybody.

The minister was told to wait for the reply till the next day.

Then the Guru held discussions with uncle Kirpal Chand and Sahib Chand and other near and dear ones. He consulted Mom also. It was unanimously agreed that everybody should move to Nahan.

Most people were of the opinion for moving to Nahan for the reason that an attack by King Bhim Chand was imminent and by moving to Nahan that danger will be over.

But the Guru was feeling some unseen pull that only he knew. Some waves of love were attracting him. Some sensation of love was giving him sensation. Hence it was finally decided to move.

The season was good. The rains were over and at higher levels this season is wonderful. The Guru left for Nahan in the month of September. He took five hundred armed troops along. Rest of the army was told to stay at Anandpur.

Mother Gujri ji and the Guru's wife came along as also other relatives, friends and disciples. They first reached Kiratpur where Guru Hargobind had stayed. Here, they offered sacred sweet and then they moved on to Ropar.

The Deputy Minister of Nahan had already got the reply and had gone earlier to tell the good news to the king and arrange welcome for the Guru. The Guru also reached there quickly.

The moment it became known that the Guru has arrived, King Medni Prakash with all his ministers and courtiers came from the city at a distance to receive the Guru.

When he met the Guru, the King along with his courtiers fell at the feet of the Guru. He got the Guru's blessings and then he walked along while the Guru was riding on the horse and welcomed the Guru.

At the City gate the Brahmin priests and other prominent personalities of the city were waiting for the arrival of the Guru. When the Guru arrived at the gate, then the Brahmin priest moved lighted lamps in a tray in circular motion in front of him to welcome him and show respect for him. Everybody gave

him respect considering that he was on Guru Nanak's seat now and he was made to stay at a nice place where a Gurdwara now stands built.

The news that the Guru has arrived at Nahan and the King and his courtiers have given so much respect to the Guru spread in the entire valley and the neighborhood like an echo in the mountains. The news also reached Ram Rai. Then Ram Rai sent a message to King Fateh Shah of Siri Nagar saying, "The Master of the seat of which I am only a servant has come. Although I had some differences but the truth is truth. The truth is that he has the Lord's strength like a fountain and I am like a pond from a fountain. Now I won't use my Supernatural powers against King Medni Prakash. Moreover I am your friend. I would suggest that you yourself vacate whatever territory of the King of Nahan you have forcibly occupied. Now the Guru has come whose principle is to protect the people who come to him for help. In any case you will have to vacate that".

King Fateh Shah also heard that the Guru has come to Nahan along with armed troops. He had also heard about the Guru's following. He also got the message from Ram Rai. He also knew that his subjects are all followers of Ram Rai and the people of Tehri and neighboring villages are all followers of Ram Rai. He realized that when Ram Rai has changed his opinion then there would be tension in his state and neighboring states as well. So, he vacated the territory of King Medni Prakash that he had forcibly occupied.

King Medni Prakash on seeing the miracle of having got back his territory and the fear of losing his kingdom gone was delighted and he became more devoted to the Guru. King Fateh Shah also sent a messenger with gifts to the Guru expressing love and respect for the Guru from his heart. After the messenger went back, then the Guru sent Uncle Kirpal Chand to King Fateh Shah. Uncle Kirpal Chand explained very nicely the message of the Guru to the king saying: The Guru does not like the kings to fight amongst themselves. If you all get together and sit together, it can bring freedom to the country and the people. You are a few thousand kings and princes who have got armed battalions. Because of the infighting amongst yourselves and no unity, you are paying taxes to the rulers. There is no reason why you should not unite and be strong and make the country free.

King Fateh Shah appreciated the Guru's advice and agreed with it. The Guru had already talked to King Medni Prakash in the same way. So, when king Fateh Shah came to meet the Guru, the Guru asked Uncle Kirpal Chand to mediate. Through uncle Kirpal Chand's mediation there was reconciliation between King Fateh Shah and King Medni Prakash and they became friends.

Both of them felt stronger and started respecting the Guru more. King Medni Prakash now wanted the Guru to stay at Nahan permanently and with this idea in view, while going out for hunting, he showed many suitable places to the Guru for settling. One day the Guru selected a place that was near the bank of the river Yamuna. The place was a scenic beauty.

It was decided to build a house for the Guru and a few houses for the disciples and a small fort for security purposes.

King Medni Prakash fixed masons and laborers and the building work started.

Now the Guru settled here with all his armed men and the disciples. The Guru named this place Paonta. The foundation was laid in the month of November. A Gurdwara stands there even now. Besides the scenic beauty, this place was very strategically situated. The road to Dehradun and other places is just near.

When the building work started, the news reached all over and people started coming to meet the Guru in large numbers. The singing of the divine hymns and discourses in the holy congregation started. The warriors started exercises and practice. The poets arranged singing of poetry. It was all happiness in the forest.

In a vast area people started putting up tents, huts, shops etc.

The Guru was putting people on the true path of 'recitation of the Lord's name with love'.

The Guru with his companions went for swimming in the river Yamuna and played water games and other sports. Then hunting in the forest, the fighting exercises and blessing the devotees was a wondrous delight. In the life of the tenth Guru, this period was the most exhilarating. It was here at the bank of the river Yamuna that the tenth Guru wrote most of the poetry. It was here that he recruited selected warriors. It was here that a store was constructed for keeping ammunition. The Guru came here in September and in November it looked as if Anandpur is here and that the Guru has always been living here only. The fort was being built very fast and it was expected that it would be completed by December and the shifting could be done on the Guru's birthday.

Many sadhus came to meet the Guru and he blessed everyone with the Lord's name that gave life to the lifelessly living people.

One day, when beloved Guru got up in the morning, he appeared a little restless. It was December and it had become extremely cold. Although so far there had been no snow on the mountains and it wasn't freezing cold but still

it was colder than before. Today, he got up late and reached the durbar late. He was saying: I am feeling very cold. My bones are trembling. Sometimes he said: I have become too old. The Guru-disciples could not understand what the reason was but they were waiting for something to be known. The Guru got up from the durbar and sent for the Minister. When the Minister came, the beloved Guru said: Please tell King to come with me for hunting for five or six days and take a palanquin and laborers along.

IV

The Yamuna starts from the hills. Its source is called Yamnotri. But it moves in different directions and finally reaches the Doon valley. The place where it emerges in the Doon valley is around ten kilometers from Mussoorie. From the north comes another river named Tons. Here is the confluence of both the rivers. The Tons finishes here and becomes a part of the river Yamuna. The Yamuna flows from here touching the small hills and after touching Paonta reaches the plains at Faizabad.

At a distance of one kilometer before the confluence of Tons and Yamuna, on the bank of the river Yamuna, is a village named Kalsi. This place of confluence is very beautiful. When the two rivers that come from the high hills with sparkling waters meet, it is a wondrous sight. Now a bridge has been constructed here. The road to Chakrata hills goes from here. Saharanpur is 35 kilometers and Chakrata is 16 kilometers from this place. A very long time back King Ashoka built a wooden bridge here. The Buddhist monks had their huts and monasteries here. At that time there was good population living here. From here only the road went touching the feet of the hills that reached Shabaz Garhi near Hoti Mardan. This was the highway because since the width of the river is less in the hills, it was easy for the king's troops to cross the river. That is why the troops mostly went from here only. Here a sign of the Buddhist King Ashoka still stands. Near the bridge on the upper road is a stone pillar that has the inscription of the commands of King Ashoka. The archeological department has constructed a tomb here with iron gates that generally remain locked. A similar but smaller pillar of King Ashoka is also lying at Shahbaz Garhi. The huts and monasteries and other places where the Buddhists meditated are all gone. At that time these places were important places to stay on the highway. But the natural scenic beauty of the place is still there.

This solitude, freedom, fresh air, clean water, leafy vegetables and the scenic beauty made the saint stay here. It has been mentioned already that the King and the Minister came to meet him and seek his blessings.

This saint spent his time in his hut in the natural beautiful surroundings and meditated on the Lord. His food was the milk that the cows gave and he always waited for something. He thought of the Lord and considered recitation the path.

He was away from worldly desires and had almost renounced the world. He understood all ascetic practices well. His desire was for a glimpse. Sometimes he said: I do love the Lord but I do not get His love. Then he felt a vacuum in himself and felt disappointed. He could not feel the ecstasy or rapture in himself. He did not get a glimpse nor he felt immersed in the Lord's love.

Now, sometimes he got some vision, some divine feeling that he had explained to the King and the Minister.

The need of the King that was there out of the fear of his kingdom going away had already been met. In their mind the longing of the saint to meet the Guru was all forgotten. Yes. Man forgets. When there is need then the remembrance of man is sharp but when the need is over the remembrance becomes blunt.

The King does not remember what he had promised to the saint. The King has forgotten the message of the saint for the Guru.

The King had found the prophet Guru. His political motive was fulfilled. He had found the Guru strong with armed men and with lot of following. He believed firmly that the Guru is a prophet. He looks strong and with vigor but in his heart he is soft and generous. He is broadminded. If somebody loves him, he responds with his love sensation. He is taking out people from mistaken beliefs and putting them on the true path of 'recitation of the Lord's name with love'. He is a support for the downtrodden and gives life to lifelessly living people. He is a Lord-sent prophet and has come to bless the people with the Lord's name. But the King had felt and forgotten all this. He was in need of help of a strong hand and that he had got.

The truth is that the world requires strength of the body or the mind. When the people get it they are happy.

Only those eyes that have no worldly desires or those who are lovelorn for the Lord or anyone whom the Lord blesses wish to have 'Vision of the soul'. The eyes that can see the Lord are different.

So, the King and the Minister did not have the selfless attraction to remember the saint and do goodness to him. Since their need was over they forgot him.

But alas! For the person who has touched hundred years, who has spent his entire life in ascetic practices in the lonely deep forest on the bank of the

river, who has renounced all worldly desires and sentimental relationships and who has got an inkling of something, who has had a comforting dream, in how much pangs would he be now?

It is true that people entangled in worldly desires make fun of renunciation and also there is no need for renunciation in the Guru's path of 'Family living and renunciation of mind only' but if people living a family life and entangled in worldly desires, sentimental relationships and ego try to live in renunciation, then they would know how difficult it is to renounce the world and live a life like that.

The King had forgotten, the Minister had forgotten but the saint who lived the last days of his life in intense desire to meet, his longing and craving can only be imagined. The saint thought: Is it that the King has forgotten? Maybe his need is fulfilled and he has forgotten or the search he made was fruitless or the King is still in search? God knows what happened. The saint is sitting far from the city in the forest. Who should come and give him any information? He has a helper who milks the cows and looks after him. Some time he goes to the forest or he is busy in some other job.

Sometimes he thought: O Lord! I am old now. My senses have become weak. My brain has become weak. What I thought a vision was just a fallacy. I am unnecessarily at the end of my lifetime banking on a false notion. But then his inner voice said: No. It cannot be a fallacy. It is a vision of some divine figure for whom I do not have the strength to see. O Lord! I am sure you are not joking. O Lord! Be benevolent to your old and aged servant. Give me your love. Give me your support, so that I may die reassured and in tranquility. He would heave a sigh and tears would fall from his eyes.

On seeing him crying, his helper would ask: Respected saint! Have I done anything that you have not liked and you are crying?

He would reply: No child. This is some divine yearning. Like in young age a person becomes mad in love, I have become mad in some divine love in this old age. You don't have to worry. Sometimes the old saint would startle: Ah! there he comes. But that would be some sound of a falling stone or some noise of an animal. Sometimes, he would listen the voice he had heard while meditating. Sometimes he could see the dream in the day. Sometimes it was disappointment again. Sometimes he would get an intense desire to meet, then he would forget everything and be afraid of death and say: Oh! Will I die without having a glimpse? Like this, his mind would settle down and he would feel some weakness in him that would make him weary.

One day, in sadness the saint told his helper: O child, I do not trust my body now. My time is over. Any time I may die. When I die, you put my body

in the river Yamuna. You take the cows to your village. Whenever you come to know that a prophet has come, you fall at his feet and give my message to him: "One yearning sadhu who lived on the bank of the river Yamuna longing to have your glimpse has died. His legs and feet did not move and he could not go to search you. He didn't have the money to get you searched. He didn't have people to search you. He got your vision and he could hear a divine voice. He was writhing, wriggling, craving, yearning and vehemently wishing to meet you but could not reach you. In extreme love, waiting, expectation and hope he has died. You bless him eternal peace".

The child listened, felt sad and cried but he was so obedient that he would try to cram each and every word everyday and then ask the saint to listen so that not a word missed in his memory.

Sometimes the child would become sad and say: O saint! What shall I do?

Then the saint would say: You search for him. I am not lucky but maybe you are lucky and when you will give him my message, maybe he is gracious to you.

The child would ask: Please let me know his address. I shall go right now and bring him even if he is sleeping. I shall carry him while sleeping on the cot along with the cot.

The saint would say: Don't say like this. He is divine. He is the Lord's image.

The child would say: Then why doesn't he come on his own?

The saint would say: Oh! My deeds! Oh! My luck!

One day, the child asked for some indication.

Then the saint said: He is tall, slim, very strong, very young, keeps arms, keeps full hair on his head, has a nice curly beard growing, has a grandeur and a dominating personality. He is full of love and full of ecstasy.

The child said: How can I check so many things?

Then the saint said: When he dangles his arms, his hands come up to the knees.

The child was happy to know this indication. He got up and dangled his arms to see whether his hands reach the knee or not. Then he tried with the saint's arms whether they reached the knees or not.

Then he asked: Has no one else such long arms that reach the knees?

The saint said: No one else.

The child said: If I tell him to dangle his arms, will he do it for my asking?

The saint laughed at his innocence and said: You remain near. Remember. Do not ask him to dangle his arms. Whenever by chance he dangles his arms,

you can be sure that he is the one. Then you fall at his feet and ask him forgiveness and give him my message.

The child said: Any name?

The saint said: I do not know his name but people call him a prophet, a Guru.

The child thought for a moment and then said: O.K. Guru, Guru, Guru, Guru, Guru.

Again the child said: Well! If you send me just now, I shall go down and enquire. Maybe we get some clue and you are able to have his glimpse. But if I go, then who will give you a bath? Who will give you milk? Who will take the cows for grazing and bring them back? Nothing comes to my mind. Yes! If I had a brother, then I could leave him with you and myself go to search the Guru.

But even now in the afternoon, I can go for one hour to nearby places and enquire. I shall also try to find out if any person is willing to stay with you for a week or ten days, then I can go down searching.

The saint said: O Child Chando! Who would stay with an old and weak person? Anyone will not get anything from here. So, why would anyone do service here? You do one thing only. You go to nearby places, say a kilometer or two and whomsoever you meet, you ask: Has any prophet come? If there is any clue then you come and tell.

The child who was quite worried was now a bit satisfied. He had got two important indications, one to enquire and second to be able to recognize from the arms.

V

Now the child Chando fixed his chores in a different way. In the morning he made the saint have his bath. Then he would put the dais in the sun and make the saint sit on it with a blanket on. Then he milked the cows, had a bath himself, gave milk to the saint and himself drank milk. He stopped going to the forest for grazing the cows. Now he chained the cows in the courtyard. He had some already cut grass that he would give to the cows. Then he would go to the forest, cut more grass, bring it and give to the cows again. Then he would go up to the villages. He would see everybody's arms whether they reach the knees or not. Sometimes, he would go to the villages down side. Then he would ask some people: Has any prophet come? Having been disappointed from the villages, he would go a few kilometers on the road this side of the bank of river Yamuna or the other side of the bank. His purpose was the same. He would see the arms. When he had a doubt, then he would

stand and wait for the person to dangle his arms to make sure whether they reach the knees or not. At this time the boy who was already quite simple would look crazy. Previously he was spending his time in the forest but now people in the villages were astonished to see this crazy boy asking strange questions. For the sake of his master and for the fulfillment of the saint's wish, Chando spent a few days roaming like this but he could not get any clue.

The saint had now become weak. The cold made him tremble. The blankets and quilts were there but a weak person feels colder.

After all, a day came when the saint could not get up in the morning for his bath. He kept lying down and said: O child Chando! See, my time has come, my hands and feet have become cold. O dear child, you must do my work after I am gone.

Chando came near and touched his hands and feet. They were really cold. Seeing them cold, a sensation of coldness went through his body. Sadness and disappointment surrounded his mind. About two years back, Chando's mother had died. Her hands and feet had also become cold. He visualized the event of the last breath of his mom and the separation forever. His mother lived in Kalsi village and used to earn her living by grinding wheat. She was quite old and a weakling. Whatever! She was Chando's love (loving Mom). Chando's world finished with two persons, one his mother and one this saint.

Today, the day came when he will be separated from his only companion. He came out. He felt dizzy. He had tears in his eyes that he wiped with his clenched fists. Then he lit a fire and brought the stove inside and wrapped one or two more blankets on the saint. He went out, climbed on the mound to see. Perhaps he may come just now. Then he came inside and felt the hands and feet and went out again to see. Like this it became noon and now the saint could neither speak nor move his hands or feet.

Now when Chando saw that the saint's hands and feet have become cold up to the elbows and knees, then he screamed wildly. The saint was startled and he opened his eyes and in a feeble voice said: Ah! He has come. Chando heard 'Ah! He has come' but the saint's eyes closed. Chando's ears again heard 'Ah! He has come'.

Chando was startled and he came out. Again he heard 'Ah! He has come'. Again a voice came out of his throat 'Ah! He has come' and the echo of the same was heard as the voice reflected from the stones 'Ah! He has come'.

Now Chando ran fast from the west bank of Yamuna towards the west into the forest and looked this side and that side but except the sound of water dashing on the stones, there was no other sound. In frenzy, he looked on all

sides and again started running. At a little distance, he could see some people talking. He moved ahead and saw horses tied to trees on a plain. Somebody was giving drinking water to the horses and further some people were cooking food. Two persons were sitting on a sheet spread on grass and playing chess. He had never seen such faces. He saw a shine on the face of one of them and doubted maybe he is the Guru. So he started gazing the arms again and again but the person was sitting and playing. He was instructed by the saint not to ask anyone to dangle his arms.

In the meantime one gunman came and said to Chando: Get away. Do not stand here. It was a new thing for Chando. He had never heard that somebody could ask anyone to get away. He went at a little distance but his eyes were fixed on the person. His eyes were so much fixed that they did not blink even. Now the game finished and the man stood up and his arms went down but they reached only up to his thigh.

Poor Chando! He felt as if all his wealth of the world is gone.

Now in extreme disappointment he remembered: The saint must have died like my mother. I don't know, he might have asked for light as my mother had asked. If I had been near, I would have lit a candle or a fire. Why I came away?

He was baffled and he screamed: Ah! He has come. Then he moved ahead a little distance from where the persons were playing.

At this time some persons were coming from southwest riding on horses. Four persons were riding behind and one in the front.

Chando was ready to go back. He was thinking of the last heavy breath of the saint like his mother's but his eyes were looking ahead.

The persons riding on horses came near and near. Chando's steps shivered. He looked at the first rider and both his hands clapped. He ran and automatically from his throat came a musical note 'Ah! He has come'. But again in a moment he saw darkness in his eyes and he shivered. He started thinking: How do I know who he is? I have not checked his arms. Maybe he will also say 'get away'. I may get away myself. He stepped a little aside and started gazing.

In the meantime the first rider reached, went a little ahead and got down from the horse. The persons who were already there put a cushion on the sheet already spread and he sat down. Chando had followed and now he stood gazing at the arms. Now he started estimating. Sometimes he saw the arms of the first rider from shoulder to hands and then he saw his own arms from shoulder to hands and tried to estimate the length. Sometimes he jumped with pleasure. Sometimes he had a frown on his forehead in disappointment.

Then he got a little away so that nobody may say 'get away'. Sometimes, he got worried and wanted to go back thinking: The master might be having a last breath and he might ask for light. I may light a candle. But again he felt a pull and came back and stood there in waiting.

He thought in his mind: Oh! When will he get up? I have instructions not to ask him to get up and dangle his arms.

He (first rider) got up and started washing his hands. Chando's impatience has made him a statue. His eyes are gazing the arms. His mouth is open and becoming round. His hands have come up near his cheeks. He has raised his heels a little. His eyes are not blinking. His entire body is leaning. His breath has slowed down as if he is not breathing at all.

(On the other side) He (first rider) has washed his hands. He has washed his face. A towel has come. He has wiped his face. He has not dangled his arms so far.

Chando, in impatience, is still standing like a statue.

Ah! The hands dangled. Ah! Gracious Lord. The hands really reached the knees.

Chando screamed: Ah! He has come. He jumped and clapped his hands.

Chando had now forgotten what the saint had said and in what condition he might be. He was thrilled. He had no fear, no complex, didn't bother of anybody saying 'get away'. He went forward. He is in love and elation. On his face is innocence.

He stepped forward, bent his knees, held his (first rider's) right hand tightly and touched it to the knees, then pulled it slightly and touched to the knees again and said: It is O.K. Yes! It is O.K. Then he raised his neck and in a yearning voice said: Aren't you? Aren't you? You do not speak. Yes I have recognized.

Aren't you? Aren't you the All, All, All, All, Aren't you All, All? (With closed eyes and hands pressed again) Aren't you 'The Almighty'? Then he looked up and again said: Aren't you the Guru Almighty? Yes! You are the Guru Almighty. Yes! You please tell. Won't you?

The godly soul with whom this liberty is being taken, to whom love is being offered in extreme innocence, is standing, head slightly bent with hands let loose in Chando's hands. He has a love and charm in his eyes. His face is blossoming like a rose. His lips are giving a little smile. His forehead shows that he is enjoying the sensation of the innocent love of Chando.

Chando: Please do tell. You are the Almighty Guru. Ah! I have forgotten. You please tell. You tell. I have recognized. (Jumping in happiness) Yes! You are the one.

Now suddenly Chando's face became pale. He saw darkness in his eyes and with folded hands and a sad and feeble voice, he said: Please take the message, message from the saint of Kalsi. He knew you. He was yearning to have your glimpse. (With tears in his eyes) He must have died by now. My mother died in this time.

He gave your description: Somebody whose arms dangle up to the knees, tall, slim, with newly grown curly beard, with full hair on the head and name Almighty Guru.

He had said: You search for him and give my message. Please take the message. For a moment he closed his eyes and remembered the message word by word.

Now the persons playing chess and the other persons also came near.

Chando lifted both his hands, closed his fist and rested his chin on his hands, looked towards the Guru's face and said: 'One yearning sadhu who lived on the bank of the river Yamuna and was longing to have your glimpse, has died. His legs and feet did not move and he could not go to search. He didn't have the money to get you searched. He didn't have men to search you. Yes! He got your vision. He could hear a divine voice. He was writhing, wriggling, craving, yearning and vehemently wishing to meet you but could not reach you. In extreme love, wait, expectation and hope, he has died. You bless him eternal happiness'.

The benevolent Guru's eyes closed. He held both hands of Chando tight in his own hands. His face became tranquil and cool. There was a little frown on his forehead. A sensation went into Chando's body.

After a few moments his eyes opened, his divine lips opened: O Child! Are you sure the saint has died?

Chando: What else? Do you think he is alive?

Guru: Are you sure?

Chando: Yes, my mother died in this time.

Guru: Are you sure?

Chando freed his hands and went and stood in the sun. Then he saw the shade on the ground as if he is taking measurements. Then he came near and said: See! It is afternoon. It is more than two hours now. My mom took only one hour to die when her hands and feet became cold. That time has passed since long. Oh! The saint has died. Alright, I go now. I have to put the body in the river Yamuna. It was his order and now you have got the message. Please tell, are you the one? Please do tell.

Guru: O innocent child! The saint has not died. (Looking back side) O King, Let's go. There is a debt on you. Let's go. Forget the lunch. We will have milk today.

And they set out. The king was ready. The horses were ready. They jumped on to the horses. The Guru indicated to a person to take Chando on his horse and with Chando guiding the way they moved fast.

VI

Riding in the forest they reached near the hut. Chando got down from the horse and opened the gate of the courtyard. In the hut was a wooden settee on which was spread a panther skin. The saint was lying on it. Chando had put blankets over him. The sunrays were coming inside although due to the cold season they were not so warm. The Guru went ahead and removed the blanket. He touched the wrist and ankles. They were cold. There was no sign of breath movement. His face was pale.

Chando came forward, closed his eyes and said: Oh! He has died, like my mother (weeping). I could not kindle a candle for him. "You must have asked for light. But I have given your message." Then he started crying and he put his clenched fists on his eyes.

On seeing this simple, innocent, artless, guileless love, the benevolent Guru had tears in his eyes. But there was a frown on his forehead and his hand was on the saint's chest that was still warm. Seeing this warmth, he immediately jumped on to the settee and sitting on the head side started rubbing his palate. Meanwhile the others arrived. Chando was quite amazed. With elbows touching his breast and clenched fists under his chin, he stood watching.

Person coming from outside: Oh! Has he died? He was a noble soul.

Guru: No king. His breath has not stopped as yet. Sit on the feet side and hold one foot and rub.

Guru again: Sahib Chand, you three, one of you hold the other foot and two of you hold the wrists and rub them slowly with hot flannel.

When this first aid was given then after sometime the saint opened his eyes and closed.

Chando: Like this my mom opened her eyes once and then never opened again.

After sometime again the eyes opened and closed and a third time again the eyes opened and he said: Ah! He has come.

Those who were rubbing the hands, feet and ankles said that the feet and ankles have become warm but the hands are still cold.

The Guru now took out the pillow of grass from under the saint's head and putting his thigh under the head, he put the head in his lap.

Now again the eyes opened and a voice said; O Child, Chando! Has anybody come? Ah! What is this love sensation coming to my head? Ah! What is this love sensation going into my body? Ah! What are these love waves going into my arteries? Ah! What are these love-waves coming to my chest and flowing down to my body. Ah! What is this going on?

He looked towards the people who were rubbing his feet and hands and said: Who are you all? What are you doing? Where is Chando?

Chando: I have found. 'Ah! He has come' (clapping his hand).

But the ears of the saint could not listen. After a long time the saint breathed properly and he looked up.

The Guru now bent and kissed his forehead.

"O gracious Guru! I am all sacrifice to you. O Lord of the heavens! Who can kiss a person lying on the ground awaiting imminent death? When even mom and dad will hate to kiss, it is only your infinite love that swells. It is only your love that kisses the souls and kisses the foreheads." Love swelled in the dying saint who had almost slept forever. The saint who spent his entire life in ascetic practices away from the world in renunciation got the love sensation. His love swelled.

He held the left hand of the beloved angel with both his hands that had become warm now and kissed it and pressed it to his eyes. Then he pressed it to his forehead. Then he put it on his chest and with the maximum strength that he had in his hands pressed it to his chest.

O Saint! Now immersed in divine love you are only a skeleton now. Why are you pressing such soft hands with your hard hands? But no! The Guru is enjoying the love spark that he has given to the extinguishing candle and lit it.

He gives the love sensation. Then enjoys getting it back and then gives more of it.

O Gracious Guru! You are great

O Friend of the downtrodden! You are great

O Savior Guru! You are great

O Solace of the people in distress! You are great

O Life giving Guru! You are great

O Divine Angel! You are great

You are living in the heart of those who love you. Please always live like that.

The saint is delighted. He is fully conscious now. He has some strength also. He has got ecstasy that he could not get from the ascetic practices and the knowledge that he got and gave all his life. The one hand that dangles up to the knees is touching the saint's forehead and loving the saint and the other hand is on the saint's chest being loved by the saint. The love waves are going into his soul.

What a wonderful scene of love! What a wonderful scene of discipleship!

Everybody is enjoying the love but nobody is so much delighted as Chando is. His happiness has no bounds. Ah ha! Both the hands that dangle up to the knees are on the head and chest of the saint and are caressing him. He has seen also and he is alive again.

A couple of times Chando's mind became impatient that 'I should kiss the hands' but then he thought these hands are giving life to my master and I should not be in that hurry. But in holding himself back he feels a love sensation in his body that is giving him a shiver.

Now the saint uttered the words: Thanks O Lord! Then he looked upwards but could not bear the dazzle of the glimpse and his eyes closed.

But again he uttered: Thanks O Lord! Thanks O Lord! Thanks O Lord!

Then the beloved Guru said: You are blessed. You are blessed. You are blessed. Say,

O Lord, O Lord, O Lord.

Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru.

The five disciples who had come with the Guru were overwhelmed and could not stop themselves from singing:

Gracious! My Lord you are gracious!

You give life to everyone!

The saint feels the sensation of the Lord's name in his body cells. He is in ecstasy. He is in exuberance. He is delighted. He is elated. His mind says: Ah! He has really come. He is not just a prophet. He is the prophet of prophets. It was not a fallacy. It was a true vision. O beggar, you are lucky.

O my Lord! A sudden conscious realization came to him: Oh! A prophet has come to my hut and I have not even paid my respects to him. He made an effort to get up but the beloved Guru stopped him, held him, embraced him and said: Wait, till you feel strong enough. You rest. You are in ecstasy. Remain in rapture.

The Lord's name has entered his body, his mind, his heart, his body cells and he is in ecstasy and rapture. He is not unconscious but in deep ecstasy.

After some time he became conscious. He feels that he was immersed in some deep love that he did not even know what it was. Now he realizes: It was

eternal happiness that always remains and I have come out of it. That is the Lord's love. I wish to remain immersed in the Lord's love and not come out of it.

At this time the divine Guru recited the divine lines:

*If even for a moment one is immersed in the Lord's love
One will not come in the cycle of births and deaths.*

On listening to this, the saint fell at the Guru's feet. The Guru lifted his head. The beloved Guru rubbed his hand with love on the saint's head and said: O saint! Get up. Get immersed in the Lord's love and remain in rapture. O Lord! It is your grace.

At this time, the king's men also arrived. The Chef had a box in which he kept a mixture of amber, saffron and musk.

The King suggested: We may give a pinch of that to the saint. It will give strength.

The beloved Guru, the gracious Guru, the life-giving Guru said: He has regained consciousness. The worst is over and he is stable now. There is no need to give anything that is strong. Give him milk. He is in loving comfort.

When Chando heard the word milk, he was gladdened beyond imagination. For a long time he was looking at the divine hands with the thinking that as soon as the hands are free I will kiss them. But the voice 'milk for the saint' elevated his mind and he jumped on to his feet. Within moments he milked the black cow and brought milk. He put it in a bowl and offered it. The embodiment of love himself took the milk from Chando and put it to the saint's lips and said: O beloved of the Lord! Have milk.

The saint who was over hundred years old drank the milk from young but more loving than even Mom's hands. One, one sip was a sip of nectar. One, one sip was a sip of rapture that went down the throat slowly like a life-giving sip. The slightly warm and fresh milk milked by Chando and offered by godly hands gave strength to the saint's body. After having milk and after sometime the saint sat up. Thanks O Lord! Thanks O Lord! Thanks O Lord! His neck bowed down with prayers, love and attraction. He is in ecstasy and rapture. The King got a pillow for the saint to back rest.

The Guru now got up from the settee. He looked towards Chando and said: O Child! Give us milk to drink. We are the guests of the saint. He is weak. You be hospitable to us in his place. O Child! Bring milk.

Chando was waiting for something else. His eyes were fixed on the divine hands. He listened to the orders and was happy also and he thought: I will bring milk. But the eyes that were waiting for the hands did not budge. He

jumped and held the Guru's right hand like a wild animal. He held it in both his hands and kissed it. Chando's knees are resting on the ground. He has raised his neck and is looking at the Guru's face. With love, longing and a million praises, like a mad person he kisses the hand again and again. Then he looks up again at the Guru's face with the same love, longing and all praise.

The benevolent Guru is also looking at him. Chando does not know what is in him and what is his wish. But the Guru understands what the soul of this child is asking for in his silence and the Guru is giving in the same silent language. Like a mad person he again kisses the hand that dangles up to the knees and then looks up at the eyes and in extreme love does not leave the hand.

Have a glimpse of the protector of the meek. Have a glimpse of the embodiment of love. See! How he is blessing a poor, penniless, meek, son of a milkman, simpleton, half mad but in extreme love poor boy.

Whatever silent love the Guru gave, Chando received all in his heart. It went into his soul. He got a sensation in his mind, in his heart and in his body cells. He got ecstasy. His eyes closed, his head became tranquil and he uttered O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, *Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru*. His hands remained glued to the godly hands. He is reciting: O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, *Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru*.

The King, the minister, the five disciples of the Guru who had come along are seeing the miracle.

Chando is reciting:

*O Lord, O Lord, O Lord,
Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru.*

Now Chando became quiet. Again his lips moved and he uttered

*O Lord, O Lord, O Lord,
Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru.*

Now the Guru rubbed his hand on his head, lifted him and hugged him and said: O My Chando Rai! You are blessed.

Everybody stood in respect and recited:

*O Lord! You are the savior
O Lord! You are the savior*

Now Chando Rai opened his eyes and stood with folded hands in respect. The Guru said: O Child! Bring milk.

Chando picked up a pan and swinging in ecstasy, in elation, with tears of love in his eyes and in rapture he went to his darling cow. He milked three

cows. He brought the filled milk pan and put it in front of the Guru. The Guru offered milk to the King, to the Minister, to the five disciples, himself had and he offered it to Chando also. He offered a little to the saint again.

By now the sun went down. The saint was getting well. It became evening. At night the King stayed in his tent but the beloved Guru stayed in the hut with the saint and Chando Rai. In the morning they had their bath in the low level Yamuna, visited the monument of King Ashoka, saw the old ruins of Buddhist monasteries and then decided to return.

The Guru said to the saint: We shall take you along. A new town Paonta has come up. We shall keep you there.

Saint: O gracious Guru! Your command gives me happiness. But at your place I won't be able to do any service. I shall be a burden.

Guru: Day after tomorrow is my Birthday. The congregation will celebrate. They will give me gifts. I have to give them a return gift. That return gift will be you. You won't be a burden. You will be a gift. You will die in front of my eyes. My hands will do your last rites. You have met the Lord. You won't be separated now.

The saint fell at the Guru's feet and said thanks from the bottom of his heart and body cells. He was made to sit in the palanquin. They said goodbye to the hut and left for Paonta.

Chando, now the Guru's Chando Rai is waiting for orders.

The Guru said smilingly: Chando! You stay here, drink milk and be merry.

Chando's eyes went down. Tears started flowing from his eyes. He stood with hands folded. His head bowed. He did not know how to express his wish.

But the Guru understood his silence and said: O son Chando! Say what you wish.

Chando felt a sudden wave. He went and held the Guru's hand and like a small child in innocence he said: You go. I will follow with my cows. I will take the cows for grazing there. Morning and evening I shall milk the cows for you and the saint and I shall keep looking at these hands. He kissed the hand again and said: Yes! I shall keep looking at these hands. O yes!

The Guru laughed and said: O.K. We will drink the milk of your cows.

The Guru deputed two men to accompany Chando with the cows.

In this way the saint of Kalsi probably the last saint of Kalsi departed from the hut.

The Guru desired to reach Paonta on his birthday. People had thronged to have a glimpse of the Guru. Mother was also waiting but because of the saint they stayed one night on the way and reached the next day. The Guru's birthday had passed and the congregation was in disappointment. That was also the day fixed for the house warming ceremony of the new house. Every program was upset. But then like the rising of the sun the Guru arrived. The birthday was celebrated on that day.

He said to the congregation. The Lord who has created the days took us for his job. Birthday is when there is a birthday gift. The Lord gave us the gift day before yesterday and today we have brought it here. So! Birthday is today when for the Lord, for the nine Gurus, for the congregation, I could join a yearning soul to the Lord's feet and bring it today.

The congregation and family was all praise for the Guru's high idealistic view.

The house warming ceremony of the newly constructed house was also celebrated with fervor on the same day.

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The Guru's command to the saint is repeated once again:

Say, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord.

Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru



11.

Lion & Man - Winner of Both [Excellence of Skill & Strength of body and mind]

After blessing the Saint of Kalsi when the Guru reached Paonta and the birthday celebrations were over, then his magnificence, valor and power of blessing became known all over in both the mountain states far and wide. People started adoring him.

The Guru had come to stay at Paonta recently.

Nearby in a thick forest a dreadful lion had made his place of rest. The lion was very fearsome. He was a Man-eater. It is said that this lion was white in color and very tall in stature. Suddenly he would pounce upon animals and men as if he has just risen from the ground. The traders of this region and the people living in villages were in great distress. People prayed to the kings to eliminate this lion.

Once when King Fateh Shah, the king of Srinagar stayed with the Guru, then the people prayed to the Guru to allay their fear of this lion.

Next day the Guru accompanied by King Medni Prakash of Nahan, King Fateh Shah of Srinagar, Nand Chand and a few soldiers reached the place of rest of the lion as told by the informer.

The lion was lying down at his place of rest. One would tremble on seeing this terrifying lion even from a distance.

The true Guru challenged King Fateh Shah to come forward but he declined saying: You only can kill him. Many people have tried to kill him but they got killed. He is old Jaidarth. He kills but himself he does not get killed.

King Medni Prakash said: O Guru dear! Why do you want to go ahead and fight this shameless animal? The improvised lofts are there or we may shoot him with guns from all sides while sitting on elephants.

But the true Guru said: No. Let us fight. Saying this, he got down from his horse, took one alloy steel shield and a fine edged sword and alone moved forward and challenged the lion.

The lion roared like a thunder, took a turn and jumped to pounce but the alert Guru turned a little and stopped him on his shield and swiftly cut his stomach with his sword. The mighty lion fell dead on the ground.

This utmost courageous feat of the Guru made the kings and others feel wondrous and applauded the Guru profusely.

On the one hand this bravery and on the second hand the blessings to saint of Kalsi, the news spread far and wide.

About five kilometers from Paonta was a village named Sadhaura.

Initially it was Sadhawar. Many Sadhus lived here. The Buddhists had constructed temples and lived here.

Here lived a saint, descendant of a saintly family. He was a landlord and a well revered saint with a large number of followers. This saint knew that Guru Nanak, a prophet has come to earth. He had also heard the sacrifice of Guru Tegh Bahadur. He knew that now a young Guru, a Godly soul of nineteen years is on the seat of Guru Nanak. Now he got news about the Guru everyday since the Guru was staying so near at Paonta. He heard that by the Guru's efforts of reconciliation, the war between King Fateh Shah and King Medni Prakash has been averted. Then he heard that the Guru is keeping an army and is now strengthening it. He heard how the Guru had single-handedly killed a Man-eater lion. Again he heard how the saint of Kalsi imbibed love of the Lord and got ecstasy by the blessings of the Guru.

In this way, the saint whose name was Budhu Shah felt wondrous. What he heard was not a tell-tale of the town but they were his own devoted disciples who narrated to him these happenings. So, he was sure that whatever he heard was true and to doubt anything was meaningless. Although his following was quite large still he had no ego. He was pious and kind. He had done some penances and possessed some Supernatural powers. He liked to do goodness to his followers. Many saints and sadhus used to come and meet him and he used the meetings to gain more knowledge about God. He believed that the body soul gives strength to the mind that controls the five senses of the body. But the mind looks outwardly and is trapped in the seen world. He wondered how the body soul could meet the Supreme soul i.e. immersion in the love of the Lord. Unless this knotty problem is solved, one cannot reach the Lord. He was in search of some Godly soul who could solve this problem that he thought was a knotty problem. For this reason his bent of mind was

not strictly Muslim. He had a separate kitchen for Hindu ascetics. Many Hindu ascetics used to come and stay at his place. He used to listen to Hindu ascetics who told him that the body soul is God. But he was not satisfied and was sure that there should be a way to resolve this knotty problem.

In search of someone who would solve this knotty problem, now he thought of meeting the Guru. He thought: Who knows, the Guru might solve my predicament. In this thinking, Budhu Shah left Sadhaura and reached Paonta. When he entered the Guru's hall of audience, what he saw was Royal grandeur. On one side soldiers were standing and one side intellectuals were sitting and the hall was packed with devotees. He went ahead. When he saw the Guru, he felt a pull but seeing the Royal grandeur he hesitated a little. When he reached the high seat and was about to bow down, ego entered his mind in the form of 'I am a big saint'. He refrained from bowing down and raised his hand for a shake-hand. The Guru shook hand with him softly and asked him to sit down close by.

Budhu Shah took a breather and then said: What is the way to meet the Lord? Guru: Like the night meets the day.

Budhu Shah in his mind contemplated. When the night meets the day, the night does not remain. Then how they met?

The Guru understood his doubt and said: Yes saint. What you have understood is O.K.

Budhu Shah: How?

Guru: As you have understood.

Budhu Shah had followers sitting next to him. He hesitated to say 'I have not understood' but there was no way out. He had to say: When the day comes. Night dies.

Guru: When you meet the Lord. Ego dies. The Lord comes. Ego vanishes.

Budhu Shah: Then how is it a meeting.

Guru: Ego is the veil. Ego is a self created veil. The desires have created this veil. Budhu Shah: Then do we not have a soul. Are we just earthly elements without a soul?

Guru: Besides the soul we have ego in the form of 'I and Me'. That goes after desires and passions of the body and our mind forgets the Lord and remains in 'I and Me' enticed by desires. Then the desires, passions, even kindness and religious rituals that we do are all with ego. Even the love is with ego. Ego becomes the Lord. Budhu Shah: Then what is the remedy?

Guru: The Lord.

Budhu Shah: How to meet?

Guru: Like when the sun comes darkness goes away.

Budhu Shah: How does the Lord come?

Guru: Discard the ego.

Budhu Shah: I have done lots of penances and fasts but it never goes.

Guru: The ego increases because they were done in ego.

Budhu Shah: To call God is not in my hand.

Guru: Is discarding ego in your hands?

Budhu Shah: It is but it doesn't go. It is a chain.

Guru: However much can be discarded, one should discard. Then one should seek Holy company.

Budhu Shah: I have come to Holy company.

Guru: But with the cloak of ego.

° Budhu Shah: No.

Guru: Yes. Be sure. You are accompanied by followers. You have fear that nobody should say that our saint has bowed to someone. Your coming to Holy company is with ego.

By this time the saint was in a deep thought.

He said: Yes! You are right. I have the ego in me. How this ego that is a veil between me and the Lord can go? How can the mind become crystal to feel the Lord?

Guru: The ego can go if we go by the Lord's command.

Budhu Shah: The Lord's command is with the Lord. How do I know what he wishes to command?

Guru: Lord's command is written in Man's nature, in Man's mind, in Man's soul.

Budhu Shah: How is that? I do not understand.

Guru: You are making others understand but yourself you do not understand. See! Whoever accepts your command you bless him. Isn't it?

Budhu Shah: Yes.

Guru: Then blessing will come if we go by the Lord's command. If it is not written in the mind, then how have we learnt? A child, young, old, everyone blesses if you go by his command. Then if we go by the Lord's command, then the blessing is not far.

Budhu Shah: Yes! The command was in me but I did not understand. I searched the Quran, Bible, Vedas but I did not realize that the command is written in me. But one thing I would like to know is that I bless when someone goes by my command. I give food to my ego. But why does the Lord has desire to bless when his command is accepted?

Guru: He has no desires. He is without desires. His command is not out of any greed. He is without greed. He is the Truth. His command is Truth. When you do something with a desire in mind, then you go against His command because command is Truth. The more you go away from fire the more cold you will feel. The more veils you put around the candle, the more in darkness shall you reach. When you want to meet Truth then leave all desires, greed or whatever is not Truth. The more you go near the command you will find that ego is vanishing and Truth is near. Meeting the Lord is near.

Budhu Shah: By Truth do you mean speaking the truth?

Guru: Yes! But Truth is further and further.

Budhu Shah: Truth after truth, then the real Truth, the Lord. Then you put me on the path.

Guru: Are you speaking the truth? Then you put a scarf around your neck and dance.

On listening to this, he really got up to dance but soon he realized that the Guru has pointed out his folly. He is the true Guru. He saw radiance on the Guru's face. His doubts vanished. He fell at the Guru's feet. The Guru held his right hand in both his hands and clamped it fast. It appeared to Budhu Shah that some dirt is going out of my mind. He felt light. His mind became crystal. He felt he had something in his mind that had made it dirty. With this crystal mind he got up and saw at his followers who were standing. He thought they are my followers. But he felt that dirt is coming on the mind. He turned his mind to the thought that this following is not mine. All is Lord's. I am separate and crystal. His ego of 'I and me' vanished. His mind said: All is Lord's.

The Guru then spoke: My grandeur, don't think it is mine. Poet is singing poetry in the Lord's command. This swordsmanship is in the Lord's command. This spirituality is in Lord's command. Neither the kingdom is mine, nor the spirituality is mine, nor salvation to the saint of Kalsi is from me nor the killing of lion single-handedly is mine, nor the play in Yamuna, nor the music at the bank of the river, nor the sight-seeing or hunting is mine. Nothing is mine. All is Lord's command. It is all Lord's command.

The despair of the world should go and truth should prevail. People are suffering under the rule of tyranny. The command is to make them live in comfort. Whatever is visible is perishable. Your mind is elevated now. Keep this elevation. The path is 'recitation of the Lord's name with love.' See, the Lord who is the Truth. He is omnipresent here, there, everywhere. Remain in endeavor of recitation of Name. This is the bodily worship. See Lord in nature, everywhere. Don't entice your mind in ego i.e. 'I and me.' Say:

O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!

Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru

Budhu Shah: O Lord! O Lord! *Waheguru, Waheguru*

Now the Guru blessed Budhu Shah by putting his sacred hand on Budhu Shah's head and made him sit down close by.

Now Budhu Shah realized that there is nothing like insentience in the body. The wealth, money and followers are all superficial. He is in renunciation of mind. But the renunciations are not despair or aloneness. His mind is elevated. He feels the sensation of the presence of the Lord in the body and outside in nature. His mind is enlightened. The detachment is of the mind from worldly desires and pleasures. His mind is now attached to the Lord in remembrance of His name. He is in ecstasy. His mind is in blossom.

When the girl gets married her attachment to the parents' home is automatically gone.

Budhu Shah is now engrossed in love of the Lord like a married girl. His attachments to worldly desires are automatically gone.

Previously he was living lifelessly in forgetfulness of the Lord. Now he has got the Lord's love-spark that has enlightened his mind. He is living immersed in the Lord's love in each moment incessantly. O Great Guru with the Plume! How you bless the Lord's love-spark that burns the ego, the veil between us and the Lord. How you remove the veil and join the separated with the Lord. You are great!

O Great Guru with the Plume!

O Great Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh!



12.

Battle at Bhangani

Next day, the Guru called a meeting of his trusted lieutenants. This meeting was held on the outskirts of Paonta at a secluded place on the east side. Selected dignitaries sat and deliberated.

The first point was why the kings want to attack? The real cause seemed to be that Aurangzeb wanted to kill the Guru. His plan was to make the kings fight with the Guru.

Then they discussed how to combat with the oncoming attack from the kings so that we win and the loss should be the least.

The first item was selecting the battlefield. Battlefield is the arena where fighting takes place.

In this deliberation Daya Ram Brahmin who was one of the valiant of the Guru suggested: Magnificent Guru! We should not make Paonta as the battleground so that there is no loss for the inhabitants or for us.

Then maternal Uncle Kirpal Chand suggested that Bhangani that is about 4 kilometers from here close to Chuharpur village across Yamuna should be the battlefield. There stands the wide road from where they have to come and cross the river and make an assault on Paonta. We should stop them there. There is a large raised plain near the bank of river Yamuna. We should not let them climb the raised plain. We should occupy it immediately and they should stay in the lower plain. We should make a slope there and shoot bullets and arrows from the top and then fight there only. We should make arrangement for getting reinforcements and ammunition there only. We should keep the slope strong.

The Guru endorsed the suggestion of maternal uncle. The other commanders also liked it. This technique was adopted.

Then allocation of contingents and scrutiny of ammunition was discussed.

At this point Dewan Nand Chand told that one devotee had brought one hundred horses. Bhim Chand tried to prevent them from coming here but we reached on time and have brought them here.

The Guru was much pleased to hear this and said that we may buy all these. Tomorrow, we shall allot them to our valiant.

Then they discussed the enemy strength and their equipment. Everyone estimated, "It will be much more than ours, nevertheless we should have no doubt that victory will surely be ours because of our valor and skill in battle maneuvers as also support and faith in the Supreme Lord." It was not in the form of pride wherein the mind and strength becomes indifferent and loses the aim.

After the deliberations they got up and came to the bank where boats were waiting. They sat in boats and reached Paonta.

When they entered the fort that had been constructed with bricks and mud, then another informer came and said that Fateh Shah is prepared to fight earnestly. This news gave a better idea of the enemy strength. He also informed that along with the soldiers, village hooligans are coming who will increase the numbers.

Hooligans are villagers who follow the soldiers so that at the time of loot they get a share.

The Guru viewed that this type of unskilled crowd is often the cause of defeat. At the time of loot they will come forward to loot but if the soldiers lose ground then they will be the first to run back.

Then the Guru asked: Who are the commanders who have offered to come forward?

The informer told that there are many but prominent ones are Fateh Shah, Hari Chand, Ghazi Chand, Kulu Pat, Ram Singh Jammu, Sahib Chand Madhukar, Jaswaria, Dhadwaria and Kirpal Katochia. Besides these, Bhupal of Guler, some kings of Kot Lehar, etc. will also join.

II

Accordingly, one small group went across the river to keep watch and send news of the enemy side. Some contingents went to Bhangani to see the place and put up tents and make arrangements for storing groceries and horses' stables and storage of ammunition and weapons.

It has already been mentioned that the Guru had employed 500 Pathans as sepoy. On Budhu Shah's recommendation the Guru trusted them. From

the book 'Jang Nama' it appears that the ruler Aurangzeb instigated the hill kings to mount an attack on the Guru. Himself, he did not act but provoked the kings. That is why they all got together.

From the book 'Jang Nama' it also seems that Aurangzeb intentionally chucked out five hundred Pathans so that they get employment from the Guru and deceive when the time comes.

Further investigation is required but it became true that when the news of attack from the kings reached Paonta then these Pathans left their jobs and went and sided with the kings.

In the History of Sikhs is mentioned that the kings gave lot of temptation to the Pathans and they joined the kings. In Suraj Prakash it is mentioned that out of the five commanders, one Kale Khan remained faithful but Buta Shah writes that all deceived.

King Fateh Shah promised the Pathans who joined his ranks that besides salary and perks if they won, then the loot will be entirely their's. The Pathans knew all the whereabouts of the Guru's treasure and they felt happy that they would loot the Guru's treasure and then sit at home with a lot of money. In this way they deceived and joined the hill kings.

See, one side these five hundred Pathans went away. Second side, Mahant Kirpal who was a meditative lived with the Guru. He was the Head of the Udasi sect and had about five hundred disciples who lived with him. In those days some Udasi sadhus also practiced fighting and possessed arms. The name 'Akhara' meaning arena is derived from these sects. These five hundred young sadhus were rabust and skilled fighters. But when they saw that five hundred Pathans have left and joined the enemy side and the rest here are those whom the Guru has trained to fight, they are new and much less, on the other side the enemy armies are very large, they thought that the Guru is surely going to lose, the enemy side is already quite strong and now another five hundred have joined them, then these sadhus also slipped away in the night.

In the morning when the news reached the Guru that the Udasis have also left in the night, then the Guru asked: All have gone or anyone remains?

Then somebody said: The disciples have all slipped away but the Mahant is sitting. Then the Guru smiled and said: Wonderful! The roots remain. When life is saved everything is saved. If the Mahant had also gone then the connection with the Guru would have broken. Now it remains. Why bother about such disciples who have usurped their Mahant and gone away. Disciples will come afresh. Go and call Kirpal.

When the Mahant came, he bowed and sat down.

The Guru asked: Mahant dear! Where are your disciples?

The Mahant replied: Guru and disciples, all are your servants, good or bad, you are the support. You are the image of the Lord and powerful. It is a great fortune to have met you. The suffering of births and deaths has gone. Brahma, Sanak, Shesh Nag could not find your limit. Ascetics and saints like Narad sing your praises. They worship your lotus feet. That is their ascetic practice. We are very fortunate. We can see you with these eyes. Vedas and scriptures say that He is beyond intellect but we see Him in your handsomeness. O Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh! Whoever meets you how can he leave you? Even the gods have longing for your lotus feet. Your servants have done wrong. Please forgive them.

The Guru smiled and said: Where the root is green everything is green.

It is worth thinking how much demoralizing and despondency would be the effect on the rest of the army when five hundred valiant defect. Not only defect instead join the enemy camp. Then another five hundred soldiers walk away. How much heart-break and discouragement it would cause. The defection of one thousand soldiers at the last moment when the battle is imminent is not a small thing but the Guru's own unbending mind is in high spirits. He has imbibed high spirits in his soldiers. None is in despair. Everyone is more than ready. Everybody is preparing for the battle with fervor. Everybody has full faith that they will win. The true Guru's devotee-soldiers have firm faith that they are going to fight for righteousness. To fight for righteousness is the biggest strength of the mind. So everybody is in high spirits with a strong mind.

We have mentioned earlier that on the eve of the marriage of the daughter of the King of Garhwal and the son of the King of Bilaspur the hill kings had decided to invade Paonta where the Guru lived and now they started from Srinagar the capital of Garhwal to mount an attack.

In the book Bachitar Natak the Guru has said that King Fateh Shah of Garhwal mounted an attack on us without any reason or provocation from our side.

This side the Guru never wanted to fight but to remain a coward, enfeebled or to run away or bow down to the enemy in case of a battle forced on the Guru was against the Guru's ideal of bravery.

Ideal of bravery means: To fight with a brave heart, with exultation to fight, stand to fight and not fall back when a battle is forced on someone.

So here now, all preparations were underway. We have earlier mentioned that the Guru had decided, "The battle be fought at Bhangani. Our contingents should be posted from where they have to cross the river Yamuna".

Flowing through the hills when the river Yamuna enters the plains, then towards the east i.e. from where the sun rises in the valley called Dehradun and on the west where the sun sets is the valley of Sirmaur. The Guru lived at Paonta that is in the Sirmaur valley. Bhangani village is situated about ten kilometers from Paonta upstream Yamuna. When we cross the Yamuna at Bhangani we come to Chuharpur village. Here is a landing place for boats.

Landing place means: Here one can cross the river on boats.

The hill kings planned to cross the Yamuna from here and then attack Paonta. But the Guru decided to occupy this place and engage the enemy here only so that they are not able to reach Paonta and no destruction would happen.

The Guru had decided to fight the enemy from here near the bank of the river. Near the bank of the river there was a long plain field. Adjacent to this was another high plain. The Guru's soldiers made a slope there so that soldiers could come and go and military equipment could easily be transported. The idea was that the Guru's soldiers should occupy the higher plain and when the enemy troops cross the river and come on to the lower plain, then the Guru's soldiers should shoot guns and arrows from the high plain. When it comes to hand to hand fight, then the Guru's soldiers should go down, fight and come back and then go down again to fight. The Guru got the slope made and put guards there.

It has been mentioned earlier that five hundred Udasi soldiers who were staying with the Guru got scared of the hill kings and slipped away in the night only. The five hundred Pathans that Saint Budhu Shah had recommended, they also ran away and joined the hill Chiefs.

The Guru went on with the preparations and was not the least nervous. But he thought it proper to inform Saint Budhu Shah about the defection of Pathans. So, he wrote a letter to the saint, "The five hundred Pathans that you had recommended have deceived and joined the hill kings."

After sending the letter, he got ready to go to Bhangani. He left some soldiers at the small fort at Paonta and ordered that they have to guard it in earnestness.

Then he got information that the initial arrangements that were required at Bhangani are all done.

The Guru's paternal aunt's five sons were brave. They were the Commanders in the Guru's army. All five were brave warriors and were

expert in all types of fighting skills. All five were much devoted to the Guru. Amongst the five, eldest was Sango Shah. He was all rounder in shooting, swordsmanship, horse riding and was a known valiant, second was Jeet Mal, third was Gulab Rai, fourth Ganga Ram and fifth was Mahri Chand. They were in exuberance and their contingents were in high spirits. They were almost ready to go to Bhangani when the news came that King Fateh Shah's army in heading nearer.

After taking blessings from the Guru, at once they marched towards Bhangani with their armed contingents. The moment they reached, they entrenched themselves in the entire area. The Guru also now rode on his horse accompanied by his armed contingent.

Poet Santokh Singh writes as under: The shouting of slogans was so loud that the entire hill echoed. Great, brave and handsome valiant loaded with armaments rode their horses. Their hearts were in exuberance. They looked forward to fighting. They accompanied the Guru with the tapping of heels of the horses. The dust rose from the ground so much that the sun hid itself and it became dark. The horses leapt and jumped with smartness. The valiant moved forward riding horses and shouted slogans of killing very loudly. They shouted, "Hill soldiers killed. They are killed". The army moved swiftly as the breeze moves swiftly. As the torrential rain water flows like a flood, similarly the army soldiers moved fast but in marching style and in rows.

After reaching Bhangani the Guru inspected the entire site, made plans and put his Commanders and soldiers at strategic places.

Poet Senapati in his book 'Gur Shobha' writes: The Guru himself came to Bhangani riding on his horse to join in the battle. The sound of drums was very loud. The small drums being sounded in front of the soldiers looked beautiful. The Guru came to the battleground at Bhangani, inspected the entire army and deployed the Commanders with their contingent at all strategic places. Then fighting tunes were played that prompted to fight. The music infused the mind of army men so much that their faces became red.

III

From the opposite side the enemy troops came. Their army was large. Their valiants were selected ones. King Fateh Shah of Garhwal was the Commander. He was a rich king, a clever person and his soldiers were in large numbers. He was in the good books of Aurangzeb. King Bhim Chand in-law made him the leading King for the battle. King Bhim Chand himself also was considered a master of fighting skills. Then King Hari Chand who was considered a

master of archery had some Lieutenants who were good fighters. Most importantly the five hundred Pathan strong fighters who had the classified information of the Guru's army were with them they were full of greed to loot the Guru's treasury.

Their army crossed the river and reached this side and stood in rows ready to attack.

From this side the Guru critically observed the enemy. Bhai Daya Ram was also with the Guru in this observation. It was like this:

Hari Chand Handuria was in the front row. On his left side were the Pathans who had deceived. On his right side were Commanders of other kings. Fateh Shah was at the extreme back and was holding more army to send re-enforcements and was the overall Commander.

The Guru had scrutinized the enemy and was now standing and deliberating when Nand Chand came and informed that one army is coming fast from our back side. Initially, he was wary but then their messenger reached and informed that Saint Budhu Shah with his sons and seven hundred of his disciple soldiers is coming to join you.

On hearing this, the Guru was pleased and he sent an order to Commander Sango Shah that he should fix up this contingent with his own contingent and he should convey thanks to Saint Budhu Shah.

The news of the arrival of Budhu Shah's army spread in the Guru's army. With this news everybody got doubly exhilarated. Sango Shah in consultation with the Guru had already chalked out the strategy of the battle and had pitched the battle flag.

Now it was discussed whether we should attack or wait and see whether they attack or first talk.

Soon they mounted an attack.

Sango Shah and his contingent were in readiness. His soldiers rained arrows on the oncoming enemy. At this time a strong breeze blew that was going towards the oncoming enemy with force. Thus the smoke from guns and cannons was making them blind. Most of their aims missed. But the aims of the Guru's soldiers struck well. But nonchalant they went on advancing in the thinking that with their large numbers they will penetrate into the Guru's army but they reached near a place where the Guru's gunners were sitting in hiding. The Guru's soldiers rained bullets from their guns. Three to four hundred soldiers lay dead there. With so much loss of life the enemy hesitated and stopped. They were about to move forward again when the Guru's soldiers again gunned down more than five hundred enemy soldiers. Seeing their loss

Hari Chand withdrew his soldiers back and went to the left side. Fateh Shah asked him: O Hari Chand! From where has the Guru got these skilled army men? Their guns are creating havoc. The Pathans have defected from there and joined here.

Hari Chand said: These Pathans have all the classified information of the Guru's side. Let us put them ahead.

Fateh Shah called Bheekan Shah and said: You know all secrets of the Guru's army. Go ahead and have a hand-to-hand fight. The loot of the Guru's treasury is all yours. We won't ask a share. You take all and enjoy. With that temptation he brought the Pathans in the front and the contingent of Pathans attacked Sango Shah's contingent with great force.

Sango Shah was a gallant Commander. His contingent welcomed the Pathans with gunshots. The gunshots rained. The swiftness with which they thought that they would win the Guru's soldiers, they could not. Now it was hand-to-hand fight from both sides.

Seeing this, the Guru sent Nand Chand and Daya Ram as reinforcement to Sango Shah. They rained arrows so sharply that whoever was targeted did not survive.

At this site now the fighting became fierce. Lal Chand boatman was standing close to the Guru. He was a stout wrestler and a strong man. He took permission from the Guru and went at the site where Sango Shah was fighting the enemy. His rain of arrows shot from his bow killed many. Both sides hailed his archery.

It is written: On seeing the valor of Lal Chand boatman one Lal Chand sweet-meat seller picked up weapons and reached there. The Pathans knew that the first one is a boatman but the second one is a sweet-meat seller. How has he got the courage to fight?

Now Mahri Chand advanced and got caught amidst the enemy soldiers. With his valor and in exuberance he killed many Pathans. Now his horse was injured and he himself was in danger but Sango Shah saw that his brother is caught amidst the enemy. Swiftly he reached with his soldiers and came back with the same swiftness and brought Mahri Chand out. The Pathans were amazed to see how he could slip out alive from their ring. This was considered a first step towards victory of the Guru.

IV

Fierce fighting went on in the middle sector. Both sides were fighting in frenzy. Little downwards there was lot of pressure from the enemy side but Budhu

Shah's soldiers did not let them move forward. The aim was to keep the enemy here and not go where fierce fighting was going on. This downside plain was very long and the deployment of enemy soldiers was also large. Budhu Shah's soldiers kept them engaged. The enemy tried to advance but when they saw that Budhu Shah's soldiers are fighting valiantly and not letting them advance, the enemy mounted a fierce attack. Initially all four sons of Budhu Shah pushed them back in defensiveness but now that the attack was fierce, they fought back so bravely that hundreds of enemy soldiers in the front layers lay flat on the ground. Seeing their companions dying the others shuddered with fear.

The Guru himself was keeping a watch on all blockades. Riding his handsome horse he moved sometimes in the down side plain, sometimes in the upper plain, some times this and that side. He checked all. He saw the bravado of Budhu Shah and his sons and the Guru devotees shouted praises for Budhu Shah, his sons and his disciple-soldiers. When Budhu Shah was victorious on the front line of the enemy, then the enemy stood and withdrew backwards. At this time Budhu Shah with his second contingent mounted an attack on them. The effect of the attack was that the soldiers moved back and then ran away. This would have affected the other soldiers that 'we have lost and we should run away'.

King Gopal Guleria noticed this and hurriedly he tried that somehow I must stop this. He himself came with his contingent and occupied the space vacated by the runaways and engaged the forces of Budhu Shah. Guleria's expertise in shooting arrows and the bravery of his soldiers matched the bravery of Budhu Shah's soldiers. They reached so near that hand to hand fighting started that was with swords. The saint's soldiers fought back with extreme courage. Both sides fought bravely. None withdrew backwards. Observing the extreme fight the Guru sent maternal uncle along with his contingent to reinforce Budhu Shah's contingent. Maternal uncle and his soldiers shot arrows from the top and Budhu Shah's soldiers fought with swords. Gopal's army withdrew backwards.

Budhu Shah's soldiers then again started shooting arrows. The withdrawal by Gopal's army was diplomacy but it helped Budhu Shah's soldiers. Now maternal uncle's soldiers and Budhu Shah's soldiers shot arrows with speed. Seeing his soldiers losing courage Gopal aimed an arrow at Maternal Uncle. It came straight but struck maternal uncle's horse. Gopal wished to go back after shooting. But Maternal Uncle shouted: O Bravado! If you have aimed, then wait for the return aim. He shot an arrow at speed. Gopal was a skilled fighter. He was moving his horse this way and that way. In this way he saved

himself but the arrow shot at the ears of the horse and the horse fell down dead. Gopal also fell down but hurriedly got back into his contingent and stood there.

In this battle one son of Budhu Shah was killed. Since the enemy had stepped back from here, the current fighting had stopped in this area. Maternal uncle went forward and brought the dead body of Budhu Shah's son.

In this way after winning over Gopal's contingent and making them go back Maternal Uncle came to the place where the Guru was commanding and told him about winning over Guleria and Gopal and bringing the dead body of Budhu Shah's son.

V

Fateh Shah was overall In-charge of the enemy troops. He was looking after the placement of troops. When he saw that their own soldiers are not able to move forward rather they are withdrawing backward, he sent a message to Pathan chieftains: Why don't you fight in the battle field with all your might? Why are you trying to save yourself? Where are your arrows and bullets? Now is the time to attack. Why don't you come forward when we have offered you the entire loot? Loot the Guru's treasures and keep them all.

Listening to this Hyat Khan and Nijabat Khan came forward with their contingents and started shooting arrows. Poet Santokh Singh writes:

This way or that way riding their horses they killed whoever came near them. They shouted at the top of their voice: Kill. Kill. They shot bullets like rain. The heads of soldiers broke like pitchers and fell. The arms of the soldiers flew like spatulas. This they did to the Guru disciples. From the Guru's side also arrows shot in torrents and many Pathans lay dead. Hyat Khan challenged and howled, played tricks and attacked.

Seeing this, Udasi saint Kirpal flared in anger and asked the Guru: Hyat Khan is creating terror. His arrows are awesome to our soldiers. If you permit, should I give a lesson to this traitor?

The Guru smiled and said: You do not have weapons. How will you kill him?

Then the saint said: I have this club on my shoulder. I have kept this weapon all my life. I will kill Hyat Khan with one hit of this club. With your blessings I won't be the least afraid. If he tries to run away I will break his head in one hit.

The Guru smiled and said: As you please. Go and kill Hyat Khan. As Bheem Sen's knobbed club is well known in the world, similarly, the world will know your club and praise you.

On listening to this the saint hit his heels to his horse and like a breeze went and stood near Hyat Khan and challenged: If you are a warrior come and fight with me. Don't show your back. Come in the fore and let us have a hand-to-hand fight.

Hyat Khan who was going backwards turned this side.

Poet writes: Hyat Khan turned this side like if you press the snake's tail, then in rage he turns back. Enraged Hyat Khan pulled his sword out of the sheath and came in the forefront. Now both the warriors stood opposite each other.

Seeing this wonder everybody stopped their arrows and swords and were amazed and watched who is he, who has come with a club to fight Hyat Khan. Meanwhile, Hyat played a trick and with the speed of an eagle hastened his horse and reached the saint and waved his sword and attacked the saint like an electric current but the saint held his club as a shield and the sword hit his club and broke into two pieces. Hyat Khan now tried to save himself. The saint however was too swift for him. So swift that it was a thunder. With both feet in the stirrups he hit the horse with his heels and swiftly reached where Khan was standing. With both hands he held the club, stood up in the stirrups, bent a little and hit the club with full force aiming at Hyat's head. It hit the head with so much force that Khan's head split and he fell down.

The Guru himself has mentioned this: Kirpal enraged, held the club and hit it so hard on the egoistic and tyrant Khan that his head split as if Krishna broke the pitcher. The splash of the marrow from his head came out like the splash of yogurt or butter and spread.

VI

The battle was so fierce that it became difficult to judge who would win. Both sides were fighting with full strength when Hyat Khan fell down to the hit of the Udasi Saint's club. The falling down of Hyat Khan tired out the rest of the Pathans. Meaning the morale of the Pathans went down.

It was likely that the Pathans might have run away but Bheekan Khan saved the situation and came to the contingent where the Pathans were feeling tired out and shouted loudly in a challenging tone: O Pathans! Bravados! Be brave. Let us now attack with more force. If you runaway now, people will say the Pathans are cowards. See, you have lost from the Sadhus, saints and low caste Hindus. The world will say phew! Fie on you! Then, you see we have to loot the Guru's treasures after winning. All of you will go home carrying millions. Come lions, come forward and marry victory.

Hearing his prompt, his contingent started fighting again. Nijabat Khan also joined them. Fateh Shah also noticed that the morale of Pathans is going down. He sent his troops to join the Pathans and boost their morale. Hari Chand Handooria shot arrows with great stamina. He was a master of archery in his times. His arrows killed many soldiers of the Guru, so much so that there was turmoil in the Guru's camp. Sahib Chand and his contingent were fighting with full force but their efforts were not bearing fruit. The Guru noticed and sent Nand Chand with his contingent as reinforcement. Daya Ram also took his contingent to hold back Nijabat Khan's soldiers. They and their contingents shot sharp arrows and the enemy soldiers fell down in large numbers.

When Nand Chand and Daya Ram came forward then the soldier's morale boosted and everybody fought in exuberance. Nand Chand now went forward and pierced his spear into a Pathan's body and he fell down. Second time his spear hit the horse and his spear got stuck. Now Nand Chand took out his sword and in a rage killed many Pathans. In this fighting his sword broke into two pieces. Now he took out a small spear from his belt and killed another Pathan. The enemy soldiers were amazed to see his tenacity. The enemy shot arrows and attacked but from this side Daya Ram reached with his soldiers. The Guru sent maternal uncle Kirpal also. Maternal uncle mounted a forceful attack on the enemy line. The enemy shot arrows at him but none could kill. Even after being wounded he kept on fighting. He killed many Pathans and many were injured.

In this way, this side the Guru's soldiers came to a winning position and the enemy who was advancing went back.

Now what Hari Chand did? He deployed Bheekan Khan here and he himself after moving back a little went and hurriedly attacked Sango Shah's contingent.

The Guru has himself written in Bachitar Natak as we have mentioned earlier.

Watching all this Fateh Shah crossed the river and reached this side and stood behind his army who were fighting. He observed the fighting. He prompted the runaway soldiers to fight back and over-saw the entire operations. With his reinforcements the pressure on Sango Shah increased. The enemy pressure increased towards Budhu Shah's contingent also. Budhu Shah's one more son was killed. But the saint was not nervous. He did not lose courage and went on fighting with a strong mind.

VII

Some happenings in this battle were such that the Pathans and Kings were amazed. Those who had never fought in a war, they showed immense bravery. The effect of the Guru's high spirits and enthusiasm was so much that Daya Ram Brahmin became a valiant. Well! He got training and became an expert in the use of weaponry. One Udasi saint got up and killed one prominent Pathan with his club. One sweet-meat seller named Lal Chand saw the fighting and jumped into the battle arena. He accosted one Amir Khan Pathan and killed him in a hand-to-hand fight. Then he kept Hari Chand and Najabat Khan engaged in fighting at one place. Later he went to where Sango Shah was fighting. He judged that if Sango Shah's contingent was overpowered then we would surely lose. Sango Shah was fighting fiercely and killing the enemy. Seeing this Hari Chand hurriedly reached this side. Madhukar Shah Chandel also reached this side. Hari Chand shot arrows with great strength. Whoever was hit fell down. Then Jeet Mal saw Hari Chand addressing and came this side and fought face to face with arrows and swords. Now on a hint from Fateh Shah, Nijabat Khan also reached this side and accosted Sango Shah. Jeet Mal aimed an arrow at Hari Chand but he moved his horse tactfully and was saved. Then again both aimed at each other but both the arrows hit the horses. Both fell down but were up again. Again they aimed at each other. Hari Chand's arrow hit the target and Jeet Mal fell dead but Jeet Mal's arrow did hit Hari Chand, he swooned and his soldiers carried him back. The Guru's soldiers also brought back the dead body of Jeet Mal.

The Guru praised his bravery and blessed him. On the other side when they carried the unconscious Hari Chand back, then Fateh Shah became very sad. More soldiers came and surrounded him. Bhim Chand was also nearby when Ram Singh, the canon-shooter of the Guru shot a canon. That injured many in that crowd and the rest fled in fear. Fateh Chand also went back, crossed the river, rode a horse and left the battlefield. Seeing him fleeing, even Mudhukar Shah Dadhwalia and Jaswalia also left the battlefield along with their contingents.

VIII

These hill kings fled like cowards but Hari Chand who had become unconscious, regained consciousness but he did not flee. Along with him was Gazi Chand Chandel who thought it better to die while fighting. The Pathans also did not flee. They stood stubbornly.

Now, all of them jointly attacked. From the Guru's side, Daya Ram, Nand Chand, Gulab Rai, Ganga Ram and other valiant fought courageously. In this

way the fighting became fierce-full. Ghazi Chand Chandel, in rage, kept on advancing. He had a long spear in hand that pierced and killed many soldiers and advanced and accosted Sango Shah but could not compete with him and fell to the ground in pieces. Meaning he fought to his last, that is the duty of a soldier.

After Ghazi Chand's death Najabat Khan was more enraged. He swiftly advanced with his Pathan soldiers and accosted Sango Shah who was the Commander of the Guru's army. At one time Najabat Khan and Sango Shah practiced weaponry together in the Guru's army and they knew each other well. They fought with each other so bravely that the soldiers shouted bravo! Bravo! Later Najabat's sword made a killing cut and Sango Shah was badly injured but in enthusiasm he waved his sword with valor and Najabat was killed. But Sango Shah also fell down a heroic death.

The valor that Sango Shah displayed today in far sightedness, steadfastness and stubbornness in not retreating was the fruit of his gallantry. The Guru was so pleased on his bravery that he awarded him the honor of 'King of the Battle'.

After the heroic death of the 'King of the Battle' the Guru now took the reins of command in his own hands. He advanced with his bow and arrows. After Sango Shah's killing the morale of enemy soldiers had increased and after Najabat Khan's killing their rage had also increased. Now they advanced with rage but were still at a distance from the river crossing. The Guru now shot an arrow from the height that hit one Pathan and he fell dead. Second arrow he shot at Bheekan Khan. It hurt Khan and pierced his horse. His horse fell dead and Khan ran back. The Guru's third arrow also killed one more enemy.

In the meantime, Hari Chand who had become unconscious, as we have mentioned earlier, regained consciousness, then he observed that 'we are losing'. Fateh Shah has deserted. Bheem Chand who was the root cause of this battle is not coming forward. Other kings are withdrawing, two or three Pathan chiefs have been killed and Najabat Khan has also deserted. Then he outburst for bravery and advanced accompanied by his soldiers. He showered arrows so fast that whoever was hit fell dead. He shot two-two arrows in one go. Whoever they hit, soldier or horse, they fell dead. Again, both sides fought a pitched battle. Killing and advancing, Hari Chand reached a spot from where he could aim at the Guru. So he aimed an arrow that hit the Guru's horse. Second one again came and touched the Guru's ear and missed. Now he shot a third arrow aiming at the Guru. This struck the Guru's belt. However it did give a little prick but could not pierce or wound. Hari Chand

today felt sad on his archery skill that he shot thrice at the Guru but not even one made a mark but appreciated the Guru's tactical defensive skill that saved him.

Guru writes: When the third arrow hit me, then my wrath awakened.

To tolerate the attack of the enemy three times is the height of tolerance in a valiant. Now the Guru also rained arrows on the enemy. The Guru's soldiers advanced and shot arrows so swiftly as if rained. The Guru now aimed an arrow that hit Hari Chand and he fell dead. Seeing Hari Chand dead, his soldiers and the rest of the Pathans and other hill soldiers all took to their heels. The king of Kot Lahar was also killed.

The enemy soldiers now fled. Everyone is running, some on boats, some are swimming, some are throwing wooden logs and with their support crossing the river. All Pathans, Rajputs, soldiers, ruffians vanished from sight.

The Guru's soldiers wanted to go after them and kill more of them but the Guru ordered not to go after the fleeing soldiers or kill more of them.

Now the priority work was to cremate the heroically died Commanders and soldiers like Sango Shah, Jeet Mal and others.

Cremation means: The dead body should not remain uncared for but put in fire and burnt.

Burying Budhu Shah's sons, burying is the way of Muslims. They dig a deep grave and bury the dead body in it.

Prayers for the other soldiers who died fighting were to be held.

As per the orders of Guru and his blessings all formalities were carried out in the best possible way.

After performing all the rites, the Guru accompanied by his victorious regiments, Saint Budhu Shah and his soldiers came to Paonta.

They brought all the wounded soldiers and their treatment started.

IX

At Paonta, that day everybody rested. Next day the devotees assembled. The Guru explained to the audience his high ideal, the attitude of the enemy and his courage of not bowing to the kings with folded hands and heads down. He elucidated the ideals of not threatening and not bending to threats or fear. He elucidated that the kings attacked us for no fault of ours. So we did not bend. We were not afraid. We did not accept defeat. We fought. This is to be brave. We are peace loving but brave also. We have shown that both should go together.

Then he said: Your inner mind should remain attached to the Lord. That keeps your character strong and keeps you in high spirits.

Then prayers were held and he blessed those who had died fighting bravely. It is written that first there was singing of divine songs, and then recitation of the scripture and lastly sacred sweet was served. Then the Guru blessed and gave robe of honor to those valiant who had fought and come victorious. The Guru gave money to all the soldiers. He blessed his aunt's three sons and those who fought bravely and were alive. Two of the dead were honored with the title of 'King of the Battle'.

The Guru's eldest son was born at Paonta. He was four months old. In today's assembly his name was announced as Ajit Singh meaning 'always a winner'.

In the afternoon the Guru was getting ready after having a bath when Budhu Shah came and asked for leave. The Guru blessed gladness of soul to Budhu Shah. His companions and disciples were given five thousand rupees for sweets. The Guru was combing his hair when Budhu Shah asked for the comb. Then the Guru gave him the comb. Along with it he gave one turban as a robe of honor, one dress and one 'Guru writing'.

The Guru blessed all the valiant and soldiers. Then he blessed Udasi saint Kirpal. He got one turban of saffron color and gifted it to Kirpal. The saint tied it on his head round his cap. The Guru gave a shield to Daya Ram. The valiant were in exuberance and wanted to attack Fateh Shah but the Guru stopped the soldiers.



13.

Queen of Raipur

“Isn’t it astonishing? The heart is inside the body and in the core of heart was hidden a love-spark. It was made safer by putting curtains over curtain. It was kept hidden far from envious eyes. But the inimical and the detective eyes are too sharp. How their evil-eye peeped in and noticed the invaluable love-spark. It is again astonishing that they have made tunnels to extinguish it and have put cannons in readiness. How the shots are coming? Shall this love-spark in my heart extinguish? Shall my mind that had become enlightened with this love-spark be filled with darkness of loneliness? Ah! O Benevolent! Giver of the love-spark! Please be merciful and save me from these detective enemies. If this love-spark of mine is lost, then it shall be a death-knell for me. O Lord! Save me! It is strange! I was sure that this love-spark inside me is out of sight of my enemies. But the enemies have shot arrows of maliciousness into my ears in the guise of sweet and compassionate love that have pierced my heart deep. They have shot bombs of slander and insinuations in the guise of sweet talk for my gain. Yes! Agony! My mind is full of smoke, suppressed resentment. I have pain. I do not know whether my love-spark exists there in my mind or has vanished. I peep inside but I cannot see anything but confusion and battle” One tall, beautiful, serene but thoughtful natured lady is thus talking to herself.

She pinched her forehead and said: Oomph! Oomph! She looked up sometime and sometimes down. Then she became quiet and thoughtful and said to her mind: O vicious friends! O well wishers of my body and enemies of my life! You are not my friends. As a lady with all the comforts without life in it is a stinking dead body, similarly, without a love-spark life is like a dead and dry river bed or a dead tumble. You want to extinguish the love-spark or

say life-spark of my life. Your words of love are poison. Your sympathy is not to rid my agony but to put me in agony. You are not soothers of pain but ruthless givers of pain. Possibly, I stand duped of my treasure hidden in my deep inside under million of curtains by misunderstand your love. Oh Me! Oh my mind! This kingdom and this magnificence, is it not temporary? How many kings owned this kingdom? They have all gone under the earth. If the heads of all the previous kings were to be put in a row, then the line might cover the entire earth and still more would be left. In what count do you stand? If the kingdom goes then what do I lose? If one becomes a beggar, then what? The heart without a love-spark is dead heart. Is it kingdom to keep a dead heart in the body all twenty-four hours? Yes, if one has to sit on a palm leave mat with a heart having a love-spark in it, then it is no less than a kingdom of heavens. When the heart is a king, then you own a kingdom. If the heart is a beggar, then the kingdom of body is the ink of disgrace. O dear moon of faith! Turn your reins, turn your direction. Come to my heart, send your waves of love, send your rays of love and let the love shine. O faith! You only can rid me of my suppressed resentment. O dweller of heaven, O light of heaven, O light of the Lord's sphere. Who else's support can I look for in this wander? You give support and save me. With your support I can take my feet out of this marsh. O faith! When you were shinning in me, then I was in ecstasy. Without you I am in distress. I am in despair without you as the partridge is in despair without moonlight. O moon of faith! If you have hidden yourself, then do not let the hope of regaining go away. In the hope of regaining you, this time of distress shall pass.

Ah ha! What a nice tune? How loving is it? It is late evening. It is getting dark. The sun has gone. The moon and stars have not risen as yet. It is cloudy. There is darkness in my mind also. O Ill-speaking, O Back-biting. O Maliciousness. You have ruined my hustling bustling house. O Moon! Rise and give light. (Tried to hear)

O Mind! If you shun love of the kingdom, then the moon of faith shall not come under the clouds. The threats of losing the kingdom are coming as shadow over my faith.

(Tried to hear) How sweet is the song from the Scripture? It is giving coolness. It is so comforting. O mind! Listen attentively:

If the Lord gives kingdom, then what is my greatness?

If He gives begging, then what do I lose?

O mind! Recite the Lord's name that shall give salvation.

The queen got up and went to the place from where the voice came. At the other end of the garden, one old lady sat immersed in love of the Lord.

She had recited a verse from the Holy Scripture. The queen recognized her and in emotion with tear-filled eyes fell at her feet.

The old lady opened her eyes, lifted the queen's head, embraced her and rubbed her hand on the queen's back. Was it a hand or magic? Within moments the queen's mind elevated. It got out of fear and mistaken beliefs. She regained her love-spark. She got full sensation of the presence of the Lord in her mind, heart and body. Her mind blossomed. She got ecstasy. The divine sensation went into her body cells. She got immersed in the love of the Lord. She is still in the love-embrace of the saint lady and her mind is in rapture. She is unmoved. She is enjoying the ecstasy in the lap of the saint lady.

Time passed in this love-embrace. The stars twinkled. The moon rose high. The moonlight spread like a white sheet. It is cold. It is extremely cold but the cool moonlight is ecstatic and is giving more comfort to the elevated mind. The body is at ease in the cool moonlight. The mind is in blossom. The moon of love has risen in her mind that is giving moonlight of love. The saint lady realized the intensity of cold and made the queen stand up. The queen got up. She has sheen on her face that is shedding coolness and sacredness to one who looks at her. She has an ecstatic feeling that indicates that the queen is immersed in the love of the Lord.

The saint lady walked holding the queen's head on her chest. The saint lady understands that the queen is in ecstasy. So she walked supporting the queen's head on her chest through the garden and took her to the palace from the garden door and entered the queen's room. Two maids were already waiting and the candles were lit on the candle stand.

The saint lady made the queen sit on the sofa and gave extra cushions to relax. The queen is in trance. The saint lady now sent a message to Prince-son to come.

Prince son was worried and had already visited the garden several times but did not like to disturb the queen who was in tears of emotion. The Prince-son whose face blossomed like a rose saw the closed eyes of Mother and felt somewhat restless but the saint lady spoke: O Dear! There is no cause to worry, the queen is fine.

The Time-keepers remain alert in their job. They kept on striking the gong and reducing the night time. It was past mid-night when the queen opened her eyes. She heaved a sigh. She saw her Prince-son and saint lady sitting close by.

Seeing the sad face of her Prince-son she said: Darling son! Mother was in despair today but this godly lady has saved me. My mind is in blossom

now. At this time the saint lady said: It is late night. Better, everybody goes to sleep.

Queen: My mother who gave me birth left me in the worldly ocean of fire without oars and without light. But O saint lady! You have taken me out from that ocean. O saint lady! I was in deep despair today. I cried. Maybe I cried in weakness. But to cry for love's sake washes the dirt of the mind. Isn't it so? Isn't it a medicine to cleanse the mind?

Saint Lady: One who has got a love-spark of the Lord in the mind, then the Lord saves the person from drowning with his own hands. Lord is the saviour.

Queen: It was not in my control. I do not know how the secret of my Guru-love leaked out? For the last few days the neighbouring hill kings were sending messages of threat that if you side with the 'Guru with the plume', then we shall seize your kingdom. Today the Minister said so much malicious words against the saviour Guru so that my connection with the beloved Guru should break. He said such words so that I should dislike the benevolent Guru. I do not know why my ears did not burn. Even my maids and servants did back-biting against the benevolent Guru. I had a sword with me. Me coward! I had no valour that I should have pierced my body with my sword and gone to the Lord's palace with pure ears. I have no goodness in me. I do have a small kingdom but the ego of having a kingdom is big. It is your grace that you blessed me with Guru-love. Today my enemies pushed me to despair. I was in great distress. I felt I was alone. My own self became a demon to eat me. It did come to my mind that the maximum suffering for my faith in the true Guru for my Guru-love can be loss of kingdom. Let it go. When faith, love and support are present then comforts or sufferings do not make any difference. But the aloneness did not go. Your sweet scripture and your loving embrace pulled me out of hell. O Saint-lady, why did I listen to the malicious talk? Why did I not stand like a rock? Why did I not tell them that their talk is all nonsense?

Saint Lady: Daughter! Guru love is grace and is precious. It is difficult to keep up this treasure. This world is a sphere of anxiety and fear. When we get into love of the Lord then we get a sensation of the presence of the Lord. Then only the fear and anxieties vanish.

Queen: O Saint-lady, you are more than a Mother to me. Tell me, how this fear and anxiety goes. I gave so much in charity and I kept fasts. I cried in repentance and tried my best to push out this fear and anxiety from my mind but to no avail. You have got some magic that it goes away.

Saint-lady: O dear! Our true Guru has explained this very nicely. This is the dirt of the mind. It goes with the Lord's name.

Queen: How do I get the Lord's name? How do I get the Guru's grace?

Saint Lady: O dear! The Holy Scripture that you recite with love takes you towards love of the Lord. The Holy Scripture is full of praises of the Lord and it imbibes Lord's name in the body. It prompts you towards love of Lord. O dear! The scripture prompts you to recite the Lord's name. By recitation of the Lord's name by the tongue or silently the mind becomes elevated and feels a wavy sensation of the presence of the Lord. That gives ecstasy. Recitation of the scripture, singing the praises of the Lord and recitation of the Lord's name with love, all combined is the true path to meet the Lord. It is Guru's grace that has prompted you towards love of the omnipresent Lord. You are already in love of the Holy Scripture. The beloved Guru is expected to put his sacred feet in your kingdom shortly.

Queen: It is your goodness. I had no Spiritual knowledge. But I can say it with certainty that the Scripture does give ecstasy. It cools the mind. Today I forgot. I should have recited the Scripture. If I had recited the Scripture, then surely I would have felt cool.

Saint Lady: It happens. One forgets. See! At the end it was the Scripture that you listened to and felt coolness.

Queen: It is true. I was saved by listening to the Holy Scripture. You are a true saint. I should worship you.

Saint Lady: I cannot listen to my praise. I can listen only to beloved Guru's praise. I was nobody, none cared for me. It is the Guru's grace that I am honoured.

Queen: Saint-lady! I am sorry, when I am in thankfulness, then unknowingly I speak like that.

Saint Lady: It is up to the Lord to bless salvation. Lord is the creator of the universe. Lord is the nourisher. Lord is the saviour.

Queen: The Lord is formless, limitless and indescribable. How does He bless salvation?

Saint Lady: Like, to create the world He does not require any assistance similarly He does not require any suggestion or assistance in giving nourishment. Similarly, He is not dependent on anybody's suggestion for giving salvation. He Himself creates, nourishes and blesses salvation.

Queen: When we come to know of His love, His goodness, His being a nourisher and His being a saviour, then we get attracted to Him and wish to know how to meet Him? He is the unseen Infinite and we are unable to peep into the unseen.

Saint Lady: To get an attraction for Him is His bless. As a saviour the Lord blesses.

Queen: What you say is true? But O dear! The thirst to have His glimpse makes me restless. I wish to meet Him. One day you had said: "When one has thirst for meeting the Lord, then one should not remain in-active". Then some questions come to my mind:

1. The Lord is the Supreme lover. He is without fear or enmity. He is the Supreme soul. He loves everyone. Due to His love, He is the nourisher and saviour. Who should tell us all His love, His goodness, His mercy, His bless and His praises? How do we come to know of the Lord's attributes? If you had not told me the Lord's attributes, then how could I become thirsty to meet Him?

2. When one is thirsty, then one becomes eager to meet Him. One wishes to fly to meet Him. You say, it is all His grace.

Saint Lady: The saviour has put His command in our soul. By virtue of that command everything happens by itself but we do not understand His will. We have turned our mind away from the Lord and got enticed in worldly desires. That is why the saviour sends his beloved prophet in human form. He is in human form but his virtue and nature is above humans. He is an image of the Lord. He is Guru Nanak Dev.

Guru Nanak Dev came to this earth and told us all goodness, virtue, mercy and most of all love of the Lord. On listening to all that a wish came in our mind that we should get rid of vices, perceive the visible world as perishable, love the Lord and meet Him. To enable us to fulfill our wish he wrote the scripture and preached singing the praises of the Lord with music. Then the beloved Guru gave us Name of the Lord. O Queen! This is the path that the saviour has told us to tread on.

In this way He has given us the knowledge of His being a saviour.

Queen: O Saint Lady! You excuse me. I do not have any doubt in my mind. I have a longing to meet Him. I say whatever comes in the mind. You do not mind it. You blessed me. I read the Holy Scripture, recited the Lord's name and listened to divine songs (*Kirtan*). I have got devotion. You say that the Guru has given us the message of love of the Lord and the path of recitation of Name. I get pangs to have a glimpse of the true Guru. Sometimes I feel restless. The desire to have a glimpse of the true Guru whom the Lord has sent to join the separated with the Lord and who makes us feel the presence of the Lord swell in the mind like a tidal wave. But O Saint Lady! Only with your benevolence we can get the blessings of the true Guru.

Saint Lady: The true Guru is the saviour. He is the saviour of all mankind whether in human form or in the unseen form we should not consider him bound in time and space. The true Guru is always living. To feel that he is the saviour and to get salvation, the path is: "Guru is always absolutely close to us. We have to remember him in every moment. The practical way of remembrance is recitation of Name by the tongue."

Queen: Please elucidate to make me understand better.

Saint Lady: Do not think that the true Guru is not there or far off. Rid this thinking. Think that he is there, here, close to us. One who has a feeling that the Guru is here close to me, then he has the support of the Guru. This support gives fearlessness in the mind. You have not met the Guru. You have not fallen at his feet so far. Yet, do you not feel that the true Guru is yours and you are of the true Guru?

Queen: I shall get lost and die if this feeling goes away from my mind? I love the true Guru. The true Guru loves me. I am at his feet.

O Saint Lady: Pray! O true Guru! I am yours. I am at your feet.

O Son! Pray! O true Guru! We are yours. Bad or good, we are yours. Wandering in forgetfulness, we are yours. O beloved! We are yours.

Saying this Queen's eyes filled with tears and she went into trance. After a gap of time her eyes opened and she said: O Saint Lady! When do we get a glimpse of the true Guru?

Saint Lady: O daughter! When you feel that the true Guru is close to you, then this is meeting him. This longing becomes a bridge between us and the true Guru. Showers of blessings from the true Guru come through this connection.

Queen: O dear Saint Lady! You have elucidated so well then you say you are nobody. But I have great love and regard for you.

Saint Lady: Well, I am only a disciple of the true Guru. I have fallen at his feet. I speak out that he is creating a holy congregation, nothing more than that. Those who are immersed in Guru-love are saints and their company is fruitful but I am not even a saint nor am I worthy. The Lord has appointed the Guru as saviour of the world. Similarly, the Guru has appointed the Holy Granth Sahib and the congregation. The Name that the Lord gave to the Guru, he has put it in the Holy Scripture. You know the fifth Guru bowed down to the Holy Scripture saying that this is the "Science of the soul." The tenth Guru respected it and gave it to the holy congregation to adopt it as the Guru and preach it further as the "Science of the soul." The true Guru preaches recitation of the Lord's name and asks those who have imbibed the Lord's name in their hearts to preach further. The Guru-soul is immersed in

the Supreme-soul. The Guru is the image of the Lord. The Guru loves everybody. For those who are engrossed in Guru-love, he says "They are mine, they are my image."

Queen: Beloved Guru is great! Miraculous Guru is great!

Saint Lady: O darling! The Lord is the saviour. The Guru being one with the Lord is also the saviour. The Guru is allaying the suffering of the people. The 'Ideal Men' who are immersed in love of the Lord are preaching the Lord's name further as per the wish of the Guru.

Queen: O dear! Today my sinful ears heard the back-biting of the true Guru who is so great, so high, merciful, blissful, whose remembrance I nurture in my heart and I enjoy your pious and saintly company. I was deeply distressed. But thanks to the Lord that you whose company is life-giving and holy saved me.

Saint Lady: O dear! This back-biting has given great suffering in the world. It has ruined the minds of faith and devotion. It has created estrangement between true friends. It has created estrangement between a loving husband and a loving wife. That is why the Guru said that back-biting is a big vice and we should refrain from it. We should never listen to back-biting. But if it comes insistently, then we should keep our mind strong like a rock. If one feels distress, then we should recite the scripture and pray to lord.

Queen: What you say is true. Excuse me if I may ask? When do we get a glimpse of the beloved Guru?

Saint Lady: Time is near. Beloved Guru shall visit us soon.

Queen: I adore your words. You are great!

Saint Lady: Tell me! Is your mind out of fear now?

Queen: I was really afraid that after knowing that I have become a Guru-devotee, the neighbouring kings might grab my kingdom. This fear has gone away by listening to the scripture that you recited to me: It is the Lord's will if He gives kingdom. It is His grace. If He gives begging it is His will. I should remain happy in any circumstances. When the Guru has given us the biggest treasure i.e. rapture of Name, then we should live in that rapture. Then we are happy to get a kingdom and we do not go into despair in begging. Former is the Lord's grace and second is the Lord's will. Again when we have faith that the Guru is always close to us and he is our strength, then what is there to be afraid of? We have to remain at his feet and remember him. He is a pillar of support for us. He shall take care of our fears and anxieties.

Saint Lady: When one is steadfast in recitation of Name and has the Guru's support then the mind remains in blossom without fears. Those who

have got the support and strength of the Lord, why should their mind fear those who are living in fears and anxieties? A person who is fearless, his fearlessness has an effect on the other person. The mounds of vices of the person living in fear tremble on being influenced by the fire of sacredness of the fearless person.

Queen: You are right. You have spoken the truth.

Saint Lady: I have repeated whatever I heard from the Guru.

Prince: O Grand lady! When shall we get a glimpse of the true Guru?

Saint Lady: The true Guru has departed from Paonta. On the prayer of King Medni Prakash he is staying in the forest area of Nahan state. I am sure he will reach this side soon.

Prince: O Grand Lady! Are you sure that he will come this side? In case of any doubt may we send a messenger to pray to him?

Saint Lady: There is no need to send a message nor anyone has ever told him regarding your love for him. But it is his natural repute to reach where there is love. As such it is impossible that he may go on some other route and not respond to your love and give his glimpse.

Queen: O respected lady! What you say is true. But our love is no match. It is your graciousness that we do pin our hope that he will come here and bless us. To send a message is disrespectful. Who are we without any virtuousness in us that we dare to invite the Magnificent Guru. But O Lady! It is certain that if the Guru blesses us and makes us his own then we shall get eternal blossom of mind.

Saint Lady: Surely, he will come and bless a life-spark. I have full confidence.

II

The bank of the river Yamuna where the true Guru laid the foundation of the city of Paonta and where now exists a beautiful small but tall Gurdwara is a wondrous natural scenic spot. The beauty of the flowing water of the river and the delightful, natural scenery are captivating to the mind. In fact by seeing such places one can imagine how much appreciative was the true Guru and how much fondness he had for natural scenery. How much wondrous was his selection of beautiful scenic spots?

When the Guru devotees won the battle of Bhangani and came to Paonta, then the devotees were eager to invade King Fateh Shah's kingdom but the Guru stopped them to attack King Fateh Shah. They did agree not to attack but when the Guru noticed their enthusiasm in their hearts, then he thought

that they might not be able to control their enthusiasm. So instead of suppressing their enthusiasm it would be better to divert their minds towards construction and rehabilitation of the city of Anandpur and fortify it.

Accordingly, preparations to depart were made. Importantly, the travel arrangement for the wounded was necessary. Stock of medicines was to be procured and doctors were to accompany them. When all arrangements were complete, then the convoy departed.

The first halt was at Laharpur. Here the beloved Guru stayed for ten to twelve days. He went out for sight-seeing and hunting. Here was the game sanctuary of King Sikander Lodhi. He used to come and stay here and go for hunting.

One Mughul official Mukhlas Khan had constructed a fort here and named it Mukhlasgarh. Later Banda Bahadur occupied this fort and named it Lohgarh. He stayed here for a long time and fought the army of the rulers a number of times.

A Gurdwara stands where the true Guru stayed and is named Tota Sahib. About one kilometre from this place is a village name Tota: The inhabitants of this village who were called Ranghars stole loaded camels of the Guru's convoy and were subsequently caught.

The Guru said: This village is Tota (meaning: Loss). Even now people call it Tota. It is also written that on the prayer of King Medni Prakash the true Guru halted and stayed at Laharpur for ten or twelve days. Budhu Shah came from Sadhaura and the Guru blessed him immensely. The congregation assembled in the morning and evening and sang divine songs (*Kirtan*). Many devotees came to meet the beloved Guru. He blessed everyone with the Lord's name.

When the true Guru decided to stay here for a few days, then he asked maternal Uncle Kirpal Chand to take the wounded and the rest of the convoy and soldiers and proceed to Anandpur.

The true Guru retained some valiant and the drum beaters here and sent the rest of the convoy to Anandpur.

On the thirteenth day, when the assembly session concluded, the Guru looked towards the heavens, then towards the north and south. It appeared as if he is reading something in the unseen cosmic book. Then with tear filled eyes he sat in meditation for some time. Then he said: Let us depart tomorrow morning. When the foot-runner asked about the route, then he ordered: We shall go up to Tabra in the kingdom of Ramgarhia. The first halt shall be Tabra. Next halt shall be where it is the Lord's will.

The miraculous true Guru who was always exuberant with Spiritual radiance is moving, riding a beautiful horse accompanied by a few valiant. Rest of the army and paraphernalia followed.

On the way he saw one Brahmin gazing at the sun and bowing to it.

The Guru laughed and said: The Lord has created everything for the benefit of man. The sun and light, air and water, earth and sky all are created for comfort of man. He created man superior to all else on earth and all else for his comfort. But see he has forgotten his superiority. His superiority was in the service and love of the Lord. He has forgotten the Lord and trapped himself in worldly desires. He tries to acquire whatever beautiful things in the world he can. He has further gone into mistaken belief that the beautiful things over which he has no control are the creators. The result is that from those things that would have given him comfort, he is afraid of them and fears them. Under their awe-inspiring influence he wavers and bows to them. The superior that he was, he has become a slave.

Then Alam Singh said: O saviour, please elucidate.

Then the Guru said: Man is the master of his body organs. He is the master of his mind and senses. But he has become a slave to his own body senses. He is afraid of everything that is more powerful and is greedy to acquire everything that gives pleasure. In this way he has become powerless. If he had recognized the Lord and remained devoted to him, then he would have got the support of the Lord and would have felt superior to everything on earth. I have taken your mind out of these mistaken beliefs and made you valiant, not for grabbing by use of force but for making you God-fearing and to live an awakened life, a life in the remembrance of the Lord, a life of inner blossom of mind. Even as one individual, you are an 'Ideal man' and thus can lead a million. If the lifelessly living people tread on this Lord's path, they will also become 'Ideal men'. One who has got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in his mind, heart and body and his body soul is immersed in love in the Supreme soul, whose Super consciousness is awakened and lives in high spirits, he is my 'Ideal man' and can lead a million. As an 'Ideal man', you are the master of your mind, you are the master of your body senses, you are the master of your body organs. You are the master of your body. In this way you are dominant on space, air, water, sun and heat etc. but if you get entrapped in worldly desires, then you will lose your strength. Remain steadfast in remembrance of the Lord and live in high spirits.

See! That man is trembling in fear of the sun and is bowing down to it and rubbing his nose on the ground. But in reality the sun is under the

command of the Lord. When we are immersed in the love of the Lord, then we are at His refuge under His protection. Why should we be afraid of the sun?

When the body soul is immersed in the Supreme soul, then we are the masters of the world. The Brahmin should have told the sun: O Master of light! The light, warmth and healing rays that you have, give me some so that my body remains strong and serves me better. People are afraid of air. But air is good for health. People are afraid of water and offer it to deities. But water is nourishment. Similarly, light and the sunrays are for the comfort of mankind. If man recognizes the will of the Lord, then he is the master. One who recognizes the Lord's will is adept in making others understand the Lord's will. He can benefit most from the created world. But the dominating spirit cannot come in your Super consciousness unless your soul is immersed in the Supreme soul. Without being dyed in the love of the Lord if we think ourselves higher than others, then it is the ego in us. When our soul immerses in the Supreme soul and we get Super consciousness, then the mind is elevated. That is the real high spirits.

In this way the true Guru elevated the minds of his disciples and asked them to remain in high spirits.

Now they reached Tabra. Nobody expected a reception here. But the true Guru had already told his soldiers that the Lord will do all arrangement for us. We need not worry.

The King had already got information that the true Guru is arriving. He had ordered his subordinates to make all arrangements for the Guru's stay. Tents were already fixed, food was ready and all comforts were provided. The King himself came, bowed down and presented a sword, five hundred rupees, one horse and many blankets. The Guru gifted a dagger to the king and said: Till such time that you keep this with respect, your kingdom shall remain. The Guru blessed the Lord's name to the King. His mind was elevated. He got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in his mind, heart and body. He got inner blossom of mind.

Bhai Gian Singh writes: The heirs of the king have still got the dagger and they keep it with great regard. In the afternoon the Guru got up to depart. Then he departed.

III

One day all sat in the King's audience hall. The saint lady and the prince talked about faith and devotion. Then the queen felt a godly sensation. She

felt a longing, a craving and a pull to have a glimpse of the true Guru. Then, she prayed in her mind: O True Guru! Please come and give us your glimpse. The Queen's mind was still absorbed in the prayer with eyes closed when Durga maid came running: O Great Queen! Some dust is visible at a distance. Maybe some king has invaded with his army.

Rajeshwari maid came panting: Minister is standing at the door outside.

He says: We had advised you not to befriend Guru Gobind Singh. Now King of Ramgarh, King of Jaswar and King of Kahlur or maybe some more of those who are inimical to the Guru seem to be heading towards us. Please order whether we should accept their subjugation or shall we fight back? It is a sudden offensive. We are not in preparedness. However, we bow our heads to you and await your orders. I have given instructions to the Defence Minister to order troops to get ready.

The queen went into deep thought.

Kutrol Bai (Came running): Army General, Prime Minister, Defence Minister, all are present in the waiting room. Some troops are ready. One contingent has gone forward. Everyone is waiting for your orders.

Queen: Kutrol Bai! Are you sure it is the enemy?

All: Hear the sound of drums.

Queen: What sound is this?

Kutrol Bai: This is the signal of the enemy's first victory that they have crossed inside our border.

Saint Lady: Wait a bit. (Listened attentively and paused). This is the drum beat of my beloved true Guru that signifies he is on travel. The melody that it is giving indicates that we are in a friendly state.

Queen: I do not understand these tunes but my mind is not feeling afraid, instead I have a feeling of happiness. If you are sure, then I shall order troops to wait. I should not do some wrong in haste.

Now the beating of drums stopped and the trumpets started blowing a melodious tune. It was in a unique raga. The saint lady recognized the raga and said: O dear queen! Be not afraid. This is not from any enemy. Nobody in the country knows how to play this tune except our beloved benevolent Guru. Rid the fear and ride in delight. This tune indicates: "Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh has arrived."

What was in the words "Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh has arrived"? The words were waves of magic. The queen went into trance. The handsome and suave elder Prince as also the younger Prince became exuberant.

More and more maids came from outside but stood stunned on coming inside. The Queen is overjoyed and in heavenly exuberance. Her mind is cool and in ecstasy. She is in humble devotion. She feels a sacred sphere around. Everything made her engrossed in love of the Guru. She remained absorbed for a few moments and then said: O Saint Lady! I cannot control my Guru-love inside. The true Guru is ours and we belong to the true Guru. Here goes my fear of family traditions and public opinion. What is pride of a kingdom or tradition or public opinion in comparison to the blessings of someone who has himself come as a saviour sent by the Lord, who himself reaches to bless the sinners.

Let the people laugh. Even if you are angry, even then I am moving towards the road in obeisance from where the beloved of the Lord is coming. I am leaving the veils behind and going to lie down on the dust that has become sacred by the beloved's sacred feet. Come! O Saint-lady, make me dust of the sacred feet of the beloved or make me satiated with clamping the feet of the image of the Lord.

Saying this, the Queen's face became serene and showed luster. Accompanied by her sons, she came and stood outside the verandah. The Saint-lady held her left hand and went along with her. On her right hand was the Prince encircled by her right arm and the maids swarmed behind. Her subordinates were waiting outside. In a sweet and serene tone, softly she said: Prime Minister, Defense Minister, Home Minister and all of you, follow me along with the army. The redeemer of sins and the savior of sinners, the powerful warrior has come.

He has won us without shooting an arrow. His refuge gives eternal salvation.

Was it an order or a flash of lightning of the Queen's splendor? Although they did not understand the meanings of the words but like chessmen they went as directed.

The Guru's contingent was at a little distance. The Queen moved forward and reached the road on which the savior Guru was coming. She tries to gaze but her heart swells, her mind is elevated, her longing and craving wells up to the head. She sees a curly dazzle that does not let her see properly. She gazes, then looks down: Oh! Me! Without goodness! Am I really going to have a glimpse of the Lord of sacredness?

Again she raises her head and looks up. Now the redeemer of sinners reached very close. The throbs of the craving hearts slowed down the hoof beats of the green horse. The elegant horse that was used to leaping fast is moving softly and slowly.

The Queen powerlessly and magically pulled, reached near the horse. Her muscular swan like neck for which the entire kingdom bowed, bowed down.

See! How the Head of the kingdom whose intellectual wisdom was sought by the entire ministry of the kingdom has bowed down. See, the intellectual, respectful Head with the crown is clamped to the sacred feet of the Guru from the heavens. In the stirrups are the loving and lotus like feet and on the sacred feet is lying the love-filled head. Yes! The moment she heard the drum beats of the Guru's drums, she forgot whether she was a Queen or an ordinary human. She forgot all protocols. With eyes filled with tears of love, like a breeze, she moved her delicate, soft feet and dashed to touch the Guru's sacred feet. The moment she touched the sacred feet her mind elevated and she got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in her mind, heart and body cells. She got ecstasy.

On the other side the elder Prince's head is touching the Guru's lotus like feet.

The saint lady Sabhran Kaur is standing with head bowed as if in meditation. Her eyes are closed but love-tears are falling from the closed eyes like drops of rain. Next to her stood the younger prince head bowed waiting a chance to touch the Guru's feet.

Seeing so much love the true Guru was so much overwhelmed that his eyes filled with tears of love and benevolence. See! The lips of faith and devotion move and pray: Me! Your servant, please get down and put your sacred hand on my head.

The true Guru now got down from his horse. The Queen, the elder Prince, the younger Prince again bowed down. All the subordinates of the queen bowed down.

The Guru lifted the heads of all three and started walking slowly. It became sunset. The sun hid itself in the west.

The Guru's soldiers were provided a nice place to stay. All comforts were provided. Soon the congregation assembled and sang divine songs. The Guru changed his dress and then came to join the singing of divine songs.

The Queen and her courtiers also sat with the congregation. The singing of divine songs was so enthralling that even a flying bird would stop to listen. Now the cooks of the palace came and said: Dinner is ready. Then the true Guru and everyone ate a sumptuous dinner.

Then the queen requested: O Savior! Please make my hands fruitful. These hands have worn gold but not done any service. If you put your sacred

feet in the palace and have lunch there tomorrow, then these hands that have not done any service shall cook food and serve. Please be benevolent and accept my prayer. Magnificent Guru agreed to come to the palace and have lunch.

At night the Guru rested. The valiant also relaxed. But the Prince and the Queen went and started redecoration of the audience hall to welcome the true Guru. The courtiers also got busy in decorating the path and other arrangements for tomorrow.

The Queen herself supervised the decoration of the audience hall. A sandalwood settee was placed in the center. A silken carpet was laid on it for the true Guru. Sheets were spread in the entire hall for the congregation to sit. Saint-lady Subhran Kaur came and prayed to the true Guru that in the morning the congregation may assemble in the audience hall and the musicians should sing divine songs there only. She told the true Guru that the Queen herself has supervised the decoration of the audience hall. Then she told the Guru about the service of the Queen, the elder Prince, the younger Prince and the courtiers that they were doing with love and respect.

The true Guru appreciated their love and service and ordered that the musicians should go to the audience hall with their musical instruments and sing the divine songs (*Kirtan*) there. Others were also asked to assemble there in the morning.

Early morning the musician's sang the divine songs (*Kirtan*). For nearly three hours the congregation listened to the divine hymns (*Kirtan*). Everyone felt as if he had a dip in a nectar-filled Spiritual lake. When the singing finished, then the Saint-lady gave a dress as present to the true Guru. The true Guru accepted the gift of love and wore it on the top of his shirt. The day ascended. The true Guru got up. First he went round the fort. He talked to the elder Prince with love. Then he talked to the ministers and other prominent persons who had come to pay respects to him.

In this way it became noon. Nobody knew where the Queen was? The true Guru had just asked about her when with eyes red she came out of the kitchen and asked the true Guru: Shall I serve lunch?

On seeing her love and humility, the true Guru said: The scale that bends carries the weight. Then he got up and went to the dining hall.

The true Guru and the congregation ate lunch with as much delight as the love with which it was prepared. Now the Guru got up to depart. The Queen wished that the true Guru may stay for some days and bless her subjects. But she knew that he has to bless many people and has to reach quickly. So she

obeyed the Guru's orders. She offered one bundle of gold coins at the Guru's feet and asked both the princes to fall at the true Guru's feet and prayed: Please bless my sons. We are your servants.

The true Guru said: Your son is a saint king. He shall be a king as also a saint. You are his mother, his guide, his support. The benevolent Guru again said: He should keep unshorn hair on his head. Then he blessed the younger prince.

The Queen appeared a bit hesitant to unshorn hair. She felt afraid of the hill kings and the Muslim rulers.

Then the true Guru said: Do not fear anybody. Their rule is going to end shortly.

Then the Queen readily agreed. The Guru was pleased and he gifted one sword and a shield. He also gave one book of Scripture. She accepted that with both hands and head bowed.

Next moment the Guru departed. The queen accompanied the true Guru up to the outside of the fort.

When the Guru finally departed again he blessed: Your rule shall remain for long. Remember the Lord. You shall get salvation.

After blessing the Queen, the true Guru like of shower of cloud departed to shower his blessings at another place.



14.

Arrival at Anandpur

After bidding farewell to the Queen of Raipur the Guru came to Manak Tabra where he had camped. A Gurdwara exists here. He departed from here and next halted at Toda Village. In the evening, it was time to attend the assembly where divine songs were sung.

The Guru while going to the assembly saw one meditative sitting in meditation under a tree, the Guru came near and stood there, looking at him. In a few moments the meditative opened his eyes. He felt as if Sri Krishna is standing. He thought that his meditation has fructified. Sri Krishna has come. Impatiently, he got up and clamped the Guru's feet.

The Guru pulled his bow from his shoulder and moved its tip on the saint's back. As he moved the tip the meditative felt cool. Even after years of meditation he had not felt this ecstasy that he got from this touch. After a few moments the Guru put his bow back on his shoulder, bent a little and with his right hand lifted him by the shoulder, made him stand and asked: O dear meditative! What do you seek?

Meditative: O Lord! I do not know what do I seek? Distressed in the family, I became a recluse. Then, I practiced Hath yoga. One saint said that by Hath yoga one becomes god Shiva. I never got any happiness. Then, I consulted other saints but they also suggested meditation. But up to this day neither I became god Shiva nor did I meet the Lord. Today, O Lord you have come. My meditation has borne fruit. Your touch has given some miraculous ecstasy. O Lord you are great! O Lord you are great!

Guru: O meditative! I am a servant of the Supreme Lord. But I am immersed in His love. His love is there in my touch. His name is His form that gives ecstasy. That is why you got a sensation of His presence in my touch.

Your meditation has not fructified. In your meditation it is your true longing for the Lord in your heart that has borne fruit. Yes! Meditation is not bad if the aim is correct. If the aim is not correct, if there is no longing to meet the Lord, if there is no love for the Supreme Lord, if the love does not result in remembrance, if the remembrance does not give pangs, then what is the use of meditation? Whatever meditation you do, it shall only give discomfort and pain to the body. If you do not get company of an enlightened saint but meet an intellectual, then you might go to Benares and learn the Vedas and Philosophy and become knowledgeable. Even then, you shall remain away from the Lord because you did not have the aim to meet the Lord. The mind remained in the superficial knowledge of the scripture. The inclination of the mind towards religion did not become love. The love did not become remembrance. The remembrance did not give pangs. Then the real aim that was to meet the Lord remained set aside. So! Whatever knowledge you gained kept you in forgetfulness of the Lord. If one gets the company of somebody who believes in good deeds, then he will tell you that the prime good deed is charity. Then one keeps on giving charities and loses money but does not reach the Lord. The mind was not in remembrance of the Lord. The charity was not given in the name of the Lord. There was no pang of love for the Lord. The arrow was not aimed to meet the Lord. After giving charity one lost all and from giver became a beggar. O dear meditative! One who has the aim to meet the Lord, who has imbibed love of the Lord, remembrance of the Lord, he has met the Lord. One who has not loved the Lord, his meditation has gone waste.

Listening to these words, the meditative mind awakened as if from slumber. The mind that had got concentration from meditation understood the correct aim and path to meet the Lord. The glimpse of the true Guru created a wavy sensation of the presence of the Lord in his body. The glimpse again and again gave ecstasy. His body soul got immersed in the Supreme soul. He got so engrossed that he could not speak even.

The gracious Guru bestowed love on him by moving his hand on his head. Head bent, he stood on his knees.

It was evening. In solitude, tranquillity prevailed. It was time of meeting of day and night in the form of evening. It was time when wish and grace came face to face.

It was time for meeting of meditative and the bestowal of grace. It was time for meeting of 'desire to know' and the 'giver of knowledge'. It was time for meeting of a spread lap and filling it with Name of the Lord. It was time

for meeting of 'the lover' and beloved. It was time for the meeting of body-soul and Supreme soul. It was time for meeting of disciple-soul and the Guru-soul.

The meditative is immersed in Guru-soul that is always immersed in the Supreme soul.

In the assembly the divine singing (*Kirtan*) finished. Everybody was anxious why the true Guru has not reached. They prayed everything should be all right.

Here, like a tidal wave having crossed sandy dunes, the Guru-sea is leaping forward to receive the disciple-river arriving after enduring hardships, obstructions, hindrances, bumps, thuds and falls. His wrist is resting on the shoulders of the meditative and giving him coolness, making his mind crystal and giving him sensation of the presence of the Lord in mind, heart and body.

In a sudden glimpse the meditative is swaying in love of the Lord.

The pious meditative is reciprocating in love and the Guru is enjoying the love coming from him.

Please! Great! Magnificent! Guru Gobind Singh! Bless that this glimpse of bestowal of love ever remains in the heart of your devotees.

Great! Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh!

Great! Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh!

The night passed as it passes since millions of years when man was not born on earth and since when he was born.

It was before daybreak that the musicians finished singing of divine songs.

The moment the singing finished, the beating of drum indicated departure.

The message of the drum became highlighted. It said: O Unmindful! You have to depart. Where you spent the night was not a permanent place of residence. It was a temporary stay. O Passengers! Saints of the Lord! Get up. We have to move.

Yes! O dear! Those who realized the world as perishable, they only remembered the Lord. Those who considered this temporary stay as permanent remained in the forgetfulness of the Lord.

When the beating of the drum stopped, the party started the journey. The Camel riders were in the front then other members of the party followed and on the handsome graceful horse rode Magnificent Beloved Guru Gobind Singh.

One hand is carrying a sword. The other hand is distributing the Lord's name.

On one shoulder hangs the bow and on the other shoulder hangs the invisible bag of graciousness to allay the suffering of the people.

Moving slowly they reached Nada before noon. Here lunch was already fixed. Devotees had already assembled with gifts to have his glimpse. Prominent persons of the village waited to receive the Saint-soldier Guru who had won victory over the combined army of the rulers of hill states. They desired friendship with him.

When the true Guru arrived everybody welcomed him with gifts. The Guru met everyone with love and blessed them the Lord's name. Food was served. Everybody ate the Guru's blessed food. Rich and poor all were served food.

The giver of nourishment to the world himself ate lunch. Then he rested for a little while. Before evening they departed.

The next halt was at Dhakoli. Here, they stayed for the night. The Guru's tent was fixed about half a kilometre north of the village. Here also, the devotees assembled in large numbers. Many more people came to have his glimpse. The arrangement for stay, food and other comforts and fodder for the horses was very nice. Early in the morning the musicians sang divine songs (*Kirtan*). Sacred sweet was served when the singing finished. Then the congregation of Dhakoli made a prayer that there is shortage of water here.

Magnificent Guru listened to them and said: O dear! Guru Nanak's house is a house of benevolence. He gives milk, curd, butter, what to say of water?

Saying this, he got up and started walking as if strolling. The congregation followed. At one place he stopped and pierced the ground with the spear that was in his hand. Water flowed out from there. The congregation felt wondrous.

A cool and sweet voice of O Great Guru! O Great Guru came out of every heart. Then, Magnificent Guru gave some money for constructing a proper well.

In the afternoon they departed.

Moving some distance they arrived at Nabha. Magnificent Guru and party were passing through the open lands when a congregation of Kambo disciples met singing divine songs (*Kirtan*) with cymbals and drums. They prayed to the Guru and made him stay there for the night. They served dinner with so much love and devotion. The Guru appreciated their love and blessed them the Lord's name.

He said to them: Do not worship stone idols or other created things (like sun or moon). Remember the Lord incessantly.

Then, one ascetic who had studied the Hindu scriptures spoke: In Gita, it is written: Take refuge of Lord Krishna. Shall we worship him as a prophet?

The Guru smiled and said: O dear! Fall at the feet of the Supreme Lord. The Supreme Lord is above everybody. He is above birth and death. He is above gods. He is the Supreme God. He is the Supreme Master of all. He is faultless. Guru Nanak has ordered worship of the Supreme Lord.

Ascetic: Magnificent Guru! Then how shall we remember Him who is without form? Guru: O Dear! The world is enticed by ego and desires and is in the forgetfulness of the Lord. First you awake your mind from that sleep. Family man is in desires for his wife, son and wealth. Ascetic is in desire for fame that he has more followers. Everybody, whether he is a family man or ritualistic or a recluse or a Pandit is in desires and passions under some pretext or some excuse. When the mind is thinking of passions and other worldly desires, then what remembrance of Lord can he do? His mind is engrossed in whatever he is doing. How shall he remember the unseen Lord. So, O dear! First awaken your mind from this sleep of sentiment and desires. This will go if you keep Holy Company. Then you will know what is perishable and what is imperishable. Then you will realize that these worldly desires are the veil between us and the Lord.

Ascetic: Then should we practice the rituals of Pandits. Is this the path?

Guru: No dear! These rituals that the Pandit prescribes trap you in superstitions. They do not take you to the palace of the Lord. If you wish salvation then you do the Spiritual work.

Ascetic: O respected Guru! What is that Spiritual work?

Guru: Recitation of the Lord's name incessantly. This is Spiritual work. This is the prime work. This is the prime worship. This is recitation but this is the prime remembrance. O dear! The remembrance of the faultless is recitation of His name. I do not remember any other worship.

I remember His name in my mind

Says, Nanak

But the stipulation is that side by side refrain yourself from vices. First turn yourself away from big sins. Then control your mind from bodily passions and vices. The mind is controlled by reasoning and good thoughts and strictness. The recitation of the Lord's name washes the dirt of vices on the mind. Also it turns the inclinations of the mind away from indulging further in vices. Then it turns the mind towards the Lord. In this way, with this sacred work one's mind becomes crystal. To remain in vices is being un-religious. Un-religious is indulging in vices. Vices are the dirt. Religiousness is crystal consciousness. The dirt of vices is washed by Spiritual work. What is that spiritual work?

Recitation of "THE LORD'S NAME".

Ascetic: Then shall we get knowledge or meet the Lord?

Guru: Do not go into un-necessary argumentation and pettifogging and do not put people in that. You cleanse your mind with recitation of the Lord's name. Then you preach. You tell the people not to indulge in sins. Do not indulge in anything that is un-religious. Awaken your mind from the sleep of worldly desires. Remain in the incessant remembrance of the Lord. Remember that he sees you all the time. Remember that He is the savoir Lord, father, mother and loving Lord. Recite His name with affection towards him. Imbibe His name deep in your heart. What shall happen then? Your mind will become crystal. You will not indulge in vices. When you won't indulge in vices, then the fears, anxieties, sufferings and illnesses will go. Along with other sufferings the biggest suffering that is the cycle of births and deaths will also vanish. You shall get out of the cycle of births and deaths. When the fear is gone then you will get dyed in the love of the Lord. That will give you ecstasy and rapture. O dear! If you are interested in your salvation, then this is the path. If you wish to do goodness to the world, then this is the way. This path is not counting of mangoes. This is relishing the luscious mangoes. This covers everything like knowledge, devotion, yoga, meditation, worship.

To get the sensation of the Lord in your mind, heart and body, the path is to refrain from vices, awaken-ness from the intoxication of desires and incessant recitation and remembrance of the Lord's name. Recite the name with love incessantly.

After the discourse, the benevolent Guru like a comforting breeze left this place and blessed many people on the way, halting somewhere, moving ahead, spent the afternoon at Ghanola where he had stayed earlier while going to Paonta.

By evening, he reached Kotla near Ropar. Here, the Pathan Chieftains were very hospitable to him. They did not let him depart. They made him stay in their village and served him with extreme love. When the Guru left, he gifted them one spear and shield.

Moving from here, he reached Kiratpur. Many people as also his relatives came to receive him. Both grandsons of Guru Hargobind, Gulab Singh and Sham Singh came to welcome the true Guru. The true Guru went to the house of Guru Hargobind accompanied by the congregation. He sat in meditation in remembrance of his grand-father. Having met him in meditation, he got up in devotion, said prayers and then sacred sweet was served. The entire congregation felt ecstatic.

The night he stayed at Kiratpur. All family members and the congregation rejoiced. Early next morning, the true Guru decided to depart. He rode on

Prasadi elephant. The valiant rode on horses, some in front and some in rear. The true Guru travelled slowly and reached Anandpur.

When we read the line Anandpur colonized anew then we get an impression that the Guru colonized this town now. But it is not so. The ninth Guru himself colonized this town. The tenth Guru went to Paonta leaving it as a flourishing town. The Guru has used the word colonized that means that after he left the town, the hustle-bustle waned, many people left but still some habitation was there, the villagers around bought wholesale merchandise from here. The Guru had also left some of his men here. But now he came and made it a hustling-bustling town again. He got constructed new buildings such as fort etc and colonized it anew.

The city hustled-bustled with devotees even before he reached Anandpur, first were the people who had settled earlier and were left back, secondly, Maternal Uncle had reached with a big caravan. Thirdly, people from the nearby villages came to welcome and have a glimpse of the Guru. Fourthly, devotees coming from different places came to know that the Guru has gone to Anandpur. They also dashed to Anandpur.

There was so much gaiety and enthusiasm for the reception of the Guru at Anandpur. Water was sprinkled on the roads in the town and leading to the town so that no dust should rise when the true Guru arrived. Thousands of men and women lined up the road in the town and outside the town. At many places devotees stood with baskets of rose petals to shower on the true Guru. As he moved forward he responded to the greetings and devotion and blessed everyone.

Then he got down from the elephant and walked down to the shrine of his dear father-Guru. With eyes closed he remembered his father-Guru and his unique sacrifice.

Then he walked four times round the shrine, said prayers and sacred sweet was served. Then he went to his old palace, the entire family ate food together and rested. In the afternoon he got ready and came to the audience hall.

He sat in the audience hall till evening. He blessed everyone and fulfilled their wishes. He allayed their sufferings. He blessed the Lord's name to everyone. When he left everybody bowed till he crossed the gate. Then the mine of benevolence Guru went to his palace and relaxed.

When the devotees came to know that the Guru has left the distant hilly land and has now come to Anandpur, then they flocked to Anandpur. Devotees kept coming and up to Deepavli their number became uncountable. The

congregation for the Deepavli celebration was uncountable. The offering that came was uncountable.

The Guru started spending the money with the aim that he had in his mind i.e. to imbibe the love of the Lord and to make their minds strong so that people are able to break the shackles of slavery and stand on their own feet.

From amongst the devotees who had come to Anandpur, he started recruiting selected young men for the army and trained them in the use of weapons. Thus he paved the way for bringing up a handsome, befitting and strong army. There would be none who would defect at the last moment or were not true to one's salt. Not true to one's salt means not true to one's employer. Such persons would not deceive and join the enemy as it happened at Paonta.

Equipment was needed for the army. Factories were set up to manufacture arms and ammunition, swords, guns, bullets, small cannons, big cannons, pincers, other implements and all such things were to be manufactured here. In case of war, forts, armories, cannon sites on battlements were required. Sites were selected and construction work started. The Guru engaged skilled workers for all these jobs.

It became necessary to have a market place in the town where so much activity had to happen so that everything would be available easily. Site for a market place was selected and construction work started.

In this way the hustle-bustle increased enormously and the population kept on growing tremendously. The Guru bought horses from distant places in large numbers. Leather factories came up for manufacturing the harness and saddles for the horses. Along with this he invited learned men and writers.

Whenever a fair was held, books of scripture were written and distributed in thousands to the congregation who came to the fair.

Pandits and highly educated teachers were appointed to impart education to the disciples. Not only Pandits, even Persian teachers were appointed.

Tailors, dyers, painters, iron-smiths, carpenters were employed for various jobs.

The Guru wished that along with spirituality the people should be brave and strong. Both the ideals were pursued with great fervor at Anandpur.

The army that came up now was strong and powerful. Stories of heroic deeds of past heroes were narrated to them to imbibe bravery in them. These stories were mostly in poetry and were called *vaars*. The musicians sang these *vaars* and filled the minds of the soldiers with valor. Then the soldiers were given lessons on intelligence and diplomacy. They were educated to understand things properly so that they would not be deceived. Anything that is thought

out from different angles is justified and one comes to a certain conclusion is called diplomacy. The Guru advocated diplomacy with honesty. Meaning: One should save one's self from a difficult situation with cleverness but in no way leave truth. One should not resort to hypocrisy, lies or deception of any kind. In this way the soldiers were told to be steadfast on the religious path and shy away from sinful acts at all times. For this purpose discourses were given and they were told to recite the scripture and understand the meanings and then more importantly go on the path that the scripture tells us. The devotees were made to understand the real aim of this human life and the reason why the Lord has sent us to this world.

A Guru-disciple should always do goodness to others. He should not be proud. If he has to die for the sake of religion or respect, he should not hesitate. He should not deceive anyone nor make anyone suffer.

The scripture tells us that the Lord's name is everything. Recitation of Name makes you meet the Lord. The Guru said the same what Guru Nanak had said:

Recite the Lord's name with love

Give charity

Keep the body and mind clean

Imbibe the Lord's name in the mind and do not let lies and deception come near.

These make the mind dirty. When the mind is clean, then one gets ecstasy while reading the Holy Scripture. One relishes the recitation of Name. One is enthused to go goodness to others.

Now with this Name, charity and cleanliness the Guru added bravery that was initially enthused by his grand-father Guru Hargobind.

Guru Hargobind said: Forgiveness is first bravery. Charity is second bravery.

If needed give your life for the sake of religion. This is the third bravery.

But the fundamental is recitation of the Lord's name.

The soldiers imbibed this ideal and the spirit of sacrifice in them. They were always in high spirits with mind attuned to the Lord. The result was that devotees came to Anandpur from far off places carrying their own arms and money and offered their services and were ready to sacrifice their lives. The victory in the battle of Bhangani made them more courageous and the fear of tyrant soldiers was gone.

In this way, the Guru was successful in his efforts. The devotees who came to have his glimpse carried swords when they came. They came with courage and fought when any hindrance came on their way.

Where the town is new and open land is not enough, then the local needs like fodder for the horses have to be met locally. However, arms and ammunition was mostly coming from outside.

The soldiers went for hunting in the nearby forests, made mock fights, target shooting and other drills and engaged themselves in other exercises but when it came to buying fodder, most of the shopkeepers would take money and sell but some refused to sell even when money was offered. The soldiers had no option but to use arms to buy things and pay. Then the shop-keepers would go and make complaint to the rulers. The news of the Guru raising a large army also reached the rulers.

The Minister of King Bhim Chand was a pious man and he always thought that the King should have good relations with the Guru. He understood the Guru's ideal that the Guru wished nothing for himself. His ideal is only to make the subjects free from the rule of tyranny of the invaders. He wished that the rulers should befriend the Guru and have good relations with him.

He understood the greed of grabbing of the rulers. Personally, he was sure that if the Guru succeeds it shall be for the good of all of us. He understood that although there are many kings in India but their short-sightedness, selfishness and jealousy is the root cause of slavery for the people. That is the reason why they do not have a united strength. When the complaints against the Guru's men reached the King's ears, then he explained to the King: We have already seen the Guru's strength when we lost in the battle at Bhangani. Now the Guru has come to his own town and living in high spirits. To create and raise an army is not his purpose. He is a prophet of the Lord. But he is moved by the suffering of the people due to their weakness of mind. He is infusing valour in them so that if need be people should sacrifice their lives for the honour of the country. He is neither our enemy nor jealous of our kingdom. This is certain. Then, why should we be hostile seeing his growing strength? We should see his strength useful for us. We should be diplomatic. Not to befriend him so much that the Muslim rulers may doubt. But we should have no friction with him. Having lost in the battle at Bhangani we feel the situation requires a solution. We can fight again or make a lasting and good friendship. This friendship can come to our rescue in difficult times. Aurangzeb is busy fighting in the south. Sometimes we are unable to pay the taxes. We may be in difficulty sometimes. Then, this friendship shall be a source of help.

All told, the King agreed to the suggestion of the minister to foster friendship with the Guru and in that line of action sent his Minister with lots of gifts to the Guru. On reaching Anandpur the Minister was accorded a welcome with

respect and a meeting was fixed. In the meeting he explained to the Guru that even for small skirmishes, the king is incited with slander and a biased feeling is created in his mind. The King himself wants friendship.

Then he was told the true facts from the Guru's side by maternal uncle and Guru himself.

The Minister was already aware of the true facts but even then he was told that the Guru has no animosity with anyone. It was from the King's side that threats came and we went and settled at Paonta. But it was the kings who provoked. The kings took along large armies under the guise of marriage and then threatened to pass through Nahan state. Then your king incited King Fateh Shah who had become our friend and overstepped social norms with our men who were invited to attend the marriage and our men were able to return safely with great difficulty. Then while returning, all kings got together and attacked us. In self-defence the Guru's soldiers had to fight back and you lost the battle and accepted defeat. Even after victory we never overstepped social norms. We are staying in our own acquired territory and not giving suffering to anyone. The devotees come here in large numbers and by keeping the army the town has flourished and your subjects are becoming prosperous and your income has increased. What is unjust that your king feels pain and agony?

Then the Minister said: The King wishes to come and meet you.

The Guru listened to the Minister and said: The King is welcome with pleasure.

The Minister departed and after a few days the King accompanied by two hundred soldiers came to Anandpur. Proper hospitality was provided to him. Next day the King came to the Guru's hall of audience to have his glimpse.

The Guru being on a Spiritual seat there was no cause to feel embarrassment in bending low. In the Guru's hall of audience everyone including kings, ministers, rich, poor, people in high jobs, merchants, all came and it was never considered low.

The King also came with gifts and met with respect. He was accompanied by his Minister and Army General and courtiers and from the Guru's side uncle Kirpal Chand, Nand Chand and other prominent persons brought him in.

In the audience hall the King presented gifts and bowed. The Guru welcomed him with respect and asked his welfare. Then more topics came up. The Guru explained to him that our men do not ask for anything more than grass and fodder and that also on payment.

King Bhim Chand was greatly impressed by the Guru's graceful talk. The King also said that the disciples who come to have your glimpse will be looked after well while passing through his territory.

This indicated that the disciples while passing through the territory of King Bhim Chand were treated unfairly. Since the disciples were now brave and armed, some conflicts might have happened. These must have been told to the King in a malicious way to poison the ears of the King.

Now it was made clear to the King that the unfair treatment meted to the disciples is from your men.

Then the King agreed that he shall look into it. In this way the King extended his hand of friendship which the Guru reciprocated and he departed.

The Guru got busy in his work that was to allay the suffering of humanity. The Lord-seekers and meditative as well as disciples came almost every day from far and distant places to have his glimpse and blessings. The divine singing (*Kirtan*) went on in the morning and evening. The Guru gave discourses and with grace imbibed the Lord's name in the disciples' mind. People recited the Lord's name with love and got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in their mind, heart and body. They felt ecstasy in the Lord's name.

Anandpur became a Lord's town. Schools of learning came up and Anandpur became a hub for education. This was a time when Anandpur was at its peak for enthusiasm, zeal, fervour, happiness, love, joy, activity, and most importantly Spirituality.

The disciples came with enthusiasm from long distances and every house resounded with:

*O Great Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh!
Saviour of the world!*

The Guru got four buildings constructed so that if a war is forced on us then these shall be used as stores for ammunition and shall be a great advantage as forts.

The names of these are Anandgarh, Lohgarh, Keshgarh, Fatehgarh. Anandgarh, however, was the biggest and strongest.

Words of bravery and war and heroic deeds were created in poetry. Musicians sang these songs and filled the minds of the soldiers with valour. The musicians sang these songs while standing. While in the case of divine singing, the musicians sat down and sang.

Translators were called in to translate literature from Sanskrit to Hindi so that people could understand.



15.

Battle at Nadaum

Time passed. The hill Kings did not pay taxes to Aurangzeb. Then Alaf Khan came with troops to fight and recover dues.

The brief account of this battle is as follows:

During the rule of Aurangzeb, deliberations are going on in Jammu State Government Office.

Mian Khan: See Brother! The battles in the south have put our Majesty the King in great entanglement. The battles are going on since years. The treasuries are becoming empty but the battles do not tend to end.

Here taxes are not coming. Kings are not paying taxes. What shall we do so that Majesty's order for recovery of taxes is obeyed and no blood is spilled?

Alaf Khan: Sir! The almond does not come out till you break it and the oil does not come out without squeezing the sesame plant. These idol worshippers, stupid hill kings will not shell out anything without using force. They are imagining that His Majesty is entangled in the south and in his absence there shall be anarchy but to my mind it appears that His Majesty's kingdom has strengthened.

Mian Khan: Time will tell whether the strength is going up or coming down. It might be better if His Majesty had outwardly kept up with the kings of southern states and encouraged their internal differences and their disunion. Along with it he should have strengthened his power that is already on the peak instead of spending on battles. But well, this is for His Majesty to think about or their respected ministers. For us the order is to collect taxes from Hill kings and send. Now you tell how do we go about it? If we fight with the kings, then we shall have to incur heavy expenses and the collection will

come down. Besides, many lives will be lost. We should adopt a method by which we succeed without a fight.

Alaf Khan: See intently! We tried our best to negotiate amicably, we sent a counsel, we sent letters of compassion, we tried to impress them with the King's authority but no one sent even a penny. Everybody said: We are passing through times of scarcity. We are unable to collect taxes from the farmers. Then how shall we pay? Give us exemption or waive a portion of taxes and accept in installments. These are lame excuses. They will not agree to pay unless we use force.

Mian Khan: You do like this: Some concession, some diplomacy and some authoritative talk, combine all three and sort it out. For the time being I shall stay here at Jammu. I shall do some collection here. You go and move from Kangra to Bilaspur and try to collect the maximum. Take some soldiers. Try to split the kings, make someone as friend to add to your strength. Once they are split, they will become weak. They will relent seeing your authoritative position.

Alaf Khan: All the kings have become like iron pillars. I shall have to fight. Alright! I shall go.

Mian Khan: What you say is correct but the unity of the kings of this country is not too deep. Could the Pathans or Mughals put their feet in their country if they had lived in unity? They are most selfish. They do not see what is beneficial to the country as a whole, their vision moves within the circle of 'I and me' and see only what happens today and do not see beyond that.

Alaf Khan: There are enough educated people amongst them. They have wisdom, they have wealth. Kings are in hundreds but what you have said is right. The selfishness blunts their wisdom.

Mian Khan: Take it in humour. If they were in love of one God, then they would have been broad-minded. By believing in one idol, they have become narrow-minded. Then they have hundreds of different idols. They do not have one idol for everyone to worship. Their vision does not have one single target. Everyone has his own idol. That is why there is infighting amongst them self that makes them weak.

Alaf Khan: Yes! It is like that but the basis is selfishness. But excuse me. I tell you, a new monster is coming up in them. They are Sikh believers.

Alaf Khan: Yes, you are right. They are holy people but now they have picked up the sword. Their unity and will to sacrifice is beyond limit but I hope when His Majesty returns from south (May God make him victorious soon!) he will finish them. He will catch them as he caught the Satnamias.

Note: [This is the name of a sect. Aurangzeb got them assassinated.]

But there is one problem. They are spread from south to Balakh-Bukhara and they are in millions. How many could be killed. Maybe if some are tortured brutally, others my get subdued.

Alaf Khan: I have seen one or two happenings where they were involved. That is why I feel afraid of them.

Mian Khan: Well! At this time there is no conflict with them. Diplomacy is that the Hill kings and these should not be allowed to unite. We shall try to finish this growing seedling through them only. We shall not have to do anything ourselves. When the enemy's own hands can break his forehead, then why should we put our hands on the trigger of the gun? At present His Majesty's ploy is like that.

Now you get ready, take some selected soldiers and go fast as an arrow and catch Katochia. There you catch a couple of Chiefs and make them friends and move forward. Show this king that your threat is serious, then quickly become soft and give him concessions. Then he will forget his brothers and become your friend.

Alaf Khan: You have said it right.

II

The Minister comes to the King's palace in the middle of the night. Minister: O Guard! Is His Excellency asleep or still awake?

Guard (with both hands folded): Sir! His Excellency is asleep.

Minister: Wake him up.

Guard (Hesitatingly): I shall be punished.

Minister: Don't be afraid. I shall stand by you. It is very urgent.

With heavy steps the guard went inside the palace, came back after sometime and said: His Excellency has awakened. You please come to the drawing room. He has ordered that you wait there.

The Minister went inside and sat down. After sometime His Excellency came.

King: Mr. Minister! What calamity has fallen at this hour of the night?

Minister (Bowed his head): Your Excellency! Forgive me sir! I would not have disturbed you at this hour but the sudden problem has prompted me and it cannot wait till morning.

King: You tell.

Minister: Same problem of paying taxes. One detective has arrived with the news that Mian Khan himself has camped at Jammu. He will collect taxes

from that district. He has sent Alaf Khan this side to collect taxes from here.

King: The distance between Jammu and Kangra is so much. He cannot fly and reach. Minister: Lord forbid, tomorrow by sunrise or by noon he shall be shooting guns outside our border. This is the strategy that he has adopted. He is arriving secretly so that we do not get time for consultations and preparation and he attacks suddenly.

King (nervously): Is the detective true?

Chief Minister: I have verified. He is true.

King: Call the Defence Minister.

Minister: I have brought him along. He is waiting outside. If Your Excellency wishes to discuss anything particular with me, then we may discuss or I shall call him.

King: Call him and what about Finance Minister?

Minister: I sent a messenger before I started from my house. He should be here by now. I shall call him too.

The Chief Minister went out and ordered the maid: Go outside and call the Defence Minister and Finance Minister. They should come to the drawing room.

The maid bowed and went. Soon both the Ministers came to the drawing room.

King: Well Minister! How this trouble has arisen suddenly?

Defence Minister: Your Excellency! Detectives were employed since you had sent a reply to Jammu. Today one messenger has arrived saying that Mian Khan and Alaf Khan have kept their plans secret. Even senior officers were told that the army is going towards Vidharba. Suddenly Alaf Khan moved in this direction. The soldiers do not know whether they have to march to Pathankot or Kangra. But the detective took great risks and somehow has been able to get the secret that Kangra is the first destination and probably they should reach by tomorrow morning.

King: But now time is short. We were not expecting. We thought that Mian Khan's lieutenant has taken bribe. He will manage that we are not attacked. The arrangement was that if there was any chance of an attack, then he will inform us. But he took his bribe money and deceived also.

Minister: There is no sanctity of the oath of a Muslim for a Rajput.

Minister (heaving a sigh): May the Lord save us!

King: What is the plan now?

Defence Minister: You give orders. I shall see that the soldiers occupy strategic positions. Before sunrise all army contingents will take strategic positions. One contingent should go forward and stop them.

Here, we send messages to all kings to come with their armies.

I shall go forward and try to negotiate peace with Alaf Khan. A few days shall pass in talks. In this way we shall get time for all kings to get together. When Alaf Khan sees that all kings have got together and their armies are in readiness, then he will agree to the terms that we dictate. Taxes shall be paid in installments. Some concession he will give and a peaceful agreement will be made. If he doesn't agree and we have to fight, then we shall surely defeat him. Our area is hilly, it is our kingdom. He is a foreigner. Aurangzeb is entangled in the south. He will not like a large scale fighting. He will like to finish with threats. If his Commander starts fighting on a large scale, he will not appreciate. Alaf Khan must have understood this.

Chief Minister: You have said right. It is worth deliberating.

Minister: But we should see farsightedly. Say, we settle with A. Khan. Then B. Khan will come. Then C. Khan will come. There is no end to these Khans. Then he is a Super King. We are small hill kings. For how long shall we fight and sustain. In the end we shall lose. Then we shall beg to them, offer them princely girls sitting in palanquins and give them surcharges. Why should we not think of something tangible in the first instance only?

King: It is alright that bravery is our duty but we can be diplomatic also.

Minister: The Minister's suggestion is worth considering but a lot of intellect and patience is required to negotiate. We must keep in mind that we should not fight. Keep up threats only. We should pay the minimum agreed amount.

Minister: Yes, we should not prompt a battle but if it comes on us then we should not sit with bangles on like cowards. We are so many kings with armies. Then the unity means a lot.

King: But we should not take unity as granted. Kahlur King is envious of us. We do not know what game he plays.

Minister: That is why we should gain time, a few days say about ten days. If Kahlur King does not join then we may agree to Alaf Khan's demand. At least once we must know whether we can unite or not.

Minister: His Excellency is inimical to King Bhim chand. Why not take revenge at this time.

King: This seems better.

Minister: Time is passing. We should start preparations. It should not happen that Alaf Khan brings his army right into the city like kitten following the cat. For the time being let us do the following three things: Our preparations and to stop him. Then send emissary to negotiate and gain time somehow. Next to call the kings.

King: This is all right. But plan something in a way that the snake and enemy fight and we remain spectators. If both die, it is all right. If one dies, it is all right. Alaf Khan and Kahlur king should fight. Whoever dies let him die. At least we are saved.

Minister: Yes sir Your Excellency.

Minister: What you said might be right. It is good diplomacy but it requires deep thought.

King: What do you think?

Minister: Alaf Khan is an enemy and Bhim Chand is also an enemy. The first one is an enemy of ages. The second one is an estranged brother. To seek a way to kill an estranged brother through an enemy of ages is against religion and it is no diplomacy.

Minister: Sir Your Excellency! At this time we are deliberating on the sudden problem. You are the Master, we are your servants. But we are servants who are ready to sacrifice. Where your sweat drops, our blood will drop. So please excuse me. It is my duty to speak the truth. With Bhim Chand our enmity is in the community. It is better if it is settled in the community. After all we are brothers. Alaf Khan is an enemy of our community. To kill an estranged brother through him is no valour. Far sightedness is that we forget all differences amongst ourselves. We should become united. We should get the maximum concession from Alaf Khan. We need not fight. Let us first take Alaf Khan down our head then we can decide how to deal with each other. This is the diplomacy to unite that Guru Gobind Singh who has picked up a sword is teaching that we should be united. See! We are kings and he is a saint. Is it a dream that he says "I shall finish this tyrannical rule"? We who have kingdoms should also think the same way.

Minister: Shall he blow off the forts by puffing?

Minister: Even I am astonished. I am not able to understand. But see! He has set a goal and is doing so well.

Minister: Setting a goal is alright but one requires armaments.

Minister: Well! He is acquiring the best armaments. He is not doing any rituals that are supposed to have a magical effect. See! In the battle at Bhangani King Fateh Shah tried his best and the kings who went in the bridegrooms party King Bhim Chand and others tried their best. They even pulled out five hundred Pathans from the Guru's army and employed them in their own army. Even then the saint whom who call a Puff Master defeated them. His diplomacy was excellent. The skill of his soldiers was excellent. His command of the army was excellent. His strategy to deploy the soldiers was very well

planned. His soldiers fought with the idea of do or die. See! He won and all the kings were put to shame. One cannot count the tombs built for the princely wives who burnt themselves after their husbands were killed in the battle.

King: He has some Supernatural powers. Then if he wins, he wins laurels. If he loses, he loses nothing. For a saint what does he lose? His water container and long tong musical player that he shall possess always. We are kings. How can we risk losing our kingdom? For us it is a great risk.

Minister: Sir! Your Excellency! You have said it truly. This is just what we talked that the kingdom should ever remain. If you permit I shall say something. Guru Gobind Singh is not a saint who carries a water bowl and a long tong musical player. Once I went to see him in disguise. He is a great personality.

Minister: At this moment we are in jeopardy. Let us come to a final conclusion.

Minister: We should make immediate preparation then negotiate with Alaf Khan. Give him a place to stay at some distance. Next is, whether a battle or peace? For that we should invite King Bijharwal and if King Kehlur joins, then we can make friendship with the Guru also.

King: But this is an opportunity to degrade King Bhim chand. His pride should come down. We should not lose this opportunity. Everybody should give importance to this point.

In this way, everybody went. The program of a conference remained pending.

The Defence Minister started preparation and gave command to deploy the army at strategic positions.

The Chief Minister and Home Minister again sat for deliberations.

III

At a distance of a few kilometers from Kangra Alaf Khan has camped and Minister of Katoch arrived in the camp.

Alaf Khan: Dear Minister! Welcome, how do you do?

Minister (Katochia): It is your benevolence.

Alaf Khan: Come! Sit down. I am sure the king is fine.

Minister: Lord is great.

Alaf Khan: Thanks to the Lord.

Minister: I am sure you are fine. Your family is fine. All is well.

Alaf Khan: Thanks to the Lord. All is well.

Minister: Have you received the groceries and fodder for horses and are you satisfied with our hospitality or do you have any problem on that account?

Alaf Khan: Your men are very good. Everything is fine. Dear minister, now let us discuss the main issue. Yesterday your message came that you do not want to fight and that you want to settle amicably. You must have taken a final decision in this regard. His majesty's wish is that we should keep up our cordial relations.

Minister: It is so good of His Majesty. We thought the same. Accordingly, we have welcomed you as a friend. You also reciprocate our friendship. Then we can finalize. We have to give tax. We do not say "No" but these are days of famine. You give some concessions and agree to a smaller amount. You should be happy and we should be happy.

Alaf Khan: I do not ask for more than what is due from you.

Minister: We expect some concessions.

Alaf Khan: This is a bit difficult. His Majesty may not agree. How can I change the agreement?

Minister: To be compassionate considering the time does not mean breaking the agreement and then you have all the power.

Alaf Khan: I have to collect taxes from all hill kingdoms. If I start giving concessions then what shall I take back and what face shall I show to my Masters.

Minister: With us you become friendly and compassionate, with others be strict. If they refuse put a penalty on them and take double.

Alaf Khan: Dear Minister! Well! You come forward with a concrete suggestion then I can make some concessions. Suppose I agree to your suggestion, then what help will you give me?

Minister: We shall help you. We shall help you in many ways.

Alaf Khan (After thinking): In what ways?

Minister: For example you give us 50% off. Then you move forward. If you need our help, then we shall fight along with you.

Alaf Khan: Well done! I am so happy but I want some more help.

Minister: What type of help?

Alaf Khan: You suggest a plan wherein my work is done quickly. Then there will be visible benefit of your friendship.

Minister: Yes! We shall tell you that secret also. Yes, something more I wish to tell you, King Dyal Chand Bijharwal is also with us. Both of us shall be to your aid. You will take 50% from both of us.

Alaf Khan: That is very good.

Minister: Then do you agree?

Alaf Khan: Yes, I agree.

Minister: Say on oath.

Alaf Khan: In the name of God I agree that I shall accept 50% taxes from both kingdoms and waive the rest 50%. In lieu of that both the hill kings shall help me in collection of tax from other hill kings and tell some secret and join me in the battle in case I have to wage any.

Minister: I promise that I shall tell an easy way to collect taxes and both our kings shall be at your call whenever you need them.

The Minister said good bye and left. After sometime he came with bags of money and papers to be signed by both sides.

At that time Alaf Khan said: What about the secret plan?

Minister: Come to a secluded spot. Both went inside the tent.

Alaf Khan: Please speak.

Minister: The most prominent king is King Bhim Chand of Kahlur. You ask from him only. If he gives in full, then it is wonderful. No other king will throw spanner in the wheel. Everyone will pay. If he is says "No," then declare a war. Our army, your army and Bhijarwal's army jointly shall surely win. Then he will be forced to pay. Once he pays then all others will be afraid and bow down to you. You won't have to fight any more.

Alaf Khan: That's wonderful. Dear Minister! You are a well wisher of His Majesty from the core of your heart. I am really grateful to you.

Both of them walked out of the tent and came out. The paper work, receipt etc was completed and signed.

After the negotiations were completed, the Minister felt delighted that he completed the job without giving a drop of blood and saved his kingdom. He came away.

After he left Alaf Khan talked to his subordinates: Have you seen the meanness of these Indians. This is the secret of their sufferings and our victory. Everybody is concerned about his own self. To meet one's selfish ends, one brother is ready to kill his second brother. God is benevolent on us God believers. He is angry on these idol worshipers. The visible form of his anger is this selfishness in them and estrangement in their kinship. (Looking towards the sky) O God! It is your benevolence to us.

One subordinate: O God! You are great. Thanks! The difficult task has become easy. The devil may put them on more wrong path.

IV

King Bhim Chand sat in his palace Court Room at Bilaspur attending to official work when a messenger came: Your Majesty! Long live the King! An emissary of Alaf Khan has come and seeks an appointment with your honour.

King (looking towards his Minister): You go and talk to him in the outside drawing room and then tell me what does he want?

The Minister went and the King outwardly remained busy in the work but inwardly he was in great thought. He finished the work quickly and asked everyone to go. Meanwhile the Minister came in.

King: Come in Minister, what is the message?

Minister: Shame to our Hindus. Kings of Katoch and Bhijarwal have conspired with Alaf Khan. They have betrayed on the agreement reached by all of us. They have accompanied Alaf Khan with their armies and are at Nadaun. It seems they have suggested to Alaf Khan that first attack King of Kahlur. After defeating him all others will bow down. I understand this from their way of talking. His message is that we should pay taxes of the last three years and bring money to Nadaun in peace and amicably otherwise I shall devastate and loot your kingdom and extract the money and take.

Bhim Chand: Hell to King of Katoch. Even if we were to agree to give, now I shall not budge, I shall not pay now. We shall fight and I will pierce King of Katoch's stomach with my spear. Then only my mind shall be at peace. O Minister! Send emissaries to all kings. Let us see who is with us?

Minister: Sir! Your Majesty! I shall send emissaries just now. But.....?

King (Impatiently): But what? I am not going to bow down to Alaf Khan. Alaf Khan does not know my arrow shooting. I am going to take revenge from King of Katoch. I know Aurangzeb is entangled in the south. He cannot rage a big fight with us. He is only fooling us with his tricks.

Minister: Sir! Your Majesty! It is true. Your anger is justified but before sending a reply to Alaf Khan we must reckon our home side. We should hold him for a few days. In that time we will get replies from the other kings and shall get time.....

King (Impatiently): Of what? Say quickly. Why are you hesitating?

Minister: I beg your forgiveness. If we can get the Guru's help, then our victory is certain. But only if you like it and on the other side the Guru also agrees. I meant this only when I said we should get sometime.

King (In thought): Help from the Guru..... Guru's help..... Asking for his help.....?

Minister: Why? It is nothing that we should feel bad. Our enmity is gone. We have made an agreement of peace. Now our relations are cordial. If in times of trouble we do not ask help from friends, then who else we should call? To ask for help from a friend in times of difficulty is no slur. Although earlier our relations with him were bitter but he has no enmity in his heart.

King: Yes, all right. His army has great valour and yes, now we have friendship. He is true to his word. He wishes good for the subjects. But will he agree? Will he himself come with us?

Minister: That you leave to me. You send me to him. His ideal is that our differences should go, the tyranny should go as well as interference in religion should go. Indians should rule India. The sufferings of the people should go. If you remember, this was the message that he had sent to everyone.

King: That is all right. You go secretly and return quickly. Keep detectives around the emissary of Alaf Khan so that he should not know our secrets. We shall reply to him when you come back. You request Honoured Guru on my behalf. He is a saint. Bowing to a saint and then in need is nothing wrong.

Minister: You have said right. So I have your permission to go?

King: Yes! You go but secretly. Send the Defence Minister. He should come and meet immediately. We should start preparations for a battle.

Minister: If you permit I shall take Parma and King Prithvi Chand along. That will impress Honoured Guru.

King (In thought): But be careful. It should be secret.

The Minister bade good bye, said very well and departed.

V

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh is sitting in his personal drawing room when Diwan came and said: A message from Bilaspur has come that Minister Parma Nand is coming to meet you. The detective has also come to know that Parma priest and King Prithvi Chand are also accompanying him. In fact the news has leaked from Parma priest's house and reached us.

Guru: Anything about the purpose.

Diwan: Yes! True Guru! The agreement that the hill kings had made that we shall not give taxes to Mian Khan or his emissary and that on seeing our unity he will either not demand or agree to reduce, that agreement has been broken. The king of Kangra and king of Bijharwal have given some money to Alaf Khan and allured him. They have joined him as his helpers and have camped at Nadaun and challenged King Bhim Chand. Either you pay or we fight. The ploy is that if he bows down, then all others will also bow down and if he fights, then after winning him, others will be afraid and will bow down. With two kings joining Alaf Khan they have more strength now as compared to King Bhim Chand. It appears Bhim Chand has got the message. He has more of anger in him and he is an excellent arrow shooter. His wish is to fight and the two are coming to seek your help. We may deliberate what to do before they arrive.

The Guru was quiet for some time then he spoke: Katoch and Bhijharwal have done something that is irreligious. They have broken the unity. They have joined the tyrants. They have become handles of axes to kill their brothers. This nature is really too bad. This is degradation, a sorry state. We must reform and set right this nature of the Kings and the subjects by discourse or by force. We have suggested unity several times but to no effect. Now is the time to show them the real ideal. Somehow this habit of selfishness should go. People should learn to unite for the common gain and loss of the community and sacrifice their own comforts for the good of everyone. The success of Alaf Khan is the success of the game they play when they notice the extreme selfishness in Indians. It is right to stop this game with a crushing blow. After once losing the battle Bhim Chand has made an agreement of peace with us. He bows to us and is friendly in all ways. He has sincerely fulfilled the agreement of peace with us. Thus it is our duty to help a friend. Morality is that those who had mutually agreed on friendship should help each other if a battle occurs. Then Bhim Chand has sent his emissaries requesting for help. It is irreligious not to help when somebody asks for it. From all angles it seems proper to help him. If we win, then the Hill kings and their armies will become more courageous. They will feel a superiority complex that we can win the Muslims. The spell of awe of Muslims shall vanish. You tell, what are your views?

Diwan: You are the image of the Lord. Who is born to guide you? You have an honourable nature. Whatever words you spoke are worth writing in gold. They are perfect. They combine morality, diplomacy, ethics and your honourable nature.

Magnificent Guru: This concerns everyone. Better to deliberate. Discuss amongst our own people. When the emissaries come, be hospitable to them. Present them in the audience hall. Then we shall listen to them. Till such time, have some secret parleys with our own people. If there is anything else that requires a decision, then tell me.

VI

The true Guru's assembly is full of heavenly splendour. Magnificent Guru is sitting on the throne in Royal grandeur when the emissaries of King Bhim Chand presented themselves. All three touched the Guru's feet, bowed their heads down and sat down.

Magnificent Guru: I am sure the King is fine. Say, how have you come?
Then the Minister stood up and with hands folded said: O Magnificent

Guru! The kings have rebelled. The agreement that was made amongst the hill kings to unite and say "No" to the tax demand of the rulers has been thrown to the dust by Kirpal Chand of Katoch. He has conspired with Alaf Khan. They have also made Dyal Chand an accomplice. All three have brought their armies and have camped at Nadaun. With great speed they are erecting a wooden fort. They have sent a notice to our King, your great friend and servant, that we should pay the taxes in full otherwise they shall attack and recover the money. Our king does not wish to bend to their demand. He is ready to fight. King Prithvi Chand, King Kesari Chand, King Sukhdev, King Ram Singh Jasrotia, all will bring their armies and join us in the fight. Our one prayer is that you bestow your bless that victory be ours. Second prayer is that you send your army to help us. Third, our mouth is small and demand is big but the beggar is not ashamed to beg. I hesitate to say but excuse me for making a prayer. We are in difficulty. If you put your sacred feet and arrows from your sacred hand are shot on the enemy, it will be the biggest benevolence.

The 'Guru with the Plume' smiled then he became serious. His eyes closed, then opened and he looked around towards his close disciples, then he looked towards the emissaries and said: Victory is certain. Our army will join. I will come with my soldiers and fight in the battle. But you tell the king that at no stage he should falter. He should remain firm. Take a firm stand and stick to your guns. If the battle becomes fierce, it will make the enemy lose.

The Minister was delighted to hear the thundering words. He bowed his head to the true Guru's feet. I go with faith in your honourable nature. Guru Nanak's heavenly house is saviour of the world and refuge for the refuge-less. You are great. Great is your Guru-ship. Great is your disciple-ship. O Magnificent Guru! When can you arrive, after all some preparation is required?

Guru: We shall depart tomorrow. You go and reach with your army. We are following.

On listening to this, the emissaries said: You are great! You are great and departed.

VII

The river Beas is flowing and giving delight to the eyes. It is piercing the mounts and passing through the hilly scenic area of Nadaun.

Alaf Khan's and Kirpal's armies have camped on a high mount. They have erected a wooden fort so that any bullet or arrow coming would get

stuck in the wooden wall and not harm them. They would shoot arrows and guns from the top that would kill the coming soldiers. They have stored enough food to eat. One Muslim Commander and two Kings have occupied this temporary fort. King Bhim Chand's army is coming from below. He has a few Kings accompanying him. They are in high spirits because they know that the 'Guru with the Plume' is joining them along with his soldiers.

King Bhim Chand's strategy was to suddenly attack and overpower the enemy but King Kirpal Chand's army returned the fire and made them withdraw backwards. Second time again Bhim Chand's soldiers mounted an attack but Alaf Khan prompted Kirpal and Dyal to fight and repulse the attack coming from down side.

At this time Bhim Chand got disappointed. Then he remembered the Guru and sent a message to come to their help. The Guru was already prepared. He immediately rode on his horse and accompanied by his valiant jumped into the ongoing battle.

With the Guru's exceptional planning and deployment of his soldiers and gun shooting, the enemy troops became nervous and ran for safety into their wooden fort. Then Alaf Khan, Kirpal and Dyal with their soldiers came out collectively and attacked Bhim Chand's side. Fierce fighting went on. Sometimes Alaf Khan's side seemed to be winning and sometimes Bhim Chand's side seemed winning. Again Alaf Khan's troops combined with Kirpal and Dyal made a fierce attack and Bhim Chand's side seemed to lose.

Now Bhim Chand himself came and prayed to the Guru: We are unable to hold back the enemy troops. I can only hope on you at this moment.

When the Guru heard Bhim Chand's prayer, then he picked up his bow and put it on his shoulder, picked up a gun, swiftly moved his horse ahead and challenged King Dyal: I am going to shoot you. Beware! He said this but he did not shoot the gun.

One writer has written that the Guru challenged Dyal and told him: I offer you the first shot lest you may think that the Guru unexpectedly shot me. Dyal aimed a shot at the Guru but missed. Then the Guru again said: Beware! Then he aimed his gun at King Dyal that freed Dyal's soul from the prison of the body.

After Dyal was killed the Guru put away his gun and shot arrows from his bow. He shot four arrows with his right hand and three arrows with the left hand. This rare skill of arrow shooting only the Guru had. It is not known who were the persons who were killed but obviously these were selected Commanders because after the seventh arrow it become evident that the

enemy soldiers are running away. To save them they hid themselves in the wooden fort that they had built. At night they deliberated that it is due to the presence of the Guru's army that Bhim Chand is in a winning position and we are losing. It is not worthwhile to fight the Guru's army and get ourselves killed. So they decided that to continue to fight is not worthwhile. We should go back to Kangra and try to dis-unite these kings. In the middle of the night they left for Kangra. They left some drum-beater in the temporary wooden fort to show off that their army is still here.

VIII

Daya Ram: Magnificent Guru! We have visited the fort. Not a soul is there. Alaf Khan and King Kirpal left at night accompanied by their soldiers. They had left one or two drum-beaters. They left early in the morning. By the grace of the Lord our victory is complete.

Magnificent Guru: Yes! It is Lord's grace. Is there any information where Kirpal and Alaf Khan have gone?

Daya Ram: There is no exact information. It appears they have gone back about ten kilometres. They have left their wounded companions as also some groceries.

Magnificent Guru: How are our wounded soldiers?

Daya Ram: As per your orders, at night only they were searched with lit lamps and their wounds dressed. Amongst these some of them have died but most of them are in good state and shall be saved.

Magnificent Guru: It was the duty of the enemy troops to save their wounded. They have tried to save their own lives only. Now you send a few soldiers to bring all the wounded and provide them aid as provided to our own soldiers.

Daya Ram: In the darkness of the night we brought some enemy soldiers along with our own and at least four we identified also. As per your benevolent nature, they are being treated like our own. I shall send some soldiers again. Most of the wounded are inside the wooden fort. When they were wounded they ran up to the fort but later could not run with their companions.

Magnificent Guru: Waste no time. The sooner they are provided medical care, the better. You send one group that side and you yourself look after the soldiers here. I shall also come.

After sometime Daya Ram came again and said: Magnificent Guru! I have sent a group of soldiers that side. What are your orders for the dead who have sacrificed their life?

Magnificent Guru: Make a pyre on the bank of river Beas and light a fire. Put the ashes in the river Beas. Regarding the dead bodies belonging to the Hill kingdoms, collect them at one place and inform them. Ask the Kings about the Hindu's dead bodies belonging to the enemy troops.

Tell the kings to cremate the body of King Dyal. Deliver his body to the Kings with respect. Dig a big grave and bury the Mohammedans and make a tomb on it.

Daya Ram: Yes sir.

After sometime Magnificent Guru got up dressed up and reached the place where the wounded were being treated. He spoke compassionately to everyone. Then he visited the enemy soldiers and said: When you become alright you will be allowed to go. We have no personal enmity with you. Then he came near the pyre of his disciples. He lit the fire himself and blessed them: "You will get eternal blossom".

Then he selected a place on the bank of the river Beas and camped there. Many Kings came to meet him. The Kings whose kingdoms were nearby invited him to their kingdoms and were hospitable to him. They felt happy to serve him.

IX

After a week, one day Daya Ram came to the Guru and brought the news.

Daya Ram: Magnificent Guru! One detective has come back from Kangra and another who moves about in three hill towns says, "Bhim Chand has hoodwinked."

Magnificent Guru: How?

Daya Ram: Kirpal Katoch has realized that Bhim Chand's victory in the battle at Nadaun is because of you and if they fight again, then again they will lose. So they have now adopted conspiratorial diplomacy with King Bhim Chand. They have suggested that Bhim Chand should pay 50% tax and ask the rest to pay full or whomsoever Bhim Chand recommends, they may also pay less. In this way they shall make Alaf Khan agreeable. But all this conspiracy is going on secretly so that this does not leak out to you, otherwise you might feel annoyed that we fought and were victorious then we bowed to Alaf Khan and paid taxes. Maybe next time you might not come to their rescue.

Magnificent Guru: Well! Let it be! They have no valour in them. They are shrewd. They care only for money. They are not bothered about religion or self respect. They are not bothered about the suffering of the people. The country is suffering. Their brothers are suffering. Their cry of suffering has reached the heavens. The temples are being demolished. The honour of

women has gone to dust. Selfishness, only selfishness prevails. They think only of their own gain. Well! They have hoodwinked us. They have not consulted us as friends while negotiating. It is against ethics to negotiate without consulting friends who have helped. Tell our soldiers to get ready to move. When they are ready then beat the marching drums. But before that, make sure of the news that you have told.

Daya Ram: Magnificent Guru! The papers are shortly coming.

Meanwhile one disciple came and gave something in his hand. That was the letter that was being sent from King Bhim Chand to King of Katoch saying, "I am prepared to pay taxes on some conditions."

On seeing the papers and the King's seal, the true Guru said: Those who have become dead, they can become alive with a new life. (Looking towards the heavens) O Lord! Send a new life for our dead people.

When the beating of drums announced that Magnificent Guru is going accompanied by his valiant, then the kings understood that the Guru is leaving.

Then Bhim Chand sent Parma to find out.

The Minister came and said: Magnificent Guru! You have decided to depart so quickly. It would have been nice if you had stayed more and all kings would have gone together.

Magnificent Guru: The King does not need us anymore. Whatever help he needed, he has already got. So! It is better that we go.

Minister: If any fault has occurred, please forgive. You are benevolent. If there is any cause of discomfort, then please tell us. All the kings are at your service.

Magnificent Guru: Dear Parma Nand, Diplomacy does not mean lies. If diplomacy and lies were the same, then what was the idea of putting the word diplomacy in the dictionary? If you consider diplomacy as broadmindedness on the basis of truth, then you tell how there is discrimination in those who fought together as friends and considered victory and loss together.

Minister: No Sir!

Magnificent Guru: Then! Whatever agreement is going on with the enemy is it with everybody's consultation or in secret. We considered it a religious duty to fight the oppressor Alaf Khan, killer of brother Kirpal and help our friend Bhim Chand. How has Bhim Chand agreed to be friends with the oppressors?

Minister: You please forgive us.

Magnificent Guru: I have no personal anger with anyone. We came for the victory of King Bhim Chand and that is accomplished. We wanted that the

kings should have life in them. They should see to the suffering of the people. They should unite and do something. But if this is not their aim, then except feeling sorry nothing more can be done. Our work is to imbibe religiousness in the people, tell them to do good deeds, teach them honour and allay their suffering. I have come for this work and I shall go for this work. I have no enmity in my mind. I am sad that the people are not fortunate as yet. All right, the Lord will make some plan. He will send some life-giving seed that will transform the people and allay their suffering. He will Himself allay their suffering for which he has sent me.

The Minister entreated humbly, went away and told the king. Immediately King Bhim Chand came with some gifts. He bowed down and said: Your help has saved my honour, otherwise I would have lost my honour and my wealth. You treat me as your servant.

Guru: Guru Nanak's house is house of benevolence. Whatever intention one has in mind, he gives according to that. It is without enmity towards anyone. Rest I pray to the Lord that besides looking after your wealth and kingship you look after the suffering of the people also.

[Alsoon]

Then the Guru departed. On the way he hunted and moved on. Moving further Magnificent Guru passed through a village named Alsoon. The villagers appeared to be high-handed. When they camped outside the village, then Daya Nand sent some men to buy groceries. The disciples who went to buy returned saying that the villagers have refused to sell their stock of groceries to us. They say they will not sell at any cost. Besides that, they talk arrogantly.

Daya Ram thought that people who do not wish to sell their groceries to a moving army even on payment are not ethical. It shall be correct to take groceries and pay even if force has to be used. Accordingly, one contingent attacked the village. The Head of the village collected his selected soldiers and came to fight. The fighters of Alsoon lost and ran for their lives. The Guru's soldiers bought the groceries and fodder etc and paid for it. At night they camped at Alsoon. Next morning they departed. After this the Guru's troops did not face any problem. In fact the Guru-disciples and other people brought groceries and other items themselves.

From the above mentioned battle it becomes clear how much keen the Guru was to allay the suffering of the people, to give life to the lifelessly living people and to give freedom of religion. The Guru who had no need to endanger his own life, stood in front of the gunshots of King Dya! Chand. He

understood the need of the hour and always tried to infuse valour in the people even if he had to face hardships. His battles were not just for fighting. He wished to rid the people from the slavery and tyranny of the foreign rulers. This could not be done till the people became brave. For that reason he was infusing valour in the minds of the people.

One side he blessed the Lord's Name and preached them to love the Lord and recite His name and remember Him always. Second side he infused valour in their minds.

This was a new miraculous touch. No diplomacy, no prosperity can benefit the world without good character. The 'Guru with the Plume's life is unique in this ideal.



16.

Battle of Hussain.

When Dilawar's son narrated to his father that Khanzadā has lost in the battle with the Guru, then grinding his teeth he looked this side and that said. Then Dilawar's one lieutenant whom he had employed in the army felt enraged and said: If you give me army I will loot Anandpur and also recover taxes from the hill kings. If they don't give then I shall bring their heads pierced in spears.

Dilawar: Well said! I give you a contingent of two thousand soldiers.

Hussain: Oh! This is more than enough. With this much army I shall show you my worth.

Dilawar: You are brave but the Guru also is a valiant. It is not a joke to win him. Alaf Khan has seen his valour. He fought the battle at Nadaun and lost. My suggestion is that I should send him along with you. He being acquainted will be helpful to you. What do you say Alaf Khan?

Alaf Khan: Whatever you order. I am at your service.

Hussain: That is wonderful.

Dilawar: Should I send any more chief?

Hussain: No. That is sufficient.

Alaf Khan: The stronger we become the better. Firstly, the Guru is a powerful valiant. In the battle at Nadaun, the arrows shot by his left hand were so accurate that many of our valiant were hit and fell down dead. Secondly, O Khan! He has Supernatural power also.

Hussain: Supernatural power is no match to the sword.

Alaf Khan: But he has Supernatural power as also the sword. His sword matches the sword and his Supernatural power augments.

Dilawar: Alaf Khan! Don't lose heart even before leaving.

Alaf Khan: I did not mean to lose heart. You had asked whether more troops are required. So what I mean is that the maximum army that we can take, we should take. The enemy is strong. When we go we should not come back after losing. Well! There is nothing to be afraid of. The coffin of sailors is in waters always and the soldier's coffin is in the blood always. When we have decided to fight, then it is do or die. Why fear?

Dilawar went into thought. After sometime he spoke: Whatever Alaf Khan has said is true. If we go for deer hunting, we should go prepared for lion hunting. I am sending letter to Chandan Singh, King of Noorpuria, Shamsheer Khan and Krita Ram. They should join you. Firstly, the strength will increase. Secondly, they shall be a support for suggestion. Thirdly, the Hindu prominent persons will be helpful in taking advantage of the disunity of the Hindu Kings.

Hussain: That is very good. Your orders are welcome.

Alaf Khan: That is good. The king of Kangra hills (katochia) is a friend of mine. If you permit, I shall write to him to come and meet and should try to bring Bhim Chand along. It should not happen that Bhim Chand joins the Guru's camp. He is friendly with the Guru because the Guru helped him in the battle at Nadaun. But when Bhim Chand made an agreement with us stealthily without the Guru's knowledge then the Guru did not like that. Bhim Chand is outwardly maintaining friendly relations with the Guru. But when Katochia tells him that this battle is with the Guru, then his self-interest will surely make him join us. With this authoritative position all kings big and small will bend down. No wonder! Even the Guru may not like to fight.

Dilawar: Oh Wonderful! Alaf Khan! You are a perfect diplomat. Everybody is afraid of your diplomacy. Hussain will take your advice.

Hussain: I shall do whatever you suggest but I believe more in the power of the sword. One gets quick results by being a tyrant.

Dilawar: Yes, Love gets lot of things done. But the wand gets everything done. However, hypocrisy cuts even the stones.

Hussain: You are right. Alaf Khan will be my adviser. We want to succeed whatever way.

Dilawar: O Typist! Write letters to all whom I named that they should meet Hussain and Alaf Khan. Regarding Katoch and Bhim Chand, Alaf Khan himself shall take care.

II

Hussain accompanied by the army and the Chiefs started off. He was a barbarian. The moment he entered the hilly terrain he started looting whichever

village came on the way. Either they paid taxes or he looted and killed. When they reached Dadhwal, there the king fought but since he was alone he lost and paid taxes to save his life. On receipt of Alaf Khan's letter and the news of his three day's atrocities, Kirpal of Katoch also came with some soldiers. Now their strength increased.

Now Alaf Khan who had already planned to pull Bhim Chand to his side manipulated. In spite of the fact that Bhim Chand had made a promise to the Guru that both sides will help each other's armies when needed and the Guru had already helped and saved Bhim Chand from losing the battle at Nadaun but now Bhim Chand deceived and instead of siding with the Guru he joined the other camp i.e. Hussain, Alaf Khan & other kings who wanted to mount an attack on the Guru. This was the character of the Hindu brave warriors. Not only they refused help, instead they joined the foreign enemy and became enemies of their own people and ready to kill them.

When so many armies got together, then all the hill kings became afraid, came forward and paid taxes. Those who had arrears to pay also came and paid.

III

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh, the great swordsman is sitting in a secret meeting With his army commanders and deliberations are going on.

At this time respected mother, some prominent Cash Collectors and his three nephews arrived.

On listening that Hussain is planning to mount an attack, mother said: He is coming with a large army. Bhim Chand has also joined him. You have not done any preparations. If you are able to do, even then our army is not large. It is difficult to match his strength. It might be better if we send some prominent Cash Collector who should settle a compromise formula so that battle is averted and Anandpur remains unharmed.

True Guru: Dear Mother! There is no need to feel uneasy. I am not doing this work on my own. Whose work it is, he is himself setting it right. The timeless Lord is himself protecting and he will not let Hussain reach here. Hussain will die on the way. He will not reach here. The Cash Collectors feel nervous. They are right. They do not understand the intricacies of battles. They think of their own and my comfort. They do not realize that I have not come to this earth to live in comfort. I have come to allay the suffering of the world. I have come to take discomfort on myself and give comfort to the world.

Nand Chand: Your words are true and shall ever remain true. But the tradition of the world is to do some pondering before it is too late. Mughal rule is like a rising sun. It might be better if there is no conflict.

On listening to this the true Guru (in a thundering voice) said: I shall finish their rule. They are tyrants. They give suffering to the people. O Nand Chand! Listen with ears open. Get ready for a battle. If they reach here kill them with cannons. Send a detective to get latest news. On listening to the thundering but serious words, mother was satisfied. She knew that whatever the true Guru utters that always becomes true. She became sure in her heart that Hussain will be killed on the way. He will not reach Anandpur.

Nand Chand was satisfied that true Guru has ordered that troops be ready for a battle if it comes on us. At least he will not kill us in unpreparedness. But in his mind he worried: What will happen in the battle? However, he was enthusiastic to speed up preparation for the battle. The Guru's three nephews who were commanders were ready for a battle. They understood that whatever the Guru utters is always true but whenever he utters in a thundering tone those words are true like a missile that never misses the target. But the Cash Collectors went in dejection. Their objective was that life should go on without any interruption or discomfort.

One detective named Chattar Singh was sent to keep track of enemy movement and inform on day to day basis. In the history of Khalsa is written that this Chattar Singh was a master of Persian, hilly and Pathani languages. In this way preparations were made to meet any challenges at Anandpur. After the Cash Collectors left the Guru deliberated on all aspects with his commanders and took decisions.

After a few days Chattar Singh informed that Hussain's army at present is out to put their foot on Guler. If Guler accepts his subjugation, then they shall attack Anandpur otherwise first they will mount an attack on Guler. It is secretive news that Guier is preparing to fight but also he may compromise if some concessions are given to him. Bhim Chand and Katochia are the intermediaries. Guler is also hoping on help from you. He might shortly send a messenger to you.

IV

Hussain is sitting under a big tent. His lieutenants have also come and are discussing about Guler. Meanwhile a reply to Hussain's letter was received. It said that King Gopal of Guler does not wish to fight. He is ready to pay taxes. If you agree he shall come.

Hussain thought it was good luck. So he said: Alright.

King Gopal of Guler had very friendly relations with one King Ram Singh. King Ram Singh was a superb valiant.

Both of them came to meet Hussain and brought some money also as taxes. After exchanging greetings, King of Guler kept the money in front of Hussain.

Hussain: Respected King! The tax that you have to pay is quite much. This money is too little.

King: What you say is alright. But times were bad. There was famine. Collections did not come. You accept this money. I have come in humility.

Hussain: It was like what you say but how can I accept less than what is due.

Katochia: The arrears from your kingdom is ten thousand rupees.

Ram Singh: Long live the Emperor! If you cannot waive off then you make it in installments. King will send the money in short durations.

Katochia: This is not acceptable.

Hussain: Who can bring armies every day? Since the Emperor has gone to south you people have not paid taxes. Now you must pay in lump sum.

King of Guler: What should I do if I am not able to pay a lump sum?

Katoch: These are lame excuses. King of Guler has plenty of money in his treasury. (Looking towards Hussain) King of Guler has lot of money. The moment you reach Guler, taxes will come automatically.

Hussain: King Gopal! Either you pay in lump sum or we mount an attack. Why should we waste time in arguments? I want to reach Anandpur as soon as possible.

King Ram Singh and King Gopal gestured to each other. On the other side Hussain and King of Katoch whispered something in each other's ears.

Meanwhile King Gopal asked his men to pick up the bundles of money and said to Hussain: You give me two day's time. I shall bring lump sum. If you cannot make any concession or make installments, then I lose in arguments and agree to your terms.

King of Katoch: Respected King! At this time diplomacy is in paying lump sum and joining us. Then you come with us and join the battle at Anandpur. Why should you fight in your kingdom? See the killing at your neighborhood.

Hussain: King of Guler! You are great. You are wise. You have accepted my terms. I am very happy with you.

King of Guler thanked everyone, picked up his bundles of money and accompanied by his friend King Ram Singh went to his kingdom.

Later Hussain came to know that King Gopal has entered his kingdom and he will not come to pay a lump sum.

With his shrewdness he has returned safely to his kingdom with his money. He is ready to fight if I insist.

Hussain was by nature fast and impatient. Without any far-sightedness, hurriedly he departed and encircled Guler and stopped all entry and exit points. For full two days Guler remained encircled. The army pressed King Gopal of Guler to let them go and fight out. The king had already sent his messengers to Magnificent Guru for help. This side he had sent messengers to the enemy. He was waiting replies from both sides.

First reply came from Hussain: Pay lump sum ten thousand rupees then only I can compromise.

In the history of Khalsa is mentioned that Magnificent Guru sent three hundred soldiers and four Chiefs under the command of Bhai Sangtia for help. Then all friend Kings of King Gopal of Guler also came and brought their armies.

Hussain was full of ego and pride but Bhim Chand and Kirpal were clever. They realized that the Guru's army has arrived and some more King friends of Gopal have also brought their armies. Now it is not easy to kill King Gopal.

They thought of playing some fraud on King Gopal so that the need for fighting does not arise. Under that plan they went and met Sangtia Singh and told him: King Gopal wants to fight unnecessarily. You make him understand and bring him where we are staying. We shall also make him understand. In this way there will be a compromise.

Sangtia Singh knew that these kings know the art of deceiving well. He asked both the kings to assure on oath the safety of King Gopal then only he agreed to mediate.

The Guru had ordered Sangtia Singh that we should help King Gopal at all times.

So, in the thinking that it is good for King Gopal if a compromise solution is worked out, he agreed to mediate.

King Gopal said: My safety is your responsibility.

Sangtia Singh agreed that if no compromise is reached then I shall be responsible to bring you back safely and by the grace of the Guru we shall be victorious in the battle.

When King Gopal accompanied by Sangtia Singh reached Bhim Chand and Kirpal's place of stay then they conversed for a long time. Bhim Chand

and Kirpal both threatened him that Hussain is a tyrant. It will be your benefit to pay ten thousand rupees and make peace.

King Gopal replied: If I have to pay ten thousand rupees now, then I would have paid on the first day. I will pay only what I offered otherwise I shall fight and die. When Bhim Chand and Kirpal got a blunt reply from King Gopal, then they realized that he is not agreeable and with his newly arrived armies he can fight back tenaciously, then they gestured between themselves either to imprison King Gopal or kill him if he is stubborn.

But King Gopal observed their gestures and whispered to Sangtia Singh: You had brought me with a promise of safety and here their intention seems to be vicious.

Then Sangtia Singh was marvelously swift. Before the other kings could act, Sangtia Singh and his soldiers escorted King Gopal out and went away leaving the other kings astonished and in disappointment.

Magnificent Guru has himself corroborated this: Hussain had no option now except to wage a battle. He lost the time of compromise and the plan to imprison or kill King Gopal went haywire.

The battle began. From the other side also the drum beaters started playing heroic tunes. From both sides the armies came face to face.

One side was Hussain, Bhim Chand and Kirpal Chand and on the other side King Gopal, Ram Singh, Sangtia Singh and some more.

The battle became fierce. Both sides fought bravely. At one point Hussain himself fought in the front. King of Jaiswal brought his army to counter his attack. He fought so aggressively that Hussain was terrified. Most of his soldiers fell dead. Hussain was killed. When Hussain was killed then Katochia fought bravely but many soldiers of Hussain's army ran away. Katochia and his army fought so aggressively that everybody was amazed. However he could not come out and sacrificed himself fighting with great valour.

But in this fierce fighting from the other side Himmat Khan and many other chiefs were killed. King Kirpal was slain. Kimat Khan was also killed. In this way when Hussain and King Kirpal were killed, then Bhim Chand along with his soldiers retreated and slipped away.

On this side the drummers started beating the victory tunes.

In the History of Khalsa is written that one Guru-valiant Aghri Berar along with his ten soldiers sacrificed his life in the battle. From King Gopal's side, King Prithvi Chand, Rana Ram Chand and Amar Chand were killed. From Hussain's army, Hussain himself, Himat Kimat, Sardar Shamsher Khan, Daler Khan, King Kirpal and Hari Chand were killed. One Himat Rajput

who created all this distress, he was lying wounded. King Gopal did not wish to see him living. He was killed by King Gopal. King Gopal now came to Anandpur on the wings of victory. He presented himself in the Guru's hall of audience. He gave offerings and fell at the Guru's feet. He thanked the Guru in extreme humility and said: First your valiants came and I felt encouraged. Then when my life was in danger, they helped and brought me out, then they fought in the battle so courageously that cannot be described. Two commanders and seventeen of your soldiers were killed in the battle. I feel extremely sad for them. My victory is due to your blessings and your help. You imbibed in me your ideal that one should not lose courage. Unnecessarily we are in slavery of foreign invaders because of fear of life. We have lost our splendour. When you give help and we fight with tenacity then victory is certain.

The true Guru blessed him immensely. He blessed him and said: Whatever comes on us whether it is battle or peace, business or service, kingship or commandership, we should remain steadfast on truth and then be valiant. Remember the Lord from the core of your heart and be pious and truthful. Then one is not afraid. By remembrance of the Lord one gets true inner happiness in this world and the next world too.



17.

Mohina and Sohina

The clouds have spread in the sky. There is a slight drizzle. A cool breeze is gently blowing. Even otherwise it is extreme winter but this rain and breeze has made it pinching cold and people are stuck in their homes due to extreme cold.

At a beautiful place is a beautiful garden that can be described as a marvel of nature and human skill but at this time we cannot call it blooming because the plants there are sad and in grief without the flowers.

Maybe in some corner there is some bloom but more or less it is the same as any other garden anywhere else in the northern states.

In the garden at some places there are water tanks, fountains and marble falls but these are not in use because of winter. These are generally activated in the summer season.

In this garden of fountains, golden domes and marble decorations, in a corner is a small hut. The outside of the hut is mud plastered but there are creeping plants on the walls and it appears that a mastermind has grown these plants. In this wintry season it looks as if it is spring. It is noon but since the sun is hiding in the clouds it appears as if it is just morning time. The doors of this hut are closed. What is inside? We do not know. But outside the hut is standing a very composed figure, tall and slim, whose forehead is shining with divine beauty and on her face has graciousness and she is knocking the door with the butt of her sword.

How strange! A mud hut, a home of poor people (like the nest of a sparrow) and knocking is a lady who is full of splendour and more than a queen.

Within moments the door opened and this queen went in. The door closed and the bone piercing cold breeze could not go in.

Inside, like the nest of a weaverbird, the hut is so clean that not a drop of dirt is visible anywhere. The walls are plastered in white and the flooring is good.

Sheets are spread on the floor and on one side is a carpet. On another side fire is burning.

On a chair near the fire sat an intelligent, sweet and simple woman, who had got up and had opened the door.

She now made her respected guest sit on the chair and she herself sat on the sheet on the ground.

She bowed her head to the respected guest and said: Ammi Ji, my mother, how good you are? You have taken trouble in this rain and cold. Why did you not send for me? I am your servant. I would have come.

Ammi ji: Mohina! I had told you, "I will come".

Mohina: Then what? I am your servant. I was at your service.

Ammi ji: All are my children. I do not consider anybody as a servant. I myself ask for the Lord's service from the Lord.

Mohina: My loving Ammi ji! Food is ready, milk is hot. I have some honey also. Say what will you have?

Ammi ji: I had my food before leaving home. But I am hungry for something that has brought me here.

Mohina said: Yes! She got up and brought her sitar that was hanging on a peg and sat down to play music. She sang one divine song (*Kirtan*) in Sarang rag, and one in Malaar rag. The hut became a heavenly place.

Ammi ji, in respect for the divine song (*Kirtan*) got up from the chair and sat on the ground with eyes closed. She got immersed in the divine music (*Kirtan*).

Mohina now sang another divine song (*Kirtan*). The divine songs were so rapturous that so much time went by unknowingly. It became afternoon.

Ammi ji now wanted to leave but Mohina immediately brought some dry fruits and hot tea. Ammi ji did not say no to the loving offer.

She said: 'Lord is great' and had some dry fruits and tea.

When Ammi ji was leaving Mohina had tears in her eyes. She felt somewhat giddy and slowly sat down and then lay down on the ground in a semi-conscious state. Ammi ji picked her up, blessed her and said: Mohina! Why are you worried? I have taken your worry on me. Everything will be all right. Blessing her again, Ammi ji left.

II

It was quite some time since Ammi ji had left. The day declined. There was no sun but whatever light was coming through the clouds started becoming dim. Mohina came out and plucked some rapeseed and put on the fire to cook.

After sometime there was a knock at the door. Mohina had just finished Rehraas and was in prayer. When her prayer finished she opened the door. It was her loving husband who had gone to his hometown since a few days back. She bowed her head. He blessed her. He washed his hands and face and both of them sat near the fire.

Sohina: Well! Did you meet Ammi ji in my absence?

Mohina: Yes! Twice, about eight days back I went to meet her and today she came. She went just a few minutes ago.

Sohina: We are lucky! How good Ammi ji is? She showers her bless on poor people like us.

Mohina: Not only she has put her sacred feet in our hut, she also gives so much respect to poor people like us. When I say I am your servant, she gets angry saying you are not my servant. I have made you my child. When I call her 'mother' then she feels happy. If I praise her, then she doesn't like.

Sohina: Yes! It is true. She bestows her love on us. But Mohina! You tell, 'Is there any solution to our predicament in sight'?

Mohina: No! Ammi ji says, "The Guru has said, No".

Sohina: Well! We have to accept his wishes. But I hope you are not nervous.

Mohina: I am not tizzy but the pull of separation and love is always there.

Sohina: Same here. This pull of separation and love does not leave me. If it were not the work entrusted to me by Ammi ji then I would have come back from half way.

Mohina: We have to accept whatever the Guru wishes. Our benefit is in that only.

O Lord! Give us the strength that we accept what the Guru wishes but our longing and love for the Guru should become double-fold. We should carry the longing and love for the Guru in our heart for as much time as possible. And if it goes beyond our strength to carry out and our body falls down with its weight, then it will be the best thing for us. We cannot have a better end than this.

Sohina: We should do whatever our Master orders. Whether the master scolds us or insults us, we should still like him. Our love for him should go on ever increasing.

Mohina: Yes! His glimpse is a gift, a grace. Ammi ji says that our efforts and practices are lifeless because we are lifeless. How can a cripple reach a mountain? He cannot reach. Only the Lord's benevolence can take him there in a moment.

Glimpse is a grace. That is with the Guru. It is not in our hands. We are like beggars. We should remain in prayer, we should remain in hope and we should remain in longing. Giving is in the hands of the gracious Guru. We can only live in hope as beggars. A beggar should not be in a hurry. He should not be in despair. He should not be in pride. He should not assert a right. He should not have ego. He should not think that he must get but he should not lose faith. He should hope that sometime or the other the grace will come, remain in hope, keep on expecting. This is what Ammi ji said. O dear! We have already seen what we have got in our ego and pride. Now we should go by Ammi ji's advice. We should remain as servants and do away with snobbery. We should be thankful that we have got Ammi ji's love. See! Today it was so cold and raining even then she kept her promise and came to our hut. We are her servants. She herself came to our hut and blessed us.

Mohina said all this with tears in her eyes and Sohina listened to all that with tears in his eyes. Both of them closed their eyes and got immersed in the recitation of the Lord's name.

Ah ha! What a wondrous scene? What a wonderful combination of husband and wife? What love in the house? Both have holy company of each other. What is the effect of Guru Nanak's blessings?

Guru Nanak said: There is holiness in the house and holiness outside when the

Guru gives the recitation of the Lord's name in the heart.

It is true. The life spark from Guru Nanak gives life from lifeless-ness. It turns the mind. It reverses the mind and gives sublimity to the mind.

The real science is in the life spark of Guru Nanak. It removes the dirt of the mind. It removes the poison from the mind and fills it with nectar of the Lord's name. It produces eternal gold. There is no death after that.

Both of them were sitting in the rapturous meditation of the Lord's name. The fire kept on burning and finally got extinguished by itself. The rapeseed boiled and boiled and became cold. The earthen lamp that was giving light got extinguished but their inner self was so much immersed in the love of the Lord that they were not aware of what was going on in the world outside. Their eyes opened only when there was a knock at the door. Their lovelorn eyes opened and they got up. Mohina opened the door.

One servant had come who said lovingly: I have come from the Guru's house. I have disturbed you in the morning's golden time of prayer. Ammi ji has sent me. She has said that she did not get any flowers at night for the Guru's garland. Now time is short. If possible give flowers for one garland. Give quickly so that it is not late. She forgot to send a message at night.

Who can understand what happiness the message gave? Treading on the path of love, Mohina and Sohina got up. They went to the garden where they had saved plants and flowers for the winter season. The clouds are moving in the sky. The moon is behind the clouds but it is giving some light through the clouds. In this moonlight they are plucking marigolds. They are plucking flowers but their mind is in thankfulness. Ammi ji is so good that she has remembered us for this job. At her door the entire world is in waiting. She makes us do service out of love for us. Ammi ji you are noble.

Then they talk to the flowers: O Flowers! You are lucky. You are going to become a garland of the Guru. You are going to have a touch of the Guru.

In this way they sent the marigolds in a beautiful basket to Ammi ji.

It was morning. It was no time to sleep. They had their bath and sat in the recitation of the Lord's name.

III

Who are Mohina and Sohina? Why in this humility? Why are they in so much love?

Who is Ammi ji with so much love?

Sohina ji belongs to a rich family of Raipur. His wife is Mohina. They were both proficient in music and poetry. They were both inclined towards spiritualism. One sadhu had initiated them into idol worship and meditation. Although, they were quite rich and had enough money but when they became lovers of idol worship, then they themselves used to go to the well, have bath and bring fresh water from the well for the bath of the idols, string the flowers into garlands, do all rituals and worshipped the idols. Both of them were good at music. Sohina was expert in violin and Mohina in sitar. They used to sing hymns in front of the idols for long hours.

One day both of them were bringing fresh water from the well when a pious looking and turbaned gentleman came running. He had suffered a grievous injury, was crying for water and was restless. He fell near their feet and cried, "Water Water".

They both startled but their mind said: It is pure and fresh water for the idols. How can we make it impure when it is meant for the bath of the idols?

The gentleman was gasping for breath but they acted per their own mind and just walked past without paying any heed to him. The last words of the dying man that went into their ears were, "You have no love, no compassion and no kind-heartedness even to give two drops of water. He will not give you a glimpse".

Even after listening to these words they kept on walking. They reached home, gave bath to the idols and meditated but today they had throbs in their hearts and their mind did not settle in meditation. They thought they should go and give water to the gentleman so that no curse may come but when they reached the spot the man had already died. His body was lying and it appeared to them as if his lips are moving and saying: "He will not give you a glimpse". They both were stunned. The fear that they had come to allay became manifold.

In the meantime a few people reached there and recognized the dead man. It became known that he is a revered saint and a disciple of Guru Gobind Singh, the tenth guru. He used to keep a sword. Today there was some looting in his neighborhood and he fought the robbers valiantly to save innocent people. The innocent people were saved but he had to give his life in the process. People were searching for him and now they found him here.

"He will not give you a glimpse", the words echoed in their ears. Tears flowed from their eyes. They cursed themselves but what could they do now? They lost the time when the Guru's son was crying "Water Water". One drop of water given at that time would have pleased the Guru but now even a full well of water cannot help. Now it is just crying over spilt milk.

The queen of Raipur came to know that one beloved disciple of the Guru whom she was longing to meet, has sacrificed his life saving some people and she became sad.

Further, when she came to know that the people whom he saved were coming to meet the Guru, then she became sadder.

She said: O gracious Guru! It is sad that I could not do anything for your disciple. He gave his life in my kingdom. We could not give him any medicine. We could not do any service for him.

She was thus crying when her holy friend came and said: Please don't be sad. The man who died was a saint and immersed in the Lord's love. He had the life spark of the Lord in him. When such a person dies even the Lord feels the distress. Now you don't feel sad. You do whatever is possible. Now make arrangement for the cremation of his body with respect.

The queen then arranged for the cremation of the saint's body and got a tomb made at the site.

Mohina and Sohina are now in a strange situation. They worship the idols but in their heart is pain and distress. When they sit for meditation with folded hands, the same words echo in their ears, "He will not give you a glimpse". They get startled and open their eyes. Even when they play music these words come to their mind. In fact, in everything they do these words do not leave their mind. They tried many rituals such as giving alms etc. but these words refused to go out of their minds.

Shortly after, the blessed day arrived when the Guru visited Raipur. The Guru blessed the queen, all courtiers and many more people. Mohina and Sohina also heard that the revered Guru of the saintly man who had given his life in saving people and to whom they had not given a few drops of water has come to Raipur. They had also heard that he is a real prophet. The sacrifice of the saint had also dented their mind and now they had a longing to meet the Guru. But whenever they went to have a glimpse of the Guru they did not succeed.

At last when the Guru was to leave, they went half a kilometer ahead and stood on the road from where the Guru had to pass. The cavalcade of the Guru passed but the Guru took a different route through the fields and went away.

Now disappointment made them sure that the words of the saint have to be true. They became very sad. The disappointment and sadness increased boundlessly and the longing to have a glimpse of the Guru increased.

Their mind said: The saint's asking for water and our not giving was known only to him and us and not a soul knew about it. The Guru did not give us a glimpse although everybody else in Raipur had a glimpse of him and was blessed by him. But we who are so religious and proficient in music have been kept out. The obvious reason is that the words of the saint have to be true and the Guru has respected the words of his disciple.

They were now sure that the Lord who is all intuitiveness has come to this earth or the Lord has sent the Guru from the heavens. Slowly, this belief became very strong and their longing to meet the Guru increased. In every house everybody talked about the goodness of the Guru, his Supernatural powers, his kindness and his blessing 'recitation of the Lord's name' to everybody. This made them absolutely sure that the Guru is a prophet from the heavens. On the one hand their love for the Guru increased. On the other hand they were ashamed of the sin of being unkind in not giving water to the saint. By and by their love for the Guru increased so much that they felt they had no charm left in life as it is. The mind wants to go to the Guru. Why

not go to Anandpur where the Guru lived and do some service for the Guru and meet him. They thought it is not easy to get this life again.

It also came to their mind: The saint had said, "He won't give you a glimpse".

Already we have seen. He met everybody when he came to Raipur but we were left out. Now if we go there, he will not go against the saint's words.

Then they decided that they should go and stay there as servants and not show that they are rich and do some service for the Guru. But then the mind said that when we are rich and pose ourselves as poor then our mind will not do service like poor persons. The richness will remain in our mind and it won't let us be humble. If we do some service with humility, only then it is a true repentance and atonement.

They finally took a decision and distributed their money for some good cause, for constructing wells, gave some to the poor people and themselves started for Anandpur in very simple clothes.

IV

Mohina and Sohina were well educated and an accomplished couple. There was great respect for intellectuals in the Guru's Hall of audience. But Mohina and Sohina do not wish for respect. They wish to love the Guru and serve him.

They have not left their riches and become poor to get respect here. They want to love and serve. They are not bothered about being loved and respected. They were sure that they could love only when they have humility in them. So, service became their aim. They decided that if they can get the job of a gardener or helper in the Guru's garden they should be happy. Gardening was something they knew very well. What about food? They decided that they would make baskets in their spare time, sell and earn some money that should be enough for their food. They did not want to ask the Guru for wages nor wished to take money from the Guru for the service they wanted to do.

When they reached Anandpur, they went to the Guru's garden and met the Head-gardener and requested for a job. The Head-gardener put them on probation for a week and then appointed them. They were given a hut in the garden to stay and the garden work was distributed. They started working with love and enthusiasm. When there was somebody working with love and enthusiasm the beauty of the garden was bound to increase.

One day the Guru while walking in the garden came near a bed of flowers. He called Kesra Singh (Head-gardener) and said: Well done!

Kesra Singh, then told the Guru: I have not planted this. A new gardener is now working here and for this the credit goes to him. For his food he earns by selling baskets and rest of his time, he is doing service here. It seems he has deep love for you.

When the Guru heard all this, he closed his eyes for a moment, then opened and said, "He will not give you a glimpse." Then he went away.

Kesra Singh told Mohina and Sohina what had transpired. They listened to him and understood that this only is the intuitive Guru.

They thought: All right! If not a glimpse, at least we have got service.

They were just talking when Kesra Singh came again and said: It is the Guru's command that you do not try to have a glimpse of him. You can work, do service, come and go but do not try to have a glimpse of him at any time. If this is acceptable to you, then you may continue to work otherwise you can take a job somewhere else. You can decide whatever suits you.

Both of them listened, then with folded hands said: In service, there can be no prudery. We are happy in his orders. It is his pleasure. We are happy in his pleasure. Orders are his. We are the servants. We have to accept his orders. And then he is the Lord himself. But O friend! One thing is not in our hands. The longing that we have in our hearts to have a glimpse of him cannot go. This is not in our hands.

On listening to this, Kesra Singh had tears in his eyes. The Guru's orders and their love for the Guru and the intensity of the love, Kesra Singh saw and was filled with emotion. Then he went away without saying anything.

For Mohina and Sohina a new life started. What a strange life?

They can do service but not a glimpse of the Guru. They have sacrificed and given away all their riches. They have sacrificed all their knowledge and have got service but without a glimpse. They are thankful even for this.

This is the narrative of Mohina and Sohina.

Our respected Jeeto ji (wife of Guru Gobind Singh) whom people lovingly called Ammi ji, was so much enthused in the recitation of the Lord's name that many people called her a saint. She used to get up very early in the morning and recited the Lord's name. When the Guru became ready to go out, then she used to garland him and then sit in meditation in the love of the Guru till sunrise.

Kesra Singh used to bring flowers to her for the garland. One day when Kesra Singh brought the flowers, Ammi ji told him: Kesra Singh! The Guru was much pleased to see the flowers yesterday. The flowers were very good.

Kesra Singh replied: These are not my plantings. One poor man is doing all this service but he is stopped from having a glimpse of the Guru.

Ammi ji: Why?

Kesra Singh: These are the orders of the Guru.

Ammi ji: Then why you bring the flowers that he has planted with his hands?

Kesra Singh: Ammi ji! The Guru has allowed him to do service but a glimpse is disallowed.

Ammi ji: Then the Guru does love them but he is trying to rectify some mistake of theirs.

She asked Kesra Singh to go. But at night when the Guru came to the palace, then Ammi ji asked the Guru about Mohina and Sohina.

The Guru said: One disciple who had a life spark of the Lord in his heart has said: "The Guru will not give you a glimpse". If the Guru had said, then it could be condoned but when a true disciple has said, then it cannot be condoned. This is the Lord's wish. I love Mohina and Sohina but the words of the saint have to be true.

This can be condoned only when their Super consciousness becomes alive and they get above the feeling of life and death or if the saint was living he could have pardoned them.

Ammi ji: If I meet Mohina and help her in making her Super consciousness strong, then what do you say about it?

Guru: There can be no better goodness and kindness than this. I am delighted and my Lord who has sent me to this world is also delighted. Guru Nanak said, "I wish to touch the dust of the feet of the person who recites the Lord's name and makes others recite the Lord's name." The Lord loves most, "Giving a life-spark to someone." Giving life to a lifelessly living person is something that the Lord loves most. When the Lord's life-spark is there in the body, only then it is real life.

Guru Nanak says:

*Those are living who are living in the
Recitation of the Lord's name*

*Those are living who have the Lord living
in their heart. None others are living.*

Only those who are thus living are living. Otherwise the whole world is in lifelessness. The living souls are the branches of the tree that is the Lord. Their Super-consciousness is tied to the Lord's feet and what they say and do is in resonance with the Lord's command and it has the same strength as that of the Lord. That is why the words of the saint have to be true.

Ammi ji: You are the saviour and the redeemer of sinners. We were all lifeless. You have blessed us and awakened us up from a slumber. What to talk of our mistakes, we are a picture of mistakes. I do not wish that you should go against your saint's words. I only wish that you give your bless and strength that I help this couple to rise up to your door.

Guru: Lord is with you. You solve the predicament of this couple.

V

In the scriptures, treading on the religious path is said to be as treading on the sharp edge of a sword. This does not mean the cutting edge but it indicates the thin-ness of the edge. Walking on such a thin edge is difficult. One may fall this side or that side. Some people on this path become so aloof that their nature becomes sulky and lost. Some people become depressed. On the other side, people who forget the Lord become selfish. Due to the selfishness they become a cause of pain to the world and for themselves they dig their own grave. And there are some who are beneficent to others. But their mind is scattered and they get lost with the people to whom they are beneficent. In reality they do not love others. They love their own ego that nurtures on the praise by the people. To save one's self from both these mistakes, the Guru has said: Lord is one. We are children of the one Lord. He is our saviour.

It means the Lord is our father, we are his children and others are our brothers. When we thus love the world, we do not love for our ego but for the love of the Lord and his command. Whatever goodness and kindness we do, we offer it to the Lord and in this way we do not get caught in our ego. We are doing goodness to people not by the force of ego but like a fountain automatically. This life is a continuous process. The spiritual life is also a continuous process. The spiritual living is like a fountain and automatically in exuberance, cool, peaceful and in kindness and goodness for others. Mohina and Sohina had not traversed on this living path. They were absorbed in empty rituals. They did not have the life-spark in them. The empty rituals had made them hard hearted. That is why their mind did not bother to allay the suffering of a Lord's child. Now at the Guru's door they are begging for mercy.

VI

Ammi ji was always immersed in the love of the Lord. Her soul was one with the Lord. The recitation of the Lord's name was incessant in her and she was always kind and doing goodness to others. That was her life. That is why everybody loved her.

Her love for Mohina was an example. When she came to know about Mohina, then sometimes she used to call Mohina, sometimes she herself went to her hut and bless her, gave her holy touch and made her Super consciousness strong.

Slowly, with blessings of Ammi ji, the Lord's name went into Mohina's heart and she got rapture and ecstasy of the Lord's name. In the same way it happened with her husband Sohina. They now recited the Lord's name in every breath.

Mohina and Sohina who thought them self to be a cursed couple, who did not find peace even after giving away all their riches in charity, who could not get peace from the ascetic rituals, came to the holy Guru with humility and have got life from lifelessness. Both of them now have concentration of mind. They have a slight rapture all the time. They are in the recitation of the Lord's name with devotion.

Their longing to have a glimpse of the Guru has increased than before but they are not in despair. They are living in hope.

Time passed by. Their inner self became strong. They could feel the body and soul as separate. They felt that life and death are two banks of a river. The Lord is everywhere. It is for the Lord to place someone this side of the river and someone on the other side. Death is not sorrowful or painful. It is not a permanent separation. They felt that those who are immersed in the Lord's name are never separated from the Lord or from the people loved by the Lord. They are never separated from the Guru or his holy saints. Their fear of death vanished and life became sweet in the love of the Guru and the Lord. Without the Lord's love, it was combustion in the body but with recitation of the Lord's name life has become rapturous.

The Lord had not created man to suffer. It is we who have forgotten the Lord and have started loving the worldly people who are bound to die and make us sorrowful.

In this way, the suffering started.

Mohina and Sohina are now living in the recitation of the Lord's name and in ecstasy. Their soul is woken up now. Wherever they see, they see all wonder.

Previously they thought that the Lord gives punishment but now they feel that the Lord always loves. Their woken up soul sees the Lord as father, mother, brother, friend, all love, gracious, blissful, merciful, fountain of love, saviour, giver of nourishment to all, redeemer of sinners and bestowal of forgiveness.

*Where knowledge and wisdom cannot take you
One life-spark can take you there*

They are happy but still they have pang of love for the glimpse of the Guru in their heart. Since it was disallowed, they feel it is the Lord's will.

One day, one roaming sadhu came in the Guru's garden. He roamed around the garden and then came and stood at Mohina's door and said: A sadhu has come. Give something. Mohina went inside and brought some wheat flour to give. But he refused and said: My name is Roda and I want something else.

Mohina: O Sadhu! You say what you want but we are poor people and we are ourselves beggars and not givers. Here, everything belongs to the Guru.

Roda: These flowers, these jasmines, these chrysanthemums, these marigolds, I have an eye on them. You give me.

Mohina listened and felt numbness. Her heart throbbed. She felt the earth and sky moving. She sat down where she was standing.

Roda saw all this and went away.

After sometime Sohina came and found Mohina lying unconscious. He sprinkled water on her face and she regained consciousness. Sohina asked her as to what was the matter. She narrated all what had happened.

She said: These flowers, you have specially planted for Ammi ji. Ammi ji plans to present a garland to the Guru on his birthday. With great effort these plants have borne flowers. Today, one sadhu came and wanted these flowers. If I do not give, then already we are not allowed to have a glimpse of the Guru for not giving water to the saint. Now if I do not give these flowers to the sadhu, then where do I stand and if I give away these flowers, then what face shall we show to Ammi ji, who has given us life from lifelessness? Even this small service for her will go haywire. In this double mindedness and quandary I thought I was dead but now I see that this predicament is there and you are my partner in it.

Listening to all this, even Sohina went into depression.

Being an expert in horticulture, he had grown four jasmine plants in glass cases. They were now full of flowers. Similarly he had grown chrysanthemums with a cloth covering on the top. He had planted marigolds also and they were blooming.

Both were in a predicament and they could not think of a solution. They felt that this sadhu is not like the saint but still they thought that it might not be good to refuse this sadhu. He is also a Lord's child. They could not sleep the whole night.

Next morning, Roda again came and asked for the flowers.

Sohina prayed to the Lord for strength and then said: O Sadhu! This is the Guru's garden and we are servants only. We cannot give anything on our own. If you are very keen, you may talk to Kesra Singh who is In-charge of the garden. He may be able to help you as per the Guru's advice.

Roda still insisted.

Sohina again told him: O sadhu! You can have anything that we own but all this belongs to the Guru and it is not in our power to give it away.

Roda became furious and cursed: You will be uprooted. Then he went away.

Mohina and Sohina thought: This time the sadhu has not cursed us. He has blessed us. We do not want roots in this world. Uprooting is welcome.

Their fear was gone and they got into the recitation of the Lord's name as usual.

For the men of the Lord when they get depressed sometimes, the Lord's hymns are the support. So they sang the Lord's hymns and their mind revived its high spirits.

At night they went to sleep. In the morning they got up and as usual got busy in the recitation of the Lord's name.

It was at sunrise, when they came out in the garden.

Oh! What.....did.....they.....see? The glasses are broken. There is not one jasmine flower. The cloth covering is torn. There is not one chrysanthemum. Oh! Where are the marigolds? They are all gone.

Oh! Mohina and Sohina! They felt ashamed. How shall we face Ammi ji who has bestowed us with a life-spark? We could not guard the flowers. Oh! Sleep! You are the culprit. Their heart broke down. They saw Ammi Ji's face.

Then a sudden wave and they fell and lay down un-conscious in the bed of flowers with the plants that were now without flowers.

VII

It is the Hall of audience of Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh. The Guru is sitting on his throne. The place is full with the holy congregation. Intellectuals, saints and disciples from places far and wide have come and are sitting. When the music stopped the disciples started presenting gifts to the Guru.

Amongst these, a strange looking sadhu came and brought a beautiful basket full of beautiful blooming flowers and put it on the throne in front of the Guru. Previously he used to move around bare headed but today he had a long cap on his head.

The true Guru asked: O sadhu! Who are you?

Sadhu: My name is Roda pam.

Guru: Roda sham.

Sadhu: No sir! Roda pam.

Guru: If you are not sham then why haven't you brought any costly thing?

Sadhu: I have no money. I live in poverty. My hands are empty.

Guru: Then you could have come empty handed. The empty hands of a sadhu are also good.

Sadhu: It is against custom to come to the Guru with empty hands.

Guru: What has custom to do with poverty?

Sadhu: It is the wish of the sadhu.

Guru: It is not a wish. It is sham.

The Guru now asked a disciple to remove the cap of the sadhu. When the cap fell, then a number of gold coins fell on the ground. Everybody laughed and Roda's face turned pale.

Guru: O Roda! Are you a lover of the Lord or a lover of gold? Tell me! Why have you plucked these blooming flowers from the plants?

Roda kept quiet.

Guru: "Flowers that were tied with hearts" whom did you ask before plucking these?

Roda's head went down and kept quiet.

Guru: Oh! There is no fragrance in the flowers. Oh! There is a sensation of anxiety in them. Oh! There is no beauty in the flowers. Oh! There is a voice of sadness in them. Life-less! They are praying. Oh flowers! What are you praying?

Saying this, his eyes closed. The eyes opened after a few minutes. On his ever glowing forehead was a frown.

He said: O Roda! Flowers are not plucked. Two hearts have broken. Two loving children from the Lord's lap have fallen from the lap.

The Guru is thinking of the two children of the Lord falling unconscious.

Guru: O Roda! You have interfered in the Lord's love of his children. You have plucked the branch of a tree that is the Lord. The tree is feeling the sensation.

Oh! How does a mother respond to children when they fall from her lap? He went on saying something. He had tears in his eyes. The lover of his disciples who always said: 'My disciples are my life' became restless. His love, like a tidal wave swelled. He got up, walked and started running. Everybody followed.

An enlightened person thought that something has happened that is connected to these flowers. He carried the basket of flowers and followed the Guru.

See! How the Guru who is the lover of his disciples and has come from the heavens to bless the world, has left the throne to allay the suffering of the sufferers and is running. See! The prophet of love and the saviour has entered the garden. Some intuitiveness, some unseen pull of love is taking him to somewhere. He reached the end corner of the garden. O saviour Guru! O merciful Guru! Here two bodies are lying on the ground in this uprooted garden gasping for breath.

Ammi ji had just arrived and was looking at the two souls that she had prepared for the Lord's garden, lying desolated when the Guru who was more restless than a mother also reached.

He said: My love! My love! And put both the heads in his lap. He caressed their heads, wiped their eyes and placed his hand on their forehead and said, "I bless you my loving children. I bless you".

What a wondrous scene? For whose glimpse they were waiting for another generation, their thankfulness and acceptance of the will of the Guru has borne fruit. Whose glimpse was stopped by a curse of a saint is giving his glimpse himself.

Mohina and Sohina please wake up! Come into consciousness! Open your eyes! The glimpse for which you have been longing has come. The glimpse has come to have your glimpse. Oh! Children of the Guru! See! "He will not give you a glimpse", from this the "not" has vanished.

But who should get up?

O Lord! Your ways are strange! When the glimpse has come, the hearts that want to have the glimpse are not present.

Strange are the ways of love!

Ammi ji is holding Mohina's hand and saying: My child! Open your eyes. Have a glimpse.

In the centre is this divine glimpse. Around is swarming the holy congregation. Everybody is looking at the splendid Guru's love. Kesra Singh has brought water.

The Guru himself put water in their mouth, sprinkled water on their forehead and face and said: My loving children! Open your eyes.

Slowly they opened their eyes. A glimpse! A godly glimpse went into their eyes but when, when the eyes have no strength in them, when there is no strength in the body to get up? The eyes could not bear the dazzle of the

glimpse and closed again but they took inside their body the rapture of the glimpse of the Guru.

A few moments later their eyes opened again and then closed. This happened several times. Slowly the strength came. The consciousness came.

Then Ammi ji said: Children! The glimpse of the Guru has come.

Now they understood the happiness in these words but their mind was not prepared for this happiness. They felt the ecstasy but had no strength to move.

The Guru now with his inner strength supported their mind and their body got some strength. They got up and fell at the Guru's feet. But the Guru again lifted their heads and touched their heads with love. When the Guru moved his hand on their backs, they got up and sat down.

Ammi ji with love said: You have been blessed.

Their eyes are not satisfied seeing the Guru again and again. They are drinking the love nectar. Their eyes close and open and have a glimpse of the Guru again and again. This devotion and love of the 'Guru and disciple' went on for some time.

Whoever saw this love got enlightenment.

Now Mohina and Sohina realized that the Guru is sitting on the ground and this is disrespect to him.

With tears in their eyes they said: It is disrespect from us that you are sitting on the ground. Please be merciful.

Now the Guru took both of them and went inside their hut and sat down. Ammi ji also went inside. Rest of the people sat outside like a congregation.

What respect they could give to the Guru who has come to their hut? They took out the sitar and sang a divine song (*Kirtan*).

The basket full of flowers, Ammi ji handed over to them to prepare the flowers as per the original program. They prepared the flowers and gave them to Ammi ji.

Ammi ji offered some to the Guru herself and asked Mohina and Sohina to offer some to the Guru themselves.

The Guru praised Mohina and Sohina in the durbar that was full to capacity.

He said to them: I am very happy on your service. You ask for anything. I shall give.

Sohina replied: O Guru! Roda has been put under lock. Please forgive him. We are all doing mistakes. Only your grace and the Lord's name that you give us is the remedy for all our mistakes.

The Guru called Roda and he was forgiven. The Guru told him to recite the Lord's name and live in the recitation of the Lord's name.

Roda became a Guru-disciple and his heart got immersed in the love of the Lord.

When everybody came to know how rich Mohina and Sohina were and how they distributed all their wealth and became gardeners and served the Guru with so much humility, everybody started respecting them with love. But they preferred to serve the Guru with their love and humility.

* * * *

*The Guru's words are repeated once again:
Those are living who are living in the
'Recitation of the Lord's name'*

* * * *

*Let us recite:
O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord
Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru*

starting with at least five minutes a day.



18.

Thoughtful-Powerful-Delightful (Thoughtful)

On seeing the world in suffering Prince Siddharth became thoughtful. He renounced his kingdom and meditated. Then he spent his life preaching good deeds and good character.

On seeing the world in suffering Guru Nanak Dev became thoughtful.

The reason why Sidharth became pensive was the suffering of the world that was due to vices. Now with that suffering was added the suffering of governmental oppression and religious intolerance and tyranny.

People were irreligious and un-educated. The religious gatherings had become vicious gatherings. Pathan tyrants ruled and the Mughal invaders were eager to gain a foot-hold.

Guru Nanak became more thoughtful and after renouncing his sons, wife and family he started his travels to allay the suffering of the people. He spread the Lord's name and preached "Living in the family with mind detached from worldly desires and attached to the Lord."

Ah! Today again, the great soul became thoughtful on seeing the tyranny on people. The tenth incarnation of Guru Nanak, Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh saw besides illiteracy and government oppression now another suffering of religious intolerance. We might not call it oppression but the rulers used force to spread their own religion.

In this predicament the Godly soul Guru became thoughtful. How to allay the suffering of the people? They should be religious and live in freedom. They should not remain in slavery, oppression and tyranny.

The tenth Guru, Godly soul became thoughtful. He left the hustling-bustling Anandpur, the forts, wife, sons, comforts, servants, disciples and friends

and went and sat in a mount cave. He kept sitting there day and night. Elephants, horses, palanquins, stood in waiting. Palaces, house, forts are cheerless. The devotees came and went back disappointed. He is not attracted to anything of the seen world. No sentiment is attracting him. All baggage and equipment is lying but he sits in solitude in thoughtfulness: How to allay the suffering of the people?

News spread all around that he has become a recluse meditative.

But Ah! The Master of intellectuals who has come to allay the suffering of the world is thoughtful.

He is a prophet. He is immersed in the love of the Lord. Why should he be thoughtful? The thoughtful in search for a remedy for the pain of the world is sad in this thought. This is his thoughtfulness.

Eleven months passed like this. His eyes closed. He listened to a voice:

My son is thou

To establish religiousness on earth I send thou

To put people on the true religious path is on thou

To stop people from vices is for thou.

He thought: Yes! I got this blessing from the Lord. It was His command. But how should I implement? The atrocities are beyond words.

O Lord! Dear Lord! Give your support that the world becomes a place of comfort. The 'Guru with the Plume' again went into deep thought, deeper than before.

In this deep thought another voice came:

"Ideal Man"

It resounded thrice. Then from some subtle elements a figure started emerging.

Now a figure appeared with full grown uncut hair and beard and a turban on the head. Yes! It was a real living soul.

"Full grown uncut hair and beard and a turban on the head"

Lustrous face, handsome features, good stature, full grown hair on the head, impressive turban, shining forehead, eyes full of glitter and love, cheeks rosy like apples with sweetness, lips maroon and sweet like jujube fruit, cute beard, chest wide and stout, body muscular, long arms, waist tight like a lion's, legs agile but weight bearing, valour in heart without brutality, enthusiasm without anger, authoritative personality but mind full with justice, Love but mind detached, philanthropic with mind detached, family living with mind detached, detachment from world but attached to Lord, saintliness but no sadness, sword in hand but as a shield, pen in hand for justice and forgiveness, dressed in shirts and shorts along with underwear, power in muscular arms

but radiance of Lord's name in consciousness, heart soft, delicate, full of love and ecstasy but brain full of intellect and insight, in self confidence and freedom from wants.

The writing on the forehead is in inaccessible words:

"High spirits"

After thoughtfulness of eleven months and eleven days the 'Guru with the Plume' asked: Who are you?

The figure said: I am '*Ideal Man*'.

For the world it is "High spirits", in the eyes of the world 'Crazy' but the Master of intellect left the forests and came to Anandpur.

II

[Powerful]

The thoughtful that he was, is now Powerful. When he became sure that the remedy for the situation is to create "Ideal Man", then the need was to select good people to go ahead. So he started the process of selection first from amongst the religious people.

First test: Vaishnav Brahmins

Moral character is the primary merit in humans. The rise and fall of nations depends on moral character. Moral character is the foundation of religion. Moral character is the basis of success in the world.

The Guru wished to put together moral character, ethics and valour. So, he decided to test the moral standard of people of religion.

Since centuries in India the Brahmins were accepted as the supreme and idealist religious preachers. There was a time when they were Ideal and capable of preaching but now their moral standard had gone down. The true Guru started the selection process from these people.

He invited the Brahmins for a grand feast. He announced: Two types of food shall be served. One side shall be non-vegetarian. On another side shall be vegetarian. Those who sit in the row of non-vegetarians, they shall be gifted one gold coin and those who sit in the vegetarian row shall be gifted one silver coin.

When the Brahmins arrived, then almost all of them sat in the row for non-vegetarians.

But those who sat in the row for vegetarians were gifted five gold coins in addition to the one silver coin announced earlier. Everybody wondered why it was so? Nobody understood what was the reason behind? One might imagine

that the Guru wished to know who the meat-eaters are and who are those who do not eat meat?

No. The true Guru wanted to see how many are those who are true to their faith? Brahmins according to their faith are vegetarians. Their faith is not to kill.

The true Guru noted that there are a few only who are true to their accepted faith.

So, a few who were true to their faith, he asked them to stay. The others were asked to go. But he noted that these Brahmins who are true to their faith have no valour in them.

Second test-Worshippers of goddess of strength

The second group consisted of Brahmins who worshipped the goddess of strength. These Brahmins offered meat or animals to the goddess. The Head Brahmin Kesho Das claimed that the goddess comes in human form on certain days to bless people.

And they collected money from those who wished for blessings of goddess when she comes in human form.

The true Guru wanted to test their integrity. When the true Guru went there, these Brahmins slipped away.

The Guru found that no goddess ever appears in human form and it is all a stunt to make money. The Guru did not invite these Brahmins in the next feasting. Then these Brahmins raised the issue why they were not invited.

The Guru then told them that they were not true to their religion and they were hypocrites and not true Brahmins. They had no spirit of sacrifice. They never thought of the uplift of people.

Third Test – Hath yogis and recluses

The Guru found that those who practiced Hath yoga had no love of Lord in them. They never thought of uplifting of people.

At one stage even gold coins were found hidden in sealing wax on their bodies. They were all after money. They did not bother about the country or the welfare of the people.

Fourth Test- Kings.

When the Guru found that the religious preachers had no character in them and the ones whose character was good had no valour in them. Then he had to test the people with valour. The Kings and Chiefs were to be put to-test.

In fact the Kings and Chiefs had already been tested. The Kings and Chiefs fought amongst themselves. None had any spirit of sacrifice for the people or the country. They did not bother about religion. They had already fought with the Guru and tried to finish his strength a number of times. But since Prince Muazam came to Punjab and made a pact of friendship with the Guru, then the hill kings also became outwardly friendly with the Guru.

In one of the meetings, the Guru counselled the kings: The Caste system and the hatred due to this Caste system has made us disunited. We are suffering because of our weakness. I wish that this Caste system should be abolished. Everybody should believe in one God and be united. The need is that there should be brotherly love and spirit of sacrifice for each other. Then we shall be able to allay the suffering of the people. We should educate the people to develop good moral character and integrity. This is for the good of the country. Either we go together for this aim or you may lead if you so desire. But the kings thought that the Mughal rule is too strong. They could never be able to win them. They rejected the suggestion of the Guru and said that it was not practical.

Fifth test – Own preachers of religion.

The true Guru got disappointment from both the earlier religious people and the earlier brave people.

Having lost hope on these people the next was to test his disciples.

He looked at prominent people. The prominent people here were the Cash Collectors. The fourth Guru had appointed these people. They preached the Lord's name to the people, collected the offerings given by the devotees and deposited the same in the Guru's treasury. The entire money that came was spent for the welfare of the people.

In the beginning they were true devotees, Lord-loving and very honest.

When the Guru appointed a seat, they sat on the seat and preached the Lord's name.

But as time passed they became greedy. Then the ninth Guru went away to far off places like Patna and Assam. They got more chance to do whatever they liked. Again they thought that the tenth Guru is too young. They became rebellious and adopted bad trait. The old Cash Collectors had died. Some became old and retired. New ones sat on those seats. They were neither Lord-loving nor devoted nor honest. They became too greedy. What they collected was a religious offering of love. They misappropriated and kept for themselves and did not deposit in the Guru's treasury. Even now some were pious, like Bhai Feru but very few.

For the gigantic task that the Guru had to do, the Guru wished to see from where would help come and from where would hindrance come.

It is always essential to gauge the hindrance as also the help whenever any gigantic task is taken in hand.

He also heard stories that the Cash Collectors are deceiving people. They swindled pious Guru-disciples and kept the money to themselves. Some Cash Collectors had become criminals. The purpose of putting to test was to correct this situation. But it was a very difficult task as the disciples were in their contact. Visibly, there was danger that the flow of money coming to the Guru's treasury might stop.

The Cash Collectors were aware of their strength and the Guru also was in need of money for the gigantic task that he had to do.

But the lover of truth would not succumb to bad traits and falsehood. The Guru kept truth in mind and did not accept falsehood at any cost.

See! The country is enslaved. People have no courage. The ruler is authoritative. His power is mighty like the sun at noon. He is barbarous. The small rulers in states have become common-place. They have no valour in them. The preachers of religion are more in greed. At home the Cash Collectors have become swindlers and they have created a wall between the Guru and the devotees. How puzzling is the situation?

But the Master of Truth stuck to Truth.

One day, he sent an order that a conference will be held on Baisakhi day and all Cash Collectors should come with the offerings collected and they should bring devotees along with them.

The devotees arrived even before Baisakhi. The Cash Collectors also assembled. The offerings were presented to the Guru.

Then the Guru told the Cash Collectors that the money you have brought is much less and it is reduced every year. Here, a big gigantic task to allay the suffering of the people has to be accomplished. What is the reason?

Then they said: O Guru! The rich disciples have died. Whatever the poor disciples give we pass on to you.

The Guru smiled and said: Neither was any epidemic that my devotees died and others lived nor it could happen that only rich died and the poor lived. Money has come from the disciples but stuck up on the way. Better put it in the treasury here.

The Cash Collectors came away in despair. Then they went to the leading Cash Collector Cheto and complained: What has happened to the Guru? He talks in an insulting way and bluntly. He thinks we are thieves. Previously, it

was not so that the Guru would give us a warning. We have made him the Guru. What can he do by himself?

Then Cheto said: Don't be afraid. I shall settle everything. Since he went to Vaishno Devi Temple his temperament has become like that.

Next day Cheto, a Master of cunning and cleverness met the Guru when he was alone and tried to make him understand: O lord! You are the Master. We are your servants. All Cash Collectors are your servants. But the servants, when they serve are respected by the Master. It is for you to keep them happy. You live here. How can you reach all places? By providence disciples are spread southward up to Rameshwaram, eastward up to Assam, westward up to Balkh-Bukhara, northward up to Kashmir and Tibet. These Cash Collectors have to bring the offering. Their service is worth appreciating. We know there is need here and we are fulfilling it. They depend on the money you give them and are at your service at all times. Be benevolent to them and do not test them.

The Guru smiled and said: Cheto! They say that the rich disciples have died. You tell, "Was there any epidemic for rich people in particular?" Firstly, they are stealing. Secondly, they tell lies. Thirdly, they have become criminals. I am not greedy for money. Money that people offer in delight is spent for the benefit of the people. This is people's money. It is not for my amassing wealth. It is my responsibility that I take for the good of people. I spend it usefully. They extract money from the disciples by force. This pain comes to me. I have to allay the pain of the people. How can I tolerate my Cash Collectors giving pain? If they change their trait it is better, otherwise I shall to see how to reform.

Then, Cheto with folded hands said: Cash Collectors are under your orders. If per chance anyone has bad traits, then we shall ourselves shunt him out. You need not bother. Trust them and keep them. Do not trust what the people say. Jealous people unnecessarily talk ill of Cash Collectors. Till I am there, you need not bother about them.

Guru: I have to allay the suffering of the world. I can bear pain but I have to eradicate pain of the world. If you become honest and ask the Cash Collectors to become honest, then I am with you otherwise I have to do some reform. Meanwhile some other topic came up and the Guru got busy.

Time passed. The Guru kept thinking of a remedy.

On the other side the Cash Collectors went and prayed to mother Gujri ji that they are innocent and you recommend to the Guru that he should continue with the present system.

But when she talked to the Guru, then the Guru told her that if they are honest they are mine. If dishonest, then not mine.

One day the true Guru sat in the audience hall. The musicians had finished the divine sings (*Kirtan*). The devotees had given their offerings. He was talking but suddenly he closed his eyes. Everybody became quiet. After sometime he opened his nectar filled eyes and looked aside. He made a gesture to a messenger. When he came near, then the Guru ordered him that at a certain place one disciple is sitting under a tree, he has tears in his eyes, his face is sad, sometimes he is quiet but sometimes he talks to himself. You go and bring him with love.

When the messenger reached the suggested spot, he found the disciple sitting just as the Guru had told. His closed eyes had tears falling.

The messenger stood softly behind the stump of a tree hoping that he will soon open his eyes then he shall tell him the Guru's order. He thought: "I should not disturb him in his engrossment."

After a few moments, the disciple talked to his mind that was audible: O Mind! The true Guru's door is open to everyone. The true Guru loves his disciples as his sons. He blesses the Lord's name that elevates the mind and man becomes true inside and outside. The true Guru has no greed for wealth nor does he care for fame. He is bearing so much discomfort on himself for the sake of his disciples. He blesses the Lord's name that rids people from the burning worldly ocean of fire. There are many who say they are Gurus but I did not go to anyone but bowed down here with faith that here truth prevails and Lord's name is blessed. Here, there is no desire to take. This is a house of benevolence. When we offer him any wealth, he spends it for the benefit of humanity and makes our gift fruitful. Himself he is detached from desires and he is gracious. It is unlikely that the gracious Guru has closed the door for me. (Quiet) Many times, I went. The guard there says: You are not allowed. When I request Cheto (Cash Collector), he puts off to every next day. He says: Your gifts have been accepted and you are blessed. Then why am I deprived of a glimpse? I cannot imagine that the guard shall tell a lie. The guards are Guru-disciples. They speak the truth. They believe in service to the congregation. Cheto is Guru's Cash Collector. O Mind! There is some deficiency in you, some vice in you that the lover of truth is not allowing you in. I have waited on roads that he passes through but I could not get his glimpse. What should I do now? Should I remain sulking in despair? No! No! I am a Guru-disciple. The Guru is redeemer of sinners. I belong to the Guru. The Guru is intuitive. He knows the inner feelings of his disciples. O Mind!

Pray. Well! I have prayed for a long time. The Guru must have read my mind. He must have listened to my prayer. I am a sinner. That is why he is not compassionate to me. I am a sinner! I am a sinner!

(Quiet) O Mind! Do not despair. The Guru does not teach despair. When Guru Nanak was departing from Sultanpur, then he told King Rai Bular, "O Rai! When your own strength fails, then with both hands folded fall at the Lord's feet." O Mind! Remain at the Guru's feet. Keep on saying a prayer, the Guru shall himself be gracious. Saying this, he folded both his hands and got engrossed in prayer.

After sometime he got up and looked this side and that side. Now the Guru-messenger came forward and said: O Guru-beloved! The true Guru has called you. O Guru-disciple! Come with me. The Guru's door is the Lord's door where everybody gets love. The disciples, the sons, the brothers, all are equal. O pious soul! Is there any other door where the devil of ego is vanquished and one becomes an 'Ideal man'? The Ideal man himself is in blossom and gives comfort and blossom to the world. Do not curse yourself. You are treading on the true path. If there is any shortcoming, then the Guru shall forgive.

On listening to the words of compassion from the Guru-messenger, the disciple's mind blossomed. He said: Great is the Benevolent Guru! Great is the Benevolent Guru! Now he got up and said: O Guru-messenger! Yours words are "rose flower".

This is the Guru's house that the messengers are so compassionate. Had he been a king's messenger, God knows how he would have talked. "Well done to you".

Both walked. When they reached the gate, then the guard standing at the gate said: This disciple is banned from going inside.

Messenger who accompanied: Whose order is it to stop him?

Guard: I have been instructed by Cheto that he is banned from going inside. If he comes, then stop him.

Messenger: I went to bring him on the orders of the Master of Cheto and have brought him. The guard bowed down and allowed him in.

The disciple entered the Guru's hall of audience and got a glimpse of the beloved Guru. He fell at the beloved Guru's feet and like a partridge sat near the moon, the beloved Guru. He got ecstasy. He said to his mind: Is he not a benevolent Guru? See! How he has felt my pain, how he has read my mind and how he has called me?

Now the true Guru said in a wondrous tone: O Ideal Man! What have you brought for me?

Disciple: You are the giver of nourishment. Whatever you give we eat. What can a disciple give? You are the giver. World is a beggar. Whatever you have given, some of it I presented.

Guru: Presented? When?

Disciple: I gave to Cheto, Cash Collector. He says: All has been presented to you.

The Guru then enquired from the treasurer.

The treasurer acknowledged the money received from him.

Then the disciple said: I had sent one diamond studded Bangle set that one artist brought to my house. That also I gave to Cheto. But it is not entered in the treasury books.

Listening to this, the Guru smiled and sent for Cheto.

With great hesitation, Cheto came. When he saw the disciple sitting there he became nervous. On seeing Cheto, the disciple said: Cheto dear! Whatever money I sent that has reached the Guru's treasury but the Bangle set is not there.

Cheto: O Mar! Why are you telling a lie? You must have given to someone else. Don't fabricate a wrong blame on me.

True Guru: Cheto! I do not need the Bangle set. If you have a liking for it, I shall give it to you. You just show it once. My disciple will be happy. Then I shall give it to you.

Listening to this, Cheto burst with anger.

First, he shouted at the disciple: O Guru-lover, you tell lies.

Then he said to the Guru: You consider me a thief and this low disciple as true. You consider this stupid person good and me bad. It is I who bring and deposit money in your treasury. We are respected in the country. You have no regard for me. You do not try to find out who is right and who is wrong. I am doing everything for you. You call the treasurer and verify whatever he gave, whether it has reached the treasury or not?

The Bangle set either he has not given or he gave to someone else. He has put the blame on me. When I deposited the money, what would I do with the Bangle set? Then the Guru said: Be in your senses. Should I tell you whether I can judge truth and lies or not? Whether I can tell you what you are? Should I? Otherwise, speak the truth.

Cheto: You are bullying me. What goddess has come? For me.....?

The Guru ordered: Go to Cheto's house, go to the upper most flat and break the lock of the cupboard. There, you will find a set of bangles. Bring that.

Messengers went. But Cheto became crest-fallen. Vices are such that one gets in them and then it becomes difficult to get out.

The messengers found the bangle set. They came and placed it in front of the Guru.

The Guru asked his disciple: Is this the one?

Disciple: Yes, this is the one.

The Guru looked towards the disciple with love but towards Cheto in an angry look and said: You steal and then try to become cunning. Now you tell whether my disciple is true or you? Whether my disciple is a non-believer or you? Whether my disciple is stupid or you? Whether I have not appreciated your work or you have not understood me and my gigantic task for which I have come to earth?

In this way, the Cash Collectors were dismissed and devotees were told to come and give offering direct to the Guru.

Sixth Test - Ideal Men

In the gigantic task that the Guru had to do he was testing who would be helpful and who would be a hindrance. This was the leading Cash Collector. His hypocrisy was revealed. Then he tested some more.

As a result he came to the conclusion that greed has entered their mind. The love of money has grown like a fungus on their mind. They have no love for the Lord. They cannot be trusted.

Finally, it was the devotees on whom the Guru could depend. He knew that by the blessings of nine Gurus, the devotees are Lord-loving, they love the scripture. They have faith and love for the Lord. They have truth is them. They speak the truth. They love each other, they have spirit of sacrifice but he wished what the sixth Guru had set an example of 'How to die', that example should not be only in the soldiers but it should be in everyone. It should be in the people. But here also he considered it necessary to test the people for their 'Spirit of sacrifice'.

For this purpose orders were sent that everyone should assemble at Anandpur on Baisakhi day (1699 A.D).

The congregation assembled.

One day when the Audience Hall was packed and the Guru sat on the throne, he stood up, pulled his sword out of the sheath, brandished his sword and said loudly: O My disciples! Come and sacrifice your head. I want your heads. Come and present yourself to my sword. My beloved congregation! Is there any extremely faithful disciple who would give his head? Yes! There is a task for which I require sacrifice of a head.

Saying this he looked intently at the brandished sword. But there was commotion in the congregation. The disciples looked at each other's face, went in thought, pondered, wished to offer then hesitated. When they looked towards the Guru, then they could not see. Such radiance emitted from his face.

Second time again he said: Any disciple who is detached from the love of the body and wishes to sacrifice his self?

Oh! Who would come forward? People said: Earlier he was a meditative in ecstasy. Now he is intoxicated.

O World! Is it not it woeful? That to save you, he has picked up a sword and you call him intoxicated. Well! This is your behaviour but the saviour has to rid you from slavery.

The Powerful again in a challenging tone said: Any one?

The congregation was quiet and dumb-founded. The mind did not work. It was not right to say no. It was against norms of a disciple. It was difficult to say yes. Love of life was extreme. The Cash Collectors had spread the word that the goddess has done some magic on him. The congregation thought: What will he do with heads? The Cash Collectors were right. The goddess has mesmerized him.

Then they thought the Guru is perfect, saviour, all love, without fault. The double-mindedness made everybody dumb-founded.

However, at this time one Khatri disciple from Lahore who was immersed in Guru-love and had earlier studied Vedas and practiced Hath yoga, got up in the thinking that the body is perishable and the soul does not die. The Guru of love wants a perishable body. Another good chance may not come again. Make your life fruitful. Break this earthen pot at the feet of the Guru. In this eternal wish the disciple came forward to sacrifice his head.

The Powerful pulled the disciple who was ready to sacrifice his head, by the arm and took him inside the tent. Then he came out with the blood stained sword. The congregation saw the blood stained sword and were sure that the disciple has been killed.

Now the doubt and fear in the minds of the congregation increased. On the clouds of doubt more layers of black clouds of awe overshadowed.

Again he came and stood. Again he challenged. This time the challenge was more forceful. Thrice, again he asked for a head.

Oh! Head! There was commotion in the congregation. Oh! Gone crazy! Oh! Seat of Guru Nanak and then..... head?

But See! One more poor but strong minded got up from amongst the congregation who were muttering 'Crazy'.

He prayed: From the day I bowed my head to you, it has become yours. It is something already given. It is already yours.

The Powerful caught hold of him and took him inside the tent. He made this Dharam Das sit next to Daya Ram and again came out brandishing a blood stained sword. Third time again, he asked for a head.

By this time some of the Cash Collectors had slowly slipped away and went to Mother Gujri ji and appealed to her: O Mother Gujri ji! The goddess has done some magic on him. The Guru is not in his senses. You put him under guard in the house and appoint your grandson on the Guru-seat. Then only this Guru-ship will go on.

On listening to this Mother Gujri ji sent one devotee to find out correctly what has happened.

In the town the news spread that something has gone wrong with the Guru and he is cutting the heads of his disciples.

But the Powerful dedicated to what he was doing went on like that.

Third time again, he came and in a challenging tone said: One head, some disciple may offer.

After calling thrice, one disciple named Mohkam, caste Namabansi, resident of Dwarka got up, came and bowed his head and said: You are the giver of life. Here is it. He took the embodiment of sacrifice inside the tent and came out brandishing a blood stained sword and in a challenging tone again said: One more.

The congregation was awed.

But again one figure stood up and said (cheerfully): I feel fortunate to offer my head under your sword. He was Sahib Ram, caste Nai, Bidr city.

Powerful took him inside the tent and came out brandishing the blood stained sword and challenged: Anybody offers?

When the congregation saw four disciples killed, then everybody felt grieved. Those who were sitting far slipped away. Some remained sitting dumb-founded. Some did not get up in shyness. Most people remained sitting but in double mindedness. Sometimes the mind said: The Guru is saviour, he is faultless, get up and offer your head. One has to die somehow. This is easy death in moments. Some thought that the Guru is under some spell of the goddess. He is not in himself. What is the use of giving sacrifice at this time?

But even then, one disciple named Himat, courageous (Himat means courage) who came from Jagan Nath and worked as water carrier got up and said: You wrote everything on my forehead when you were in the heavens. I bow my head to you.

He took this disciple also inside.

III

[Delightful]

The congregation became sure. Even this disciple is gone.

What happened inside?

The true Guru who demanded heads embraced all five and hugged them with extreme love and said: Yours 'I and me' is killed. You are my image. I am your image. You are now the Lord's beloveds. Recite the Lord's name incessantly. Remain immersed in the love of the Lord. After blessing them in this way, he came out.

The Thoughtful, who went inside as Powerful, has come out as Delightful. The blood stained sword is in the sheath.

All five safe and living have come out with the Guru like a family of stars comes with the moon.

The wondrousness in the congregation was out of limit. The dead are alive.

Who knows, the Guru has used some Supernatural power to make alive the dead or maybe some other happening that only the Guru knows. But the Cash Collectors are surely wrong when they said that the goddess has mesmerized him. Guru is Guru. He is not influenced.

Seeing the suspense of the congregation, the true Guru spoke (in a loud but sober tone): When Guru Nanak tested the disciples then Guru Angad Dev saved the honour of disciple-ship. In today's test, these five have saved the honour.

Consider the assembly of these five equal to me. Do not feel any difference between me and them.

Now the congregation understood: Oh ho! This was a test only. Why we remained deficient?

Then they thanked the Lord that at least five offered and the honour of disciple-ship was saved. If these had not come up, maybe the Guru would have dismissed us as he has dismissed the Cash Collectors. How great are these five disciples who have saved the honour of disciple-ship.

Everyone bowed to them in reverence. Sometime passed like this: The Guru sitting with the five beloveds.

Now from the congregation another disciple got up, hesitated and fell at the Guru's feet and said: Beloved Guru! Forgive me. I am your disciple through three generations. I have been blessed the spark of love from you. I was just waiting that my turn will come but it has not come. You take this poor head. Take it even though the time is missed.

Then another disciple got up and said: I am at fault but my love for you is at the core of my heart. If you dismiss me because I did not come and offer, then I will die crying. Without you I have no refuge. A third one fell at his feet and said: O true Guru! Five heads were offered with pleasure but you cut my head as a punishment that I did not come in the first instance. Why I loved my body more than your command? Now you cut my head. Then one more came. Again another got up and offered his head. This was the fifth.

When the Guru saw that many more are crying and repenting in love why they did not come forward to offer their head then he said: You are all mine. I am yours. You are not disloyal. The disloyal ran away. Some have run away two kilometres, some four kilometres. They are running and looking back lest any horse-rider might be following to catch them. You are my devotees whose mind wished to sacrifice but in fear you did not get up. You were in love. You were anxious about my welfare and you did not move. You remained sitting in front and did not detach the love-cord. You realize it as your fault. You are here only and now offering your heads. You are true disciples. You have not believed the rumours what others have floated that I have been influenced by the goddess. You stuck to your faith in me. These five who are sitting with me are 'Ideal Men'. You all are true disciples. The congregation is great wherein 'Ideal Men' and true disciples have passed the test. This community is living whose life is these five 'Ideal Men'. I am delighted that five 'Ideal Men' and you all true disciples have passed the test and I see more disciples in the making. O friends! I do not require lives. I do not wish to kill you. I wish to infuse real life in you. I have killed the 'ego' in you and brought a godly figure. I wish to infuse in you 'detachment from love of body' and 'fearlessness of death' and give you love of the Lord that will elevate your mind. That is why I asked for heads.

For some more time the true Guru in lustrous glimpse stood like a moon surrounded by five 'Ideal Men' like twinkling stars. Then the Guru accompanied by the five 'Ideal Men' left. The congregation went to their respective homes.

[Nectar]

Where disciple-ship was tested yesterday, where the sword asked for heads, the Cash Collectors trembled, the congregation sat dumbfounded, today a throne is set. The congregation is sitting composed.

On all four sides soldiers carrying arms are standing. A large quantity of sacred sweet is stocked on sheets.

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh is sitting on the throne in white dress.

In the front is placed a steel bowl. In the bowl is water and in the water is kept a double-edged sword.

In the front are standing the five 'Ideal Men' dressed in white. Around their waist are shorts, around neck are shirts, white turban on head, waistbands and shoulder-belts where hang the swords. They are standing with hands folded.

The congregation is in ecstasy. Today, no fear has crept in their mind. Everybody is in wondrousness to see what shall be the next miraculous-ness of the Guru today.

Meanwhile, the Guru asked the selected five beloved 'Ideal Men' who had passed the test of the sword: O dear! "Waheguru" ('O Lord') is the Holy name that Guru Nanak gave. Chant "Waheguru" ('O Lord') with extreme love and attention towards Him.

All five started chanting.

The Guru's own powerful and benevolent hand picked up the double-edged sword and rotated it in the water. His sacred lips opened and started recitation of the Holy Scripture in such a melodious tune that created waves of ecstasy. The waves of ecstasy elevated everybody's mind. Everybody was in rapture.

Now came most sacred 'Mother Jeeto Ji' immersed in the Lord's love always.

The congregation in great respect made way for her. Everybody bowed their heads to greet her. Like the morning sacred breeze blows softly through the fragrance loaded flowers in the garden, the goddess of sacredness moved her firm and delicate feet forward. The goddess came just near the throne and with a smiling face and blossoming forehead she opened her smiling lips and said: 'My share also'. Saying this, from her lap she added pure white shining sugar bubbles like shining stars to the bowl in which the 'Delightful' was rotating the double-edge sword.

She said:

My share 'love'

In peace and courage 'love'

In detachment and exuberance 'love'

My 'love' Your 'love', 'Love of the true Lord'

'Love', courage, peace

On seeing this, the Guru looked up with graciousness and said: Your share shall be added first.

The goddess mother, the true mother, prophet of 'love and sacredness' mother, 'Mother Jeeto Ji' after adding this share sat near and looked towards everybody with a loving glance.

Now the Guru has combined Spirituality and courage together.

After reading the Scripture he stood up. He asked the five 'Ideal Men' who had offered their heads yesterday to recite the first stanza of the scripture Japu ji five times. Then he sprinkled the sacred nectar that was prepared in the steel bowl on their foreheads five times.

After this he asked them to say in a loud voice:

'Ideal Man' is of the Lord
"Waheguru Ji ka Khalsa
Victory is of the Lord
Waheguru Ji ki Fateh"

Five times they sipped the sacred nectar.

Five times the sacred nectar was sprinkled on their foreheads.

Five times the sacred nectar was sprinkled on their heads.

Every time they said loudly:

'Ideal Man' is of the Lord
"Waheguru Ji ka Khalsa
Victory is of the Lord
Waheguru Ji ki Fateh"

In this way he made them drink the sacred nectar.

Then he gave a command:

You have drunk the sacred nectar of the Lord.

You have been blessed the Lord's name.

You recite the Lord's name 'Waheguru' 'O Lord'.

You have understood the Lord in the Scripture.

Your faith in the Lord should ever remain.

You are 'Ideal Men' of the Lord. You are 'Ideal Men'. You belong to the Lord. Victory is of the Lord always. Thus: Victory is yours always.

Get up early in the morning and recite His name and sing His praises. His praises are written in the Scripture.

You have to read the Scripture regularly. Don't ever be lazy in reading the Scripture.

Reading of Scripture and singing of divine songs do not miss it any day.

Name and Scripture shall be your support. Then he told the practice of traditional theological rules. He emphasized to keep hair unshorn.

This place where the Magnificent Guru created "Ideal Man" (Khalsa) became known as Keshgarh. He said: Do not keep company of unholy people. Love each other.

He gave a command: From today, you are resident of Anandpur (Town of rapture).

Father: Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh. NameSingh. Singh is brother of Singh.

Serve the community even if you have to make a sacrifice. "Five of you and the community", I live in you.

Seventh Test

'Ideal Men' have been created. This was the ideal that the Guru created from his Super consciousness that was always tied to the Lord's feet. Six tests were over now one was left that was Guru's self-test.

The Guru was perfect, is perfect and shall always be perfect.

For us the Guru means a preacher only. He is the Guru-soul immersed in the Supreme soul. The Guru is without fault.

Then who should test him and what is the need to test?

But the miraculous looks towards Guru Nanak.

When the disciple Bhai Lehna became perfect, then he gave the Guru-seat to Bhai Lehna and made him Guru Angad.

Giving Guru-seat to a perfect disciple was his own test.

Look! Now the Guru got up from his throne and came down and said: You five are my image now. You make the nectar and give me.

On listening to this the entire congregation felt wondrous. For once, they thought what has happened to the Guru? But then they thought these are his miracles that we do not understand.

On the other hand the five 'Ideal Men' are in a quandary. He is the Master and we the servants. But not complying with his orders is insulting the Master.

Then the Guru said: The Lord has said: I honour my saints. Similarly, I honour my disciples.

All five thought that he has elevated our mind from lifelessness to life. He has given us a blossoming life. It is our duty to obey his orders.

Then the Guru drank the sacred nectar that the five 'Ideal Men' prepared.

One disciple in extreme love said:

Wah! Wah! Guru Gobind Singh

Himself the Guru and Himself the Guru-disciple

This slogan is remembered by Guru-disciples up to this day even though centuries have passed.

This wonderful action of the Guru denotes his greatness and self-sacrifice that he did throughout his life for the community, for the suffering subjects and for the world. This does not mean that we should become impertinent and consider ourselves equivalent to the Guru. That would amount to disrespect.

After drinking the nectar, the Guru went and again sat on the throne.

The 'Ideal men' remained respectful to him always. The Guru is our real father. Even today we consider him as Guru, real father and true King. The 'Ideal men' always touched their foreheads to his feet and remained in Guru-love and faithfully devoted. It is our duty to remain like that.

This is the greatness of the Guru. The Guru came to this world to allay the suffering of the people for the good of the world.

When the Guru sat on the throne again, then he announced:

Everybody should drink this sacred nectar and become 'Ideal Man'.

The Guru-disciples in thousands drank the sacred nectar and became 'Ideal Men', 'Men of Integrity and High spirits', 'Men with valour'.

The Guru said: The fundamental principle of 'Ideal Men' is remembrance of the Lord and recitation of the Lord's name with love. 'Ideal Man' is he, who is immersed in the love of the Lord, has good character, is fearless, in High spirits, has love for brothers, has spirit of sacrifice, is delighted in giving comfort to others, is delighted in service to others and has love for humanity.



19.

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh Counsels Hill Kings

Now the 'Ideal Man' ready, absolutely ready, handsome, Guru-blessed, from the Guru's mind, from the Guru's Super consciousness, from the high unseen spheres adopted a form, a beautiful appearance, became visible on earth and could be seen moving and walking on the land at Anandpur.

News reached Aurangzeb and it became widely known in the entire country that Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh has created a community of 'Ideal Men'.

The Hill kings got the news in the first instance. Now they again deliberated. The Guru has created disorder while staying in our state. What shall be the consequences? All the kings assembled at Bilaspur to deliberate on this topic.

They discussed: Many times we fought with the Guru, many battles were fought but we gained nothing. Now he has discarded the old type of religion and rituals and increased his armed strength. What is best for us to do?

The deliberation at this juncture was of a disunited nation. Some said: If our kingdoms are saved, then we agree to what the Guru says that the Muslims are bent upon barbarism and living as such is worthless. If with some effort they can be vanquished, that would be the best. But they are strong and united. Who can withstand their might?

After some discussions it was decided, "We should ourselves go to Anandpur and see what the Guru says and does."

It was finally decided that the kings go to Anandpur. Seven kings were selected and from amongst them the King of Bilaspur was to be the spokesman.

One motive for them to go was to see the wondrousness that they heard every day about the Magnificent Guru's marvels.

Secondly, they were always in fear of their safety from the ruler of Delhi. Since in their heart they were against the tyrannical rule, they wanted to see the armed strength that was coming up to fight tyranny.

They had also planned a show off to tell the ruler that we had gone to get the secrets.

They reached Anandpur. The true Guru welcomed them and they were given a nice place to stay. All comforts were provided.

The Kings saw the 'Ideal Men'. They saw their form and figure. They were impressed with their bold and authoritative personality. They saw lustre on their faces. Their distinctive features indicated that they can allay the suffering of the people. They can vanquish tyranny. But in the process of vanquishing tyranny they were afraid of their own kingdoms. Sometimes, however they became bold and delighted. They were in this double-mindedness.

It was now time for the meeting. Carpets were laid under a well decorated Canopy for the meeting.

The Kings came and got a glimpse of the beloved Guru. They bowed down, asked his welfare and congratulated him. They talked diplomatically and then came to the point: "O Magnificent Guru! How your 'Ideal men' shall vanquish the tyrants? You being a religious prophet and on the seat of the prophet of peace Guru Nanak, how your taking to the sword is justified?"

Magnificent Guru: These 'Ideal men' shall fight tyranny and nothing more. The Muslims are tyrants. The first Gurus have tried to reform them and make the Hindus courageous. The Muslims in their position as rulers have not stopped tyranny and now they are exceeding limits. The Hindus even after becoming religious and courageous have not united themselves as a nation. As such it has become necessary that those who have imbibed religiousness from the Gurus should be united. These people have won over death. They live in remembrance of the Lord. They live at the feet of the Lord. Now the time has come. Either the religion perishes or these 'Ideal men' save it. "To save was for the kings to do. But now this duty has come upon the saints to save the country. It was the duty of the kings to save. But now this has come upon the saints to save the country because you do not unite and come forward to face risk. More than two third of the country is ruled by Hindu kings. The kings are lifeless and lacking enthusiasm. They are disunited. The subjects are dying. They are blind. They do not understand. The people have neither life in them nor courage. Neither the kings get united nor are they bold. Neither do they have spirit of sacrifice nor are they virtuous. That is why now the saints have picked up the sword."

Ajmer Chand: Religiousness preaches mercy and in a battle one requires to kill. How shall religiousness and sword go together?

Magnificent Guru: That is why the 'Ideal Man' has come from the heaven down to earth. It has come from the sphere of soul and landed on earth through the edge of the sword. The soul and sword have mixed in the nectar. Iron and sweet have dissolved totally and become one. These are the 'Ideal men', 'Men of the Lord'. These 'Ideal men' born by dissolving iron and sweet shall allay the suffering of the world.

Ajmer Chand: Is this 'Ideal Man' a new religion?

Magnificent Guru: This is not a religion with hatred or enmity or discrimination. It is without caste, creed, race, dynasty or clan. All castes and creeds have been combined. It is an 'Ideal from the heaven' of a man who has 'real' life in him. This is the total reality of the prophet of peace Guru Nanak's created community of 'saint-men' who are peace-loving. But it shall vanquish the enemies of peace, if need arises and shall compel them with their sword, to live in peace. Inwardly, they are in remembrance of the Lord. They shall live in fearlessness. To those who threaten, they shall threaten them to remain in peace or make them incapable of threatening, so that people live in fearlessness. With their sword, they will fight injustice, so that people can live a religious life without any fear.

Ajmer Chand: O true Guru! Your ideals are very high. You can infuse this 'saint and soldier' spirit in your men. You are on the seat of Guru Nanak. But O lord! One Muslim eats one goat in a day. We eat lentils and wheat flour. How can we fight them? How can the sparrows kill falcons?

Magnificent Guru: The sparrows shall kill falcons. Lentil and wheat flour shall eat trees. The goats shall eat lions.

Ajmer Chand: What you say might be true but we do not perceive as such. How shall it happen?

Magnificent Guru: You have seen the personality of an 'Ideal Man'. But these personalities collectively are a community. You have seen 'Ideal men' in markets or valleys but they are more than what you have seen. They are collectively one community i.e. steadfast community. This community is not like the community of Muslims that for themselves they do not wish to die but for people of other religions they are united in looting their lands, houses, wealth and brutality. In this community everyone is brother to each other. These 'Ideal men' are ready to sacrifice their lives. They have already given their heads. They have given up attachment to body. They have detachment of body pain as they have realized the Lord. They have no worldly desires.

They have no love for passions or wealth. They are true ascetics. You may ask; why the ascetics have collectively joined to form a community? It is for the reason that the tyrants are destroying religion and giving suffering to the people. The people burdened with misery are lamenting and wailing.

They are forming a community so that they remove the suffering of the people and become rulers of justice and show to the people how to rule with justice. This is the community of these 'Ideal men'. Their ancestors loved the Lord since nearly two hundred years and even now live in 'recitation of Lord's name'. Their souls are immersed in the Supreme soul and they live in eternal happiness and ecstasy. They have met the Lord and collectively formed a community. They have high ideal. They have happiness and exuberance of their inner mind that is tied to the Lord. They are not hungry for the happiness that comes from wealth and possessions of the world. Their inner self, their soul is immersed in the Supreme soul and they have incessant sensation of the Lord in their mind heart and body. They have come together with a vow to root out tyranny even if they have to sacrifice their lives. Each one is 'Ideal Man'. Their association is 'Ideal men'. Their organization is formed by the union of soul and sword. This organization is 'Ideal men'. I am an 'Ideal man'. Every disciple of mine is 'Ideal man'. A group of five 'Ideal men' is equal to 'Guru'. Every disciple of mine has this high ideal in him. Every 'Ideal man' considers that everything that belongs to him belongs to 'Ideal men'. They have come together as mine. They are my sons. They have become brothers. They are a family. Their kitchen is one. Their religious preacher is one. Their desire is one. Their appearance has been made one. Their name is one 'Singh'. It is one body and all are the limbs. They are not just an organization, they are 'One body'. Their becoming a community is becoming 'One body'. The limb is not separate from the other limb. 'Ideal man' is never separate from 'Ideal men'. O Kings! This is the brief description of the 'Ideal man' without whom the suffering of the world cannot be vanquished. This is the high ideal that shall rid the world from suffering. Once, I had told your father and yourself that it is your duty to allay the suffering of the people. I had also said that people are dying. A new ideal from the heaven shall come down to earth then only the suffering shall go. You get ready to join hands. The fallen communities cannot rise without a new heavenly ideal. Today again I invite you to come forward, become 'Ideal men' and hold the reins. Your dynasties will rule for centuries.

Ajmer Chand: O Magnificent Guru! Ours is Hindu religion. You have discarded the Hinduism based on the four-fold division of human life and society. You have discarded the system of caste and sub-caste. You have

discarded the system of chastising. You have discarded the practice of a separate cooking and eating place. You have made one common kitchen and eating place. You have not discriminated against the low caste and untouchables. You consider them as equal to upper caste. It is difficult for us to accept all this. Then, you are a saint. You can kill the Muslims with your Supernatural powers. We are weak kings. We cannot withstand the power of Muslims.

Magnificent Guru: O King! See your Rajput ancestry. You were sent from heaven to allay the suffering of people. Remember that. At that time you combined several castes and made one caste i.e. Rajput and you saved the religion of the people. Today, the Muslims are grabbing your families, wives, daughters, your wealth and possessions. There is no self respect and no sense of honour in the country. Some kings give their daughters to the rulers. Where is the religion? Where is your high caste? Where is your chastisement? Where is your purity of kitchen? Temples like Vishvnath have been demolished and mosques constructed thereon. Hindus are being converted into Islam by use of sword. The Pandits have run away from Kashmir. Whoever has stayed back, they have embraced Islam and are working as slaves. In Kandhar and Sindh, all have embraced Islam. In every house and in every village people say the Muslim prayer and keep fasts according to the Muslim Calendar. The Hindu fasts and religion has vanished. When a Muslim Priest gives a verdict under Muslim religious law that 'So & so' King's daughter be married to 'So & so' Nawab, then the King takes his daughter in a palanquin with dowry. Where does your religion go at that time? What to talk of religion, no sense of honour is left. Your sense of honour and self respect has all gone to dust. There is no freedom. The kingdoms are Contractor-ships only. Custom duty and taxes have been imposed on Pilgrim centres. Where is your religion? O King! Are the Indians living or are lifeless? Or is it Alas! Life! O King! The 'Ideal men' that I have created are truly religious. I have adopted the appearance with full grown uncut hair and beard that is the traditional form of man. This form keeps the Spiritual strength protected. This form is impressive, dominating, dignified and elegant. No community can live whose body is not strong and splendid.

King: Let us remain in this caste system. Imbibe courage in us.

Magnificent Guru: The community that has been dented with cowardice and slavery that has developed deep cracks due to the caste system and has become lifeless cannot be put to life without being born anew from a pit of consecrated fire or a lake of nectar. Instead it is a matter to fear that they might infect and kill the living with their cowardice.

King: It is difficult for the upper castes it is easy for the lower castes to drink your sacred nectar.

Magnificent Guru: This caste system has weakened the country. O King! First it was traditional Hinduism based on four fold division of human life and society. That became ego of caste. Now thousands of castes have destroyed the unity. Because of your weakness the Muslims are ruling. O King! How can a country become free when the system of upper caste and lower caste has torn the relations between brothers and brothers? O King! You are several hundreds who possess territories, properties, wealth, money, arms, elephants, horses and soldiers but you are powerless and weak like slaves. If you become united and imbibe spirit of sacrifice, then you see whether the slavery is vanquished or not. Rid yourself from the ego of upper caste. Unite. Then you see the magnificence of being united. Listen! O King, my true words. If you Rajputs, Khatri and Brahmins do not wish to drink the sacred nectar and do not wish to live a new life by becoming 'One', then other castes will surely come forward and downgrade the ego of caste. Time will come when you will realize the ego of caste and creed as a great evil and will have social relations with lower castes but centuries shall pass in slavery. Yes! Today is the time to realize and liberate the country.

King: What you say is right but to give up the rituals of religion requires thinking.

Magnificent Guru: What I judge is that you will keep on thinking and thinking and thinking and time shall pass. I have given you a choice. The command from the Lord has come. That is unchangeable. The vast empire of Muslims who are rulers, tyrants and murderers and whose fear makes the Hindu kings shudder shall fall down like a pack of cards.

King: Their kingdom is swelling like a sea from Istanbul to Brahmaputra. Won't their rule remain in India?

Magnificent Guru: It shall not remain. And who will vanquish? Those whom you call low caste those whom you consider untouchable in your presence.

King: That time might come after the death of Aurangzeb. Let us wait till then.

Magnificent Guru: Who has seen tomorrow? Now is the time to rise. Become a limb in this community and take the reins in your hands. The world shall be saved and you shall ever live as courageous. One has to die one day. One may die enjoying worldly comforts or one may die after winning laurels by sacrifice. You can gauge the difference.

Ajmer Chand said: O Lord! O Magnificent Guru! Your advice is very forceful. We want time for thinking. At this time only a few kings namely Handoor, Guler, Jaiswal, Kathgarh have come. Now all of us shall meet and deliberate, then we shall let you know.

In this way after giving an evasive reply the kings departed.

The message of the true Guru reached all the kings but they remained stuck in the marsh of slavery in which the Muslim tyranny had pushed them in dishonour since centuries. They were told that what the Guru had advised was for their welfare but their rat race for selfish ends, ego of caste and self-interest did not let them rise. The Hindu subjects and the Hindu kings who were stuck in the marsh of slavery, they did not rise. They did not!

After the kings departed, then the true Guru addressed his own congregation:

You have got a sensation of the Lord in your mind, heart and body by recitation of the Lord's name. Your soul is enlightened. You have taken a vow of sacrifice. You have got a new life. Your mind is awakened from lifelessness. Your sublime minds are in my lap. I have made you my sons and one family. You are a family of 'Ideal men'. I have given sword in your hand and made you 'One body'. You are 'Chief Ideal Men'. You shall not do evil with the sword. You shall root out slavery and tyranny that has overpowered the country. "O Ideal men, People are lifeless. The kings are stuck in self-interest. If you whose minds are awakened do not rise, then the world shall perish. There shall be no religion. Freedom will never come again. The suffering of the people will not go. If you whose minds are now awakened rise with the roar of a lion, then the vicious rule shall vanish. The lifeless people will become full of life. Time will come when the people will perceive your deeds and appreciate."



20.

Villagers of Noh Reformed

True Guru, Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh created 'Ideal Men' (Khalsa) in 1756 Indian calendar i.e. 1699 A.D. Peace loving Sikh community is now brave swordsmen community.

Brave swordsmen need diplomacy. In diplomacy people do not mind telling lies, deceiving and hypocrisy as a tool. Their thinking is that they must succeed in their plan, they must fulfill their target. They must succeed, may be in whatever way. They will not care for duty, character, cleverness or money. This was the way of the world.

But the true Guru did not approve of this type of diplomacy when he armed the 'Ideal Men' with swords and guns. He showed a new path to the world. He told his disciples not to abandon goodness, duty, character or good conduct. Take support of the Lord, the Holy Scripture and Name of the Lord. Then be courageous and brave.

Magnificent Guru and all incarnations never compromised truth with underhand machinations. In the last battle at Anandpur the invaders made false vows and showed meanness but the true Guru remained steadfast on truth. The invaders won but with lies and viciousness. The true Guru stuck to his promises and stood on truth. He did bear the loss although outwardly in the eyes of the world it was 'Loss' but Magnificent Guru has mentioned it as 'Victory'. He wrote a letter to Aurangzeb. He named it 'Sign of Victory'. According to the world it should have been (Sign of Loss). But from the moral point the Guru was victorious. From the moral point of view Aurangzeb and his accomplices had lost. It was their loss.

At that point of time one could not perceive how the Emperor of India has lost but the seeds of his loss had been sown and the moment he passed

away, his empire crumbled like the broken string of a kite. That is how the Guru named it 'Sign of Victory'.

It meant: O King! This letter is a sign of your loss and my victory.

For the true Guru, duty, moral character, good conducts were of primary importance to his mind. He taught the same principles to his brave men. He had shown to the world that in words and in actions one can remain religious in the world. Religiousness, piousness and bravery can go together. In his times and even afterwards the Guru disciples demonstrated the truth to the world. True Guru had molded the Sikh culture in the die of pure moral character. The 'Ideal Man' (Khalsa) was created and the entire community was rejuvenated to 'Ideal Men' (Khalsa). Those who were tolerant and enduring tyranny became merciful and eradicators of tyranny. Earlier those who were at service in this way were selected ones and lesser in numbers. But now the Guru ordered every disciple to drink the sacred nectar and keep arms. The result was that everyone became a swordsman and became skilled in gun-shooting and swordsmanship.

Poet Santokh Singh writes: Those who had never even dreamt of fighting, who were afraid even to listen to the name of fighting, they drank the sacred nectar and became valiant. They became eager to keep arms. They became so alert that they kept arms on their body day and night.

Previously, when the disciples came and were harassed on the way, they endured. But now they resisted any harassment and fought even if they had to die. They did not fear.

Noh village existed on the way to Anandpur. The Ranghars inhabited it.

When a group of Guru-disciples passed from there, the Ranghars decided to loot them. They thought: They seem to carrying lot of money that they are taking with them for the Guru.

All of them got together and encircled the group. Those, in the group, who were armed, were few. They fought back but could not bring them under control. The Ranghars looted the entire money of the Guru-disciples.

The disciples who had become penniless reached Anandpur in great distress. Some were in wounded condition.

On listening to their heart-rending experience the true Guru in a challenging tone said to the valiant: See! This is great injustice meted out to my disciples. We must give punishment to the looters. The 'Ideal Men' (Khalsa) were already in great enthusiasm and in high spirits. Immediately they got ready to retaliate. Quietly they mounted an attack on Noh village.

The Ranghars of the village never expected that they will get the fruit of their sin so soon. They did not consider the 'Ideal Men' (Khalsa) to be so brave. They were caught unawares.

The musicians were beating the drums and 'Ideal Men' were following. It appeared that they are going for hunting as they were not too many. When they reached Noh the villagers saw that some 'Ideal Men' have come but they just saw them and kept standing unmindful. When the disciples attacked them, then only they realized that they have come to retaliate. Then they ran to bring their swords and guns and came to fight. Without talking to the Guru-disciples they started firing. The Guru-disciples became sure that they do not wish to compromise, they want to fight. Now from this side also the Guru-disciples shot from their guns and fought with swords. This side some Guru-disciples fell dead and that side some Ranghars fell dead. Now from one side the Ranghars came forward to fight. On the second side the Gujjars of the village came forward to fight. When some Guru-disciples fell dead then the rest of them went into rage to fight. They moved forward so swiftly that the Ranghars could not even use their guns. They were overpowered and they shouted: For the sake of your Guru forgive us.

The valiants did know what was the Guru's order? So they kept on fighting.

The true Guru was waiting at a distance and watching.

Meanwhile Bhai Daya Singh arrived and advised the Ranghars, "Fall at the Guru's feet if you want forgiveness". So most of the Ranghars and Gujjars threw their weapons and fell at the Guru's feet.

True Guru said: You are forgiven. But live in peace. If you loot any Guru-disciple again then I will not forgive you again.

In this way, the Guru-disciples got all their looted money back. This quick punishment had a salutary effect in the entire area and people started respecting Guru-disciples (Khalsa). Many criminals who used to harass and loot Guru-disciples in connivance with officials started fearing.



21.

Bhai Nand Lal Blessed

Once, Guru Nanak set his sacred feet at Kandhar a hustling bustling town of Pathans. He blessed the Lord seekers stuck in hindrances on the religious path namely, Yar Wali, Shah Sharaf, Khatri and some more. Guru Nanak left this earthly abode in 1539 A.D. and now it is 1693 A.D.

In a town named Ghazni that is 300 Kilometres approximately on the road from Kandhar to Kabul is born a beloved of Guru Nanak.

Yes! The same Ghazni from where Mahmood came and looted India seventeen times devastated and made Lahore a base for alien rule of strangers.

This place is mountainous and its height from sea level is similar to that of Shimla.

The beloved soul that has born today was named Nand Lal. His father is Hindu. His name is Chhaju Ram, caste is Khatri. He left his loving hometown Punjab in search of livelihood and came to Ghazni and settled here. He was Master of Persian language and expert in managerial skills. He got appointment as Reader to the Ruler and lived a comfortable life giving comfort to others.

Self being educated, it was natural that he liked to give the best education to his son. Chhaju Ram got his child Nand Lal admitted in a very good school and himself taught him at home so that he becomes proficient in learning.

Many children were born to Chhaju Ram but they died. His age was fifty years when Nand Lal was born. His temperament naturally and because of these shocks was soft. He was religious minded and had a great desire to have a son. Along with educating him well Chhaju Ram also endeavoured that his son should have a religious bent of mind. At the age of twelve he had become proficient in Persian language. Seeing his up-coming son so proficient in

learning Chhaju Ram was extremely delighted and wanted him to study more and more.

In the meantime, one ascetic who was Guru of Vaishnav sect of Khattris came to Ghazni to collect charities. Ghazni was populated by Pathans. To get such a chance was rare. Chhaju Ram himself was a Vaishnav. He thought it is fortunate that the ascetic has visited here. This would be the best chance to baptise the son. He should wear the sacred necklace and get the Holy hymn and become bound in the rituals.

In this thinking he fixed a date and called the ascetic to his house. The ascetic was pious and simple but he did not have true spirituality in him. He had no knowledge of the soul. He could complete the rituals of initiation but he could not satiate the thirst of the soul. Nand Lal was a child with amazing intellect that his poetry in later age proves. Secondly since he had learnt enough, his mind had the reasoning and trend to explore. The child had read books on character building and other religious books. How could he be satisfied by the rituals of an ascetic that he thought was an empty ritual?

In the house all arrangements were made. The ascetic came to perform the ritual. When the auspicious time came, the ascetic picked up the necklace for tying around the child's neck.

Then Nand Lal with respect asked: O pious ascetic! Why do you want to put this necklace round my neck?

Ascetic: O child! We will initiate you in Vaishnavism. You will be a Vaishnav devotee from today onwards. This necklace shall save you from the messengers of death. This shall be the signet that you are a Vaishnav devotee. Then I shall give you a Holy hymn. You shall read it every day at least once. You won't remain without a Guru. You will be my disciple and I shall be your Guru.

Nand Lal: Excuse me O ascetic! By wearing this I shall be tied in bondage. I shall be your disciple and you shall be my Guru. For the future, the door shall be closed for me. I shall not try to seek any Guru. Maybe if I am able to get someone who may be able to give salvation, then I shall have to break this bond and that shall not be good. Please do not bind me in this ritual. When I come of age I shall find my Guru. When I am satisfied, then I shall wear the signet.

Ascetic: O son! This is a tradition in the family. What you have said is very intelligently said. Maybe it is written on your forehead, you shall find a true Guru. But there is no harm in wearing this now.

Nand Lal: To accept a Guru again and again shall become a play. I am

inclined towards Scripture that I can recite with my tongue. It should be praise of the Lord. My inclination is towards 'recitation of the Lord's praise'.

Ascetic: O child! Your inclination is great. May the Almighty give you the Scripture! I do not have what you desire. The Guru who has shall himself give you.

Saying this, the ascetic went away to his residence.

Father thought that the ascetic has got angry on the child refusing to wear the necklace. Then he talked to the son: O son! This is a family tradition and it is necessary. If you do not agree then the family shall get a bad name. Moreover the ascetic has got angry.

Then Nand Lal with hands folded said: O father! I do respect your wish but the ascetic said that by putting the necklace round my neck, I shall become his disciple and he shall be my Guru. But I have not perceived him as a Guru. I shall search for a Guru myself. To fix a Guru today seems superficial to me. I do not like to bind myself in this way.

Father felt satisfied on listening to the words of the son that were true. So he kept quiet. He thought what the child has said is correct. I should not press him further. He might feel despair.

Then the father went to the ascetic for forgiveness. But the pious ascetic said: Your son already has lot of knowledge of religion. He is a seeker of the Lord. He is in search of a real saint. He will get peace of mind when he finds a real saint. To force such fortunate children is not proper. I am not the least angry. I wish that your family prospers. Ever remain in delight.

Chhaju Ram bowed down but because of sentiment of love and fear of society he talked to his teacher at the school and his colleagues to persuade him but Nand Lal did not agree.

He said: I have a longing in me and I wish to search for a true Guru. If I accept a guru now whom I do not perceive as a guru, then I shall be unhappy. Otherwise I do not wish to disobey my father.

After this, the father never talked to him on this subject. The matter ended and Nand Lal got busy in furthering his studies.

II

Another five years passed. Neither he wore the necklace nor married he remained busy in learning. At this time his dear Mother passed away. He had to bear the shock. There were only three members in the house. One father, one mother and he himself, now two remained. Another two years passed since mother had died. He was still engrossed in his studies. He got another

shock. His father passed away. The shock was too severe. He was left alone in a foreign country, foreign rule and foreign environment. But one has to tolerate whatever happens. He endured this shock also.

When the rituals of the father's death were over, then the relatives and friends suggested that we go to the ruler and request him to give the job that father was doing to you. You are intelligent and proficient. You will be busy. They say work is real worship. Accordingly a prayer was made to the ruler. The ruler was quite happy with Chhaju Ram and knew that Nand Lal is intelligent and proficient.

He said: I will give you the job that your father had. You are intelligent but since you have no experience, you do a job at a lower level and gain experience.

Nand Lal understood what the ruler said but he became sad. This sadness increased so much that he decided to leave. He packed up everything and quietly accompanied a caravan, reached Punjab and travelled to Multan. He liked the place and decided to settle here.

He had brought money from Ghazni that was saved by his father. As such he was not in a hurry to seek employment. Here, he selected a place near Delhi Gate, purchased land and built a house. Soon this place became a Colony and became thickly populated. It was named Aghapur. Reason being that the servants who had come with him from Ghazni called him Agha. (Agha is a Persian word, meaning Master)

Nand Lal had a social nature. He was very well educated and wealthy. Soon his contacts became large. His ancestral relatives respected him. Although he was without a job but his circle of friends grew and they admired him.

In this way he got married to a girl from a wealthy Khatri family. This increased his superiority complex and his mind elevated. Already he used to meet saints and was in search of a true saint. He had not worn the necklace that the Vaishnav ascetic had suggested. He had not found a true saint that he was looking for.

Some time elapsed since he had married. He noticed that his pious wife gets up very early in the morning, has her bath and sits quiet for some time. Then she recites something in such low voice that one can hear the tune but cannot understand the words. The intelligent mind that he had, felt that there is something unique in my wife as compared to other ladies and that is due to whatever worship she does in the morning.

Then one day he said to her: O fortunate lady! Whatever worship you do in the early morning and the recitation you do later is something very good

and I like it immensely. It appears you are afraid that I might not like it. That is why you recite so softly. I am not against worship. Do not have any fear. In fact I would love to listen.

In this way, she started reciting the Scripture loudly as was her nature in her parents' house.

When Nand Lal heard the recitation of Scripture, his ears filled with love, his heart felt coolness and his mind appreciated the meaning of the words.

In this way he came to know that this Scripture is from Guru Nanak and my wife is not a Vaishnav. She belongs to a Sikh family. She has love for Guru Nanak deep in her heart.

By listening every day, his love and respect for the Scripture swelled and he thought: Maybe by having a glimpse of the fountain of this Scripture my deep wish of finding a true saint is fulfilled. Slowly he got good faith in Guru Nanak and recitation of Scripture became a habit.

In the city, everybody talked about his proficiency in Persian. Even the Chief of Multan heard about him. Judging his intellect, the Chief appointed him as his reader. For a long time he stayed at Multan and carried on his job, he got prominence in the department due to his intellectual proficiency. His colleagues became jealous on this account. This jealousy increased day by day. But this did not affect his job.

III

A day came when he thought this was not to his liking and he resigned his job and made him free but he continued to stay at Multan. When he was forty he got a son who was named Lakhpat Rai. After another two years another son was born and named Lila Ram.

Upbringing of the children was an interesting responsibility that gave pleasure. For a few years his mind remained absorbed in this task. But the desire of meeting a true saint that made him refuse wearing the necklace from the Vaishnav ascetic was not fulfilled as yet. By recitation of Scripture his desire to meet Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh who was on the seat of Guru Nanak became intense.

One day at the Gurdwara the musician sang the following:

O Farid! See! How white your hair has gone

Future is near. Too far the past has gone

It meant death is near.

Nand Lal thought: I am already fifty. According to the Hindu scripture, it is time to renounce the world and in the Gurdwara also, the message is clear.

How long shall I keep myself entangled in children and wife? I have known the path but when the Lord's prophet is on earth, then how unfortunate it is that I remain without his glimpse.

These thoughts went deep and made his mind detached from family. The desire to meet the Guru became intense. He took leave from his wife for meeting the Guru. He asked her to stay with children at her parents' house, made the arrangements and departed from Multan. Two of his servants from Ghazni had accompanied him when he came to Multan. He ordered one of them to stay with the family and one servant he took along with him.

Moving slowly he reached Lahore. He stayed here for some time, visited the assembly where divine songs (*Kirtan*) were sung and then reached Amritsar. His happiness knew no bounds when he saw the Golden Gurdwara. The divine songs (*Kirtan*) and the Spiritual atmosphere elated his mind. In the Spiritual atmosphere and the wondrous blossom that is always there at the Gurdwara his mind felt the sensation of the Lord. Now he became restless to have a glimpse of the Guru.

He left Amritsar and moving slowly reached Anandpur. Here he rented a house and stayed. He has reached good age and gained lot of experience in life. He has already met many saints but none met his eyes.

The Guru whom he is longing to meet is young, majestic, no renunciation and no detachment is visible.

It is but natural that a matured mind would look before he leaps.

On the other hand his mind is detached, in despair, in longing. The divine songs (*Kirtan*) have already dented his mind, reading of the divine scripture has made him understand that the Master of Guru Nanak's seat is not just a saint or mentor but a prophet. Not just a prophet but a prophet of the prophets, the Guru-Almighty. He has heard that even in childhood he showed all signs of a prophet. He is intuitive and saviour.

Considering both these aspects his mind decided: I should not go to meet him straightaway. I should stay at a place and wait and see whether he himself calls me or not. If this wish is fulfilled then it shall be sure and certain that the Guru is the real mentor and intuitive. Then he thought that this might be lack of faith or say test of the Guru. But his intelligent mind said that there are two types of materials that burn in fire. One those that burn the moment they come near or touch the fire like paper or butter. Second are those that take more time like aluminium or gold. Similarly, seekers are of two types. One those who get faith by just a glimpse, second search and test and then get faith. Considering the times or my searching nature I am the second type.

Again he thought: Would it not be disregard? But my mind is confident and without doubt.

In this thinking he sat at home. He did not tell anyone what was in his mind.

The longing to meet the true Guru, he hid in his mind. The longing was deep in his inner mind but his outer mind wished to test. That craving in the inner mind swayed and in pull of pangs swelled but the outer mind in its decision to test tried to press and stop it. In this tug the longing to have the glimpse of the Guru gave more pangs.

Several days passed, he sat in his house. His outer mind is stuck in its determination to test. But the inner mind is impatient and jumps fervently and in pangs of love waits for a glimpse.

His servant who loves him from the core of his heart sees that his Master does not go out and remains sitting in the house. His eating and drinking is reduced. His face has turned pale. Often he heaves long sighs and his eyes that shone with his intellect and reflected his high knowledge on everybody are often full of tears and many times when he moves his lips or has a frown on his forehead, the tearful eyes shed tears and they slip down the cheek and shine like pearls in the bright beard as if they are looking for somebody with a deep longing.

The intellectual's servant who is in his service since long and has deep love for his Master is baffled but he does not dare to ask. He tries to give him all the comforts to make him feel at home but he is hesitant to ask. He is not sure what is in the mind of the Master and his asking might upset him more. A few more days passed. His servant tried his best to remain quiet but his distress and eagerness did not let him remain quiet and he stood with hands folded: O Master! What is your difficulty? What is your sadness? I cannot bear your sadness and restlessness. No doubt I am a servant but you do tell if I can do something that may bring comfort to your mind. If this useless body cannot give comfort to its Master, then when shall I be useful? Be benevolent and order me.

Nand Lal who was immersed in love was already in tears. On listening to the words of love he became more emotional and the tears that he was trying to hold back started flowing in torrents. He tried to speak but his lips wavered and throat stopped.

The beloved servant felt more distressed on seeing that my Master has some problem that is distressing him so much. Sometime passed like this. The servant is baffled in his love. The Master on one side is in the longing of his lord and on the other side is emotionally feeling the distress of the servant.

After sometime Nand Lal's tears stopped and he heaved long sighs. He felt cool and a bit comfortable. Now his lips opened and he said: O Child! Don't feel sad. I am not distressed. I have some longing in mind that is giving pain and comfort together. You have not to worry. Lord shall listen.

This side Nand Lal was in love and pangs.

That side the true Guru felt the pull of love. The love waves reached his heart and his heart melted. Many times he would look this side and that side and in wondrous restlessness say all right and then become quiet.

One day he gestured to a disciple. When he came near then he said: Go there, one person around fifty years of age lives there. His name is Nand Lal. Go and tell him that the Guru has called you. Bring him along.

The disciple immediately went straight to that place and reached there.

Nand Lal was sitting on a carpet in the outer room. His eyes were closed but filled. His forehead showed calmness but signs of longing. His servant went inside and stood with hands folded. After a few moments he opened his eyes.

Then the servant said: One person has come. He says I am the true Guru's messenger and my message is that Magnificent Guru has called you and the order is that I should bring you along.

On hearing the words, 'the true Guru's messenger' that was a sudden message of wish fulfilled, he stood up but in emotion he almost lost his consciousness.

The servant finished what he said but no response came. So he repeated the same.

Now Nand Lal's inner mind said: See! Your wish is going to be fulfilled.

He thanked the Lord in his mind. He coughed softly and as if he had not heard anything, he asked: What did you say?

When the servant repeated the message a third time, then his tightly closed eyes opened. He saw around and saw upwards and said: Thanks! O Lord! You have showered your grace on me worthless. Then he looked towards the heaven. Then he looked towards the servant and said: My dear! Thank you. I adore your tongue. Thanks. For a few moments he swayed his head immersed in love. His eyes filled with tears of love.

The servant thought: It appears my Master has gone half-mad.

Nand Lal really looked crazy. His inner mind got a jerk by the sudden message of wish fulfilled for the glimpse of the 'Guru with the Plume' and the resonance of the same was giving him ecstatic pleasure and his mind immersed in that pleasure. Obviously, it looked like craziness.

The servant in love of his master is emotional. With a melted heart his head swayed.

Time does not stop. For us it appears it is passing. It passed. The moments that transformed the voices into wavy sensations passed. The inner mind that was capable to perceive the wavy sensations became tranquil.

Then he opened his tearful eyes and said: O child! Your tongue is great! Go child, give respect to the messenger. I am coming.

He got up. He felt the body has no weight. It is made of something that is weightless. He got up and started walking. He had hardly walked two steps when he stopped and said: Empty handed? O disrespectful! Empty handed?

Again he came inside, picked up some sweets and came up to the outer room, moved two steps and said: O disrespectful! See! Your turban is tied clumsily. Going to Magnificent Guru and with this clumsily tied turban?

Again he came inside, tied the turban properly, wore a shawl, picked up a gift of sweets and walked.

IV

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh is sitting in meditation in rapture. Musicians are singing ecstatic divine songs (*Kirtan*). The combination of the longish tune of the violin and the twang of the rebeck is enthralling. The musicians are playing the drum so softly that it appears their hands are just touching the drums like a swan not swimming but just sliding on water. The musicians are playing Sarang tune but sometimes they play Barwa melody and then exotically return to Sarang tune. It is giving a wondrous ecstatic delight. The day is descending. The waves of the music are giving a Spiritual emotional feeling. The ears of the listeners are attracted towards the music and the minds are elated by the praise of the Lord and are getting sensation of the presence of the Lord. The true Guru whose soul was always immersed in the Supreme soul was sitting in meditation in this Spiritual congregation when the messenger brought Nand Lal inside.

It would not have been proper to inform the true Guru at this time that he has come. He gestured to him to sit down in front of the Guru at a little distance and he himself also got engrossed in the sensation-giving and ecstatic divine music.

The true Guru is young in age. He has sharp features and is handsome. His face emits radiance and charms you. Beauty springs out and spreads from his face like the rays of light from a lamp. Besides the bodily magnificence the heavenly gracefulness, the beauty and calmness at this time is creating a

magical effect as if peace, beauty and wondrousness have merged into each other and are sitting in meditation.

Which beauty? Where the Lord of the Spiritual sphere is the beloved, one is immersed in His beautiful love, the Super consciousness is tied to the Lord's feet and the sensation of the presence of Lord gives rapture.

Which peace! Where one's mind is detached from the world and attached to the Lord.

Which wondrousness? Where the mind sees one aspect of the One Lord the creator the saviour and nourisher sitting on His throne and the second aspect as omnipresent here, there, everywhere pervading as love and revealing Himself in His name.

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh is sitting in meditation, not in renouncement and thoughtlessness but immersed in the love of the Lord, in His pull, in His love and has become 'One' with Him. He is living in this world with mind detached but attached to the Lord. He has the power to make your mind detached from the world and attach to the Lord and give you salvation here on earth and the next world too.

See! His grace gives you the wavy sensation of the presence of the Lord in your mind, heart and body. His grace makes you live in that sensation. He gives you the strength to immerse your body soul in the Supreme soul and live in blossom that shall ever remain in this world and the next world too.

Yes! The mind that was a poetic mind, the mind that was suffering in agony of pangs of love, the mind that had already become crystal so that it could immerse in the Supreme soul, today got a glimpse. The handsome had a glimpse of the King of handsomeness. The craving mind that had put hindrances of wisdom on itself and those hindrances were removed by the God of love, got a glimpse of the charming King of the heavens, the saviour of the world, the embodiment of graciousness, the Prince of splendour, the divine angel, the matchless elegant. Yes! He got a glimpse of the Master of radiance. Even his enlightened eyes could not bear the dazzle. It was a twinge but soothing. His mind said (silently): O King of graciousness! I cannot bear your dazzle. I have no strength to bear your splendour. O my lord! I cannot bear your handsomeness. O embodiment of brilliance! I cannot bear your lustre.

On seeing the radiant face of the Guru that was un-bearable, the amorist mind was elevated. His eyes closed. His head bent and bowed and touched the ground in reverence. How much time passed in this reverence? Nobody knows.

The delightful and benevolent intuitive mind that was immersed in the Supreme soul felt a pull. His enchanting nectar filled eyes opened. His nectar filled eyes that were showering nectar in torrents looked on all sides. Whomsoever he looked at got a sensation of the presence of the Lord. Whosoever looked towards the shower of nectar, his eyes got filled with nectar. All who looked at him, their eyes like a cup got filled with nectar up to the brim.

May Lord give the same nectar to us!

We who are reading this book in remembrance

We who are listening to even though centuries have passed

The God of love is looking for the prey towards which he has to shoot his love-arrows deep inside to kill. The target who on seeing the Godly lustre, had already said: I cannot bear your dazzle. The delicate amorist mind was already writhing. The amorist mind that already saw love-flames coming from closed eyes that already saw nectar being showered from closed lips that already saw lustre on the serene face, he already clamoured: Who can bear the dazzle when the eyes open? Who can endure the un-bearable? That is why he clamoured.

See! Those eyes have opened and are looking around for their target.

Yes! The eyes in search found their prey. That was the bent head touching the ground. One ray of love pierced the target. The body trembled and the pull of love-rays made him raise his head. He got the incessant recitation of the Lord's name in his mind, heart and body cells and ecstasy. He was not able to raise his head but the pull of love made him lift his head. He looked at the benevolent. He stood up. His feet moved a few steps and took him near the King of the heavens where the head bent and clamped the sacred feet. His forehead that was in strong desire to prostrate, intense longing to kiss and yearning to touch, fell at the loving feet. Yes! The amorist forehead touched the sacred feet of the fountain of love.

As and when Lord created the waves of beauty, the need of appreciation arose there and then. That is why Lord created appreciation along with it. Beauty and appreciation were created together. They were died in the same mould. Beauty has attraction for appreciation and appreciation has search for beauty. The confluence of both is delight.

At this time beauty and appreciation have met. Both have come together. Yes! Beauty and appreciation have met. Both have met and become 'One'. The amorist mind is immersed in ecstasy after finding the beautiful. The beautiful is immersed in the love and sacrifice of the amorist. The true Guru is appreciative of the intense love of Nand Lal.

The handsome and benevolent raised his hand and rubbed it on Nand Lal's head and said: Nand Lal! You are blessed.

Nand Lal got up and with respect sat down. He was not in semi-consciousness. He was intoxicated in conscious pure love.

The mind that is pure and detached from worldly pleasures becomes crystal. Then it gets a wavy sensation of the presence of the Lord. That incessant sensation gives ecstasy. Bhai Nand Lal calls it immersed. In comparison with others, he says: My religious brothers are always in full consciousness from head to foot. They are never intoxicated.

Nand Lal whose mind was in admiration and love and whose head was touching the handsome Guru's feet lifted his head. His eyes met the Guru's eyes. He could not bear the dazzle.

He writes: I cannot bear the dazzle from my beloved's eyes. If he gives one ray of his blessing, then my mind becomes elevated. For me this much is more than enough. Meaning: In his vision the true Guru's power is unlimited.

That is why he says: For me one ray is sufficient that shall give the live sensation of the Lord in my mind. I have no strength to bear more.

The real Lord seekers wish for the Lord's name that gives ecstasy.

By one ray of the Guru's blessings Nand Lal's mind got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in the mind, heart and body and he got ecstasy.

Nand Lal was an intellectual who had good knowledge of the Scripture. He had knowledge of all religions. He knew Hath yoga practices. He knew breath control practices. Yes! He got ecstasy by one blessed ray from the eyes of the true Guru. The name of the Lord that went deep into his mind also created a great dent of the greatness of the prophet Guru in his mind.

The true Guru opened his sweet lips and said: Nand Lal you are blessed.

Now he got the strength to bear the dazzle from the true Guru's eyes.

Nand Lal who waited for nearly half a century got blessed. The moment he got the heavenly touch, the 'cloud of forgetfulness of the Lord' on his mind in which he was living, even though he was a poet, intellectual, researcher, in piousness, in charity since fifty years went away and the sun of 'remembrance of Lord' rose. His mind was awakened from the slumber of 'ego and desires' of the world. He is now in the incessant recitation of the Lord's name. He feels fresh and cool. He is enthused and in ecstasy. He feels as if his eyes that were closed till now have opened. He has got a new knowledge wherein his mind is elevated. There was knowledge that was shrouded under a veil. The veil has gone and it can be seen and felt now.

Guru Nanak has worked some miracle that the mounds of influences of ages on the mind have got burnt with one spark from his eyes. But has the

God of love gone away after burning the influences of ages? No he has sat as sublime-love in the mind, heart and body, even in the body cells as Lord is all love. He is above time and space but he pervades in the world here, there, everywhere in the form of love. He reveals Himself in His name. Like, to join paper is gum, to join bricks and stone is lime, similarly the joining material for the souls is love.

Our mind when it becomes crystal is the soul. The Lord who is always living is the Supreme soul. Love is the cement to join the soul with the soul. There is no other way to join the souls.

When, the poet, scholar and devotee came home after being blessed by the heavenly fountain of love, then his loving servant became extremely delighted. Today, he saw lustre on his pale and drooping face. Then he saw the blossom of the lustre. He saw a smile on his lips, blossom on his forehead, glitter in his eyes, agility in his feet and vigour in his arms. He felt cool to see all that. Again he saw intently and realized that he is more exuberant than what he was at Multan.

Seeing this transformation, he was so happy that he had tears of happiness in his eyes. He fell at his feet showing how happy he feels.

It became evening, it is getting dark. It has become darker. Darkness is spreading. Suddenly the stars appeared in the dark sky and one could see the twinkling of the stars. It appeared as if the heavens have lighted lamps.

Bhai Nand Lal is sitting on a platform in his outer room. The servant got free from work, came and sat near. He is a servant but being in service for a long time, he is a well wisher and compassionate. He has a loving nature. As such he feels free to talk to his Master.

Love and freedom stay together.

But freedom and love stay at a distance.

Freedom without love degenerates.

But freedom with love remains in the lap of respect.

Greasy with love and melted with freedom, the servant asked: O master! I do not wish to disturb you in your gladness. You are sitting in meditation. But seeing you in so much gladness I expect some reward from that gladness.

Nand Lal: O Child! Say, what you wish?

Servant: You came here with joy. Then you lived here in seclusion. You sat in seclusion. Then you became so pale as if sick. I did not ask you I feared that your distress might increase but I was extremely anxious like a wood lying near a fire smoulders why my master is in grief? Why is he not happy? Why is he not in comfort? Today, that I see you so happy, won't you tell me

what was that made you live in grief and what has happened today that you are in exuberance?

Nand Lal: Do you know that I came here in search of a Guru?

Servant: Yes I know. But the Guru was here only.

Nand Lal: He is not just a Guru. He is the Almighty Guru and was present here. But my own mind became a non-believer. Not a non-believer in God but I wanted to test. I wanted to test my beloved. I sat with the intention that if the Guru to whom I wish to sell my head is intuitive then he should read my mind and call me. If he is not able to read my mind then I will take it for granted that he is not intuitive. With this intention I sat at home.

Servant: Then what was the need to become pale in grief and longing?

Nand Lal: O child! Since many years I cherished his pull in my heart. I came with great fervour and eagerness. After coming here when I blocked the fervour, then my body lost weight but the pull of love that was deep in the heart was something that could not go. That pull had gone deep in the heart after reading the Scripture again and again. It was not a new seedling that could be plucked in a moment. So, I became double-minded. I would block the pull but the pull would run to have a glimpse. A civil war in the mind is enemy of health of the body. In fact the pull increased when blocked. When it remained blocked then the mind sulked with grief. Then the heart meditated. How can one meditate on somebody not met? So I sat in prayer that you are intuitive, please give support to this innocent child of yours. Please send a messenger to call me. In this love-prayer I sulked and sulked. Saying this, his eyes filled with tears. He heaved a sigh then felt cool and smiled.

Again the servant said: O Master! Has my asking you disturbed your mind? Alas! I should not have asked you.

Nand Lal: No child, I am not disturbed. I just remembered the pangs of love.

Servant: Well! Are you feeling comfortable now? The Guru, you have determined as perfect.

Nand Lal: Yes.

Servant: The Guru that you have found, is he so comforting to you as you are to me?

Nand Lal (laughingly): Who am I? I am an insect. In what count am I? He is the true Guru. He is the prophet. He is prophet of the prophets. Saying this, again his eyes filled with tears. In thanks-giving and exuberance love-tears flowed. Then his eyes closed.

When he opened his eyes the servant again asked. You have got your wish fulfilled. Thanks to the Lord.

Nand Lal: Yes. The Principal has admitted me in his school after erasing all my faults. The worldly education takes time. The Spiritual education also takes time. But by the Guru has given me 'Lord's name' that has elevated my mind. I have got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in my mind, heart and body. I am old but I feel as if I am newly born today. To be born from the mother's womb must have been distressing, the result of which is crying. But this new birth has given profuse joy and wondrousness. There is detachment but with exuberance, thanks-giving and heart-pleasing. This detachment is not that one gets from seeing the perishable world and the shocks from ingratitude of the people that creates a feeling of disinterestedness and distress in the mind. It is detachment from worldly wealth but joy in the pearls of the Lord's name that I have found. In this joy there is no artificial exuberance, it is filled with thanks to the Lord, ecstasy and prayer. Oh, my education. My whole life I read. Almost half a century has gone in reading. This elevation of mind, this intoxication of 'Lord's name' in full consciousness, this Name that has permeated in the body cells and gives incessant sensation of the presence of the Lord, I had never known before. O my accomplished mind, I was ignorant but I considered myself perfect.

RARE TREASURE

Sensation of the Lord Divine

Transformed my mind to shine

Who is the Miraculous?

Who gave this bottle of wine

How could it be mine?

Without endeavor to seek divine

This is a rare treasure

Secretly rained by Lord divine

See O dear! The wealth that the Lord gave me, your share was there in that. All expenses of food, shelter and other amenities are bought from that wealth. It is for you and me. Today, I have got true wealth. In this true wealth, your share should also be there. Come! Tomorrow I shall take you there. You may also get some wealth of the Lord's name. You may also get a drop of the Name nectar. Our fortunes may remain together.

Servant (with tears in eyes): Yes master! You wish to give the Lord's name. That also should be through you from your hands. The wealth, the Lord has not given me directly. This wealth of Name also should be through you. O Lord! That is my prayer. Please bless.

Bhai Nand Lal was today sitting in extreme devotion. He was drinking the Name nectar. He had found the cup of Name nectar full to the brim overflowing. He was drinking the same and was in rapture.

See! When one lives in the presence of the Lord, then everything becomes wondrous. When the servant said his prayer, Bhai Nand Lal went into deep emotion. The servant's deep love for the Master gave a wondrous feeling.

His mind said: Don't be proud that you are an intellectual and God has blessed you. See! When God spreads his love then he does not care whether the person is intellectual or stupid or rich or poor. This servant is stupid with no schooling but how much love he has.

Again he said: O dear! I appreciate your love and respect for me but this is a different path. The Master of keys is the benevolent whom I have found today. He has given me wealth but he has not given me command to distribute. So, I shall get you your reward from there only.

Servant: It is the Lord's grace that you have got it. This is a true wealth that does not go. It shall remain with you. I am not in a hurry. Whenever I get, it is all right. For the time being, I am happy that I shall be serving a man of God and shall have your glimpse. Me poor, maybe if I get this true wealth I might not be able to endure. You are proficient. You keep it. I shall see godliness in your service. When the iron becomes hot it becomes fire. Men of God must become his image when they immerse in God. I should see you as an image of the Lord. Yes, you please go to bed.

Nand Lal: You go to sleep. I have to keep awake. I am enjoying some ecstasy. If I go to sleep it might go away.

VI

Nand Lal has got the sensation of the Lord in his mind, heart and body. He has got detachment of mind from worldly desires. He has got true Spiritual life. He is absorbed in this ecstasy and living happily at Anandpur. He has a glimpse of the true Guru often. In his mind he has the sensation of the Lord. He sees the Lord in nature ever present.

Time passed and his gladness increased. The early morning divine songs (*Kirtan*), the assembly in the evening and the glimpse of the true Guru kept him swinging in the cradle of joy. His love for the true Guru and reverence for him increased. Because of his closeness to the true Guru he understood the true Guru in all aspects. The more he saw him closely, the more wondrous he felt and the love and respect for the true Guru went deeper and deeper into his mind. What he had felt in his inner mind, he saw the true Guru as an image of the Lord with his worldly eyes also.

The true Guru now calls him Bhai Ji and bestows his grace on him often.

Nand Lal, in some of his writings, has himself mentioned that since the day I met the true Guru I made it a habit to get up early in the morning.

In this way time passed immersed in Guru-love. He spent time engrossed in the Lord's name. Sometimes when he felt like writing, he wrote poetry.

Bhai Ji became so much engrossed in the love of the true Guru that he forgot everything else. But the saviour Guru wished otherwise. He was carefree but always in doing goodness to his disciples. He wished that Bhai Ji should remain in separation. In this worldly living if somebody finds a true disciple he would not like to separate him but the saviour Guru is always in doing goodness to his disciples.

One day, the true Guru said: Guru Nanak's path is 'Living in the family with mind detached'. Have you renounced your family? Go and live a family life in the worldly ocean of fire. Work to earn but mind should remain attached to the Lord. This exercise is required.

Bhai Ji: Separation is death for me. How shall I live separated from you?

Guru: Guru Nanak has told the way, the crane flies thousands of kilometres away leaving the chicks in the nest. Who gives them food? Remembrance in their mind supports them. Remembrance is life. Remembrance is the support. Name is life. Remembrance is living. Recitation of Name is meeting. Living in recitation is no separation.

Bhai Ji, whose mind was attuned to the Guru's mind and whose Super consciousness was attached to the Guru's Super consciousness, in obedience departed.

The Lord tinkles the chords of attuned souls. He thinks of the Lord to show him where to go. His steps took him to Agra. He is attuned to the Lord who is the Master of destiny. The Lord took him to Agra and arranged a job for him. He got the job of Reader in the court of Prince Muazam.

See, the carefree student life at Ghazni, then separation of parents. Then living alone in India that was not his birth place, he felt as if in a foreign land. Then marriage, job and comforts. Then renunciation and feeling alone then visiting Amritsar and feeling wondrousness at Golden Gurdwara. Then Anandpur and self made imprisonment and pangs of love. Then the Guru glimpse, blessings and drinking the cup of Name nectar, the salvation while living and the ecstasy of salvation while living not knowing where the world is. It is Bhai Ji and the true Guru and swings of love and sways of Super consciousness, the crystal consciousness, mingling and immersion of body soul in the Supreme soul.

See! How the knowledgeable Guru has separated him from his own self and sent his loved one to the world of fire for some more goodness.

Yes! When the potter makes an earthen pot then he pats it with his hands but the pats work when the potter puts the other hand in the pot. The hand that he puts inside is the support of all pats.

After staying at Anandpur for almost a year, now Bhai Ji has separated to make himself strong in remembrance of the Lord while living in the worldly ocean of fire. This is a long period. Many years passed here.

In between he used to take permission from the Guru and visit Anandpur. He also visited his family at Multan often. His inner mind flourished more and more. That can be gauged from his poems.

VII

No particular events of his life at Agra are available except one or two. King Aurangzeb was not satisfied with the translation of some Arabic writing that his intellectuals did.

Prince Muazam told him: You give me a copy of this Arabic writing. Maybe I am able to give you proper translation of the same in a short time.

The Prince had much confidence and esteem on the intellectualness of his chief Reader.

Nand Lal, with his enlightened mind was able to solve the knots in Aurangzeb's Arabic writing. When the Prince presented the translation to his father then he was quite satisfied. He said: Yes. This is the right translation.

But King pondered: Such nice translation and elucidation is beyond the intellectualness of the Prince.

He asked: Have you solved this riddle yourself or have you taken help from someone? The Prince did not hide anything and told the truth.

Aurangzeb showed a desire to meet the chief Reader.

Next day Bhai Sahib presented himself in Aurangzeb's court. Here the solving of the riddle in the Arabic translation was discussed in detail.

When Bhai Ji elucidated all aspects of the translation, then Aurangzeb was amazed to see his intimate knowledge of Scriptures, his erudition and matchless intellect.

He gave five hundred rupees as reward and then Bhai Ji returned.

But the King's appreciation was accompanied by distress.

After he came out of the King's court, then Aurangzeb said to Prince: He is a Hindu. I do not like that. Convert him to Islam.

The Prince bowed his head and came to his residence.

He called Bhai Ji and said: Your intellectualness has become a devil for you.

The King wants you to convert to Islam. If you are happy to accept, then it is all right. The King will be happy and you will get an honourable high job. If you are not happy in this, then you see what you want to do. I have esteem for you. I won't force you. Whatever help you require, I shall give. But I am helpless. I shall not be able to save you.

Nand Lal: You have given me a highly secret advice for which I am extremely thankful to you. You do me favour that you allow me to go. I shall make my own arrangements. I have no desire to change my religion. I have already found. I don't have to search for a religion any more.

The Prince said: As you wish, you may go. I shall remember you were very faithful. If I need you, then please do meet me. Now do not tell me anything and solve your problem. If you need my help any more, then inform me secretly.

In this way, he left the Prince's residence and met Daroga Giasudin.

Since he was in charge of all Darogas he was called Chief Daroga. This person was pious and Lord-loving. He had gained Spiritual knowledge from Bhai Ji. He was in the incessant recitation of the Lord's name. He was in ecstasy. His inner mind was in blossom. When Bhai Nand Lal told him about his problem, then Daroga became sad.

When he told him: I am leaving shortly and secretly. Then Daroga became too sad. Separation from Bhai Ji was a loss to him. Bhai Ji's problem and the separation made him anxious. The heart that was full of Name now felt the pangs of separation.

He said: I shall go with you.

Daroga considered Bhai Ji as his mentor. So, he wanted Bhai Ji's permission to go with him.

Bhai Ji after some thought said: You let me go. Do not resign your job just now. You can take leave and then meet me later.

After such consultations, one night Nand Lal accompanied by his faithful and loving servant from Ghazni departed from Agra and proceeded towards Anandpur. This servant was a holy company and a support and source of comfort.

As per the Lord's will this servant left for his heavenly abode at a place of halt on the way.

What was the value of a servant in those days when servants were sold for a few rupees? But Nand Lal, devotee of Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh,

the prophet of freedom, had made his servant a holy man whom he loved more than a son. His mind felt sad on the sudden demise of his loving and holy servant.

For once, he thought: A respectful job is gone. The anger of the King is in the air, now this servant whom I could ask for a glass of water is also gone.

But Bhai Ji's mind does not waver. He understands that to bargain with the Lord is not love. Real love is to accept 'whatever the Lord does is good'.

The first step of man to rise from animal instincts to manly instincts and then saintly instincts is to change the animal instincts. They have to be changed and not killed.

They have to be changed to saintly instincts. This is educating the mind.

To kill the instincts is the way of Hath yoga. The body becomes ill when you kill the instincts. The instincts can be killed by Hath yoga but many times the mind goes reverse and the body becomes weak. By Hath Yoga if the mind becomes defiant then the body suffers. If the mind is not defiant and bends itself by Hath yoga, then the mind does not remain healthy. It becomes subdued and stifled.

Then, how to win the mind?

We have to win it by reasoning and counselling, by lecturing, by preaching, by listening to divine songs (*Kirtan*) and by reading the Scripture. In this way watchfulness comes in the mind.

When we do not go the Hath Yoga way to kill the animal instincts but use reasoning, listening to divine songs (*Kirtan*), reading the scripture and remaining in high spirits, then the inner strength that controls the mind becomes watchful. With that watchfulness, then we recite the Lord's name. By recitation of Name, the body and the mind remain healthy. The mind becomes well-educated, enlightened, remains in self control and remains in blossom.

A disciple is a disciple so that he imbibes the Guru's teachings.

Imbibing the Guru's teachings is to make oneself well-educated and elevate the mind and make the soul flourish. Then the sufferings, sorrows, separations, bad experiences are the experiences through which one learns to rise.

Name breaks the shackles of un-restrained and hidden relationship vices.

By recitation of Name, the five fires of the body, namely, sex, anger, greed, sentiments and pride are extinguished. Then they become a support for the mind to elevate. All five are transformed and become beneficial for the mind to rise.

One should not kill the mind. One should only kill the evil instincts from the mind. How to kill? These should be turned to saintly instincts.

Similar are the sufferings. The persons who are in recitation of Name, for them the sufferings of separation and family grief become stairs for the mind to rise while treading on the path of Name.

For Bhai Ji it was a big ordeal. But he is in detachment. He realizes that the world is perishable. He is not baffled to say: O Lord! I am your disciple. Why have you taken away my loving servant in my travel?

Bhai Ji is now a saint, a Lords' beloved. He is immersed in the love of the Lord. He understands that the marvel is that the mind should rise and accept suffering and despair as Lord's will. The soul should flourish more and more and remain in high spirit. The soul should immerse in the Supreme soul. As the mind was engrossed in worldly desires earlier, now it should remain engrossed in the incessant recitation of the Lord's name.

When the mind is engrossed in incessant recitation of the Lord's name, then the mind becomes crystal or we say sublime mind or Super consciousness.

This Super consciousness is like a wire whose one end is tied to the Lord's feet and the other end to the mind. By induction of the Lord's name the Super consciousness becomes live. It is not an assumption. It is real. One feels the sensation. The pull of love in the Super consciousness is its strength. The one end that is tied to the Lord's feet sends waves of divine music. The resonance of the same at the other end sends waves of joy in the body.

Then, sufferings, comforts, sorrows, happiness and separation act as exercises. So, the ordeals, difficulties and sufferings make the mind that is in recitation, strong like the exercise with club makes the arms strong. It is difficult for everybody but it is true.

The Lord loves everybody. In difficult times He Himself gives succour but the disciple, if he makes a condition that no difficulties should come to him then only he will recite Name, then the mind shall not become strong. It will rather become weak. It will become strong and rise only if it crosses the ordeals and considers them as Lord's will and accepts the Lord's will and wins over the ordeals with the support of the Lord. The more one crosses the ordeals in this way, the stronger he becomes.

We have to rise from animal instincts to saintly instincts, gain experience and become well-trained. These are the Guru's teachings. The Guru teaches you to recite the Lord's name so that the dirt on the mind is washed. Then one feels the ecstasy of Name. One feels the presence of the Lord.

The bodily pleasures become alien and get transformed into ecstasy of Name.

What are the animal instincts? What are the habits that make you go after these instincts? Understand them and see how low a human has gone?

We have to bring virtuousness in our habits i.e. first we have to understand fair play and virtuous conduct. Then we have to imbibe righteousness, humaneness, goodness and spirit of service in us. Then we have to recite the Lord's name incessantly and immerse our mind in the love of the Lord.

In this way, we become 'Ideal Men' where all our actions are as a giver. We should not live in discontentment, meaning we should not live in desires. We should not desire for beauty, wealth, house, property, fame, promises and expectation of service from anyone. We have to change our habit of expectation of anything from anyone. We have to refrain ourselves from desires. We should remain without desires, generous and in the incessant recitation of the Lord's name, immersed so much in Lord's love that it overflows as bestowal.

At this stage our habit becomes to allay the suffering of people. The mind remains in the incessant recitation of Name and dyed in the love of the Lord. This incessant recitation keeps us in high spirits and does not let us stoop down from remembrance of Name or habits or action and deeds.

When we remain immersed in the love of the Lord, then we live in blossom, delight and eternal happiness. This blossom neither changes nor goes while living and after death.

With all this education we can say we are well-educated. It is called Name. It is called 'Education of Name'. The Guru's teachings give this education.

Bhai Ji's saintly mind did not go in despair and sorrow. He became emotional in pure love. He buried the body of his servant, prayed to the true Guru for peace to his soul and prayed for strength: I may be able to swing the club that is heavier than before. You give me strength that my Super consciousness that is keeping me in high spirit might not become weak or bent, rather it should become stronger than before. Also, please bless that my Super consciousness should remain in flexibility and not become hard like dry wood like the consciousness of un-educated preachers that is dry, hard and non-flexible.

When the branch of a tree is connected to the tree, then it is soft and flexible. But when it is cut off, then it becomes dry wood and inflexible.

Similarly, when the mind is in remembrance, then it is connected to the Lord and is soft and flexible. But when the mind goes into forgetfulness of the Lord, then it is cut off and becomes hard and non-flexible like the cut branch of a tree.

Three or four days passed like this. In detachment of mind he recited the name of the Lord more earnestly and felt the Guru close by.

In prayer, reading the Scripture, singing of divine songs (*Kirtan*), recitation of Name and accepting the Lord's will, he overcame the sorrow and the Lord's devotee came up in high spirits: O Lord! You are my support. I am dependent on you. I will look at your door. You are high, you are the highest.

I had a little support from this servant because of his love. I had a little support from this faithful servant because of his being sympathetic. You are sympathetic and friend. You can provide any number of sympathetic servants and friends. I have to detach myself from all worldly supports and tie my Super consciousness to your feet. You are my strength. You are my only support. I am clinging to you by remembrance. I should remain connected to you always. This connection should never break.

He was swaying in ecstasy, remembering and talking to the Lord in his mind when his friend Daroga Giasudin reached.

O Lord! You are my high support. You have sent me a companion as a human support. Bhai Nand Lal thanked the Lord. I thank you and I pray to you to give your support always. Whatever you shall give I shall accept but I should remain in remembrance of you always. Please keep the pull of love strong.

Now both of them travelled together and reached Anandpur. Bhai Nand Lal wrote poetry. He wrote some poetry while travelling also. Finally, he completed a book and named it 'Prayer Book'. When they settled down at Anandpur, then they went to meet the Guru. Bhai Nand Lal carried the book. He met the Guru after a long time. Then, he presented the book to the Guru and fell at his feet.

Bhai Nand Lal was now immersed in the Lord's love. The Lord's name had gone deep in his heart. It is said that the Spiritual stage of a person can be gauged only by someone who is himself Spiritual. Now, since Name had gone deep in his heart, he realized the greatness of the Guru, like only a jeweller can gauge the value of jewels. He felt ecstasy. His mind said: Whatever the Lord does, is for good. Probably, I never would have left the Prince's job and come in this ocean of rapture. The Lord showed the way. Now, stay here and like a river meeting the ocean, remain at the feet of the Guru.

The true Guru welcomed Bhai Nand Lal with deep love. He lifted his head with his hands and said: You are blessed! Then he picked up the book, turned some pages and read some poetry. He was glad to read. He said: you read it out.

Bhai Nand Lal stood up and read the book. The entire congregation was dazed.

The erudition was marvellous. The elucidation of the Holy Scripture was wondrous.

The appreciative Godly soul, the gracious, the loving Guru took the book in his hands and wrote on the cover page with his own hands:

It is full of Lord's nectar

Its name is 'Soul-awakening Book'

The true Guru named the 'Prayer book' as 'Soul-awakening Book'.

Bhai Nand Lal was humble. This book was full of praises of the Lord. The entire writing was full of what the Gurus preached and elucidation of Scripture was too good. Anyone who reads it shall become exuberant to recite the Lord's name and elevate his mind. The true Guru named it 'Soul-awakening Book'. Reading this book and by recitation of Name one shall get inner blossom of mind.

Giving an example, it says:

The ideal men of God appear to be worldly but actually they are detached.

Their soul appears to be prisoner in the body but in fact it is attached to the Lord.

Outwardly it appears they are attached to their sons and wife

Inwardly they are attached to the Lord.

Outwardly it appears they have desires and greed

Inwardly they are in remembrance of the Lord.

They remember the Lord by the tongue and in the heart.

The heart has become tongue and the tongue has become heart.

Salvation lies in recitation of the Lord's name.

The Crown of Guru-ship shall shine on the Guru's head.

I bow my head to the true Guru.

Fortunate is the head that is standing at his door.

It has come out of the worldly ocean of fire and has got refuge

In the Lord's ocean of cool nectar

Fortunate are those who write the praise of the Lord.

Fortunate are the feet that tread on the path that takes you to the Lord.

Fortunate is the tongue that recites the Lord's name.

Fortunate is the heart that remembers the Lord's name.

After blessing immense showers on Bhai Nand Lal the Guru looked towards Daroga and said: Mir Sahib! Are you fine?

Mir Sahib presented a gift to the Guru and fell at his feet.

The Guru blessed him with his hand and asked: Who is your mentor?

Daroga lifted his head that swayed with ecstasy. He did not speak but made a sign towards Bhai Nand Lal.

Alam Singh who was sitting near the Guru's feet said: Guru is he, who has no faults. Here is sitting the faultless Guru. Bhai Nand Lal is a disciple, an 'Ideal-disciple'. What are you saying in the presence of the Guru?

Mir did not say anything but the benevolent Guru, who was without desire for fame, carefree, King of Super consciousness, King of kings said: Alam Singh! You do not know that Bhai Nand Lal has realized me. He is immersed my love. You do not know, he has been blessed with the power to bless others. He is a Guru-beloved. He will remember the Lord and make others remember the Lord. He is great. He will make others remember the Lord. Bhai Nand Lal has become a Guru-beloved. His tongue and his pen will be the rows to cross the worldly ocean of fire.

On listening to these words Bhai Nand Lal trembled. His eyes filled with tears in emotion. For some time he could not speak. Then he made a prayer: O Guru! Bless me 'recitation of Name'.

Everybody had tears in their eyes in emotion. Even after getting so much praise from the Guru, Bhai Nand Lal is so humble.

Magnificent Guru, the perfect, listened to the prayer of his unique devotee, laughed and said: Nand Lal! You have realized the secret of remaining immune from ego and you are immersed in the Lords' love. It is recitation and remembrance that gives freedom from ego. When the mind becomes pure and free from ego and desires, then the Lord comes and sits on the throne of your mind. The snake of ego runs away by recitation. The radiance from the Lord comes to the mind by recitation. Then the Guru looked towards Giasudin. He blessed him with the Lord's name. He got ecstasy.

For sometime Daroga stayed at Anandpur. Then, as suggested by Bhai Nand Lal he went to Agra.

Bhai Nand Lal continued to stay at Anandpur.

He was immersed in the love of the Lord and Guru-love and the Guru's glimpse kept him in ecstasy always.

His family at Multan knew that Bhai Nand Lal has reached Anandpur. They wrote letters and asked him to come to Multan. When the Guru came to know, then he asked Bhai Nand Lal to go and meet the family.

Now it became like this, that sometimes Bhai Nand Lal would go to Multan and look after the family and then when he felt a pull, he would come to Anandpur. Here, he had constructed a house where he lived.

Once in the Guru's Hall of audience there was praise of those devotees who stayed in their own houses and had their own kitchens and served free food to travellers or needy persons. The Guru's kitchen was free to everybody but those who stayed at Anandpur for long periods also served food free considering food as the best charity. When the true Guru heard the praise, then he said: Yes. It is good.

The miraculous Guru one day put on the dress of a traveller and went and asked food at some houses.

It was a bit early. Wherever he went, somebody said: It is too early, come again. Some said: It is not ready. Somebody said: Come at this particular time. Somebody said: We have to wait for prayers.

He returned without getting food from any house. Then the miraculous reached Bhai Nand Lal's house. Bhai Nand Lal said: Lentil is ready, wheat-flour dough is ready you can take. If you sit then I shall make chapattis.

The Guru said: I cannot stay.

Nand Lal brought lentil and wheat-flour dough and refined butter and put it in front of him.

The Guru picked up the items and blessed him and came to his house.

When the congregation assembled then the Guru said: Amongst the householders Bhai Nand Lal's kitchen is worth praising. Then he showed the lentil and wheat-flour dough and said: One should not say no to a needy person. Whatever is ready, tell him. If he wishes to take, then give. He made the people understand that one should treat the needy as if you are needy.

One day Bhai Nand Lal brought a sword and belt and fell at the Guru's feet and said: You have raised an army of saintly men to fight the tyrants. You make me wear this belt and sword with your own sacred hands. I shall fight in the battle field with the other soldiers.

The Guru smiled. Then, he wore the belt and sword himself and asked one disciple to bring one pen. Again, the Guru said: O Nand Lal (giving the pen)! Take. This is the sword for you. Whosoever reads your writings, he shall infuse kindness, religiousness, recitation of Name and good character in himself.

This shows the Guru's greatness. How he kept intellectuals out of battles and asked them to do something that they were best suited to do for the good of people.

Bhai Nand Lal stayed at Anandpur for quite some time and recited the Lord's name. When the Guru perceived that he shall leave this earth after sometime, then he asked Bhai Nand Lal to go and stay at Multan and preach Lord's name there and enjoy the ecstasy of Name.

Separation is never comfort-giving but Bhai Nand Lal who was ever connected to the Guru and the Lord considered it a command of the Lord. In obeying the command he departed from Anandpur and reached Multan. Under his guidance Multan became a centre for preaching the Lord's name.

At Multan he got the news of Guru's leaving Anandpur and then again leaving the Chamkaur Fort. He felt very sad. Later he heard the Guru's victory at Muktsar and his stay at Damdama.

When the Guru departed from Damdama moving towards south, then Aurangzeb passed away. Aurangzeb's younger son Azam who was in the south announced himself as the king defying the Will left by Aurangzeb. Kaam Baksh another son of Aurangzeb accepted his kingship.

The elder son Muazam was at Kabul at that time. He announced himself as king and started his journey to India. Azam had a large army but even Muazam was trying to occupy the throne. At this time Bhai Nand Lal along with Hakim Rai met the Guru at Bhaghaur. Bhai Nand Lal who was immersed in the Lord's love from head to foot now met him as a messenger. The Guru was too pleased to meet him. Then he heard the message of Bahadur Shah to help him occupy the throne at Delhi. The Guru listened to the message from Bahadur Shah and said: We shall help him to occupy the throne at Delhi. He should promise to do justice, remain truthful with no ego of Muslim religion, punish the tyrant officials, handover the criminals who did crime to us. Nand Lal told this to the king who accepted all conditions.

In the battle between Azam and Bahadur Shah, the Guru's soldiers helped Bahadur Shah. Azam along with his two sons was killed. Bahadur Shah's victory was announced when he was at Agra. The Guru also came to Agra and stayed here for a few days. Nand Lal also stayed there for a few days.

From here the Guru went to the south.

Bhai Nand Lal passed away either at Agra or after reaching Multan at the age of seventy-two. He went to the Lord's palace so that he would be able to welcome the 'Magnificent Guru with the Plume' there when he arrives.



22.

Gulaba

The rage and oppression in the strategy and sword of Aurangzeb left no other option, for hordes of common people either of fear or greed except to embrace Islam. The boat-men, oil-men, weavers and the cattle-rearing tribe collectively embraced Islam. Quite a large number of washer-men as well as barbers and tribals became Muslims.

How these people were forced to embrace Muslim religion? A separate book is required to show that picture.

Here, we shall give the story of one husband and wife of Agriculture caste from Hoshiarpur who lived here in these days. All the friends and relatives of the husband were forced to embrace Islam and live with the agriculturist tribes.

Only this pair was left out.

Feeling alone in the world and surrounded by suffering, with a heavy heart they read the Muslim sacred sentence and embraced Islam. They were given the job of Gardener in the house of Dr. Abutrab Bahmni at Delhi.

Dr. Abutrab Bahmni was a descendant from the Bahmni caste of Golconda.

It is said that one Muslim servant of a Brahmin named Gangu became a king in the south. In remembrance of his Master he adopted his surname as Bahmni. Although the kings in the south were Muslims but they became known as belonging to Bahmni dynasty. Aurangzeb tried many times to bring the south under his rule and he fought many wars there. These kings in the south were five in number and had separate kingdoms of their own but were united as brothers.

Aurangzeb tried many tactics to break their unity. One of these was to invite one or two members of their families and get secrets of the kingdom

from them. Everywhere there are people who are not on good terms with other family members and they become betrayers on receiving money.

Dr. Abutrab was one such betrayer who gave all secrets of the kingdom to Aurangzeb. Aurangzeb in return conferred upon him the degree of Doctor and a big chunk of land and a bungalow to live a luxurious life.

So, this Dr. Abutrab, a learned man, soft in nature, carefree towards religion, in merry living made a big garden in his house near the fort and enjoyed life.

The Punjabis of agriculture caste after initiation as Muslims were given the job of Gardeners in his house. They did get a good job and place to live but embracing Islam under duress was a pain that pierced their hearts like a thorn. But the weakness of the mind that life should remain did not let them come out from this predicament. The oppression of the ruler had put them in this situation. Only the strength of the sword, the lustre of the sword could take them out and that they were not brave enough to use. They trembled. They spent life in this situation.

They knew gardening well. With their hard work the garden became flush green and flowers blossomed. Dr. Abutrab was delighted. Because of their good work he became very charitable to them.

He loved their children and gave rewards and gifts and kept them happy. The hapless couple considered all these comforts as rods of their prison like a bird living in a golden cage. They would not eat anything touched by Muslims. They never attended any function of Muslims nor invited anyone. When husband and wife sat together they heaved sighs that our religion has been wasted.

Sometime later, Aurangzeb required the services of Dr. Abutrab.

This was the time when the prophet from the heavens, the magnificent Guru was staying at Anandpur and was busy raising an army, when the saviour of the world was showering the Lord's name and announcing that the Name of the Lord is a bridge on the worldly ocean of fire, when the vanquisher of sin was transforming the sons of India who behaved like women into Manhood and from Manhood to 'Man with courage of a lion', when the true beneficent was removing the ignorance of the people by collecting learned men to translate the locked up knowledge into Hindi, when the Lord of the heavens was sending rays of graciousness to the world.

Aurangzeb was getting news from his fanatics that a Power is coming up, the seed of a Kingdom is sprouting that shall give light for vanquishing sin and for inner happiness i.e. happiness of the soul. One sheath is being made

from which shall come out a double-edged sword, one edge of which shall vanquish sin and the other edge shall give 'love of the Lord'. It will finish your rule of tyranny and it shall preach 'love of the Lord' and give inner happiness to the people.

Well! How could Aurangzeb sit unmindful on listening to this news?

Firstly he prompted the hill kings. But then he learnt that the hill kings have already been defeated. Now he got news from his news-agent that more preparations are on. Then he decided to send a detective agent secretly. This job he gave to Dr. Abutrab. He was given special instructions: "Go in Hindu dress, as a visitor and stay there un-noticed. Then write what you see with your own eyes. You also send your own opinion. Then after knowing your opinion, whatever order we send, immediately change your robes, pose as a messenger, give the message that we shall send and get a reply and send it to us or you try to persuade him as a third person as per our message."

On receiving the order Dr. Abutrab started preparations to travel. He got a Sindhi dress stitched and became ready to depart.

Only one cook and one servant were to accompany him because he had to stay secretly. He considered the Gardener family faithful and since they belonged to that side, they were asked to go in advance and arrange two houses separate but near. In this way he sent his Gardener and his wife in Hindu dress in advance. They used to cry having lost Hindu religion and were eager to regain it but they thanked the Lord that at least they are able to wear a Hindu dress.

On reaching Anandpur they rented a house for themselves and started living as traders. Then they rented another house for Dr. Abutrab.

When the Gulaba family reached Anandpur, then the Muslim awe disappeared from their mind. The everyday five-time Muslim call for prayer in mosques, the disputes of Sharia, the 'penalties of kill or put to sword a non-believer' vanished like a dream. The fanfare of horse-driven carriages, elephants, horses running in markets vanished from their minds. The noise of the market-place, the secret dancing in gardens, the drinking sessions in drawing rooms, all became a dream of the past. They got a house in a quiet, peaceful and secluded colony where if you go a little away from the city, it was all a kingdom of happiness and peace. The cool and beautiful river Satluj showered its beauty to the solitude and flowed in waves of peace.

The scenery of the hills, the mounts, the valleys and the greenery are turning the scattered mind into concentration of mind. When Gulaba and his wife saw this ecstatic solitude, their mind blossomed like a rose.

Slowly, they saw the goodness and greatness of 'Magnificent Guru with the Plume'.

On one side they saw the salaried soldiers of the deceitful King. On the other they saw the congregation of people loving each other. On one side they saw the people outwardly smiling and inwardly jealous. On the other side they saw the spirit of sacrifice of the Guru-disciples and their true love.

Although Gulaba was in service of the detective and he was doing the work of a detective day and night but despite that the influence of this place created a different effect on his mind. He was doing the work of his Master but his mind was being pulled else-where unintentionally.

The sweetness of the divine songs (*Kirtan*) took them near the audience hall many times. Sometimes when the divine singing (*Kirtan*) was arranged on the bank of the river Satluj, then both of them stood behind trees and listened to the divine songs (*Kirtan*). The handsome face of the true Guru that had a magical pull for the disciples influenced them also.

One day the coffin of a disciple of the Guru was being carried accompanied by a large number of devotees and the soldiers saluted the coffin with gunshots and the musicians played a sad tune to give respect to the deceased. The musicians also sang divine songs (*Kirtan*). What they saw now that the Godly soul, the 'Guru with the Plume', the King of his disciples came near the coffin riding a horse, got down from his horse, touched the coffin with his sacred hand and said: Go! Son! Go and live at the Lord's feet. Great is your coming to earth. You have made your life fruitful.

Gulaba went near the bank of the river and asked one disciple. Who was this man who has been accorded so much respect? The disciple said: This disciple was a worker who earned with honesty for his food. Rest of the time, he spent in the service of the congregation of the magnificent Guru. He fulfilled the needs of the disciples coming from far off places. He looked after the comforts of poor people. If somebody was ill, he would arrange medicines for them. Since sometime he became more compassionate for the blind. Wherever he saw a blind man, he would bring him here and get him food from the Guru's free kitchen. He made them learn music to sing divine songs (*Kirtan*). He taught them tailoring, so much that they could even put a thread in the needle. Some would do weaving. About four days back he carried a blind man on his shoulder and was walking back when the soldiers of the King of Bilaspur caught him thinking him as a detective and took him to their kingdom. He was told to cut his hair and become an Idol worshipper but he did not agree to that. Finally, they gave him a cup of poison to drink. He

recited the Lord's name and drank the cup and said: Maybe it is the Lord's will.

The king's men threw the body in the forest. But one disciple came to know of the happening and picked his body on his shoulder and brought it here.

In appreciation of his service to the people, his detachment from worldly desires and love for the Guru, sacrifice to save his religion, the congregation gave respect to him. The 'Guru with the Plume' who loves his disciples more than sons has given so much regard to him that you have seen with your own eyes. All kings run their kingdom by giving fear and force but our true Guru is the true King because he wins the hearts of his disciples with love and truth. The disciples are ready to sacrifice their heads but he loves them more than his own sons.

"Why have we embraced Muslim religion for this perishable body? How much shall we live? How much vicious are we that we have come to the town of the prophet to deceive him. It is a slur on our life, slur on our breath. We have desecrated the air, water and food. How good it might have been to invite death and gone to the Lord unblemished like this benevolent person." In this repentance the night passed.

It was daybreak. To their astonishment they saw the 'Guru with the Plume' standing on the bank of the river on a plain portion of land. He was wearing a light sandal, an under-wear, a short shirt, a short turban. One body like a dead body was lying on the ground. The 'Guru with the Plume' himself rubbed his hand on his head and said something to him and one disciple was standing close by. After a lapse of two minutes, the dead looking body got up and clamped the Guru's feet.

When Gulaba enquired more, then a disciple told him that the true Guru sleeps very little. Many times he goes out quite early in the morning. In the assembly, however, he reaches on time. Today he sat on a platform on the bank of the river in meditation. He got so engrossed that it became daybreak. Then he saw one body floating on the waters of the river Satluj and two travellers walking on the bank. The Brahmin said: Possibly he might be a low caste. I cannot touch him. The other was Muslim. He said: The figure appears to be a Hindu. Let him die. The more they die the better.

The 'Guru with the Plume' heard and said: He is the creation of my beloved Lord. The lifeless water in ignorance is going to destroy it. Saying 'his he jumped into the river and brought it out. With some effort he brought it to life.

Such glimpses of the 'Guru with the Plume' glimpses of the congregation of the 'Guru with the Plume' the miraculous-ness of the 'Guru with the Plume' are filling their mind with a longing that might not be fulfilled because they realize that Hindu religion is narrow minded. We cannot become Hindu again. However, they prayed: O Lord! We have no goodness in us. You shower your grace and restore our religion.

II

The fountain of all knowledge, the mind of all virtues, the creator of all arts, 'Magnificent Guru with the Plume' was also fond of gardening. He got gardens made at Anandpur. One was near the bank of the river. He got dug the bank of the river and made a beautiful flight of stairs and made beds of flowers and plants. Plants from all states were planted in this garden. Grapes and almonds, apples and pears, viola-odorata flowers and other fragrant plants, hill roses, many varieties of roses, cardamom and many type of flowers. It was almost a city of flowers.

Every year roots of saffron were procured from Kashmir and planted with such adeptness that it flowered at least once in a year and blossomed. High grass, reeds and shrubbery was planted on the river bank side of the garden. Jasmine, daisies, Basil, Lily, Amazon, Amaranthus, dahlias, gul mohars, begonias, balsam, peppermint, rose-cactus, rose-happy, wanderer, morning glory, sesame, sea lavender and many more fragrant flowers. It is wondrous that since the magnificent Guru was busy day and night in spreading the Lord's name, looking after the devotees and the task of allaying the suffering of the people that it seemed difficult to take out time. But the 'Guru with the Plume' took out time to see the garden and appreciate the work of the gardeners. Because of his graciousness the entire garden bloomed and blossomed all twelve months of the year.

Gulaba and his wife in their own flight of mind thought it impossible that our hands shall ever touch the 'Magnificent Guru with the Plume's feet. It might not be possible that our hands do some service for the sacred Guru. Like a plucked hair or a broken tooth or a cut nail, they could not come back to the same situation that they were in the beginning. Having lost hope they thought that if we can be of any service to the saviour of the world even by remaining at a distance that shall be worthwhile.

In this thinking Gulaba's wife made acquaintance with the Guru's gardener's wife and slowly made way to do some service in the Guru's garden.

They made flower beds and planted gold mohurs in such a fashion that when they blossomed it read:

*LORD IS THE ONE SAVIOR OF ALL MANKIND
WE SHOULD NOT FORGET HIM*

At another bed when the flowers blossomed they appeared as if a lady is standing. In this way they created a new art in the garden.

One day when the 'Guru with the Plume' came to the garden along with his sons, these flowers blossomed. On seeing this new art of planting he smiled but did not say anything.

On the other hand their devotion increased. Living in the Guru's land, a repentant heart did not require lessons. Seeing all the goodness everyday their mind got influenced enough and their devotion for the Magnificent Guru went on increasing.

The holy company of Bhai Kesra Singh, the senior gardener did wonders. They learnt Punjabi, read the scripture, did service, imbibed humility, remained away from vices and hypocrisy. They imbibed all the good qualities that they saw at Arandpur.

The winter became colder and the flowers started withering due to extreme cold. One day Gulaba and his wife noticed that the gardener is collecting flower pots of roses under a shaded area. When they asked the reason, then they came to know that the 'Guru with the Plume's birthday is near. The decorations will be on a large scale and flowers shall become scarce. That is why these flower pots are being collected and placed in shade to save them as much as possible.

Bhai Kesra Singh, senior gardener was not just a Gardener. He was very fond of service to humanity. Being in charge of the garden he often came across different type of people and would get good chances for service to humanity.

When Aurangzeb ordered assassination of Pandit Raghoba of Kanshi for the reason that he hesitated to agree to convert the temple into a Mosque, then Triambka Bai carried her only son Tilak Nath and in the robes of a man slipped out of Kanshi.

She had got information that she and her children shall be persecuted.

Alas! There was no place in a country of the size of India for this widow where she could take refuge and be out of the tyranny of Aurangzeb.

She recollected that when Kanshi Nath a good friend of her husband was tortured by Aurangzeb men, then he slipped away from Kanshi and took refuge at the feet of the tenth Guru, the 'Guru with the Plume'. She thought

that in this un-bearable times of tyranny, if there was any place for me to go, then it was to go to the 'Guru with the Plume'. So, after undergoing great hardships she reached Anandpur. As luck would have it, she came in contact with Karam Kaur wife of Kesra Singh. On seeing her in a tired state, Karam Kaur took her to her hut and was hospitable to her.

Triambka Bai as also her son were both ill. Karam Kaur gave her a small room next to her own hut and arranged a doctor and medicines and she herself looked after her. She considered all this as service to humanity.

To console her for the losses Karam Kaur recited the scripture. For peace of mind she made her recite the Lord's name.

Now this lady, wife of a Pandit, became hale and hearty and started doing some service. She would pluck Chambeli flowers and make garlands that she sent through Karam Kaur for the 'Guru with the Plume'. Karam Kaur had allocated one room for the Holy Scripture Sri Guru Granth Sahib. Triambka Bai soon learnt Punjabi language and read the Holy Scripture in that room.

In course of time Gulaba's wife came to know of the service that Karam Kaur did without telling anyone.

One day Gulaba's wife said to Karam Kaur. Since we have discarded our religion we are not worthy of staying near you but this lady is Hindu, why have you not made her drink the sacred nectar and got her initiated by the Guru?

Then Karam Kaur said: It shall be done. My husband and I are collecting gifts to be presented to the Guru on his birthday that is coming near. This learned lady is writing poetry for the true Guru. She will present it on that day.

Come with me and she took her along. In another hut she saw two young babies enjoying in a cradle and two hill maids were looking after their upbringing. On asking she was told that these two babies were born to a hill princess. Due to fear of her being killed, she put them in a small boat that drifted in a swift flow. My husband found them while bathing. We brought them and are looking after their upbringing. Money all belongs to the 'Guru with the Plume'. We are only doing service to orphans. The Guru has preached us to do service to humanity. This shall also be a present on his birthday.

Then she opened a bundle. It contained forty to fifty handbooks of the Scripture Japu Ji. She told that she and her husband wrote all this in the night time. The Guru shall distribute these to the disciples with his own sacred hands on his birthday.

Karam Kaur found that Gulaba couple had developed great love and respect for the 'Guru with the Plume'. She also loved them and wished that this couple should also be presented to the Guru on his coming birthday.

One day she took Gulaba's wife along and went to a friend's house and asked: O sister! What present are you going to give to the Guru on his coming birthday?

She replied: O sister! Who are we worthless to give a present but by the Guru's blessings, my hands have become fruitful. These two pairs of shawls, I have made. I shall present these if the Guru accepts.

Then they went to another house. There, they were told that one poor Rajput suffered wounds on his body and it became septic. We served him. By the grace of the Guru he has become alright. He reads the scripture and wishes a glimpse of the Guru. We shall present him to the Guru, that he may give him refuge.

In another house the lady said: I have not been able to make anything because I was away to Hoshiarpur. But one thing has happened that my sister and her husband were always fighting. They have reconciled. Now they are living happily. They will fall at the Guru's feet on his coming birthday.

In this way Gulaba's wife saw all these happenings of love and service.

Somebody had made embroidered sheets. Somebody made copies of Scripture. Somebody had stored wheat flour. Somebody made a copy of Sri Guru Granth Sahib and got its binding done. Somebody had given shelter to widows, malady stricken and orphans and preached them to remember the Lord. Some had done service to blind, dumb or crippled. Some had got roads constructed as a service or donation in the name of the Lord. Some had got a well dug.

All told, the devotees in eagerness to celebrate the coming birthday of the Guru had done some service and were exuberant to come to Anandpur so that they shall make these as presents in the hall of audience of the true King and get the blessings of the 'Guru with the Plume' and shall be gratified.

Gulaba couple felt wondrous to see this service of love for the Guru. They wondered what mercy of the Lord has brought us to this land of the Guru, to this small heaven on earth in the burning world of jealousy, envy, greed and pride. When the entire country is burning in ego, here this heavenly piece of land is sending messages of peace to the entire country. The leading preachers who have been preaching the Lord's name for a year are coming to present their service to the 'Guru with the Plume'. The Gulaba couple when they see them, they feel delighted and their minds blossom. But when it comes

to the point that we should also be blessed with the sacred nectar that gives ecstasy then they feel sad and in despair. They think that we are like a cut string of the kite that cannot be joined.

They were passing time in these thoughts when Dr. Abutrab arrived.

Gulaba made his stay in the house rented for him but their heart shook. Their mind that was going on the path of goodness suddenly got a jerk.

They thought: For what vicious work have we come here. Shall we eat the salt of the Guru's betrayer and become partners in this betrayal. It is shameful to live such life and shameful to do such deeds. But now it is not that mind that had imbibed cowardice by living in an atmosphere of cowardice. Now the company of lions had made the mind courageous. The heart that earlier was enfeebled now thumps that we shall give away our life but we shall not depress our pent-up feelings. We shall prefer to die than live a sinful life.

On the other side the mind said: We are eating the salt. He is the master. We cannot deceive him. They became double-minded with no way to go out of it.

Dr Abutrab asked about the work they have done. They just put him off.

Finally, one day Gulaba took out a sword and kept it in front of Doctor and said: You are our master. We cannot deceive you. You listen to the truth and kill us. Saying this he opened his mind truthfully.

The Doctor heard everything and then said: O Gulaba, I am myself not a Muslim who believes in Sharia. My ancestor was a Hindu. Even after embracing Islam he remained in the service of Hindus. When he became a king, then he might have followed the Muslim religion. But since I am educated, I consider the religiousness of these Muslim priests as worthless. You may adopt any religion. You are free to do so from my side. You take care of the Muslim priests at Delhi yourself. Rest is the work that we have to do. We should find out some secrets and write to the King at Delhi.

Gulaba replied: O Master! You do what you like, but so far as we are concerned you dismiss us from your service. We shall surely not take any part in this sinful work. We shall live our life in recitation of the Lord's name and make our life fruitful. We wish to do service to the poor and needy. Whether you allow us to go or you kill, it is up to you. We have eaten your salt. For that you forgive us. If not, then we shall earn and repay you every penny. If you wish to kill us, then we are present.

The Doctor kept smiling and Gulaba took leave from him and came away with his wife. The Doctor did not bother. Whatever he saw and heard about the Guru, the Doctor wrote to the King at Delhi.

Next day the doctor became ill. The illness was so severe that it appeared he is going to die. He writhed in pain, tossed and turned in pain like a mad person. Sometimes the temperature came down but again went up. It seemed to be typhoid. Both his servants who had come with him slipped away one by one. One of his nephews had accompanied him. He also slipped away in the thinking that this uncle is going to die. I should hurriedly go and take custody of the property.

When Gulaba and his wife saw this, then they thought: He is a Guru deceiver. Why should we bother? It is good if he dies. But then Karam Kaur whom they had told all secrets made them understand: He is your Master and a creation of the Lord. Whatever good or bad that he is, the Lord shall give him the fruits of his deeds as per His system. You are not the giver of fruits of deeds. Why you want to take it in your hands what is in the hands of the Lord. You serve him as a needy and in distress and gain the blessings of the Guru.

This was not an ordinary talk. It was a principle that went deep into their mind. Both husband and wife started looking after the sick man. Night and day they kept awake turn by turn and nursed. After about twenty one days, the temperature came down. There was hardly any hope of his survival but 'Whom the Lord saves, nobody dares to kill.'

On the one hand this unique service and on the other hand running away of the servants and his nephew made a deep dent on the Doctor's mind. His illness was such that he could see messengers of death at his door. The luxuries for which he sinned looked worthless. The mire from which the mind could not get out became lose. His body health restored but the mind did not come out of dejection. He feels the devotion of Gulaba and his wife and his heart feels their selfless service. He has also realized that whatever service they have done, it is because of this new religion that has gone into their heart. Then, they consider the 'Guru with the Plume' as a true Guru and know that I am a betrayer of the Guru. Instead of ill will they have showered love on me.

Great is this religion! Great is the prophet!

Great is his preaching! Great are his disciples!

This is the real true religion that is flourishing in this fortunate land.

His mind remained absorbed in these thoughts but he did not ask. Lastly, one day he asked Gulaba about the Sikh religion. Then Gulaba talked everything about religion. He narrated to him how the mind is elevated with recitation of the Lord's name. How much ecstasy the Lord's name gives? He narrated how the 'Ideal men' here do service in the name of the Lord without any ego. He narrated all what he had seen.

On listening to this the betrayer of the country, who never remembered God, Dr. Abutrab was dazed. But this daze was like a worm dazed on smelling the perfume of rose.

On one side was the deceitful and tyrannical rule of Aurangzeb.

And this side is the fragrant heaven of truth and goodness. Slowly and slowly the doctor started walking and moving out to see the wondrousness of the Godly soul, the 'Guru with the Plume' and his beloved disciples.

The hapless doctor could never imagine that love of the Lord and sword can go together. Here, one could see with his own eyes:

All the virtues that man can imbibe were present in the 'Guru with the Plume.'

All the virtues that should be in a prophet were present in the 'Guru with the plume.'

All the virtues that should be in the Lord relating to love of humanity and beneficence were present in the 'Guru with the Plume.'

Now the crooked and coiled like vermicelli mind started becoming straight like the snake entering its burrow. The magic of wealth, the spell of comforts and the illusion of passions fell off his eyes. His mind became appreciative of beneficence, sacrifice and to endure suffering for another's good. The conspiracies of sin, the grabbing of kingdoms by deception, the selfishness of Aurangzeb, the Guru's Spirituality and use of sword to save the religion and allay the suffering of people went into his mind. Slowly, his sympathy for that side vanished and instead he imbibed love for the Guru.

One day, the doctor in deep thought went downside of Anandpur and reached the forest area. There he saw a young but sturdy man lying on the ground. His one leg had a wound that was infested with insects and he was unable to move. He had become enfeebled due to hunger. One disciple of the Guru came and placed some food in front of him. Then he went near and put some pine oil on his wound and on the entire leg. After some time when the Guru-disciple was about to leave, then the doctor took him aside and asked him: Who is this man?

The Guru disciple told his name.

Then the doctor said: He is a known criminal. By your doing service to him, you are readying him to do more crime.

The Guru-disciple replied: O pious man! What you say is right. But to kill a suffering person or be cruel to a dead person is no courage. Let him be healthy. He should get some strength. Then we shall challenge him and kill. Then it shall be our bravery. Now it is a slur on our honour, courage and

bravery to give more suffering to a sufferer. Who knows with my service his heart melts with emotion and he becomes good. It is better to transform a sinner than to kill him. Because our religion is to vanquish sin and not kill. This man might be a sinner but we have no right to axe him. To eradicate suffering is to have mercy on the fallen enemy. The Guru-disciples are not cowards. They are courageous. They are engrossed in the love of the Lord. But in practice they are alert and brave. They do not nurture hatred or ego in their hearts. They protect women, child, sick, poor, sufferer or weak whether he is a friend or foe. The Guru-disciples see the Lord omnipresent, here, there, everywhere. They respect his creation. They serve the suffering enemy like friends. However, in the battle field, they challenge and kill the betrayers of the country. They consider this as valour. I have killed two lions with my own hands. They used to jump on travellers and kill. The Guru-disciples have no animosity with Muslims. If they stop tyranny and do justice on being requested to do so, then our purpose is solved. If not, then we have no option but to reform them with the sword. We just want to fight tyranny.

The Doctor said: You have said well. But you tell, why have you come in the service of the Guru to endure sufferings and face death needlessly after leaving your house and family and away from your friends and relatives?

The Guru-disciple replied: To make our life fruitful. 'The body has to die'. This we have realized. The attachment to body has gone. As such the desire for passions of the body has also gone. In this realization we come to the conclusion that this perishable body should be put to some goodness. According to the Guru's counsel, no better work of the body is visible except service to humanity. This is making the body fruitful. Then our aim of life i.e. to meet the Lord has been met when we started living in the incessant recitation of the Lord's name, in His presence. Our body soul immersed in the Supreme soul and we got eternal happiness. If you see deeply, then you will find that the world is in suffering. Everybody is in desires for his own comforts. Being uneducated, no one hesitates to give suffering to other people for his own comforts. This vicious desire is the cause of all suffering of the world. Next, the body becomes ill. Everybody is not a doctor. Even if he were, he cannot take preventive steps. Whenever he forgets to take precaution, illness will come. In this way many types of sufferings come. Along with these nobody has control over death. Nobody can stop it. Nor is there any time fixed for it. Nobody knows when it shall strike the body. When it comes untimely, then it creates extreme suffering in families, relatives and friends who had the support from the deceased. These sufferings are extreme. Then the body does not

remain young always. One is young then one becomes old aged. In old age even without any illness one feels despair. Now you see minutely. The forceful and rich by their greed and vices are putting the majority of people into suffering. How many hearts sleep at night in sighs? The jails are full of those who instead of enduring suffering for another's good are there because they gave suffering. They made virtuous women suffer. They made pious men suffer. They made thousands of blossoming hearts lose their blossom. The illnesses have filled thousands of beds saying alas! Alas! Death has brought suffering to millions. Thousands of widows are in wailing. Thousands of mothers are in wailing. Thousands die of hunger. People love passions that bring misery and death. If you see minutely, it is suffering all over. Now what is worth considering is that when the Guru counselled that the body is perishable and the attachment of mind to this perishable body is the cause of the cycle of births and deaths, then we detached the mind from the body but by detachment of mind neither the body goes nor it wishes to go. However it appears like a cover on the soul. When one is immersed in the love of the Lord, then one is in ecstasy like a fish in the sea of ecstasy. That is why the inclination becomes to allay the suffering of the people. When with some inconvenience to our perishable body, some suffering of anyone goes, some tearful eyes stop tears, some painful heart can be saved, some burning heart can become cool, then we love to do goodness. Our brothers think that if by our counsel or writing some brothers might get rid of ego and do service to the people, then why should we not put this perishable body in this service? In this thinking, we have given our mind, heart, body and money to the beloved Guru and the Lord. We have nothing, we are nothing. All belongs to the Lord. Our soul is immersed in the Supreme soul in the sea of rapture. Our mind is dyed in the love of the beloved Guru. Our body is effortlessly doing service to allay the suffering of His creation. This is the reason why the true King, Master without desires, passionless, full of graciousness is raising an army to fight the rule of tyranny in India. Otherwise he is always doing goodness to the entire world. He has no desires for a kingdom. He does not wish to rule. His wish is only to allay the suffering of the people. He wants to put in place a kingdom of pious people. We are at his feet and we go by his orders as he wishes. We fight, we die, we fight battles but considering it as a service and beneficence and not for giving suffering to the world. Our religion is not ego or enmity. Every disciple of the Guru is more pious even than big saints. We are dyed in the love of the Lord and our soul is immersed in the Supreme soul. The Guru has transformed our mind. It has become elevated and sublime. Our soul is awakened by the

love-spark from the Guru. We remember the Lord incessantly. O Friend! Do consider! For how many days is this life? This human life! Make it fruitful.

After talking all this the Guru-disciple went away.

The doctor's heart became pierced. The scholar that he was, the talk went deep into his mind. The betrayal that he did with his family or with his country and with his community in lieu of which he was awarded this prominence and luxurious living came in front of his eyes. Whatever sufferings he gave to his country-men, whatever agony he gave to pious families for his vicious pleasures, whatever miseries he gave to innocent people, all came in front of his eyes.

His deceptiveness that brought pain to the world, his ego, force and enmity that brought misery to many came in front of his eyes like a battle array.

In forgetfulness of the Lord, his betrayals, his vices, his ego came like multitude of figures standing before him and saying: You are our father. You have created us. We are your children.

At this time the doctor's heart bled, the pent up influences of sins rushed out and the puff of repentance went to his head and the eyes like rain dropped tears in torrents.

He sees his created sufferings and cries: Shame to my life! What a tree of thorns am I in this world that in thousands of kilometres my thorns are dropping, flying and spreading?

Have I come to this Supreme fountain of love to put stones in it and stop the flow of love and peace?

Me! Father of miseries, have I come here to betray the lord of love and live a life of luxury in its lieu?

O Lord! Alas! I had not born! Or I should have died at birth only! Alas! My mother should have strangled my throat! Alas! The maids hand should have moved wrong and I would have died on birth. I did not die when I got small pox. Even measles did not take my life. In the battle no bullet came near me. I never died of snake bite. The wine did not kill me. Now the latest typhoid also did not take me out of this world. Alas! Even death is wary of me.

What is the remedy left now?

Oh death! Who is it except you who can take me out of this world and make the earth free from a sinner like me?

In this distressed mind his hand went on the handle of the sword. He had just pulled out the sword out of the sheath that a strong hand clamped his wrist and said: Enemy of the world! Do not become suicidal. The door of Lord's grace is not closed for you.

The eyes that were filled with tears looked up but could not bear the dazzle of the divine face and the eyelids dropped. He fell at the feet of the 'Guru with the Plume' and prayer came out of his throat: I am not worthy of your touch. You keep your sacred hands away from this wretched body. I am a living demon.

But the Guru did not leave his wrist that he was holding and loved him on his head with his other hand.

Me and this benevolence! Me and this blessedness! Me and this mercy! Me and this love! Me..... "You are not a human being. You are the image of the Lord. This kindness, this courage, this benevolence, Alas! Alas! Alas! On me I am dazed", Saying this he became somewhat semi-conscious.

O Dear reader! See! The beloved 'Guru with the Plume'! How much soft hearted, humble, alert and watchful is he for whom millions are ready to sacrifice their heads, at whose feet millions are ready to lay their heads, for whom Supernatural powers are standing in wait, who is a Guru, a prophet, an incarnation, a true King, a poet, a learned scholar, a warrior, a Commander, a leader, leader of true diplomacy, saviour of religion, redeemer of sinners, desire-less from the world and desire-less even of the abode of gods.

There is the betrayer detective who would fall dead by the slap of a Guru-disciple. Here is the tender heart of the Magnificent Guru who has reached to allay his pain of the heart. He does not see the pain of the betrayer as pain of a stranger.

The Magnificent Guru's prayer "O Lord, Shower your grace and allay the suffering of the world" is evident.

Great is the beloved Guru who loves even the sinners and betrayers, that is why he is said to be the redeemer of sinners.

Bhai Gurdas has said:

Anybody would do goodness in lieu of goodness.

But O Magnificent! O treasure of Grace!

You only would do goodness even to the evil-doers.

By the Guru's grace he became conscious. However, the dark storm in his mind had vanished. He felt cool. By the touch of the Guru's feet his body felt coolness. The mind that was loaded with sin one hour earlier has become light. A new awakening has come. The world has become different. It is the same land but its beauty is different. The body is the same but dyed in a different dye. The mind is the same but the desires are not what they were. He touched the sacred feet again and again. His eyes filled with tears. He lifted his head and then put it on the feet again. The benevolent Guru patted

on his back and said: O tree of sin! Now become a lake of nectar. Recite the Lord's name so that it should pervade in the mind, heart and body cells and your body becomes a benevolence of virtue.

III

[Birthday]

The birthday of Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh was nearing. The congregation increased day by day. Bhai Kesra Singh prayed that this time, for the Guru's birthday celebration the arrangement for the assembly should be made in the palatial garden.

The true King who always loved his disciples said: Yes.

Thus, special importance was given to the work of decoration of the garden.

Both the senior gardener and his wife assisted by Gulaba and his wife worked night and day for this decoration.

Although the season was cold but the devotees had saved enough flowers. Now they planted those at different spots.

In this time in the afternoon, all the gardeners and their wives were busy in planting. Triambka Bai was singing some praises of the Guru when Dr. Abutrab entered the garden. He bowed to his servant Gulaba and said: I am thankful to you. My head bends under your obligation. It is your blessing that the most sacred hands have blessed me with the Lord's name. I cannot repay your gratefulness.

Gulaba and his wife replied in humility but their hearts were pleased limitlessly. Both of them immersed in thanks to the Lord. The Lord's name swelled in their heart and in the body cells. Their souls immersed in the Supreme soul. Their hearts became eyes and they saw the handsome face of the Beloved-Guru in their hearts. Their eyes are closed but in thankfulness some drops of tears slipped down from the closed eyelids.

Seeing both of them in this trance the Doctor as also the senior gardener and his wife softly went away. But both of them remained sitting in this meditation of thanks.

Now, the golden bird of the evening had folded its wings of rays and hid itself behind the earth and the moon of ecstasy in the form of the Scripture Rehwas was spreading its rays of light in the hall of audience of beloved Guru. Bhai Gohar Singh recited the Scripture in such deep love that the entire congregation got ecstasy. When the conclusion ceremony and prayer finished, then the true Guru said to Brijraj Singh: You serve dinner. I have to go for

some work. One disciple's Super consciousness is mingling with my Super consciousness. I have to bless him.

Saying this, he started off towards the river and entered the garden where the couple sat in meditation. He stood there for a while, saw the couple in a trance, waited for a moment then went to another side of the garden.

At this time it became late evening. The moon like the half circle edge of a silver tray was giving dim light and the light from the rising stars was making it more radiant.

He made a round of the garden. He was glad to see the preparations and efforts of the foursome and then came to the same place. He saw that side but could not find the couple there. When he moved a little further, then he heard some voice of Alas! Alas! There was some rustling sound. When he walked further, then he saw the couple were doing some service to a child.

Actually what had happened was that a hill woman while she took water from the river, her child jumped from her lap and fell into the river? The mother's affection for her child made her shout: Help! Help! For the sake of 'Guru with the Plume' Help! Although Gulaba and his wife were in meditation but the words pierced Gulaba's ears and hit his sublime mind.

Who would stop on hearing the words: For the sake of 'Guru with the Plume'? Without waiting Gulaba jumped in the river and brought the child out. Now they had wiped the body and were wrapping it in a dry sheet to give the child back to the mother when the true Guru peeped in. The mother blessed the couple and went away.

In this time they got a glimpse of the true Guru. Not just a glimpse? The true King from his lotus face blessed: Great are my disciples who see me everywhere!

Both ran to fall at his feet but they lay prostrate at one metre distance.

The honourable nature of the Guru, how could he bear? He moved forward, sat on one knee and rubbed his hand on the heads of both of them and said: The Lord's name has sat in your mind and made it pure and sacred. You have realized the soul. Your soul has immersed in the Supreme soul. When you fall at the Lord's feet then you meet Him.

He loved them on the head, clamped their arm with his sacred hands, lifted them and said: The false strings have broken. Now strong chains are connected. Love grips cannot break. The Guru walked ahead. The couple like a needle attracted to a magnet followed. Bhai Kesra Singh was reciting Scripture. He had just finished recitation. He was started! Is it true? In the love-sphere of the sky, the moon, the 'Guru with the Plume' is giving lustre.

He ran and fell at his feet. On hearing the voice, Karam Kaur with wheat-flour dough sticking on her hands came running and fell at the Guru's sacred feet.

The beloved Guru smiled and said: Won't you show me the gifts? Kesra Singh's wife bowed her head in modesty and regard and said: Nothing is ours. Everything is yours! Then the Guru walked ahead and everyone followed. He stood quiet at the hut of Triambka Bai. The figure of love was singing in love. She is singing in emotion and tears are flowing from her eyes: O saviour! 'Guru with the Plume', give me refuge at your feet.

Everybody quietly listened to her prayer that was full of devotion and praise of the Lord. The 'Guru with the Plume' who was always immersed in the love of the Lord became emotional and his eyes filled with tears in listening to the devotional praise of the Lord.

Now the benevolent Guru, the refuge for the refuge-less put his sacred feet in the hut and blessed the saintly lady with his hand on her head and said: O pious cow! Get up! Become a lioness and serve the lions.

On listening to the Guru's words of love and feeling his sacred hand on her head, like a bee she clamped the Guru's feet.

The true Guru said: O daughter! Your sufferings are vanquished. The seed of suffering sprouts in the field of ego. Sprinkle the drops of nectar on this field and clear the field of this ego and live in inner blossom of mind. Be ready! The sacred nectar is ready for you. Consider yourself dead before the death comes. Now live in eternal blossom. Your soul is now immersed in the Supreme soul, live dyed in this love.

After this who knows what miraculous Guru did? He reached the houses of many craving disciples. He loved everyone and met everyone.

Many, many devotees had come from far off distances and many places but the Guru only knows how he managed.

In the morning, every disciple said: Last night the true Guru himself put his sacred feet in our house. He himself asked our welfare, loved us and blessed us.

The day ascended. Which day?

The auspicious birthday, the day on which the 'Guru with the Plume' came to this earth as a child at Patna. The day on which the heart of earth blossomed that the vanquisher of sins has arrived, the Guru who made us understand the tyranny and sins, then taught us how to vanquish this tyranny and sins. Then taught us to recite the Lord's name and live in His remembrance. He immersed us in the love of the Lord. The virtuous Guru!

Today, the daybreak is differently delightful. The dew drops are giving fragrance. The breeze blowing softly is giving ecstasy. See! The sun is rising fast so that it can see the rapture of the prophet's birthday quickly. How with a blossoming forehead, in delight, in smiles, with a lustrous look in auspiciousness it has risen? How sweet are the songs of the birds? How much blossom is on the flowers? How clear is the water of the river? How superb is the bloom of the Guru's garden in this autumn. How much excel of blossom the flowers and plants that have come from distances are giving to the blossom of the spring season?

The sun had hardly peeped when from all the four forts the devotees fired the canons.

At many places, the bands started playing exquisite music of happiness and gaiety. The entire valley of Anandpur became full of wondrous ecstatic delight.

All the armed soldiers under their respective Commanders, assembled at the ground according to the rules of parade as adopted by the Guru.

How nicely the Prince-sons of the Guru and the five Ideal Men are wearing decorations? How nicely decorated are standing the soldiers of the infantry and horsemen of the cavalry in battle array on both sides of the road from the city up to the garden? How Bhai Daya Singh riding a green horse is making all arrangements? How Prince Ajit Singh after watching the entire decorations is delighted and is pulling the reins of his horse that moves like the fantail pigeon as if dancing on his ankles, fondling and hopping, bending, twisting, pliant, turning in coquettish style?

See! In the garden how much delight the artistic planting of flowers by expert gardeners is giving?

How nicely is spread the crimson carpet brought by Sindhi devotees on the green velvety grass floor? On it is placed a throne with inlaid work done on it and covered with silk and brocade that the congregation from Kabul had brought. How unique glitter is it giving? How elegant is the golden umbrella looking in the hands of the devotee?

At short distances guards are posted and are watchful.

The decorations done by the devotees, although look worldly but since they are done out of love and devotion they appear heavenly.

The sun has risen higher. The musicians started playing the trumpets of Kashmir. The moment the music was heard, the disciples started arriving. The congregations from Sindh, Multan, Lahore, Rawalpindi, Assam, Hissar, Ujjain, Dehradun, Amritsar, Ambala, Jaipur, Kabul, Ludhiana, Rohtak and other

places, nicely dressed and singing divine songs (*Kirtan*) came one after the other and sat down.

The musicians from all states opened their musical instruments and together sat down.

Those who were appointed seats and those who were appointed preachers and the Cash Collectors all sat down.

And now the 'Guru with the Plume', Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh riding a horse came out of the palace. Ah ha! How graceful is the blue horse? How majestically is he sitting? How handsome is his face? How elegant is the plume decorated on the plain turban? The King of hearts, slim and agile, authenticator, armed, is sitting on the horse with splendour and sheen that is unbearable.

On Magnificent Guru's glimpse again the canons were fired.

After this the entire army fired gunshots in salutation. Now the army bands played a melodious tune of welcome.

Slowly Magnificent Guru reached the garden. The entire congregation stood up with heads bowed and hands folded.

Magnificent Guru got down from the horse.

The entire congregation sang in chorus:

Welcome the gracious Guru who blesses the love-spark that immerses the body soul in the Supreme soul and makes you meet the Lord.

Then Magnificent Guru sat on the throne and the congregation sang divine songs (*Kirtan*) in chorus.

Musicians from all states sang divine songs (*Kirtan*) in extremely exotic melody.

After this everybody presented birthday gifts, some of which we have already mentioned. At this time:

1. First, the prominent personalities from Bedi, Trehan, Bhalla and Sodhi families gave presents. Then the Preachers who were appointed by the ten Gurus presented themselves.
2. Persons who had suffered agonies and were saved by Guru-disciples and now were in thankfulness were presented.
3. Next were presented lots of dresses, warm clothes, blankets, silken dresses that the disciples brought with extreme love so that the Guru may distribute to the needy with his sacred hands.
4. Lots of hand-book copies of Scripture Japu ji and copies of the Holy Scripture Sri Guru Granth Sahib that the devotees had written with their own hands were presented for distribution by the true Guru.

5. Then a list of the good work done by devotees at their own place of residence in pursuance of the Guru's ideals was presented.
6. Then horses from distant states and countries for Magnificent Guru's army were presented.
7. The skilled workers from all states who brought swords, guns and different types of arms and ammunition were presented.
8. The money saved by the devotees, they offered themselves.
9. Next were the orphans that were brought up by devotees.
10. Many devotees who brought their sons to join the army were presented.
11. The Preaches of religion narrated the work done by them.
12. After this the poets narrated their poems of devotion and presented copies of the same.

When Triambka Bai sang her devotional songs, then the congregation said: O great Triambka Bai!

At this time, as per instruction of magnificent Guru Bhai Mohkam Singh announced: We are one family, sons of the 'Guru with the Plume' and are sitting in his presence. In this love, we are one. At this time there should be none who has any sort of ill will or anger against anyone else. If so then they should stand up, come forward and embrace each other with love. Our heart is a temple of the Lord. We should not let anger or jealousy enter in it.

Everybody listened to Bhai Mohkam Singh's announcement but most of the disciples who had come for the Guru glimpse had already settled issues as they had a feeling that going for the glimpse of the Guru with any bad feeling against anyone is not purposeful. But still one or a few more got up and embraced their brothers and said: Past is forgiven and we are real brothers.

The Guru said: Great are my disciples!

Then management side started their work.

1. The disciples who were to prepare the sacred nectar started preparation and distribution. People who wanted to drink the sacred nectar were so large in number that it went on for more than two and a half hours.
2. Meanwhile Magnificent Guru distributed the items brought by the devotees to the preachers and the needy. Some of the dresses were stitched by Mother Gujri ji and Mother Sundri ji themselves with their own hands.
3. Next the hand-books of Scripture were distributed. In these was one hand-book written by him self. He ordered that Sri Guru Granth Sahib be placed in a Gurdwara.
4. Horses were distributed to cavalry soldiers.
5. Some arms were distributed. The rest were kept in the fort.

6. The young who drank the sacred nectar and wished to join the army were given jobs in the army.
7. Some were selected as trainees to become religious preachers.
8. Everybody got the blessing of the Guru.
9. The money was deposited in the treasury.

When all this was over, then the ladies sang divine songs (*Kirtan*) in chorus.

After this the 'Guru with the Plume' opened the Holy Scripture Sri Guru Granth Sahib on the throne and did the conclusion ceremony of 'Complete reading' of the Granth Sahib. This 'Complete reading' was arranged by Mother Gujri ji in happiness of the Guru's birthday.

After the conclusion ceremony, the scripture *Japu Ji* was recited then *Arti* and Scripture *Anand Sahib* and then prayer and sacred sweet was served side by side. The congregation sang divine songs (*Kirtan*) in chorus.

Then the congregation dispersed. Everybody had lunch and rested.

In the afternoon, devotees thronged at the plain open ground. The Hockey players and Cricket players played their games. The other games like swordsmen with wooden swords showed their skills, the Arrow shooters showed their skills. Other players played other games like Javelin throw etc.

After this the army made two groups and displayed mock fighting.

In these programs it became evening. It was time for recitation of the Scripture *Rehras*. Then the congregation had dinner and then the fire crackers.

All over Anandpur every house lit candles in celebration of the birthday of 'Guru with the Plume'.

At night disciples went on with the divine singing of songs (*Kirtan*) at different centres near their homes. Next morning was the conclusion ceremony of the full reading of Sri Guru Granth Sahib in the large hall of audience.

Dr. Abutrab drank the sacred nectar was named Dusht Daman Singh. He became in charge of the horses' stable of the Guru and forgot going back. He resigned his job and rest of his life, he spent in recitation of the Lord's name, meditation, doing goodness to others and service of the Horses' stable with love. He became too devoted to the Guru. So much so that he expressed affection and love to the Guru's horses. When a horse came back in the stable after the Guru's ride, then he would become emotional and with eyes full of tears say: O you are great that you have made your life fruitful in giving a ride to Magnificent Guru. Thanks to the Lord that the Guru has made me high by giving me this service to his horses.

Gulaba couple drank the sacred nectar and were named Hira Singh and

Harwant Kaur and kept on with gardening in the company of Bhai Kesra Singh.

Triambka Bai took charge of the orphanage. She was named Seoti Kaur. Her son was named Kanshijeet Singh. He became a valiant and sacrificed his life in one of the battles.

In this way, the 'Guru with the Plume' lived with his honourable nature 'Whosoever takes refuge is loved'.

The map shows the picture of a two thousand kilometre long river on a few inches paper. Neither the water is there nor the flow but the viewer with the artistic lines imagines the water and flow.

In this way, we hope that the people with inner vision shall see the image of the Magnificent 'Guru with the Plume', the benevolent, in his graciousness as also the emotions of the devotees on the birthdays.



23.

Deep Kaur

The congregation from Central Punjab prayed: O true Guru with the Plume! This woman is your extreme devotee. She drank the sacred nectar also. She went ahead a little far when we were quenching our thirst at the well. On seeing her alone, four Mohammadens surrounded her. She took out her bangle and threw it away. When one of the dacoits was picking up the bangle, then she attacked him with her sword. He was wounded and he fell down. The rest became nervous. They tried to take out their arms but swiftly she attacked them with her sword and two more fell down. She inflicted wound on the fourth one, sat on her chest and was about to pierce his chest when we reached there. All the four sinners were dead. Hurriedly, we escorted the women, came off the proper road and reached here. Now some of our companions misapprehend and say that she is a killer and has become untouchable because she touched the Mohammedans.

The true Guru laughed and said: She has saved her religion and her honor. She is a brave woman, a daughter of our community. She has not become untouchable. The untouchables shall become sacred by touching her feet. Her name will rank in the category of valiant and she will be called sacred and pure. All of you drink the sacred nectar 'Amrit'. All your fears and superstitions will go and you will become 'brave-sons'.

Everybody drank the sacred nectar 'Amrit' on that very day.



24.

“Oh! Do Not Pluck”

In Hoshiarpur town lived one Guru-disciple named Devu. He was the Gardener in charge of the garden of a rich businessman. Many helpers of different castes like Arain, Kambo, Jaat and others worked under him whom he taught the art of gardening with love. His mind was enlightened. He was immersed in Guru-love and his mind was always in blossom. His hands remained busy in planting. His mind remained in the incessant remembrance of the Lord. He perceived the ‘Guru with the Plume’ everywhere. He thought it was best to give comfort to others before the breath goes away and the body goes to dust. He was always eager for the same. He was married and his wife was just like him.

As the sun, moon, planets and galaxy of stars make the sky bright, similarly, his wife’s remembrance of the Lord, Guru-love, husband-love, love of the congregation and her extreme desire to give comfort to humanity showed an ecstatic lustré on her forehead. When she recited the scripture, it appeared as if she is a fountain of nectar. When she cooked food, then she wanted to serve to the needy also.

This Lord’s ‘Name-immersed’ couple had a daughter who was around ten or eleven years old. This daughter of such pious parents was treading on the path that was being automatically set by the piousness and truthfulness of the parents. She did not know how to tell a lie. Her mind could never think of speaking anything that was not factual. She would get up early in the morning when the parents got up, recite the Holy Scripture and then help her mother in the household chores. In the afternoon when mother went to the garden to serve food to her husband, then she went along and played with the ‘more innocent than her’ flowers. She would sprinkle water on the plants with

showering cans. She got pleasure in hoeing and putting manure in the plants. She would touch the plants and enjoy the fragrance but she never plucked any flower with her hand. Being the child of 'philosopher's stone' parents with a deceit-less simple nature away from bad company, she always had the company of flowers that gave her delight and made her mind blossom. She would run in the garden, recite some stanza of the Holy Scripture and fondle the flowers and plants and loved them.

In the garden was grafted a pomelo tree that she loved much. In the spring season it sprouted richly. It appeared as if a white galaxy of stars has been embedded on a green body. This innocent girl was delighted that this tree will bear so many fruits. On seeing the happiness of the girl, her father gave the responsibility of this tree to her and told her that nurturing this tree is on her only. There was one tall tree nearby that stopped sunrays falling on this tree. Her father cut that tree and made it short so that the sunrays are not obstructed. The girl spent so much time in sprinkling water, hoeing and putting fresh manure around the tree. In that over enthusiasm she forgot that water is not sprinkled on citrus trees for sometime till the fruits start growing. In ignorance she watered the plant. Even otherwise, the flowers of citrus trees keep falling down. The flowers kept falling down and only a few remained that could be counted. But if these had become fruits, then the girl's wish would have been fulfilled. But by the month of March by the benevolence of storms not one remained. Seeing this when the girl got disappointed, then father explained to her that all flowers do not become fruits. Also hoeing, watering and putting new manure was not advisable when new flowers come up. The storms also damage the fruits and they fall. But you keep up your effort. No wonder your endeavour might bring fruit.

Now the summer season arrived and instead of white flowers, green flowering plants sprouted. There were all citrus plants in this area where the pomelo tree stood. There were many varieties of citrus fruits as her father had grafted various types of plants of various varieties like thick skinned citron, lemon, orange, sweet lime, sweet orange, pomelo, large sour lime, Assamese orange, etc. One plant grew different types of fruits.

In this bed all plants bore fruit but the pomelo tree that was under the care of this girl stood without fruit. As per the wish of the father, this helpless girl did nurture the plant but no flower appeared. Now the heat of May and June came as if with ire and destroyed many plants. The dust storms covered the leaves with thin layers of dust. However it was only middle of June when the blue sky appeared a bit cloudy. Sometimes dark clouds appeared with thunder and lightning. Sometime it drizzled. Finally, one day there was a

downpour and everybody looked with apprehension that the clouds might not vanish but it rained in torrents and it became “water everywhere.” For full two hours it outpoured, then the clouds moved and the rain stopped. The trees had a wash. It appeared as if the entire vegetation just had a bath. The bloom in the garden became lustrous. The rainy season’s first downpour came early this year. Even after the first downpour it rained regularly. It became “It has rained. The Lord has sent. He gives comfort to humans and animals”. The farmers sowed maize, sorghum, millet, sesame, paddy, rice and other crops. The seasonal flowers in the beds bloomed. The fruits on the fruit growing trees grew larger. Not only this, nature favoured and endeavour fructified, the fruitless pomelo sprouted a white flower-bud. It blossomed and became a flower. Not one but many more flowers grew. The tree sprouted a second time. On seeing the tree sprouted in off season the girl’s mind felt wondrous. She held her scarf in both her hands, her eyes closed, her mind flew on the wings of prayer to Anandpur and prayed: O ‘Guru with the Plume’,

O Guru! Please make this flower a fruit and ripen it quickly so that I am able to bring a gift for you and fall at your feet.

Only those who possess a true heart can understand the feelings of a heart that has never known a lie and never known fear and doubt. The engrossment in prayer of such a guileless heart is extremely deep. The girl is standing. Her offer of love is falling on the ‘Guru with the Plume’s feet. Her eyes are shedding tears that are falling on the ground after dropping on the leaf of a newly grown flower.

Mom saw the daughter in prayer! From a distance she prayed: O beloved ‘Guru with the Plume’! The child is engrossed in prayer. Please bless that she may ask for your love. She should not ask anything that might be against Lord’s will.

The girl finished her prayer. She was cool and light as if she had come out after a dip in the sea of nectar. Mother took the child in her lap, kissed her forehead and hugged her again and again. She blessed her and said: My darling daughter! Never forget the Scripture. May your thought, inclination, utterance and actions go as per the teachings of the Scripture!

The girl who was now dyed in Mother’s love said: O Mother! I have prayed today. Tell me. I hope it is not against the teaching of the Scripture. I do not understand the meanings of Scripture thoroughly. I have prayed to the ‘Guru with the Plume’ that this new flower may grow and become a pomelo and I should gift it to you.

On listening to this wish of love, Mother started thinking. Meanwhile, Bhai Devu came.

Mother narrated the prayer of the daughter to him. Dad embraced the daughter and said: Our entire generation will get salvation because of you. Your love of the Guru will give salvation to many. This flower will surely grow as a pomelo, although the rainy-season flowers grow less or grow late but Lord will surely fulfill your wish. Saying this, Bhai Devu himself became emotional with love of the Guru. His eyes filled with tears of love. A few moments later, Bhai Devu's wife recited the scripture "*Bliss*" (*Anand Sahib*) in a soft melodious tune. It became evening. It was time for the evening prayer *Rehras*. Then it became dark. The Guru-devotee but poor family went to their hut.

II

The rain continued. The rainy-seasonal flower started becoming a fruit. The other flowers fell off in the wind storm but this first flower became a fruit and within a few days grew up. Months passed. By the middle of December its colour changed from green to light yellow. The parrots generally do not gnaw the citrus fruits but one day on seeing a flock of parrots in the garden the child girl became apprehensive "a parrot might gnaw my pomelo." She got a piece of coarse cloth, stitched it, made a bag and covered the pomelo with the bag.

One day, the owner of the garden, Rai Jaswant Rao while strolling came to the field where the fruit trees stood. One servant accompanied him. This gentleman was well educated, wealthy and from a respectable ancestry. But intellect and wealth, instead of humility and service made him egoistic and full of pride. This wealthy gentleman belonged to a family of Guru-devotees. His father a Guru-devotee fell at the feet of Guru Tegh Bahadur and was blessed by him. This gentleman did have faith in religion but no devotion for the Holy Scripture. He was so proud of his wisdom that he thought nobody in the country was wiser than him. The pride of his own wisdom made him obsessed when Guru Tegh Bahadur offered his head to be cut. Then he remarked that it was wrong for the Guru to have offered his head. He said: The Guru should not have offered his head for the sake of truth. He should have outwardly embraced Islam and then slipped and come away from the captivity of Aurangzeb. He did not relish the idea of Guru Gobind Singh creating an army. He considered hypocrisy as wisdom. He considered truthful wisdom and valour as stupidity. On the day when the Guru made nectar and asked five men to drink nectar, then immediately twenty thousand more disciples drank the nectar.

That day one group of disciples went away saying: "This Guru is too young. He does not follow the path of his father-Guru. We shall not abide by what he says. We shall follow the old system." This Jaswant Rao was one amongst these. Since then he never went to have a glimpse of the Guru. Neither did any service to the Guru or to humanity. Thus with his back towards the Guru he had become hard-hearted and his anger had increased. When his father was living, then the congregations travelling to Anandpur rested here and were always welcome. The poor and needy were served food. All that almost stopped now, when the nature gets away from nobleness then the animal instincts in man rule the mind.

Devu was in the service of this egoistic gentleman. No doubt it was difficult to serve a gentleman who was without Guru-love but since the Guru did not approve of his quitting the job, so he carried on. Jaswant Rao knew that Bhai Devu is a Guru-devotee and wished that he should become like-minded as himself but who could break a true love-cord. Bhai Devu thought otherwise. He wished that Jaswant Rao should again imbibe Guru-love and get salvation. Bhai Devu was very keen to drink the Guru's nectar but Jaswant Rao created some hindrances indirectly. The natural circumstances also did not make way for that. But every day after recitation of scripture they prayed: O Lord! You bless us with the Spiritual nectar and make us your own. However, Bhai Devu was always eager to serve the congregation. Previously, the masters of the house did this service. Now the servant imbibed the spirit of service to the congregation. Whenever he came to know that some congregation is arriving, he would carry sacred sweet and go to meet them. Then he made them stay there. He constructed a temporary shelter next to his hut for the congregation to stay. He provided water and firewood. Whenever he had some extra money, then he provided groceries also. Whatever free time he got after the day's work, he served the congregation. Bhai Devu gave charity to the needy and poor. He became well known for his service to the congregation, for his engrossment in the Lord's name and for his Guru-love. All who went to Anandpur through this city praised Bhai Devu. The 'Guru with the Plume' heard about Bhai Devu's service to the congregation and his engrossment in the Lord's name. That endeared him in his heart. The Guru loved the Name-engrossed devotees more than himself. A person who loved the holy congregation, why would he not be dear to the Guru? The Guru perceived that my devotee has become a sandal tree. He gives his fragrance to other trees. My devotee is like a sandal tree that gives its fragrance even to the saw that cuts it. The devotee is a sandal tree who makes others fragrant and who does not detest even the sinners.

One day, Jaswant Rao strolled in the garden. When he saw a white fruit of the size of a water melon, then he came forward this side. On coming near, he found that it was a cloth bag put on a fully ripe pomelo. He ordered. The helper removed the bag. On seeing the beautiful pomelo and on making sure that it was fully ripe, he said, "Pluck it and bring it to the mansion".

At this time the child who had been nurturing the pomelo saw from a distance and came running. She clamped the helper with both her hands and in a heart-rending voice beseeched: "Oh! Do not pluck". What magic was there in these four words from a truthful heart that a trembling sensation like an electric current went through the body of the owner and the helper? When the owner looked up, then pride and ego overtook his mind but the helper shuddered with fear. The innocent girl again said: O Brother! "Do not pluck".

The heart pain of the guileless girl whose labour of love of many months is going to be wasted is too deep.

Yes! The desire of her heart that she has been nurturing, the fulfillment of her longing that is only a few days away is going to be ruined by merciless hands. For her the moment of joy is saying good-bye even before coming. This moment of joy had gone deep into her soul. Non-fulfillment of a deep desire gives a deep injury.

The plucking of pomelo that she had nurtured with so much deep love made a deep dent on her mind. She felt darkness in her eyes. Her heart felt desperation. In that desperation her soul picked up all her strength and shrieked: "Oh! Do not pluck." She held the helper's hand and again said: O Brother! "Do not pluck." Her shriek made a profound impact on the helper's mind. His hands distanced from plucking the pomelo as if some unseen power has stopped his hands from cutting somebody's throat. The shriek of the girl did give a blow to the effigy of ego Jaswant Rao but being the Master, withdrawing his orders and bowing to the wish of the servant's daughter appeared to him as downgrading his authority. His mind agreed to the young but truthful heart's plea but his ego suppressed the pious concept.

Oh! World! How many times have you sinned out of fear of downgrading your authority! Today if Jaswant Rao had remained faithful to the Guru and the Lord, then he would have been in kindness and love. His heart would have said: "Why break the heart of the daughter of a faithful servant for a few pennies worth of something. Is it stealing? No. It is a child's wish. Let her be delighted". But the hard-heart disobeyed his soft heart and he thundered: "O girl! Get away. O helper, pluck".

“O girl! Get away”. Probably, it was lightning? “O helper, pluck”. Probably, it was thunderbolt of god Indra. In a moment, on one side the branch was plucked and on the second side the girl, with a thud fell flat on the ground.

Jaswat Rao did not expect that the girl will be shocked to that extent but even then he thought that softness shall downgrade his authority. In this thinking he ignored the incident and went away.

The helper is following him but his steps are feeling a weight of tons. He understands that it is oppression of the worst kind and I am instrumental in this. He understands that he has obeyed the orders of his Master but along with it he feels that he has harmed his senior who helped him out of poverty. His eyes are shedding tears. They are falling on the ground after dropping on the pomelo that is in his hands. His eyes see circling figures and in these circles he sees the figure of the merciful girl with shrieks of “Oh! Do not pluck”.

Oh! This poor man had thought it was a playful wish of the girl but the girl falling unconscious broke his heart. This sudden incident was agony to his mind. Near the gate of the garden he met another helper. He took him aside and narrated the entire happening to him. Then he ran to his Master. When he reached the Master’s house, he kept the pomelo in front of his Master and said: I forego my salary. I leave my job. I am not your servant any more.

Jaswant Rao (hard-heartedly): What has happened?

The helper was talking to his mind silently: It is shame to me that I did not resign my job when my sinful fingers while breaking the branch broke a living being from the Lord. I am sorry of the moment when I plucked. I regret my timidity! I betrayed my mentor. What face shall I show to the Guru-loving pious man? Even my soul feels ashamed. Me! Disgraced! I cannot face my senior who took me out of poverty and made me stand on my feet.

Jaswant Rao again said: Go and do your work, O Helper.

I am a sinner! I am a sinner! Saying this and without waiting for a reply, like a mad person saying, “Oh! Do not pluck! Oh! Do not pluck”, ran away not only from the house but from the outskirts of the town. The entire room of the owner echoed with the sound of “Oh! Do not pluck! Oh! Do not Pluck” The helper has gone too far but the echo of “Oh! Do not pluck” is echoing in the ears of the owner.

On the other side when Bhai Devu got the news, then he had just finished eating food and was washing his hands. On listening to the news both of them uttered: O Lord, “Whatever is your will we should accept it as good”. Saying this, in serenity, moral strength and praying to the Lord, they reached the bed

of plants where the fortunate pomelo grew. Truly, the pomelo was missing. The promising girl who watered the plant and nurtured it with love for the sake of the 'Guru with the Plume' is lying flat on the ground almost dead. She is unconscious. Her breath is so slow, eyes closed, body is cold and pulse negligible. Father thought she may not survive, so he said: It is Lord's will, "He gives life. He takes." "We should accept the Lord's will." He picked up the darling in his embrace and took her to their hut.

How could the news of Bhai Devu's 'daughter in danger' remain hidden? The news was already out and soon one doctor who was a holy companion of Bhai Devu arrived. He did some treatment. The body became warm. Her pulse also became alright but the eyes did not open. In sleep she mumbled in a shrieking tone: "Oh! Do not pluck! O Brother! Do not pluck!" Was it a shriek or an unseen knife? The congregation that had assembled there and had already heard the happening became impulsively emotional and tears filled everybody's eyes. Everybody felt the deep love that this promising daughter imbibed in her heart for the true Guru. This small but sacred mind was like a stream that immersed fully in the river i.e. the true Guru. This small heart was butter than burnt itself as sacrificial fire in the "Fire-pit of allaying the sufferings of the world". She had put her love in the sacrificial fire of Guru-love.

The Guru-love in her small heart requires elaboration. But if one can feel the effect of true-love and longing even for a moment, then one can understand the meaning of true love as one can see the unseen stars through the small lens of a telescope.

The entire night, the girl remained in semi-conscious state. She got fever and after every hour or so she shrieked, "Oh! Do not pluck". Father and mother had great faith in the Lord. They were steadfast in their faith. They left no stone unturned in nursing the girl but when they heard her heart-rending shrieks, then their hearts melted with emotion.

III

At the time when the helper ran away, Jaswant Rao sat alone in the verandah. The Pomelo lay on the shelf in front of him. In his mind, he saw the image of the girl falling flat on the ground and lying unconscious as also the pale face of the helper out of repentance. He deliberated and tried to prove himself right. But truly speaking the uneasiness in the mind of the sinner cannot go by reasoning. The uneasiness in the mind of the sinner never goes completely by his thinking that what he has done is good. Neither the doubt in the mind of

an atheist ever goes away. God is there. I am just saying the other way. The reasoning did not take his mind of uneasiness. The servant asked him to have food. His wife came and asked him again and again to have food but the disheartened that he was, said "No" and in that uneasiness dozed off to sleep.

How could the simple wife know what was the matter? She was the daughter of a Guru-devotee and the parents married her in a Guru-devotee family. Nobody could judge that he would become disregardful to the Guru who is the savior of the world. But this lady did not lose faith and always tried to make him understand justly. She was devoted to the scripture. After recitation of scripture every morning, she prayed to the Lord, "O Lord! Make my husband a Guru-devotee."

Really speaking, who understands what strength is there in prayer? When the awakened soul asks from the Lord something silently from the core of one's heart, then how, when and in what form the wish is fulfilled only the Lord knows. People keep their mind wandering in fear and despair. They do not concentrate the mind with devotion, remembrance and faith. The materialistic world in their desires and greed to grab makes the mind materialistic. The materialistic mind is always wandering in desires. It does not feel the sensation of the presence of the Lord. The worldly gains are perishable and the worldly pleasures are short lived. The unseen is eternal living. The pleasures of the unseen are for all times. They do not perish.

Jaswant Rao's wife used to pray with a pure heart at the lotus feet of the Lord,

"O redeemer of sinners! Make my husband a Guru-devotee. Up till today she could not see any visible sign of her prayer being answered. But she was not disappointed. She remained steadfast in her prayer. Tonight when her husband slept and she asked for keys from the maid, then the maid narrated to her all what had happened in the garden. How could the saintly lady endure the distress? She cried bitterly. Her serenity waned. She cried for mercy: O Lord! Give me peace of mind. Bless that whatever is your will I should accept it as good. Give me refuge at your feet. Bless me remembrance of your Name. O Merciful! You are gracious. Bless him your love. Prompt him towards Guru-love. Prompt him towards holy company. His mind has been covered with the dirt of ego and worldly desires and is in forgetfulness of your Name. Please make it free from ego and worldly desires so that it becomes light and clings to your feet. You honour your natural repute. Me! Nobody! Thankless! In your forgetfulness, I waver! I read, "Accept the Lord's will" but still I waver. Bless that I imbibe acceptance of your will in my mind.

O Sea of benevolence! May be I have no qualities in me but I am yours. You keep me your own and rid my distress. I know I am not capable enough to make a prayer to you. I am not fit enough to be blessed but O Father! Since I am yours, I can call for help at your door. That 'I am yours' is the source of my comfort. That is the remedy of my problems. That is the liberation of my sufferings. At your door, I cry for mercy. Support me by holding my arm. Bless my husband. Pull him and take him out of mire. The true Guru had also prayed to you: O Lord! Have mercy. The world is in suffering. Be benevolent, allay their suffering. O Father! Please listen to the prayer of your beloved, the true Guru. For the sake of the true Guru please pull us out from this suffering of the world.

She got so much engrossed in prayer that peace of mind descended on her and imperceptibly she got faith that the Lord has listened to my prayer and said "Yes." She felt sleepy. Maybe she slept or went into a trance.

In the middle of the night she heard some voice, Oh! Oh! Oh! She woke up. There was dim light of the candle. She felt afraid. Again she heard, Oh! Oh! Oh! She got up and saw. It was her husband's voice. Startled, she went and pressed her husband's feet and said: I hope you are alright.

Husband: I am in great suffering.

Wife: What is the suffering? Your body is alright.

Husband: What should I tell? I feel ashamed.

Wife: What is the shame in telling me? Half the suffering goes away by telling.

Husband: Have you yourself heard something.

Wife: From whom?

Husband: Some happening in the garden.

Wife: Yes! I have heard.

Husband: Is that girl dead or alive?

Wife: She is alive but unconscious. Deliriously she utters, "Oh! Do not pluck."

Husband: This "Oh! Do not pluck" has killed me.

Wife: What has happened?

Husband: My mind is overawed. I cannot sleep. If I get sleep, then I startle and wake up.

Wife: What happens?

Husband: The moment I close my eyes I hear a voice, "Oh! Do not pluck". I startle and wake up.

Wife: Did you really force the helper to pluck the Pomelo while the girl entreated not to pluck?

Husband: Yes.

Wife: The pomelo is worth a few pennies for which you are now suffering so much.

Husband: The price of pomelo does not matter. It was my prestige. When I said, "Pluck", then who is she to order "No"?

Wife: But she is a child. Why you got angry? What does an innocent child know? It is better to love them.

Husband: Then all the helpers shall teach their children like that and I say, "All right Child." Then where shall my authority stay.

Wife: If you ask me truly, if all helpers can produce such children, then I shall say, "Give the entire garden to the children. Like you will be benevolent to the children, Lord shall be benevolent on you."

Husband: (Startled) "Oh! Do not pluck." Again I hear the voice.

Wife (In continuation of the previous conversation): If all children say, "Do not pluck", then shall your mind shake like this?

Husband: This is what I really do not understand.

Wife: And this is really what has to be understood. The girl is simple-minded with a pure heart. She loves the scripture and has great faith and devotion. It was per her wish that this rainy-seasoned pomelo flower grew. She had nurtured it with great love. She did not wish that it be plucked.

Husband: This is a child's fancy.

Wife: Does a child's fancy make anyone suffer so much?

Husband: Then why it has influenced me so much. Is she a witch?

Wife: The girl is an angel. Yes Husband! The benevolent Guru whom you have shown your back, she loves him. This pomelo, she had nurtured for him.

Husband: This age and this devotion!

Wife: Yes! She has holy company of parents. Then a simple heart of a child and her extreme faith that became love. She was connected with the true Guru with a love-cord that has power in it. When you snapped the love-cord, then its power threw both of you down. One owner and one helper.....

The wife kept on talking. The husband dozed off to sleep. When he started snoring then she became quiet but kept sitting close by. After sometime the husband rolled over to one side, then again he uttered, "Oh! Do not pluck."

Jaswant Rao opened his eyes and said: Darling! Are you awake? Yes! You are sitting. I had a dream.

Wife: What is it?

Husband: While listening to you, I dozed off. What I saw was that the entire India is assembled at one place. Kashmir, Punjab, Hills, East Bengal, Rajputana, Sindh, South can be seen all at once. It appears like a garden. Different states appear as if beds of different types in the garden. Men, women and children appear as grown up plants and stand as plants. Then I saw, it became dark and it thundered. From every plant was audible an awesome voice! "Oh! Do not pluck". After a moment the light spread. What I saw was that near each and every plant, one Mughal Pathan was standing. Someone cut the plant with an axe, someone cut with a saw, someone pulled it with a jerk and threw it and someone plucked the leaves and made the tree leafless. Some plucked the branches one by one. Whenever a plant was plucked a voice came out of it "Oh! Do not pluck". A stream of blood flowed out from each plant. The guards, helpers, gardeners, owners, jay walkers, all were busy in plucking. Mercilessly, they plucked. The same voice came from each branch and leaf, "Oh! Do not pluck". Those who plucked listened to the voice but still they went on plucking. Then it was dark. From the east, from the other side of the river came rays of light. From each ray of light came a voice, "Beware! Do not pluck." Then I saw that the plucking stopped. Some who plucked stopped plucking and joined the newly come guards as honest guards. Some became plants. Some ran away. Some died. The voice: "Oh! Do not pluck" became dim and dim and finally became inaudible. Then I heard, Yes! I saved! Yes! O dear! I saved! Now a flash of light appeared and I woke up. Now you tell what was all that?

Wife: In dreams, generally one sees the happenings of the day in different images and forms. Sometimes the dreams tell some true happenings and sometimes they reflect some likely to happen events. All dreams are not just untrue or mirages. For something that is evident, it does not make any difference whether it is dream or no dream. It does not make any difference for an evident truth. Your dream is an evident reality. See! Tyrants are ruling the country. It is also true that nobody is trying to save. It is also true that the 'Guru with the Plume' is fighting for the sake of the people and religion. He is telling the tyrants to stop tyranny. Our bad company has taught us to argue, "Why has he adopted a sword?" But O dear! The truth is that if he doesn't pick up the sword, then what good shall come out? There are thousands of saints living who have not adopted the sword. What good have they done? They have renounced the sword considering it piousness. In reality they do not know how to keep religiousness and sword together. You know the true Guru is not doing anything for himself. He is undergoing hardships for the

sake of allaying the suffering of the people. He is fighting for the sake of those who are being killed by the merciless hands of tyrants like pomelos. He is fighting for those who are humans but are being sold like sheep and for those who are humans but unable to safeguard themselves. For the sake of the suffering humanity, he has adopted the sword. Otherwise being a sea of peace, what is his need to fight? O dear! If you do not mind, may I say something? O my Master! Our duty was that we should have followed our brothers who obeyed him. We should have offered ourselves for his service with love and would have been honoured in the army of saviors. But who knows, I am a sinner. May be for my sake you showed your back to the true Guru. We did not join the saviour's army and instead became hostile. How big a blunder is it that we are going against the Guru's ideals? We shall have to answer in the Lord's court. You be merciful that we are saved when we go to the Lord's court.

Husband: I have not done anything against the true Guru. I have withdrawn myself only. Isn't it alright?

Wife: What I feel is that you are not ignoble. The company of those who are against the Guru is bad. That is why for the sake of a few pennies worth of pomelo the girl has suffered so much. O dear! I don't blame you. But to be so narrow-minded is the fault of bad company. If we had remained steadfast in Guru-love, then we would never mind giving a small thing as a pomelo to the only child of a faithful and so religious servant in the thought that our authority will diminish. Even now there is time to put ourselves on the right track.

Husband: How?

Wife: We should make up with the principal. Rest will become alright automatically.

Husband: I am feeling shy even talking to you. How shall I go there?

Wife: This shyness, you had even in childhood. Your mother used to tell. This shyness is good to some extent. But if company is not good, then it becomes a cause for suffering. See! This bad company has given bad fruits.

Husband: Speaking truly, I feel ashamed to meet the Guru. When it was time to offer my services and get praise, I did not offer. Now how can I go in disgrace?

Wife: See! The bad company has made our shyness as distance. You are feeling shy from me. I am your wife. You feel shy from the Guru to whom we have to narrate our piousness, vices and shortcomings like a child and take his blessings. You feel shy from the Guru who has love for us and is out to give us comforts.

Husband: Has the Guru no hatred for us?

Wife: Whoever showed his back at that time, whenever he has gone and asked refuge, the Guru has embraced him. He is not a judge of the court to give punishment. He is a shower of benevolence. He is redeemer of sins and bestowal of forgiveness. He is intuitive. He knows our inner feelings.

They kept on talking like this till morning.

IV

On the other side, the girl spent the night in restlessness but early in the morning, the habit that she had of reciting the scripture helped her out of restlessness.

By force of habit she recited the scripture instead of murmuring "Oh, Do not pluck":

"By recitation of the Lord's name

One does not remain in the cycle of births and deaths."

Then after a few moments she recited:

"Whoever recites the Lord's name, he gets salvation."

Then again she recited:

"One indulges in many types of vices but one is not satiated and dies in suffering."

Then again a voice came:

"He gives life to the dead. He gives nourishment to the hungry."

Again she uttered: *"He hides the vices of his beloveds."*

Then she recited:

"One who is immersed in the un-deceivable, inaccessible and all pervading Lord

The worldly pleasures do not attract him."

Then she uttered,

"One who is immersed in the Supreme soul,

that person I love deeply always,..... says Nanak."

Then she uttered: "All sufferings, illnesses, fears and anxieties vanish."

On listening to these verses in sequence, Bhai Devu spoke: O daughter! You have got salvation in this life and after death.

Now her mother massaged her entire body with almond oil. By and by she regained consciousness and at dawn her eyes opened. Seeing herself in the lap of her mother she raised her arms and embraced mother softly. She did not have enough strength. Then she laughed and spoke: O Mother! I had such sound sleep. Where was I? I had deep sleep. Mother kissed her, then embraced her and said: Darling! You are strong. Then Father kissed her.

Suddenly she remembered the pomelo being plucked. Her face turned pale. Her body stiffened a little and she uttered: O Father! "Oh! Do not pluck".

It was a delicate moment. Father was sensible. He made her understand. The father's loving discourse had a healing touch. She had full faith that whatever father says is right. That made her mind detached from the sentimental love of pomelo. That saved her from going into depression again.

A few moments later, Jaswant Rao accompanied by his wife came to his gardener's hut and sat down on the ground. The wife rubbed the girl's head with love and said: O daughter! Get up. The garden is yours. This pomelo is yours. I am yours. My husband is like your father. Be strong.

Jaswant Rao said: O daughter! The Guru is bestowal of forgiveness. The Guru-disciples are bestowal of forgiveness.

The girl's father said: O Lord! O Master, she is your child. You are the master! You bless her.

Meanwhile, Jaswant Rao's wife took the girl in her lap, placed the tear soaked pomelo in front of her and said: Daughter! Take this pomelo that you loved.

But the serene girl (with folded hands) said: O respected lady! It was my mistake. That is why I could not get up early in the morning and my body ached. This pomelo belongs to the Master. We are his servants. I thought it mine when it was not mine and then I thought of presenting it to the true Guru. The true Guru wouldn't have accepted it. That is why it is good that the Master got it plucked and took it. If I had understood earlier then I would have gone to our Master and given the price of this pomelo to him. Then the Guru himself would have guarded it. But even now it is good that I did not take it to the Guru's Hall of audience. Otherwise, I would have felt ashamed in the congregation. This is Guru's grace. Father said that Guru-disciples should give charity and not take charity. One should not desire anything of which one is not the rightful owner.

This was the discourse that father gave to the daughter and saved her from going into depression and made her understand the concept of rightful ownership.

The girl said all what she had listened from her father.

This ideal of religiousness made a dent on Jaswant Rao's mind. The ideal that one should give charity and not take charity made a deep dent on Jaswant Rao's mind. He also realized how the Guru-disciples consider sufferings as good and remain thankful in God's will.

Jaswant Rao spoke to Bhai Devu: I remained estranged from the Guru. The fault was mine. My coyness remained as a veil in my mind. What is the shame in telling the truth? The jerk that this happening has given to my mind and my wife's advice to me has awakened my true consciousness. Now you take me back as a member of the holy congregation.

Bhai Devu replied with respect: O Master! I am nothing but a beggar at your door. I am sinful having no good qualities in me. Your house is a house of Guru-devotees since many years. The true Guru is benevolent always. The true Guru is a fountain of forgiveness. It is your goodness and piousness that has brought you to a servant's house for the sake of this servant girl out of generosity. How can I accept your telling that you are devoid of the love of the congregation? May the Lord bless us! The moment we remember the Guru, we become Guru-disciples. It is the Guru's grace that you have imbibed Guru-love in you. There are no locks at the Guru's door. In fact The Guru's doors are always open. There are no guards at the Guru's door who would stop.

"The door where nobody says, Go away.

How can I leave such a door?"..... says Kabir.

Now both of them patted the girl with love and left.

If a big stone falls in a stream running between two mounts, then the water stops flowing further and the stream dries up further side. But some day the collected water pushes and carries away the stone and the stream gushes and floods.

The same happened with Jaswant Rao. The coyness like the stone went out of his mind, then love swelled towards the Guru and his mind got detachment from worldly desires. The desire to fall at the feet of the embodiment of godly love and ask for forgiveness became strong. The wish to tread on the footsteps that the Guru has set an example became strong. So much so that his mind felt detached from the world and wished to sacrifice.

V

Anandpur, the town of bliss is all bliss today. The audience hall is full. Beloved Guru is sitting blessing the Lord's name to everyone. The congregation from Gurdaspur reached a little late but before the conclusion of the program.

When they reached the hall of audience, the girl walked ahead followed by Jaswant Rao and his wife, the congregation entered next and last of all entered Bhai Devu and his wife. The girl bowed her head to touch the Guru's feet and then presented the pomelo that she had nurtured with love, to the

true Guru. The appreciator of love and humility, the true Guru picked up the innocent girl in his lap and said: My daughter! The modest girl bent her head.

In the next moment Jaswant Rao took off his gold embroidered coat and put it on the Guru's feet. With the simple clothes that he was wearing, he clamped the Guru's feet and presented all gold mohurs that he owned to the Guru. Everybody watched when the couple prayed with great emotion. What a prayer that everyone had tears in emotion. The couple said a prayer from the scripture:

*"O Lord! I am yours. Keep me whatever way you wish O Lord!
How much can I count? O Lord! My countless sins O Lord!
I am always doing mistakes and countless are my sins O Lord!
With your blessings only this horrible ego & desires can be overcome O Lord!
We hide our vices. O Lord! You are absolutely close O Lord!
Be merciful. Give us salvation from the cycle of births and deaths O Lord!
....Says.....Nanak.*

To live in luxuries, then come and offer one's all to the true Guru and fall at his feet in utter humility was a wondrous panorama. The offering of total sacrifice was making everybody shed tears in torrents.

The true Guru blessed everyone.

Jaswant Rao's wife sang a divine song (*Kirtan*). The congregation also sang with her in chorus.

What a sacrifice for love's sake? It is total sacrifice. One luxuriously living gentleman having offered everything is sitting in humility. He has detached his mind from the worldly desires. Imagine the mind that has rid itself from all desires and now it is the Guru-love in it or waiting for orders of the true-Guru. Imagine! He has put all the accumulated wealth of his ancestors in front of the beloved Guru and his body also. So to say: He has given his body and wealth to the Guru along with it his head also. This is renunciation. This is called detachment of mind. What belonged to him is dedicated to the true Guru. Now there is no feeling of "This is mine" and "This is another's". Now there is no estrangement. Everything belongs to the Guru. This is the perception. The branch of the tree does not feel that the rest of the portion is separate from it. This is Spiritual knowledge. The veil of ego has all vanished. Why should he hide his wealth? Whom should he give? Whom should he not give? "Guru is the sea, disciples are rivers". Rivers come down from the mountains and immerse in the sea. Accordingly, Jaswant Rao has come down from the mountain of pride, crossed the plains of ego with endurance, then crossed the mirage of

sandy dunes or so to say won over the worldly desires and is offering himself and everything to the sea i.e. the beloved Guru. What does the sea i.e. the beloved Guru do with all that? He spends it for the comfort of the world. He is a 'comfort giving' sea. He is benevolent and charitable. Rivers immerse themselves into the sea. The sea is instrumental in forming clouds that go up in the sky so that they shower and give comfort to the world.



25.

Bhai Feru ‘True Bearded’

When the seventh Guru left for his heavenly abode, then the eighth true Guru after occupying the seat of Guru-ship shortly left for Delhi and after sometime left this earthly abode. The ninth Guru stayed in Assam and neighbouring countries for a long time. The tenth Guru sat on the Guru-seat and got occupied in gigantic tasks.

The Preachers-cum-Cash Collectors of the Guru erred in their duties.

Really speaking the Preachers-cum-Cash Collectors were ideal men of high character whom the congregation revered due to their singing of divine songs (Kirtan), devotion and doing good to others. They were made to sit on a high seat. They devoted their entire lifetime in service for the Guru. If one was a celibate then he did not make any property. If he was married and a family man, then he lived satiated in contentment. The Cash Collectors were those who had imbibed the Lord's name in their heart. Their character was very high. They imbibed the Lord's name in others. They were true ideal men. They collected the offerings from the congregation and deposited the same in the Guru's treasury. At the time mentioned above many old aged had died. Some of the Cash Collectors became greedy and showed their back to the Guru and harassed the devotees. That is why Magnificent 'Guru with the Plume' dismissed the existing Cash Collectors and asked the devotees to send offerings direct to the Guru's treasury. The offerings that devotees were making to the Cash Collectors under duress, the Guru turned it to offerings with love and devotion.

At that time there were still some Cash Collectors who were honest and devoted. When the Guru called them, many did not come.

Then the Guru ordered, "Catch them and bring them". He blessed those who were honest and devoted. The story of one such Cash Collector is given below:

Bhai Feru was Cash Collector for a region between the rivers Ravi and Satluj. He did not present himself to the Guru on the first call. Actually, the orders did not reach him.

On the second order of the Guru he immediately accompanied the devotees who had come to take him to the Guru. The devotees were respectful to him but he said that you tie my hands and pull me by my beard and take me.

The devotees did not dare to do that but himself he pulled his beard and walked all the way to the Guru. When he reached the hall of audience of the true Guru, there also he stood with beard pulled.

The complaint against him was that he has misappropriated the offerings since some years. The true Guru looked at him. Love swelled in his mind. Again he looked towards him graciously. He closed his eyes then opened after a few moments.

He got up and embraced Bhai Feru and said, "You have been sending me all the offerings. I received all. Who has caught you and brought you here? You are not Feru. You are Bhai Feru 'True like your beard'.

Somebody softly said: O true Guru! He has sent nothing.

The True Guru replied: I received it direct.

Then the Guru said: He has been spending the entire offerings for the benefit of the poor. For himself he just ate from the Guru's Kitchen. Once I told him that the money spent for the poor comes to the Guru's treasury. He acted on that.

Bhai Feru was an extreme devotee, extremely desire-less for self and was always immersed in Guru-love. He saw the Guru in the congregation. He wrote poetry also that is not traced entirely.

The 'Guru with the Plume' himself with his own hands tied a turban round his head and gave him the honour of Bhai Feru 'True like his beard'.

After being thus honoured he stayed in his region and blessed thousands of people with the Lord's name. He remained steadfast in Guru-Love and service to humanity till the end.



26.

Villagers of Bajroor Reformed

Across the Satluj was a village named Bajroor. A small fort also existed in this village. This village was inhabited by Ranghars and Gujjars who often looted travellers. This small fort was very advantageous for them. Whenever any nearby villagers revengefully attacked, they took positions in the small fort and shot guns and arrows from the small fort that hit targets at distances.

Once they looted a group of Guru-disciples. When the congregation reached Anandpur and Magnificent Guru came to know about it, then he did not say anything for a couple of days. Then suddenly he ordered to attack the village. This time no horse-riders were called. Only Infantry went. It was a test for the Infantry.

After crossing the river they marched in rows towards Bajroor. The looters realized that 'Ideal men' (Khalsa) have come to punish us. They ran to rooftops and started shooting guns. Some went into the small fort and started shooting guns from there so that the 'Ideal Men' are not able to come near.

Some villagers stood at the front gate of the village with guns in hand. It was a clever strategy of the Ranghars but the 'Ideal Men' (Khalsa) were no less.

On orders of their Commanders, they advanced swiftly. Some fell down but without fearing the gunshots they moved forward swiftly and engaged the Ranghars in hand to hand fight. The Ranghars could not endure the onslaught and hid themselves in their houses. In this way the fight went on for a few hours.

When the Guru-disciples reached the gate of the small fort, then the Ranghars thought: We shall be killed. Then they showed a white flag from the top of the small fort.

The 'Ideal Man' (Khalsa) also stopped fighting.

Then everyone came out of the small fort and bowed down to the true Guru.

Magnificent Guru ordered them to demolish the small fort, return the looted money and vow not to loot again.

He said: If you indulge in looting in future, you will get more punishment.

Ranghars agreed to everything.

In this way after winning over the looters the 'Ideal Men' (Khalsa) returned to Anandpur. In this way, by becoming triumphant, the 'Ideal Men' (Khalsa) were considered authoritative. The congregation could come and go with ease and comfort and the people living in nearby villages felt at ease and fearless.

These were the battles that 'Ideal Men' (Khalsa) fought to allay the suffering of the people.



27.

‘Guru With the Plume’s Command

One day a devotee presented a silken dress to beloved ‘Guru with the plume’. Beloved Guru wore the dress and started towards Keshgarh. On the way one handsome disciple named Nand Singh was plastering a wall with mud. A flighty drop of mud stained the Guru’s silken dress as if it was craving to touch.

Nand Singh in his mind thanked the Guru that the Guru has remembered him. Sweet is his reprimand. Mercy is his benevolence. Both ways he has bestowed love on me. Even if the Guru remembers ‘we sinners and full of mistakes’ once in his sacred mind, our sins are redeemed, our life becomes fruitful and the Lord’s Name shall settle in our mind.

The beloved disciple considered it as Lord’s will and was happy.

Meanwhile the Guru looked back, noticed what had happened and said: I ordered “One slap. What went wrong that he got so many”?

Then the disciples said: Beloved Guru! You commanded. Whosoever heard the command he obeyed and carried out your order, bless us that we should remain obedient to you and always do whatever you order. We should never disobey.

Then the order is “Give your daughter to him to marry” said the Guru. “When you say that you are obedient to me, then I would like to test you”.

On hearing the order the disciples became quiet. Their faces turned pale and felt shameful. They were new disciples. It was a unique test. They had come from far off places. They had heard that the Guru’s command is supreme but they had not seen the splendour in the Guru’s command. They had not tasted the sweetness or sourness of the Guru’s command.

Everybody went into thoughts with faces looking down.

Meanwhile Ajab Singh a devotee from Kandhar, when he heard the story about what the Guru had ordered and had really happened and also the Guru's miraculous-ness, fell at the Guru's feet, clamped his feet and prayed: O miraculous! O redeemer of sinners! I am yours. Whatever I possess is your gift. If it were mine, I would have said mine but all is yours. All belongs to you. My child is your daughter. You marry her. You have written destiny on the forehead in the heaven. You fulfill it here yourself. Whatever you order we should obey. My ego should vanish. I should see you everywhere.

On hearing the words of devotion from the disciple, beloved Guru's eyes filled with tears that were dearer than diamonds. He said: You are blessed. Your soul shall immerse in the Supreme soul and you will live in ecstasy. Your daughter is my daughter. Marriages are made in heaven. We shall arrange the marriage ceremony today only. Congregation will assemble and bless the couple.

The same moment beloved Guru returned, entered the hall of audience and ordered: "Arrange the marriage function immediately.

He said: Ajab Singh's daughter is my daughter.

Ajab Singh said: My daughter has become a blessed daughter and he escorted her to the Guru's hall of audience. The marriage was celebrated and everyone was delighted.

More than that everyone was blessed with the recitation of the Lord's name by beloved 'Guru with the Plume'.

Nand Singh was delighted to marry. Everyone congratulated him.

Everyone praised the Guru and said: Beloved Guru is miraculous.

Beloved Guru blessed Ajab Singh and he got eternal happiness.



28.

Lahora Singh Reformed

One side was battles and valour, second side was religious preaching. The foundation of both was laid on character and virtuous conduct. The Guru's ideal men were to imbibe true virtuous conduct and keep away from falsehood, deception, bad company, tyranny or anything that was not virtuous.

Following is a specimen that depicts the true Guru's strictness on character. It was the month of August and at night nice cool breeze blew. Magnificent Guru sat on the roof when he heard some sort of quarrel from the roof of the adjoining house. Here lived one Guru-disciple named Lahora Singh. He used to supervise while the Guru's sons played.

Mala Singh's house was next to his house. Mala Singh was a trader and a financier also. Once when Lahora Singh was in need of money, he borrowed it from Mala Singh. But he did not return the same.

Mala Singh was kind hearted and virtuous. He did not harass Lahora Singh to return the money.

Sometime passed, Mala Singh suffered losses and was short of money. Some more time passed. Mala Singh became too short of money even to buy proper daily food.

Then he asked Lahora Singh to pay back the money that he owed to him. But he put him off with witticism.

Tonight Mala Singh went to his house and demanded the money. But Lahora Singh, in no mood to return ridiculed, "Guru-disciple takes money from Guru-disciple and forgets the worry to return". Again he said: "Eating, drinking and laughing is our job, rest the Guru will look after".

When Mala Singh told him about his urgent necessity, then Lahora Singh said, "It is everyone's destiny, it is for you to bear".

Mala Singh said: Those who tell lies, they have to reply in the Lord's court. When the messengers of hell will beat you then you will repent.

On listening to this Lahora Singh said: "When the Guru is gracious, messengers of death do not ask anything".

The true Guru overheard their conversation. When Lahora Singh quoted the sacred scripture to assert his characterless and sinful behaviour, then the true Guru, the Master of virtuousness recited a line in a loud voice that Lahora Singh could hear, "*Right of others is pig to Muslims and cow to Hindus, the Guru will redeem only if the sinful repents.*"

The first line that Lahora Singh had said, "Guru-disciple takes money from Guru-disciple and forgets."

To counter this, the true Guru recited another line loudly, "*One who himself eats and does not let others eat and deceives is banned from Guru's house.*"

Then the second line that he had said, "Eating, drinking, laughing is our job. Rest, the Guru will look after."

To counter this, the true Guru said loudly in an admonishing tone, "*The Guru will bless or punish as per the deeds done.*"

On listening to the Guru's words Lahora Singh trembled and in humility said to Mala Singh: O Brother! Please excuse me. I shall return the money to you tomorrow. I was just joking with you.

Next morning, Lahora Singh went to Mala Singh's house and with folded hands, returned the borrowed money. Then he got ready and went to the Guru's hall of audience. He fell at the Guru's feet and prayed: "Without the Guru's support we are in greed, forgive us and give us refuge. Do not be angry on us. We are attached to family and worldly desires. We have not realized the world as perishable."

Then the Guru said, "Stay away from sex, anger, greed and pride. Stay away from deception. Remain in pioussness in the community."

Then the Guru looked towards the congregation and gave a short discourse.

Poet Santokh Singh writes as follows:

Guru-disciples should not borrow money. If someone takes, then he should return respectfully. He should not listen to lies nor speak a lie. He should stay away from lies. Keep holy company and earn honestly. Always be truthful. One should be without hypocrisy. In this way he made the disciples determined and asked them to recite the Lord's name incessantly.

When the congregation came to know that Lahora Singh refused to return the money borrowed from Mala Singh and recited a line from the scripture to assert his viciousness and was admonished by the true Guru, then everybody realized the greatness of the Guru and said: Great is the true Guru. How much busy he remains in gigantic tasks. Still even in small personal problems of his disciples, he corrects the wrongs done.



29.

Bhai Harwant Singh

Prasan Kaur (in captivity): O 'Guru with the plume'! We look to your support.

Nahru: Make your husband agree to leave discipleship of the Guru.

Prasan Kaur: You can kill me but don't kill your brother.

Nahru: Don't be stubborn. Leave this discipleship of the Guru.

Saying this Nahru went near the other room where he had kept his brother in captivity and said: Leave this discipleship. Do not force me to become a killer.

Brother: O dear Brother! What you have understood is not correct. I cannot leave discipleship of the Guru under threat of being killed. The discipleship has removed the veil by which the fear of death has gone. Discipleship has awakened the mind. Death shall make the soul free. I am a lover of death. I play in the lap of death. The death that you think is in your hands shall only add to the weight of sins on your soul. It cannot harm us a wee bit. I do not beg pardon from you for myself and my wife but I ask you not to kill your own conscience.

Nahru: We are born to the same parents. It is a pity that I am following the Muslim religion and you become a disciple of the Guru.

Harwant Singh: Oh! Muslim religion! It has taken you to kill your brother. See to your conscience. To force a religion is not written in the Quran. You follow any religion you like. Let me follow whatever religion I like.

Nahru: No excuses, say either yes or no.

Harwant Singh: 'Yes', is that we shall remain disciples of the Guru with unshorn hair till our last breath. 'No' is in losing the faith. Even death shall not make us lose our faith.

Nahru: Alright.

Saying alright and biting his lips, Nahru went downstairs. He said to his mind: What to do? Brother has faith like steel. Sister-in-law is stubborn. If I kill them, then I get a bad name. If I free them, then I feel insulted. What should I do?

This prison is not a jail. This is captivity on the 1st floor of their house. Harwant Singh and Nahru were both sons of a rich landlord who was a disciple of the Muslim saint of Sarwar. The elder son Nahru was deeply influenced by the saint of Sarwar but the younger son Harwant became a disciple of the Guru and now drank the sacred nectar and was named Harwant Singh. The other family members did not like their becoming Guru-disciples. But Nahru was so furious that he planned to kill them. By some cunning pretext he locked the couple in different rooms and started tormenting them. But in this agony Prasan Kaur and her husband Harwant Singh did not become nervous and remained firm in their faith.

For the sentimental mother it became a perplexing situation. Her heart sided with the elder brother who was influenced by the saint of Sarwar but for the sentimental love for the younger son she could not endure his agony. If she sided with elder one, then it was more agony for the younger one and if she sided with the younger one then the elder son got angry. Mother was in a no go situation.

The beloveds of the Lord who live in high spirits are always alert. When night descended, Brother Nahru got intoxicated with wine and became unconscious. One maid servant talked this to Bhai Harwant Singh. Bhai Harwant Singh now fearlessly broke the door hinges with his strong hands. He came out and broke open the lock of the room where his wife was locked up. Both of them came downstairs.

Here, mother was sitting and crying. She said: Thanks to the Lord! How have you come out?

Son: Mother! I broke the door and came out.

Mother: That is why some noise was there. What do you wish to do now?

Son: We are leaving.

Mother: How will I bear the separation? But you better leave. It is important to save one's life. Come, I shall open the back door. Nahru is intoxicated with wine. Take some money and some arms.

Son: It is Lord's grace. We have got everything. You give me my arms. Wealth, my 'Guru with the Plume' has plenty.

Prasan Kaur: If you permit, shall I take the gifts?

Harwant Singh: Alright. Good.

Saying this, they carried two shawls, gifts, arms and some money that mother insisted, "You must take". They went to the horse's stable, mounted on horses and rode away fast after wishing goodbye to mother.

It is full moonlight tonight. The auspicious moonlight that was made bright by a hundred moons and thousand suns by way of Sri Guru Nanak Dev arriving on earth on this night. Yes, it was the auspicious night of the birth anniversary of Guru Nanak. It is the month of October, rosy season, sweet season, lovely breeze, sweet and cool breeze, lovely dew drops on vegetation, nice milky moonlight.

In this moonlight husband and wife are riding fast galloping their horses. They rode till past midnight. They reached a village where a Gurdwara existed and many Guru-disciples lived there. Being already well known to the congregation, they went to the Gurdwara.

In fact it was already early morning and devotees had started coming.

Some were having a bath and some had already bathed and were ready.

Everyone was glad to meet them. They already knew them. They felt delighted. They held their horses and welcomed them. They had already heard about their confinement and agony. When they saw them free and amongst them, then their happiness knew no bounds. Everybody embraced Bhai Harwant tightly with love. Everybody met his wife with hands folded and greeted her with Sat-sri-akal. They made them stay in a side-room, gave them hot milk to drink and asked them to rest and sleep.

But they who were in Guru-love and living in high spirits did not care for tiredness. They did not wish to miss the divine singing (*Kirtan*). They sat and listened to the singing of divine songs (*Kirtan*). Bhai ji had earlier got tuition from Amrit Rai poet. When he became a Guru-devotee, then he understood religion and its fundamental principles very well. In this way, in a short time only people gave him respect as an intellectual and a preacher. The congregation here was very keen to listen to his discourses. They requested him to stay for a few days so that they are benefited by his mind-elevating discourses.

Bhai ji was an 'Ideal man'. The 'Ideal man' himself remains steadfast in recitation and remembrance of the Lord's name and then preaches the Lord's name to others.

Bhai ji stayed there for a couple of days and gave discourses that elevated the minds of the congregation and they felt ecstasy of the Lord's name.

One day one disciple from amongst the congregation asked: How can all be united and the union should never break?

Bhai ji said: To remain united is a bit difficult. Those who preach unity, who cry for unity, split when there is no unity and suffer.

Unity is of two types, one that splits and one that lasts. Both have two factors responsible for. People with low character get together for some self-interest and become united. They try to fulfill that purpose. When the purpose is fulfilled, then they split due to their selfishness. For example thieves get together and steal. While stealing, they remain together but when it comes to distribution of stolen goods, then they fight amongst themselves. This unity arises from selfishness.

Second are those who leave their self-interest and for some philanthropy unite. They have friendly relations and no self-interest. They fulfill the common aim with unity. They do not have self-interest. High character and inspiration for duty is very essential for this type of unity because self-interest does not go without high character and inspiration for duty. To fulfill the aim such people unite and work together. When the work is completed then they celebrate together. See, some friends got together: Let us construct a Gurdwara.

Some donated land, some donated steel, some donated wood, some brought bricks, some brought lime and some paid for the labour. With a united effort a common wish was fulfilled. Now if all of them are inspired for duty, then everybody will feel delighted and they will do move service for the Gurdwara such as arranging divine singing (Kirtan), teaching of Punjab language, free kitchen (Langar) etc. and will consider it a privilege to do service.

But in case they are without high character, then the supplier of wood will boast: If I had not given wood how the building could be constructed?

The supplier of bricks will say: Bricks were donated by me. Steel used is very little like salt in dough.

The supplier of labour will say: Take your wood, bricks and steel away, if I had not put labour, then how the building could come up? There is no dearth of bricks or wood. The forests are full.

In this way first they will boast, then each one of them will say: I shall be the Manager of the Gurdwara. Everybody will try to push his control. The result will be disunity.

Then another conflict will arise. Everyone will want to fulfill his need. The wood supplier will say: Let me keep some extra wood. It is a common building, what if I use a little space for my wood? The milkman will say: Why not I keep my cows here at night? The grocer will say: Why not I keep my bags of grain here? The distiller will say: why not I keep a few jars of wine in the verandah? The chess players will say: It is common for everyone. Why not we play chess here in the afternoon?

In this way the selfish interests will create disunity. Slowly the Gurdwara will cease to operate.

But if all were of high character and inspired for duty, then everybody would have been keen to do service. Nobody would have bothered about becoming a prominent Manager. Whosoever was selected unanimously as Manager would have considered it a service to the congregation and as a duty to the congregation. The purpose for which the Gurdwara was constructed would not be lost.

There is strength in unity when one feels that to give comfort to others is much better than to think of one's own comfort all the time and one wants to do kindness to others.

Let us scrutinize ourselves. We do not have to make an effort for unity. Unity lies in us. The 'Guru with the Plume' has raised our moral character. He has preached 'service to humanity' and 'to give comfort to others'. Our centre point is Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh. Our aim is one i.e. to reach the Lord. Our duty is one: To go according to what the Guru has taught us.

Our faith is Love of God and love of humanity. Our character is pure. In this way, we love each other; we are well-wishers of each other. We have no pride of upper caste. We have no ego of city or village. The Guru has rid us of selfishness. Our entire community is one.

In this way he gave discourses for a few days and then departed. Now he reached another village. Here, by his motivation, a Gurdwara had come up and congregation assembled. Here stayed one musician who sang divine songs (Kirtan) and one Punjabi teacher. By assistance from Bhai Harwant Singh they helped ten or twelve blind people to learn singing of divine songs (Kirtan), playing of harmonium and tabla and giving religious discourses and recitation of name. Earlier, the blind were in great distress. They begged for food from door to door and suffered. When the Guru rose as the sun, the blind also got light. They were put on the path of recitation of the Lord's name and given training of some vocation wherein they could earn their livelihood with respect. They were taught music and singing of divine songs (Kirtan) and the art of giving discourses. In this way, these people who always suffered became eligible to sit at places of respect.

Many disciples were ready to go to Anandpur. They were waiting for Bhai ji. One blind disciple who had completed his training was to accompany them.

Four days passed. One rich businessman of the village passed away. This trader was in his fifties. He married thrice. This third wife was hardly sixteen

or seventeen years old. The younger brother of the trader wished that somehow this lady should die so that he is able to grab the property of his brother.

The elder brother died in the afternoon. Then he called the priest to advise the newly become widow of seventeen to burn herself on the pyre of the late husband.

In those times the dreadful custom of burning the wife on the husband's pyre was considered as a dutiful custom. Many ladies now do not know the old customs that were prevalent in those times. The custom was so much engrained in the mind of ladies that many new widows sat in the pyre with their dead husbands in their lap and did not feel afraid.

Manliness, bravery and steadfastness is always praiseworthy but this custom was a sure suicide in ignorance and mistaken belief. Sometimes the widows burnt themselves fearing the suffering of loneliness. Many times it happened that when the pyre was lit, the widow got up and ran away from there but the relatives out of superstition caught her and forcibly put her on the burning fire. Even more horrifying traits were heard. A lady who would not agree, the relatives tied her and threw the wailing lady on the burning pyre forcibly.

Guru Nanak was the first prophet who spoke against this horrible and bad custom. The third Guru issued orders that the custom of burning the widows should be stopped amongst Guru-disciples and efforts be made to save other Hindu widows from this bad custom of burning as much as possible.

The Guru said:

*Virtuous wives are not those who self-immolate themselves
Virtuous are those who have love-pangs for the Lord.
Virtuous are those who are noble and contented
Virtuous are those who remember the Lord
and day and night recite His name.*

The Guru did not stop here on the issue. When Akbar came to meet the fifth Guru, then the Guru asked the Emperor to waive tax because of famine. Along with this he also discussed the problem of self-immolation of Hindu widows. Akbar passed a law that no widow should be forced for self-immolation. Akbar stopped it altogether but due to the pressure from Hindu priests the practice was not rooted out fully. However, under the British rule this unholy custom was rooted out fully. Guru-disciples always tried to stop the unholy practice.

In this village the widow of the trader was prompted by the priests and she agreed to self-immolate herself on the husband's pyre.

Next morning when she accompanied the dead body of the husband to the cremation ground, then Bhai ji came to know about her plan.

Immediately he rushed to the cremation ground. Many more Guru-disciples followed.

Bhai Ji talked to the lady politely: O lady! Your moral strength is great and your love for husband is great. You wish to leave this earthly world in the hope that you shall reach the heaven. Before you leave you listen to my words also.

Bhai ji was respected as a saint in the entire village. Even the Muslims respected him. His love, service to humanity, love for the Lord and reciting the scripture had impressed everyone.

Everybody said: O lady, do listen to his sacred words.

The pandit who had seen the impact of the words of Guru-disciples at many places frowned but people did not bother.

Bhai Ji said: O lady! With what faith are you ready to self-immolate yourself? You have not created this body. The Lord has created. You are going to finish it. Now you consider: If a servant tries to finish something created by the Master, then shall the Master be happy with that? You try to equate yourself with the Master and then hope for a place in heaven. If the Master wished to finish your body, then he could make you dead. You are not sacrificing your body for some good cause. You want to self-immolate because you lived with your late husband or hope to go to heaven.

You think for yourself, how can you get salvation? Neither you have meditated on the Lord, nor have you done any service to humanity, you have not read any scripture, you have not recited the Lord's name. How can salvation come by burning the body?

The discourse turned the lady's mind. When people saw that the lady has backed out then her relatives felt distress, the pandit howled. They could not argue with Bhai ji.

They knew that they could not force her in the presence of Guru-disciples. They will not allow that. If we go to the ruler, even then the Guru-disciples' words will stand.

Now Bhai ji gave a strong discourse unhesitatingly. Everybody realized that it is cowardice that pushes you towards self immolation when there is suffering.

Now another big problem arose. According to the pandits, if a lady who has once agreed to self-immolate herself and put the saffron line on her head and if she backs out then a curse falls on her. This was the superstition of the pandits. The lady who backs out has no place to go.

Bhai ji sorted out the solution that Guru's refuge is the best course for her. She will be a part of the congregation. She will drink the sacred nectar and get a new awakened life.

After the pyre was lit the lady accompanied the Guru-disciples. One old lady who was related to her also accompanied her. The Guru-disciples, the lady and her relative came to the Gurdwara. Both were welcomed and became Guru-disciples.

The congregation accompanied by Bhai Harwant Singh proceeded towards Anandpur.

On the way they came to know that on instruction from the ruler of Delhi some prominent and rich persons have been arrested and are being escorted to Delhi for forcible conversion to Islam.

Bhai ji sent one detective who managed to find out that there were ten policemen and seven captives. Bhai ji now kept some good soldiers with him and asked the rest of the congregation to proceed to Anandpur. The congregation soon reached near the hills of Anandpur.

Bhai ji with his group of soldiers went after the group of captives at a little distance behind. On the third day they reached a place in the forest where there was no habitation. It was a lonely area. They tied up the already tired sepoys with ropes and freed the captives. The captives were made to sit behind the Guru-disciples on the horses and they galloped fast.

See the Lord's wonder! Who is sitting behind Bhai Harwant Singh?

He was his brother Nahru Lal. They rode fast and on the third day they were able to join the congregation that had reached the hilly area earlier.

Here, when Nahru met her sister-in-law, he felt ashamed. But the pious lady paid respect to him and said: O brother! It is Lord's grace that we have met again as brothers meet each other.

Nahru: O Sister-in-law! I am ashamed. I treated you so badly. It is your greatness that you are doing goodness to me in spite of my ugly behaviour towards you. If I were in your position I would have killed you. You are great that you call an enemy like me as brother.

Sister-in-law: O brother! I am not great. Great is the 'Guru with the plume', the fountain of love. Great is his congregation where flows that love. Let us forget the past. We do not remember the past. We have forgotten. If the tongue gets a cut by the teeth, then do we break the tooth? Or if an arm gets fractured, do we not support it by the neck? You are our relative. For us nobody in the world is a stranger, we all are children of one Lord. When we drink the sacred nectar and our soul is awakened, then we announce to the

world: Stop enmities, stop quarrels, stop this upper caste and low caste system, rid your ego and pride and say: One father, we are children of one Lord. O Lord you are my support. You also come and drink the sacred nectar and make your mind rise above discrimination and awaken your soul.

Nahru: O sister-in-law! You have saved me from the clutches of messengers of death. That Muslim priest Wahabuddin who was my best friend, he only deceived me. I was implicated falsely. Our house and property was confiscated and in captivity we were being sent to Delhi.

Sister-in-law: Mother-in-law and your self were already devotees of the saint of Nagaha. You were already half Muslim. Why were you afraid of embracing Islam?

Nahru: It was the cunningness of the Muslim priest Wahabu that changed my mind and then mother was absolutely against embracing Islam.

On listening to this story Bhai Harwant Singh accompanied by seven soldiers started towards Hoshiarpur. On reaching near the town they sent one detective to find out the whereabouts of the mother and children. The detective returned and informed Bhai ji that mother has agreed to embrace Islam on the condition that Nahru should be released from captivity and brought back home safely. For the time being, mother and children are in captivity in a Sheikh's house and some men have gone to bring Nahru back. The family is at present living in Sheikh's house and a guard is kept there.

On hearing this, the Guru-disciples reached the Sheikh's house in the early hours of the morning. They posed as sellers of horses. One person became friendly with the guard and took the guard a little distance away while talking.

Meanwhile Bhai ji entered the mansion, gave the news of Nahru's release to the family and asked the family to come out. Within moment they made them sit on horses and swiftly rode away. The companion who was talking to the guard gave some money to the guard and asked him to bring some food. Soon he rode his horse and slipped away like a drop of water on milk. On the third day everybody met at an earlier fixed destination.

By the Lord's grace they reached Anandpur, the town of bliss. They fell at the true Guru's feet. When every happening was narrated to the true Guru, then the Guru was immensely pleased to see the self respect, self defense and courage to save others at risk of one's own life. He was too glad to listen to the story of saving the young widow from self-immolation and bringing away so many people from the captivity of the Muslims.

of the river with regret of an unfulfilled desire and eyes filled with tears, bade good bye to all old remembrances and said: One has to leave everything one day. Why not leave it today? And why feel sad?

The boat moved and kept on moving. The water in the river was moving at a slow speed and the boat moved automatically. The girl who rowed the boat kept the boat in the middle of the stream and it went on and on. It is extremely cold but she is not bothered. Maybe the propelling of oars sometimes keeps her body warm. Moving like this, the night passed. Morning ascended. The sun rose.

The damsel anchored the boat on a corner of the bank. She opened a box and ate something and then slept in the boat. In the afternoon she decided to continue her unknown journey and rowed the boat in the middle of the river. The speechless boat is drifting on the bosom of water. The damsel is rowing it with her strong hands as fast as she can.

When night descended the moonlight bloomed again. She let the boat drift in the slow moving waves of water and rowed a little so that the boat remains in the centre and the movement of her arms gives warmth to the body.

Again, the night passed. It was morning time. The damsel again anchored the boat near the bank. She collected some wood, lit a fire, took out some groceries from a bundle, cooked some food, ate and again slept in the boat. In the afternoon again she started her journey in the river.

One day, the boat touched the bank of the river. The scenic spot enchanted her mind. The boat insisently anchored itself on the bank. She decided not to travel any further. She picked up a rope, tied the boat to a tree and with intention to rest at night, she collected wood, lit a fire, cooked some food and ate. Then she covered herself with a quilt and slept.

II

Let us see what has happened in the mansion from where down below, the damsel sat in the boat and started her journey?

The owner of the mansion is a learned Pandit, big landlord, rich and wealthy. He is sitting with his wife who is heaving long sighs.

She spoke: O! Pandit dear! Your teaching has spoiled everything. Oh! My loving young daughter born after a great deal of prayers and vows, this age and this situation! Who knows! Whether she is writhing in frost or is lying dead as a stone at the bottom of the river or her body that was nurtured with butter and cream is eaten up by crocodiles. O Child! Why that unfortunate

morning came when we put you to school. Isn't it strange? Nobody sends girls to schools. Much before sunrise you used to say: O Daughter! Get up. Go to school. She got so much engrossed in learning that she did not wish to marry even though she had reached the age of twenty-one. Well! You thought you will marry her when all the young boys would die. Every day you told her to study. She learnt to have discussions and arguments with everyone. You prompted and she got addicted to discussions and arguments. Now you are facing the consequences. You taught her and now she was one step further. She was more intelligent than you or other religious Pandits. Many times, I told you that our daughter has attained marriageable age. Do not keep her busy in discussions. Marry her off and send her to the bridegroom's house. She will have children, become a housewife and forget these discussions. But you said, she should become a Doctor of literature. Well? Now she has become a Doctor of literature and jumped into the worldly ocean. I do not know whether she excels others with her knowledge or becomes a food for the crocodiles in the river. (Heaving a sigh) Oh! My darling daughter! Where are you?

Pandit: O Savitri! Why do you blame me? I made her learn. I did not give poison to your daughter. Her leaving the house in detachment is not the influence of my teaching. This is the influence of what she listened from the saints and sadhus. One simpleton sadhu said something in her ears that made her mind detached. My lessons are true pearls.

Savitri: But Pandit dear! Who gave her that addiction to hold discussions with saints and sadhus? You only said that one gets more knowledge through discussions. So she got addicted to discussions. The fisherman catches fish in the net every day. But sometimes a crocodile also gets caught in the net. Then the fisherman has to face the consequences. Same happened here. A saint came and scintillated your and daughter's knowledge and went away. The daughter lost her knowledge and I lost my daughter. Both the harvests got burnt. You tell me. Where should I go? My heart sinks. It is going down and down. Today is the third day.

Pandit: You tell, what more should I do? I sent men to far off distances, sent detectives, sent boats to follow. Nets were laid, made enquires on the bank of river up to fifty kilometres or more but no clue was found. Unless we get a clue, how can we know the whereabouts? It is beyond our control. Destiny is mighty! It happened with Rama and Krishna. What are we in comparison to them?

Wife: But Mother's heart cannot cool down by talking.

Pandit: Poor father? What should he do? Besides the love in the heart, all his hopes and wishes have gone down the drain. She was so intelligent and wise.

The Pandit and his wife were lamenting when Santo maid came running and said: On the bank of the river, I found one envelope that was tied to the branch of a Fig tree. When I opened it I found one paper. I do not know what is written on it but the handwriting seems to be that of respected sister.

Pandit hurriedly took the paper and read. The eyes of the hard-hearted Pandit that had never cried are shedding tears today.

One cannot imagine with how much detached mind the string of sentimental love broke, the hand wrote and went on the way to the forests. The Pandit became so emotional that he sang the lines.

Wife: Has our daughter written this letter and left it.

Pandit: Yes darling!

Wife: Then tell something to me expended. Where has she gone and what has she written?

Pandit: Alright, listen. The first stanza says: O friend! Fortunate are those who in the bloom of cold wintry night under the moonlight filled sky spend the beautiful and pleasant night sitting immersed in the love of the Supreme pious Lord after renouncing the worldly pleasures and rid their mind from the vices of the world.

Oh! Lord! Our daughter has renounced the family?

Wife: Alas! This learning has led her astray. Has she written anything else or is this all?

Pandit: Whatever else she has written, you listen: I am going to the forest. O mind! Rid yourself from worldly desires. Eat the fruit that grows in the forest and wear the clothes of the leaves of trees and live a life where one does not hear words of those who are in forgetfulness of the Lord, are greedy for money and boast of being saints.

Wife: Oh! Daughter is lost! You tried to make her more and more learned. Oh! My Master! You crammed all Vedas and Upnashids. Many saints became your students and you earned more money and we got more comforts in the house. You never dreamt of living in forests and wearing leaves of trees as clothes. What did you teach her that the daughter's 'soft like cotton wool' mind caught fire?

Pandit: O Darling! My teaching did not have any spark. This spark was ignited by that young saint.

This conversation was going on when they heard the tune of a divine song (*Kirtan*) that would fill the mind with detachment. The effect of the tune was so deep that everybody became quiet like statues.

When this loving tune stopped, then Pandit, like a tiger thundered with rage: O good lady! He is the same mad person who has plundered our house. O Moti, Ganua, Jeevan! Go catch him and bring him here.

On listening to the order from the Pandit, all three ran and in a short while brought a tall, handsome and sharp featured young man inside.

This pious figure had a small beard that indicated his age around twenty-five. His forehead was broad and lustrous. His eyes showed magnificence but at this time they appeared heavy as if immersed in love of the Lord.

The moment he entered, Pandit's anger subdued. Instead of shouting in rage he was suppressed.

The handsome pious person's face emitted radiance though he was wearing a coarse cloth dress and a coarse cloth turban. He sang:

The Lord has blessed

The Lord has blessed

He was engrossed in the song when he came and stood there. He stood carefree engrossed in the song. He was hardly conscious of where he was and where he is. He stood in ecstasy of the song. Some time passed in silence.

The lady now cried, shed tears and said: O 'Benevolent' Where is my dear one?

But the saint was still engrossed in the tune of the song. The lady touched his feet and repeated the same question.

Then he startled and said: O pious woman! I do not know about your dear one. She might be in your house or in your heart.

On listening to this, Pandit picked up some courage and said: O saint, I am afraid of Pandits but others I consider them as animals. You tell straightforwardly otherwise take it that you are under my control and I can send your body to hell.

Saint: Pandit dear! I am not a Pandit but I have never threatened anyone and I am not afraid of any threat. I have told without any fear whatever is true that I do not know the whereabouts of your daughter.

Pandit: You know how to light a fire but you do not know how to extinguish it. Why did you suddenly burst a flame in her that turned her mind?

Benevolent Saint: I do not light a fire. It is the Lord who kindles a love-spark in those who are in the dark. It is the Lord who turns the love-spark into love-flame. He is the saviour Lord. You asked me and she asked me to tell the

truth. I told the truth. If truth is a flame then well and good, it will burn the mounds of sins on the mind, when the sins are burnt then the fire will extinguish automatically.

Pandit: Not like this! These saints are evil spirited. They don't speak out by scolding. They speak out by using wands. O Moti! Set him right with a wand.

On the order of Pandit, the servant came with a wand in his hand.

The benevolent saint looked towards them, then smiled and said. I am not a coward sadhu that you have brought a wand. I am brave as a lion. I am not an animal that will lie down and die. I am at the service of my Master and the time of my leaving this earthly body has not come as yet. Barbarity and tyranny has become the rule of the day. That has to be vanquished. I have to save the true saints on the basis of justice. O Pandit! What can your servant do to me with this wand? I am ready to sacrifice my body but that time has not come as yet. You think over. Do not keep yourself in any mistaken belief. I am a saint who may like to lose and be happy. But I stand for principles. I shall save this body that is at the service of my Master. When my Master orders me to lie down then only you will be able to beat me.

Saying this, his hand went inside his wimple and like a hissing snake came out a sword that dazzled like thunder in the hand of the valiant.

Was it a dazzle or a glimpse of death? At once everybody trembled and moved away ten steps backward. 'Benevolent' smiled and said: Do not be afraid. This sword in my hand is not meant to kill. This is a shield to guard an attack so that nobody should create hindrance in Magnificent's work.

Pandit was bewildered. He was wonderstruck whether this saint is mad or a highly intellectual saint? Whether he is a soldier or a saint?

'Benevolent': O.K. Enough is enough. I go now.

'Benevolent' went away like a lion. Nobody could dare touch him.

One day again in the afternoon 'Benevolent' sat on the bank of the river in meditation with eyes closed when under instructions from Pandit, Moti struck his wand like a thud on the back of the saint. The benevolent saint's eyes opened but today he did not pull his sword out. He just remained sitting. Four or five of Pandit's men beat him, tied him with a rope and carried him home.

Pandit now said to the tied captive: O soldier of 'Magnificent'! Where is your saviour now?

'Benevolent': 'Magnificent' has ordered, "Take a beating, a merciless beating. A rosary of love shall spring up from your blood." In the service of

my Master I have to undergo merciless beating. In my torture, the rosary of love and the greatness of 'Magnificent' shall be revealed. The un-enlightened minds will become enlightened.

The Pandit and his wife shivered with awe but the servants by hitting 'Benevolent' with wands had made him like reed fiber. Within moments 'Benevolent' almost crushed became unconscious.

Pandit now suddenly became afraid that this person might be a detective of the government. The way he spoke with so much courage, it could not be from anybody else. If it is so, then we are nowhere. We will have to pay the penalty.

After serious consultations, it was decided that since he has died his body should be wrapped in sheets and placed in a small boat and the boat should be placed in the swift flow of the river. It shall move over fifty kilometres at night or it might sink. At least it goes away from here. The impatience that the dead body should move out of the house at the earliest so that no proof is left made them plan in this way. The moment it became dark, the dead body wrapped in sheets was put in a boat and the boat drifted fast in the current of water in the river.

Nature's wonders! In the mountains, it had rained incessantly for two days. Today the river was swollen and the breeze was also blowing swiftly southwards. The boat without a boatman drifted fast like the breeze and went on and on.

O Dear! Magnificent's soldier! "In your beating, the greatness of Magnificent 'Guru with the Plume' shall be revealed. In your torture, the greatness of Beloved 'Guru with the Plume' shall be revealed. Oh! How you listened to this order from so much distance? With what faith you believed it as true? With how much courage could you bear it? O Benevolent saint! Sacred is your sword and your hands. Sacred is your mind and sacred is your intellect who responded to beloved Guru's love for humanity. Oh Magnificent's soldier! Your sacred body wounded and blood oozing out lying on grass and straws in this extreme wintry cold is moving towards the sea where who knows it might swim on the bosom of the sea till the sea water decays the wood.

III

It is the same river Chenab that has fragrance of love in its waters. On the bosom of the same water the dead body is being carried away by the swift current.

The congregation was inspired by listening to the valour and courage shown by Bhai Harwant Singh and other Guru-disciples who remained in high spirits against odds and fought tyranny. Then everybody drank the sacred nectar and became Guru's sons and daughters.



30.

Most Dear

[Promila & Magnificent's soldier]

I

Like the seasonal blossom of the forest goes un-noticed without the appreciative eyes, similarly, the long wintry night wet with dew, brilliant with the twinkling stars and clear sky goes un-noticed without the appreciators of the cool moonlight.

The night is so cold that one cannot put a bed and sleep outside. If we sleep inside, then the roof of the room becomes a veil and does not let you have a glimpse of the sky that is full of moon's lustre. But the fondness of seeing the lustre of the bright moonlight that pervades from the sky to the earth like the glitter of mercury often attracts the appreciators of natural beauty and brings them outside.

It is one such fortunate moon-lit night. The water in the river is flowing softly.

On the top is the blue sky. White stars are twinkling and the moon is showing its lustre like silver. In the clear water below one can see the reflection of the entire sky, moon and the twinkling stars. The brilliant moonlight is spread from the water below to the sky. How to appreciate it? It appears as a sphere of white lustre. Sweet and loving breeze is producing waves in the calm water of the river.

A small boat is moving steadily on the waves of water. One girl is sitting in the boat with two oars in her hands. She is quite tall and beautiful. Sometimes she rows a little, otherwise the boat keeps moving with the slight push from the breeze that is blowing. A sad song is audible from the boat. Then it became quiet. She propelled the oars. The boat moved fast. The girl who had become one with the moonlight saw towards the high mansion that stood on the bank

From this spot further down is a long stretch of beautiful green farmland and Jhang city. In these farmlands the flute of Ranjha whistled and enthralled the listeners.

If we go on the western side of the bank, then we come across a scenic spot and a village named Chund. In this village the day has ascended. At some places people are sitting in groups of two or four basking in the sun. In one of the groups they are talking: One goddess of traditional Hinduism is born from the river Chenab who sings songs of pangs of separation with such devotion that the water of river Chenab stops to listen. In another group they are talking: Heer has come out of her grave and sings songs of separation in the farmlands. Who else can be so beautiful and in such pangs of separation.

One Mohammedan saint said: Hoor has come from the heaven. God has sent her beloved to the earth. She is in search of her beloved. Beware! Do not be disrespectful to her. Such humans have Supernatural powers.

Many such dialogues are often heard in the vicinity. However everybody is very much impressed has a respectful feeling and a strong wish to listen to her devotional songs. Many people wish to talk to her but she never talks to anyone. People go and keep different types of food and sweets wherever they see her but nobody has seen her eating. Despite of that people do go and place eatables there. The women are crazy to meet her. Whenever she sings songs they throng around her.

At this time the damsel is sitting on a mound. In her hand she has a violin and is engrossed in playing a nice tune. Now she has opened her throat. The opening of her throat has echoed in the entire forest. It appeared that the waves from her throat are influencing the waves of water in the river. She sang a song. Then it was quiet. The visitors sat for some time, then went away.

It was sunset when she opened her eyes. She had remained hungry in the day. Her eyes saw some sweets, cooked vegetables, bread and milk. She does not wish to eat but hunger is demanding. Her hands moved forward, picked up some food and hurriedly gulped it down.

After thrusting the meager meals into her stomach she picked up her violin and stood up. The balance food remained where it was lying. She walked towards the river bank and said to her mind: O mind! I renounced the house to live in the forest. I have got the forest but I haven't got the peace of mind or ecstasy that I hoped for in the forest. Why did I get this mad idea after studying so much? I am myself pure God. Why did I renounce? But Oh ho! This is wishful thinking. This is like a mirage. If I am God, then why am I in forgetfulness of Him? I do understand that Lord is there but I do not feel

ecstasy of His presence. When one is busy in the household chores, then one can say that these are attachments that do not let you feel the ecstasy. But now there is no attachment but still there is no feeling of ecstasy. Alas! Where has that sweet-tongued gone? His words gave a feeling of ecstasy. Even staying near him one felt cool. What did he say that day? Without love of the Lord all knowledge is dead knowledge. We had knowledge. But was it a dead knowledge? Yes, we were really lifeless. We never had that inner blossom of mind that he had. I prayed to him to give me that ecstasy. He tried to make me understand but said: Go to my 'Magnificent'. Yes! O sweet-tongued friend! Where is your 'Magnificent'? I had no inkling that the moment he leaves, my mind will go for renouncement. He said: You are a dead person. Even prominent saints like Shah Sharaf said: You are a philosopher. This elegant soldier said: Shah Sharaf has cursed you. Philosophy has scope up to the five senses of the body. Without a sensation of the Lord in one's mind one only knows that Lord is there. Alas! Where is that sensation? O beloved! You have played hide and seek with me. Where are those live sensations? You gave hints of some sensation and hid yourself.

Then she sang one song. She heaved long sighs and again said to her mind: I am not stupid. I know well that with breath control I can go up to thoughtlessness. But next moment she felt a pang. She felt a pull. It was this pang and this pull that she could never find in books. This never happened when I had discussions with other saints. Is this the 'life' that the sweet-tongued saint said, 'life'?

Oh ho! O river! You tell where is 'Benevolent'. Even if he had told me who is 'Magnificent' whose soldier he was then I could search. How can I search now? The longing has surrounded my mind. The craving has pierced my heart. The intense desire to meet has killed me. Neither the scripture tells a way out or my wisdom. Oh! What has happened to me?

She sang:

*"I am alone in this world.
Destiny has made me lost"*

Thus lamenting she reached the bank of the river. There, another small boat was stuck where she had tied her boat to the tree. Neither was an oar in the boat nor any man. Astonished she picked up oars from her boat and stepped into the newly arrived boat. She picked oars in her hand so that in case the boat moves, then she may be able to stop it. She saw grass and some blanket lying there, in eagerness, she touched the blanket and felt something wrapped in it. When she opened the wrapping, what..... did..... she.

see? It was the dead body of the sweet-tongued 'Benevolent'. The entire body was almost crushed. Blood oozed out at many spots.

The eyes recognized and the moment she recognized, her heart almost sank: Oh destiny! I have found whom I was longing to meet but in what condition. It might have been better if I had not found. O my body! Now you also sleep the same way and in the same boat. Dyed in the love of 'Benevolent' I shall ask: O 'Benevolent', Is this the life that you gave hints of? O destiny! Now, to live in this world is fruitless. O death! Take me in your lap. O Benevolent (shaking his hand), Why don't you speak now? Speak a word at least before you go away. If you were to go away like this, then first you should have sent me away like his. (After thinking) I have reached my aim of life. My desire to live has vanished. Death is dearer than life.

Yes! One wins over the fear of death in this way. O Magnificent's soldier! You did not take me while living. At least now take me along in this distant travel. I should have a glimpse of your 'Magnificent'. I did not meet him while living maybe after death I will have his glimpse. Why I became so learned? Why I renounced the house? Why did I not die after renouncing? O beautiful death! Come and take me! I cannot see this glimpse of beloved 'Benevolent'. O my eyes! Close and never open again.

The Doctor of Literature thus crying and wailing in sorrow has gone mad. Many times in frenzy she thinks of jumping into the river and die but the loving glimpse of the beloved 'Benevolent' is attracting her eyes and does not let her do so.

In this craziness she tied the boat of 'Benevolent' to her boat. She spread some grass in her own boat, made a platform and pillow, lifted the body of 'Benevolent' and laid it down on the grass bed. She covered it with whatever sheets were available and kept the face uncovered. She heated some water and washed his face, hands and feet. She brought flowers from the forest and decorated his face.

Night descended. She lit a fire in the boat to keep warm and picked up her violin and started singing divine songs (*Kirtan*) and songs of pangs of devotion.

The river was in flood today. A few boats came from the opposite side of the bank.

Due to the flood the boats reached late at night. The inhabitants of Chund went to their homes but those who had to go further camped here. Their most need was for fire. One person from the caravan saw fire burning and came to borrow a burning log. When he came near he was over-awed to see a decorated

dead body lying in the boat and a beautiful and graceful damsel playing the violin.

In this cool and peaceful cold wintry night with the twinkling stars in the sky and water below, what am I viewing? He became afraid and thought: it was some water fairy and has come out at this time and is playing her violin. He went ahead two steps to ask for fire but out of fear stepped back. Again he picked up courage and went near and asked for a burning log. But who would listen? He thought she is not bothered. He picked up a burning log and went back.

He narrated the entire story to his Master. In astonishment the Master became eager to see for himself. When he reached there, then he realized that it was a predestined state of sorrow. He was bewildered to see the dead body. When he saw the violin and the book of scripture, then he realized that she is an intellectual. Finally, he went ahead and entered the boat. Then he put the reverse side of his hand in front of the nose of the dead body and after that he put some cotton wool. Then he saw the color of the nails, the eyes and rubbed his hand on the body.

The damsel now became fully conscious and wondered.

The gentleman now talked to her: O Young girl! You seem to be intellectual. I am a doctor. I feel compassion on your suffering. If you wish I can make him alright.

Damsel: Can a dead person become alive?

Doctor: He is not dead. He is alive.

Damsel: Is he alive after dying?

Doctor: He is not dead. He is alive.

Damsel: Is it true?

Doctor: Yes! It is true.

Damsel: Can you make him talk to me?

Doctor: Yes.

Listening to yes, the damsel fell at the doctor's feet. O Saviour! Are you 'Magnificent'?

Doctor: I am neither Magnificent nor a saint. I am only a doctor who can cure him.

Damsel: I am in distress and without money. If you make him alright, then I shall do service in your house with a thankful heart. I do not have anything else.

Doctor: Your being an intellectual is good enough for me. When an intellectual is in distress, then it is the duty of another intellectual to help. If he does not then it is shameful.

Damsel: You are great! Great is your being born!

Doctor: O daughter! What is your relation with him?

Damsel: He is 'Magnificent's soldier.

Doctor: Who is that 'Magnificent'?

Damsel: I do not know.

Doctor: Then how did you say, 'Magnificent'?

Damsel: That also, I do not know.

Doctor: What is his name?

Damsel: 'Magnificent's soldier. This name, he himself told us and our city people called him sweet-tongued saint. My Mother used to call him 'Benevolent'.

Doctor: What is your connection with him?

Damsel: Mine?

Doctor: Yes daughter! Your!

Damsel: He is 'Life-giver' for me but he has not given me life. There is somebody who is 'Most Dear'. But for me he is unseen 'Most Dear'. He has the 'Life-giving grace' in him.

The doctor thought that due to extreme shock she is not in her senses. When he becomes alright, then we shall know everything. The forehead of this wounded person is broad like that of a saint. I am sure he will be a gem. Let me serve. Service gives fruits.

The doctor went and brought his medicine box. He took out one medicine and said:

O daughter! Keep rubbing this cream on his temples. Then he gave another cream for rubbing on his armpits at short intervals. Then he gave four small envelopes containing a powder to be put on the tip of the tongue every one hour.

The doctor now went to his camp. The damsel who had lost all hopes regained hope and courage. Can he become alive? It was a small question that came to her mind again and again. Her own mind said, 'No' but the Doctor's figure appeared in front of her that said, 'Definitely'. The damsel kept awake the entire night. According to the instructions of the doctor she rubbed the medicines and kept the fire burning to keep the body warm.

In the morning the doctor came. He examined the body and said: O daughter! My medicines were effective and he is on the way to recovery. If you give him medicines with attention, then he will surely be alright. But there is one problem.

I have to go today and you cannot take him along to my town.

Damsel: O doctor! You made me regain my lost hope and now you have dashed my regained hope. As such my distress has increased. It appears destiny is against me.

O loving river! I shall now jump in your waters. If I had not known the whereabouts of 'Benevolent' then I would have lived in hope. Now that I know that he is no more in this world, I shall go to the heaven and search him there.

When the doctor heard her mournful words and realized that she was adamant then his mind said: If I do service then two lives will be saved. If I go then two lives will be lost.

Then he said: O damsel! I shall go to Chund that is nearby and seek a place to stay. I shall stay here for two days. I am sure the critical period shall pass by that time.

Damsel: O Doctor! It is your greatness that you are helping a damsel in distress. I shall ever pray for your long life.

The doctor now gave medicines and he himself went and stayed at a Gurdwara at Chund. At this time Bhai Jeevna, a pious soul was Caretaker of the Gurdwara. When the doctor told him the reason for his stay then Bhai Jeevna had tears of compassion in his eyes. He closed his eyes in emotion. In his closed eyes he saw one saint saying: *The sufferings of beloveds are felt in the hearts of those who love.*

Bhai Jeevna realized: I am being prompted for my duty. These persons surely are beloveds of Guru Nanak. It is man's duty to allay the suffering of the world and here, I feel some fragrance of love. All told Bhai Jeevna accompanied by doctor reached there.

Bhai Jeevna (to damsel): I have to request you. In this outside cold the medicines shall not be as effective as inside. You come with me. There is good accommodation. Bed and bedding is also available. I shall also do service.

Damsel: Pious man! You are great! But I am a renounce. I have renounced my mansions. To go and stay in mansions again is blemish on me. Whatever the Lord wishes let it happen here.

Bhai Jeevna (looking at the wounded): O daughter! This person is not a renounce. How have you become a renounce?

Damsel: He is a saint. He is a Yogi. He is a renounce.

Bhai Jeevna: This cannot be. Yes! He is higher than yogis and renounces but he is not a renounce.

Damsel (In wondrousness): Is he a house-holder?

Bhai Jeevna: You might say with certainty but he is a pious man living in this world with mind detached like the lotus lives in mud but is not affected by it.

Damsel: I do not understand.

Bhai Jeevna: O daughter! He may be a house-holder or a renounce. He is unwell at this time. The urgency is to cure him quickly. He will get better treatment at the Gurdwara instead of this place. So you consider this also as a medicine.

Damsel: I left the house and became a renounce. How shall I go back to houses? But I shall have to do whatever is good for the sweet-tongued 'Benevolent'.

Bhai Jeevna: I won't take you to a house. I shall take you to a Gurdwara where sadhus and saints stay. Gurdwara is not a house.

The damsel said, "Yes" and got up. They put 'Benevolent' on a cot and carried him. They took other belongings of the damsel and asked the boatmen to look after the boats.

At the Gurdwara, 'Benevolent' was given proper medical treatment.

Bhai Jeevna was greatly impressed by the intellectualness of the damsel. When he heard more about her, then he got more regard and love for the damsel. The face of 'Benevolent' was enough attraction for them but now the story of the damsel gave more of compassion. So far, nobody knew how the handsome 'Benevolent' came in this sorrowful condition.

The doctor stayed there for three days. First the body temperature came to its normal level. Next the breath that was so slow that one could not even feel became normal. Then he became conscious. On the third day his eyes opened and he saw a damsel sitting close to him. He was too weak and could not speak but he realized that somebody is at his service. As such he was not astonished. He was still quite weak. He closed his eyes. Again on the fourth day he opened his eyes. He saw the faces sitting and standing around and closed his eyes. Now he got some strength in him. Today, twice he uttered 'Most Dear' and shed tears from his eyes.

At this time Bhai Jeevna was sitting close by. Even Promila's eyes filled with tears and she closed her eyes. Seeing this phenomenon the doctor felt wondrous.

After sometime when the damsel and both Bhai Jeevna and doctor were having lunch together, then the doctor could not stop himself from asking: O daughter! What magic was in the words 'Most Dear' that the benevolent had tears in his eyes, you also had tears in your eyes and we also felt a sensation in our body?

Damsel: I had narrated to you my short story but this 'Most Dear' (with tearful eyes) is the magical word that even I do not know. 'Benevolent' who is lying wounded knows the secret. After my Doctorate of literature, I was very fond of discussions. Very senior saints came and argued with me. But generally they lost in the discussions and praised me. One day my father brought 'Benevolent' along with him. Since some days he used to sit and meditate on the bank of the river. My father said: The saint seems to be a renounce. He seems to be a learned intellectual. To have discussions with him might be useful. Father sometimes brought him home and we served him lunch. Many times I tried to argue with him but he remained indifferent. One day I said: Give me some wisdom. Then he said: You have enough wisdom. If the wisdom vanishes it might be better. I was bewildered. Due to his grandeur I had a great regard for him. I could not reply. But he laughed and said: Knowledge gives wisdom to the mind but it remains scattered in desires. It does not concentrate and elevate. Today was the first day that I got a prick in the intoxication of my knowledge.

Again when he came next, I said: I desire to argue with you.

He replied: A person who is above the desire of winning or losing can argue. One day I said something. Then he said: Who are you?

I: Who is sitting in front of you?

Benevolent: Sitting in front of me is a bag of earth.

I: I am not a bag of earth.

Benevolent: Then, who are you?

I: I am soul, God, Lord.

Benevolent: Do you recognize yourself when you say that?

I: Yes.

Benevolent: Let us scrutinize. Do you desire to gain more knowledge? Do you desire to have more wealth? Do you desire fame?

I: Yes, I do desire.

Benevolent: That means you are in desires.

I: Yes, I do agree.

Benevolent: If somebody dubs your pride. Then you become angry. You are in anguish.

Hesitatingly, I said: Yes, it does happen like that.

Benevolent: Alright, now let us see the characteristics of God.

I: Without desires, without vices, pure, above anguish, above time, all bliss.

Benevolent: The characteristics of God and yours do not tally.

(A bit perturbed) I said: It seems what you say is right.

Benevolent: Lord is inside you, here, there, everywhere but you do not have the sensation of the Lord in you.

I: Yes! I do not have the sensation.

Benevolent: That means you are blind.

I: But I can see

Benevolent: But that blindness is different.

I: What is that?

Benevolent: Blind are those who do not have the sensation of the presence of the Lord in their mind, heart and body.

I (Startled): When you talk of 'sensation of the Lord', then I agree I am blind.

I was in this thought that 'Benevolent' closed his eyes and said: 'Most Dear'. His eyes filled with tears and there was wondrous lustre on his face. There was some wavy magic in his utterance that gave a sensation in my body, my eyes closed, filled with tears and I felt a pull.

After sometime 'Benevolent' got up to go. I said: O 'Benevolent' please stay on. We shall talk more.

He said: You are blind. How can one talk of 'beauty'? And he walked away.

That was the first day that I listened to the words "You are blind" in my honour. If I had told my father that this saint has rebuked me then he would have managed to pick him up and throw him in the river. But I had no courage to say anything against the pious 'Benevolent'.

After this, whatever I did the words echoed in my ears "You are blind" and my body shivered. Is it true that I am blind? How 'Benevolent' has made me realize that I know Lord is there but I do not have a sensation of the presence of the Lord in my mind, heart and body?

Again one day when he came with a blossoming forehead and lustre on his face and said: Life giving grace! Life-giving grace!

I: I am blind. I have decided to go in for Yoga of breath control.

Benevolent: Then where shall you reach?

I: In thoughtlessness. Desires and anxieties will vanish.

Benevolent: Being near does not mean meeting. Meeting the Lord is when the body soul immerses in the Supreme soul.

I: What is the need for the body soul to immerse in the Supreme soul?

Benevolent: (Eyes closed) 'Most Dear'.

His eyes filled with tears, his face emitted radiance. My eyes filled with tears. I got a sensation. My eyes closed. When I opened my eyes 'Benevolent'

had gone and on the wall was written: You are 'Non-believer in God'. Another day when we met, he said: Breath control will take you into thoughtlessness. In the Vedas is also written that at the end you should fall at the Lord's feet. I tell you that your learning is from blind persons. They taught you that thoughtlessness is the end. They did not tell you that you have to fall at the Lord's feet in the final step. Vedas are also a jungle. If you are learning from somebody who hasn't a sensation of the Lord in himself, then you may get lost in it.

Quietness prevailed for some time.

To break the silence I said: How am I a non-believer?

'Benevolent' laughed and asked: If you are a believer, then where is the Lord in whom you believe.

I: He is "All pervading."

'Benevolent': Is the Lord with you or not?

I: When He is all pervading, then He is with me also.

'Benevolent': If He is with you, then where is He?

I: The size of a thumb, He is sitting in my heart.

'Benevolent': In what way?

I: I have not seen Him. What can I tell?

'Benevolent': Do you perceive Him. Do you feel His presence?

I: Yes, I do.

'Benevolent': Are you speaking the truth? Do you feel His presence when you are discussing or discoursing or at other times also?

I: What do you mean by other times?

'Benevolent': You remember Him when you are discussing or discoursing and then like a bubble of air you forget Him.

I: Yes. You have said right. Only sometimes I remember him.

'Benevolent': When you do not have the sensation that He is there, then the perception that He is there is non-existent. Then how do you say that He is inside you and you perceive Him? "Lord is there" If His sensation is not in you incessantly, then how do you say that you are a believer in God. One is believer when one has the incessant sensation of the presence of the Lord in his mind, heart and body.

I (bewildered): O Benevolent! Your dictionary is unique. Your elucidation is unique but very impressive.

'Benevolent': You never had the sensation of the presence of the Lord in your mind. It was not incessant sensation. He has not gone deep in your heart.

I: In this way, you have said correctly that I am a non-believer. I have gone by whatever I read. You are taking me on a different path. My mind is perplexed. My heart bleeds. I feel sad. But still I am impressed by your discourse. You tell what should I do?

When I said this, his face became lustrous, eyes closed and he uttered 'Most Dear'. His eyes filled with tears. Even I shivered, my eyes closed. I was in trance. After a long time my eyes opened but 'Benevolent' had gone up to the verandah saying: "You are lifeless", "You are lifeless". I was over-awed. I am lifeless. First he said blind, then atheist and then lifeless. My mind said: I should tell my father. But I was afraid and I kept quiet. When I slept at night, my ears listened to the words "You are lifeless" again and again and I went to sleep.

For a few days 'Benevolent' was not visible. A week later he met me on the bank of the river. I saw his blossoming face emitting radiance. He was singing a song.

I bowed to him and said: 'O Benevolent'! Am I lifeless? Maybe my body is lifeless but my body soul is living.

Benevolent: The body soul has been enticed by the body senses and has also become lifeless.

I: I cannot understand how is that?

Benevolent: Let us scrutinize. Suppose there is a beautiful rose plant in your father's garden and you burn pearls and put the ash in the plant, then are you stupid or wise.

I: Stupid

Benevolent: Why?

I: Because I have put a precious item in the ordinary plant.

Benevolent: Well! Which has more value from the two?

I: Pearl has more value.

Benevolent: Can the pearl eat, drink and flourish?

I: No. It cannot.

'Benevolent': Then who has more value?

I: Pearl has more value because the pearl is more precious.

Benevolent: This is the puzzle. This is the secret. You have no awareness of how to value. The value has to be calculated from the point of view of life and lifelessness.

You cannot value it according to the market price. I ask you, see from the point of view of life and then tell who is of more value.

I: Rose. Because pearl is lifeless and rose has life. The rose is higher than pearl.

Benevolent: If a goat eats a rose. Then what shall you say?

I: Now I understand that the goat is of higher state of life than rose. So it has more value.

Benevolent: Then, compared to the goat rose is lifeless.

I: Yes.

Benevolent: Similarly in comparison with man what is the goat.

I: Lifeless. But you tell, in whose comparison man is lifeless?

Benevolent: In comparison to "One who is living".

I: And who is that living?

Benevolent: One whose soul is immersed in the Supreme Soul, the Creator. He has life in him. He is living, sentient. He knows the value of life and lifelessness.

I: How?

Benevolent: Our body soul i.e. our inner self is love and bliss. But we live in anxiety and fear in worldly desires and ego. Do you understand the aspect of love where our mind or intellect can perceive love?

I: I do not know.

Benevolent: Remembrance.

I: How is it remembrance?

Benevolent: When our mind remembers something, then we feel that we love this thing.

I (after a thought): Yes. I agree.

Benevolent: One who has no remembrance has no love. He is sleeping or lifeless.

I: Yes. It is like that.

Benevolent: Our body soul or say inner self is love. When our love is dead, then how can we call ourselves living?

I: We say love and we are in remembrance for a few moments when we desire something out of greed, then we are again in the same worldly desires and ego.

Benevolent: When we remember something it is for the created or creation. Remembrance should be for the Creator. The Creator is the Lord. You may call him by any name, Braham or Ishwar. When we are not in remembrance, then we have no devotion towards the Creator. Then are we living or lifeless?

I (startled): Right! We are lifeless. No doubt.

Benevolent: Sheikh Farid has said: Pangs! Pangs! You are great! The body without pangs is lifeless.

I: Now I understand that I am lifeless. I do not have remembrance of the Lord. I do not have ecstasy of the remembrance.

Meanwhile father came. He was in a hurry and we went home. After lunch I took Benevolent to my study room and said: Please make me understand and put me on the correct path.

Benevolent: You must get a sensation of the Lord in your mind, heart and body.

I: What shall you call the intellectualness that I have?

Benevolent: I shall say "Knowing."

I: I have gone up to the study of soul.

Benevolent: It is all knowing. Prisoner knows that outside the prison is freedom. Let him know.

I: Then how do I reach the Lord?

Benevolent: 'Most dear' can make you reach. Saying this, his eyes filled with tears. Simultaneously, I felt a sensation in my heart and eyes filled with tears.

I: Why did I not understand this after reading so much?

'Benevolent': You gained knowledge from lifeless Pandits who are worthless.

I (startled): How is that?

Benevolent: The Pandits who taught you were stupid. They did not know what is religiousness? In the house where you live, your father says that he is God but his mind is drenched in worldly desires. He preaches religiousness and thoughtlessness but he has no religiousness in himself.

I: How?

Benevolent: The nature of soul or God is 'Giving'. The nature of a worldly man is 'Taking'. Your father and mother with whom you live all day and night and in whose company you are living day and night, they are in the habit of 'taking'. They do not know 'giving'. They grab, deceive, bribe the officials, put their disciples in mistaken beliefs to extort money, they buy stolen goods at cheap prices. Their mind, heart and body remains busy in amassing wealth day in and day out. They tell lies. They grab from the rightful owners. They are in vices. They do not have good character despite being learned. They are not only lifeless but worthless. They say there are two boats, one of bad deeds and one of good deeds. But themselves they keep sitting on the boat of bad deeds. Then they boast that they are gods. It is the influence of the bad company that you have not understood religiousness properly.

I realized in my heart that my father gives discourses but when it comes to taking money he is not above vices. He is drenched in worldly desires. Whatever I have read has not gone deep into my heart. It has not given me insight.

Benevolent: You were taught. The purpose was not to argue and show that your knowledge is more than others and boast of that knowledge. The purpose was to meet the Lord. In reality your learning has become a curse for you.

On listening to this, I felt my eyes have opened today only. After learning I have become an instrument of argumentation only. The purpose of my learning was to meet the Lord. But I am really blind, lifeless and atheist.

One day again I told him: Tell me the true path.

Benevolent: The path is love. But it is with 'Most Dear'.

Then I asked: Where is 'Most Dear'?

Benevolent: Here!

I: How do I meet him?

Benevolent: You can meet him if you remember him.

Saying this, his eyes filled with tears and with tear filled eyes he went away and never came again. I could not find him again but I got detachment from worldly desires. Either I remembered 'Most Dear' or I tried to find 'Benevolent'. My reading of books stopped. I would cry, remain sad, roam like crazy persons, keep awake at night and heave long sighs. My parents could not bear my pangs.

They came to know that 'Benevolent' has ignited some spark of love and some attachment. My father started talking in of 'Benevolent' and tried to make me understand saying, "He was a stupid Pandit. He was holding a Scripture book upside down in my presence. Whatever he talked was nonsense. You do not go after stupid persons."

What could I say? Being a daughter, how could I tell my father "You are in the wrong"? If I had said, then I would have heard more words against 'Benevolent'. It might be better to die. The more my parents tried to turn my mind, the more love, respect and adoration came to my mind for 'Benevolent'. The longing to meet 'Most Dear' made me restless. Up till now I do not know who is 'Most Dear' and where does he stay? But I have remembrance of him all the time that is incessant in each breath and sometime I get a vision of a fearless fountain of love, godly soul and spring of graciousness in my mind. O respected Doctor! I know only this much of 'Most Dear'. Whatever I told you and I remembered, I told you in my own words. But the words of 'Benevolent' were nectar filled and had a musical effect that I cannot repeat from my throat, if there is any fault that is mine. The words of 'Benevolent' were without fault.

I have already narrated to you how my dad was bent upon marrying me to a stupid, sinful, wealthy man thinking it to be a remedy for my detached

feelings. I had no option left but to renounce the house and go to some forest to pursue my goal of meeting the Lord. Desirous that I should pursue my religious goal and save myself from the sinful company there was no way out for me but to leave the house and I reached here.

On listening to the narrative of the damsel the doctor who was not a Brahmin but was taught by a learned Pandit and was intellectual was amazed.

Earlier, he felt he was doing service to an intellectual damsel but now he came to know that he was doing service to a real saint and a godly soul. He got more love now. He wished that 'Benevolent' recovers quickly and even he would benefit from his godly company. He should also know about 'Most Dear' with whose blessings people have become so godly. He should also have a glimpse and get blessings.

IV

The river Jehlum flows towards the west from Chund. Near the river is a vast stretch of sandy land. It is said that Sassi died here. Near this sandy land is a village named Maari. The Doctor lives in this village. Seeing the piousness of 'Benevolent' and the damsel the doctor brought 'Benevolent' and the damsel to his house in Maari village and looked after 'Benevolent' with love and respect. His service bore fruit. Benevolent recovered from his illness. He opens his eyes, listens to others but he is not able to talk as yet. He realized that it is Magnificent's order that he has sent me here and I have to accomplish the service that he orders. His wish has sent me near this damsel and in my unconsciousness one pious soul has developed love for 'Most Dear'. When he got strength to speak, then he asked the damsel who was sitting close by: Where am I?

Damsel: We are in Maari Village. Million thanks to the Lord! I have seen you talking today.

Benevolent: How did I reach here and how have you reached here from your mansion that is on the bank of river Chenab?

The damsel narrated her sadness, her detached mind, the ill treatment from the parents, renouncing the house, the wailing on the bank of the river after reaching Chund, arrival of the almost dead body, again her despair, the arrival of doctor, love of Bhai Jeevna and the doctor becoming a devotee of 'Most Dear'.

After listening to this he said 'Most Dear', shed tears from his eyes and dozed off to sleep. After another couple of days he became fully alright and strong.

On the damsel's enquiry, when 'Benevolent' narrated his getting a beating, then the damsel became too sad: Oh! It was my stupid decision to renounce the house that you underwent so much agony and reached here in a terrible condition. If I had not left my house, then nobody would have doubted you nor would you have suffered. Oh! Destiny! Me! Blind could not see any way out. It is a slur on my being born.

Benevolent: Don't feel sad about it? I have not suffered the beating in bowing down. I do not accept any threat. My saintly life, humility, simple living, losing, fighting, bearing a threat, comfort or distress is not worldly. I am not a saint of the world or of the people or on my own. I am a servant of 'Most Dear'. The promptness of whatever I do, my strength and power are not from my mind or my own planning. It is the will of 'Most Dear'. He is the player. I am only an instrument. Like, a pen is in the hand of the writer. It writes whatever the writer wishes. Do not care for that. I have neither lost to anyone nor won over anyone. Whatever has happened was his will. It was his pleasure. It was for some purpose that he knows.

Damsel: You are truly a god.

Benevolent (trembled): Most Dear! Saying this, his eyes closed, shed tears and he got engrossed in a prayer.

When his eyes opened the damsel said: Me! Lifeless and blind has again faulted. Forgive me.

Benevolent: I am not God nor am I benevolent.

My 'Most Dear' himself is benevolent and Lord is the 'Most Dear' of my 'Most Dear'.

Damsel: I am educated but stupid. My faults are endless. O beloved of 'Most Dear', you forgive me. I had resolved to renounce the house but again I am living in houses.

Benevolent: It is the will of 'Most Dear'. What is the difference whether it is a house or a forest? You have lived near the bank of the river and seen. The first forest you lived in, were the Upnashids and other books. You got lost in that forest. The second forest you got was the bank of the river. There also you did not get peace of mind. Time went by in wailing. The hatred of the house and the wish to stay in the forest both are mistaken beliefs. The entire night is a forest. Everybody in the house is asleep and one is in absolute solitude. There is no disturbance of any sort for which one wishes to stay in the forest. That forest type night is wasted in sleep tossing and turning. The day is for the house and family. It is meant for earning honestly and truthfully. We spoil the day in dishonesty, lies and deception. The night that was for our

meditation and the day that was for the house and family, we are wasting both. We do not understand the Lord's will. In the forest we try to find acquaintances, disciples, to construct a hut or to construct a temple. When we stay in mansions, then deeply in greed we make our house a hell. At none of the places do we accept the Lord's will.

At this time the Doctor and his pious wife were also sitting. They were pleased to listen to what Benevolent spoke. The doctor bowed his head and said: O Benevolent! You are great.

Benevolent: 'Most dear' is benevolent. Greatness is to him. The violin is not great.

Great is the violin player. The violin gives the tune that the player wishes and plays.

Great is 'Most dear' who prompted you to treat a forest dweller and to help a damsel in distress. He is great and great are you who love.

Damsel: O Holy soul! The spoiled that I am by knowledge, I still have doubts. In your separation I remembered you only. After meeting you the only desire was that you get well. Now I should have been happy in your service but again doubts arise in the mind. I wish to ask: Does 'Most dear' forbid renunciation that is the most superior division out of the four divisions of life according to the Hindu Religion.

[Renunciation]

Benevolent: He does preach renunciation but of another type. He says renounce the 'I'. Renounce the 'Me'. Renounce the attachment to the body. But not in the form that you renounce your wealth and stop talking and sit like a stone idol and then beg for food and become a burden on others or you sit in a forest and become famous and make a house in the forest and call yourself a renounce. He preaches that you renounce the 'I and me' from your mind but do not throw it away. Put it on the feet of 'Most dear' and accept the will of the Lord. When you take refuge at the 'Most dear's feet, then he puts you in the service of humanity according to the Lord's will.

Doctor: Please elucidate it in a easier way to understand.

Benevolent: Renouncement means to leave back everything. Earlier, one renounced the family, house and wealth and went to the forests. Then as a renounce one moved in the world to preach others. But now without practicing the first three schools of Hindu philosophy, the sadhus become renounces. That is why the purpose of renouncement remains unfulfilled. The wealth, property, wife and sons were not glued to our mind. It was the sentimental

love or say sentimental attachment or attachment that had entered our mind. We should have detached our mind from these attachments. That was the real renouncement. The way to detach the mind is that one should put the attachments at the 'Most dear's feet. One's desires, one should put on the 'Most dear's feet. One should do what he commands and self should remain dyed in his love and remembrance. The 'I' shows itself in the form of 'mine'. One should not think that the body and wealth is mine. It belongs to the Lord. One should make them fruitful as per the wishes of 'Most dear'. 'Most dear' is immersed in the love of the Lord who is the Supreme soul. We should love the Lord who is the Supreme soul and see Him here, there, everywhere, absolutely close to us. We should never forget Him. When there is separation from wife, son or friends, we should consider them as belonging to 'Most dear' and that they have gone and taken refuge at his feet. We should earn honestly and give charity and be pious. We should be contented in whatever Lord gives and happy in sharing. This is the real renouncement.

[Meditation]

The rest of time at night except whatever time is necessary for sleep should be spent in 'Relaxed yoga'. Relaxed yoga is recitation of the Lord's name, engrossment in the love of the Lord or say, body soul immersed in the Supreme Soul. The mind thinks outwardly all twenty-four hours. In the same way we have to give some attachment to the mind that should turn the mind inwardly all twenty-four hours. This attachment is by way of recitation of the Lord's name with love, incessant recitation and incessant remembrance. In the day some time is needed for earning. Rest of the time should be spent in recitation and remembrance of the Lord's name and good deeds.

Damsel: To remain engrossed in the Lord's name and away from desires as you said has to be by renunciation and insight or by Hath yoga?

Benevolent: Whatever way but detachment has to be of the mind and it is not necessary that the body also renounces the house or family life. One has to give some attachment to the mind. When the mind is attached to the Lord by way of recitation and remembrance, then automatically it is detached from worldly desires. Similarly, when we accept the Lord's will and are happy in it, then the Lord's strength comes to us and we get an insight of the Lord's will.

Instead of Hath yoga and deeds, 'Most dear' has said: At present you are in love with the visible world. The visible world is perishable. When something or somebody you love perishes, then there is separation that causes suffering and distress. So, keep your mind detached from the visible world. Attach your

mind to somebody who is non-perishable. That non-perishable is the Lord who is always living. Then there is never any separation and since there is no separation, loving Him is riddance from suffering. Thus when one is rid of suffering, then it is happiness always.

The unseen is the savior and all love. We are His children. Our inner self or soul is all love. We have diverted our self towards the visible world and the desires of the visible world. This gives suffering. If we turn our self towards the Lord, then we shall meet Him. He is perceive-able living, sentient being. He is all love. He loves us. We have the same love-spark of His love in our self. When we adopt the way of love i.e. we turn our inborn natural love from the outwardly seen world towards the Lord by recitation and remembrance, then we meet Him. He reveals Himself in His Name by way of a wavy sensation. Thus we perceive Him and feel Him or say meet Him. Yoga is just another name of meeting. 'Most dear' teaches us this meeting or we may call it 'Relaxed yoga'. In this way we remain connected to the Lord all day and night. When we are thus connected with Him and sitting in the family we do all what 'Most dear' wishes us to do. We do everything attuned to his wish and not as per our own ego. 'Most dear' tells us this way of love. He has thus removed the difference of living in the house or living in the forest. He has said: Those who consider house and forest as same are truly pious.

Doctor: It is very difficult to turn the mind from worldly attachments like wife, son and wealth towards the Lord. Breath control, meditation and penances, are these not required?

[Holy Congregation]

Benevolent: 'Most dear' says: Sufferings are a medicine. Suffering from which everyone is afraid are a cure. They detach the mind from the visible world. Besides this he has created a Holy congregation that attracts the person and detaches him from the persons who are giving suffering.

Damsel: It is alright. But dear sir! We have not seen 'Most Dear'. How does his love take us into Holy congregation?

[Love-Remembrance-Devotion]

Benevolent: First let us understand what is love? As it is, we do not perceive eternal love, love that is eternal love that is between body, soul and Supreme soul. We do understand the sentimental love that we have in the visible world. Let us try to understand further. Whomsoever we love we have a pull towards him. By virtue of this pull we wish that the person should not separate from us. He should not be out of sight. We should see him at all times. When one

is in love with somebody then the eyes do not let him go out of our sight and if at any time he goes out or separates then our heart does not forget him. Always one has a feeling of pull or pang and the remembrance always remains in the mind. Meaning one does not forget the beloved even for a moment.

See, now we understand:

1. When we meet our beloved we wish that he should not separate and in our heart is extreme happiness.

2. When there is separation then the remembrance of the beloved remains and there is a pull or pang in the mind. From this it becomes clear that 'remembrance' is the form of love.

Now coming to the point: The Holy company tells us that when the Lord who is unseen and our eyes cannot see Him, then take it that we are separated from Him. Again from the sentimental worldly love we have understood that in separation we get a pull or pang of the beloved. If we perceive Him as separated from us and remember Him and keep this remembrance in every moment, then we shall get his pull or pang. We have already understood that this pull is the form of love while in separation. Now it is clear that remembrance in every moment becomes love or so to say the remembrance turns into love.

Like, seeds from Banyan tree and Banyan tree from seeds. Similarly, remembrance turns to love and love turns to remembrance. As the love increases the beloved will get a pull from us. How is that? Understand that principle. When you remember somebody in every moment, he will also remember you in every moment. Thus remembering Him in every moment 'Most Dear' will remember you in every moment.

Let me repeat: We are in the remembrance of the Lord all twenty-four hours. This is the form of love. That means our mind has become full of love for Him. The mind becomes elevated with love. This is Super consciousness. When this remembrance becomes incessant, then our Super consciousness becomes strong. It will create in us a pull or pang for the beloved. Then 'Most Dear' will also remember us and get a pull from us. Then he is great, strong and saviour. He will pull us. We are small and light. We will get pulled towards Him and meet him. That means we have met him. Yoga is meeting the Lord. In this way, the Holy company elucidates the principles and helps you meet the Lord.

Damsel: To get the incessant remembrance of the Lord seems a difficult task.

Benevolent: Like, hundred liters of milk turns into yoghurt with just a thick peace of yoghurt, similarly, the Holy company turns your mind with one

spark of love. That love-spark is very precious. Those whom the Lord has blessed His love-spark

(His Name), their praise is beyond words. With the love-spark (Lord's name) all sufferings go and one gets ecstasy. Let us pray to the Lord to give us Holy company of those who have this love-spark (Lord's Name) in them. Meaning: Lord's Name is the form of love.

[Scripture]

Showers of love from the Lord are blessed to the Holy people. As is the company, so is the fruit. When you meet Holy company. You also get a love-spark (Lord's Name) in their company. In addition the Holy congregation sings praises of the Lord. 'Most dear' has not left our un-enlightened mind without support. He has provided us with Holy Scripture that has come from the Lord. Reciting the scripture and singing the scripture is the Holy work for us to do. The scripture is full of praises of the Lord, love of the Lord, goodness of the Lord, pangs of love for the Lord and sacredness of the Lord. It is nectar from the Lord. When you recite the scripture or sing the scripture with music it gives ecstasy. You drink the Name nectar that is rapturous. It elevates the mind. Super consciousness arises. The body soul touches the Supreme soul and gets immersed in the Supreme soul. One gets inner blossom of mind. It keeps you connected to the Lord.

[Name]

In the Holy company we recite the scripture that elevates our mind and we get ecstasy. Then the Holy company tells us that remembrance is something subtle and our mind is unsteady and body impermanent. All the time we are looking for the comforts of the impermanent body and we have got habituated to the unsteadiness and impermanence. So we should start the remembrance from the unsteadiness and impermanence. So the Holy company tells us that put the name of God say 'O Lord' or '*Waheguru*' on your tongue and recite the Name with attention towards the omnipresent great 'O Lord' 'Waheguru' whose influence we have already got from reading, reciting and singing of scripture. This is the '**Message to the World**' that 'Most dear' has brought from the Lord's palace. He calls it 'The true greatness and grandeur of the Lord'. This is 'O Lord' 'Waheguru'. This is Name. 'Most dear' has said: the Name 'O Lord' 'Waheguru' that the tongue recites is in the form of words on the tongue. But beyond the tongue it becomes a feeling of love and gets deep into the mind and becomes remembrance. This is 'Recitation and remembrance'

of Name. From recitation it becomes remembrance by itself. Further down it becomes a silent prayer of love (Recitation without the movement of tongue). This remembrance becomes incessant and goes deep into the body soul that is called Super consciousness.

This sends waves of pull towards the Lord. The grace of the Lord then pulls our body soul and the body soul immerses in the Supreme Soul. This is meeting the Lord. This happens in this life only. Then one lives a life full of inner blossom of mind in ecstasy.

By recitation and remembrance of His name we turned our mind from the love of the seen world so to say we detached our mind from worldly desires. You see, when we detach our mind from the perishable worldly desires as per the will of 'Most dear' and divert our energies for the comfort of others whom earlier we thought were strangers, then do we not become real renounces?

Inwardly we live in tranquillity, in love-remembrance and in blossoming inner self and outwardly we give comfort to everybody, may be our neighbour or other mankind who are the creation of the Lord and as such are our brothers. But all this we do in a relaxed way.

We wish good for all. Our support is Name and mind devoted to 'Most dear'. Thus we remain immersed in the love of the always living Lord. To do goodness to others becomes our nature. Ourselves we are away from worldly desires. Thus we live in peace of mind and inner blossom of mind in this very life itself and for the rest of the world we are not a cause of suffering to anyone. Instead we give comfort to others. Our inner mind blossoms in this world and the next world too. We do not kill the sentiment that we have for the world. We turn it towards the Lord and make it sacred. Our mind becomes elevated when we accept the Lord's will as good and our ego vanishes. Our body soul immerses in the Supreme soul and we live in ecstasy and rapture in the world.

When the above discourse finished, everybody's eyes were closed and everybody was in ecstasy and rapture that none had felt earlier. 'Benevolent' got immersed in the love of the Lord. The effect of the discourse of 'Benevolent' was such that the learned damsel, the learned doctor and the learned doctor's wife all three started treading on the path of 'recitation of Name' that 'Benevolent' elucidated with love. Time passed by. Nobody knows how much time, maybe a year or more or less.

What all happened in this period? Is Magnificent's soldier absorbed in the pleasure of sentiment and prominence? No. He has formed a holy

congregation in the village. About twenty-five persons assemble and sing the praises of the Lord regularly.

He moved to nearby villages and preached 'recitation of the Lord's name with love'. Nearly three hundred persons have become disciples of 'Most dear' in this period. They are now in practice of 'recitation of Name' and their minds are elevated. They have got a love-spark of the Lord in their hearts.

However, the service changes, in his dream he sees whom he calls 'Magnificent' or 'Most dear' who tells him: O Dear! The place from where you started is withering. Turn your boat and go where your sacred drops of blood fell. The sentimental love and sadness has already melted their hearts. Go and plant the seedlings of the Lord's name in their minds so that their souls flourish. Let us make the sinners as virtuous. The Lord shall be happy.

'Benevolent' was the name given to him by the people. But he did not feel glad when somebody called him by this name. He was happy when somebody called him Magnificent's soldier because his Super consciousness was attuned to 'Most dear' in obeying his orders.

Today he is standing in the boat at the bank of the river wearing the last year's blood stained but washed dress, the same turban with a wand in hand. The blanket and sheet in which he was wrapped is also lying in the boat. Two boatmen holding ropes are waiting to pull the boat upstream.

Three hundred pious souls, three hundred people whose mind 'Benevolent' had transformed from animal instincts to manly instincts and from manly to saintly instincts who are preparing themselves to have a glimpse of 'Most dear' by 'recitation of Name', they are looking at the loving figure who is leaving today after blessing them with the Lord's name.

Yes. 'Benevolent' who awakened the souls of people living in the forgetfulness of the Lord and turned their minds into remembrance of the Lord is departing today. Six hundred eyes are shedding tears of love. O river Chenab! You have become fortunate today. You have become great. In your lifeless water are falling six hundred tears full of life, more and more and telling your icy cold water, "We are coming from the fountain of life. You awaken yourself with our Spiritual warmth."

The boat moved. Three hundred heads bowed down. But the head that is already sold to 'Most dear' is standing serenely immersed in 'Most dear's' love. It is not sad in separation from three hundred hearts. He also bowed his head in love and regards considering them as congregation of 'Most dear'. Three hundred and one heads who are swaying in love of 'Most dear' have bowed down.

V

The wife of Pandit has lost half her weight in crying and wailing for her beloved daughter. Her face has wrinkled. Her eyes have shrunk. But her pangs of separation are not lessened. Today again she is heaving sighs: Carried away by mother's affection I have wailed and spoiled my health but you had a strong mind. You have also gone into gloominess in the past one year. Your body weight has become half. Happiness and exuberance has run away from the house. (Looking towards heaven)

O daughter! Why you left us wailing? O singing Nightingale and singing Cuckoo of the house, if you had to break the love-knots then why you tied them? O darling! My heart has burnt with pangs. Still you did not get a pull. It is certain that this man eater river Chenab has snatched you otherwise my tears would have fallen on your heart and you would have rushed to meet me. O darling Promila! I am sure you are dead.

Pandit dear! Daughter, learned daughter has gone forever. Can there be any hope that she might be living as yet? I have no doubt that she is dead. Have some mercy in your heart. Her soul will not rest in peace. Go to the temple and say prayers for her so that her soul rests in peace. How long shall we remain in hope that she is living?

Pandit: Darling! What should I tell? I have searched for her in the entire Punjab state. I have searched for her at the eastern pilgrim centres. I have searched forest caves but this sinful mind is still in hope. If you are sure that she is dead, then I shall go to the temple and pray that her soul may rest in peace. Mothers are more close to daughters. Did you see her in a dream?

Mother: No. I have not dreamt but my mind says like that.

Pandit: Well! Whatever is written in destiny has to happen. We cannot change that. I expected our daughter will become famous like Gargi. Alas! She died like a humble person. Our home has become desolate. If we had another child, then the mind would have got some support. Parents of one child are blind. The truth is that I am a hypocrite. I read so many scriptures and gave discourses that this world is perishable and an illusion like a mirage. But the separation from daughter seems real. She was a dream that is over but the sinful mind cries and heaves sighs. Outwardly even now I preach detachment to keep up my prominence but it is all stubborn-ness. How stupid are people! They believe when I say that my mind is above the feeling of suffering. They don't see to my face that my weight has gone down by half. They don't notice my nature that my happiness has all gone. I am always sad. They do not notice that our house is full of gloom as if seven hundred sons

have died. When I say, "This world is a dream," they say: "Oh! Pandit is Master of Spirituality." Oh ho! Like the world is illusion, even my knowledge is illusion.

Pandit's Wife: Pandit dear! We have to die one day. Now death might come quicker. There is no blossom of mind. How long shall the body live? Then what will happen? Where shall we go after death? I feel afraid. As it is, we have servants, people come and meet us. I hope loneliness will not make us suffer after death.

The thought of death said in innocence made the Pandit nervous. His heart almost sank. His mind shrunk with fear. He went into deep thought. He visualized his vices and sufferings given to people. The amassed wealth and properties will remain here only when I die. His heart shrunk. O truth! You are without fear and naked. How long can you hide yourself from truth? It shall come out sometime. The world appeared fearsome to the eyes. He felt darkness in his mind. He felt loneliness. Loneliness! Yes, loneliness seemed worse than hell. The Pandit became nervous. He saw beastliness in himself. He remembered 'Benevolent'. A handsome, loving, young man is beaten up with sticks like reed fiber, dies, is wrapped in sheets, put in a boat and the boat pushed in the current of water. Murdered! O God! I am the murderer. Maybe the murder has not come to light but it is hidden deep in the soul. It pricks. Today, it has become visible. I am a murderer.

He trembled. His mind became darker. The loneliness became more painful. The thought of the murder of 'Benevolent' pierced and bore a hole in his heart like the piercing of arrows with sharp points flattened in triangular shape (that cannot be pulled out easily) in the form of reproof.

Hell is loneliness and repentance of sins. Pandit is suffering in the worst hell.

He muttered loudly, "I am a murderer", swooned and fell down. His heart felt shocked. The shock "I am a murderer" recalled the memory. The memory opened the book of sins and vices. The most dreadful was the murder of 'Benevolent'. When one dies, then the friends, relatives, mansions & wealth do not go with you but the memory of sins by way of reproof is set deep in your mind. Like the wealth it should remain behind but it does not. The sins and vices originate in the mind, then one sins with the body. Indulging in them again and again, they become our habit. The memory of these goes deep into the mind and influences of the same settle in the subconscious mind or say remain hidden in the subconscious mind. This memory and habits settle in the subconscious mind. When one feels lonely, one is afraid and in distress, then the memory surges and starts eating up the self.

The world is perishable no doubt but the influences of sins and vices that have settled deep in the subconscious mind come out and do not leave you when you are alone or in fear. These are influences but more and more of these having gone deep into the mind, they have become habits. The body is perishable. Death takes it away but these influences settled on the mind become visible to the soul. One did not get rid of these by any knife. These influences are the noose in the hands of messengers of death.

The way to cut this noose is as follows:

*“My mind is the scale and my tongue the knife.
I am cutting the noose of the messengers of death
centimetre by centimetre,” Says.....Nanak .*

Meaning: My tongue is reciting the Lord's Name in every moment. The Lord's Name cuts the noose of the messengers of death in each moment.

The minds of the couple are full of repentance. There was uproar: Pandit has gone mad. The house echoed with the shrieks of the lady of the house. The maids sent servants to call the doctor. The servants brought the doctor. Pandit is getting treatment. Friends, relatives, flatterers and some selfish people have dropped in to enquire about his health. Pandit regained consciousness. He had no illness as such. His mind was in grief. The grief of the sins and repentances is giving pain. It is extreme pain like the sting of wasps.

Pandit became alright but the minds of husband and wife have turned with this shock. The pangs for the daughter are much less because tear and anxiety for 'self' has overpowered their mind. Now most of their time passes in repentance.

A fortnight has passed since they felt this shock. Pandit is sitting close to the window. His wife is sitting close by. She is reciting verses from the Gita which she remembers by heart although she does not understand the meanings of the same. Pandit is listening to her recitation.

Pandit: O Darling! Wait! See! What is the meaning of this stanza? Listen! It means: Those who learn my teachings but do not act accordingly, they are in mistaken beliefs. Be sure those stupid people will be ruined. O Darling! See! This is for us only. What is the number of the stanza? See! It is the 3rd stanza. Now you recite the 9th stanza. In the 3rd stanza was ruination for us. Here is our cure. It says: If a sinful man worships me and does not worship anyone else, then he is always pious because he has a pious intention. He becomes a man of God quickly. He gets eternal peace of mind. Have faith that my devotee will not suffer ruination. O darling! If we go for devotional love, then we might save ourselves, but how to practice? Devotion ends in knowledge. That I have already got. There is no salvation without knowledge.

Even devotion will take us to knowledge that I already have. But the heart-burning is that we have no peace of mind. We are in fear, anxiety and gloom. Meanwhile, Moti came and said something hastily!

Pandit (startled): O Moti! What did you say?

Moti: Your honour! A calamity has descended. The boat that we rolled down last year with the dead body of 'Benevolent' is parked at the bank of the river. It is tied to a tree with a rope. The same stained sheets and blanket are lying in it but the dead body is missing.

The Pandit's face turned pale. He became nervous. Is it really so? Oh no! You are mistaken.

Moti: Well! I have reassured myself fully.

Pandit: Oh God! We were talking of the future. The ruination has come in the present. That Majesty's soldier was surely a detective. We are mad. We should have thrown the dead body in the river. Then no sign would have remained. We placed it in the boat and rolled it down. Hurry makes curry. Haste makes waste. Oh ho! That means some clues have been found. The Police may come at any time. O dear! Get ready this is the fruit of vicious deeds. What shall the knowledge do? This knowledge is sham. No hopes now. O Moti! You suggest some way out.

Saying this Pandit's heart sank and he become somewhat unconscious. His wife trembled. After a long time he regained consciousness and said: If he is in Government service then we are nowhere, we are unable to do anything, neither running away nor hiding nor entreating, if he is not a Government servant, then we have enough money. If knowledge is no rescue for us or no god or goddess comes to rescue us, then money will surely help us. The wealth that we have amassed by hypocrisy will surely help us out. The money collected through sinful deeds will surely save us from sinful men.

Pandit startled! See, who is knocking?

Moti: There is no knock.

Pandit: Go to the Police Station and try to find out if any complaint is registered against us. Oh! What is this sound? It is the sound of music.

*"Pandits put on white dress and a saffron dot on their foreheads
But their actions are like butchers with knife in hand."*

Pandit's wife: This is the same voice.

Pandit: Be quiet. Let us hear.

Pandit's wife: I say, this is the same voice. He has not died. He has come with his sword accompanied by Police-men. Now we are caught. We are nowhere. Let us runaway. Let us take our chest of gold coins along and run.

Pandit: If he has come and is accompanied by Police-men, then we have no time and no way to escape. O Jeevan! Go and see. Is he the same 'Benevolent'? The voice is same.

Jeevan came running: Madam! He is 'Benevolent'. He is hale and hearty, living, singing and swaying. He is walking this side.

Pandit (nervously): Is he alone or accompanied by Police-men?

Jeevan: Sir! He is alone. He has come.

Pandit became numb. Over-awed like a stone statue he stared vacantly.

At this time, 'Benevolent' in most handsomeness, magnificence, immersed in Lord's love and high spirits came and stood in front of Pandit. Pandit who was already pale saw darkness in his eyes and stared towards the ground.

'Benevolent': Dear Pandit! God bless you. Don't be afraid. I have brought a message from 'Magnificent'. But it is not punishment because my 'Magnificent' rules the kingdom of love. I am not accompanied by Police-men. I am accompanied by messengers of love. They will enter your body. They will kill but not you. They will kill the sins and vices in you and throw them out. O Dear Pandit! Strengthen your mind.

Saying this, he hugged Pandit and said:

"Whom Lord saves, nobody can kill

Dead is he who is in forgetfulness of Lord."

Lord wished to save me. I was saved. You are in His forgetfulness. You are in lifelessness while living. Now I have orders that I should tell you: You can also live in inner blossom of mind. You can live a sublime life. Get ready! A live sensation from 'Magnificent' is coming to you.

Pandit stared vacantly. He had no hope. He was still suspicious.

'Benevolent' shook him a little and said: The knowledge that you read in books is outwardly knowledge. Everybody knows that food goes in the stomach, is digested and we live on that support. But who understands how it is being digested and how it is being converted into blood and how the body is getting the strength? We do not understand our hidden strength. (Quietness prevailed) The learning gave knowledge to the mind but this mind cannot see the Lord. These eyes cannot see the Lord. The Lord is beyond the five senses of the body. Dear Pandit! After reading the scriptures you are still in the forgetfulness of the Lord and in despair. Rise from this worldly sphere. Perceive the sphere that you have read. You are not even sure whether there is one God or two or three. Sometimes you say it is all dream or illusion and the end is thoughtlessness. What is your knowledge?

Hurly-burly of knowing a little Pandit's mind became steady. His mind said: He seems to be a saint. He is not a Government employee. He listened

and understood his words but still he has fear in mind. However his morale boosted a little.

He said: Are you really a saint?

'Benevolent': I do not know what you mean by saintliness. However, I have not come to take revenge. I have come out of love for you. I am a messenger of the kingdom of love. My 'Most dear' is the 'Majesty' of the government that saves people from burning hell.

Pandit: I had almost murdered you.

Benevolent: That was Lord's will. You are not to be blamed.

Pandit: Is it no blame on me? You do not consider blame on me.

Benevolent: I tell you truly. I do not consider even a little blame on you that was the order of my Master. I felt happy to obey. I got more happiness here because many people have got awaken-ness of soul. I consider you my dear friend.

The moment 'Benevolent' said these words, then the Pandit who never bowed to anyone and always made others bow to him, said: You are great! You are a real saint whose mind is detached from worldly desires.

'Benevolent' pulled him in his embrace. Oh! Was it an embrace or touch of electric current to a dead body? He felt a love-sensation and a sensation of thanks in his mind and body. His mind elevated. He got a sensation of the presence of the Lord in his mind, heart and body. He felt ecstasy. The Lord's name settled in his mind. Today, he realized that to gain knowledge is nothing. To see inwardly and elevation of mind is everything. This is mind detached from worldly desires. This is to see the Lord here, there, everywhere. The Lord reveals Himself in his Name by way of a wavy sensation to the mind, heart and body. This is meeting the Lord. When the mind is attached to the Lord, then it is automatically detached from the world.

When a girl gets married and attached to her husband, then it is automatic detachment from the parents' house.

The mind has to be reined and it has to rise. The way is 'recitation of the Lord's name with love'.

Now with great respect they asked 'Benevolent' to sit down. The Pandit's wife also felt relieved. The fear of Police or being killed vanished. Now she remembered her daughter. In pangs of love for the daughter she wished to ask if 'Benevolent' by any chance knew the whereabouts of her daughter. When Pandit became quiet, then she spoke: O Stream from the fountain of love! Is there any clue of my darling daughter?

Saying this she narrated the wailing for the last one year.

'Benevolent' listened to her patiently. Then he closed his eyes and was quiet for some time. Then slowly he opened his eyes and looked towards Pandit's wife with a wondrous love and said: Mother! My own Mother!

Was it saying the word 'Mother' or a magic? She felt a sensation in her mind, heart and body. This is sensation of the Lord's Name. Then one feels the whole world as a house and the Lord living in it. All are His children. She got a feeling of love for 'Benevolent' as if he was her own son born from her womb.

'Benevolent': Mother! I am so hungry.

Mother, in her elevated mind ran to the kitchen and brought and served food. 'Benevolent' who was without enmity towards anyone, who even loved those who were inimical to him, who called himself a son even after getting beaten to almost death, who is a philosopher's stone that transforms enmity into love, is eating food with love. Pandit's wife is in emotional love on hearing the word 'Mother' uttered with so much love. Pandit's heart is feeling a sensation of the Lord's name and he is feeling cool. Those who were separated from the Lord like the broken branch of a tree have got connected to the fountain of love and are feeling the ecstasy of the Lord's name. Their inner mind is in blossom. Everybody in the house who was enveloped with fear and awe is feeling cool and comfortable. The day descended. In the evening Pandit went out for a walk. 'Benevolent' accompanied him. But there was no talk of daughter. However after dinner when the threesome sat around the fire, then 'Benevolent' narrated the entire story of his self and the daughter. How she stayed in the forest and how his boat got stuck to Promila's boat. Then he narrated how a holy congregation of people of that region was formed and the discourses that turned Promila's mind from outwardly knowledge to sensation of the Lord in the mind, heart and body. Pandit's mind had already turned towards love of the Lord. Now he became absolutely convinced and got full faith in the discourses that 'Benevolent' gave. He was already feeling ashamed of his poor knowledge of religion. Now he felt the sensation of the presence of the Lord in his mind, heart and body. His mind became pure and crystal.

'Benevolent' told him to return the money to those from whom he had grabbed by unfair means. Pandit returned the money and asked forgiveness from all whom he had given suffering.

Pandit felt ecstasy after returning the money and asking forgiveness. He became sure that this is religiousness in the true sense. There is no gain in just giving discourses unless one has the support of the Lord in the mind. Only

when one feels the sensation of the Lord's Name in the mind, then one feels ecstasy, when one is in ecstasy then in deeds one spreads love and mercy.

Pandit now understood fully the formation of holy congregation and he also got a longing to have a glimpse of 'Most dear'.

Benevolent: Time is near when you will have a glimpse of 'Most dear'. You have got love for him and you remember him. This love and remembrance takes you to him. You do more of service so that the dirt of the mind goes away quickly. Then your eyes will be able to bear the dazzle on the forehead of 'Most dear'.

Here, Mother and Father got spiritual awakening. Their wish to meet the daughter who had already got inner blossom of mind increased. 'Pandit and wife' couple whose gloom had turned into happiness, whose mind was elevated, who got sensation of the Lord's Name in their mind, heart and body, their happiness was boundless.

But 'Benevolent' did not wish that daughter should come here. She was preaching love of the Lord in that region. She was preaching recitation of the Lord's Name and singing the praises of the Lord. That was the message of 'Most dear' to the world. She was spreading this message in the region.

Although Pandit and wife were impatient to meet daughter, however they had full faith in 'Benevolent'. 'Benevolent' wished that Pandit's soul should flourish more and more so that the sentimental worldly love should go away as the daughter's sentimental worldly love had already gone. When they meet they should meet each other as Lord's children immersed in the love of the Lord. They also thought that whatever the 'Benevolent' does is the best.

VI

Some more time passed.

See! The panorama! A line of Bullock-carts departed from Phagwara. In one of the carts are sitting Pandit, his wife and his learned daughter. In the second are sitting Bhai Jeevna, Doctor and family. In the next are sitting Moti, Jeevan, who had beaten up 'Benevolent' and other servants of the house. They are in love of 'Benevolent'. In the rear carts are those who suffered at the hands of Pandit and now are in love of the Lord and consider this as grace from 'Most dear'. In the first instance they were astonished, then they got faith and after listening to discourses of 'Benevolent' they became devotees. In the end were those who lived in nearby areas and attended the holy congregations of 'Benevolent' and their minds turned towards the Lord and wished to have a glimpse of 'Most dear'.

This entire congregation is of holy people. They are in recitation of the Lord's Name with love and incessant remembrance of the Lord. In that remembrance they are in love, emotion, devotion, longing, hope and thankfulness.

Those who relish the five senses of the body, day and night are spending their time in searching, relishing and keeping up the relish, how are they higher than animals and other creatures. The animals remain in search in the five senses and remain absorbed in the relish of the five senses.

If man's extent of desires, effort and acquisition is this much only, then man is an animal who is just cleverer and more deceitful than others. If a man says that he lives a higher life and in comparison the animals are living lifelessly, then his saying this is an utterance that is meaning-less.

Because if man's desire, eagerness, effort and domain of acquisition is up to the five senses as in animals, then is he not like animals in comparison to a higher life that is achievable only in human life and not in any other life. By saying only, nobody can achieve a higher life. The Lord's nectar, Name nectar, Spiritual nectar, nectar of the soul or immersion of body soul in the Supreme soul, ecstasy of the Lord's Name and rapture of the Lord's Name, the relish or nectar or ecstasy or rapture can be gained only in human life.

But if man after being blessed with this precious human life is devoid of this sacred and unique Supreme nectar, then he is an animal, lifeless (living like a dead person) although he might be a pious intellectual or a wealthy pious person.

Disciples who are eager for this unique rapturous life are going in a caravan to have a glimpse of 'Most dear'. Yes! See! How glad is everyone, how much delightful are they? Their faces are emitting lustre and they have so much love for each other. The entire congregation is moving in happiness but Magnificent's soldier is not in sight.

One farmer was crushing sugar cane to make brown sugar. He was also a devotee of 'Most dear'. When he came to know that a congregation is going in a caravan, then he felt bad that a group of devotees of 'Most dear' has passed from here on their way to Anandpur and he did not know about it. Then riding a horse he went and met 'Benevolent' and told about his inability to accompany. Then benevolent said to the congregation: You keep travelling. I will try to help him finish his work and bring him and join you. Saying this he came back with the farmer and now he is helping him in making brown sugar from the sugar cane juice.

See! 'Benevolent' who could turn the minds of learned intellectuals towards the love of the Lord and was much respected by everybody and had become

so eminent is not in ego of eminence. As Magnificent's soldier he is helping the farmer in making brown sugar from sugar cane. When he realized that just his help was not sufficient to complete the work, then he called some more friends who all helped and the work got completed on the third day. Then he along with the farmer and farmer's family carried a box full of brown sugar for 'Most dear' and his congregation and rode on horses to reach Anandpur.

The congregation that was already on the move has reached and assembled outside Anandpur. They are hesitant to go to the city and are waiting for 'Benevolent'. It became noon but 'Benevolent' did not reach. They have reached 'Most dear's city but how could they go without 'Benevolent'? Pandit is standing in the gathering of holy people. He said: 'Benevolent' is not somebody who would forget. There is some wondrousness that we do not know. There is some goodness.

Meanwhile they saw dust rising from the city side. First they saw a few valiant. They came and stood on both sides of the congregation. Later a magnificent figure, God of love came riding a horse. Impatiently, he said: My soldier! My soldier! Everybody understood that he is 'Most dear' and he has come.

With great love and regards everybody bowed down. The 'Master of love' got down from his horse. See! He lifted Promila's head from the ground and said: My daughter! You are great! It was't service to my soldier, you did service to me. You have loved me. (Patting her head) You are blessed. God will bless you.

Where is the limit of Promila's happiness and delight? She is unable to open her eyes. 'Most dear' loved her with his one sacred hand on her shoulder and one sacred hand on her head. A wavy sensation like an electric current passed through her body. Her elevated mind went into trance, her body soul immersed in the Supreme soul. She felt rapture. She trembled. She felt thankful. Her eyes filled with tears. Me, an atheist, blind and lifeless, am I fit for the touch of sacred hands of the Life-giver 'Most dear'? I, who was searching death in the water of river Chenab am being given a new higher life by the hand of the 'Master of Higher life.'

She tries to open her eyes but the eyelids do not move. She tries to lift her head but the head does not move. Love is raining on her in torrents. Even her body cells are reciting the Lord's Name. She forgot who am I and where am I?

It is a meeting of three, 'Most dear'-devotion-devotee. The meeting is giving ecstasy. The Lord is raining ecstasy. It is going deep into the body cells

of the entire congregation. One who thought she was a goddess because she could lecture about God, at this time is immersed in the love of the Lord. Somebody should now ask her: Are you a goddess? Then who would listen and who would speak? The intellectual has turned from knowledge and is immersed in the love of the all knowing Lord and is in rapture.

Who can tell the ecstasy of meeting 'Most dear'?

Saint Kabir is standing in the heaven showering flowers. He says: One cannot describe the ecstasy of meeting the Lord.

Nobody knows how long she remained in this trance.

'Most dear' opened his eyes. Promila's eyes also opened. She looked at 'Most dear' in thankfulness.

Then 'Most dear' said: Your body soul is immersed in the Supreme soul.

She got sensation of the presence of the Lord in her mind, heart and body cells. Pandit and his wife fell at the feet of 'Most dear'. He lifted their heads with his sacred hands and laughingly said: The culprit is in the front, the soldier behind. Saying this he embraced both of them and said: This is real life. This is spiritual life. The moment he spoke both went into trance. They felt as if their sins are falling out and they are becoming clean like the cotton seeds from the ginning machine. They felt light as a flower as if their body had no weight. Then the Guru said: You are blessed.

The Doctor and family fell at the true Guru's feet. The true Guru lifted their heads and said: Come! O Doctor, who dressed the wounds and cured the unconscious. Come! I welcome you from the core of my heart. Saying this he hugged the Doctor and said: You are blessed. Your Doctor-ship will go on and on. Then he loved him and blessed him with the Lord's Name. Within a moment Doctor got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in his mind, heart and body and felt ecstasy. He had come with this desire. His desire was fulfilled.

Then he blessed Bhai Jeevna and everybody else in the congregation. It is a wondrous glimpse. It is like a lake full of lotus flowers and one sun has made all of them blossom. It is giving sunshine to every lotus flower. It is giving warmth to every lotus flower. It is attracting every lotus flower. The sun is giving lustre to every lotus flower. It is making every lotus flower flourish more and more.

He is the 'Most dear' for whom 'Benevolent' who lived with mind detached, more detached than ascetics and sadhus and shed tears of love. He is the 'Most dear' who for the sake of his dear ones has left an audience hall full of devotees, no, who has left the rapture of the Lord's palace and come to this earthly sphere to join the separated souls with the Supreme soul.

How glad would have Magnificent's soldier felt if he were present to see love being showered on the congregation. Is it that the soldier has no such longing? He would consider it a prize to see this wondrous glimpse. But what should he do? He considers himself as an obedient servant of 'Most dear'. For whatever work he stayed back, he thought it was 'Most dear's order. Now he is coming fast but has not been able to reach on time. He could not see this glimpse. He is coming in intense desire. He wished and hoped to reach.

'Most dear' now walked back accompanied by everyone.

The intuitive Guru understands that they all are waiting for 'Benevolent'. He said: Let us go. Our dear soldier is accomplishing another arduous task. He shall come. Like beads in the string of love, everyone followed 'Most dear' as iron is pulled by magnet. Where did they reach? They reached where a huge congregation had assembled, where a sea of blossom is swelling, where the sea of ecstasy is surging with ecstatic waves.

The huge congregation had already heard about the sacrifice and endeavour of 'Benevolent'. Like the partridge has longing to see the moon, all eyes were longing to have a glimpse of the soldier and the pious souls who imbibed love of 'Most dear' in their mind through the discourses of 'Benevolent'.

When 'Most dear' entered the audience hall accompanied by a family of love, then the ecstasy that the love-filled eyes felt in meeting the devotion-filled eyes can be gauged only when one feels the ecstasy.

The time also came when Magnificent's soldier 'Benevolent' arrived from river Chenab. When did he arrive? When 'Most dear' stood in blissful peace, love and ecstasy and the devotees stood in front unmoved immersed in Lord's love. 'Most dear' gave them nectar of the Lord's Name to drink.

Magnificent's soldier saw from a distance the devotee-river merging in the Guru-sea. On seeing this wondrousness, the ecstasy filled Magnificent's soldier got more ecstasy. He did not move forward so that everybody's attention should remain where it was and none should be disturbed. Unmoved he stood quietly at a distance.

When blessings were over, then 'Most dear' impatiently looked up and said: 'My soldier'. The next moment the soldier's head and 'Most dear's feet were clamped together. 'Most dear' lifted the handsome head, embraced and grasped soldier so tightly as if soldier's soul immersed in 'Most dear's soul.

See! Mother Gujri ji with graceful eyes is waiting to give love to soldier. When the true Guru said, Blessed, Blessed, Blessed thrice and looked towards Mother Gujri ji, then she loved dear son (Soldier) who got himself beaten to

almost death and established the love-kingdom of 'Most dear' in the entire region. She said: O Son! I adore you! I adore you! I adore you! She blessed him immense love and grace.

After getting blessings from Mother Gujri Ji 'Benevolent' again fell at the true Guru's feet, yes, whom he called 'Most dear' and shed tears of love for him is now shedding tears of love on the 'Most dear's sacred lotus feet.

Who is this loving handsome image of the Lord, who can shower a love sensation from his love, who can shower the Lord's sensation, who can shower waves of ecstasy and once showered never takes back, who is being loved as 'Most dear'?

This is Magnificent "Guru with the Plume" Beloved Guru Gobind Singh, Saviour of the world, Master of the 'Flower Garden' of 'Ideal men', 'Fountain of love', 'Ocean of mercy', 'Shower of grace'.

This is the handsome figure whose soul is to the Supreme soul as the sunrays are to sun, like in humans it is love of Father to Son, embodiment of love and whose soul immersed in the Supreme soul has become 'One'. This is the figure who gave the life-spark of the Lord to 'Benevolent' and sensation of the Lord's Name that gave a higher life to 'Benevolent'. By way of thanks, Magnificent's soldier spread the Lord's name to the world. He understood that to spread the Lord's name was the utmost goodness to the world.

Great Guru Gobind Singh !
Magnificent Guru with the plume !
Great Guru Gobind Singh !
Magnificent Guru with the plume !



31.

Bibi Tilok Bai and Ghulu Shah

The 'Luxury Garden' of the King of Sirhind was a wonder in those times. Now it is lost in ruins. Today, where we see bricks, mounds of broken stones and ruins, at sometime there stood summer houses with several doors, marble settees, fountains and lakes, waterfalls, rows of cypress trees, beautiful walkways, flowering plants, fruit growing trees, fragrance-giving and blooming trees that gave dense shade and coolness. Nothing that would give comfort, relish, enjoyment, fun and frolic was missing in this garden.

A garden is a confluence of natural beauty and human created beauty. This beauty in itself has the effect of ecstasy. But man does not enjoy this ecstasy. He remains in the relish of worldly pleasures of the five senses of the body. In this way the natural beauty that would have elevated our mind and turned our consciousness into Super consciousness keeps our mind enticed in worldly desires and the mind remains under the control of the five senses of the body. Even though the garden was used for worldly pleasures but at night when those who relished worldly pleasures went away to their palaces, then in the solitude of the garden ecstasy of natural beauty could be felt.

The Senior Gardener of the garden was a person with devotion. This solitude influenced his mind and he became appreciative of saintly people. Then this solitude gave him more happiness. On one side of the garden stood the Royal Palace and on the other side in a corner was the gardener's house. Many times the saints who came to stay at his house enjoyed the ecstasy of the garden at night. The gardener's name was Ghulu Shah. His wife was the daughter of one devotee of Saint Budhu Shah. She imbibed regards for saints when she lived in her parental home. In fact her company made Ghulu Shah a saintly person.

Once Saint Budhu Shah came to Sirhind but not in the guise of a saint, he came in the guise of an ordinary person and stayed with Ghulu Shah. Very early in the morning he went and sat in the garden in meditation and got immersed in the love of the Lord. Before daybreak he opened his eyes and sang a divine song (Kirtan). The song had a deep effect on Ghulu Shah's mind.

He said: O Saint! Will you bless me? I am doing service to saints for the last eight years. I understand that God is there. I also understand that I am a soul. But nothing goes deep into my mind. Today, the song that you sang has gone deep into my heart. How to meet the Lord? I am not Lord. I have to meet him. I am not an atheist.

Budhu Shah: O beloved of the Lord! Lord is one. There cannot be two Gods. If you say, "I am God," then it becomes two Gods!

(Smilingly) Again he said: Yes you can meet the Lord as you do grafting in plants.

Ghulu Shah: For the sake of Lord, please put me on the path.

Budhu Shah: O dear! This blessing, you can get at Anandpur where the image of the Lord is staying at present. The divine song that I read is from there only. If you wish to gain inner blossom of mind, then go and fall at his feet. Meet the embodiment of love, the image of the Lord.

Saying this Budhu Shah's eyes filled with tears and he could not say any more. But this made a deep dent in the minds of Ghulu Shah and his wife. They felt a love-sensation in their body and devotion, "We belong to the image of Lord who stays at Anandpur."

Budhu Shah went away after a couple of days. But Ghulu Shah's mind immersed in the love of the Guru at Anandpur. In the last eight years he did not see any wondrousness in the plants and trees but now he gets a loving sensation in the beauty of the garden.

Budhu Shah gave them one divine song written in Persian. The couple learnt it by heart and they recited it every day. Their longing to have a glimpse of the Guru at Anandpur increased. But they had problems. They are in service to the king who has enmity with the Guru. If he comes to know, then he faces death sentence. If he goes on leave and it becomes known when he comes back, then extreme punishment is imminent. If he goes and does not return, then his family faces torture. On the other hand he feels afraid that the King named 'Death' may come at anytime, no one knows when. If it comes before he has a glimpse of the Beloved Guru, then he shall have to leave with longing and craving in mind.

They spend their time in this situation. When they see a devotee of the Guru, then they feel a deep sensation like an electric current that he is the image of the beloved image of the Lord and his head bows down. If a saint devotee of the Guru comes, he does service to him and listens to the recitation of Holy Scripture. As they listen to the Holy Scripture their minds get elevated. Mehtab (Ghulu Shah's wife) learnt many songs by heart. She sings these divine songs early in the morning while sitting in the garden and feels ecstasy.

The longing to meet the Guru made them do service to Guru-devotees. They love to do it. Their hearts spring in happiness on listening to the name of a Guru devotee. They do service to him.

In a town where Guru-devotees were made to suffer, a secret and safe haven has come up.

Ghulu Shah knew that if a Muslim gives suffering to a Guru-devotee in this town, then there is no hearing or remedy. That is why he tried to help and do service to Guru-devotees secretly as much as he could.

When a Guru-devotee happily departed, then both husband and wife stood before him with hands folded and prayed: O Guru-beloved! "Bless that these longing eyes get a glimpse of the image of the Lord."

In the garden's east was Ghulu Shah's house and in the west was the King's palace from where there were many paths to enter the garden. The rooms of Queen Zena, a beloved of the King were just on the wall of the garden. The King remained in merriment often till midnight and the intoxication of wine made him doze off to sleep. But Queen Zena, sometimes got up early in the morning and sometimes heard the sweet melody of Mehtab's singing of divine songs.

Even otherwise Mehtab used to meet the Queen often but now the Queen became friendly with her, the sufferings of co-wives, her distress of living in the palace under duress, her separation from parents by force, the King's cruelty after intoxication of wine and the suffering of people on account of the King's cruelty caused heartburns to Queen Zena. These sorrows she shared with Mehtab and she considered Mehtab as a close friend. Many times Mehtab's holy company cooled the Queen's perturbed mind. Eight months passed in this friendship. Nights became cold. The month of December came. Due to extreme cold, the drinking, dancing and singing parties of the King in the garden became less and finally stopped. Now the fun & frolic, the sensual pleasures, drinking, singing and merriment parties took place inside the palace.

The gardener and his wife could avail of the vacant garden at night. Late at night husband & wife sat in the dewy cool garden under the lustre of the

twinkling stars, wearing blankets covering the head and sang divine songs (*Kirtan*) and prayed. See the Lord's wonder. In the garden that was made for worldly pleasures of worldly people, holy people are singing divine songs. The other junior gardeners and helpers went to their respective homes at night. So! The divine singing in the garden remained a secret. The Gardener being holy also helped. Then mostly Sufi saints used to come. These Sufi saints were Muslims. Thus the junior gardeners did not notice the love of Guru-devotees in Ghulu Shah's mind. They only talked that Ghulu Shah is friendly with saints.

By and by Ghulu Shah's love for the true Guru swelled like flood in a river. Now the mind said: Whatever happens. Let it happen. What is life and what is money? To let the breath go waste without a glimpse in fear of the King is killing one's self. Let us go now. He took one month's leave and started preparation to go.

One day early in the morning Queen Zena sent a messenger to call Mehtab. When Zena saw Mehtab, she cried.

Mehtab said: Is everything fine?

Queen Zena: What fine? See there!

Saying this she took Mehtab to the other room. One young damsel was sitting tied with ropes. Her hands and feet had turned blue. Her face was almost white. Zena told her story as follows: Yesterday, one Guru-devotee brought a newly wedded bride in a palanquin to the town. One Muslim priest seized the palanquin by force with bride sitting in it and sent it to the King. The King sent her to my room. When he came at night then he tempted her with gold and money but she firmly refused to accept the gold. Then the king said to her laughingly: Who is your saviour here that you are so adamant. See Mehtab! First she was quiet then in a heart-rending voice she replied: My saviour is close to me.

King: Who is your saviour?

Newly married bride: The 'Guru with Plume', my saviour is close to me.

On hearing the name 'Guru with the Plume', the king got enraged. First she was beaten up by the maids. She was badly smashed but she remembered her Lord. Next she was given the punishment that you have seen. I beseeched him but he did not listen. He said: Make her your maid.

O Sister! You tell! What should I do and what should I not do?

On listening to all this Mehtab in emotion got up, went near the platform and hurriedly opened the knots of the rope and picked up the damsel in her lap and said: O Queen! Have courage! Why become so meek?

One should have mercy on suffering humanity. The maximum is that our life will go. Let it go as a sacrifice. Millions like us die every day. If I die what loss will it be? I am taking her away. If the king becomes angry, then I am ready to die in lieu of her.

Queen Zena: You take her away. I shall manage somehow.

Mehtab now picked up the girl as her own born daughter and carried her to her hut. She narrated the entire story to her husband. Ghulu Shah who was already in deep love of the Guru was delighted to see the damsel who was ready to sacrifice herself to keep her honour.

Mehtab massaged her body lightly, did some fomentation, made her wear warm clothes and gave her hot milk to drink. When the damsel whom she treated her as an apple of her eye slept, then Ghulu Shah searched her house and met her husband who was extremely perturbed. He narrated the entire story.

Who can describe the delight of the husband and his family?

Ghulu Shah on seeing the delighted faces of the Guru-devotees felt as if there was a smile on the Guru's handsome face.

Then it was decided that they should leave this town and go and settle at Anandpur. The girl's husband should go to a nearby village and arrange for transportation to Anandpur. Ghulu Shah will escort the damsel up to that village and then all of them can go further at night. After making this plan Ghulu Shah came home. The damsel woke up in the afternoon. Her mother-in-law had arrived wearing a veil. She was over-delighted to meet her daughter-in-law. They had meals and the father-in-law, mother-in-law, the daughter-in-law and Mehtab sat in a covered bullock cart. Ghulu Shah himself drove the cart and they reached their destination before sunset. From there the foursome left for Anandpur.

Ghulu Shah and his wife with scarves tied to their necks and hands folded said to them: O Guru-beloveds! Bless that we get a glimpse of the Guru before we breathe the last breath.

Queen Zena felt happy in giving comfort to someone. She also felt comfortable that a new co-wife has not come to stay. But she apprehended: What shall the King say? Again, if any news leaks out from Mehtab's house, then Mehtab might be in trouble. So! The moment the king came, she opened a new bottle of wine, praised it and quickly filled a glass and offered it to the King. In this way the king got intoxicated, dozed off to sleep and the night passed. Next day she told the king that the damsel died while tied to the platform and I managed to dispose the dead body in a stream far off.

The life of Non-Muslims was of no value in those times. The king had no fear of anybody or of stain on his reputation.

One day a Guru-devotee came to Ghulu Shah and said softly: O friend! Congregation is coming from Delhi and Saharanpur. That has to pass from here. We have heard atrocities happening on Guru-devotees in this town. Suggest some way that they pass through here peacefully.

Ghulu Shah said: If there are two or three persons, then I can manage but if they are more, then they should change route from that village and go without entering this town. Whenever they have to go, you tell me. I shall make arrangements for their transportation. Saying this, the Guru-devotee went away.

Ghulu Shah planned some arrangement that he should send his wife first and then he himself should accompany the congregation and see them off. But the detectives were no less. The king was informed on the same day that some Guru-devotees from Delhi are going to Anandpur and amongst them is going Tilok Bai wife of Radha Rattan Jeweler and singer. She is so proficient in music and singing that the singers of the country consider her the embodiment of songs.

The king was very fond of music and songs. In the thinking that this is the time to abduct her, he sent a large contingent of soldiers. The congregation had hardly reached the nearby village when the soldiers surrounded them.

Ghulu Shah came to know but what to do? Meanwhile Queen Zena called Mehtab. When Mehtab went to Zena, then Zena said: See! Sister, another distress has befallen. The previous one was just forgotten but today another pious soul is caught. This Bibi Tilok Bai is an accomplished violinist who was married to a well known singer Radha Rattan. Radha Rattan died and this lady was going to Anandpur to spend the rest of her life in holy company. Today, the king has detained her. The rest of the disciples have been pushed out of the town.

Mehtab: Strange! How is that?

Queen: It is not strange. Tilok Bai seems to be very intelligent. When the entire group was detained, then she came to know that because of her everybody is in captivity. She sent a secret message that if you free everybody else, then I shall come on my own and if anyone is put to harm on my account then all of us shall sit in peace and shall bear the torture and sacrifice of our lives. The king agreed to free the others of the group. They were not agreeable to go but the Police pushed them out several kilometres and now Tilok Bai is here with me. Let us see! What happens at night?

Mehtab: Tilok Bai has done a great sacrifice that she has put herself in trouble and saved the other Guru-devotees but Sister, what will happen when it comes to shame to her honour. Will she sell her honour to save the disciples? She will not do that.

Queen: I asked her this question. She said: I will give my life but not honour. Who is this king? The devil cannot touch my honour. The 'Guru with the Plume' lives in me. He is always living. Immersed in the love of his feet I am always living and imperishable. What is this body? If it comes to shame to my honour, then this body will be put to eternal rest within moments. But I think the king has detained her for music's sake, not for her beauty. She must be nearing fifty but she is beautiful and her face has sheen. I can't say that the king, after drinking might become mad but whatever I have heard is that the king has detained her for her singing.

Mehtab: Can I meet her?

Queen: Yes. Why not?

The queen took Mehtab to the drawing room where Tilok Bai was sitting looking towards the garden. On entering the room, Mehtab bowed her head and said: I am not a maid of the palace. I have to ask you for some service. I am the unfortunate woman whose husband was supposed to arrange the travel of your group tomorrow through the outskirts of this town. We are born in a humble house. It was not in our fortune to do that service. Thanks to the Lord that the congregation has crossed the city safely but now seeing you in detention is distressing.

On hearing this Tilok Bai felt happy and said: Ah ha! Are you the wife of Brother Ghulu Shah? It is great that I have met you.

Mehtab: How do you call us 'Brother'? We are not even servants?

Tilok Bai: The service you did for the young newly married damsel has made you and your husband respectable and in the congregation everybody calls you 'Brother'. Sister! Don't feel distressed on my account. I am a prisoner. Either I will live with honour or die with honour. Don't have any apprehension. I have no fear. Seeing her faith in the 'Guru with the Plume', Mehtab bowed down and said: You come with me, eat food and then you can come back.

Tilok Bai: I cook my own food. Although amongst Guru-devotees this custom is not there but this a habit since long. I thought when I go to Anandpur then I shall eat from the Guru's kitchen and then leave this custom.

Mehtab: You come with me. I have a separate place. A well is there. You can cook food yourself.

Tilok Bai: Sister! This body is now a guest for a few hours. What is the need to feed it?

Mehtab: Not to feed the body, only to give me the privilege of service to you. My heart will be delighted.

Tilok Bai: It is your greatness. I am not worthy to give privilege.

Mehtab: Sister! Fragrance of love of the Guru is coming from you. For the sake of his feet accept my request.

Listening to the words 'For the sake of his feet' she was moved with emotion. Her eyes filled with tears. She said: O darling Sister! If it is possible that I am free to go up to your house, then I shall come. (Looking towards the queen) You need not worry I shall come back myself by evening.

Taking leave from the queen, both of them came to Mehtab's house through a secret path. She narrated the entire story to Ghulu Shah. He was delighted to see a sister with so much faith. Mehtab provided groceries in the other room, Tilok Bai cooked food for herself, prayed to the Lord and ate food.

Meanwhile, two of Guru-devotees came to Ghulu Shah's house in disguise to ask Ghulu Shah to enquire about Tilok Bai.

See the Lord's wonder! They ate food cooked by Tilok Bai. They felt delighted but when they heard the story, they became depressed that Tilok Bai is still in detention. Then everybody prayed to the Lord: O Lord! You save her. It was time for recitation of scripture *Rehras*. See! A dreadful night is approaching near but the Guru-devotee unmindful of fear is reciting the Lord's name. The Guru-devotee has faith that remembrance of Lord is everlasting and it shall remain till the last breath.

Night descended. Preparations were on for merriment, singing and drinking in the drawing room on the first floor. The King came and asked Queen Zena: Where is the singer?

Queen: She has gone to the garden. She will come back shortly.

King: I don't think but I hope she doesn't slip away by bribing some gardener.

Queen: You need not worry about that. She can slip away but she won't do that.

King: How do you say so?

Queen: I say, because she has promised that after my prayer I will come back.

King: How can you trust a prisoner?

Queen: Prisoner or free, the promise of a Guru-devotee is trustworthy. I have seen myself, the Guru-devotees do not tell lies.

King: Let us see.

Queen: You will see.

King: I hope the golden bird will not fly away. You are saying, 'You will see'.

Queen: I am sitting here as surety. Yes! But do not treat her badly. One should always show respect to the talented.

King: No harshness. I want to listen to music only.

Queen: You consider the top singers as menials. You hardly show respect to them.

King: Don't bother. Everything is fair for the King.

Zena: Your parties of drinking, singing and dancing are secret but sometimes secrets leak out. You know Aurangzeb is enemy of singing and dancing.

King: Do not worry. No news can reach him.

Meanwhile the garden door opened and fearless like a lion with a lustrous face Tilok Bai entered in magnificence.

Queen looked at the king and said: See, the promise of the Guru-devotee. On seeing her respectful old age beauty and fearlessness the King's pride came down. Then he asked her to sit down and talked to her with respect. The fearless lady looked towards the king as a doctor looks at a patient.

Meanwhile, a messenger came and said: Your Majesty! The singers are ready, the musicians are playing their instruments, and you are awaited in the hall.

The king got up and walked into the big hall. Two maids took Tilok Bai inside the hall.

The musicians played music and sang songs. Then the drinking session started. Tilok Bai was now ordered to sing.

She replied: I cannot sing.

Question: Why Not?

Answer: Because singing is not my profession. I sing to flourish my soul.

Courtier: You are not singing for money's sake. It is only to please the king.

Tilok Bai: I need not please anyone.

Courtier: This is impertinence.

Tilok Bai: This is not impertinence. It is truth.

Courtier: You will have to sing.

Tilok Bai: Singing and coercion. This is unheard before.

King: Any special reason.

Tilok Bai: Yes! My husband's last wish and order was: Do not play instruments or sing for anybody except the Guru-Lord and do not sing any

song except divine songs. That is why I cannot sing here. I cannot sing for everybody, I shall stick to my vow, my principles, my late husband's orders up to my last breath.

King: Maybe I am the Guru-Lord.

Tilok Bai: No. You are not. You are the saviour for your subjects, father and mother to your subjects. It is your duty to protect and stop coercion.

One courtier (in intoxication of wine): What you say is alright. But the subject's duty is to obey the orders of the king. You are talented. The king has ordered. He wants to listen to your singing. To refuse is impertinence. The king has shown patience because of your talent, otherwise 'No' to the orders of the king is death punishment.

Tilok Bai: But you tell me whether the government is for the welfare of the subjects or for giving suffering to the subjects?

Another courtier: Don't talk rudely. If the nightingale speaks rudely, then the owner of the garden has a knife and a cage.

Tilok Bai: The nightingale is always ready to die. In this way the lady remained in self honour. She replied to every question fearlessly.

The intoxication of wine increased. The rage also increased. The king became highly agitated. He ordered: Throw this devil out of the garden.

Within moments the order was carried out.

One courtier (drunk) threw the violin out of the window. From the second window three others lifted Tilok Bai and threw her out.

What was there down below? In the darkness under the window were standing two Guru-devotees along with Mehtab and Ghulu Shah, all four holding a thick sheet from four corners. They had already planned and told Tilok Bai that if it comes to near torture, then you jump down from the window. We will catch you before falling on the ground and hide you before any sentry arrives. Tilok Bai's own thinking was that in case of near torture she shall kill herself with her dagger. But she had somewhat agreed with Ghulu Shah's advice. Now something dropped in the sheet. To their astonishment it was the violin.

On the second window side was a loud thump. When they saw that side, then they realized it was Tilok Bai whom the courtiers had lifted and thrown. This side Ghulu Shah had spread soft grass in anticipation that she might jump this side. Hurriedly they lifted her, hid her in the backside room and made her lie down.

Tilok Bai was unconscious. There was no fracture of bones but her body got badly bruised and some thorns pierced and some parts of her body had turned blue.

They took out the thorns and applied ointment, sprinkled water on her face but she did not gain consciousness in this way. Ghulu Shah noticed damage to a bone in the head.

At that time Mehtab waited near the palace to check if any sentry was watching. But since nobody came down and it became all quiet, then she came to her own house. Ghulu Shah who was up till now looking after Tilok Bai decided to go and fetch a doctor. By the time he brought the doctor Tilok Bai got fever. The doctor applied ointment on her head and bandaged the head. He gave some medicine to be taken orally. She has high fever. Tilok Bai is not unconscious now. She talks irritatingly. One Guru-Devotee went to inform the congregation that Tilok Bai's honour is saved. Her life is saved. The other remained in service to her.

On the other side everybody had drunk excessively and dozed off to sleep. In the morning Zena, on some pretext made the king leave early. When she got the news that Tilok Bai has reached her congregation, then she informed the king that she managed to throw away the dead body far so that the servants who work in the garden should not come to know about it.

In the afternoon Zena called Mehtab and told her not to worry. She said: I have closed the doors of search for Tilok Bai.

Tilok Bai is being looked after without any worry. The treatment is going on but she has not regained proper consciousness. At one time the doctor said that she might not survive but one day fortunately her temperature came down. Her head injury also became alright. She regained full consciousness and slowly got strength and became alright. When she became strong enough then they decided to depart. Tilok Bai and the two Guru-devotees dressed as Pathans. Ghulu Shah and Mehtab dressed like servants. They travelled in comfort but after they had travelled a long distance, they reached a village that was looted by dacoits in the night time. Some wounded and bruised were writhing in pain without food and water. Those of the village who ran away on seeing the dacoits had not returned to their village till then.

On seeing the suffering of the villagers they stopped their bullock carts and got busy in treatment to the wounded and bruised villagers. The Guru-devotees, Mehtab and Ghulu Shah applied ointment and bandaged the wounded and bruised. The bullock cart owner also helped. They gave water to the wounded to drink. The ladies cooked food. They milked some cows and buffaloes and boiled the milk. They served hot milk. They bestowed love that gave strength to the minds of the village people.

II

At Anandpur today, it is the birthday of the true Guru. The sun emitted rays. All round preparations are going on. It seems delight is born today and happiness is swelling with happiness. The devotees have thronged and are waiting: Now the beloved Guru will arrive. Now the Prince-sons will shortly come. Now the 'Guru with the Plume' will give a discourse. But the sun rose, it became noon, then afternoon but the beloved Guru did not come nor the Prince-sons arrived.

Everybody is astonished: He did not attend the morning assembly. He is not at the bank of river Satluj. He is not in any of the forts. In this wait of congregation one Guru-disciple came running and said: The true Guru met me while going downside accompanied by four Prince-sons and five 'Ideal men' and ten to fifteen soldiers. They made their horses gallop at break-neck speed. I have been instructed to tell you that birthday shall be celebrated on day-after-tomorrow and not today. On listening to the message the congregation thought that the miraculous Guru himself knows where to shower his love. Either somebody is in pangs of love or somewhere some devotees are in distress. He being a saviour, being a support for his devotees, who says, "I am nothing without my disciples" has gone to allay some sufferings. Maybe he is attracted to some pull from some devotees.

The Guru is galloping the horse at break-neck speed. The horses are bathing in sweat. He is moving like the sea moving upstream several kilometres from the confluence where the river meets the sea. He said to his beloved sons and devotees: See, the delight in the forest. Food is being cooked. Congregation is eating. How much ecstasy is there? The Lord has showered rapture. Birthday is being celebrated. This birthday celebration has made the usual birthday celebration wait for two days. Saying this, the beloved Guru and party reached the looted village in the afternoon.

By now all the wounded and bruised had already been bandaged. All were lying and resting on beds. They had eaten whatever they wished.

Ghulu Shah, Mehtab, Tilok Bai and some more devotees who did service to the wounded were standing and praying: O beloved Guru! You bless. You eat this food and then we shall have food blessed by you. Everyone was so much engrossed in the prayer that even the tapping of the horses' feet did not disturb. The miraculous Guru who loved his disciples got down from his horse and stood there. The beloved Prince-sons, the five 'Ideal men' and other disciples who had accompanied also stood behind.

When the prayer finished and recitation of the words "Welfare to all as per your will" finished and everyone bowed down, then they heard a voice.

“I am so hungry. Bring food quickly”. On seeing the beloved true Guru actually amidst them, everyone’s mind swelled with love like a tidal wave. Like a calf meets the cow, everyone clamped the beloved Guru’s feet. They got so much happiness and love in meeting the Guru that they went into trance. The beloved Guru patted them on their heads and said: You have not treated the wounded, you have comforted me. O moon faced Mehtab! O my loving Ghulu Shah! You have not done service to Tilok Bai. It was service to the three worlds. You did not free the damsel from captivity. You freed me from captivity. Today whatever service you did I feel that comfort. You have celebrated my birthday. You have done service to me.

In showering love on everybody the beloved Guru’s own eyes filled with nectar. For a long time he stood holding the dear disciples with his hands. Then he opened his eyes, smiled and said: “My beloved disciple is he who is immersed in the love of the Lord and wishes good for all”.

Then the Guru visited the wounded. He wished them early recovery. Then he said to his Prince-sons: These disciples who have done so much service are my sons. They are your brothers. I am of the Lord. My family is of the Lord.

The magnificent Guru and everyone ate food. Today, Tilok Bai ate food from the common kitchen that we call Guru’s kitchen. She bade good-bye to the habit of ‘Separate cooking’.

The Guru sent his soldiers to call back those who had left the village in fear. He ordered some soldiers to stay here as security guards.

Everyone returned to their homes and life became normal in the village. The Guru gave some money to the needy. At night the congregation assembled and sang divine songs (*Kirtan*). Tilok Bai opened her violin to sing divine songs for the Beloved Guru ‘King of the spiritual sphere.’ She sang a divine song in superb melody. They spent the night, sometime in singing divine songs (*Kirtan*) and sometime in sleep.

In the morning they departed for Anandpur. The birthday celebration at Anandpur was fixed for the next day.



32.

Bhai Dilbagh Singh

Grand-pa: O Child! Your steps are so slow. Even my feet stumble, my breath has become heavy. Is it a mountainous climb?

Girl: O Grand-pa! It is not a mountainous climb but otherwise there is a slight ascent. It is late evening. When I could see properly, then I evaded the stones and mounds. Now it has become dark and the feet stumble sometimes.

Grand-pa: Has the moon not come up?

Girl: No! Grand-pa! No stars even. It seems a bit cloudy.

Grand-pa: O child! See and gaze. Maybe some light is visible. Maybe some hut or well is near.

Girl: Here is a narrow stream. It seems water is flowing through stones. Across that some light is visible. That might be a candle or fire burning. There is no light anywhere this nearer side.

Grand-pa (felt a puff of wintry wind): From where has this cold wind come? I am already dead tired and exhausted and on the top of it this stream is making me afraid. Me! Blind and you are a child. These hilly streams make the feet of lions slip. Who knows both of us might get carried away by the stream and our hopes and desires that are only a couple of days away might get postponed to another lifetime?

Girl: O Grand-pa! Even hunger is biting and killing. There is no fried flour in the knap sack. May be some bread is left but that also dried.

Grand-pa: It is really unfortunate that an innocent girl that you are is put to distress on account of my sins. If I had perceived the right when my eye-sight was intact, then I would not have run after inner eyes today. But O destiny! I did not perceive the right when my eye-sight was intact. I did not realize properly even after seeing and finding. I did not pay heed to good

advice. Those who became devotees, they got salvation. They have crossed the worldly ocean of fire and I am scared even to cross a stream today. Eyes are a boon but if they see properly. They are a boon if the eyes also perceive the right. Those who have eyes are running like blind persons and those who are blind are searching for eyes. Eyes without a proper perception are equivalent to blindness.

Girl: O grand-pa! Don't talk like that. Let us move on straight.

Grandpa: O Child! If a voice goes into my ears saying, "Forgiven", then I shall forget all my distress. I have put "an innocent girl" in distress. The sins I did but I have put their weight on your head.

Girl: Grandpa! Don't talk like that. I feel bad. You are my only support and then you talk sadly. Please do not remember and remind me any distress.

Grandpa: O Child! How far is the stream?

Girl: Grandpa! Now it is just near.

Grandpa: Is the water running fast? Is it possible to measure the depth? Does it appear to be too deep?

Girl: At the moment. I cannot say anything.

Grandpa: O Child! See! My walking stick has fallen. Wait! Pick it up and give me.

Girl (Found the stick and while giving): O grand-pa! Take this. Oh! My God!

Grandpa: O Child! What happened?

Girl: O grand-pa! When I bent down to pick the stick, then I got pain in my back. The back has stiffened by walking so much.

Grandpa: Yes! It is so long since we started and then it is so cold. The body had to stiffen. What shall we do?

Girl: The narrow path has taken a curve. One can hear the rustling of water. The path goes towards the stream. It is quite dark.

Grandpa: O Child! Let's go on walking. We should not lose heart. Let the fate decide if we have to lose. Remain in the look out if any hut of some saint is visible where we can stay for the night otherwise let us keep on moving.

Girl: Alright Grandpa.

Grandpa: Yes! Where we are going to beg forgiveness, to rid our darkness of the mind by his gracious light, we may pray to him. We may beseech his blessings. But O Child! I did not learn to pray. I remained entangled in worldly desires. When the worldly gains were so much, then who would pray?

Girl: Respected Uncle used to say: Let the dead past bury its dead. Save the present time.

Grand-pa: That is true. O Child! You only can save the present. I can only put my hand on your shoulder and follow you.

Girl: O Grandpa! We are moving but our mind is wandering. As uncle said: If we turn the mind towards the true Guru and recite "O Lord, O Lord" "*Waheguru, Waheguru,*" then the true Guru will surely come to our rescue.

Grand-pa: O Yes, child just wait.

Girl: O Grandpa! Why?

Grand-pa: O Child! I stepped into low ground. I have sprained my ankle.

Girl: Yes! Rest for a while. I will press your legs. O Guru! Please help (Presses the leg).

Grand-pa: That is sufficient. O darling Child! Let us move.

Girl: We have reached the stream. I wonder what would be the depth of the water in the stream.

Grand-pa: O Child! Look this side, that side. See, if there is a bridge?

Girl: O Grandpa! I cannot see in this darkness. Water is visible but there is no bridge on this narrow path.

Grand-pa: The sound of water is imperceptible. That means water is deep and flowing fast.

Girl: The Lord knows.

Grand-pa: O Child! What shall we do now?

Girl: Guru shall come to our rescue. Guru shall show us the way. O true Guru! Make us cross this stream. O true Guru! Come and help us out. Saying this, the girl got engrossed in deep prayer.

Girl (opened her eyes): O Grand-pa! The heaven has thrown light. There is a flash of lightning. See! There is something like a bridge on the stream. O grand-pa! Come! Let us see.

Grand-pa: Let us go.

Girl (having reached): O grandpa! Here the water is less. One big tree seems to have fallen. It is like a bridge on the stream. We can cross the stream walking on it.

Grand-pa: Is there any visibility?

Girl: Yes! This flash of lightning is helpful but really speaking it is a difficult task. Come! Maybe the Guru has made a bridge for us. The Guru will also help us in crossing over. Oh Lord! O Grand-pa! Here! Here! This is the stub. Put your foot on it.

Grand-pa: O Child! This is very difficult.

Girl: "Difficult or easy", leave it to the Guru. He will accomplish. Support yourself with your hand on my shoulder and move.

Grand-pa: O beloved Guru, please help us. You gave salvation to Ajamal. Help us also.

Girl: Yes! Like this, walk step by step slowly.

Grand-pa: O Guru! Please make us cross this bridge.

Girl: O Grand-pa! Wait, I am gone! Sit down. Oh! This flash of lightning, I feel dizzy. My eyes cannot bear the dazzle. In dizziness I was about to fall.

Grand-pa: O Child! Better sit down. To walk in standing posture is more risky. While sitting hold the tree with your hand and move slowly like a duck. I will follow you like that.

Girl (sat down and walked): Yes! This way is better. We shall be able to go.

Grand-pa: O Guru! Please give us your support.

Girl (on reaching the end): Thanks O Lord! We have crossed the stream.

II

Having crossed the stream the girl saw some fire burning at a place. They went there straight. A fire was burning. On the further side a few Pathans were sitting and eating something. Both of them sat near the fire to warm up.

One Pathan (came near): "Who are you"? Old man!

Old man (with little fear in mind): We are strangers and very tired. Can we warm up a little? We are poor.

Pathan (stared at the girl but in a soft voice) said: Yes, Old man! You may warm up. You are a sadhu. Have something to eat.

Old man: We have got food to eat.

Pathan: Alright. Have food.

Then he went away.

Old man: God bless you!

They felt relieved and relaxed after warming up. They took out fried bread that was cooked in the morning, warmed it and ate. Then they lay down near the fire. Extremely tired that they were, they immediately dozed off and slept.

Next morning when they turned over the sun had already risen. Hurriedly they got up, picked up their knapsack and started walking.

Pathan (in a threatening tone): Old man, beware! Do not move.

Old man: Gentleman! Why?

Pathan: Listen with ears open. You are under my captivity. Do not move one step further.

Old man: Gentleman! What harm have we done to you?

Pathan: Shut up.

(To peasant who had just come with his ox to plough the land) O Peasant! Take this old man as a gift. He will be a caretaker for you. If you have thirty rupees, then you take this girl also.

Peasant: Have you bought these slaves? Talk softly. The kingdom of the Guru is nearby. If somebody listens that slaves are being sold, they will punish you.

Pathan: Who can punish?

Saying this he started off downwards. He had hardly gone a little distance when he met a Rajput strolling accompanied by his soldiers.

Pathan: O Captain! Will you buy a slave girl? Just for forty rupees?

Captain: Wait. I will ask my Chieftain.

Pathan: Tell me quickly.

Captain (came back after asking): How much have you paid for her?

Pathan: I have paid twenty. I want profit of twenty.

Captain: Here is forty rupees.

The Captain paid the money and took the girl to his Chieftain.

Chieftain: Yes! She is healthy looking.

Captain: Yes Master! She will be a good slave for your newly married wife.

III

Next morning when the peasant came early in the morning at the well and found the old man crying, then he asked: O Old man! Why are you wailing? If it is written in your fate to become a slave, then one cannot help. Your tears have not stopped since twenty-four hours.

Old man: I am crying for the child who has been made a slave forcibly. If she had died in front of my eyes, then the suffering would not have been so much. Now pain is killing like the rankling of a broken thorn in a wound.

Peasant: Old man! How did you get into captivity?

Old man: I and my grand-daughter were going to Anandpur to have a glimpse of the Guru. On seeing a fire lit, we came here to warm up. In the morning when we started they held us in captivity.

Peasant (listening to the name Anandpur, he felt awe): That means, you have been trapped inadvertently. (After a thought) Are you a Guru-disciple?

Old man: I am father of a Guru-devotee and I was going to get blessings from the Guru. (Heaving a sigh) O Guru with the plume! If you are a true Guru, then you save the daughter of your beloved disciple Ram Singh with honour and give her refuge at your feet. I do not mind dying or suffering

but for the child, I pray to you to save her. O saviour of Hindu religion! O true Guru! There is no one except you who can save the sufferers. O beloved Guru! Please help! You are the pillar of support. Again he cried with loud wails.

Peasant: Old man! Do you belong to a rich family?

Old man: I am a merchant from Jalandhar. I was a millionaire. My family members died in a calamity. I had five sons, young and stout like lions. The youngest Ram Singh became a Guru-disciple. When the sons died, then my relatives in connivance with Municipal Officers grabbed my land and property. In wailing, I lost my eyesight. Then my mind said: Let me go to Ram Singh's Guru. He will give peace of mind. So I started accompanied by my only grand-daughter, this girl. Destiny was against me. I travelled with my grand-daughter and lost her. I became a slave. (Looking towards the sky) O Guru at Anandpur! Have mercy on the sufferers.

Peasant: Old man! Do not curse me. I am a family man with children. From my side, you are free. You may go to Anandpur. I am telling truly. You may go now or you may go tomorrow. I have no grudge.

The peasant was afraid of Guru-devotees. Saying this he went away to meet his son who was coming from a distance. Soon he was out of sight.

The old man said loudly: God bless you! God bless you!

But how could he go without someone to guide?

IV

After a few moments, to the utter amazement of the old man his grand-daughter arrived and embraced him. O grand-pa! O Grand-pa! I have come.

Grand-pa (in thankfulness, in happiness, in amazement and hugging her): O daughter! O daughter! Thanks to the Lord! I hope nobody is watching. How have you managed to come?

Girl: I slipped out stealthily and came running. Do not worry. Nobody is watching. It is somewhat dark.

Grand-pa: If the peasant is not there and nobody is watching, then let us start walking lest somebody comes. Both of them walked and talked.

Grand-pa: O Child! Lion child! Guru-disciple child! Great is Guru! Omnipresent Guru! He has heard my wailing. He has made the separated together. Great is the Guru!

Girl: Father said that Guru always helps in times of distress.

Grand-pa: O Child! How you got emancipation? Was somebody merciful to you like the peasant was merciful?

Girl: No! Grand-pa! The Pathan sold me to a Rajput for forty rupees. He was a rich man newly married. He made me maid for his wife. I was ordered to massage the bride. I massaged but my wailing did not stop. She became angry and asked me to get out. It was midnight. I came down the stairs into the verandah. The guard was fast asleep. The door of the verandah was locked from inside. I noticed a gap on the top of the door. I climbed the door and slipped out. Then slowly I rested my feet on a projection and jumped down. Then I hid myself behind the side-wall for a few moments and finally ran to this place.

She embraced Grand-pa again: O Grand-pa!

Now they are walking but they missed the path. The sun rose. They reached the place where the Pathans were standing. They stared at both of them. The girl was stunned like a goat seeing a lion. They had not even talked that two horse-riders reached fast on their horses. They were from the group who had bought the girl as a slave and came searching for her. Oh! Now the child girl and the feeble old man who is blind and poor are trapped in a double net.

V

Dust rose from a distance. Everybody had hardly looked that side that a sound was heard 'Thuk'. What did they see? An arrow has struck the stump of a tree lying at a distance. Now the sound of tapping of heels of horses became audible. They were still dazed that another arrow came and struck the Pathan's horse that was tied to a tree and made a noise 'Thuk'. They just looked up when a challenging voice said: Beware! And soon the Pathans were surrounded by about twenty or twenty five Guru-soldiers. Collectively they said: "Lord is the Saviour".

Girl: He has come! O Grand-pa! He has come! (Clapping her hands) See! Grand-pa! Beloved Guru has come!

The sudden arrival of the sun of hope in this extreme despair and terrifying situation had a magical effect on the old man's mind. He went into trance. He forgot all his distress. In his inner mind the influence of his blindness was erased. Some feeling surged to have a glimpse of the beloved Guru. He opened his eyes. His eyesight was fully restored. The eyes that had gone blind by excessive wailing filled with love-tears in emotion and thanks.

In full sunlight his eyes opened and they had a real glimpse of the beloved Guru for whom his thirsty mind and thirsty soul was craving.

He got a glimpse of the 'Guru with the plume', the liberator of captives.
He got a real glimpse of the 'Guru with the plume' that liberated him from the
clutches of messengers of death.

Old man and grand-daughter both were saved and they also got immense
blessings of the 'Guru with the plume'.

O Magnificent Great Guru Gobind Singh!

O Magnificent Great Guru Gobind Singh!



33.

Bhai Jai Singh

Many intellectuals and poets got due respect in the Guru's hall of audience. Fifty two names are prominent. From amongst these were intellectuals who translated the scriptures and wrote poetry.

Some intellectuals imbibed the Lord's name in their hearts and stayed here or as per the orders of the Guru went out to preach and serve humanity.

Some enjoyed the ecstasy of the Lord's name and lived a blissful life.

One Bhai Jai Singh was one of these. He was a versatile poet and came to the Guru to show him his skill in poetry. He was enthralled to see the Guru's splendour. The Guru blessed him with the Lord's name and he was filled with ecstasy. He got immersed in Guru-love and his soul mingled with the Guru-soul. He felt rapturous.

One day a disciple said to the Guru: Bhai Jai Singh spends most of the time in meditation. Please order him that he should join us in the battles.

The true Guru said: His soul has to flourish in devotional love of the Lord.

Next day beloved Guru called him and said: Bhai Jai Singh! You go to your hometown, live with your family and meditate there.

He listened to the beloved Guru's command, difficult command and command to separate from the Guru. He obeyed the command of separation and reached home. The longing and craving that he endured for two or three years that only he knew or the Guru knew.

The Guru called him and his desire for beloved Guru's glimpse was fulfilled. The poetry full of longing that he wrote in separation has been lost in the sands of time. We have found two of his poems:

1. O True Guru! Why don't you call me?
I cry like a bird separated from its flock.
If I am a sinner, O true Guru you are a redeemer of sins.
Please do listen to my wailing.
O dear! Give me your glimpse.

2. O Magnificent! I cannot live without your glimpse.
Besides you, whom can I tell
the piercing of the thorn of craving and the pain of separation?
Day and night I remember you and I cannot sit in peace.
Please listen to the prayer of Jai Singh.
I am sailing in the river of your love.



34.

Bibi Sughar Bhai

When one is tired, one wants to rest. When one gets fed up, then one wants to get rid of those from whom the person was fed up. When one feels bored, then one is not conscious of rest or riddance. One feels baffled inside and out. But if one gets out of all situations that created the tiredness or fed up feeling or boredom and one is left alone, then one becomes crazy and turns to uncivil-ness.

Aloneness is bad. It should not come to anyone. Aloneness is more frightening than anything else. Loneliness is the mother of sadness and grandmother of despair. Oh! Is aloneness bad? Aloneness is solitude. The intellectuals of fine arts, Philosophers and Lord-lovers have praised solitude.

Why do you say aloneness or solitude is bad? Because aloneness is not solitude, man seeks solitude but aloneness comes to him. Solitude is the place of peace of the soul. Aloneness is a prison in isolation.

In solitude tiredness, fed up feeling and boredom vanish. In loneliness one becomes crazy and mad. Solitude gives blossom to the mind and brings youth. Loneliness erodes life and brings old age. In solitude the mind is in perfect balance. In loneliness the mind is depressed.

Yes, in solitude there is no praise that increases ego and no criticism that causes depression. The scales of the mind do not move up or down. The scale remains in balance. One assesses his own personality correctly, neither more nor less.

In solitude the attention is not drawn or influenced by outside and superficial pulls. The mind concentrates and sees inwardly. Sometimes, in this inward hop the mind is elevated and feels the sensation of the presence of the Lord.

In solitude one perceives the deceptions of the mind and they vanish. In solitude the mind is elevated and one gets a sensation of the presence of the Lord inside the body and outside in nature. In solitude the mind concentrates and one finds the path and the door of the Lord's palace. In solitude the body soul immerses in the Supreme soul.

If a man wants to give something to the world, then he should love solitude. He will get something that shall make him a giver.

In loneliness the supports of the mind appear to have become strangers and run away far. That is why one is in sadness, fear and craziness. If you go and leave a person in a secluded island and ask him after six months, "How did you spend your time?" Then he shall be able to tell the extreme fright.

You are sitting in a temple in meditation with eyes closed where the crowd is hustling bustling. When you open your eyes you do not see a single person in the temple. ~~You can imagine the aloneness you will feel and its effect.~~ Just think that you went for hunting in a forest and got lost there. No loving one is with you. No known or unknown person is visible. No stranger is visible. Not even a living creature is visible. You can imagine how your heart shall break down. One who has lost himself once in a forest he only knows the suffering of aloneness or a person in prison in a secluded place only knows its suffering.

If one sees as a matter of fact, then man is alone. He comes alone and alone he goes. But he never perceives this aloneness. If he perceives, then he becomes afraid. However, living in his world, if he has to live alone, he is in agony.

If man thinks properly, then he realizes that although he is living and enjoying in this world but he is alone. But since he is surrounded by people around he does not realize this aloneness. Like one hundred eggs are lying close to each other but each egg is closed in its shell. Although, they are lying together but they are separate 'one', 'one' alone. One hundred cages are lying together but the birds in the cage are sitting 'one', 'one'. There are one hundred islands in the sea close to each other but their limit is separate 'one', 'one'. In the same way howsoever much a human is near human but everyone is 'one', 'one', 'alone', 'alone'.

Everyone's body is 'one', 'one', everyone's mind is his own.

Son is writhing in pain. Mother is sitting near, doing fomentation and giving parsley powder and is emotional but she cannot reach where the son feels the pain. She gnashes: I wish I had the power to take the pain out. But despite the so dear Mother sitting close by, the son is bearing the pain alone.

There is another aloneness in which men are living in delight. Everyone is an individual and he is struggling with the world. Everyone is looking to his own gain. He considers the other person as stranger and he is not bothered about the gain of the other person. For his own gain, for his own profit he does not feel pain for the other person nor does he care for the other person's loss.

In this way also everyone is alone and his aloneness lives inside. This aloneness is not outside. This aloneness is inside. One's own gain and the endeavour or struggle for the gain and the happiness arising from this endeavour does not let you perceive this aloneness.

There is another aloneness that can be felt even in crowds. If you take a person on a plane and leave him 5000 kilometres away in a crowded city where he does not understand the language of the people living there, in that crowded place he shall feel the aloneness in the crowd. He will feel happy if he meets even one person who knows his language. Then he shall feel the riddance from loneliness.

There is another type of aloneness. When crowds are around, friends and acquaintances are near, some sympathizers are near but one dear one who was a support of your mind has passed away, yes, in this world of aloneness where outside is distance, inside is distance love or sympathy is an element if it is present, becomes a bridge over the distance of aloneness, on the support of this bridge man forgets the aloneness but if this bridge breaks or there is separation of a beloved then aloneness comes even when people are around you it gives pain of aloneness.

II

One lady hails from Pothohar. Her beloved husband has died in prime youth. This lady herself is young with a muscular body, pretty, accomplished and graceful. Her name is Sughar Bai but her friends out of love call her Sughro. Her parents were wealthy. She is the only daughter. They both passed away and left all their wealth to her. Her husband also had lot of money. Since no child was born to her, she inherited all the money and property that her husband left.

The wealth that has come from both sides is kissing her feet but she is alone, neither husband nor father-in-law, nor mother-in-law, nor dad, nor mom.

This lady is sitting in this world alone. She has servants and maids, near and far relatives, plenty of flatterers and servile but in her mind and heart she

feels she is alone. Her aloneness is the separation from those who loved her and in her heart she has lost the support of the mind that was her husband, so she feels alone.

It is midnight, hot season, a bed is laid on the roof-top. This lady is lying down. She is lying down but is awake and is talking to the stars: O stars of the limitless sky! I see you all are 'one', 'one', alone. Like me, none is connected to the other. I do not know how much distant you are from one another but yet you are twinkling and shining. Why am I sad? I have got jewels like you. Why my joy has gone? I have got servants and maids. Flatterers are many. Then why I feel alone? With so many people around why this loneliness is bothering me?

Then she talked to her mind: O Sughro! Father had taught you that this world is perishable. You had read it. One comes alone and goes alone. In between if one becomes alone by the Lord's will, then let it be. But these thoughts were educative but now in practice these thoughts are no help. The pain is in the heart and it does not go. O Father! O Father! Come and see! In how much agony is your pampered daughter? Death, cruel death, the knife for separation, Mother separated, Father separated, my husband also fell prey but Oh ho! Death is benevolent also. When you died I was sad, why have you gone but today I see that death was benevolent to you. If death had not taken you in her lap, then you would have been in agony to see my agony. If she had taken me also in her lap at that time, then I would not have seen this agony of mine. Death is benevolent but her benevolence depends upon her will. She shall not take you in her lap on asking. On her own will, she showers benevolence. I prayed a lot to her to take me in her lap along with my husband but in resoluteness she did not listen to a word. This one night of agony does not pass. How shall the morning be? How shall the day pass? How shall life pass? I cannot go to sleep. When shall I sleep forever? Then she thought of her husband. O dear! Won't you come again?

III

[Endeavour to rid the aloneness]

Sometimes like a crazy person she was perplexed and emotionally perturbed. However, she was an educated lady and had some natural strength of mind. Whenever she felt crazy she tried to find some way out to rid this aloneness.

Forty days passed in wailing and sorrow. One night while looking at the stars, it came to her mind: My husband is gone and cannot come back now. Nobody has ever come back. Can I not turn the situation for something better?

Her intellectual mind said: I can pass time in a better way by remembrance of the good days when my husband was living. The mind was happy when he was living. It is the mind that is feeling the separation when I remember the good old days then I grumble in separation. Why not live in remembrance of the good days? Those moments, those hours, those days that went by in happiness when he was living, can't I live in remembrance of those good days?

She found a way out of aloneness. She said to herself: O aloneness that you have entered my mind, you get out and I shall fill my mind with remembrance of good days that I spent with my husband.

In this endeavour she spent some time in good mood and sometime got emotionally perturbed. To get rid of this emotional perturb, she thought of another idea. She got a statue of her husband sculptured and placed it on the bed. She started worship of the statue like idol worship. Whenever she felt perturbed she would stand in front of the statue and say: You are here. I am in remembrance of your love always. Then she closed her eyes, sat down and remembered the good old days. In this way she rid herself from the fear and nervousness of aloneness.

IV

[Idol Worship, Husband to Sri Ram]

Time also heals the wounds of separation of a beloved. Sages say that it takes at least one year to heal such wounds. But more depends on the intensity of love that creates the wound.

Sughro's intellectual mind had already found one remedy from within but it did not give that deep satisfaction that one gets in holy company in remembrance of the Lord. For this reason she had to take support of an idol. With this support she felt somewhat relieved from the emotional perturb. The management of property and wealth also took quite some time. These also helped her in getting out of the emotional stress. But she devised another way also. She got constructed a few huts where sadhus could stay. She made a garden around and made arrangements for food and other amenities for the sadhus.

When a lady has lot of wealth and becomes a widow, then the relatives and known people in greed desire that somehow we may get that money.

Nearly a year passed like this and her mind remained engrossed in managing her property. Now, she regained some happiness and sometimes she was in delightful mood. Then some near relatives thought that although it is not customary to marry a widow and also it is considered humiliating by the

high caste Khattris but why bother about custom if one can acquire a lot of wealth by marrying the lady. So offers of marriage started coming from many sources but these did not influence Sugthro. Sugthro possessed a strong intellectual mind and could perceive the underlying greed in the proposals. She had a sharp intellect to judge everything in its right perspective.

Having read lot of scriptures she had developed some intuitiveness also.

So was able to judge that these people are after money only and by marrying they wish to become co-owners. Being a Hindu and born in a Hindu Khatri family, to remarry was against her principles, what the people shall say was also in mind. But more so her love for her husband kept her mind in an inward pull. As such she turned down any proposal for marriage and won over. Every time winning over made her mind strong but along with it her detachment from world increased.

In respect of her wealth she did not trust anyone except one old servant and she became more vigilant in keeping her money safe.

From this worldly detachment her mind bent towards holy company where she saw that the soul shall flourish and the money shall be utilized fruitfully.

The servants looked after the huts that she got constructed but now she started checking herself. Here she got an opportunity to meet intellectual sadhus and other pious people and she gained more knowledge about the Lord that was her thirst. She got blessing from sadhus when she served them food with her own hands or some praised her for her benevolence and that gave support to her mind.

Time passed on. One day one recluse sadhu came to stay. He was quite knowledge-able and intellectual. When he came to know the lady, then he stayed here for a long period and gave discourses. When the sadhu came to know that this lady worships the idol of her husband, then he said: O pious lady! The Idol worship that you do in front of your husband's idol is not good. It is not good to remember a person who is dead. Generally, the custom is that one does not remember a deceased person. When we cremate the body, then we detach ourselves from him. He went from where he came. All persons who die are not saints. To worship a person who is not a saint is not desirable. But it is good in a way that you have got into the habit of Idol worship. Now if you keep the Idol of Ram in lieu of the idol of your husband, then you shall get salvation when your husband's-idol worship becomes Ram-idol worship. Then you shall be out of the cycle of births and deaths.

In his way this sadhu persuaded Sugthro and she replaced the husband's idol with Ram idol.

Now she got automatically detached from her husband-idol and got devoted to Ram-idol and whatever rituals the sadhu suggested she did but her mind still vacillated. Finally, one day from the conversation with the sadhu she perceived that he has plans to show himself as Ram and suggest his own worship. Then she made enquiries secretly and came to know that this sadhu has not developed his own good character. He is after her beauty and money only. After making sure, she asked the sadhu to depart.

Her mind was again in turbulence that as in the world nobody is your friend, similarly, these sadhus have renounced their homes but they are still in greed for money.

V

[Idol-worship from Ram to Sri Krishna]

This jerk did not make Sughro dejected. Her mind said: One has to die one day. This wealth shall not go along. Do something positive that one gets out of the cycle of births and deaths. Neither one should remain in the cycle of births and deaths nor should have sentimental attachment with husband, father, wealth etc. nor should remain in agony on account of separation.

I must find some sadhu who is enlightened, who is detached from worldly desires and has met the Lord.

So she did not stop meeting the sadhus. Whenever she heard that a sadhu has come, she took her friends and went to meet. She gave offering and if she liked him then she invited him to stay in the hut for some time.

Every sadhu told her that without a Guru you cannot get salvation. So she tried to search for a Guru that should be to her mind's satisfaction.

Now the news spread far and wide that this lady is in search of a Guru.

Those who are without desires, they do not go to anyone until the Lord wishes so. But for those who are in desires, then the desires do not let them sit in peace.

A Vaishnav sadhu from Vindraban heard about Sughro and came to Pothohar. He brought along his group and other paraphernalia for drama depicting the life of Sri Krishna. They were good in the art of singing and dancing. They stayed at a town where the habitants were mostly Hindus and the town was big. Sughro's village was near this town. Praise of their performance and their art and devotion reached Sughro's ears. This praise did not come by itself. Somebody was put on the job to sing their praises to Sughro. Sughro, since she already had experience, she watchfully made enquiries. When she was satisfied that they are not fake sadhus, then she called them to her village.

Here the sadhus performed the entire drama depicting the life of Sri Krishna. The name of the Chief sadhu was Krishan Kumar. He danced so well and his singing was superb that made Sughro go in trance sometimes. The singing of religious songs made a dent on her mind. It gave more concentration of mind that she was looking for. Her devotion to Krishan Kumar went on increasing.

Sughro had one servant named Chokha. Her father-in-law had brought him up from childhood and he was fifty now. He had true love for this house. After the demise of men in the family he proved to be a true and faithful servant to Sughro. He was always watchful of Sughro's meeting the sadhus in pursuit of her inclination towards religiousness. Many times, his enquiries served as a light house to Sughro. He came to believe that this sadhu has no greed but still he remained watchful.

One day Sughro asked the sadhu to initiate her as his devotee.

The sadhu said: First you remove this idol of Ram from your house. In future you agree not to meet Ram devotees. Then I can initiate you as my devotee.

When the lady asked the reason for that, then he said that spiritual guide should be one and not two. If you have a choice of two, then you select whoever you feel is more prominent. Ram was not perfect whereas Sri Krishna was a perfect prophet. You select Sri Krishna.

Sughro agreed to the advice of the sadhu and stopped worship of the idol of Ram.

One day Chokha came and said: O my mistress! Here also is greed. One lady who comes from a particular village has given her ornaments of high value to this sadhu secretly. Other family members have come to know. There is quarrel in the house. They shall come to you shortly asking for your help to settle the dispute. Shortly after they came and met Sughro requesting her to resolve the issue.

Then Sughro told Krishan Kumar: You are detached from the world. You are immersed in love of Sri Krishna. Why do you need her money when the family people are not happy to give? Why don't you throw the money back in their lap?

But Krishan Kumar did not agree. He put her off by telling her that it shall become a curse for the women if I return.

Sughro did not ask for initiation. She sighed in relief. Maybe this aloneness is a blessing that the Lord has given me. O mind! The meditative are searching for solitude. You have got it and you want to shirk. She heaved lot of sighs and became dis-interested in the sadhu.

But with each experience her mind became more watchful. However, by meeting many sadhus and remaining in worship she got concentration of mind.

VI

The next who won her confidence was also a devotee of Sri Krishna. But he was not a worshipper. He recited the Geeta and gave discourses elucidating the writing of Geeta. He was a Pandit and he left his home in poverty as a recluse sadhu. He got enough money for his discourses. One day, on hearing about the benevolence of Sughro he also came.

Sughro listened to his discourses. Her mind became eager to gain more knowledge. This sadhu heard about her previous practice and then said: There is no salvation without intuitiveness. The knowledge that Sri Krishna has given in Geeta is the best. She liked this advice of the Pandit. Then she gave him some money. Since he got money, he stayed on for more time.

When the Pandit preached that one should live in love of Sri Krishna and should not have worldly desires, then Sughro wished to see whether the Pandit himself was without desires.

When the Pandit saw that Sughro was now devoted to him, then reassured he asked for money. Then Sughro became more watchful.

One day when the Pandit demanded money, then Sughro said to him: I wanted to get something from you that I do not have and I thought you have got. You have asked me for something that you do not have and I have got. I have already given you some and I am ready to give you more but you have not given me what I expected from you.

The sadhu said: You practice what I have recited from the Geeta. When you become entitled then I shall give you intuitiveness.

Sughro replied: I give money to every sadhu. I do not ask or see whether he is entitled or deserving. Sometimes if I am not carrying any money then I give some wheat-flour but I never ask whether he deserves it. Can you not give me even a drop of the intuitiveness that you have got?

When she put this question, then the sadhu talked non-sensibly.

Sughro thought that he has spent time. He has to run his kitchen. If nobody gives him money how shall he run his kitchen? So, she gave money to the Pandit and bade him farewell respectfully. She heaved a sigh and said: O Lord! How is it that you have given me so much wealth for which family men, sadhus and others solicit me, some in straightforwardness and some in hypocrisy? Does this wealth really give some inner happiness? Why have you

not given me such wealth that I would not solicit them and they should not solicit me? O Lord! I am sure there shall be someone soliciting you only and he shall not desire me or my wealth.

VII

{For the sake of God}

Time passed on. Some sadhus came and stayed in the huts and went away. Many came with the idea of making her a devotee of theirs but went away in despair. It is written: Whosoever came said: It shall be a privilege to me if she becomes my devotee. My prestige shall become high.

Many sadhus came but Sughro did not become a follower of anyone.

One day somebody came and said: One man of God has come to stay in the nearby village. He is intuitive and has Supernatural powers.

On hearing this praise, Sughro accompanied by her friends and Chokha went to meet him. His disciples were sitting in front of a tent. Chokha went and told them the purpose of their visit.

First they got angry and said: Our master is a Man of God. He does not like to meet people. But when they realized that these people are very keen then they said: We have a small boy. Our master listens to him. We shall call him. He shall take you to our master.

They called the boy. Chokha gave him one gold coin. The boy asked everybody to follow him. A little further another tent was pitched that had eight to ten doors. When the boy entered one door, then the master shouted: I just pampered you a little but you have become so daring. You bring in anybody at any time. Do you think God is a toy that I shall make it and give it to anyone? If one requires a son, then I might bless. From where shall I bring God? One meets God after death. The dead meet God. You go away. Get out.

Sughro and her companions heard all this conversation and wondered how the master has guessed that we are Lord-seekers? Meanwhile everyone entered and bowed. First he picked up a wand to hit. Then he trembled and said: Ah ha! This lady has a line of fortune on her forehead. This is the line of God. Yes! She will meet God. Surely she will meet God.

Sughro offered five gold coins. The master threw the coins out and said: You cannot meet God by spending money. You have to give your head to meet God. If you wish to meet God, then wash your hands off this world. Throw away all your money. Give it away in the name of the Lord to saints. Read the story of Ibrahim. He renounced his kingdom. Then he met God.

Give away your wealth and come in a patched blanket. Then I shall make you meet God. You wish wealth should remain, luxuries should remain. Can you meet God while lying down on silken mattresses? Fortune is swaying on your head. The wealth is a curtain between you and God. I am merciful to you. You remove the curtain of wealth. God shall then present Himself before you. Give your wealth to saints. Now you may go. Saying this, the saint kept the wand down and sat down in a squatting posture with eyes closed. Sughro bowed down and came away.

She has become half-crazy. She thinks that the saint is intuitive, without greed, his words are strong and true. Wealth and God are two swords. How can they be put in one sheath? Then should I give away all wealth. What shall I do with it if it is a curtain? In this thinking she reached home. Chokha was also impressed much today. But his mind is sad. He is drawing a picture in his mind, "What shall happen if my mistress gives away all her wealth and starts living as a penniless woman begging for food?" This picture of his mistress looked dreadful to him. On the other side he noticed that his mistress was ready to give her wealth away.

After some thought he talked to his mistress: O my mistress! You are sad. I feel you have got faith in the priest whom you met a few days back. I am not against your getting inner happiness but if you give away all your wealth and this priest comes out a hypocrite, then you will become penniless and the world shall make fun. If you permit, then I shall stay near for ten days and find out whether the saint's intuitiveness is real or not.

Sughro was a mature lady. She already had lot of bad experiences. She said: You may go. But be cautious. He might be a true saint and you might get a curse while in the testing process. They say these Muslim priests are like snakes. That day he was nice and he blessed us.

Chokha said: You need not worry. Even I was impressed. I shall be cautious. On the tenth day Chokha returned but with a sad face and said: O mistress! Lord has saved us. There is not even a little sign of any devotion, meditation or religiousness. The previous sadhus who came were greedy and that annoyed us. But here is height of swindling. Nobody can meet the Muslim priest directly. Everybody first meets his disciples. They do not talk to you till you give them money. After receiving the money, then they send you inside. Unsuspectingly, they first find out from the visitor the wish for which he has come. Further, where the Muslim saint sits, there are many doors. Every door is marked for a wish. Like wish for a son, wish for wealth, winning of court case, riddance from illness, Lord-seeker, etc. Then from whichever gate the

visitor entered, the Muslim priest starts shouting for the same wish. He will say “Oh, have I got sons here that you have come for sons?” In this way the visitor is impressed of his intuitiveness. Then he gets angry with the boy and then blesses the visitor. The boy takes more money from the visitor. The Muslim priest shows that he is not interested in money. They stay at one place for some time and then go to another distant place. Here they have come only to extract money from you. I have got all this information by staying near and spending money. I have checked all this with great difficulty. For God’s sake, please save yourself and check.

Sughro was perplexed. She was shocked. She could not believe that what Chokha has checked is correct. Then in the next ten days she herself went in disguise. But finally she came to believe that what Chokha had found was right.

VIII

[Effect of the above mentioned experience]

After this experience a unique change occurred in Sughro’s mind. She thought: What is the need for me to run after sadhus? I run after sadhus and then feel sad. If it is written on my forehead, then the Lord of the clouds and rain shall Himself shower His bless. What for should I go and beg from these sadhus? I should be strong and not let any fake person come near me. I am humble to them. I should be strict to them. Why not leave this religiousness? Forget about it.

Again the mind said: No. God is definitely there. The path to meet God is there. I must find the path. I must not lose hope or feel disheartened.

One day, she realized in her mind that Khemi, a newly appointed maid amongst all maids sings the praises of one saint quite often. Maybe she is a messenger of some saint and is trying to influence me. So, according to her new thinking that she had adopted, she called Khemi and said to her: You know it is very difficult to find a true saint in this world. That is why there is un-enlightenment all round. The Muslims are converting Hindus to Islam. According to the scripture only a great saint can give salvation to the world.

Khemi said: What you say is true. But there is no dearth of good saints.

Sughro said: That is why I welcome them. But now I have a test for them in my mind. Whoever comes and says, “I am your Guru. I have come to bless you”, then only, I shall be satisfied that he is really intuitive. But please do not tell this secret to anyone.

A few days after this conversation when Sughro was sitting in the outer room and her friends were sitting with her, then one tall and handsome sadhu suddenly came.

He carried a wand in his hand, a turban on the head with full beard. The moment he came in with his glamorous eyes, he said: Sughro! Get up and greet me. I am your Guru. I have come to give you salvation. Today God has sent a message to me, "Go and give salvation to my daughter."

Sughro smiled and looked at him for a moment. Then she made him sit on the chair with respect and herself she sat on the sheet spread on the ground. She served him some fruits and eatables and asked him to stay in the hut and she herself came inside. At night she kept awake and kept a watch on Khemi. It was midnight. Then Khemi got up from her bed and slipped out. Sughro followed her. She had already alerted the watchman. Accompanied by the watchman, she followed Khemi but kept a distance. Khemi walked into the garden and entered the hut where the sadhu was staying. Sughro went and sat in the next hut. The hut had some invisible holes in the wall and she could listen to the conversation coming from the Sadhu's hut. So, she listened to what both of them talked.

The meaning was that Khemi had disclosed the secret talk of her mistress to the sadhu and he pretended to be intuitive.

Next morning when Sughro accompanied by her friends came out of the house and went to the garden, then the Sadhu again started talking in the same language as instructed by Khemi.

Sughro laughed and said: Yes, you are truly intuitive. But so am I intuitive.

Last night at midnight Khemi came to your hut and talked like this. You tell whether I am intuitive or not.

Listening to this the sadhu's face turned pale.

Sughro clapped and all her friends shouted in unison: Hail the hypocrite!

The sadhu went away and Khemi had slipped away even before he went.

IX

[Hath Yoga]

In this way of humour she does not fall into a trap. In every such experience when she wins, she enjoys the pleasure of winning and keeps herself in blossom. Once a practitioner of Hath yoga came and stayed. He was expert in all practices of Hath yoga. He suggested: If you learn and practice Hath yoga, then you shall remain healthy and you shall feel light. But the lady told him, "I wish to meet the Lord who is the Creator. If you have anything to

suggest in this context, then tell me.”

The Yogi replied: O pious lady! I have told you whatever knowledge I had. What you want is Raj yoga. I am myself in search of a Raj yogi who can teach me Raj yoga. I have faith that after Hath yoga, one should go for Raj yoga that gives ecstasy and salvation. I am trying to search. If I am able to find one, then I shall come and tell you. I appreciate your devotion and holy company. It is praiseworthy.

The lady asked: Do you need any money?

He said: It is winter and I need a shawl and a few coins for my food for one or two days. I do not carry more than that. I consider it greed even to ask for this much.

Sughro was pleased to hear his simple and true words. She said to her mind: See! The world is not empty of pious people. There are people who speak the truth and are without greed. He has spoken the truth and did not boast of his knowledge. He has asked for his need in straight words and not asked for more. Then the Yogi said: It is Kalyug (Un-enlightened era) and there is no religiousness. If you learn this Hath yoga you shall live long and it helps in controlling the body senses. I have no desire to become a Guru. I am myself a learner.

The lady said: I appreciate the truth that you have spoken but I do not wish to prolong my life or undergo hard practices. With whom I had to enjoy the comfort of life is not living. I am alone. I do not want to prolong my life. It is good if it is not prolonged. But if you can teach me some light breath control I do not mind to learn.

On listening to this he taught her to move the breath in rhythm.

After he went away, another sadhu came and stayed. He was also a Hath yogi. Sughro did not wish to learn Hath yoga. The sadhu left.

X

[Vedant]

One day a sadhu came. His name was Vishwanand. He said: Sughro! Hail Shiva! Sughro reciprocated the greeting and with respect asked him to sit down.

He said: Listen daughter! These are not the times for Hath yoga. It is time for knowledge. God is ‘All pervading’. God and I are not two. It is all Him. Shiva! Shiva! I spent the hot season at Daultala. There is a beautiful lake there with trees all round. There I heard your praise and your search to meet the Lord. I also heard that you are adamant for your wish. See! Daughter! The

world is in search of a true sadhu. But a true sadhu is in search of a true seeker. He wishes that the knowledge that he has gained be given further so that others may benefit. That is how I have come. You understand the prime doctrine of Vedant. Then your mind shall be at peace as god settles down when it becomes pure. You know Sanskrit. You read the doctrine of Vedant. Then you will get pleasure of mind. Now you can give me some fruits to eat. Then I shall go. I have not come here for money's sake. I just wanted to tell you whatever knowledge has given me pleasure of mind. You may also gain the knowledge and live in pleasure of mind. My name is Vishwanand but I call myself Merry Nand. Shiva! Shiva! Saying this, he clapped and laughed. Shiva! Shiva! Then he became quiet.

The lady now called two persons. One was the Pandit whom she had employed. He used to recite verses from Yoga Vashisht and she listened. Another was a Muslim priest who used to recite Maulana Room's writings and she listened.

Vishwanand was pleased to meet the Pandit. He said to the Pandit: O Pandit! After Yoga Vashist you recite Vedanta doctrine. Then she will have knowledge that all is Shiva and she is Shiva.

Pandit said, "These scriptures are not available here. I shall send someone to Kashi and get these scriptures. Then I shall recite to her." After some conversation Vishwanand went away.

Sughro was thirsty to fill the vacuum in her mind. She already had enough knowledge from the books and for more she listened to the recitation from the Pandit. She did not ask him to stay for more time. However in her own mind she thought: See! Although this Sadhu was not intuitive but he said what he had read and he had no greed in him. There are people in the world who have no greed. Then he has come on his own. He has not stayed. O mind! These are signs of some fortunate happening. Somebody shall come like this. If the Lord wishes he shall call me.

XI

[Shakti Worship]

Discourses, recitations, congregations, service to sadhus who came, went on. After sometime one sadhu came. He said: O Sughro! You are learning Vedant. Vedant will teach you that you are yourself God and really speaking you are not. The Lord is Supreme, limitless, un-describable, saviour and creator of the creation. You have not immersed yourself in Him. You have got your own strength. It is this strength that runs the world. Many people consider this

strength as everything. Many say that Shiva is Shakti and Shakti is Shiva but I believe that Shakti is of the Shiva. So Shakti is there wherever you are. So you better worship the goddess of Shakti. In this way you shall become a goddess of Shakti. Then you will meet Shiva. Shakti will take you to Shiva.

Sughro asked: What is the practice?

He said: You get an idol of Shakti. Construct a temple for the idol of Shakti. Then I shall tell all the practice and performance of worship.

Sughro listened to his lectures for a few days but she did not feel inclined towards Shakti-idol worship. Although the sadhu related his own theories but Sughro had already experienced idol-worship.

She told him that if the strength of the Lord and strength of Shakti are two separate powers, then there shall be two powers which is not logical. I wish to meet the Supreme Lord who is 'All powerful'. That is why I am more inclined to worship the Lord. In this way she asked him to go. She was not sure whether he was a preacher of this doctrine or had just come in greed for money. Since she had no knowledge of this type of worship, she had doubts in her mind whether the doctrine was true.

XII

[Out of Religiousness]

Now, Sughro became clever. She came to know of different doctrines. She gained knowledge of the Hindu scripture. But none of these impressed her. She became sagacious. Her intellectual power increased. Her character became strong. But a thirst remained in her mind. She wanted something that should not be just gaining knowledge in the mind. It should be something that should transform the mind.

In this time one sadhu came. He listened to the experiences of the lady and her thirst. He laughed and said: Why are you wasting your beautiful body and precious life in unnecessary superstitions? Why are you wasting your money on these sadhus? Live in merriment. Enjoy in merriment and spend your time in merriment. Do not waste your time on something that is beyond the five senses of the body. Live in what is visible. Spend your life in what is visible. There is nothing beyond the five senses of the body. Eat, drink and be merry.

Initially, Sughro agreed with what he said. Later she realized that what he said was not from any knowledgeable source or for the betterment of society. He is greedy for money but he wants to hide his greed. He is just like others. He has greed, envy, jealousy as in other people.

Now she came to realize that in the name of religion or otherwise people are laying all sorts of traps to befool and make money. Neither the religion is at fault nor the true preachers or Scriptures faulty. The world is such or the desires of man are such that through religion or outside of religion, wherever man gets a chance, he is out for his selfish gains. When we see the rulers using force and tyranny then we blame the rulers but the fault is of the selfish people. In the name of religion when the selfish people do something for their selfish gain, then the fault is of the selfish people but we say: Get out of religiousness. In society the selfish people are the prominent people. In educational institutions the selfish people are ahead. This train of selfish people does not let you sit in comfort. There should be some path, some way, that selfishness declines in the world and the selfish become satiated and merciful.

In these thoughts her mind said: Now put on the robe of selfishness and search for a true saint in this way. Like, when I took the religious path, then I came across selfish people only. Now if I tread on the selfish path, maybe I come across somebody who is truly religious, without desires, without selfishness. For quite some time these thoughts swayed in her mind. Finally, she made up her mind but did not tell anyone. She became quiet. She did not talk to anyone for some days. Either she remained lying down or sat in a squatting position with eyes closed. Almost forty days passed like this. The servants and maids became nervous. What has happened to our mistress?

XIII

[Self is All]

When sometime passed in these thoughts and in this solitude, then one day she gave some order to Chokha and talked to some maids. She did not tell them what was in her mind but gave some orders for some readiness.

One fine morning, a throne was laid in the garden. Sughro dressed up in a gold embroidered dress came and sat on the throne. One maid swayed the whisk above her head. The rest thronged and sat around her. In front sat the sadhus and needy who ate food here every day and were given clothes to wear. For a few moments it was quiet. Then Sughro said in a loud tone. Listen, everybody with ears open! I am not Sughro.

I am Sughar Bai.

In water and on earth, I am!

Up and down, I am!

Nourisher, I am!

Saviour I am!

Here and there, I am!
Salvation is in chanting my name!
Everybody chanted: Sughar Bai! Sughar Bai!
Again she said: In water Sughar Bai!
On earth Sughar Bai!
Yesterday Sughar Bai!
Today Sughar Bai!
Tomorrow Sughar Bai!
Only one Sughar Bai!
None shall give refuge without Sughar Bai!

As Sughar Bai sang, in the same tune everybody repeated.

Then she said: Sughar Bai is a holy name. This shall be the saviour.

Say, Hail Sughar Bai!

Listen! Only those who chant my name shall get food from my kitchen. Only those who chant my name shall get dresses from my house. One who chants my name will get salvation. Heavens are my thrones. Earth, sky and stars all belong to me. I am all in all. Those who do not have faith in me can go. My relatives and friends, servants and maids, sadhus, priests, needy and poor, chant my name with the beat of drums. Whoever is in suffering, I shall give comfort to him. Those who do not have faith in my name can go.

Then her friends sang her praises in a melodious tune. They put saffron dot on her forehead. They put garlands of flowers round her neck. Sweets were distributed. Then she came to the courtyard amidst shouts of Hail Sughar Bai and sat on a Sandalwood chair. Everybody sat in rows around her. Sughar Bai was served food in a silver platter. She started eating. Then food was served to others.

When this drama finished then she sat in a palanquin and four labourers carried the palanquin and she went to her house, locked the door from inside and rested.

Soon this became a talk of the town. News spread in the village, in the near village and distance villages like a blaze and at every corner people criticized and condemned. The inflow of sadhus, saints and the greedy stopped. Everybody said: She has gone mad. Some said: Her wealth has made her pride touch the sky. Wealth and pride go together. It became a gossip in the village.

Sughar Bai made Chokha responsible for all household management. Herself she would come out sometimes only. She felt happy to listen to the chanting of her name by the sadhus and others who enjoyed free food here. Sometime passed like this.

In this world there is dearth of people with a pure mind and without desires who would love to give comfort to others.

Here, if a wealthy person starts a new practice, then many stupid and selfish people come to flatter.

Same happened here. Some Lord-seekers started coming. Some came for religious guidance, some for fulfilment of desires and some in self-interest. The selfish thought that they shall become her agents and earn money from the simple-minded Lord-seekers who come to her. The selfish are more interested in their gain rather than the gain of the Lord-seekers. Those who do not love the Lord, their precept and desire is 'your need and my gain' otherwise in this selfish world, the basis in social dealings is 'your need and my opportunity of gain'.

By enacting this drama, Sughar Bai, who was in reality searching for a true saint, got rid of the selfish sadhus from whom she had got fed up. However she did not tell anyone her purpose. Now it happened that the Lord-seekers started coming to her for religious guidance.

Initially, she was in a fix. Later, she got a chance to analyze the minds of the Lord-seekers and got new experiences. She sat on her seat in pious fraud and satisfied the seekers who came to her.

Many people got faith in her. Not only ordinary people but even learned scholars, prominent and rich people became her devotees. Many emerged who went to big homes to spread her praise. They got money from those whom they prompted to become devotees of Sughar Bai. There was no shortage of money in Sughar Bai's house but now money started flowing in from this side also. She gave away lot of money to the needy and poor.

Within two or three years her following became large and everybody touched her feet and worshipped her.

Sughar Bai's heart-pain, only she knew. She did not share her secret to anyone. But in the eyes of the people she became a godly saint. People chanted her name and the number of her devotees became large.

In all this show Chokha remained faithful to her but he realized that Sughar Bai is not happy in this situation. She has some purpose in mind and this outward show is only a cover. But he could not perceive what the purpose was. Sometimes he was diffident, sometimes in thoughts, sometimes he wished for happiness of his mistress, sometimes out of love and respect he counselled her but he remained faithful.

In this new experiment when she preached her own self-made ascetic discipline or she won in spiritual discussions, then outwardly she laughed but deep in her mind she cried: What the sadhus say is that God is one. Rest is all

illusion. In this illusion the kingdom of illusion reins. They are all in the illusion that I am God. I know what I am but they do not know what I am. This is illusion.

Some more time passed like this. One midnight she cried and prayed. Again she felt her aloneness in this world and prayed. Then a marvel happened in her mind. She said: O mind! Falsehood becomes truth. Artificial takes the form of real. When we repeat falsehood again and again then one's self starts feeling it is true. Be watchful. The praise from people, the worship from people and the respect from people has influenced you. When you sit in solitude, then you know what you are and for what purpose you have gone into this false practice. But when you sit where you are revered, the devotees worship you with lighted lamps moved in circular motion and accompanying hymns of praise, when people fall at your feet and extol you, then the mind becomes inflated. It rises and gives exhilaration as well as delight. Then sometimes you feel that you are really the same what these people are uttering. You truly perceive that you are very high. You ravish the same.

The pleasure of getting praise is sweeter than any other pleasure. The mind that is inflated with this pleasure can overstep social norms or do some wrongs.

Today, I realize why the world is engrossed in fame and praise. The kings, the ministers, the rich, the wage-earners, labourers, travellers, the secretaries of associations, students, teachers, preachers, spiritual leaders whether they believe in God or not, the merchants and traders all are engrossed in fame and praise, once you get addicted to this pleasure then one cannot leave it.

Rare are those who can discriminate that this pleasure is illusory.

Rare are those who realize that this pleasure of fame inflates the mind with ego

That keeps the self away from the Lord in forgetfulness of the Lord. It is a sort of illusion that scatters the mind.

O Sughro! No! Mistaken-Sughro! To reform one's self is a difficult task. So far my

desperate endeavours did not entrap me. But how should I swim this ocean of fame and flattery? One sage said that wealth is a veil between man and Lord. Today I realize that veneration is also a veil between the mind and the soul (inner self). Oh! But who is happy without veneration? This reverence in a way appears to be food for the soul. This is also a necessity. Oh! What is it? Is it Spiritual or worldly? Actually the ego that we have in our mind wants

that it should not get a beating, it should give pleasure. One gets pleasure when one gets veneration. Or is it that the soul gets trapped in worldly desires and when it gets reverence then it perceives its real self. I cannot understand if it is so. Better leave these knotty questions.

Now come to the point. It is most definite that you are not what people think of you and for which they revere you. It is certain that the reverence you get is in mis-belief and you are getting trapped in this pleasure. This will become a marsh for you. Save yourself from this marsh. This is what the intellectual mind has discriminated and it is true. Be sure that it is true. Now when people show veneration to you, think "How stupid are these" and do not let your mind get inflated with the praise. You know that you are not what you are showing yourself.

Let time pass in this way. When the Lord is gracious, He will call you and bless.

Now when she sat in front of the Lord-seekers and her disciples, her mind remained in watchfulness, "I must not get trapped in the marsh of praise from these people and start thinking that this is the best world and the best pleasure. Who has seen the unseen Lord? O mind! If my wish to meet the Lord remains unfulfilled, at least my craving should remain, my longing should remain and my thirst should not die. Yes! Yes! O Lord".

Ha! Always you are unseen.

Ha! You are self unseen.

Remain unseen, remain unseen.

In any way remain unseen.

But tell your beloved

Do not remain unseen.

By your remaining unseen

light of the world goes un-sheen.

The world rotates un-sheen

Ha! You! Self unseen.

IXV

[Invitation]

At Anandpur, Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh is sitting on the throne in the audience hall. Congregation and disciples, devotees and Lord-seekers come, fall at his feet and get his blessings. They feel ecstasy. One congregation came from Pothohar. The prayer-man offered prayers for them. The true Guru met each one with love, heard their prayers and blessed them. He solved their

problems. He resolved their hindrances in religious pursuit.

When this was over, then the true Guru asked about their town. The rulers being Muslims, he wanted to know how the people managed with the Muslim rulers.

When the congregation related all that, then the true Guru said: Tell some new story about your town.

Then the Head of the congregation said: Magnificent Guru! A new farce! One widow who was very pious and respectful to saints and even now has high character, something has happened to her brain or something else, she has asked people to chant her name and worship her. It was Harnaksh who asked people to chant his name and now this lady has followed the foot-steps. People are stupid. They have started worshipping her. The needy people who eat food from her kitchen praise her much. She has kept men, women, sadhus whom she gives salaries. They adopt different means to attract people. As such even intellectuals have been entrapped by her. Already she had enough wealth and now more is coming to her. Where there is more, then hypocrisy also comes.

The true Guru smiled and said: I hope no disciple of mine has been trapped.

The Head said: Beloved Guru, none. Those who have gold (Lord's name), you are the saviour for them. Your devotees laugh at her farce.

Then the true Guru laughed and said: Do not worry.

Saying this, the true Guru closed his eyes. He opened his eyes after sometime and asked for a pen and paper and wrote the following message with his handsome hands:

*O Young lady! O Bogus Drama-player
 Inside longing to meet the Lord
 Outside Bogus drama of Spiritual preacher
 Do not fool the world.
 You are welcome! You shall get your goal.
 Do not wait for a moment.
 Time is running out.
 Present yourself and get the bless*

The true Guru gave this message to a messenger and instructed him to get the address from the Head of the congregation and deliver it to the lady in her town and bring a reply.

XV

[Yes! Present]

Sughar Bai is sitting on the roof-top and singing in a melodious tune:

O husband why have you gone alone?

You neither took me along nor shot me with an arrow.

Then she became quiet. Again she sang the same song. Again she became quiet. Sughar Bai talks to her mind. She remembers the good old days. She remembered the sweet love.

She sang, then cried, then heaved a sigh and said whatever has passed has gone. When the mind is detached from the perishable world and attached to the Lord, then to lament is sin. What should I do? Let me go and live in a forest. I am afraid I might sink in the marsh of praise and reach the sixth lower layer of hell. Why? Why? No! No! Be strong. Carry on as it is. He is the Lord of heavens. He is omnipresent. Surely, there is a path to meet Him. He will meet me. He is radiance. He will give his glimpse.

The night passed. It was day-break. It was her birthday anniversary and everybody was eagerly waiting for her to come out. Her audience hall was full. Her disciples and the needy whoever ate free food from her kitchen were present.

Sughar Bai came in her palanquin and went and sat on her throne. Everybody fell at her feet. Then the disciples moved a platter of lighted lamps in circular motion in front of her. The disciples showered flowers and put garlands of flowers round her neck. Then everybody sang:

Hail Sughar Bai!

All is Sughar Bai!

Else all is die!

All is Sughar Bai!

Then the presents came. She received the presents and bestowed boons. She was delighted. She was enjoying the pleasure of the praise that she got. Her inner mind however said to her: Beware! This pleasure is out-worldly. This is a cool and beautiful river. Don't get drowned in it. But it was pleasing to the heart.

At this time one messenger entered. He was tall, sharp featured, handsome, turbaned, with unshorn hair, full beard and dominating personality. Everybody was dazed to see his fearless domineering personality. The messenger fearlessly walked forward, stepped ahead of everyone and gave the message in a sealed envelope in Sughar Bai's hands and loudly like a thunder, said:

'Ideal men' belong to the Lord.

Victory is of the Lord.

Everybody's heart trembled in fear when they listened to the loud voice. In fear, everybody looked and said: Who is he?

Nobody knew but one person softly said: He is a messenger of the Guru at Anandpur. See, his ways, his high spirits. It is so pleasing.

Another said: See! How fearless is he? How has he gone near our goddess? Neither he has touched her feet nor bowed down.

People talked in different ways in astonishment.

On the other side when Sughar Bai took the envelope in her hand and touched it, then she felt a sensation. When she opened the letter she felt a sensation in her entire body cells. When she tried to read the letter, then she felt an optical illusion, ring-like visualizations appeared in her eyes and she saw words in curved and zigzag shapes in different picture forms.

Sughar Bai tried to read the letter but she could not see the letters in proper form. The more she tried to concentrate her eyes on the words the more curly they appeared as if floating in air. The wise lady closed her eyes.

Her mind said: Are you afraid? Are you trembling? Do you not realize whose message is that? Without understanding properly, why are you diffident? The messenger is not a Policeman. He is somebody with handsome appearance. The person who has brought this letter has a lustre and shine on his forehead. Relax and read it with respect.

In her closed eyes she touched the letter to her eyes then she felt cool in her heart. She said to her mind: O mind! The letter is from somebody powerful. It has power in it. Be respectful. Pray to the Lord.

In this way she became tranquil and read the letter. The eyes absorbed the letters. The mind absorbed the meanings. A sensation went in the entire heart, mind and body cells. Who has written? It is not signed. But it is a command.

With great difficulty she controlled herself and spoke to the gathering: I wish to be alone. You all have food and then go to your respective homes.

Saying this, she got up and went to her home. One maid whom she gestured went along with her and quietly took the messenger inside.

At home she asked the messenger: Who is the Master of the heavens whose message you have brought?

He replied: It is from Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh who is staying at Anandpur. Sughar Bai had heard the name. She had heard that he is a swords-man who is a saint and keeps a sword. Sword and religiousness, she thought were two opposite cultures and this was sufficient to keep her mind away from this side.

Today, when she saw the influence of the letter, the influence in the touch of the letter, in the meaning of the letter, it was something that nobody could perceive. When she regarded this as a measure of testing, then she realized that the godly soul was sitting in the world in human form and the blind that I am could not understand.

Now her heart said: How has he read the secret that was in my mind? How has he judged that I am playing a 'Bogus drama' when all the near people know that I had gone mad and enacted this drama and the outside people consider me a real goddess? How has he judged that I possess good character and I am pious although my action is hypocrisy? I have no ill will against the Lord. I do not say there is no God. I have only made a curtain of hypocrisy. I have not seen him. I have not met him. Only a letter in two lines has come. But I feel as if he is known to me since several births. My heart now is in longing to meet. I should just get up and go and fall at his feet.

Her body was static but the longing to meet swelled in her mind and made her impatient. Then she ordered her Chief maid Chandro to be hospitable to the messenger, ask the devotees to go to their respective homes and herself she locked her door and became alone. She did not come out for full one day and night. All the maids have become anxious, Chokha is worried. They ask the newly come messenger. What message have you brought?

But he has no knowledge of what is written in the letter. He only had orders to deliver the letter and that he told.

Next morning the door opened. As in winter the low, blue and clear waters of the Ganga flow softly, Sughar Bai with a tranquil and lustrous face came out.

Everyone waiting outside said: Thanks to the Lord! Smiling she came and sat down in the centre. She said: Call Chokha. After a few moments Chokha arrived.

O Chokha brother! You have remained faithful throughout. The Guru at Anandpur shall bless you. Now you do like this. You write the papers of this property and possession in your name and I shall sign the same. For me, keep two donkey loads, one of gold coins and another of rupees. Rest you give it away to the needy in the name of the Master of Anandpur. These maids have served me well. First you give a lot of money to Chandro then you give to all other maids. Secondly, announce that I was not a goddess to be worshipped. That was my bogus drama. Under this pretext I was searching for a saviour. That I have found now. Whosoever wishes salvation may go to him. O Chokha brother, O Chokha father, O Chokha mother, O Chokha you are everything. Now fulfil my last wish.

The words of Sughar Bai created a flash and a thunder. Everyone was stunned. Chokha remained in this shock for some time and then said: O my mistress! Many times I took the liberty of stopping you from hurrying and you gave me honour and agreed. Now also you keep my honour. You do what you wish but think it over for some time. You wait for at least fifteen days. Do not take a decision in hurry.

Sughar Bai: Yes! You have love for me. You are faithful. You think good of me. But I have given proper thought and now there is no time to tarry. Time is running out in moments. But it is precious. Hours and days are too long. There can be no wait even for a moment.

You comply with what I have said otherwise I shall leave everything and move out. Now the maids fell at her feet and prayed. But nothing could influence her.

When everyone in emotion made her emotional, then she sang a song that showed that she was in pangs of love to fall at the feet of the true Guru.

On listening to this emotional song, everybody became quiet. Chandro maid fell at her feet and begged her to stay on.

Then Sughar Bai said: I have been called by the heaven. You do not say anything to me.

Everybody knew Sughar Bai's nature. They said and prayed to her and felt lost.

As per the instructions, Chokha got the papers signed in his name. In his mind he was not greedy. He saw farsightedness that whatever she is giving I shall keep it as safe custody. If by any chance she comes back lost, then I shall return her all and stay as her servant as I am now.

Accordingly, he kept two donkey loads of money for her and the rest he gave away as per the lady's order to the maids, other servants and to the needy.

On one point she agreed that Chokha and two maids shall go along to Anandpur.

XVI

[Satiated King]

Sughar Bai had allotted some money to be distributed to those people of the town who were not so rich. In that process when Chokha distributed the money in the town saying that our wealthy lady of the town is emotional, then he went to a tailor and offered him money.

The tailor with hands folded said: Lord may give you long life! But I do not desire wealth. I earn a few rupees everyday and that is sufficient for my

home expenses. I save something from that earning. I do not wish to have more.

Chokha tried to persuade him but he did not accept any.

When Sughar Bai heard about this person, then she was astonished that anyone can be without greed or desire. She herself walked to his house.

The tailor was stitching clothes and his eyes showed that he was immersed in the love of the Lord. When he opened his eyes and saw the bestowal of wealth of the town, then he said: O respected lady! It is so nice of you that you have put your sacred feet in my house. Why did you not send for me? I would have come myself.

Sughar Bai: I have come to have your glimpse. I did not know that a king of satiation lives in my town and I am not aware. You tell me from where have you got this blessing?

He said: O Mother! I am a disciple of Guru Nanak. I am the son of Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh, the King of kings. He has blessed me Kingdom of the mind. My Guru is the Master of the world. Kings stand at his door. Rest is the need of the body. Whatever I need, I get from my work. In fact I get more than that. On listening to the name of Beloved Guru, Sughar Bai bowed down to his feet. Great is the true Guru, Magnificent Guru. O Prince! It is my misfortune that you are residing in my town and this poor woman did not know that a son of my Master lives here only. See! Today, he has called me and I heard about you also and I have got your glimpse.

The tailor said:

It is the Lord's will. Nothing can match.

Some do not get his bless while awake

Some he awakes and blesses.

Mother! You are great whom Magnificent Guru has called to bless. From my side also tell him that I bow my head. Bless! Bless! Bless!

Sughar Bai, her maids and Chokha were astonished that an 'Ideal Man', a satiated man, immersed in the love of the Lord lives in our town in humility and with mind detached. Nobody has noticed that he is a devotee of the true Guru and is a saint. He works to earn and lives in ecstasy without show off. Yes! He lives in solitude.

Great is the Guru! Great are his disciples!

XVII

[Glimpse]

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh was sitting near the bank of the river Satluj when Sughar Bai while traveling towards Anandpur reached that spot. The

moment she glanced she felt ecstasy and in semi-unconsciousness fell at the true Guru's feet.

Sughar Bai's head is clamped to the true Guru's feet. Her mind is immersed in Name and in semi-consciousness. The saviour Guru rubbed her head with his sacred hands. The true Guru's eyes are closed his face is radiant and is showering grace. The true Guru's grace elevated Sughar Bai's mind and she felt the sensation of the presence of the Lord in the body and outside in nature. The touch of the sacred hands rid the dirt of her mind. He showered his bless for quite some time. Then he lifted her head. She raised her head opened her eyes but they did not open. The nectar filled eyes, she tried to open. She opened a little and glanced but felt a sensation of the Lord's name and her eyes closed again. Quite some time passed. Then the Guru patted her back and said: Be alert. The veil has vanished. Now Sughar Bai looked at the Guru with eyes open.

The true Guru smiled and said: People meditate and in guilelessness seek the Lord. You sought in guile.

Hesitatingly, she said: Magnificent Guru! In whatever way you meet. Endeavour has to be to meet you.

XVIII

[Spiritual - Intellectual]

Sughar Bai now settled at Anandpur. Her story became known to every Guru-disciple. Outwardly in guile, inwardly she was longing and craving to meet the Lord. Her pangs of the Lord's love influenced the true Guru and he himself called her and blessed her. Her story went round all over Anandpur.

One day Bhai Nand Lal went to her house to meet her. She had also heard his name and praise. She welcomed him with respect. He asked about her welfare and the past.

After this conversation he said: How do you feel now?

She laughed and said: Now I have the same feeling as the river has when it meets the sea. I am cool, exuberant and in ecstasy. I am thankful for his graciousness. I say thanks that he has blessed his love. But I am impatient to immerse my soul in the Supreme soul. I had read in the scripture that the Lord is omnipresent, here, there, everywhere, inside the body and outside in nature. I wished that this feeling should go deep in my heart. It should become incessant. This wish of mine has been fulfilled. The touch of Magnificent Guru's letter induced waves of sensation of the presence of the Lord that I never felt earlier. His glimpse put me in trance. When I touched his feet, then

a wavy sensation of the presence of the Lord went through my entire body into my mind, heart and body cells and he blessed his love. He is fountain of love. I am in ecstasy. I became unconscious but it was Super consciousness, like one having normal eyes becomes blind on gazing towards the immense dazzle of the sun. On the first day when I touched his feet, beloved Guru himself separated me from his feet like a mother separates the child from her nipples so that the child may not over-drink and feel uncomfortable. When I got separated from his feet and my longing eyes looked at him, then in divine sensation I felt that I am nothing. It is all 'He'. The veil of 'I and me' i.e. ego that is between us and the Lord vanished, I became free. I could see that I have a body and a soul also. I am soul. O Brother! I do not know what it is. But this is what happened to me.

Bhai Nand Lal asked: How do you feel now?

The Lady replied: I feel light like a flower. I do not feel any weight of mine. I feel cool and in ecstasy. My mind is elevated. I feel everybody as the Lord's children but I do not have ego. I feel detached also but it is detachment in the mind only. It is not that I should renounce the world or separate myself from the world. Like when a lost person is found, then he is separate for himself but in his own house. Then I feel something like recitation is going on in my mind, like O Lord! O Lord! *Waheguru, Waheguru* is going on automatically and drops of nectar are simmering out of it and giving rapture.

Bhai Nand Lal's eyes closed, then opened and he said: When somebody asked the fifth Guru that the Lord who is the saviour and powerful and has given his love-spark and created the soul and body, then He is above the five senses of the body and is indescribable, how can we see him and describe him?

Then he said that you can perceive the soul through the Guru who is the image of the Lord. Recite His name with love. He will not only give you the feeling of the soul but make you sit in his lap.

Sughar Bai: You have said truly. The Guru is like a Philosopher's stone. You said, Guru who is the image of the Lord.

Bhai Nand Lal: Yes sister! Guru Nanak Dev, image of the Lord. This tenth incarnation is the same Guru Nanak Dev, image of the Lord.

Sughar Bai (smiled): Well! Now the Lord has revealed the secret. He has named Himself Guru Gobind Singh.

On listening to this, Bhai Nand Lal smiled. He guessed this lady must be a poet also. Then he said: O sister! Do you know how the Guru makes you see the soul and feel the sensation of the Lord? Just listening in the ears, seeing

with the eyes and listening in the mind is not insight. Insight is to have the sensation of the presence of the Lord in the mind, heart and body all twenty-four hours. The real knowledge 'Knowledge of the Lord' is to feel the sensation of His presence. The Guru gives that in the form of Name. All sufferings and discomforts whether of the mind or body vanish with Name. Whom the Guru loves, He blesses Name. Then one recites Name that gives you the sensation of the presence of the Lord in your mind all twenty-four hours.

Sughar Bai: I am already in rapture. I have found Him and I have the feeling of His presence in my body cells.

Bhai Nand Lal: It is good. But the nature of the mind is such that it roams in several thoughts. Even if it becomes tranquil on one point for some time but again it goes into roaming. The recitation of Name acts like reins and controls this habit of roaming and turns it back to tranquillity at one point. That is why the endeavour of recitation of Name is required. It is required both for 'getting the sensation of the presence of Lord' and afterwards 'for protecting it'.

Sughar Bai: O Brother, the Lord, His name. Well! Wherefrom do you get that?

Bhai Nand Lal: We sing the praises of the Lord in Holy congregation. That cleanses the mind. The Name settles in the cleansed mind. With recitation of Name, the forgetfulness of the Lord goes and remembrance comes in. The mind is elevated. It becomes sublime mind. The mind that is now attached to the world and worldly desires turns towards the Lord i.e. becomes attached to the Lord. It gets incessant sensation of the presence of the Lord, the inner mind blossoms. One lives in that blossom. Then the feeling of estrangement goes. Then the vision becomes broad and one sees the Lord pervading in the entire universe. The feeling of 'I and you' that is the cause of suffering to self and 'your giving suffering to others' goes. We feel the Lord close to us always. He is not at a distance from us.

Sughar Bai: Then! Is the love that we imbibe for the Lord not necessary?

Bhai Nand Lal: That is very necessary. With love only we can meet the Lord.

I say the truth, listen everybody!

Whoever loves the Lord, meets Him..... Guru Nanak

And what is love? The fifth Guru has said: O dear! Love is a commodity called 'Name'.

Meaning: Name is the form of love. It is Name that detaches the mind from 'desires and sentiments'. With Name, the mind is transformed into sublime

mind and it blossoms in the incessant remembrance of the Lord and one feels the Lord pervading in the entire universe, the earth and the sky. But even having reached this stage of mind, the fifth Guru has said: Recite the Name by the tongue always and enjoy the true relish and ecstasy. One shall immerse one's soul in the Supreme soul while living in this world.

Sughar Bai: I adore you! You are so intellectual. But the flash of his glimpse has broken the shackles of my mind. It has burnt the vices of the mind and made it crystal. My soul is immersed in the Supreme soul. I saw him as the Lord.

Besides Bhai Nand Lal another pious gentleman who was sitting there spoke: Sister!

Beloved Guru has stopped us from saying so. He says, "I am the Lord's servant. Whosoever calls me Lord will go to hell."

The lady startled, then smiled and said: I shall not say. Whatever I have perceived I shall keep to myself.

Gentleman: Even that is not right. He says, "Perceive me as the Lord's servant." Yes! He says, "Perceive."

Sughar Bai: Well! But yesterday one devotee recited: "Lord and Lord's beloveds, both are 'One'. There is no difference." These also are his words. Even if he says he is the servant, he is immersed in Him.

The Gentleman was perplexed. Bhai Nand Lal laughed.

Then Sughar Bai said: Yes! The true Guru is miraculous. If I say something in humour I hope you won't get angry.

Bhai Nand Lal: Whatever you say, you say with love. Why should we get angry?

We shall be pleased. You say.

Sughar Bai: I say it with loving indulgence that the true Guru whom I have found after so much longing and craving and after so much suffering and perceived him as the Lord. If I call him what I have perceived, then is it a dear bargain? Before I had his glimpse, I was living in hell. After having his glimpse I got riddance from hell. I met the Lord. Now if I say something that I am sure about and I get punishment of hell, then what is the harm? A person who once lived in hell and again goes to hell, then where is the harm? First he went in ignorance and now in the lap of the Lord. Won't it be a fortunate hell where you go in the lap of the Lord?

On listening to these words, the Gentleman felt dazed to see her intellectualness. Even Bhai Nand Lal trembled seeing her devotion.

The lady spoke in humour but the words were fragrant with deep devotion in them.

Bhai Nand Lal pondered on the meanings of the words that this intelligent and full of faith lady had uttered.

The lady clapped and again said: See! When he brandished a sword and asked for heads then some did come and offer but they were not put to the sword. They were given nectar and eternal happiness. In this way this is also a sword. Whosoever shall offer their heads, it will outwardly appear that they are going to hell but they will go to the Lord's palace. Don't be angry. I have not said in disrespect. Only the person who has remained thirsty in hot sands and faced death in search of water and then found it on the high palm trees knows the value of water. The boatman cannot know the value of water.

Saying this she had tears in her eyes. In the same tune again she spoke: Yes! Name anyone who has found the secret of this warrior, swordsman, Commander of army, poet, saint and prophet. Man? Alright, maybe man. He is servant of the Lord. Well! Show any servant of the Lord equivalent to him. The world sees but does not realize. We are proud that we are his devotees. But we are not able to assess his value. Brother! Come on! Assess his value. You will yourself say, "He cannot be valued." You will say, "He is above assessment of value. He is invaluable. He is priceless." If me beggar has said that he is a priceless jewel then I said it truly.

(Looking towards the sky) O Hell! If by saying that he is a priceless jewel, I have called you, then O brother, you come. You come hundred times. Earlier, I was alone. Your stings pained me. Now I am not alone. He is with me. I will keep him clamped to my heart. He shall be with me. Yes, surely. Then I will see how your stings poison me? O hell, I am not alone. Aloneness is hell! Hell stings those who are alone. I will see! When I come to you with the priceless in my heart, then whether you become heaven or I become a dweller of hell. O Hell! You will become fortunate that for my sins if my priceless jewel puts his sacred feet in you, then your ever burning fire will cool down. Come, that you get salvation. O fearful! Now I am not alone. Beware of me!

On listening to these words of the love-immersed lady that she spoke powerlessly Bhai Nand Lal's soft heart filled his eyes with tears. Others also had tears in their eyes.

Great is the priceless jewel.

Great is he who has recognized him

Bhai Nand Lal thought deeply and then said: O Sister! You are 'Spiritual-Intellectual'. The Guru's words are always true. You read the Scripture, you did service to saints but you could not meet the Lord. When the Lord bestowed

His grace, then you became a true 'Spiritual-Intellectual'. Your spirituality and intellectualness is superb. Great is the benevolent! He creates persons like you!

The lady did not listen to these words with attention. She was in trance. Her soul mingled with the Guru-soul.

Bhai Nand Lal saw a lustre appearing on her face and softly got up. He told Chander maid to tell her later that he had to go to meet Beloved Guru, so he left.

IXX

When one is dyed in the Lord's love, then one's mind is in solitude even while sitting in crowds. One is in solitude when the mind is immersed in the Lord. Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh, the image of the Lord whose mind was always immersed in the Supreme soul is sitting today in nature's solitude. The sun is setting in the west.

The clouds in the west appear as if golden canopies are spread all along. Their golden sheen is giving a golden glimmer to the eyes. The Lord lovers are feeling the presence of the Lord in their hearts and their minds are full of blossom. Benevolent are enthused. The generous are in enthusiasm on seeing the gracious sun. The misers are trembling that the sun might not become bankrupt by shelling out so much gold.

Magnificent Guru is sitting with eyes closed. Golden rays are touching his eyelids with their golden lustre. Inwardly his soul is fully immersed in the Supreme soul. He is sitting in meditation in sweet bliss dyed in the Lord's name. Nearby the river is flowing. The slanting rays appear to be dancing on the waves of water. The waves are sparkling on the bosom of the water. From the north-west from the icy mount, from across the river blew a sweet and soft breeze. A few armed soldiers stood guard at a little distance.

At this time arrived Bhai Nand Lal accompanied by a few Guru-devotees. On seeing Magnificent Guru in meditation, they sat and waited at a distance. They felt the wondrous sensation on seeing the golden clouds in the west, Bhai Nand Lal's poetic mind elevated on seeing the godly glimpse of Magnificent Guru.

The sun that was moving down under the eyelids of the sky and earth hid itself.

But the sacred eyelids of beloved Guru opened and the poet's eyelids bent down along with his companion devotees and all fell down at the beloved Guru's feet.

Magnificent Guru looked towards them and said: Sit near.

On listening to the Guru, all sat near. The conversation started about some poetry. Then they talked about Sughar Bai.

Bhai Nand Lal said: She seems to be immersed in the Lord's love and seems very intellectual. I went to meet her and conversed with her.

Then Bhai Nand Lal narrated all what she had talked.

Magnificent Guru laughed and said: See the whirlpools of life. Inside is confluence of knowledge, devotional love, poetry, good character and outwardly the show is different.

Nand Lal: Magnificent Guru! Is it not so courageous? This young age and this beauty! With so much wealth of hers to live a life with good character uninfluenced by numerous people to praise and seekers of her beauty and wealth, then to gain so much spiritual knowledge and be able to judge the real and unreal spiritual guides. It is wonderful.

Magnificent Guru: The Lord is the saviour.

Meanwhile Sughar Bai along with her maid Chander and servant Chokha came. She fell at the true Guru's feet. Magnificent Guru rubbed his hand on her head and with his thumb rubbed the spot of the tenth door. As if in a trance the lady felt rapture and blossom of inner mind. Then Beloved Guru lifted her head with his hand.

She sat down with respect and her lips uttered: You are all! You are all! You are great!

The true Guru recited a stanza of the Holy Scripture that meant:

Why go and search in forests

The Lord is omnipresent, unseen, close to you!

After reciting the stanza, he was quiet and he closed his eyes.

The lady listened to each word with deep attention. The Guru's words went inside her as if she was drinking nectar. She got immersed in Guru-love.

When the true Guru opened his eyes, then in graciousness in a forceful tone, he said: Sughro! You have got insight. You have got love of the Lord. You have got the sensation of the omnipresent Lord. He pervades in the entire universe and he pervades inside you. You have got His sensation. Remain immersed in the love of the omnipresent Lord. Keep your Super consciousness tied to His feet. Do not go into forgetfulness of the Lord. Remain in His remembrance always in devotion. This is love. The practice for this is 'recitation of Name'. Name is love. When the recitation of Name becomes incessant, then insight and devotion both are present. Knowledge becomes fruitful when the sensation of the Lord always remains in the mind, heart,

body and soul. With recitation of Name this remains automatically. Further on there are two options. One is to stay in a secluded place and concentrate the mind and keep the body in a static position. But even there the mind will wander. You shall have to stop it. You will try to stop it by being stubborn even if it is little. You shall have to move to eat and drink even if it is little. So some movement or task you shall have to do. O Sughrō! I do not like this type of living. The Lord is the Creator. The world is His creation. He is all in all. He controls the creation. He looks after His creation as a saviour, father and mother although he remains unseen and unattached. Our need is that inwardly our soul should remain immersed in the Supreme soul. This shall be our detachment from the world. Outwardly we should do some work in the Lord's created world. We should do some work but with mind detached. Whatever we do, we should consider it as His command. When we do some work as a command of the Lord, then we remain detached from worldly desires.

Sughar Bai listened attentively but at this time another disciple interrupted and said: Then won't the person who has got salvation get back to the sphere of deeds?

Magnificent Guru replied: One is worldly work and another is Spiritual work. One should do Spiritual work. Our teaching is that while your soul is immersed in the Supreme soul, then do some work. Do Spiritual work. Any work done in the forgetfulness of the Lord is of no use. Work done while the mind is immersed in the love of the Lord is fruitful.

When we are immersed in the Lord

Then we see humanity as Lord's children

In the name of Lord we do service to humanity

Service to humanity becomes our work

Sughar Bai: With your blessings, I have perceived the fragrance that is in the flower. Keeping one's self in this fragrance one should do service to humanity. This is what you suggest. But! Beloved Guru! This is the job of courageous people. When one is immersed in the Lord's love and in rapture, then one wishes solitude. Even if it is service to humanity it will disturb the mind, maybe less or maybe more. How shall the mind remain immersed in the love of the Lord that is called immersion of body soul in the Supreme soul? How shall the love-cord remain tied to the Lord's feet?

Magnificent Guru: This is the art. This is the skill. This is the courage. This is victory. O Lady! Do not have any apprehension. You have already reached a stage where your body soul is immersed in the Supreme soul. You have got inner sensation of the presence of the Lord in your mind, heart and

body. Now you perceive Him outside in nature also. Not just in the mind but in a practical way, in service to humanity. The world is in suffering. Who is so mighty to remove all suffering but whatever much we can do, we should do. This service to humanity is religious work. Do some work that may give comfort to others, do some work that is sacred. Forgetfulness of Lord should not come again. Keep vices away. Do some work without any desire for gain, be a giver in earnestness. Keep desires away. Don't do anything that is irreligious. Do some work as devotion to the Lord, do it in the name of the Lord.

The lady listened. The true Guru's words went deep into her mind. She had already passed through several experiences in the last twelve or fifteen years. What she listened to, she had already experienced. She could understand it well. The in- experienced can only think in a superficial way. But she understood well what the

Guru emphasized.

When the Guru was quiet, then with folded hands she said: Neither the bodily pleasures remain for long nor the time gives a long rope. The pleasures of the intellectual mind, like knowledge of Vedas and other religious books are also bound in time. When the Spiritual rapture came then time feared that it has no jurisdiction any more. But the body lives in time. Time passes in moments. You have put a saddle on moments so that time may not disturb the moments of remembrance. One moment broke the cord of moments and dipped the body soul in the Supreme soul. Beloved Guru! Am I right?

The true Guru laughed and loudly said:

*"One moment of dip in the Supreme soul
Takes you out of the cycle of births and deaths"*

Lady: What you have said is that while remembering the Lord in every moment, one moment comes that breaks the cord of moments and dips you in the Supreme soul. Even that is a moment but since it has gone above the cord of time, it becomes infinite. That moment that is infinite has given infiniteness to the present moments. Now we are living in the incessant or so to say infinite remembrance of the Lord. We are connected to the Lord. While living in this remembrance we have to put the body to some useful work. We have not to go into seclusion but do some service to humanity with detachment of mind. Saying this, the lady became quiet.

But in a thundering voice, Magnificent Guru said:

*"I am honoured due to these people
Otherwise there are millions poor like me."*

The lady trembled, one or million? But the true Guru is always true. He speaks the truth. And my faith is true. It was his image that I saw as 'One'. How can this be one and million also?

At this time again she felt a flash in her mind. She became exuberant. She looked at Magnificent Guru's feet. Then she looked on sides. Some more disciples had gathered. Again she looked towards Beloved Guru's feet and said: Yes! My Lord! You are million, millions and millions. You are 'One' moon in the sky. Millions of pitchers full of water are lying on earth. You are in every pitcher. Yes! I can see your image in millions. But O Benevolent! You are 'One' in the heaven. You are only 'One'. You are in all your disciples. You are in millions. All are like you.

But O Magnificent-Benevolent! You are 'One'.

You are 'One'

O Magnificent-Benevolent! You are 'One'.



35.

Muslim Priest Salaar Din

In the early morning, golden time one can see the stars twinkling in the sky. In the east Venus is showing its luster, soft breeze is blowing. From a well that has two Persian wheels two bullocks yoked to beams are lifting water from the well. The sound of zoon..... zoon..... is audible. Yes! It is not zoon..... zoon..... but you..... you.....

On one of the bullock driver's seat one young boy of twelve was sitting but has fallen into sweet sleep. On the second seat one young, stout, medium stature male is sitting. He pats the back of the oxen sometimes that indicates that somebody is there to drive the oxen. But the tongue, the loving tongue is reciting Holy Scripture. Suddenly he started singing as if his song is accompanied by the music of the well. The song stopped and again continued his recitation in lovely rhythm as he recited earlier. This rhythm also is giving concentration to the mind and in combination with the sound of the well is pleasing to the heart. It attracted the mind and gave ecstasy. The pious man is reciting the Scripture. The well is running.

The metallic pots are bringing water and giving to the big channel. The big channel gives it to the aqueduct. The aqueduct is throwing water into the pit from where it goes into a small channel that takes it into the fields.

This nice looking water channel passes through a grove of berry trees. A platform is constructed in this grove. In summer months, because of the cool shade the owners of the well sit, have meals, lie down and sleep. But since a few days the Muslim priest comes, sits and recites his early morning prayer here. Here water is available for a wash. He does not go away after his prayer but remains sitting.

Does he read some Scripture? No. His ears are charmed by the sweet recitation of the combination of the tune of the running well and Holy Scripture. In that ecstasy he remains sitting. Sometimes he understands the lines of the scripture, sometimes in the rhythm and sometimes in the ecstasy of the concentrated mind, he remains sitting. Since a long time, he comes everyday and many times he wishes to ask this pious man as to what Scripture is it and if possible study the Scripture that gives coolness and ecstasy. But some hesitation, some hindrance is such that does not let him ask.

Today, the 'Ideal man' recited the Scripture and after sometime concluded his recitation. The 'Ideal man' got up from his seat and said a prayer: O Lord! Bless that I recite your Name always. He said it five or six times.

Then he quoted the Guru having said: Recite the Scripture in the early morning and then recite the Lord's name while sitting and standing. Recite the Lord's name "O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord" "Waheguru. Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru".

Then he said: The Guru loves the 'Ideal man' who recites the Lord's name in each breath.

Today the Muslim Priest could not control his eagerness and decided to ask.

On the other side when Bagga Singh opened his eyes he saw that the sun rose quite high and his uncle came and said: O Bagga Singh! You go home I shall manage the well here. O Bagga! Brave man! You go home.

Bagga Singh bade good bye to his uncle and started walking along the water channel.

When he passed through the grove, then the Muslim priest stood up and said: O Brother Bagga Singh! Youngman! Can you wait a bit?

Bagga Singh: Yes priest! Good morning. Lord is great.

Muslim priest (smiling): Lord is great! Where are you going?

Bagga Singh: O Priest! I am going home.

Muslim Priest: If you wait a little, then we may talk.

Bagga Singh: Yes Uncle! Why not? Me! I sit here.

Saying this, Bagga Singh squatted on the platform and the Muslim Priest sat nearby.

Muslim priest: O Brother! What is this Scripture that you read every day at this time?

Bagga Singh: You are elder to me as an Uncle. Don't call me brother. You call me as your son. I am just like your child.

Muslim Priest: You are very regardful. But O Handsome! This Scripture that you read makes me treat you as an elder. One gets ecstasy while listening.

Now my mind leaps to ask you and it doesn't stop in asking: O Brother! What Scripture is this?

Bagga Singh: This is the Holy Scripture of Beloved Guru Arjun Dev. Its name is "*Pearls of Peace*" "*Sukhmani*".

Muslim Priest: Is it? I was almost sure it must be a sacred text of Guru Nanak. His sacred name is mentioned therein.

Bagga Singh: Yes! It is Guru Nanak's Holy Scripture but of the fifth Guru Nanak, Guru Arjan Dev.

Muslim Priest: Now I understand. O Handsome! How have you remembered it so well? One side water flows from the well and side by side nectar from the heaven flows from your throat. You are fortunate. How do you get so much rapture? (Looked around) I come and read my prayer early in the morning. I do read and bend and bow but I do not get any ecstasy.

Bagga Singh: Me! Stupid! Un-educated! How do I know? You are educated. You know more. I know only of Scripture and Name or I know my 'Benevolent' who is sea of nectar, sweeter than sugar and honey.

Muslim Priest (in astonishment): How do you feel the Lord sweeter than sugar and honey. How did the Guru feel? How do you feel?

Bagga Singh: Then do you not feel ecstasy while saying prayers?

Muslim Priest (again looked around): Should I tell you the naked truth? But you do not defame me in the presence of others. You are a man of God. So, I tell you that the truth is that I do not feel any ecstasy.

Bagga Singh: Then you read this Scripture that I read and try.

Muslim Priest: What is the name of this Scripture and from where do I get it?

Bagga Singh: "*Pearls of Peace*" "*Sukhmani Sahib*". Pearls i.e. Jewels and diamonds, jewels and diamonds of comforts and pleasures, No! No! Uncle, it means: Peace to the mind. You can remember one couplet or you can remember even one stanza every day. You are an educated person. If you cram eight stanzas every day, then you will remember all of it in twenty-four days.

As far as I remember I crammed a couplet every day.

Muslim Priest: Is there any Handbook of this scripture?

Bagga Singh: Yes! Why not? It is written in the Holy Granth Sahib and many people copy it from there. But this is for educated people. Me! Un-educated! I crammed it two lines a day. Now I remember it well. How sweet is it? I wish I could clamp it to my heart. But how can I do that? I get lost in the ecstasy of this "*Pearls of Peace*". Uncle! I tell you truly.

Muslim priest: Then you get me a written Handbook.

Bagga Singh: Alright Uncle! I shall tell the Head of the Gurdwara today.

II

All of a sudden Mehar Din arrived.

Mehar Din: O dear Priest, greetings to you.

Priest: Greetings to you also. How is it that you have come so early?

Mehar Din: I just passed by while returning from ginning. But how is it that you are here?

Priest: Well! Since a few days I come here at the well for the Morning Prayer. This platform in this grove is nice and it is a quiet place for prayers.

Mehar Din: Then what are the mosques meant for?

Priest: Many good people go there to preach and pray. One less shall not make any difference.

Mehar Din: If the priests change their ways, then what about other brother Muslims? Since you have to punish others, nobody can punish you.

Priest: How does this question of punishment arise? Is it written somewhere that one should not say prayers at home? Or one should not say prayers in solitude? Is it written that you must pray in the mosque? Is praying in solitude banned?

Mehar Din: What you say might be true. But you should not say Cotton prayers.

Priest: What is Cotton prayer?

Mehar Din: Once upon a time there lived a youthful priest. He stopped praying at the mosque. People asked him: O Priest! Have you stopped saying prayers?

He replied: These days Cotton flowers are blooming. I go there to say my prayers. One feels nice.

Well! My dear priest! I came to know about it, when one day the priest was getting a beating with sticks from the cotton-plucking women. The women beat him so much that he was almost half-dead.

Priest: What for?

Mehar Din: His saying prayer in the cotton flowers was an excuse. After saying prayers he used to help the women in plucking cotton flowers. He also gossiped with the women. How could the women know what was in his mind? They thought: He is helpful to us and he talks sweetly while other priests hardly talk or they talk in an angry tone. He plucked the cotton flowers and gossiped with the women and while plucking he would put some cotton balls in the inside pockets of his long shirt. He collected a good quantity that was

sufficient to make two quilts. One day by chance the priest's wife said to her friends: God is gracious. He has sent us cotton for two quilts. It will be more than sufficient for us for this winter. One amongst the women had a sharp mind. In her mind she thought: From where has God sent her so much cotton. If I do not mistake, maybe our cotton is being stolen.

Next day, she talked to her friends and made all her group watchful.

That day when the priest was about to leave, then they accosted him: O Priest! We have heard that you say Cotton prayer.

Priest: What is that Cotton prayer?

Women: One goes to the Cotton flowering garden, then plucks the flowers and gossips with women and then the prayer produces cotton.

The priest became nervous. He tried to slip away but one clever woman caught him by the arm and searched his inside pocket and said: See! Your prayer has produced cotton balls. Then everybody caught him. He had hidden cotton balls in his shirt, in his under-wear and in his pant pockets. They beat him with sticks. Then they brought him to the village and defamed him in the village.

O Priest! This is 'Cotton prayer'.

Muslim Priest: I imagined that you have respect for me in your mind. Man does make mistakes. But to think that he is respected by others is the biggest mistake.

Mehar Din: O Priest! Are you angry? I just said it jokingly.

Muslim Priest: Yes! Jokes with prayer! Jokes with the path towards the Lord! Well! I am a 'Cotton prayer'. I do not mind. But you fear the Lord to whom we pray.

Mehar Din: O Priest! Then do you want to know the truth? You make excuse of saying prayer here because the grove is nice but you listen to the utterance of a Non-believer. Then you tell him, "Do not defame me but our prayer has no sweetness, no ecstasy and your utterance has ecstasy in it." Now you reply to me.

Muslim priest: "Well! It is a deficiency in me. I do not say that prayer is bad. What I said was and I am ready to say in front of everybody that I do not feel the ecstasy while praying that the Guru-disciple gets while reading his Scripture. It is my deficiency. Is it a sin to admit one's deficiency? To tell the truth and to steal in the Name of God is it the same?"

On listening to the words uttered in an angry tone Mehar Din winced.

He felt ashamed and then said: Goodness does not flourish in this world. I told you for your own good. Already your reputation is that when you sit on

your seat, then you treat Muslims and Hindus alike. You do not side with Muslims. Muslims are not happy about it. Then you know His Majesty is very strict. He feels happy if you side with Muslims when it is between Muslim and Hindu. You are already defamed on this account. On the top of it you say more things. Beware of a verdict against you.

Muslim Priest: Priest's job is to do justice according to law. It has no consideration of the culprit belonging to any religion or caste.

Mehar Din: See! Hindus are in majority. Muslims are in minority. If you do not side with Muslims and keep them on upper hand then how shall the King rule? The writ of the victorious ruler runs on giving fear and threat. That is the root. You are trying to cut the root.

Muslim Priest: It is justice that makes the subjects to love the King, the subordinates love the King the people love the rulers. The love of the subjects for the King is the firm foundation of the kingdom of the King. I am making that foundation strong. You and your flatterers make it hollow. You tell! Has God said anywhere that He is happy with injustice?

Mehar Din: O Priest! I said for your good. I have said what is going on in the present times. You go by the circumstances. Don't go out of times. You shall suffer if you go out of times. (Laughingly) Justice is done between humans and humans. Those who say God are humans. The idol worshippers are all animals. They are worth killing. If you wish to do justice, then stop killing animals also. Stop eating meat. Punish the butchers who kill goats. What is justice when it comes to man and animals? Justice is to keep upper hand of men and not animals. O Muslim! Have you listened? Now you reply. (Saying this and laughing, hurriedly he started towards the village).

Muslim Priest: Nothing of this sort is written in the law book.

III

It is the beautiful and blossoming town of Anandpur. Bagga Singh is talking to a Guru-devotee.

Bagga Singh: Guru-blessed dear devotee! I have to request you for something.

Alam Singh: Bagga Singh! Say.

Bagga Singh: The Muslim Priest of our village has come with me. You might have heard his name. He is Priest Salaar Din.

Alam Singh: I have heard the name but I have not met him.

Bagga Singh: He is the one who is very pious. He does proper justice. Nobody dare deceive anyone. But the Muslims harbour ill will against him. They say why does he not side with Muslims?

He says: It is Priest's folly if he sides with anyone.

O dear! He listened to the recitation of the Holy Scripture: "*Pearls of Peace*" "*Sukhmani*" uttered from my mouth. It has dented his mind so much that since that day he is after me, "Take me to your Guru." You know that I am stupid. How can I preach anyone? But O Dear! Even his other colleague priests stopped him. His family members stopped him. But he insisted and has brought me along and reached the Guru's town.

Now you tell, O dear! Where do I stand? I am nobody. Magnificent Guru is so high and me, full of sins. O dear! You are near to the Guru. You take our Muslim Priest along to meet Magnificent Guru. Or you remove his doubts yourself and put him in recitation of Scripture or Name. At the moment he only listens and feels cool. Then his mind wavers. In fact he is educated. He should imbibe it quickly. He is wavering and goes in despair. You infuse him with something that he gets ecstasy in Name.

Alam Singh: O Child! Your talk is sweet. Your mind was pure. You got ecstasy quickly. The educated people doubt much. They do not get peace of mind quickly. Their minds doubt much and are scattered in thought. Alright Child! Bring him in the audience hall tomorrow. After the assembly you request Beloved Guru. You make a request. He listens with love. If you have any hesitation then I shall request him. It is quite possible he might himself call you. He is intuitive.

IV

It is the hall of audience of the King from the heavens. The divine songs (*Kirtan*) are over. The disciples are going. The Muslim priest Salaar Din is waiting at a little distance. He wishes to meet.

True Guru: O Priest! Come forward. Alam Singh dear! Bring your friend and where is Bagga Singh from whose recitation of "*Sukhmani*" flows nectar?

Alam Singh: Magnificent Guru! Both are present.

All three came forward and bowed their heads.

True Guru: Bagga Singh! See, the nectar in "*Pearls of Peace*" "*Sukhmani*".

"*Pearls of peace*" gives nectar of the Lord's name. This Scripture is "*Pearls of peace*". It gives tranquility to the mind. It gives inner happiness. It is the Godly heart of Guru Arjan Dev. It gives sensation of the Lord in the mind and is pure nectar. It says: Drink my nectar. Bagga Singh! Drink the Name nectar.

Bagga Singh clamped the Guru's feet fast and said: It is the grace and love of your sacred feet that the donkey that I am has become deer with musk. Give me the love of your cool and soft feet. Let them sit in my heart.

Let them stick to my heart and I should clamp your feet again and again and not separate from your feet.

At this time when the Muslim Priest saw Bagga Singh's face, he heaved a sigh and said to his mind: Alas! I should not have acquired knowledge. Alas! My mother should have kept me away from knowledge, this wisdom and the subsequent doubt created by wisdom has eaten me up.

True Guru: O Priest! Ignorance or stupidity is not the remedy. Remedy is faith. Faith gives light to the stupid. It gives satisfaction to the ignorant. Whatever are the deficiencies in ignorance and stupidity, faith overcomes them.

Muslim Priest (Startled): Ah ha! Wonderful! You are great! You said it wonderfully.

True Guru: Say, Alam Singh! Whether knowledge gives peace or it gives despair.

Alam Singh: If one loves your feet then it gives peace otherwise it is a fort of pride and ego. That goes into the head and makes it a hard log of wood.

Yes! Knowledge is a thorn that pricks one's self and pricks others but when you bless your love, then knowledge becomes a light house. O Benevolent! Without a shower of love from you everything else is a ritual of mistaken belief.

True Guru: O Priest! Do you give justice equally or side with your Muslim brothers.

Bagga Singh: Magnificent Guru! You know everything. Whatever you say is out of love.

True Guru: O Bagga Dear! You tell.

Bagga Singh: I will tell you what I have heard or what I have seen. But O my own handsome sweet beloved! You know everything intuitively.

Guru (eyes closed): Great is the congregation.

Bagga Singh (putting the Guru's feet in his lap and loving them): This priest is very pious. He treats Hindus and Muslims alike and does proper justice. He is most honest. He does not accept any bribe, not even a penny. The other Muslim priests are angry with him: Why does he not side with Muslims? You tell why should he do that?

Guru (smilingly): It is wonderful. O Priest! This is the Priest's faith. This is the Priest's duty.

Muslim priest: I am a sinner. I have ego that I do justice. I wish good for this un-pierced pearl, pearl not pierced by the drill of knowledge, Bagga Singh. He has made me eager to taste ecstasy. I came here to beg you for ecstasy. But O Benevolent! See, the stupidity of knowledge. See, the ego of

knowledge of my mind. While sitting in your hall of audience my un-enlightened mind goes into doubts. It is the un-enlightened mind that doubts. Isn't it so?

Having reached the ocean of enlightenment, I have gone in doubts. This is the fault of wisdom.

Guru: O Priest! Don't go into despair. Clear your doubts. One has sleep only when a pierced thorn is taken out. One gets faith only when doubts are cleared.

Muslim Priest: I saw you bestowing boons. I thought: When the Lord has written everybody's fortune on man's forehead, then how is it that you are bestowing boons? If everybody has to bear the fruits of previous deeds, then how can you change that? Then why are you doing all this?

On listening to the Priest's words the Guru smiled and said: O Priest! Don't say you are un-enlightened and thus doubt. You listen attentively and understand the mystery. Your doubt shall stand clarified.

Saying this he ordered for a paper and ink. He took out the stamp from his finger and showed it to the priest. See! Priest! This is a stamp. There are words in it. But how are they?

Muslim priest: They are upside down.

Guru: Then the Guru immersed the stamp in ink and pressed it on paper and asked: O Priest! Are these the same words or else?

Muslim priest: Just the same but now they are upside.

Guru: When the King's stamp is in your hand then is it any useful?

Muslim priest: No! When it is put on paper, then it is valued as the King's order.

True Guru: Destiny is written on the forehead. But for some good deeds done or by the Lord's wish when the forehead bends and beloved Lord's benignity adds to it then the upside down becomes upside.

The Muslim priest was more than satisfied. He praised the Guru and with hands folded fell at his feet.

Beloved Guru: O Bagga Singh. Is it right?

Bagga Singh: Yes. It is absolutely right. Priest is satisfied. You are the Lord who wrote my destiny. You..... You..... You.....

You wrote the inscribed words there. You are the one who is putting the stamp and making the upside-down to upside. What are we worthless and what are our deeds?

What good or what bad. If they are good they are a handful. If they are bad even then they are handful. After all we are countable and small. Your grace is unlimited. Your river of grace flows river or sea of grace all our sins bad or worst are washed.

(Looking towards Alam Singh) O Holy Saint! Have my deeds bestowed me the recitation of the “*Pearls of Peace*” “*Sukhmani*” and the ecstasy in that “*Pearls of Peace*” “*Sukhmani*”? Is it any fruit of my deeds? It is what you call sensation of Name in the mind, heart and body that gives ecstasy and rapture, is it something that has grown itself like seeds of basil become flowers? No! No! It cannot be like that. My deeds are driving the bullocks, bathing the oxen, to become animal with animals. I tell the truth but when I sit on the bullock driver’s seat I sway in ecstasy while reciting “*Pearls of Peace*” “*Sukhmani*.” The kings might be feeling such pleasure when they sit on the throne, I cannot say as I have not seen. But this ecstasy I feel everyday and sometimes every moment. It is sweeter than a ball of sugar.

(Looking towards the ‘Guru with the plume’) Magnificent Guru! Won’t you tell? You are the Master of stamps. For once you tell that you are the miraculous there and here. There also you had put stamps. Here also you have made the upside-down as upside. Yes! I now remember. You are omnipresent, here, there, everywhere.

Yes “*Pearls of Peace*” says: Clamp His sacred feet in your heart.

O thy sacred feet! Pierce my heart and get in there. What are my deeds? What are the priest’s deeds? Oh! This Name should permeate in the mind, heart and body cells and this connection should never break. This connection of Name should remain tied with a hard knot. O my Lord! Your sacred feet are unique. There is no parallel. Your feet are full of nectar. Saying this, his eyes closed and while clamping the Guru’s feet he got immersed and became quiet.

Muslim priest: O Benevolent! O Master of heavens! I wish the simplicity like that of Bagga Singh and the stamp of Name and ecstasy of Name.

Magnificent Guru: It is better that the knowledgeable and wandering mind should be fully satisfied. If you still have any doubts, then it is better to clear.

Guru to Bhai Alam Singh: Bhai Alam Singh! You narrate to him the story of the king that happened at the time of Beloved Guru Arjan Dev who tolerated the torture of sitting on hot iron plate in meditation and remained unmoved.

Alam Singh: Priest dear! Our fifth Guru, Guru Arjan Dev whose present incarnation is sitting here (gesturing towards the beloved Guru) from whose heart came out the stream of nectar, cooler than the cool waters of Himalayas and clearer than the clear waters of Himalayas, the “*Pearls of Peace*” (*the Scripture “Sukhmani”*), forever sending waves of love to the loving hearts, from whose Soul-nectar this stream of nectar flowed for all times to come.

He was also asked to reply to the same question.

Once, the King of Mandi state came to have a glimpse of the fifth Guru, Guru Arjan Dev. He was accompanied by his courtiers and servants. The King got a nice place to stay. Then he met the Guru.

One day the Guru recited:

*“Whatever the Lord has written on your forehead
O friend, it shall not change”*

The King heard these words. He had already paid respects to the Guru and was sitting down. When he heard these words, he started thinking in his mind.

If what is written on the forehead cannot be changed, then what is the benefit of seeking refuge of the Guru?

He thought: Whether he should ask the Guru?

Then he thought: It might be a disrespect to ask.

But he could not hold his curiosity to know and in a feeble voice he said: If what is written on the forehead has to happen as a must, then how is it beneficial to become your disciple for which purpose I have come?

The Guru was in rapture and did not wish to talk in length but this much he said: ‘What is written is not erased but something good happens. Goodness prevails. It happens also but sufferings go away also. By the grace of the Guru one gets comfort and pleasure.

The King could not understand properly and said: How can both things happen?

Guru: If you stay for a few days, you will come to know. But you will understand only when something comes across. It will come across only when you become a disciple of Guru Nanak.

On listening to the Guru, the King was satisfied. He realized that although he did not understand properly but the Guru must be correct.

In this thinking, he fell at the Guru’s feet. The Guru asked him to recite the Lord’s name and he became a disciple of the Guru.

Then he took permission from the Guru and went to the place where he was staying.

In the evening he came again and listened to the divine music (*Kirtan*). He felt delighted. But the misgiving persisted in his mind. How can the writing on the forehead and grace go together?

At night he ate food from the kitchen and went to sleep. In the middle of the night, the King in a dream saw that he ruled for a long time, had a big family, and then he died. Then he was born in another place in a family of

sweepers and had children and there also he died. He woke up from sleep and felt greatly astonished.

He said to himself: Shall it happen as I have seen in my dream? Oh! My deeds! Shall you put me in this state? Why have I been doing bad deeds? O Guru! You only can tell what is all this? In this thinking he again went to sleep.

Next day, the King was to go for hunting. The King along with his men went for hunting. The Guru also went along. Although the king was merrily riding the horse and looking for a prey but still the thought of the bad dream came to his mind often.

He said in his mind: Dreams are dreams, why bother? But still he remembered the same. The King went fast following a deer and got separated from others. He got tired, got down from the horse and sat down under a tree to relax. Near was a village and houses where sweeper families lived. One boy of around ten stood and kept on looking at the king.

He ran back to his mother saying: See! Father is alive. He is sitting wearing fine clothes. He has a horse also.

The mother came and recognized that he was her husband. She started howling: "Come home. How have you become so rich?"

Soon the entire family gathered round him and said: Come home.

The king also saw that it was the same family that he had seen in his dream and that they were born to him.

Now, the gathering was keen to take him home. The king was astonished in seeing the actual of what he had seen in his dream. He tried to make them understand and even tried to frighten them but that had no effect on the sweeper family. By now the Guru and the king's men arrived. The sweeper families had great regard for the Guru.

They asked the Guru to decide and said: See! Our family is starving whereas he is enjoying life elsewhere.

The Guru said: Tell me. When did your family member die? Did you not bury him?

They said: Yes, it is only four days since he died and was buried.

The Guru then said: Let us dig the place of burial. If the body of your family member is not there, then we shall talk. In case you find the body there intact, then it means you are mistaken and you are un-necessarily troubling the king just because of his resemblance to your man. Everybody agreed to the suggestion of the Guru. They went and dug out the grave. The body of their family member was lying intact. They were sorry and asked forgiveness and went to their village.

The King and the Guru now returned and reached home by evening.

Next day, the king met the Guru when the Guru was alone.

He said: My beloved Guru! Please tell me what was my dream? How the dream became a reality and the reality became momentarily and the suffering was over?

The Guru said: O King! This is the reply to your yesterday's question. As per your deeds, you would have been born in a sweeper's family. 'From kings to beggars, and from beggars to kings is often said'. That life of yours is now over in a dream. The suffering you felt in the dream was astonishment. But the real suffering, you could actually feel and that also finished in moments. The suffering that was written on your forehead had to come. The written happened. But what was going to be a lifetime suffering, finished in moments, some in sleep and some while awake and so it is over. In this way the Lord's and the Guru's mercy burns the evil deeds.

The Guru said to the king: The deeds we do are after we are born. So, they have a beginning. Anything that has a beginning has an end also. Something that has no beginning has no end. Your thinking is that deeds are eternal, absolute and everlasting. That is not correct. Man is born and then his deeds start and he keeps on doing. But as the deeds started after birth, they can somehow end also, because it is something that has an end. The deeds cannot be computed by deeds because nobody can do all good deeds.

The first birth was by the Lord's command. The Lord's command only, can erase our bad deeds. How? By being truly religious, by singing the Lord's hymns the dirt of the bad deeds is washed. When we remember the Lord our mind gets the touch.

If anything touches the Sandal tree, it gets the fragrance of sandal. Similarly, by remembering the Lord and reciting His name, we get His touch. We get the sacredness of the Lord. The sacredness from the Lord washes our sins and bad deeds.

This is how the Lord who is all sacredness as well as the redeemer of sinners gives His touch and bestows His grace. This is how the Lord's grace changes what is already written on the forehead.

O Priest! There is another story also on the same subject.

On the outskirts of a village was a garden with a hut in it. Guru Nanak selected this place to stay. Mardana was delighted. The village was thickly populated as if it was a small town. A rich Khatri lived in the village who was quite religious minded. He liked to meet the saints who came to the village, and was always eager to be of service to them. He came to know that somebody

has come to stay in the garden. Love springs from him: whose singing of the Lord's hymns is such that the river would stop to listen.

When he heard all this, he came to meet the Guru.

Mardana sang the Lord's hymns (*Kirtan*). The Guru sat in meditation of the Lord's name. A light breeze was there. He came and sat down. The moment he sat down, his eyes got charmed. His eyes closed by the charm. He got an inner feeling of rapture in his mind. Time went by un-knowingly. Only when he opened his eyes, he realized that a long time had elapsed. He realized that it was divine music that was above time. The knowledge of time was forgotten in the rapture of the divine music. He had never listened to such divine music earlier that would stop the feeling of the passing of time. He had not met anybody before who would attract your mind as if by magic and one would not like to leave.

After some time, the Khatri who felt charmed by the Guru went home for his worldly chores. The Khatri, whose name was Jeevan, started coming off and on.

He got pleasure and rapture in the divine music (*Kirtan*) and as the days passed he got more and more attracted to the Guru. He used to come and bring food for the Guru and felt a great delight.

Soon he got deeply attracted to the Guru. Now he decided to come every day without fail. And in case he was not able to come for any reason, then he would not eat food or drink water on that day. Every day Jeevan came to meet the Guru, sometimes in the morning and sometimes in the evening. He brought food for the Guru as also he looked after other comforts for the Guru.

On the way was a grocer's shop. The grocer saw that Jeevan goes this side everyday without missing a single day. Why not ask him as to where does he go? So, one day he called him and said: Brother Jeevan! Previously you used to pass from this road quite rarely when you had to go out of the village but now you go every day. What attraction have you got which takes you every day without missing a single day?

Jeevan replied: Outside the village, in the garden with the hut has come an enlightened Guru. He is a divine soul. I go to meet him and listen to his hymns. To meet him is rapturous. So I have a penchant to go every day.

The grocer said: If meeting him is so rapturous, then you take me also to meet him.

Jeevan said: Why not? You are most welcome any time.

So, one day the grocer also came along.

The road going outside the village had a bifurcation. One was leading to the garden with the hut and the other was leading to another village nearby. On this road at a little distance before entering the village, were some houses where some prostitutes were living.

When both these men reached the point of bifurcation, they saw one prostitute walking this side. She was beautiful and the grocer got attracted to her beauty. He wanted to follow the woman but out of formality and shyness he kept on walking onwards with Jeevan. They reached the garden where the Guru stayed, and met the Guru. The grocer was delighted to meet the Guru but the evil desire that had gone into his mind did not let him have peace of mind.

Jeevan listened to the divine hymns (*Kirtan*) and felt the rapture but the grocer due to the evil desire in his mind did not feel very happy. He felt some pleasure but he remained in two minds. Both of them listened to the divine songs for an hour and then returned.

Now it came to happen that the grocer got into the habit of going to the prostitute. In the evening both used to come together from the village but at the bifurcation Jeevan took the road going to the Guru while the grocer took the road going to the prostitute's house.

Jeevan tried his best to persuade the grocer, saying: You had come with me to meet the Guru and instead you have started going to the prostitute. That is not good. Be strong. Be religious and stop this. But all his advice went on deaf ears and had no effect on the grocer's vacillated mind.

Jeevan developed so much attraction for the Guru that sometimes he used to get food from his house and stay with the Guru overnight and then go back home after the morning prayers. The Lord's name was giving rapture to his mind. One day, on the way Jeevan and the grocer again had a discussion.

Jeevan was praising the religious path while the grocer praised the short-lived worldly pleasures.

Finally, the grocer said to Jeevan: Look here. Yonder is a Fig tree. You are going to the Guru and I am going for my enjoyment. Whoever comes back first should wait under the Fig tree. Here, we shall sit and decide as to what you have gained and what I have gained. Then we shall decide who has profited and who has lost.

Jeevan said: If you say, we can do that. But I have no doubt that there can be any loss in my path. In this path is all gain. I have also no doubt that the path you have chosen is bad. It is always a losing path. It is loss of health, loss of respect, loss of mind.

The grocer said: Never mind what you say but let us meet on return. It will be only a while lost in waiting.

On taking this decision, both of them left. Jeevan reached the Guru's place.

Mardana sang the divine hymns. His ears listened to the divine music (*Kirtan*). His mind got elevated. He got rapture and he sat down in meditation.

On the other hand, when the grocer reached the prostitute's house, the house was locked. The woman whom he had to meet was away to another village on some errand. He felt disheartened, roamed hither and thither and finally came back and reached the Fig tree where he was to meet his friend Jeevan. He sat down waiting for Jeevan. The waiting became long as he had returned very early. He started pondering. Sometimes while pondering one digs the earth. He started digging the earth. While digging he found one gold coin. The grocer's greedy mind became very happy and in the hope of finding more gold coins, he took out a knife from his pocket and started digging the earth more and more. Soon his knife touched an earthen pot. This kept him busy. Time passed by unknowingly. He took out the earthen pot and when he opened the lid then he found pieces of coal in the earthen pot. He searched up to the bottom of the pot but it had pieces of coal only up to the bottom.

By now, Jeevan reached the Fig tree but he was limping. He was wearing his shoes properly on one foot and on the other foot he had worn the shoe after turning it down at the heel and was rubbing his shoe to the ground and limping.

Seeing him like this, the grocer said: Why don't you put on your shoe properly on your second foot? You must be feeling uncomfortable walking like this.

Jeevan replied: O friend! When I came out of the Guru's hut, before I could reach my shoes, a thorn pierced my foot. I tried to pull out the thorn but a piece of the same is stuck in my foot. That is why I have put a bandage on my foot and I am walking without putting on the shoe properly.

Grocer: Alright. Then you better sit down and relax a bit. Then we shall talk and after that we shall go home.

When he sat down, then they started talking. The grocer said: Listen, today I have found a gold coin and you have got a thorn pierced in your foot. We must ask. Because you go for religious pursuit and I go for evil doing.

Jeevan replied: Whatever has happened, forget it. In any case religious pursuit is better and evil doing is always bad.

Grocer: No! Brother! Either you give a plausible reasoning or we go to the Guru and ask him the reason.

So, both of them went to the Guru and touched his feet.

The Guru smiled and Mardana, on seeing the smile on the Guru's face became attentive.

Meanwhile the grocer (with folded hands) told the entire story regarding his evil doing to the Guru and asked him as to how it had happened that the fruit of his evil doing was a gold coin while the fruit of Jeevan's religious pursuit was a thorn pierced.

The Guru said: It might be better if you forget everything and don't talk about it.

Grocer again said: Well! As you wish but we are stupid people, we do not understand things properly. Please let us know the secret why the fruit of evil doing is a gold coin?

The Guru touched the head of the grocer, blessed him and said: Listen! The fruit of your evil doing is not one gold coin. The storm of your evil doing has shaken your tree of gold coins. All have been blown away. Only one remains.

The earthen pot of coal pieces was a pot of gold coins. You had donated one coin to a saint. That became hundred coins. Your evil doing went on reducing the gold coins to coal pieces. You see! Your evil-doing has burnt the fruits of your kind deeds. Only one coin remains that has brought you here.

This one coin tells you that your evil deeds have made you lose hundreds of gold coins like this one. Instead of multiplying they have got burnt. The gold coins have become pieces of coal.

Jeevan's good deeds and religious pursuit, his service to the saints, his listening to the Lord's hymns and reciting the Lord's name have burnt his sins. His bad deeds in his past life were so much that he deserved crucifixion. But as he started reciting the Lord's name and listened to divine hymns and did service to saints, the penalty of his bad deeds started reducing, so much so that his penalty was reduced from crucifixion to the piercing of a thorn which gave the pain of a needle prick and saved him from a very big suffering.

The second thing to ponder is that the more you have gone after evil deeds your sensuousness has increased. For Jeevan, the more he has recited the Lord's name and listened to the divine hymns his inclinations have become good and virtuous and his aptitude for service to humanity, kindness and meeting saintly people has increased.

As such, for the future he is moving on the path of good deeds correctly.

What the Guru said went deep into the grocer's heart. The touch that the Guru had given to his head was a burning flame that burnt the mounds of sins. When his sins thus got burnt, the load of sins on his mind vanished. He fell at the Guru's feet and said: Please be gracious. Put me on the correct path. Teach me to do good deeds and stop me from doing evil deeds. Your strength can only do that. I have no strength in me.

The Guru was gracious. He asked Mardana to play the music. And he himself sang the divine hymns. Guru Nanak's divine song and the divine hymns were heart piercing for both Jeevan and the grocer. The grocer's mind became like a crystal.

The Guru said: We are humans to do deeds. Our intellectual mind tells us that whatever deeds we do are of two types, good deeds and evil deeds. Whatever we do, our inclination goes that way. Inclinations become habits. These habits, then make us do good or evil deeds. The relish in the evil deeds is a trap in which we get trapped like a bird. The habits in our mind give us the inclination to do evil deeds. From outside the relish pulls us. In this way man is trapped. The mind goes on becoming dirtier and dirtier. The mind becomes dead to true happiness and gets absorbed in the short-lived momentary pleasures. The mind becomes powerless and cannot rise again towards true happiness. Because when a man is absorbed in sensual pleasures he cannot remember the Lord and in the forgetfulness of the Lord if he has any previously accumulated good deeds, they cannot help, the evil deeds that he does now burn the previously accumulated good deeds. As such for a person trapped in the relish of evil deeds or having a dirty mind the remedial measure of doing good deeds only is not sufficient. The evil deeds burn the freshly done good deeds.

There is only one way of cleansing the dirty mind. The Guru has to sprinkle the Lord's name on the dirty mind. The sprinkling of the Lord's name on the mind gets the mind into remembrance of the Lord. Remembrance of the Lord is meeting the Lord. The evil deeds and the relish of sensuousness had created a veil of forgetfulness of the Lord. When that veil is broken by remembrance, then the forgetfulness does not remain. Now the strength of the Lord, His goodness, His love, His graciousness, will all come to us. That will take out all sin that is in our mind. Our dirty and dead mind will wake up. It will get the sensation of the Lord's name and will become sublime.

After listening to the divine song and hymns, the Lord's name got deep into the heart of the grocer. All his bad habits and sins were washed away. His

bad habits changed. His mind came on the true path.

He fell at the Guru's feet and said: "O Lord, O Lord." "Waheguru, Waheguru". Please save me. I have sinned enough. The Guru lovingly rubbed his hand on the grocer's back and said:

"Say, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord." "Waheguru, "Waheguru", "Waheguru".

It was not just telling him to say 'O Lord'. He made the Lord enter his body.

Both of them got the Lord's name in their mind and heart. The Lord's name went in their entire body cells like a fountain. Both became true disciples of the Guru.

Men do the deeds but when the Lord's name gets into the body, all bad deeds are washed out. The love of the Lord's name is a path higher than deeds.

The Name first washes the inclinations and the dirt of the mind. The soul becomes crystal. The same Name becomes nectar and gives rapture to the mind and soul.

'By reciting the Lord's name, the dirt of the mind goes. The Name nectar goes into the heart'.

This story also tells that it is in this human body that we do deeds. When man was first born as human then there were no deeds done by him at that time due to which he got this human body. O Priest! Deeds are not all in all. They are not infinite. Deeds are not without a beginning or endless. Deeds started after the soul adopted the human body. So! Deeds have a beginning. Something that has a beginning has an end also. In this way deeds are bound by time and space. Something that is bound by time and space can increase or decrease also.

Otherwise you tell O Priest! When man was first born, what were the deeds that sent him into this human body? What deeds had the soul done? Deeds started only after he got this human body.

Priest: What you say is alright but if no deeds were done in the first instance and it is Lord's will, then.....

Alam Singh: The true Guru has already indicated that whatever the Lord does is His will. However since the true Guru's soul is immersed in the Supreme soul, he is the image of the Lord. He can turn anything that is upside-down and make it upside.

Priest: O dear! How?

Alam Singh: Once Guru Nanak visited Delhi and stayed on the outskirts of the town. He heard some people crying.

Then he asked Mardana to go and find out why the people were crying?

Mardana went and brought the news: O Benevolent Guru, the elephant-keepers who were hospitable to us, their elephant died and all the family members are crying.

Then the Guru who had come to allay the suffering of the people, himself went and asked: Listen! Why are you crying?

Elephant-keeper: O Lord's saint! Our elephant has died.

Guru: Then what? The elephant belongs to the king. He has no shortage of money. If one dies, he can buy ten more. Why do you cry?

Elephant-keeper: We are crying because, firstly the king may be angry that his death is due to our negligence. Then this was our source of earning. Today we will be out of job. Then when another elephant comes, we cannot be sure whether we will be retained or somebody else will be given the job. Our earning is very difficult. Everybody does not keep an elephant. Only the kings keep elephants. It is very difficult to get a job from a king.

Saying this, he wept bitterly. The elephant-keeper was narrating his story and the family members were crying and wailing.

The Guru's soft heart melted. He said: O Women! O Children! Be quiet and listen to me: If the elephant becomes alive, then you won't cry?

They became quiet and said: Then we will laugh. We shall be happy. But O saint! The dead never become alive again.

Then the Guru said: *'It is the Lord who gives life.*

It is the Lord who takes life.'

The elephant-keeper and his family members and other elephant keepers were all looking towards the Guru. Poor people have more faith. Faith can work wonders. They are waiting..... He is a saint. He is a powerful saint.

After a while the Guru opened his merciful eyes that had tears in them.

Then in compassion, he said: Go and rub your hands on the elephant's face and say "O Lord" "Waheguru" in his ears.

The elephant-keeper obeyed the order of the Guru and went and rubbed his hands on the face of the elephant and in his ears said, "O Lord" "Waheguru".

The Guru, the beloved of the Lord looked towards the elephant and the miraculous Lord did the miracle. With the life-giving power and sensation of the Lord's name, the elephant stretched his body, opened his small eyes and in a trembling motion stood up with his giant body. It swayed his ears like a fan, moved his trunk up and down, opened his trunk and looked towards the

life-giving Guru with his small eyes.

Yes! O elephant! You were the sustenance for the humans. So you have been made to stand.

“The elephant has become alive.” The news spread like wild fire. King Ibrahim Lodhi had already been informed that his favorite elephant had died. The Veterinary Doctor had also communicated to the king the reason for his death, when suddenly the news reached the king that an extra-ordinary saint, a Lord’s holy man has made him alive. Then he sent messengers to make sure that the news was true. The Veterinary Doctor checked and informed the king: ‘It is true that the elephant has become alive’.

In great amazement the king who was a cause of suffering for Hindus and saints, himself came and saw the elephant alive and made sure that he had really died. Then he came to the Guru, greeted him and said: O saint! Have you made this elephant alive?

Then the Guru said: O King of men! The Lord gives life and He takes life. The saints pray and the Lord has mercy.

King: O Lord’s saint! I do not understand.

Then the Guru said: It is Lord’s own discretion to give life and take life. Nobody else has the power. A saint has prayer. Sometimes for a good cause, a saint does pray and the Lord listens. If he wishes he bestows mercy.

The saint has prayer only. Mercy is in His hands.

Then the king astonishingly said: If you pray again, will he die? Let him die.

Then the Guru smiled. Then his eyes became solemn and there was a frown on his forehead. He looked towards the heavens and said:

It is He, who gives life and takes.

It is no one else except Him.

The moment he uttered these words, the elephant staggered and fell flat on the ground. He heaved long sighs, closed his eyes and within moments was a dead body.

On seeing this, the king and his courtiers were dazed. For sometime everybody was quiet.

Then the King said: Now you make him alive again.

Then the Guru said: O King of men, he cannot become alive again. This was not a sport. It was a saint’s prayer and the Lord’s mercy. This requires respect.

Then the King asked: What is the reason?

Then the Guru said: Listen O King! Iron is iron. It is not fire. If you put it in fire, it becomes red hot. One cannot hold it in the hands even for a fraction of a moment without burning the hand but one can hold a burning fire for a fraction of a moment without burning the hand.

Similarly, saints are immersed in the Lord's love, they can change what the Lord has done but the Lord will not change what they have done.

It means that a saint is a beloved of the Lord but being in the incessant remembrance of the Lord, he is immersed in the Lord and becomes like the Lord as the iron immersed in fire becomes like fire. Then he is able to do something that he wishes while immersed in the Lord.

Then the Muslim saint Nizam who had come with the King, understood and said to the king: This saint is a big saint. What he has said is right. The Lord for the love of his saint does what the saint wishes but for the same love he does not change what the saint does.

The King who was hard-hearted became soft now and said: O Saint! You accept something from me.

Then the Guru said: I desire the Lord. I am hungry for the Lord. I want Him only. All other desires are gone. I desire the love of the Lord and nothing else.

The King then realized that he is a real big saint. Then he greeted him and went away.

This story also elucidates that the Lord listens to the Guru's prayer and is gracious to burn the deeds however much they may be.

Bagga Singh: Priest Dear! Many times we farmers wish that the accounts written by the landlords may somehow get destroyed. Sometimes the houses of landlords are burnt so that the account books get burnt. Do you not wish to burn these doubts and mistaken beliefs? Well! You are a Priest. Forget these doubts and mistaken beliefs. Pray to the Guru for blessing of the Lord's name, ecstasy and rapture.

Muslim Priest: Ah ha! Bagga Singh. You are truly great.

(Looking towards the Guru): Beloved Guru! I am in mistaken beliefs. The mind goes after mistaken beliefs. Even after finding the refuge I get lost. I have no refuge, neither in heaven, nor on earth, nor in water, nor in air. Give me refuge at your feet. Give refuge to the refuge-less.

Beloved Guru: Have no doubts. *As several kilograms of wood can be burnt with one spark, similarly, the Lord's grace can redeem the bad deeds however much they are.*

Bagga Singh: I adore the Guru! Priest dear! Have you heard, "Several kilograms of wood can be burnt with one spark of fire, what are we and our

deeds? Our days of life are countable. Our deeds are countable. But the Lord's grace is unlimited.

Respected Priest! The unlimited grace drowns the countable. Fall at the Guru's feet. Your sins shall be burnt whether they are little or too many. By the grace of the Guru the crucifixion becomes thorn. By the grace of the Guru's sacred hand the upside-down becomes upside. Those who take refuge at the Lord's feet, they get out of the cycle of births and deaths. Priest dear! Refuge! Refuge! Refuge!

The Muslim Priest Salaar Din's mind got full faith, got fully satisfied, his mind became re-assured. His mind was elevated. He perceived the Guru as immersed in the Supreme soul, he saw lustre on the Guru's face. He fell at the Guru's feet. Bagga Singh who was holding the Guru's feet in his lap put the Guru's feet in the Priest's lap. The Muslim Priest pressed the Guru's feet to his chest. He felt a sensation of the Lord's name in his mind, heart and body cells. His body cells recited "O Lord, O Lord, O Lord" "Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru".

He got ecstasy. He felt as if he was a body of nectar. He used to feel cool to see Bagga Singh in ecstasy. Today he has himself become a body of nectar. Today he understood that the Lord's name is Lord's love. Lord's love is nectar of the Soul.

Lord's love is engrossment in the Supreme soul. Everything else is out of the 'Sphere of love'. When one gets the Lord's love, then all other thoughts are mistaken beliefs that remain outside this sphere of love

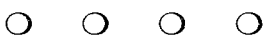
The Priest clamped the Guru's feet fast and went on drinking the Name nectar. His cup of mind and heart became full of Name nectar up to the brim. He became fortunate.

The Gracious sacred hand is rubbing his head with love and his tongue is reciting "O Lord, O Lord, O Lord" "Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru". His mind is immersed in Lord's love.

Let us pray that this sacred hand shall ever remain on the heads, fortunate heads of those whom He has bestowed His grace. Those who haven't got, then this sacred hand should bestow grace on the world, on us and give us the sensation of the presence of the Lord in our mind, heart and body and fill our hearts with nectar that ever remains and gives inner blossom to the mind.

Magnificent Great Guru Gobind Singh!

Magnificent Great Guru Gobind Singh!



36.

Handsome Beloved Doola Singh

Magnificent Guru Gobind sat in the audience hall when a disciple prayed.

Disciple: O true Guru! Saviour of the world! I have a prayer.

Beloved Guru: O disciple, say what you wish to say.

Disciple: The rosy month of November is over. Month of December has come. It is getting colder day by day. If you order, we may get some blankets and quilts.

Beloved Guru (looking towards the treasurer): Yes, go ahead.

Treasurer: Magnificent Guru! Your orders are welcome but money is required for this purpose. Guru's house is like a flowing river which is ever flowing. Your practice is money comes and goes. It is not like lakes where water remains stored and static. Here it flows like rivers, always fresh, always sweet. But it flows when it comes from the peaks. If you command, it will come and the problem will be solved.

Beloved Guru: The Lord gives and gives, the takers get tired. They eat for decades and decades.

II

Guard: Magnificent Guru! I want to make a prayer.

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh (with a gracious look): Say.

Guard: One devotee wishes to offer two thousand rupees i.e. ten percent of his profits.

The devotee came forward and kept two bags each containing one thousand rupees and fell at the true Guru's feet.

Guru: Say if you have any more desire.

Disciple: We are always in desires. We are always beggars. You are always a giver. Your giving is abundant. I beg for your grace that my mind becomes satiated.

Guru: Your eyes show desires but your tongue asks for desireless-ness.

Disciple (bent his head down): You are right, O Magnificent! I am full of sins.

Guru: Are you my devotee?

Disciple: Now, I am your devotee.

Guru: Earlier, whom were you devoted to?

Disciple: Previously I was devoted to the saint of Nigaha.

Guru: Then how have you reached here.

Disciple: To offer you one tenth of my profit.

Guru: One tenth should go to whomsoever you were devoted to.

Disciple: Magnificent Guru! It is with your grace that my desire has been fulfilled.

Guru: If a cow damages a field and somebody drives it away, then the crop still belongs to the owner of the field and not to somebody who has driven the cow away.

Disciple: Magnificent Guru Land is yours. Field is yours. Crop is yours. Cow is yours. You are the trader. You are the savior. Magnificent Guru! I belong to Multan. I am a trader. I was a devotee of the saint of Nagaha. Although I am a Hindu but I worshipped the saint of Nagaha. O Magnificent Guru! I adore you! I went to foreign lands to sell my goods. Goods worth sixty thousand rupees got stuck up unsold. I tried my best to sell but could not. I prayed to the saint of Nagaha but nothing happened. Then I enquired from people: Is there any real saint in these days. Then I was told that real saint is Guru Nanak and you are occupying the auspicious seat at present. Although it was for my selfish need but my mind confessed faith in you as my Guru and I prayed to you. You listened to my prayer and bestowed grace. The goods were sold.

Then I calculated one tenth of my profit that I have put at your feet. Please accept this humble offering. I am your disciple now and now you bless me that I become more devoted to you.

Guru: The saint of Nagaha was blessed by Guru Nanak. He was devoted to Guru Nanak. His followers however have adopted Muslim ways of religion. They are treading on their own path. They are not treading on the path of 'Love of the Lord' that Guru Nanak had preached. Instead they are going on their own Muslim style. They are putting people on the wrong path in

forgetfulness of the Lord. They have become partners with the Muslim rulers. The Muslim rulers have become tyrants. The people are suffering. I have to allay the suffering of the world.

Disciple: Magnificent Guru! O true benevolent Guru! I have altogether left that door and come to the door of Guru Nanak. I have already become yours. Give me refuge. Bless me with the Lord's name and make me 'Ideal man'.

Guru: To become 'Ideal man' is difficult. You shall have to keep hair unshorn, drink the sacred nectar and you have to remain steadfast on Lord's name. It is a bit difficult, you better think over.

Disciple: My thinking is valueless. You have to bless me with the Lord's name. Unshorn hair is your blessing. It shall be your grace to give me a sword. Whatever you will give, maybe fan, broom, pitcher, bow and arrows, I am your servant. Whatever you bless, you give me the strength to serve you. I have no strength of my own.

Guru: Once you become an 'Ideal man', then it is not proper to lower your prestige. O dear, to remain detached is very difficult. It is love that can make you detached from wealth. To be detached from wealth is a sign of love. It is easy to give away wealth but to remain steadfast in faith of the Lord is not that easy. Faith in the lord is in the mind. When time comes then one detaches one's self from wealth. But to detach one's mind from desires and attach to the Lord is a bit difficult. To remain steadfastly attached to the Lord is a bit difficult.

Disciple (tears filled eyes): It is true but attachment to Lord is your Grace.

Guru: Attachment to Lord is a fragrance that rids the mind from the illness of ego. Forgetfulness of Lord gives bad smell.

The disciples mind was filled with ecstasy that showered from the Guru's look. His eyes closed and he clamped the Guru's feet. His falling at the Guru's feet indicated that the moth does not speak but are ready to sacrifice themselves on the light.

III

The sacred-nectar is ready and full. Five 'Ideal men' are standing. On one side is standing the trader-disciple in white dress. He is reciting *Waheguru, Waheguru, O Lord, O Lord*.

Bhai Daya Singh asks him: You are going to drink the sacred nectar giving away life. Do you accept?

Disciple: Yes, with pleasure.

Daya Singh: It is living like dead in the worldly ocean of fire and living a new life attached to the Lord and in ecstasy.

Disciple: It is the Guru's grace. Name nectar is death from the worldly passions and life in the Spiritual town. You have to live in this world with mind attached to the Lord.

Disciple: It is the Guru's grace.

Daya Singh: Guru is the giver of the Lord's name. Guru is the giver of nectar. You have to live and feel the Guru as the support. You have to live with mind detached from the world and attached to the Guru and the Lord. You will get a new life by drinking this sacred nectar. You will become the true Guru's son. Your soul will awake. You will become an 'Ideal man'. Your mind should ever remain in the incessant recitation of the Lord's name. Your Super consciousness should remain tied to the Lord's feet. Rest is acceptance of Lord's will.

Disciple: It is the Guru's grace.

Daya Singh: This human life is an arena. The mind has to rise. One has to remain in endeavour of the Lord's name and cross the worldly ocean of fire. At this time people are in suffering. It is time to be courageous and allay the suffering of the people even if one has to give one's life. This the Guru's preaching. Are you ready to sacrifice?

Disciple: All is Guru's grace.

He drank the sacred nectar and became an 'Ideal man'. The trader became an 'Ideal man'. He was named as Doola Singh of Multan. The disciple of the saint of Nagaha became an 'Ideal man'. He kept the sword. The mind wore the garland of the remembrance of the Lord's name. The body wore the sword that was to be a shield.

Then what became his occupation? He preached the Lord's name. He often came to meet the Guru and brought congregation from his hometown. He brought offerings from himself and from his companions. He brought disciples in thousands.

Ponder: In this story that was seen and written by Bhai Ram Kaur, one can see how high was the Guru's moral character? When the trader is the devotee of the saint of Nagaha and he has sought the Guru's help at one particular time, then the Guru does not consider that he is the rightful taker of the one tenth offering.

Even though money was required for making quilts at that time, still he was indifferent to accept the money. When the trader said that he does not

have faith in the saint of Nagaha and I am yours now, even then he wanted to make sure that he is really serious to become a Guru-devotee.

That is why he was asked: Are you ready to sacrifice yourself for the sake of allaying the suffering of the people?

When the disciple agreed on everything, then only the Guru was satisfied that he is offering out of love and not for any monetary gain.

Then he accepted the offering and distributed it for making blankets and quilts for the devotees.



37.

Serviceless Hands

“Zalam Singh! Rid me of this pitiless thirst” The ‘Magnificent Guru with the plume’ Guru Gobind Singh was sitting on his throne in his Hall of audience. The congregation was present. Some conversation was on. Beloved Guru become quiet looked this side and that side and called the disciple but he was not near. On hearing the call from Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh, another handsome young disciple, self conscious of his full blown youth, wearing a nice and clean dress who was sitting amongst the congregation stood up and with hands folded said: Beloved Guru! If you permit I shall bring water. Zalam Singh doesn’t seem to be present here.

The true Guru from distance gestured to him, “Alright.”

The young man went and after a few moments brought a glass of cold water and presented it to the Guru. The true Guru picked up the glass. Then he looked towards the young man and noticed his neat and clean dress. Then he looked towards his hands that appeared delicate. His fingers were thin and soft but tender as if kept reserved.

Beloved Guru: O Disciple! Tell me what work you do? Your hands are very delicate and soft.

Young disciple (hands folded): Beloved Guru! These hands are folded for you only and these hands have brought water for you only. I keep my body reserved.

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh: Is it so.....?

Saying this, it appeared as if he is about to throw the water on the ground.

Young Disciple: Beloved Guru! My hands have always remained pure. Even now first I washed my hands, then I washed the glass, then I brought fresh clean water. Please do not apprehend. It is clean. Please drink.

Beloved Guru overturned the glass. The water lay on the ground.

The young man was bewildered. Sometimes he looked at the laid water and sometimes at the true Guru. He could not understand what lapse has happened.

Meanwhile, Beloved Guru spoke: O dear! It has been touched by a service-less disciple. It was not fit to drink.

On listening to these words, the young man became afraid. On top of that he felt ashamed that other people sitting in this congregation shall consider me sinful. How shall I come to this congregation?

Then (hesitatingly) he spoke: Beloved Guru! I am son of a Guru-devotee. I am your disciple since many years. We humans make mistakes you are bestowal of forgiveness, redeemer of sinners. Please be gracious. Forgive my lapse and put me on the right path.

Beloved Guru: Listen dear! Right, you are son of a Guru-devotee. You adopted discipleship and became a Guru-disciple. But if you do not practice the discipleship, then it is like a miser's wealth. The practice of discipleship makes the mind, body and this human life fruitful. Discipleship is to learn the teachings of the Guru and become well educated and well trained in those teachings and put them to practice. Disciple-ship is to improve one's self and become fragrant like sandalwood and then spread the fragrance. Disciple-ship is knowledge, devotion, remembrance of the Lord in every moment and incessant recitation of the Lord's name. One has to remain in endeavour and steadfast. Disciple-ship is not to be in-active or inert. A statue lying on the bank of Ganges is not disciple-ship. Disciple-ship is to remain in endeavour and attached to the Lord. To win over 'desires and ego' is the inertness of discipleship. Disciple-ship is to keep the mind in the remembrance of the Lord, in the incessant recitation of the Lord's Name and do goodness to the world.

O dear! The first step of disciple-ship is service. See! Everybody is doing service at the Gurdwara. By doing service for others the body becomes clean, the mind is washed. The dirt of ego on the mind goes away. When the Name pervades in the body, then one feels the presence of the Lord in the body incessantly. When the Name enters the breath, then remembrance of the Lord in the mind becomes effortless and incessant. Even then the disciple should remain in service to the congregation and to humanity. The service also becomes effortless. One is always in doing goodness to others. If you had also washed your mind by doing service, recited the Lord's name, recited the scripture and understood its meaning and lived in the incessant remembrance of the Lord, then you would have felt that the Lord, the saviour is omnipresent,

here, there, everywhere. Thus your mind would have elevated and felt the presence of the Lord in the mind. Then effortlessly you would be doing service and goodness to people. Your inner happiness and ecstasy would have changed your nature into doing goodness to others. But O dear! The cleanliness that you adopted for your body pierced a feeling of ego in your mind that 'I am Super-clean'. In this way the mind got the dirt of ego on it. If you had remained Super-clean while doing service to others, then this ego could not make your mind dirty. Instead you would have got an ego-less clean mind. Then the body and mind both would have been clean.

On listening to this the young man appeared sad.

Again the true Guru said: O dear! I know your character is not vicious. But to keep the hands idle for the sake of ego of cleanliness is remaining inert. To keep the hands idle is to kill them. Like the hands of a dead person although they are not doing any evil but are inert. See! Nobody touches those hands considering them unholy. Idle hands! Yes, hands without service, goodness, kindness and pioussness are unholy as they are like the hands of a dead person.

The Guru was quiet for a while, then again he spoke: O dear! First step is to do service at the Guru's door. That washes the dirt of the previous deeds then the mind is cleaned. Then by recitation of the Lord's name and singing his praises the mind is elevated and one feels the presence of the Lord in the mind, heart and body. Further when recitation becomes incessant then one feels the sensation of the presence of the Lord in the body and outside in nature, here, there, everywhere. Then service becomes one's nature. Then whatever goodness he has imbibed in his mind turns into actions. The Guru's teaching is that all senses of the body should become pure and sacred by doing good deeds and the mind should become pure and sacred by recitation of Name and the Holy Scripture.

The young disciple bowed his head and asked forgiveness. He started doing service to the congregation. He gave money as charity, and would spend money for the comfort of the congregation and saints and for the needy. With his hands he served the Guru and the congregation. He spent time in recitation of the Lord's name and listened to the divine songs and praises of the Lord. The true Guru was delighted to see him doing service and in remembrance of Name. The Guru blessed him profusely. He got ecstasy and rapture.



38.

Karim Khan Blessed

I

Whosoever gets some power becomes strong. Then he does not use his strength for doing goodness, he becomes a tyrant. He fulfills his desires and intentions with force. He leaves the path of justice and duty, kindness and doing goodness others, truth and reality. He becomes determined to act according to his own mind. In this way when he oversteps social norms, then people say: Might is Right.

Whosoever was a tyrant in the world, he passed away. Whosoever were the victims of the tyrants, they also passed away. The ill fame of tyrants however remained as a remembrance to the world. The world reads or listens to this ill fame in myths, in history or in poetry. Everyone who reads feels bad on the atrocities of the tyrants and feels merciful and sympathetic towards the victims. But it is a sorry state of affairs that from those who have heard or read if they become powerful, then they also become tyrants and give suffering to others. People learnt this lesson but nobody acted on it. The tyranny of the tyrants went on. The powerful saw that the earlier tyrants passed away and left their ill fame. In spite of that the tyranny of the oppressor did not stop and the world did not get any comfort. Many times the tyrants tried to show off to the world that they were going to do some goodness for the world but in actual all actions of theirs were to feed their own ego.

Guru Gobind Singh picked up the sword to rid this tyranny and barbarism of the tyrants.

At the time when the magnificent Guru was living at Anandpur and infusing valour in the enfeebled people, one chief of the Pathans of Frontier province killed his brother and the entire family and grabbed his entire property and wealth but one young son of the killed Pathan somehow managed to escape.

However, he came to know that a search is going on and he will be put to sword if found. In the thinking that life is precious this victim of atrocity came away to India. Travelling was hazardous, distressing, desolate and perilous but he bore the brunt and walked through the unsafe borders and entered India. He passed through the north of Punjab and reached Lahore. Here he looked up for some livelihood but he did not succeed. Feeling distressed he reached Sultanpur and then arrived at Jullundur. Whatever money he had brought had finished and he was not able to earn money. He walked further. Now he had to travel on foot and many times he had to go without food. Since he belonged to a family of good status he did not beg. Whenever he was offered food he ate or he earned something by doing some labour and bought food and ate.

From Jullundur he travelled towards Hoshiarpur. He prayed to Lord for support. He thought it is better to become a seeker of the Lord. I have already seen the world. It is an ocean of deception and oppression. Hoping on destiny he took a road towards North-west. Wavering and enduring fasts, he went on travelling.

It is written that seven days passed but he did not get any food to eat. Hunger made him so distressed that he decided to eat whatever he got on the way. Soon he found a pup. He clamped the pup under his armpit and starting looking for some fire to roast and eat at a place where no one shall notice. At least this pitiless tyranny's hunger shall be appeased. His mind said: This is forbidden meat. The stomach said: It is permissible. His mind said: I am the son of a chieftain. How can I eat this forbidden meat. But again he thought: I should forget the ego of being the son of a chieftain. The hunger of the stomach can go by eating whatever is available. In this thinking he went towards a place where he could see some smoke rising from a fire.

On reaching there he saw that fire was burning and some people were running the well. Some were packing up their paraphernalia. Some had gone and some were getting ready to move. He realized that a caravan has stayed here for the night and now planning to move ahead. Those who are in charge and those who have to move first are ready and the rest shall follow.

II

When this Pathan child saw intently then he realized that one group is going and another group is coming from somewhere. Those who are arriving are singing in a melodious tune and some are reciting something and settling down here. They are holding clubs like blind people and are walking happily. Somebody is holding a flag in his hand. Some have cymbals in their hands.

Some young men have not cared for their tiredness. They are pressing the legs of older people.

Seeing all this, he realized that these are not traders but appear to be men of God.

Then he asked one person: O holy man! What is your sect and where are you going?

The person replied: O Khan! We are Guru-disciples and we are going to have a glimpse of our Guru.

Pathan Boy: you are Guru-disciples. Are of disciples of Guru Nanak?

Guru-disciple: Yes. Guru Nanak-disciples. We are going to meet our Guru.

Pathan: But Guru Nanak has left this earthly world.

Guru-disciple: The Guru-soul adopted another body. He is living in this earthly world. We are going for his glimpse.

Pathan: Where does he stay?

Guru-disciple: Across this river, a few kilometres away is Ananadpur. He stays there. He has been sent by the Lord and is an image of the Lord. His sacred name is Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh!

Pathan: Have you ever put him to test? Saints and prophets have Supernatural powers.

Guru-disciple: He is Almighty Guru sent by the Lord. He is intuitive. He has come to allay the suffering of the people. He is the refuge for the refugeless. Supernatural powers are at his feet.

Pathan: Is he Hindu?

Guru-disciple: He is neither Hindu nor Muslim. He is of the Lord.

Pathan: What you say is true. Holy men are above the caste system. But he is not a Muslim as I am. If I seek his refuge, probably he won't give me refuge.

Guru-disciple: In his eyes high caste or low caste, Hindu or Muslim, rich or poor, hatred or envy has no meaning. He is a torchbearer for everyone like the sun. There is fragrance of love. There is no stench of hatred. But he is not a weak saint. He is powerful. The sword adorns his hands. His sword guards the poor. It warns the tyrants to stop tyranny.

On hearing 'Sword' the Pathan's heart became buoyant. Well! Can a swordsman be a saint also? Then he thought: Yes, even prophet Mohammad kept a sword. It is Lord's command. There is so much tyranny now. Maybe Lord has given the sword to a prophet so that he is strong enough to protect the victims of tyranny.

Then he asked: If I wish to have his glimpse, will you take me along?

The Guru-disciple said: Yes. We shall take you along with pleasure.

Pathan: I am a poor boy.

Guru-disciple: Your features, appearance and form is like princes but your clothes are like poor. In his audience hall, the rich and poor are equal. He gives refuge to the poor but even rich people take his refuge. You come and see for yourself.

On hearing this, his mind said that this is a very good holy company. If I am able to meet a man of God, it will be my good luck and my suffering will go. So he put the pup down from his armpit, washed his hands and joined the people who were doing service.

The Guru-disciple noticed that this boy has no strength in his hands, no strength in his arms, his face is pale and eyes show a feeling of hunger. Possibly he is very hungry.

Then the Guru-disciple said: O dear! We cooked our food and have just finished eating but we have got extra food. You better have food first then we shall go.

The Pathan boy said: It is so good of you.

When food was brought, then one Guru-disciple who was practitioner of Ayurvedic system of medicine noticed that this Pathan boy seems to be from a rich family but it appears he has remained without food for many days. So he asked: O dear Pathan! If you ate food yesterday then you have good food today. But say truly. If you are hungry for many days then this food will not suit your stomach. It might cause pain. Then we shall give you some light food initially so that it doesn't give pain to your stomach.

The Pathan boy's face sweated with modesty but he picked up courage and said: Lord bless you! I have not eaten food for many days. Even now I feel ashamed. I have no right to eat food here.

The Ayurvedic practitioner said: O creation of Lord, all food grows by the grace of the Lord. Food is His. Earth is His. Water is His. Man only endeavours to plough and put the seeds and water the plants. Lord has given strength to our body to work. Everything belongs to the Lord. We all are His children. We have a right on each other as brothers.

On listening to these words, the Pathan boy's eyes filled with tears. He said: O Lord! In this world my uncle killed his real brother, my father along with other family members and made me an orphan begging from door to door. Here I find people who are treating a stranger and of another faith as brother. They are treating a poor and naïve boy as their own. Their mentor

must be powerful and a prophet. He must be a prophet of the prophets who is teaching all love.

Meanwhile one Guru-disciple brought some fruit. Then, moving a few kilometres ahead the village people brought milk and sacred sweet for the congregation. The Guru-disciple then asked him to drink milk. In this way he was given light food like lentil and rice for two more meals and then he ate proper food to his full. In this way the Pathan prince who was dying of hunger reached Anandpur, the town of bliss.

III

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh, the Almighty Guru of the universe is sitting on the throne. The congregation is swarming around.

Today the durbar is decorated on a mound in an open plain area. A canopy is fixed under which divine assembly has gathered.

He is sitting in tranquillity, eyes closed and in meditation. From the closed eyes, it appears the Guru-soul is immersed in the Lord's soul and showering tranquillity, grace and Name-nectar. Sweet aura is shining around the handsome face. The eyes of Guru-devotees are feeling cool and tranquil from his glimpse. Everybody has gone into trance and is sitting, unmoved, in tranquillity on seeing his meditative aura.

Despite a large assembly it is so quiet that no sound is audible. So much so that even the ears do not hear the sound of breath coming in and going out. The breath movement is so soft and imperceptible.

After a long time the Magnificent Guru's eyes opened slightly from this love-immersion like a lotus. Slowly his love-filled eyes looked towards something. Then his eyes glanced softly from his love-laden eyebrows, he took a long breath and his gracious look went all round. Everyone's eyes were filled with the sacred-nectar shower from his eyes as the partridge gets intoxicated from the rain drops.

After some time he gestured. One disciple came near. The newly arrived congregation offered their gifts. The congregation whom the Pathan had accompanied came forward. He asked their welfare from everyone and blessed them and fulfilled their wishes.

When this congregation sat down, then the true Guru called one guard and said: See, that young boy standing crest-fallen near the canopy. His name is Karim. You bring him. The guard went and said to the Pathan boy who was standing near the door in modesty: Karim Khan! It is Guru's grace. The true Guru has called you.

On seeing the cherish of the true Guru, Karim Khan with hands folded and head bent followed the guard and came and fell at the Guru's feet. The true Guru patted him with his arrow and said: O child of the Lord! Get up and narrate your story.

With both hands folded, he narrated thus: O Master! I am son of a Pathan chief. My uncle has killed my father and grabbed his entire wealth and property. He wanted to kill me also but I have come away stealthily. I am in great agony and forlorn. I have lost everything in this world. I do not know of the unseen world. Like a broken leaf of a tree I was staying in this world. I had no place to stay on earth or in heaven, in the east or west, north or south. Puffs of air were making me fly in whatever direction they wished. In this insecurity I starved. For six or seven days I did not get food to eat. Death stared at me. I had no option left but to eat forbidden food. In this quandary, suddenly I saw an assembly of your faith. By their goodness, my life was saved. My faith was saved. By their benevolence I got to know of this door that has brought me to this heaven on earth from the devil's hell on earth. By their benevolence I have got your magnificent glimpse. This is my story. I am at your feet and I pray for refuge.

Magnificent Guru looked around. The congregation in the audience hall was waiting to see what blessing this boy gets.

The true Guru looked towards the child and called the guard and said: Take this boy. Let him have a nice bath with soap and give him a new dress and bring him back. The guard took him along.

IV

Now, in the audience hall another joyous flower blossomed.

One landlord who lived in a village near Anandpur arrived. When he bowed to the true Guru and sat down, at that time Bhai Darbara Singh in charge of the Guru's kitchen came and said: Magnificent Guru! Food is ready.

Magnificent Guru said: Serve food to the congregation. I have already eaten. I do not wish to eat more. Then Darbara Singh and other Guru-disciples wondered and looked towards the true Guru in the thinking that the true Guru did not eat anything. How he has said, 'I have already eaten.'

Then Magnificent Guru said: O dear! I have eaten millet chapattis, grape seed vegetable, sweet yogurt and fresh butter. I am full. I don't need more.

Again, Darbara Singh looked with wonder. Then Magnificent Guru made a gesture towards the disciple who had newly arrived and said: That disciple who is sitting there gave me millet chappatis, grape seed vegetable, yogurt and butter to eat.

Then the congregation looked towards that disciple and someone asked him: O dear! You are fortunate! But when did you offer food to the true Guru to eat?

The disciple got up, stood with hands folded and said: O dear Guru-disciples! I made a mistake but my benevolent and gracious Guru has redeemed my mistake and fulfilled my small wish. I shall tell the story: By the Guru's grace my millet crop bloomed. It came to my mind that as we are blessed by the true Guru, my millet crop may also be blessed by the true Guru. Me, stupid thought that if the true Guru eats even a small chappati, my entire crop shall be blessed. In this thinking after grinding the millet into millet flour, my wife cooked a few chappatis and cooked rapeseed vegetable. I carried the chappatis with butter, yogurt, rapeseed vegetable and butter and started towards Anandpur with a wish that even if the true Guru eats one bite I shall be blessed. Every seed has life in it. When I reached the bank of river, there five Guru-devotees were sitting. They had their bath early in the morning, recited the scripture and were now meditating on Name. Since they were Guru-devotees, I thought I must greet them. I said: 'Victory is of the Lord'. They reciprocated, "Truth is the Lord" and asked me: O Guru-beloved where are you going? Then I said: O dear 'Ideal men'. I am taking some food for the true Guru. Maybe he takes a bite from this. Then one of them who was in meditation said in a meditative mood: "Where there are five Guru-devotees, the Guru is present there." Come! Bring the food; the Guru shall eat here only. These disciples are hungry. Make them satiated. Your food shall reach the true Guru. The Guru has said: Guru is delighted if a Guru-disciple eats. So, O dear Guru-disciples, I also thought that even the Guru has said: See me in my congregation. I should not disobey the Guru-devotees. This food I should offer them to eat. Tomorrow, I can take for the Guru. Then, they prayed and recited 'Waheguru, Waheguru' 'O Lord, O Lord' and ate the food. When they finished eating, again they prayed, "O true Guru! Please fulfill his wish. Whatever he offered please accept."

After that they got into meditation.

I thought since I am so near I should not go without the true Guru's glimpse today. So I came for the Guru's glimpse. Here, I have realized that whatever the Guru-devotees said has become true. Magnificent Guru has accepted the food.

Then the true Guru who was always tender to his disciples and friend of the poor spoke: O Guru-disciple! That food I only ate. I was hungry at that time. You gave me to eat on time. The food that you gave to my disciples, for that I am delighted. Whosoever fulfills the needs of my disciples makes me

delighted. Whosoever does service to a Guru-disciple or a saint, who gets up early in morning, bathes and with a pure mind, away from enmity and jealousy chants the Lord's name, that service reaches me. It is service to me whosoever talks ill of them or gives them suffering, he gives suffering to me. Their distress will not go. So! O Disciple! Your food cooked with love and affection and offered to my Name-immersed disciples has reached me. I am satiated.

On seeing the Guru's love for his disciples the entire congregation's eyes filled with love-tears. The disciple who had served food clamped the Guru's feet and shed tears of love. The true Guru blessed him immensely.

The disciple now realized that when the Guru bestows his blessings for such a small offering as millet chappatis and rapeseed vegetables still I do not consider my wealth and property as belonging to the Guru. Do I not hide the wealth and property bestowed by him? Does this not amount to stealing? I am a thief who thinks that everything is mine although everything belongs to the Guru and the Lord. In this thinking his mind felt detached and he saw everything belonging to the Lord. Then he realized that I have to do service to the Guru and the Lord and eat food. Everything belongs to the Guru and the Lord. I should not consider it as mine. I have to love the Guru's feet and the Lord's feet. In this way love of the Lord became foremost to him and his mind got detachment from wealth and property. With the blessings of Name by the true Guru, he started recitation of the Lord's name with love and went home chanting the Lord's name. At home he remained steadfast in recitation of Name and high spirits. Sometimes he got food cooked with love and brought for the true Guru. The true Guru ate with love and felt delighted.

V

The Guard brought Karim Khan to the audience hall. The true Guru bestowed so much care on Karim Khan. He was given a horse to ride. He made him the chief of ten horse-riders. He was given a house to live. He fixed a salary, gave clothes suitable for chiefs and also some ornaments. Whenever he called him he addressed him, "O Child" he was always ready to obey the Guru's orders. Whatever the Guru ordered he complied with immediately. Then the true Guru, the image of the Lord arranged his marriage in a Pathan family. Karim Khan used to get up early in the morning, bathe, dress up and then attend the assembly. Whatever the Guru ordered, he complied with love. He said that the Magnificent Guru's order is for me an order of the holy Quran.

Time passed by. His attending the morning assembly everyday and listening to the divine songs (Kirtan) influenced his mind.

One day when the Guru was alone, he fell at the true Guru's feet and with both hands folded prayed to the true Guru: Magnificent Guru! You have made me, who was cursed by the world, a chief and I am living a life of a prince again. Even my body cells feel your greatness and sing your thankfulness. But O Benevolent! You have got something else that you bless to your disciples and they get salvation. Although I am not worthy but as you blessed me stupid earlier, you be benevolent and bless me with what the disciples call 'Name'. I should also recite the same and I get salvation.

On listening to this the true Guru smiled and said: O child, the endeavour of Name is difficult. First is grace and then endeavour. If one gets the grace and then does no endeavour, then it is fault. You make up your mind that you will surely endeavour.

Karim Khan: Magnificent Guru! What strength do I have to endeavour? If you will bless me Name, then you will also give me the strength to recite the Name. I am the same who was not able to earn even a penny. I am living like princess now. It is your benevolence. It is none of my endeavour. Now if you make me a Guru-disciple that will also be benevolence from you. Please be benevolent.

The true Guru blessed him with the Lord's name and he got into recitation of the Lord's name. He used to get up early in the morning sit and recite the Lord's name, then attend the morning singing of divine songs (Kirtan). In the day he would do whatever the true Guru ordered.

He recited the Lord's name while sitting, standing, walking and doing other chores. By and by his mind elevated. He felt sublime consciousness. Sometimes he talked like philosophers. He imbibed respect for Guru-devotees and talked to them to gain more knowledge of Spirituality. Whenever he got a chance he talked to the Guru regarding devotional meditation.

One day when the Guru was sitting alone, he came and fell at the true Guru's feet, then sat up and said: Magnificent Guru! If you permit I wish to ask something? You forgive me for this impertinence.

The true Guru smiled and said: Say O Child.

Then with hands folded he asked: Magnificent Guru! Whatever you eat, that creates love of the Lord in your mind and body. Like whatever the grass or green leaves the musk deer eats that produces musk in his body. Similarly when a donkey eats the same grass & leaves that creates an inclination to lie down on earth. O image of the Lord! Please tell which is that 'Spiritual stage' when the five senses of the body do not have an upper hand on the person who recites the Lord's name, the fever of greed does not touch, the fear of

death vanishes and one drinks the Name nectar that is rapturous. It is impertinence to put questions to you but you are ever gracious, so I take the liberty of asking you. My fear of death should go. I should not have sentimental love for the worldly comforts that you have bestowed on me. I should have constant remembrance of the imperishable Lord who is always living.

The true Guru quietly listened to his words that were quite elaborate. When he stopped, even then the Guru remained quiet. After some time he spoke: O Child! Listen. On the tenth day from today you are going to die.

Saying this, the true Guru went to his palace and Karim Khan went to his home.

In extreme agony he thought. I have seen so much suffering of the world and again I have got all comforts. The Guru has given me every comfort of life. Then the true Guru has blessed me with the Lord's name. The wealth and relations will remain in the world but Name will go along. When these shall not go with me, then I should detach my mind from these and attach it to the Lord and the Lord's name. The little time that I have, I should spend on the true Name of the Lord. I should remember the Lord incessantly. The scripture says: "discard everything. Chant the Lord's name only." Now I should detach my mind from everything and chant the Lord's name incessantly. In this thinking he started chanting the Lord's name incessantly. Day and night he recited the Lord's name. Desires do not come to his mind. When they come he shunts them out. Why I go for desires when there is hardly any time left to live in this world? Then he prayed to the Lord: O Lord! You are the imperishable Lord. Give me your glimpse. Please meet me. Let me touch your feet. Give me refuge. Whatever is your will but you do make me your own. In this way when he fell at the Lord's feet then his body soul got a touch of the Supreme soul. On the tenth day he felt something slipping out and going out of his body.

Then his mind said: What will perish? The body will perish. I am not the God. I am a particle of the Supreme soul. The Lord is imperishable. His particle is also imperishable. The body soul (the particle) has now immersed in the Supreme soul. All fears have gone. All desires have vanished. I am now the particle of the Supreme soul. I am not perishable. The separation of body from soul appeared a suffering. That suffering has gone. The ego that was in my mind was the root cause of all sufferings. When the ego is gone, then forgetfulness of Lord is gone. It is all remembrance of the Lord, the God, Waheguru. When the ego has gone, then the 'I' has gone. I am really dead. The 'I' that I thought was life, that is dead. But the 'I' (my body soul)

that is imperishable is not dead. The scripture says "I did not die. My ego died." The true Guru's words have become true. The true Guru has given me eternal life. O 'Guru with the plume', these are your miracles. O my Master with unshorn hair! Wondrous are your ways. O prophets of the prophets, unique are your ways. Your words are nectar filled. Ah ha! "You are going to die on the tenth day." Your grace is unlimited.

O mind! Maybe the body has to die. Benevolent Guru might have intuitively known. Alright! Let the body die. What is the fear now? But I must have a glimpse of the benevolent saviour before my eyes close forever. Let me go and fall at his feet and tell him: Benevolent Guru! You have killed my death from which everybody fears. You have not given me death. You have killed my death. Now if the body has to die, it should die at your feet. If the body has to live then I should live like a branch connected to the tree, I should live connected to you. I should live in this Super consciousness tied to the Lord's feet which you have bestowed me now. I should not go into ego again.

In this thinking, in a happy mood and in gratitude he went and fell at the benevolent Guru's feet. Magnificent Guru also noticed that his face is bright, his forehead is shining, and then he smiled and said: O child! Tell, are you living or dead?

Karim Khan: Magnificent Guru! I am dead but by your grace I have got a new awakened life. Me stupid! How could I know that your one word will give me a new awakened life? With the fear of death I concentrated on the one Lord's name. That concentration on the Lord's name killed the perishable ego and forgetfulness of the Lord. You blessed me with sublime consciousness that is eternal. You are great. Your word was true but you did a miracle. Your miraculous-ness has given me salvation.

True Guru: First you tell whether the passions and vices or the ego and desire that you mentioned influenced your mind or not?

Karim Khan: No. They did not influence my mind.

True Guru: Were you getting good healthy food?

Karim Khan: Benevolent Guru: I did not even think of what I ate.

True Guru: Why?

Karim Khan: With the fear of death I was engrossed in recitation of the Lord's name.

True Guru: What fear did you have?

Karim Khan: It was the fear of death that was knocking at my door. I should recite the Lord's name as much as possible.

Magnificent Guru: Now you have understood that the food that the Lord's beloveds eat does not influence the mind towards passions or vices. The Lord's beloved knows that he has to die one day. His eagerness and desires influence him towards love of the Lord and singing the praises of the Lord. Those whose mind is not connected to the Lord, who are in the forgetfulness of the Lord in ego, they indulge in bodily passions and lose their strength of the body and mind. Those who are connected with the Lord and by the grace of the Lord have realized that the body is perishable, whether it lives or dies is immaterial, they have got sublime consciousness. The body soul is imperishable. It should remain immersed in the Supreme soul. They keep their mind detached from the worldly desires. Attach the mind to the imperishable Lord. Then the fear of death will vanish. When the mind rises above the fear of birth or death, then that is salvation. So the first lesson is how to win over the fear of death. One should not stifle under the fear of death, become indolent and keep crying all the time. We must realize that this body is created from earthly elements that are lifeless. I live in this body of earthly elements. I am not the body. I am the soul and a part of the always living Supreme soul. The reason of my sufferings is that I am in forgetfulness of the Lord. I should remain connected to him by recitation of His name. Then I must realize His command. The creation is all under His command. Everything happens by His command. One should not mix our ego in His command. This ego is the cause that has separated us from the Lord.

*"Whosoever has realized the Lord's command has realized the secret Lord
- Nanak*

O child! The body has to perish. But the body has to do something while living. It should do all kindness. In this way one lives in this world and remains detached from the world.

Karim Khan: What you say is true but Magnificent Guru, why is the rift in different sects and religions in this world? Everyone tries to give importance to his own sect or religion and is aggressive towards others. You have created a new community where there is no discrimination, no enmity and no conflict. How is that?

True Guru: O dear, listen! There are different castes, creed and religions.

All are human and are same. Lord is one, the creator, saviour and nourisher. He is only one. Do not misbelieve that there is anyone else. Temples, mosques and churches maybe of different types and at different places but worship has to be of the 'One Lord' 'Waheguru'. This is the real truth. We also have a doctrine. We have a community. It is not like a land that is encircled by

ponds and has cracks. But it is a river of cool water that effaces the cracks. Our doctrine is that there should be no enmity, there should be love. Your background is God of love. Love God. Love His children. That is His creation. Remember Him and recite His name. Live near the Lord in His remembrance. Then the dirt of estrangement on your mind will go and you will get inner vision, 'vision of the soul'. To give suffering and tyranny have no place in Spirituality. Envious people have come upon to stop this doctrine of making humans as saints and connected to the Lord. They are cruel to the subjects. We tell them that they are your younger brothers, you give them love.

Religion is a path to tread on. The path is towards the Lord. Lord is all love. Do not use force or killing, enmity and conflict on the path towards the Lord.

Now they are bent upon finishing this community. That is why we have picked up a sword against their sword. Our sword will be a shield. This shield will break the sword of the tyrants and create peace in the world. O child! Lord's beloved remains connected to the Lord and without enmity in the Lord's created world. He does goodness to the world and is virtuous without ego and obeys the Lord's command. Ours is a community that has taken up the task of extinguishing the fire of a fire engulfed city. This is an association of selfless service providers created to spread love. For this reason we bless the Lord's name to each one and we bless 'incessant recitation of the Lord's name and we make him realize that the world is perishable and you should not remain in the forgetfulness of the Lord and in passions of the world. It is only a temporary place to stay. Whatever goodness you can do, do it. The body has to perish. Why indulge in vices, lies and hypocrisy? If you say we do it for propagating our religion, even that is a wrong thinking. Religion is a path to go to the 'Sea of love' the Lord. It is a path that takes you to the "source of all goodness". There is no place for lies, hypocrisy, enmity, estrangement or tyranny on that path.

Those who have realized that death is certain, they become pious, recite the Lord's name. With recitation of name, the ego vanishes and one meets the Lord. Then by the grace of God it becomes "All well".

O child Karim: See! This life is short. When the body soul has immersed in the Supreme soul, then that is meeting the Lord. That becomes "Spiritual living". "The Spiritual Living" is "Eternal living". Now that you have realized that your body soul has immersed in the Supreme soul you have got "eternal life". The veil of ego has gone. Now you are without the sentiment of sex, anger, greed, desires and pride. You are connected to the Lord. Your inner self is connected to the Lord.

Magnificent Guru's sacred words pierced his heart. The prince of a chief went into trance. The true Guru was quiet. Karim Khan got engrossed in the love of the Lord. After some time when his eyes opened he felt the splendour of the Lord outside also. His eyes opened and closed. When he opened his eyes again he saw the handsome face of the true Guru.

Magnificent Guru's face was shining with spiritual dazzle. What he realized was that the Supreme soul wherein my body soul was mingling is manifest in the body of the true Guru sitting in front of me. This splendour was wondrous. The dazzle from his glimpse was unbearable. He was in extreme rapture on seeing this splendour. When he came out of this trance, then he clamped the Guru's feet. A trembling sensation went through his entire body. He doesn't leave the Guru's feet, says to his mind: Yogis, meditative and Muslim Saints could not find your limit but see how out of love He is giving me His glimpse. Ah ha! Great is the honourable nature of the "Lord" "God" "Waheguru" my own "Waheguru".

Magnificent Guru lifted his head with extreme love. He rubbed his sacred hand on his head and said: O child! You are blessed. Remain dyed in His love. This is the work for you. Remain in His engrossment and live in this rapture for the rest of your life.

Karim Khan alerted himself. His mind was all full of thankfulness. He said: Magnificent Guru! Bestowal of "Spiritual Life"! I thought I have become penniless after losing my chieftain-ship. But you bestowed me all comforts and made me a chieftain again. How could I know that I am still penurious without the "Spiritual Life."? I realized the loss of that chieftainship but I never could realize the loss of this "Spiritual Life". It is your greatness and graciousness that you blessed me with recitation of Name and holy company and opened my inner eyes. You bestowed "Spiritual Life" on me which is a kingdom higher than all kingdoms. You are great! O Benevolent! O Saviour!

You are great!

You are great!

You are great!

Saying this he went into trance. After some days he left for his heavenly abode.



39.

King of Bisali

King of Bisali sat in tranquillity in his palace. A guard came and said: Your Majesty! The Chief Minister wishes to meet you.

Initially, King did not listen. Then he listened but did not understand. Then he understood and said: Let him come in.

Minister came, offered greetings and sat down near his feet and said: You are sitting in tranquillity and I have brought some news. The news requires your attention. That is why I have come at this odd hour.

King: If you do not bring the news that requires consideration, then who else will? Kingdom is a bounty but this bounty lies in the lap of head-ache. On one side the praise of the world comes running to kiss the king's feet. On the other side the fears of the world come and knock at the forehead. We have contemplation in our hands. Although contemplation aches the head but it makes you cross the river of intricate problems. Yes! Tell what is the new problem that requires contemplation?

Minister: Yes! But it is only you who welcomes the intricate problems and bids them farewell in jovial and poetic expressions that adorn you. You have put politics and pleasure of poetry in one sheath that you wear. Sir, Your Majesty! King Bhim Chand's secret messenger has come from the fierce battle that is going on across the river and brought a secret message.

King (Startled): What is the message from the puppets dancing on the fingers of someone? Alas! This is the height of degradation. Earlier it was said that a kingdom is a bed of thorns. The crown of monarchy is a load of pain. But now the kingdom has become a chain around the neck of a slave. Yes! What is the message from the slave kings?

Minister: The message is that at this time Guru Gobind Singh is in the plains. From the north side and from the eastern side, we, all Kings have surrounded him. From the south side King of Sirhind's army has surrounded him. Although he is fighting with us with valour that we did not foresee or we might have read but had never witnessed, still we are fighting. If you come and fight from the west side after crossing the river, then we can surround him from all four sides and crush him. Then the raging fire that will burn the entire forest can be extinguished for ever without delay.

King (heaved a sigh): Yes! (In thoughtfulness) Yes! (Pinched his forehead with the thumb and fore finger) Well! (Closed his eyes) Oh! (Opened his eyes) Yes! Can be extinguished for ever..... Then what is your opinion?

Minister: Although the king of Sirhind has not called us, yet our refusing to join in the battle is undesirable? But it is no diplomacy to jump into this fire ourselves. Nevertheless if we refuse to join on being asked although it is secretive, yet it strains the societal relations and it is default in the eyes of the rulers.

King: Well! (Pressed his forehead) These are the problems. What is the solution of these problems?

Minister (Hesitatingly): We may not say 'No'. We may somewhat show off but do nothing.

King: How? (Closed his eyes and became serious).

Minister: We should say 'Yes' to this messenger. Tomorrow we may send a few troops across the river. I shall make the Guru understand secretly, 'We are not coming to fight, we assure you' In this way we keep up with both sides.

King: Keep up with both sides? Yes, there are two sides. One tries to keep up with both sides but this does not happen and often both sides are lost. Yes! If one takes one side then one keeps up with that side. But this is not shrewdness.

Shrewdness is keeping up outwardly and inwardly remaining aloof. Yes! Minister isn't it so? But we are Rajputs. We are known for our valour. We are known for our doing good. It is really a knot to open.

Minister: The time when we were renowned as Rajputs is gone. Now it is fear that somehow the kingdom should remain. Whatever price we may have to pay but it should remain. Strength is in unity, in getting together. Hundreds of kings, Hindu Kings, if all get together then the Mughal ruler is nobody. But selfishness and infighting has killed us.

King: What you say is right but what should we do now?

Saying this, the king closed his eyes.

Minister: The same proposal comes to my mind.

King: Well! Our brother kings have already indulged in false vows. You tell, if the Guru is not convinced with our message and he attacks us when we cross the river, then where do we stand?

Minister (in thought): First I shall go and make the Guru understand and ask him to promise that we shall not be harmed. Then only we will cross the river. We do consider lies as the basis of diplomacy but he is a prophet, whatever he utters is utmost truth. He will stick to his promise.

King: Yes! But respected Guru will consider us a hypocrite like others.

Minister: Let him think so. Why should we bother about that? In this way we shall keep up with both sides.

King: But I am not a hypocrite. I believe in piousness. I am Rajput. I know that the Guru is truthful. He values principles. He is flawless and perfect. He is benefactor for people and the country. His battles are all for righteousness. He is taking so much trouble for himself to cut the shackles of slavery of Hindus. Yes! He is Magnificent Guru. He has grandeur, splendour and self respect. His words are true. He is fearless. He does not hesitate to put his life to risk. Vices do not come near him. Evil and sin do not come near him. Yes! He is immersed in the Lord and lives in eternal blossom of mind. He leaves his comforts behind and challenges the discomforts to come forward in the form of battles. To show him our hypocrisy is shame to us worse than death. That death is a suffering of one moment. This shame is suffering forever. Whatever time we shall live, we shall have to bear this suffering and even after death it will go along with our soul beyond the pier of cremation. You tell, should I die in this shame?

After this outburst King became quiet. His eyes closed. Minister trembled, the lofty diplomacy that Minister tried to build on the wall of falsehood crumbled by this storm of truth.

King (Opened his eyes): Yes! Minister, how do we solve the predicament?

Minister: Then it is best to talk straight forward. We shall tell him that what you want us to do is difficult for us. We shall bear whatever shall happen. If need arises we shall show our valour and die.

King: Yes. You tell the messenger, we cannot side with our Br...o... thers.

Minister (interrupting): Sir, Your Excellency! But why are you so much in favour of the Guru?

King: Favour of the Guru, favour of truth, favour of religion, favour of righteousness. I am not partial for the Guru. No! I am in favour of Guru. Well! He is the Guru. If the Guru were a king, prejudiced or a big landlord then I might assess and judge but when the Guru is a true Guru, pious,

gracious and always for righteousness, then what is there to assess? It is utmost piousness for everybody to side with the Guru.

Minister: Sir, Your Excellency! How have you judged that the Guru stands for truth and righteousness always?

King (Placed a book of scripture *Asa-di-var* in Hindi in front): Minister! Read this. This is the book for curing lies, deception, fraud, superficiality and vices.

Minister took the book and with respect touched it to his forehead.

King: I have seen you touching it to your head but you will get all knowledge only if you imbibe it in your heart.

Minister: I shall surely do as per your orders. It appears this has made you perceive the Guru's Spiritual greatness. It is very auspicious. Now what is your order?

King: Tell him that I am not separate from my brothers but in my destiny is written that in the battle named Mahabharata I joined the group who sided with Lord Krishna.

King said these few words in a firm tone, lustre in eyes and effulgence on his face. Minister realized that to argue with King might make him angry.

He said, "Whatever is the order of your Excellency is the best". He bowed his head and went.

Minister welcomed the messenger with respect. He was hospitable to him. Then he told him that King is not too well and has said, "Lord's wish shall prevail." The messenger tried to ask the meanings of the words a couple of times but Minister repeated the excuse of King's not being too well and left on the messenger or his master to solve the riddle of the meanings of the words.

It became more difficult for Minister to think of a solution to the present problem. He realized that King's mind is attracted towards the Guru with devotional love and his diplomacy is based on truth. It appeared to him that diplomacy based on truth is a tough job. He was used to diplomacy in combining truth, lies, bluff or other such ways to make do with and pull on but to maintain amicable relationships with diplomacy based on truth he required a higher state of mind or intuitiveness. He wished that he should manage to maintain amicable relationships of the king whose diplomacy is based on truth with the other hill kings whose diplomacy is based on meanness and with the ruler whose diplomacy is based on tyranny. He thought I am the Minister. I have eaten the salt of my Master. His kingdom should continue to flourish. The Muslim ruler hates the Guru and his disciples. He has already beheaded the ninth Guru. Now he is after his Prince-son who has gained prominence.

Inspired by the ruler sometimes the Hill King's mount an attack on him and sometimes some Muslim lieutenant brings his armies to attack. This side is a saint with Grandeur. That side is the King's army, wealth and military equipment. How long shall he fight? In the end these meat eaters are bound to finish him. The Guru shall always remain steadfast on truth. He shall never tell a lie. As such it is evident that some day he is going to lose. If our King also sides with him, then what shall happen to our kingdom? The Lord only knows. O Lord! Save our kingdom.

In these thoughts the minister remembered the Scripture book that the king had given to him. He thought why not read the book given by King? Maybe some way comes out of it. Even if no way comes out, at least I shall know the inclinations towards which King's mind has turned. Although it was late night, yet Minister kept the lamp lighted and started reading the book.

II

The Gong-man struck the gong. Time ticked three o'clock. From across the river blew soft and sweet breeze. Sometimes in its puff it brought a sweet melodious tune from loving hearts. The blue sky is in blossom. The twinkling stars dancing silently in the sky do not give an inkling of sound but the eyes can see the twinkling that is showering a sweet brilliance. The world of 'ego and desires' is lying in the lap of the younger sister of death. The nature's beauty is showing its bright lustre in this solitude. A loving voice is coming from the throats of loving hearts from across the river that is giving blossom to the inner mind. It is elevating the mind to higher spheres above time and space. Now from Bisali itself such a loving melodious tune is audible.

The back door of the palace softly opened. Somebody went out. The door closed. A key locked it from outside. A figure wore a shawl on her head and shoulders and walked. The figure walked towards the place in Bisali from where the singing was audible. Yes! The figure went to the place from where the voice of singing was emanating. The sound of singing after crossing the walks and roof-tops went up to the forests and spread ecstasy.

The figure wearing a shawl went straight up to the place and reached there. The entrance was small but inside was a big and wide hall. The door was open with no restrictions. The figure with the shawl went inside.

Inside, a wick burning with refined butter in an earthen pot is giving brightness. Congregation is sitting. Musicians are singing divine songs (*Kirtan*).

Wondrous! How is it that musicians are singing *Asa-di-var* in Bisali. How is it that across the river Benevolent Guru is busy fighting a battle and here

devotees are sitting comfortably and singing *Asa-di-var*? Yes dear! It is *Asa-di-var* and those who are singing are devotees but the young and stout have already left and have joined the battle front. The devotees whose minds were elevated with the beloved Guru's love-spark have already crossed the river and are ready to sacrifice their lives on Beloved Guru's orders. Here in Bisali now only those are left whose minds are elevated but being women or children or old aged have stayed back.

They are praying: *O Lord! Waheguru!* Our beloved should become victorious. They are praying while singing. They are praying in ecstasy. They are praying in love.

O Lord! Waheguru! Our beloved Guru may be victorious over the irreligious kings and the tyrant rulers. Our Beloved Guru should wear the garland of victory. He should wear the necklace of winning. A cockade should adorn the turban of beloved 'Guru with the Plume'. The ring of losing should be put on the necks of the irreligious kings and the rulers. The dust of defeat should rise and stamp their vicious foreheads. In this way, the congregation at Bisali is singing *Asa-di-var* and saying prayers.

Those who have gone to the battle front are also immersed in Guru-love and Lord's love. They are also singing *Asa-di-var*. From across the river sometimes melodious tunes of divine songs (*Kirtan*) rising on swift puffs of air are coming and adding to the here present ecstatic-singing and becoming doubly ecstatic, they are doubling the sensations of the Lord in everybody's mind. This is early morning time, the time to drink the Lord's nectar, the Name-nectar of the Lord. The Name-nectar is raining. The Name-nectar is pervading in the mind, heart and body of the listeners. The Name-nectar has immersed everybody in rapture.

Minister, in forgetfulness of the Lord enticed in worldly desires used to sleep well every day. But tonight he could not sleep. He was deeply worried: "A battle is on across the river. Who knows what problems arise for us? It might come on us and involve us also." But today a storm of disturbances has upset his mind. What shall happen? How shall we manage? These were thoughts that did not let him sleep. Then Minister started reading the scripture that King had given. Now the teachings of the book diverted his mind to another sphere.

He read, "*Those who ride decorated bridled horses and adorn their women with expensive clothes, jewellery and cosmetics, who live in luxurious mansions and have constructed luxurious villas for merriment, who live in revelry and do not remember the Lord, they have wasted their life*".

Minister was contemplating when a puff of air turned out the previous page. Again he read these lines, "*Kings are figures of greed. Ministers are sinners in helping the king. Subordinates are sinners in helping the minister. The subjects are un-educated and stupid. Whatever the rulers demand for fulfillment of their greed, the subjects, instead of speaking out, protesting or contesting for truth or sacrificing themselves for the sake of truth, they blindly fill their pockets with bribe-money that is equivalent to a dead corpse.*"

O Mind! This is the picture of the entire subjects. A puff of air again turned another previous page.

He read:

"Perishable is the king. Perishable are the subjects.

Perishable is the entire world. Perishable are the mansions.

Perishable are the villas. Perishable are those who live in these.

Perishable is gold. Perishable is silver.

Perishable is the person who wears the ornaments made of gold and silver.

Perishable is the body. Perishable are clothes.

Perishable is the matchless beauty for which one wears clothes and ornaments."

The words like a sledge hammer struck on the thick veil of 'ego and desires' that had covered the mind and hidden the crystal consciousness and sublime sensation of the mind. In a trembling voice he uttered: *O Lord! O Lord! Waheguru! Waheguru!* His eyes closed and a vision of ever perishable world crossed his mind. Everything is perishable. Yes! Old age will eat up young age. The kings and the subjects all will die. Where are our parents and their parents? Oh! I am in forgetfulness of the Lord. Yes! *O Lord! O Lord! Waheguru! Waheguru!*

Meanwhile a melodious tune from the Gurdwara fell on his ears. It is tranquillity. It is ecstasy. The same lines, "*Perishable is the king*" went into his ears. He heard and understood: Oh! It is the same that I have read.

Minister's house was near the Gurdwara. But who cared to get up early in the morning. If he had cared, then he would have known that here the congregation sings *Asa-di-var* that elevates the mind and makes it sublime mind like a goldsmith who heats gold in the goldsmith's crucible, takes out the impurities and makes it pure gold. His ears got attuned to the divine singing (*Kirtan*) that gave tranquillity to the mind. The mind has elevated and the influence of the words is elevating the mind further. Minister listened to the divine singing (*Kirtan*) for sometime while lying down but then he sat up. Today he is feeling uneasy. He got up and attired himself in a different type

of dress so that nobody should recognize him. Then he can listen to the divine singing (*Kirtan*) while standing near or if he is able to get a proper way to sit inside and see what magic is this.

Minister got up and went towards his wife's bed. He thought he should wake her up so that he may go out through the back door and then she can bolt the door from inside and when he comes back, she should open the door. Then the servants and others in the house shall not know anything.

When the minister reached near his wife's bed, then he saw that the bed was vacant. His wife was missing. He was shocked. He searched this side and that side all over but how could he find somebody who was not in the house. His clever mind thought that his wife belongs to a pious family. She spends a couple of hours in worship. It is worthwhile to wait till tomorrow and check quietly. His mind thought, "This is the best solution." Now he went towards the back door but that was locked from outside. This gave a clue that his wife has surely gone out through this door. He had no option left but to go out from the front door. The guards were ordered to open the door. Minister and his personal servant Atroo, both of them went out. The guards felt surprised but none could ask the Master.

Atroo was a faithful servant of his Master. It was a tradition in those days that all moneyed people and big family men had faithful servants. These faithful servants imbibed two important qualities: One was to keep the secret of the Master. Secondly they were always ready to save the Master even if they had to give their life. Many times these faithful served for generations. Like Atroo's grandfather served the Minister's grandfather, then Atroo's father served the Minister's father and now Atroo served the Minister.

Minister wrapped a shawl around his head and shoulders before reaching the Gurdwara from where the melodious tune was coming. Then he asked Atroo to wait outside and entered the door but hesitated a little at the door. At this time one old man standing near the door looked and said: Lord bless you! Come in! Welcome! Drink the nectar! Feel the ecstasy. The hesitant Minister went in and sat at a secluded place. Nobody stopped him. Nobody asked him to sit in front side or at the back. Wherever he wished, he sat quietly. No musicians were present. The devotees were themselves singing the divine songs (*Asa-di-var*).

The assembly consisted of old persons, adolescents and children. Yes! The assembled were those who had thirst to meet the Lord, those who had found the path towards the Lord, either from one's own search or from their family or from the congregation. It was the assembly of those whose minds

were elevated by listening to the Holy Scripture *Asa-di-var* in a melodious tune. This *Asa-di-var* washed the dirty influences that spread on the mind while dealing with the world during the day. This *Asa-di-var* gave tranquillity to the mind that gets scattered while dealing with the world during the day. This *Asa-di-var* elevated the mind and prompted it towards truthfulness, kindness and doing goodness to others. This *Asa-di-var* gave the message to the mind everyday that the inner self does not die. When we die our inner self shall go to a higher sphere where it is all ecstasy. The *Asa-di-var* transformed the men living in animal instincts to live in manly instincts and then in saintly instincts. *Asa-di-var* imbibed in man that God is 'All Love'. He loves everyone as His children. It prompted that one should always remain in remembrance of the Lord. Remembrance is the form of love and recitation of His Name is remembrance. When we recite His Name, then the mind is turned towards the Lord. Name is in the form of words on the tongue but when it goes down to the heart then it becomes a feeling of love.

Recitation of Name is the endeavour to fall at the Lord's feet. Recitation of Name is the endeavour to make us recipients of the Lord's grace. It is our eagerness, earnestness and waiting for the Lord's grace. Lord's grace has to come. It may come in moments or it may take decades or rebirths or eras but whenever it comes it should not find us unmindful. Although the Lord may awake a sleeping soul and bestow his grace but we cannot be unmindful and restrain our love or our attraction or our eagerness. We have to aim to meet the Lord and remain steadfast in the endeavour. Remembrance is the known form of love longing and wish to meet the Lord. We have to remain steadfast in remembrance. Recitation of Name is the path or say endeavour to keep the remembrance incessant.

It can be recitation by the tongue or silently in the mind. Yes! *Asa-di-var* prepares you for the endeavour of Name. By listening to *Asa-di-var* the mind is elevated. One feels a wavy sensation of the presence of the Lord in the body. It prompts you to remain steadfast in recitation of Name. It makes you recipient of the Lord's grace. However, grace is a marvel of the Lord. One cannot get it by one's own efforts of Hath Yoga or penances or fasts. Only the Lord can bestow grace. It is in his hands. When he is gracious, then he bestows. The Lord's grace is His marvel that is not in our control but our religion and spiritual work is to remember the Lord at all times. To remain in longing and wish to meet the Lord is our duty. Beloved Guru calls it Spiritual work. "Rid yourself from superstition and get attracted to Spiritual work." Spiritual work is incessant recitation of the Lord's Name. This is "Love of the

Lord.” Remain in longing, craving, eagerness, earnestness, love, devotion, recitation by tongue, remembrance in mind and attention towards the Lord. This is *Asa-di-var* that tells you the gain of human life and what is the loss of time in human life? It reminds you to remain in the love of the Lord.

It was this assembly where the musicians sang *Asa-di-var* that elevated the mind and transformed it into sublime mind. Everybody’s mind was attuned to the divine music. Here, now Minister has arrived and is sitting. Minister’s mind was always scattered in politics of the kingdom but sitting in Holy Congregation and listening to divine music has its own impress. Minister felt that he had never been impressed by such nice divine music earlier. It is like nectar. The words of the scripture are piercing the heart and giving ecstasy.

Today the time for divine singing (*Kirtan*) was shortened a little because one lady had to say something. The congregation recognized her by the name Mai-Sat-tili. That was the name that she had disclosed to the congregation. When the divine songs (*Kirtan*) finished then the lady stood up and said: Our beloved Guru is engaged in a fierce battle across the river. He is the Lord-sent from the heaven. What is the need for him to fight battles? To allay our suffering he is fighting battles. Someone has to bear hardships on account of his own bad deeds someone bears hardships on account of deeds of his own community and countrymen but the beloved true Guru is enduring hardships not for of his own but for the sufferings that are imposed on us through our own misunderstandings and misdeeds. Our country sinned that it made itself subjugated to foreign invaders and tyrants. The country-men did not rise and are suffering since centuries. There is no respect, no splendour, no magnificence and no religion. It is slavery and suffering. The Hindu kings offer their daughters in palanquins with platters full of gold so that they can live and eat. Magnificent beloved Guru has picked up the sword so that the tyrants who have not cared for love, peace and talks should be made to understand peace in the language they shall understand. That language is the sword. To finish their tyranny the sword supported by truth shall bring them down to righteousness.

O Brothers! Many of our young men have already joined him for service. You old people and we women and the adolescents are left behind but the benevolent Guru has also imbibed the spirit of service in us. Our blood is not cold now. It is warm that we should also do some service. If the congregation agrees, we may do some service of providing groceries. Beloved Guru is above desires and needs but we have a desire to do service.

On listening to this, everyone said: Ah ha! Great is the congregation. Great is Mai Sat-tili. It is wonderful. Everyone emptied their pockets. Whatever

anyone could give, they gave. Two hundred and fifty rupees were collected. Mai Sat-tili picked up the money and said that she will make all arrangements. No doubt came to anybody's mind that she should give a receipt or we should keep a check. Why should anyone doubt? All are devotees of Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh. They are one family. All belong to the Beloved Guru.

Minister got worried that anyone might recognize him. Hurriedly he wrapped his shawl round his head and shoulders and slipped out. The 'Shawl-wrapped' man had left after listening to a few words of Mai Sat-tili but where he sat lay a packet wrapped in a handkerchief. One person picked it. It contained a few gold mohurs and a note saying, 'It is a small offering'. He gave it to the person who collected the money. Nobody could know who had donated.

After the distribution of sacred sweet everybody went to their respective homes. Mai Sat-tili carried the money and also went. Up to this day nobody in the congregation knew who she was and from where did she come or where does she stay? But see the pure hearts. None doubted whether the money shall reach the Beloved Guru or not?

III

In the lustre of the rising sun, magnificent Guru Gobind Singh is standing. His left hand rests on the pommel of the horse's saddle and is looking at the enemy's army contingents who are basking under the sun and sun rays coming from the east.

At this time, one disciple came and prayed: Magnificent Guru! I wish to say something.

Magnificent Guru: O dear! Say.

Disciple: (In a soft voice) Magnificent Guru! I have come from across the river. The King of Bisali wishes to meet you. He prays to you to cross the river and come over to Bisali and stay there. He requests you to consider his palace as your own palace. King is coming personally to invite you. Please order the guards that they should not stop him. They should allow him to come and meet you.

Magnificent Guru (Closed his eyes, opened again and looked across): Who has brought this message? Darka Singh! Come here.

Darka Singh came riding his horse swiftly: Yes! Magnificent Guru! What is your order?

Magnificent Guru: Accompany this man. The King of Bisali wishes to come. Bring him along with due respect.

Darka Singh (after getting down from his horse, in the ear) Kings are not trustworthy, should I make sure first or should I just bring him?

Magnificent Guru: You may check within respectful limit but it doesn't seem necessary. The king is a friend and has an elevated mind. The Lord has prompted him to come. Darka Singh made the messenger sit on his horse behind him and left.

After sometime, he came back accompanied by King, Minister and some body-guards of the king.

King fell at Magnificent Guru's sacred feet and prayed: Beloved Guru! Come with me to my palace. Consider it your own. Please put your sacred feet and make it sacred.

Magnificent Guru: I appreciate your love. Be assured. I shall come but after this battle is over. You go to your palace and wait till then. King bowed his head, accepted the beloved Guru's wish and went back.

IV

Midnight has gone past. Minister is lying down but is awake. He has seen the Holy congregation where they sing *Asa-di-var*, the Holy Scripture that the king gave him. He has seen how much love the congregation has for the beloved Guru. He paid respects to benevolent Guru when he accompanied the King for meeting Beloved Guru. He discarded all diplomacy and fulfilled the king's wish. It is evident that the king influenced the Minister's mind. Minister's mind is turned towards goodness but diplomacy spreads its wings on him and he thinks; If the hill kings and the ruler become angry and some problem arises, then what shall we do? Second thought comes to him about his wife: Where did she go last night? Today I should follow her. In these thoughts he remained awake but deliberately pretended that he was asleep.

Around three o'clock, Minister's wife woke up. Came near her husband's bed and whispered in his ears: O Master! Are you awake? But the master pretended to be asleep. Since no reply came, she became sure that he is fast asleep. She went to the bathroom and had her bath. Minister noticed this. After her bath she dressed up in simple clothes and came again to her husband's room to check whether he is asleep. After checking that he is asleep, then she went towards the back door. She took her senior maid, Ramo along. Ramo locked the door from outside and kept the key in her pocket. Minister hurriedly got up and after wearing a shawl on his head and shoulders followed them stealthily keeping a distance. Shortly, he saw his mistress entering the Gurdwara where the singing of *Asa-di-var* had started. He had already worn a shawl on

his head. He also went inside the Gurdwara un-noticed and sat in a corner. Here, he came to realize that Mai Sat-tili is actually his wife. The suspense that was pricking the mind “Where does my wife go at night?” went away. But still he was amazed. How did *Asa-di-var* inspire my wife? How did she get attached to it and how she reached here, all without my knowledge? Although she has done it all stealthily but how she got so much enthusiasm that she collected and carried money from here to send groceries across the river. How could she do such a daring task and I know nothing about it. This enthusiasm gives a feeling of praise and regard for his wife but he felt wonder struck. When the divine singing (*Kirtan*) finished then Mai Sat-tili announced in the congregation that the groceries were delivered to beloved Guru yesterday only. One disciple said that he has come from beloved Guru’s camp last evening. Beloved Guru was much pleased and he blessed the congregation. From his talk it became known that the groceries sent were worth five thousand rupees. The congregation had collected two hundred and fifty rupees and some anonymous person had left some Mohurs but how the worth went up to five thousand? Everybody wondered. Today, they realized that Mai Sat-tili is a wealthy lady and her love for Beloved Guru is extreme love. When the congregation praised her, then she said: It is Guru’s grace. He gives wealth and then he accepts the offering. It is his marvel. We are puppets only. Minister was more amazed to realize that so much money goes from his house in charity without his knowledge. Her devotion is so secretive that my ears do not get a hint even.

When they returned, then minister came fast and stood near the door. When Sat-tili entered, then in feigned anger and frown he accosted: In the day you fear like a cat and at night you dare like a lion. Where did you go?

Minister’s wife blushed, was astonished but she did not feel nervous or afraid.

Minister (in a feigned loud tone): Which ocean have you crossed?

Sat-tili (Head bent and hands folded): Ocean of existence, worldly ocean of fire.

Minister: Is it pretence?

Sat-tili: Lord’s name is the cure. It washes the dirt of sins on the mind. It is true, O dear! I went to the holy assembly. I have come from the holy assembly. I go to cross the ocean of worldly fire.

Minister: If it is Holy assembly, then why so secretive?

Sat-tili: O dear! If you permit should we move inside? We shall feel relaxed to talk. Both went inside and sat in comfort.

Sat-tili: there was no stealth, only secrecy. You were not devoted to the true Guru. Me lifeless got life-spark listening to the Holy Scripture of the true Guru. Like a thirsty person runs to the well for water similarly, me thirsty for the life nectar, went to drink the Spiritual nectar and feel its ecstasy. There is no place for hypocrisy in Holy assembly. This is the truth, whether you accept or kick me out or punish or forgive or praise, I am telling truly.

Minister felt wondrous to see truth and guilelessness combined with fearlessness and respect. He realized. The king is influenced by the Holy Scripture, is fearless and stands by principles. His mind has gained Super consciousness and boldness that is absent even in big kings. And my powerless wife who never moved out of the house, who feared falling of a straw, who startled when a feather flew down, she is also fearless and virtuous. She has respect and love for everyone. She is clever and bold that she has managed to send groceries worth five thousand rupees.

When these thoughts went into his mind, then the influence of the feigned anger went away. Minister, an embodiment of diplomacy was also influenced by the Holy Scripture when he went to the assembly for two days. Truthful, straight forward words came out of his mouth: Who bought these groceries? Who carried it to the bank of the river? Who arranged the boat? Who loaded? Who unloaded? Who managed to deliver to the Guru's Kitchen? Sat-tili is a delicate woman.

Sat-tili: Thanks O Lord! Thanks O Lord!

Minister: Thanks for what?

Sat-tili: You have been to this shower of love and ecstasy of *Asa-di-var*. Thanks O Lord!

Minister: How do you say that?

Sat-tili: Maybe you followed me as a detective. Maybe the true Guru prompted you to go. Surely you went to the assembly. That is how you have come to know about the groceries, five thousand rupees and my name as Sat-tili. Tell me haven't you been to the temple of goddess of love, the Spiritual power *Asa-di-var*? I am sure you have bowed down to the shower of nectar, the Holy Scripture. O my Master! Thanks to the Lord! Fortunate is the person who has put his feet in the holy assembly. Blessed are the feet that have gone to the door of *Asa-di-var*. Great is the benevolent Guru who prompts!

Minister (forgets diplomacy and feigned ignorance): I have already bowed down to Beloved Guru and invited him to come and stay in our kingdom.

Sat-Tili: Great is my loving *Asa-di-var*! Great is my nectar showering mother *Asa-di-var*! Great is my molly coddling grandmother *Asa-di-var*. All my wishes are fulfilled.

Minister: How?

Sat-Tili: It was my craving that somehow you also drink the Name-nectar that is being showered by the fountain of nectar *Asa-di-var*. It is said that Sikander went near the shower of nectar but due to darkness could not drink it. I said to myself: Oh! My want! I drink the nectar but am powerless to make my Master drink. I shall drink but he shall remain thirsty. But with your diplomatic mind, I, ignorant, could not find any way. Great is my *Asa-di-var* that has fulfilled all my wishes.

Minister (smiling): It is wondrous. My master realized the greatness of beloved Guru and respected the Holy Scripture and holy assembly. He gave me the Holy Scripture *Asa-di-var* in book form. My wife who considers me her Master also realized the greatness of the Holy Scripture *Asa-di-var* and me like a sandy bank in the middle of two rivers remained dry and ignorant. O destiny! Wondrous are your marvels.

Sat-tili: People worship goddess Durga. They say she gives wealth. But my goddess *Asa-di-var* is goddess of nectar. She showers nectar to drink. In whatever way, she has attracted you towards her hall of audience. Same way she attracted the king. Same way she attracted me. She has also attracted you. Her motherly love has wondrous ways.

Minister: You worshipped the idol since childhood. You brought your box of idols in dowry then worshipped idols for three long hours every day. I am amazed how your mind turned this side.

Sat-Tili: I do not know. Maybe the true Lord prompted me. O Dear! Maybe the worship that I did fructified. Maybe that cleansed my mind and then this soul-awakening *Asa-di-var* attracted me like a magnet.

Minister: How did it start?

Sat-Tili: One day I felt afraid of death. Then I wondered that I have worshipped the goddess for many years but the fear of death is still not gone. In these thoughts I fell asleep. Very early in the morning I startled and woke up. The same thoughts came to my mind again. At that moment my ears heard this *Asa-di-var*, although I could not understand its meanings but I felt cool and it gave tranquillity to the mind. Then I sent Ramo and got all the information. Then I started listening to the melody every morning but day by day the longing to go to the assembly and sit and understand attentively increased. I was eager to talk to you but feared that you might get angry. Once when you had gone out of town then I took Ramo along and for the first time I went from the back side door and returned before the conclusion ceremony while it was still dark. Well! From that day I understood the meanings

and I felt ecstasy. Then the idols appeared to me like stones. O Master! Do not be angry. I have told you the truth. I do not wish to say anything bad regarding the idols. See! Nam Dev and Dhanna who worshipped idols, when their mind got Super consciousness of the Lord, then they said that these idols are stones only. Even saint Kabir said: Whosoever worships the idols remains in mistaken beliefs and shall not meet the Lord. If I said it as stone, then you forgive me. I cannot help saying that. I have said the truth. I did worship the stone idol but now I feel a living Lord within me close to me. In this way I was attracted to the nectar by going to the assembly. It was not stealth. I was afraid that you might consider from diplomatic point of view and stop me from going and I shall not be able to accept that because I could not live without this *Asa-di-var*. You be benevolent and forgive me. It is not in my hands. I am attached to this congregation on heaven's command.

In his mind Minister was appreciative of his wife's simple and true words. He thought "What a pure soul she is? I am a perfect hypocrite. If I were not, then how would I manage the affairs of the kingdom? In my own house, I have a wife who doesn't know what hypocrisy is? I am baffled to see her simplicity. Truly speaking, only such persons shall cross the worldly ocean of fire." But minister suppressed his noble thoughts and smilingly said: Yes. Going to the Gurdwara is simple but to send groceries where fighting is going on, from where did you learn the art of buying and transporting?

Sat-Tili: The scripture has mentioned seven or nine vices of a woman. How can I remain away from them? But I shall speak the truth. I have not learnt any art of buying and transporting. Ramo's brother runs a big grocery shop in the market. Ramo told him to arrange to send groceries across the river but do not ask who has sent and who has paid the money. If beloved Guru asks, then tell him that the congregation of Bisali has sent. It is true. He is a pious man. In any case he does not know who is Sat-tili. He has not taken money for arranging to send the groceries. Even the boat-men did not take any money for transportation. They respect beloved Guru. I have not done any cleverness but if you think I was too clever to do all this, then you forgive me. "To err is human."

Sat-tili: O my Master! Are you angry? Have I been doing wrong?

Minister (hesitatingly): No Sita! You are a goddess. You have loved the Lord. How did you accept a demon as your husband? I tell you truly you did a pious service. The Lord prompted you to do service. You treaded on the right path. I was drowned in hypocrisy. It is said that the deeds of husband and wife mingle with each other. Maybe because of your good deeds I have

also started going to the Gurdwara to listen to *Asa-di-var*. It is the marvel of the Lord whom you love so much that the king has advised me to read the Scripture book *Asa-di-var*. King has become my mentor and I the disciple like Janak and Sukdev. Then, the same book of *Asa-di-var* kept me awake at night while awake at night I noticed your going out early in the morning and curiosity arose in me to find out "Where do you go?" That curiosity took me to the Gurdwara where I listened to the *Asa-di-var* and felt ecstasy. I feel it is due to your pious deeds that I became fortunate to have a glimpse of beloved Guru. I am so much impressed to meet Beloved Guru. (Delightfully) We have invited him but he has not come as yet. He will come but at present he wants to keep on fighting. First he will send the women, children and elderly. Some troops will come for their security. Rest will keep on fighting. The battle will continue. The canons will keep on firing. He is not the least afraid that he might get killed or his sons might get killed. He will come after defeating the enemy. If I had been in his place, then on the invitation of the king I would have left the battle field and come away leaving the soldiers to their fate. King has sent three messages but he is steadfast on his strategy and principles. Sita! King has extreme love for beloved Guru. He feels restless like you. I was the one without any love. Your love has imbibed love in me also.

Sita: This is Lord's marvel. He has showered grace on you. Beloved Guru has blessed you. Great is my *Asa-di-var*, the goddess of love.

Minister (smiling): How is it that the congregation knows you by the name Sat-tili? You are sita.

Sita: When I was a child, a sadhu used to visit our house often. One day he said: You are fortunate. You will get inner blossom of mind. Another day he looked at my face and said: Oh! You have seven moles. Then he called my father and said: Count. She has seven moles on her face. One is between the eyebrows. One is on the tip of the nose. One is on her chin. Two moles are on the tender top of the right ear and two are on the cheeks. She is a girl with seven moles. Then he said Sat-tili will prosper immensely. Sat-tili will meet the Lord. When I went to the Gurdwara and felt ecstasy, then I remembered that the words of the Sadhu have become true. But that blessing of the Sadhu was for Sat-tili. So, in the assembly, I told my name as Sat-tili. But in my mind I also wanted to hide my name. O Master! I was afraid of you. This is my folly. Please forgive me.

V

It is the battle front on the side of the river bank. King of Bisali prayed: O Magnificent beloved! The pull of your sacred feet does not let us sit in tranquillity. Please be benevolent and accompany us to Bisali. Your life is too precious. The battle is too fierce and it is best to leave just now. You are the best judge. I express my sentiments of love.

Minister: It is your honourable nature. The congregation across the river is craving to meet you. You must accompany us.

Magnificent Guru: O dear King and worthy Minister! Great is your love. It pulls. This is also the Lord's command. The messages of peace coming from the enemy are hollow, without truth. The battle is no doubt fierce but we will not show our back to the enemy. We shall not run away. We shall fight valiantly and then cross the river and come.

Minister: It is true. Your Spiritual strength is like the sun that showers radiance.

You Spiritual strength showers Super consciousness as the sun showers brightness. My mind is sinful and in sentimental attachments. But O Benevolent! It's your grace that you have blessed me insight. I have realized your greatness and esteem. Whatever way you wish, you come and cross the river then only we shall feel relief from our apprehensions.

Magnificent Guru: All right! We shall do like that. You go and take along with you the caravan of families of the valiant, children, old men, wounded and sick. You help them cross the river. Some boat and boatmen are waiting. You try to get more boats yourself. The extra valiant men and others will follow. We have made strategic planning of battle lines. We shall keep the enemy busy in fighting, killing, moving forward and backward, right and left till such time that all our companions cross the river and it becomes night. Then the soldiers whose lives are saved shall cross the river. By that time the enemy will be dead tired after losses and deaths. The darkness shall keep them at a distance. Then all of us will reach.

King: May I be a sacrifice to you! It is wondrous to see your mastery in the art of warfare and valour while sticking to principles of truth and sacrifice. If you were to fight while throwing away principle of truth and character, then I cannot imagine what would have happened. You are the only one who has come to this earth and fought while sticking to principles of truth. You do not fluctuate in your decisions. Who can assess your merit? Yes! Time will pass. In the times to come, people will realize your unparalleled greatness and feel wondrous.

Magnificent Guru: It is the Lord's command! I am only carrying out. My Super consciousness is tied to the Lord's feet. People are in forgetfulness of the Lord. I am not separated from the Lord whether it is victory or defeat. Whatever means that might be useful to gain victory but are impediment to the link of Super consciousness with the Lord, they have no place in my battle strategy. I have to move on the right path. Yes! Lord is my support. He Himself will support me. When He is the support, then who can kill? Who can?

Saying this, he looked towards the heaven and got engrossed.

King: If you agree why not come quickly? If you agree, why not leave the battle field.

On listening to King's words, magnificent Guru Gobind Singh spoke: You take the caravan of families of valiant. We shall fight the enemy to the last and will be victorious. King bowed and left.

As per the Guru's wish the caravan of families of the valiant accompanied him. When the enemy saw that some people are crossing the river, then the battle became fierce. The enemy armies mounted attack with more vigour. Wazir khan was heard saying that he had never seen such fierce battle before. It is evident that the ruler of Delhi prompted the battle. The hill Kings could not fight so well. The Guru's valiant defended with all their might. At this time the Guru was told that Commander Sahib Chand has laid down his life while fighting. Then the Guru sent more reinforcements on that front. Later the Guru's soldiers while killing the enemy soldiers and defending themselves crossed the river. The enemy tried to follow but in vain.

Wazir Khan and the hill Kings then thought that moving across the river will be suicidal for them. They will tell the ruler at Delhi. We have won. We made the Guru's soldiers run away across the river. Anandpur is destroyed. But the world knew that the Guru's army fought bravely and it was their battle strategy to cross the river while fighting and killing. They even carried their wounded as well as the dead body of Commander Sahib Chand.

VI

Magnificent Guru crossed the river accompanied by his soldiers and reached Doaba, the kingdom of Bisali safe and sound. Here people were waiting near the bank of the river. When he put his sacred feet on land, the congregation welcomed him with shouts of 'Hail Beloved Guru'. Musicians played the victory tune.

Little further ahead the King of Bisali and Minister welcomed him. Prominent persons and courtiers stood in rows to greet him. King came forward and fell at beloved Guru's feet. Beloved Guru embraced him and said: You

are blessed. Then minister touched beloved Guru's feet. Again beloved Guru said: You are blessed.

Now the congregation chanted divine songs (*Kirtan*) with great devotion. Mai Sat-tili held a platter of lighted lamps in her hand and moved it in circular motion as a welcome while having a glimpse of beloved Guru, the Master of *Asa-di-var*. This was the first most auspicious day in her life that she got a chance to have a glimpse of beloved Guru. Her eyes filled with tears of delight and her face became lustrous. On seeing the grandeur in beloved Guru, her eyes stopped blinking in semi consciousness and she felt ecstasy. But then she became alert, bowed down and moved the platter of lighted lamps with extreme devotion. Then she placed a garland of flowers and pearls around beloved Guru's neck. Then the king placed a victory garland around Magnificent Guru's neck and everyone bowed down in salutation. Minister escorted beloved Guru to the camp where arrangement was already made for Magnificent Guru's stay.

The congregation recited the scripture *Rehras*. Devotees recited a prayer and sacred sweet was served. Whether it was war or peace, whether it was praise or solitude, the beloved Guru never missed his honourable nature. He did not rest. He went to the camp where the wounded were being treated. He loved them with his sacred hands and elevated their minds with his sacred words. The doctors were applying antiseptic cream and wrapping bandages on the wounds. Some wounds were being stitched. Everybody felt a loving emotion that the beloved Guru has visited them without even changing his army dress or relaxing. After giving solace to the wounded, beloved Guru went to the bank of the river where the pyre for cremation of the dead was ready, arrangement for salutation to Commander Sahib Chand was made, prayer was held and the Beloved Guru himself lit the pyre with his sacred hands. He showered blessings for Commander Sahib Chand: "The Lord has acknowledged your service. He is showering His grace on the valiant. Your souls shall rest in peace at the Lord's feet."

Then he came to the camp and distributed a lot of money and gifts to the boat-men. After that, he sent a few soldiers across the river to search for any wounded or dead body left behind. Then he made a round in his camp and made sure that everyone had eaten food and felt comfortable.

Now he changed his army dress, ate dinner and rested. The night comes to give rest to the world that the day tires. But the night passes. Certainly it does pass but slowly and softly that one does not feel. The comfort giving night passes so mildly that the sufferers, the restless and those who are in pangs of separation call it a never ending night. See! The night does pass,

possibly so that people may sleep in the calmness and feel the comfort. But too much sleep should not make people shirkers, lazy or sluggish. So after showering nectar, after showing a cool lustrous starry sky, after singing a lullaby quietly, after giving freshness and coolness gently and softly did it go to her place of comfort? No. It went to another place to shower the same coolness and freshness. From the east came dawn. A golden sheen appeared with splendour, the birds twittered, a gentle breeze blew and the world woke up. The Lord's beloved's performed the conclusion ceremony of *Asa-di-var*. Yes! The congregation performed the conclusion ceremony of *Asa-di-var* on the bank of river Satluj, sacred sweet was served in plentiful. Beloved Guru sent some soldiers across the river to search for any wounded left there through oversight.

The day ascended. King of Bisali came and said: Magnificent Guru! Consider me as your disciple. Come and put your sacred feet in the palace. You are the bestowal of everything. My kingdom is your kingdom. On listening to the humble and loving words of King, beloved Guru got ready and went and stayed in the palace. King had already arranged a very nicely decorated room for Beloved Guru. The king welcomed the Beloved Guru with great respect and hospitality. So much so that prince Ajit Singh and all companions were immensely delighted to eat delicious food and enjoyed other comforts. In this way beloved Guru continued his stay at Bisali.

Every morning the congregation assembled and the musicians sang divine songs (*Kirtan*). The king was very religious minded. He attended the assembly everyday and listened to Beloved Guru's discourse. In a short time Bisali became Anandpur. The devotees thronged here to meet beloved Guru.

VII

In the palace at Bisali, Queen and Minister's wife are sitting in the ladies' drawing room.

Queen: Sita! I adore magnificent Guru. I met him only recently. He is the Lord's image. I have listened to stories of prophets. But now I feel, he is the real prophet.

Sita: Yes! He is the prophet of prophets. He is the Almighty Guru greater than others. It is Gods' grace that you have also become devoted to him. His Majesty is already devoted to Beloved Guru since long.

Queen: Long time back he attended an assembly at the Guru's hall of audience and listened to the scripture *Asa-di-var*. Since then he got a hand-written copy of the same and recited the same every day. He became deeply devoted to Beloved Guru. But I remained a hard nut. Now my mind has

softened. I like to get up early in the morning, have a bath and then listen to *Asa-di-var*. I feel ecstasy. My mind becomes crystal. I shed tears of joy sometimes. I feel cool. I feel ecstasy all the time.

Sita: This is the miraculous in *Asa-di-var*. It washes the dirt of the mind. The mind becomes crystal. One feels crystal consciousness. The mind is transformed into Sublime mind. The mind turns from animal instincts to saintly instincts. The mind that was scattered concentrates. One feels the presence of the Lord in the mind, heart and body. The Lord's name enters the mind as a seedling. Then by recitation and remembrance of Name the soul flourishes. The body soul mingles with the Supreme Soul. The Lord showers grace. The body soul immerses in the Supreme Soul. One drinks the Lord's nectar. One feels extreme rapture.

Then one realizes: Oh ho! Lord gave us this life to gain this Nectar of the soul, this ecstasy of the Lord's name, this Spiritual nectar that can be gained only in human life. Then one feels that we are living in the relish of the five senses of the body enticed by worldly pleasures and devoid of this sacred and unique nectar. One feels that the relish of worldly pleasures is dirt.

Queen: Will I be fortunate to drink this Lord's nectar?

Sita: You are fortunate that the prophet from the heavens has come to your house. Now the beloved Guru will take you there, for which purpose, he has come to this suffering world.

Queen: I wish the benevolent Guru should settle here only. He need not go to Anandpur. This kingdom also belongs to him.

Sita: Your wish is attractive. Request him. But do not assert. See! The farmer always wants rain but he cannot bind the rain. The prophets come from the heaven for some purpose and they do whatever the Lord ordains them. No sentimental love or attraction can bind them. They have no desire for themselves. They are gracious. They shower blessings and then move.

Queen: That day you said that one can bind the Lord with love. You read some line that meant that Lord is bound by his beloveds.

Sita: Yes! One can bind the lord with a love-knot but that is to give us salvation i.e. to immerse the body soul in the Supreme soul. He is the embodiment of love. When we love him, then we have a longing or craving to meet him. He comes to fulfill our craving, to shower grace. He pulls us with his love. Our body soul immerses in the Supreme Soul. Then there is no separation. We are tied in a love-knot. See! Beloved Guru has blessed you and blessed me with the Lord's name. We now live in ecstasy with inner blossom of mind, he is not going to stay in your palace or my house and

enjoy comforts. Your's is a King's palace. How much comfortable it was for him? But still many times he crossed the river accompanied by his soldiers and frightened the enemy. You must have heard, one day he gave a crushing defeat to 'King of Bilaspur's army.

Queen: Now that the battle is over, why doesn't he stay in comfort?

Sita: Many devotees live in Anandpur. All the residents are not valiant. If the ruler's soldiers attack them while retreating, then who will save them? Magnificent Guru's soldiers are guarding the Lohgarh fort and other forts but the soldiers there are a few. If the retreating armies attack and demolish the forts, then it is reproof on the Beloved Guru's art of war. That is why he goes across the river accompanied by his valiant. By his din and uproar he was warned the retreating soldiers of the enemy that Wazir Khan has gone back. You are not in array to fight a battle. If you harass any people while retreating, then beware! I am ready. He has done this for the safety of Anandpur and the few soldiers who are guarding the forts. He has not rested in the luxuries that were offered to him here. In this way the retreating soldiers of the enemy became afraid of their own life and have gone away without fighting or harassing anyone. Even now when he goes across the river for hunting, sometimes he has to fight the enemy soldiers but they get defeated. In this way King Bhim Chand has realized that it is not worthwhile to fight Beloved Guru. Beloved Guru has told the King that he has no desire to acquire any kingdom. The people are suffering. The foreign ruler is tyrant. The temples are being demolished and mosques are being built. The Muslim priests are corrupt. When they have to give justice, they side with the Muslims. Hindu culture has gone so low that the Hindu Kings present their daughters in palanquins to the Muslim Nawabs. How nice it shall be if the kings unite and rid the country of slavery. But instead of listening to the Guru's counsel, the kings have become a tool in the hands of the Muslim rulers and torment their own subjects. That is why magnificent Guru has prompted the 'Ideal men' whose minds are elevated with Lord's name to save the people and rid the country from slavery otherwise he has no need to fight.

Queen: Magnificent Guru is a great statesman.

Sita: Yes! He is a statesman and true Guru. See! He has not engrossed himself in luxuries here. He has blessed the Lord's name to everyone. The congregation assembles, the musicians sing divine songs (*Kirtan*). He blesses Lord's name to everyone. Then across the river he fought and saved the town from the loot, killing, grabbing and outrage of women's modesty from the barbaric soldiers. It is likely that Beloved Guru will shortly go back to Anandpur.

Queen: Then, what shall we do? We have sentimental love for him.

Sita: This is not sentimental love. It is devotional love. Devotional love flourishes in accepting the wish of the beloved Guru. When there is separation, then one feels pangs and lives in thankfulness and prayer. Our love is not sentimental love that gives despair or heaves sighs in separation. In meeting we get inner blossom of mind, our soul flourishes. In separation we have to remain in thankfulness and remain steadfast in recitation of the Lord's name. We should never forget the Lord. Remain tied to the Lord's feet by recitation of Name. This is our endeavour but all happens by his grace.

VIII

One day King of Bisali and Queen while sitting in the palace conversed.

Queen: O Majesty! Three days have elapsed since beloved Guru went for hunting and has not returned. Do you have any information about where he is staying? God forbid! I hope he has not encountered any problem.

King: It is unlikely that he can get hooked by anybody. Chosen valiant are accompanying him. He has not gone across the river. He is this side of the river. The day he left, he went towards the kingdom of Bibhaur. There is nothing to fear. Yesterday I sent one messenger. He should be back today. Maybe beloved Guru returns today.

Queen: May the Lord bless! He is the giver of life to us. We were living in the forgetfulness of the Lord i.e. lifelessly. He has blessed us the recitation of Lord's Name that has given a sensation of the presence of the Lord. We have got inner blossom of mind. This is life. You and I feel a pang. But Sita is different. She has more blossom of mind than we have and feels more pangs but one feels wondrous to see her serenity and thankfulness. She said: I do not think he will stay here for long. He has come to do goodness to the world. He is a shower of grace. According to his wish, he moves like a breeze, sometimes to the north, sometimes south, sometimes east and sometimes west. He is soft hearted. Where there is love. He reaches, blesses but remains steadfast in his ideal. He is the prophet of the prophets. One day she said: He is the most handsome. I asked her: What did you say? She replied: All saints and heavenly people are handsome. But he is most handsome.

King: Sita, whom the Guru-disciples call Sat-tili has a pure heart. She is guile-less but is so intelligent that Minister forgets his cleverness. Sita's intelligence comes from her soul that glows with light from the Supreme soul. She also perceives the knowledge and farsightedness of Minister. That makes her mind of gold shine.

But Sita's pure love without any desires and her nature to feel happy on meeting Guru-disciples and do goodness to the world is unique. Beloved Guru was delighted and appreciative to see Sita's inner blossom of mind.

Queen: She is very sweet. She has no envy in her. She feels delighted to see others flourishing. She says: The Guru disciples have fragrance of rose in them. She is deeply devoted to beloved Guru. She cannot believe that anyone else is equivalent to beloved Guru.

King: Yes darling! Minister tells me that he thought his wife was only a servant to him but now he has realized that she is a great lady, a goddess. Now Minister has also become pious.

Beloved Guru said that the dirt of the mind or vices of the mind go away by recitation of the Lord's name by the tongue. When the sacred name settles in the mind, then the vices are washed. The mind becomes crystal. It is called crystal consciousness or Super consciousness.

One maid entered the drawing room.

Maid (knock at the door): Madam! Can I come in?

Queen: Yes! Come in.

Maid (after coming in): Sir, Your Majesty! One horse-rider has come from Bibhaur. He says: He is an 'Ideal man' of the guru. He says: I have brought a message from the Magnificent Guru for His Majesty. King got up and went to his audience room. He called the messenger.

Messenger: Sir, Your Majesty! May Lord shower His grace on you! May Lord bless you with recitation of His name! "Ideal men belong to the Lord. Victory is of the Lord".

King: "Ideal men belong to the Lord. Victory is of the Lord." Come! Ideal man, say, what is the message?

Messenger: When Magnificent Guru was on a hunting spree, then King of Bibhaur and his Minister were also on a hunting spree in the forests. They chanced to meet each other. King persuaded beloved Guru to come to his palace. Benevolent Guru, out of love, went with him. He, who never stays anywhere unless there is extreme love, who is the god of freedom and 'shower of graciousness' has stayed there. He sends a message: "I shall stay here now." He sends his blessings to you to recite the Lord's Name incessantly. If you permit, I shall ask the soldiers and others to move and reach Bibhaur.

On listening to these words, King's eyes filled with tears and closed. Tears dropped from his closed eyes, his lips quivered, his lower lip got pressed in his teeth and frown came on his forehead. Then his eyes opened and he spoke: O Ideal man! Aren't your words like a bullet shot from a gun? It is

Lord's will. We have to obey the Lord's will. Dear Ideal man! Do not consider me as a king. Consider me as a devotee of the beloved Guru and tell me whether beloved Guru has departed due to some fault or shortcoming in me. Maybe some mistake or some disrespect from my courtiers or subjects made the soft hearted beloved Guru leave.

Ideal man: Sir, Your Majesty! May your kingdom flourish! I am a messenger. How do I know? But whatever I have heard or visualized today when I got the message is that beloved Guru is happy on you. It is the honourable nature of beloved Guru to shower love on those who are devoted to him. It appears that King and Queen of Bibhaur are his extreme devotees since long. He has stayed there to fulfill their wish. He showers blessings on you. Saying this, Ideal man departed. He gave the message of departure to the soldiers and the Guru devotees that were camping there.

King went and talked to queen.

Queen: O Lord! O benevolent Guru! My dear Master! I am in gratitude but I feel pangs and my heart sinks.

King: These are pangs of separation from beloved. This is love. Beloved Guru has blessed us with Lord's sensation. He himself is image of the Lord. Separation gives pangs.

They were thus conversing when Minister and his wife Sita dropped in.

King: We already expected that beloved Guru will not stay here for too long. Same happened.

Minister: Yes. I have also heard that the Guru's soldiers and devotees are moving to Bibhaur and beloved Guru is at present staying at Bibhaur. Sir, Your Majesty! I never recited the Lord's name. For me, self interest was the motivating factor in life. Now beloved Guru has infused love of the Lord. In beloved Guru's separation, I felt despair but Sita said: It is Lord's will and we should accept it willingly.

Sita (eyes filled with tears): Even my heart sinks. See, I have tears in eyes but we must realize that he is not our close relative with whom we are in sentimental love. He is the image of the Lord. He is benevolent Guru from the heaven. He is our saviour. We may live or die but he is always living. We should feel gratitude that he came here and awakened our sleeping soul. Our forehead that touched stones earlier now touched his sacred feet and became cool. We should be thankful that his sacred hands touched our head. He blessed us with the Lord's Name that washed the dirt of vices on the mind. The Lord's Name gave ecstasy. We felt rapture. Thanks O Lord! Thanks O Lord! When friends and relatives with whom we have sentimental love separate,

then we feel despair. Benevolent Guru has filled our mind with the Lord's Name. We feel ecstasy. Our benevolent Guru has filled our mind with the sacred Lord's Name nectar. This nectar has permeated in the body. When the Name-nectar is with us, then there is no separation. Our body has become a temple and the Lord lives in it. We are not separated. Thanks O Lord! Lord is sitting in our body. Thanks O Lord!

She said all this and along with shed tears of emotion that gave coolness of mind to everyone. Sita: Yes. Majesty! Our beloved Guru is a shower of grace. He has showered grace on us. We should feel delighted that now he will shower his grace on more people like us. All four of them with minds filled with the love of the Lord are feeling gratitude. O Most handsome! You are great! Your one hand is on the sword to stop the tyrants from causing tyranny. In your other hand is the flask full of Name nectar that you are putting to the lips of your thirsty disciples. How have you dyed, those who are intoxicated with kingdom and wealth from their subjects, in the Lord's love? How great are you that you have intoxicated them with the Lord's love.

Magnificent Great Guru Gobind Singh!

King was quiet in deep love for some time. Then he spoke: What should we do now?

Minister: Firstly, permit me to go to the beloved Guru's soldier's camp. I shall take our treasurer along with me. We should provide them with whatever is needed for their travel. Secondly, I should go to Bibhaur and respectfully request beloved Guru on your behalf to settle at Bisali permanently. After staying at Bibhaur for sometime he should return to Bisali and stay here.

King: Well! The first step, you go right now and look after the comfort of the departing soldiers and devotees. Regarding your going to Bisali, we need further contemplation. Our connection with beloved Guru is neither political nor societal. Our connection is Spiritual. He has showered grace on us. Sister Sat-tili! Isn't it? To meet the image of the Lord is holy company. It is his graciousness that he has blessed us with the Lord's Name, Name nectar, Supreme Name nectar.

*“Detach your mind O friend, from the worldly ocean of fire
i.e. sex, anger, greed, sentiment and pride
And drink the Supreme Name nectar.
Devoid of this spiritual ecstasy everybody is drowned.
Nobody has peace of mind”.*

He has blessed us with the Lord's name that has elevated our mind. Our mind has got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in the body and outside in nature. Sister Sita! Isn't it so? Name is grace, Name is love and Love

is Name, Incessant recitation of Lord's name, incessant remembrance of Lord's name. This is Lord's love. This is mingling of body soul with the Supreme soul. This is Lord's grace. This is the bird's way. Sister Sita! Now you tell. Somebody who made his heart a begging bowl and the beloved Guru filled it with Name nectar and then sat on a throne in his heart, now should that heart go to invite the benevolent Guru or his Minister should go? Sister, who knows our love, should tell.

Sita: Sir, Your Majesty! The heart full of splendour should go and along with him should go the servant hearts that have filled them self with the supreme Name nectar.

Minister (looking towards Sita): Well said! Aren't you a goddess?

Minister: Sir, Your Majesty! Yes! Her suggestion is perfect.

Accordingly, King decided that they should go along with the Guru's valiant. King and Minister accompanied by their own soldiers went along with the caravan of Guru's soldiers and devotees and reached Bibhaur.

Beloved Guru was pleased to meet King of Bisali and his Minister. King fell at the beloved Guru's feet. Magnificent guru patted him with extreme love that gave a thrilling sensation of ecstasy to the king. Then minister fell at the Guru's feet. Beloved Guru smiled and patted him. Then beloved Guru looked towards King: Are you fine?

King: It is your benevolence. You have showered grace. You have blessed incessant recitation of Lord's Name that gives ecstasy. But beloved Guru! We are newly blessed. You keep showering your grace on us.

Guru: Recite the Lord's Name incessantly with love and attention towards the Lord. O King! Rule with true justice. Kingdom is to serve the subjects. Rule under the Lord's command. One understands the command when one is in recitation of Name. Recitation and remembrance is taking refuge at the Lord's feet. Remembrance is love of the Lord. In remembrance the body soul is attracted towards the Supreme soul. In remembrance the body soul mingles with Supreme soul. In remembrance the body soul immerses in the Supreme soul. Remembrance is meeting the Lord. Live in the incessant recitation and remembrance of the Lord. It will give eternal blossom of mind. It gives eternal salvation. One gets out of the cycle of births and deaths. Fructify this human life.

King: It is true. Whatever is your command shall happen. But O beloved Guru! Separation from you is unbearable.

Beloved Guru: It is the pang of separation that elevates the mind and one feels ecstasy from the heaven. This pull (like the pull of a magnet) is real life,

I am always with you. Those whose souls are awakened with Name are stringed in one wire i.e. Super consciousness whose one end is tied to the Lord's feet. They are always connected to the Lord. They do not separate.

King: Magnificent Guru! I am your servant. if any negligence has occurred from me or if any lapse or error happened from my staff, then you please forgive and come back to Bisali. We have no insight to perceive you as image of the Lord. We treat you as a worldly person. Please forgive us and come back to Bisali.

Beloved Guru: No lapse occurred from you or your courtiers. Everybody welcomed us with love. You were very hospitable to us and served us with love and devotion. I am much delighted. King of Bibhaur is also devoted. He met us in the forest while on a hunting spree. His love has brought us here. O King! I move as per the Lord's command. It is the Lord's wish that has brought me here. I have to fulfill the wish of the Lord as he commands. King of Bibhaur's devotion has attracted us. So I am staying here. Please do not have any apprehension. You feel relaxed and do not have any apprehension that I have come away for any lapse from your side. I am immensely delighted in meeting you. Recite the Lord's name and attend the holy assembly. Musicians should sing *Asa-di-var* every day. Respect the persons who are saintly like Sita. Read the scripture. You will rule your kingdom in peace. I think you will not have any problem. In case you have any problem, then please inform us. On listening to words of blessing from beloved Guru, King's eyes filled with tears of emotion. He clamped beloved Guru's feet and uttered: Great! You are great! You are great! King appeared dyed in Lord's love. Beloved Guru patted the king with his sacred hands, showered immense blessings of Name that filled King's head with rapturous Name nectar. Beloved Guru's love swelled to bless King. King felt ecstasy.

Then, Minister bowed down. Beloved Guru blessed him and said: You are fortunate that you have holy company in the house. I send my blessings to Queen and Mai Sat-tili and the congregation.

King and Minister bowed again and departed. The devotees uttered the slogan loudly: "*Truth is the timeless Lord*" "*Sat-siri-akal*". In this way both of them returned to Bisali. Magnificent Guru continued to stay at Bibhaur.

Magnificent Great Guru Gobind Singh!

Magnificent Great Guru Gobind Singh!



40.

King of Bibhaur

It is late night but the king has not come to his palace. The queen is lying unconscious. Nurses are checking her pulse and maids are pressing her feet. Doctor is sitting nearby. He has given medicines but the effect of medicines is not visible. Messengers after messenger have gone to bring the king but he has not arrived as yet. It was after midnight that King Udai Sen entered the palace. On seeing the queen in an unconscious state he felt nervous. He asked the doctor. The doctor said: It is some sudden shock that she became unconscious. The critical period is over. Now she is recovering. Her pulse has become normal. Her breath is normal. She shall soon regain consciousness. There is nothing to worry.

Then the king asked the chief maid: What happened?

The maid said: Your Majesty! She was sitting hale and hearty and talking. She asked about the battle that is going on across the river. When somebody said that the Hill rulers have won and the Guru was encircled by the enemy troops, wounded and killed then she looked this side that side, became quiet, she did not even blink her eyes and fell down unconscious. Since that time she is unconsciousness. The doctor has tried his best but she is still unconscious.

King understood that the queen's inner emotions have felt the shock and that has made her unconscious. He thought for a moment. Then the king asked the doctor and maids to wait outside. He rubbed the queen's hand with his hands with love and pressed it softly. Then he put his mouth near her ears and told her in a slow voice: Darling! Guru has reached Bisali hale and hearty. He kept on repeating these words for full twenty minutes when suddenly her eyes opened. King then rubbed her head with love and said: Guru has reached Bisali safe and sound.

Queen: What? What have you said?

King: Guru is hale and hearty. He has reached Bisali.

Queen: What? Has he reached Bisali?

King: The Guru is hale and hearty.

Queen: Burn Nikko's tongue.

King: Yes, he is safe and sound.

Queen: Say on oath that he is alright.

King: It is true. It is true. He has pushed the enemy back, crossed the river and camped at Bisali.

Queen: Where?

King: He has arrived in the kingdom of Bisali along with his family and army.

Queen: And what about the enemy?

King: Across the river they are beating their heads. They are crying over losing the battle. The Nawab ran back to Sirhind.

The queen's eyes closed. It was not unconsciousness. In thanks and happiness she was emotional and shed tears. The more tears she shed, the more her head became cool, consciousness returned and she regained strength but she was not able to move.

II

For another two days she was not strong enough to leave the bed. She was otherwise alright but weakness did not leave her. On the third day she regained good strength.

It is evening. The stars are shining. The sky has become clear after a light drizzle and is looking glossy. A soft and gentle breeze is blowing. The queen's bed is laid in the open. The king is sitting close by. No maids or servants are near. In a relaxed environment conversation is going on.

Queen: Oh Lord! How long shall you remain quiet? When shall we have his glimpse?

King: We shall have his glimpse when the Lord wills. You tell! How you got the shock?

Queen: Oh! I feel scared even to remember.

King: If you feel sad, then do not narrate.

Queen: No! I shall tell you. Nikko came running inside and said. The enemy has won, the Guru got wounded and..... Stop! I cannot utter more. I saw darkness. The world seemed dark black and I fell down.

King: Nikko is crazy. He is a Super power. Actually on that day one of his commanders Sahib Chand was killed and the valor that the super-valiant showed while fighting created an impression that it was the Guru himself. So the rumor spread like that. That was the first absurd news that Nikko brought and announced it to you. It is sad but thanks to the Lord that the news was untrue and actually what happened was the reverse that he has reached this side of the river safe and sound. To cross the river with all the army along with the wounded as also dead bodies was a victory that left the enemy demoralized. Wazir Khan ran back scratching his head. All the kings are repenting with their empty treasuries and their insult in losing the battle, although they are showing off that they have made the Guru run away across the river. The Guru is staying with the King of Bisali. His valiants are taking rest. He goes for hunting and even enters the kingdom of the ruler of Bilaspur but the ruler is unable to do anything.

Queen: When shall we go? When shall you call him?

King: Whenever he calls us, whenever he comes.

Queen: Why don't you melt your heart now? Why don't you have mercy on me and yourself? When there is love, then why keep the mouth shut?

King: Who is that who does not have mercy on one's self or one's own but divine will prevails. Love and silence is real love. Love and clamour or love and shout is trading in love.

Meanwhile Nikko maid again came but today she is smiling. Mistress! Today I have brought good news.

Queen: Tell only if it is true news. Don't give me unnecessary headache.

Nikko: My Mistress! It is true news. The Guru has settled at Bisali. The congregation has started coming but from nearby areas. It is possible he may stay here permanently. He might not go across the river. He has come near.

Queen: It is good news but it is stale. Tell some more good news.

Nikko: Yes! I will tell! When he goes for hunting he goes far. Yesterday he put his sacred feet in our kingdom also. It was his grace.

On listening to this the Queen's eyes filled with tears. However, the King's eyes closed.

III

When the true Guru colonized Paonta in the land of the King of Nahan and spent a good time on the bank of river Yamuna, then he blessed King of Nahan. The King prayed to the Guru to stay in his kingdom. He became devoted to the Guru and did service to him.

This queen was a young girl at that time and born in a princely family.

Later, the Guru went to Paonta and then after sometime to Anandpur.

Her parents started looking for a bridegroom. She had already imbibed love of the Holy Scripture in her mind. She recited the scripture everyday with great devotion. Her mind was already enlightened by the divine glimpse of the Guru. By the Guru's grace she got the sensation of the presence of the Lord in her mind, heart and body. Her mind was elevated. She had felt the sixth sense.

When the parents were on the look out of a bridegroom, she was adult and intelligent. Fearlessly, she said to her mother: Do not send me in the house of those who are against the Guru. Almost all kings in the hills are jealous of him. Like our Nahan princely families have love and regard for him, some similar house should be alright.

Moms' hearts are soft towards their daughters. That softness has delicacy. The family searched from across river Satluj, river Ravi, river Yamuna but either the kings were against the Guru or where the kings were not against the Guru, there no prince was found.

After a great search the Prince-son of King of Bibhaur was found. Here it became known that the King has never fought with the Guru but the nature of the Prince could not be ascertained whether he has love for the Guru or jealousy. With more efforts, it became known to Mom through this Nikko maid that the Prince-son has a quiet nature. It is difficult to know his mind. But whenever there is a battle and it is talked in the King's Hall of audience, the Prince-son says: Leave these Hill kings. They are stupid. This attitude of Prince-son saves the King from the battles. On learning about the attitude of the Prince-son, Mom thought that he appears to be good and the marriage was celebrated with great delight.

When the girl reached Bibhaur, then she found the princely family without any jealousy towards the Guru. Whatever she heard sometimes was that the Prince-son always takes the Guru's side.

Now she became eager that somehow my husband should imbibe Guru-love. Since she was regular in reciting the scripture '*Pearls of Peace*' [*Sukhmani*], she recited it loudly. The Prince-king listened everyday but did not say anything.

Many times she praised the Guru and love of scripture and showed her eagerness to have blessings of Name from the Guru. The Prince-son listened but mostly he did not reply. However, sometimes he said that fruits planted flourish by themselves. Some more time passed. The Prince became the King and she became the Queen. His Majesty had more powers and more freedom.

The King did not go in for a second marriage. Instead his love for his wife increased.

The Queen got more powers and facilities but her wish to see her husband in Guru-love remained unfulfilled.

Otherwise Queen noticed that the young King refused to listen to other kings on joining any battle against the Guru. In the state the Guru-devotees were treated with respect and if there was any problem of Guru-disciples, he favored the Guru-disciples.

But not visualizing the Guru-praise or recitation of scripture or endeavor of recitation of the Lord's name the queen said: O Destiny! When you wrote many comforts for me, then my inner wish that my husband should be Name-loving and Guru-loving, you left it blank. But my scripture-love shall itself put the line and put it beautifully.

Whatever best she thought, she tried and did to fulfill her wish but to no avail. However, she did feel that something was hidden.

One night, Queen and King talked till late. The queen recited scripture. The king listened but did not say anything. Then they slept. Around 2:00 A.M. King woke up, looked at Queen's bed and became sure that she was asleep. King softly slipped away. But today Queen was awake. Astonished to see King having got up so early, she followed him stealthily. King went to another room took out a key and opened the door that apparently looked like a cupboard. The door opened. There were stairs inside. He went down the stairs and the door closed. Queen remained watchful. It was still night when she heard a soft rumbling from the cupboard. She could judge that the king was coming up and she hurriedly ran back and lay down as if fast asleep. King came, saw the queen sleeping as before and he himself lay down and slept. Now it was time for the queen to wake up. She got up, had her bath, recited scripture and said a prayer. The day ascended. She woke up the king as usual, helped him get ready, served breakfast and then the king went to his Hall of audience.

Ladies are more eager to know. The pious queen is most astonished, "What is behind the cupboard?" Today fortune favored. The king forgot to carry the keys. So, after the king had left she sent out the maids and bolted her door. The queen opened the cupboard-looking door with the key and went downstairs. She found another door but that was not locked. She opened the door and went inside. It was a small room with carpet laid on the floor. A wooden platform was placed. On it was placed a small cot and a whisk was lying besides. In one wall was a space where a bowl of water was kept. On

looking minutely the queen saw one cupboard. When she opened that, then she saw that a small size Sri Guru Granth Sahib was resting. On seeing the lovely Sri Guru Granth Sahib her head bowed down but in extreme love and emotion, she spoke loudly as if in anger: O Fortune! You play tricks! You gave me a husband who has so much Guru-love, then why you kept me in suspense? You placed my wish close to my heart and yet kept me unaware. Why this wondrousness?

(Nodding her head) Ah ha! Thanks to the Lord! My worthless body has remained in service to a Guru-beloved. Thanks O Lord! I have a husband who is a Guru-beloved. It does not matter if I did not know. Fate has no heart. Firstly, it does not bestow the wish one has. When it bestows, then it puts a curtain on the eyes. Thanks to the Lord! His grace has removed the curtain from my eyes. Thanks O Lord! My suspense is gone.

The queen now with great respect opened the Holy Sri Guru Granth Sahib. She shed tears of happiness and thanks. She recited a stanza. She placed the silken cover on it. Again she bowed down, shed tears in thanks and came away. In that ecstasy she forgot to close the Holy Granth Sahib.

She climbed the stairs, locked the door with the key and came to her room.

IV

Today, the young king came back from office late, was tired and went to sleep early. As usual when the gong struck two, he got up saw the queen sleeping and slipped away. The queen was actually awake. She followed. The young king unlocked the door, lighted a candle, locked the door from inside and went downstairs. To his surprise he saw that the holy Granth Sahib was laid open on the platform with silk cover on it. He was so much astonished and wondered that he forgot to bow down. Then he thought: Maybe I forgot. In this thinking, he felt sorry. He bent on his knees, bowed down and with tears in eyes prayed: O King-ship! I am careless in the Guru's hall. Why do I not remain alert in the Guru's hall like a servant in Guru-love?

Thus heaving a sigh his mind turned a bit. Oh! Lord's will! Beloved Guru! Please forgive me.

Then he sprinkled some water on his face, wiped and sat in meditation. For some time he sat in meditation and concentrated his mind but again the same thought came and instead of concentration of mind it reasoned. He remembered with certainty that he had closed the Holy Granth Sahib properly. His mind was shocked: Oh! How his closed secret has been revealed? His

mind became a bit agitated. He got up and paced in the room. While walking he noticed some glitter on the carpet. He bent down. It was a thread of gold. He became more eager to search. Then he found a pearl. O Lord! O Lord! Then he searched more. He found one broken string of small pearls. O My darling! After all, you have revealed my secret. You have revealed. O Lord! My wish that my love should remain a secret is unfulfilled.

When a man does not speak, then he is a closed box. One does not know what is inside. When he speaks out, only then one knows what is inside. I was absolutely quiet, I kept the lid closed, but you playful Darling! You have revealed my inner secret. Well! I hope it is none else. Who else can be? This gold wire has fallen from her scarf. These pearls on her scarf, I got them from Lahore to be fixed on her scarf. O Darling thief! A thief's memory fades. He is in haste to run away from the spot so that he is not caught and remain safe. This haste fades his memory. Many times he leaves some signs. Then the thief is caught through those signs. In a hurry she did not care for the fallen pearls. In a hurry she forgot to close the Holy Granth Sahib.

In these thoughts the king came upstairs, took his bath, dressed up, then went down, read the Holy Scripture, closed the Holy Granth Sahib, then bowed his head and prayed with extreme love: O Benevolent! I should remain steadfast in your love that you have blessed me. You give me strength to keep it up. This love-spark should remain deep in the core of my heart. Today, my secret is out. Please give strength to my darling wife that she may keep her lips locked and this secret should not go beyond her. Yes! If you are benevolent, please do give me a glimpse in sacredness. My love should be the unseen pang, your glimpse the sacred remedy. Please do fulfill my wish to keep this Guru-love hidden.

V

The queen is sitting in her room. A soft breeze is blowing. Today, the king has come home early. The queen is reciting the scripture '*Pearls of peace*'. He came, sat down and listened to the recitation. She finished recitation.

*"The words of saints are words superb
Invaluable gems are these pearls."*

These lines are echoing in the king's ears and giving a feeling of ecstasy. "These words of saints, these words of love, they are invaluable pearls and gems." Pearls and gems are kept hidden. Yes! How can love be winnowed on a winnowing tray? It is gem. In this thought he placed the broken string of pearls and the golden wires in front of the queen and said: Who throw the

pearls like this, how do they recite: They are invaluable pearls and gems? The queen seemed to be in a fix but soon she said: Oh! Even my secret is revealed.

When the queen found out the secret of the king, then she thought that she has accomplished a feat but seeing the pearls and golden wires in the king's hand. She realized that even her secret is out.

Both are sitting opposite each other as if thief of the other but they are not ashamed because nobody is the thief, the matter is of principle. Their eyes meet each other and feel a common love i.e. Guru-Love.

The queen listened to her husband's words and was quiet for a while.

Then she spoke: Pearls and gems are kept inside safely but are meant to show sometimes. If they are not to be shown at all, then whether they are in the mines or in boxes, it is the same, then why the jewellers and why the buyers?

King: But to keep them safe from thieves boxes are required.

Queen: But the keys are in the hands of owners.

King: One keeps the keys hidden more safely than the gems.

Queen: The keepers of the keys do not give the secret of keys to anyone except their master.

King: Thanks darling for this assurance! If the hot air goes away, the bricks in the kiln remain soft.

Queen: But the good things flourish in light. The sun and the moon do not require curtains or veils.

King: If the seeds do not hide, then they do not sprout. They do not grow and become trees. If the roots do not remain hidden, then the plants & trees wither.

Queen: But the fruits do not ripen in dark.

King: But the seed that has to flower again sits hidden even in the ripe fruit.

Queen (after thinking): Does brightness requires hiding.

King: Brightness hides itself in its own dazzle and glare. The sun has no veil but who can look at it.

Queen: Then the sun of love should rise with magnificence and pomp.

King: The love-spark is like a scintilla. It glows when slightly hidden. It cannot withstand the puff of air.

Queen: Has a spark hidden in boxes of cotton? Has a love-spark remain hidden in the heart?

King: Have you seen anyone winnowing it in a winnowing basket.

Queen: That is O.K. But see! The bee comes to the lamp. What veil does it wear or in which lap it came hidden?

King: Does the bee ever make a noise while coming or sacrificing or writhing. There is love and veil, love and hide.

Queen: Is love dumb.

King: No! It is shy. It is modest.

Queen: If someone speaks love, should he kill that love. If someone shows love, should we stop that love?

King: Love doesn't need to speak or show.

Queen: The fire in the kiln burns inside only.

King: No. Combustion of the living body is neither a flame nor a scintilla, neither smoke nor fire, even then it keeps the body warm. It is a surety of life.

Queen: I do not understand.

King: Have you ever seen the combustion in the body. But it is there. It heats the body and guards the body.

Queen: When the love is from the heavens, then why a difference between inside and outside.

King: The inside connection should remain inside. The outside actions should remain outside. The inside connection should not tear the outside veil. The outside actions should do goodness outside. With people one may mix up in gardens, markets but love-meetings should be inside the palace.

Queen: The scripture says: The gem that I have found is visible on my forehead.

King: It has not been fixed on the forehead by gum like a dot. A hidden gem is found. It is kept in a closed palm tightly. But the effect of keeping it is that it shows signs of its presence on the forehead.

If it does not remain hidden, that is its own specialty. That is its own specialty or nature, but whoever has found, what is his duty? Keeping it in the heart and hide it in as many ways as possible.

Queen: Yes! It is written in the scripture but who can hide the sun? Who can put a veil on love? Who can hide the Lord?

King: Whoever has found the Lord has hidden him.

Queen: Then what about persons like me? I had a glimpse. I felt cool. I got a wavy sensation of the Lord. My parents thought of my marriage. I could not hide my sensation. Forgetting all norms I told my mom. I have Guru-love in me. Do not marry me in the house of those who are envious of the Guru. If I had hidden my Guru-love, then I would have been sitting in a house envious of the Guru. Now, I feel that if the principle is to hide, then I am a culprit.

King: Principle is neither to hide nor to reveal. Principle is to love and remain steadfast in love. It gives ecstasy. Enjoy the ecstasy and be contented.

Some people show off. They are beggars to gain importance and they love to gain appreciation from people. Some people hide so that their hiding may be brought to light and they get more importance. Both ways it is the same. One should love, have respect for that love. One should realize the value of that love, one should keep it hidden, then one shall have peace of mind. Without a desire to make it visible, if it becomes visible, than one is powerless! For those whose mind is not influenced by appreciation, they may dance and love. Those who do not care for criticism, they may go any way but for persons of my nature, the way is to hide. For me I wish that my secret should remain a secret. My love-spark is small. It should be kept away from the puff of air. My longing should not reach my beloved through my tongue. I am a small moth.

Queen: Is your wish worldly or Spiritual?

King: My wish is for tranquillity of mind, only for the inner blossom of mind. I do not hide because the hill kings are envious of Beloved Guru and they shall be angry with me or if I meet him openly, then the Mughal ruler shall seize my kingdom. If I meet him openly, then the Guru shall become my ally. This is a gain but I am not thirsty for this gain. My love-spark is small. I love it like a miser loves his wealth. Maybe it is influenced by an evil eye. Maybe it slips away from me. Maybe somebody exploits. I hide it so that it remains steadfast. Yes! My love-scintilla is small. It has to be saved from a sharp breeze. The nightingale sings her love song and charms the world but the moth is small, poor and humble. It sacrifices itself quietly. The partridge dances in love for the moon but the lotus does not blink in the glimpse of the sun. The rain bird sings prew-prew and makes the forest a house of music. But the ruddy Sheldrake pair keeps itself joint and in-separable. If one is shot the other falls dead along with it. Love has many forms. If it is not show, then it is love, that may be in any form but according to my thinking and liking it is to hide.

Queen: In the wish that you may join me in Guru-love, I made a mistake that I interfered in your wish that no one else should know your secret and I stealthily grabbed your secret. I beg your pardon. But my repentance or my feeling sorry cannot bring the situation of 'You and Guru-love and no one else having any clue.'

King: You need not worry about that. I am not angry. I am sure this secret shall not go out any further. And then it is known to someone who is a beloved and not a stranger. This is Lord's will. Who knows this is arrival of some goodness. I also have a love pang to fall at the feet of the 'Guru with the plume'. The intuitive has to fulfill my wish. Maybe this is the first sign of that

auspicious moment. I also have a deep desire for a glimpse. Maybe this is a first puff of fulfillment. Oh! Lord. Oh! Beloved Guru!

Saying this, the King tightened his lips, closed his eyes, his face and body trembled, eyes shed tears that were absorbed in the eyes and he was in trance.

The queen did not know that her husband had so much deep love for the 'Guru with the Plume' in the core of his heart. She felt a sensation in her heart and her eyes filled with tears.

VI

Ajit Singh: It is a beautiful forest.

Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh: Yes! One feels as if one has come home after a foreign jaunt.

Ajit Singh: It is scenic and loving.

Beloved Guru: Is it the Kingdom of Bisali?

Sobha Singh: Magnificent Guru! We have left behind the boundary of Bisali.

Beloved Guru: O.K. Then it is another kingdom. Today we have traveled many kilometers.

Sobha Singh: Yes my lord! We are now in the kingdom of Bibhaur.

Beloved Guru: O.K. It is Bibhaur.

Ajit Singh: Shall we get good prey?

Beloved Guru (smilingly): Very good.

(Meanwhile a herd of mottled deer passed in front.)

Ajit Singh: Here the prey is within target range. It is presenting itself.

Beloved Guru: One feels fragrance of love in this state.

Sobha Singh: The king is a quiet person. He speaks less. Sits in the court himself and does justice. The subjects are happy. Poverty is less. He has married once only. He loves his queen quite much. The queen is a Guru-devotee. She belongs to a princely family of Nahan. She loves the Holy Scripture. She is charitable. The king is not a Guru-devotee. He is neither charitable. Sometimes he goes for hunting. He is somewhat peace loving and calm.

Beloved Guru: Calm waters are deep. Deep waters flow calmly.

Ajit Singh: Magnificent Guru! We have come quite far. Our companions are left far behind. We should return.

Beloved Guru: The mind wants to return but the steps are moving forward.

Ajit Singh: Why not we rest here? You relax. I shall bring the paraphernalia here.

Beloved Guru: The mind doesn't stay. It wants to go further ahead.

Sobha singh: Let us go ahead. Beloved Guru! We have never stopped even in King Bhim Chand's kingdom and here the kingdom is of a pious king.

Guru: Only pioussness or fragrance of love also?

Sobha Singh: The queen is a Guru-devotee.

Conversing like this they kept moving their horses.

Meanwhile, they saw another group of hunters coming from the opposite side. In a few moments they reached near. The Head of the group got down from his horse, came forward, bowed down and said: We are fortunate! You have put your sacred feet on our land.

Guru: (Blessed him with his arrow)! We feel delighted to enter this kingdom. We feel very nice, how do you do?

Head: It is Lord's grace. I am the Chief Minister of the state. Our king is very pious. Yesterday, I told him that you enter our state sometimes while hunting. How should we welcome? His Majesty said: The entire land in the world belongs to the Lord and the Guru. Kings and Princes, all are managers and not owners. O Magnificent Guru! See! Our king is reserved. He talks little but indicates all that he means. I have to search the meanings in his words. I have sent orders to all officials that they should give utmost respect to you and they should be at your service for whatever you require, like milk, groceries & food. I was out on a hunting spree that I learnt about your arrival. That is how I have come to ask you for service.

Guru: O Minister! We feel as if we have reached Anandpur. We feel you are our own. It is our own home, our own kingdom. You live happily. Your kingdom may flourish. King may live long!

VII

Queen: Majesty! I have heard that respected Guru has made our land sacred by putting his sacred feet in our kingdom.

King: Who has told you?

Queen: Nikko has told.

King: This Nikko is a Super detective. The Guru visited the forest only a couple of hours ago and I have received the news from our intelligence services just now. How this Nikko flew and saw.

Queen: She has ears of an elephant.

King: But how?

Queen: One milk-woman came. She is a refugee from Pothohar who have come and settled in our kingdom. She was coming from her village to the city carrying a pot of milk on her head when she saw the true Guru in the forest.

She stood and said: Have a little milk.

The true Guru said: Why?

She said: I don't know why. On seeing you, I feel joy.

Guru: Why?

She said: I do not know. My heart feels joy. My eyes throb. My head feels exhilarated and desire comes. You drink milk.

Magnificent Guru: Who am I?

She said: I do not know who you are. Automatically a desire has come.

Beloved Guru: Will you take money for it?

She said: If I sell milk. I sell my son. If I sell my son, that what is left?

Magnificent Guru: How can I drink without paying for it?

She said: Your look towards me poor gives ecstasy. What else should I ask?

Beloved Guru: I won't drink without paying.

On listening to this she cried. Her eyes closed. Her face turned pale. Then she opened her eyes, heaved a sigh and said: I do not know since how many eras I am carrying the milk and searching you. Why don't you have milk?

Saying this she went crazy.

Then she said: What price should I take? If I take money it shall finish in a couple of days. Must you pay? You drink, you must drink. You pay. You drink milk. You pay. You are benevolent. You are gracious. You show your grace. Money will finish. If I sell to you, then at least I get a shower of your grace. Oh! Ram! Oh! Krishna! Oh! Lord! Oh! Me! Oh! Money, Oh! Glimpse, is it glimpse, is it the Lord? Oh! Me! (In more craziness) Oh! It is going! Milk is going! Milk is going to the sea! You churn it out from the sea! Then you may drink! I am going to the world of sensation.

She talked like this.

The 'Guru with the Plume' responded to her extreme love. His forehead became lustrous seeing the extreme love.

Next moment he jumped down from his horse. He himself lifted the bowl from her head and drank the milk.

Her mind became tranquil. She said: Thanks O Lord! Which is the country? The King of that country took away my bowl and drank the entire milk. Who was that handsome and magnificent King? He left me here. Oh! What is this sensation in my body? What my body cells are reciting "O Lord" "*Waheguru*"? How have I become light like a flower? Where has my weight gone? How is the recitation of "O Lord" "*Waheguru*" going on? O Yes! This is the price I got for the milk. That was the country of the Lord. This must be the currency

of that country, nice that I got the price. Me! Stupid, said: "You drink free." He said, "You take the price". How could I know the price? How could I know the price was not money, it was Himself! Himself! Himself! O World! Laugh! I gave cow's nectar. I got Lord's nectar. Welcome everybody. The trader has come. Give cow's nectar. Take its price. The price is Lord's nectar. O My Lord!

Thus reached the milk-woman in the city in such wondrousness and rapture, she was known to Nikko. Nikko brought her home and loved her and was hospitable to her. Whatever Nikko heard from her, she has narrated. This milk-woman is now fully conscious and alert. She has narrated her own story whatever she remembered. The rest, one of her friends who accompanied her has told. Her friend knew that he was Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh. She had been to Anandpur once. But this milk-woman did not know till now who he was. When she regained full consciousness, then she came to know that she offered milk of the 'Guru with the Plume' and got the price 'Lord's Name'. The king listened to the narration. The queen looked at his face intently. Several times the queen became emotional, her eyes filled with tears but the king's face remained the same. No emotion was visible. Once or twice his eyes blinked but it was hardly noticeable.

The Queen could not stop herself. Vehemently she said: Now I know that you are in Guru-love. Even on listening to such wondrousness and power of the Guru, you have not felt any pull and pang of love.

King: The sensation of the inner world should remain inside.

Queen: No stranger is sitting. I know your innermost feelings. You could have let your feelings of the heart come out. The inner feelings would have given pleasure outside also.

King: Someone is a nightingale, someone is a moth. How can the nightingale fly like a moth?

Queen: But my reading is that you lock your mind.

King: Demons be better locked. The moment you free them, they shall ride on you.

Queen: Why you call it demon. It is a love-spark. Let it brighten up.

King: If one has a love-spark, then one should keep it safe inside. If you speak it out, then the love-spark becomes dim. If you show it in heaves and sighs, then its luster becomes dim. The inner mind should melt and flow without letting know the eyes, forehead, cheeks, lips or emotion. Have you not heard? The right hand should give charity without letting the left hand know. Similarly, if the heart loves, then the sensation should go towards the inner self. Why should it go outwardly towards the five senses?

Queen: Oh! Me! Ignorant! You have so much patience. But does the mind not crave for a glimpse?

King: You can imagine. You know my inner feelings. Now won't you be quiet.

Queen: Sorry for being disrespectful to you. I assume that your heart craves for a glimpse like mine. Then how shall the wish for a glimpse be fulfilled? How shall it happen by keeping quiet?

King: See! This body, mind, soul, lifetime, kingdom and my darling 'you', I have got without asking. The savior Lord knows the wishes of the dumb also.

Queen (cried): Come! Let us go to Bisali to have his glimpse.

King: Has any plant, tree or flower walked to the Gardener. The Gardener himself goes to each and every plant, waters it and looks after it. O Queen! The plants never run to the Gardener.

Queen: Does it mean that no seekers of the Lord, disciples, ascetics, pandits should go to saints or prophets?

King: Well! They may go. But those who have no strength do not go. The plants do not refrain themselves from going to the gardener for the reason that they have the strength but they do not wish to go. Maybe if they had feet, they would have run. Similarly, I do not have the type of feet that make you walk.

Queen: Then shall we not invite him? The king of Bisali has invited him. The beloved Guru is benevolent. He shall come.

King: Maybe the King of Bisali has close relations with him or maybe the need of the hour was that it became necessary for him to invite. But according to me inviting him is disregardful.

Queen: That means whosoever invites his elders is disregardful.

King: No darling! It is not what you have understood. The plants do not have a tongue that they may invite the Gardener. "I should invite" "I should invite," Saying this it appeared that tears are going to fall from his eyes but the eyelids closed and the tears remained hidden inside.

Queen: Then how shall our longing get fulfilled?

King: The gardener knows the "quiet-voice" of the plant. He knows that the plants have no strength or feet to walk. He understands the need of the plants more than the plants.

Queen: Well, if somebody reminds the Gardener, then?

King: This Gardener is not the one who strings flowers and makes garlands. He knows the inner feelings of hearts. He is the saviour who strings hearts. He has come from the Lord. He is intuitive.

Queen: You have so much patience but if the entire world goes on this path, then how much shall the burden on the Gardener increase?

King: The finger of the Gardener can lift the entire world like Goverdhan did. The burden of the world is the suffering of the world. He has come to allay the burden. Why should the entire world go my way? I do not talk so that others may not copy me and go on the way that I go.

Queen: Everybody, all disciples, ascetics, go for his glimpse.

King: Everyone is a servant of his habit. Lord has given them the wish to go walking and given them the strength to walk. Whatever nature God has given me, whatever habits I have imbibed, I have to go according to that. The people who go for his glimpse, I consider them fortunate. I do not say that people should copy my nature but I cannot change my nature. Darling! It might have been better if you had not known my secret. Man needs to know a lot but sometimes it is better if he does not know a certain happening. After knowing my secret you have put yourself in anxiety. I have told you what I am not happy to tell. But I had to tell you since you know my secret. Why should I not tell you when yours and mine pain is common, suffering and comforts are common? It is a relation of love. If you had not known the secret, then the need for you to ask and my replies that are not to your satisfaction would not have risen.

Queen: Today is the first day that you have spoken that we have a relation of love. Otherwise, you have always remained quiet though you have extreme love for me in your heart. I am sorry but I have extreme love for you. It is your goodness that you have taken my questioning lightly and made me understand your thoughts. What you have said is correct but I do not understand why you hide the love.

King: I do not hide. Some things that remain hidden, for them hidden is good. This is my nature. The roots remain good as hidden and trees remain good in light.

Queen: After so many years I have now come to realize that outwardly your nature is rough and impassive but inwardly you have an extremely loving heart, soft heart and pangs of love. As you express your love, you look rough outwardly. Your impassiveness is a sign of inner softness. But how would the world know and become your friend. If somebody becomes your friend, how shall he continue to remain as your friend?

King: You consider me unfortunate on this account. Maybe I have been granted friendlessness by the Lord. Let it be as it is. Some people have the guts to befriend many. Some people befriend one or two. This is one's individual

nature. There is nothing good or bad in it. One goes by one's nature. The lane from my heart to my tongue is narrow. The love that goes through that lane gets stuck. This is my problem. I am not pert.

Queen: Well! My Master! Whatever relations we have in this world are of no consequence because they are temporary. But where the heart has met the heart, then why no meeting, not inviting, not writing letters, no message, no contacts of any type? I am short-sighted but impatient.

King: Whatever secret of mine you have known, make it unknown. Then your impatience shall go.

Queen: My impatience is my desire that you are blessed with the sensation of the Lord's name. My mind says: The Lord has come to our house. The Ganges has left the Himalayas and come to the plains. It is flowing near our town. Now we should have a holy dip. I shall feel cool on seeing you blessed with the sensation of the Lord's name.

King: You can go to Bisali. You can call him here. Whatever you desire you can do.

Do not ask me to do something that is not in me. I do not have the strength to go. I am not of his status that I should invite him. I have the love-spark in me but a small one. That also is his grace. That is not mine. I have to keep it safe clamped to my heart. It may not slip away in showing.

Queen: If he returns to Anandpur, then?

King: If death takes me away just now, then?

Queen (cried): Stop it. I am sorry (hand folded). For God's sake don't say any bad words. Please stop.

King: Well! I ask as if you are asking, then what shall we do and I answer: If death takes me away, then my love shall live. The love-spark should never go away. This is the wealth of my miser mind. This is the love-spark of the intuitive saviour of the visible and unseen world. He is sitting inside the body. Whatever he does shall be good.

Queen: You also consider the diplomacy. You have never joined the kings in their battles against the Guru. The Kings are not happy with you on this account.

They all are jealous of you. Whenever they get a chance they shall take revenge. On the other side, we have no friendship with the Guru. He might not come to your rescue in times of difficulty. Is it not advisable that we have a friendship-pact and at least one support is confirmed?

King: Now you have come near another issue. Diplomacy and love both cannot go together. If I meet him with the intention that you have suggested,

then it is not love. Even if it is there my mind says it is artificial or mistaken. This is something that shall make the love a mistaken belief. Without meeting him, I have a feeling of the love-spark pure and clean but meeting in diplomacy casts a shadow on it. O Lord! Please keep my small love-spark pure and clean.

How shall it remain pure and clean?

It shall remain pure and clean if I am steadfast on the path that I am treading at present. Rest is the kingdom! I have not won in a battle. It came by itself. If it is in jeopardy I shall fight. If it goes while fighting let it go. If it remains by fighting, well and good, I won't leave it nor give it away on my own. If it goes away while saving then I shall not slip away at any cost.

Queen: I have lost to you in arguments. My lord! I am sorry I argued so much with you. You are wise. You are good. You go by principles. I am in hurry and impatient. You go on the way that appeals to you. The main need is that the love-cord should not break, the love-spark should not become dim, the love-pangs should remain, the lamp of devotion should not extinguish. You do whatever you feel is positive. You forgive me that I have found out your secret and have drawn your attention towards so much argumentation.

King: Probably, the Lord willed it like that. That is how I consider and that is what you also consider. Darling! You stop thinking and let me tread on the path that the Lord has put me on.

VIII

Minister (in the King's private drawing room): Sir, Your Majesty! When I had a sudden meeting with Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh, I was hospitable to him. I had told you about it in detail. Even before that and afterwards I have sent orders to officials to give him respect and give whatever he requires. What I am told is that whenever he comes for hunting within the limits of our kingdom, he says: The breeze here is as if we are in Anandpur. This indicates his wish to stay here. Diplomacy and piety is that we invite him with respect, whatever way you wish.

King: "The breeze here is as if it is Anandpur." He feels as if this place is like his own house. Yes! The Lord and the Guru, they are the owners. It is their house. Every house belongs to the Lord.

Minister: Shall we invite him?

King: Does the breeze wait for an invitation? Do the rains come on anybody's invitation?

Minister: Yes! You are right but since I am the Minister, it is my duty to discuss with you what is best for the kingdom and then I have to take orders

from Your Majesty and do as per your orders. Regarding the invitation, whatever you may order.

King was quiet and he did not give any reply. The Minister knew the king's nature. He discussed some other official issues and went away.

The Minister had developed a habit that when he went home, he sat in solitude and delved upon the unclear and riddle type answers of the king.

Today, he reached home and thought about the King's answers. "Does the breeze wait for an invitation?" "Do the rains come on anybody's invitation?" The breeze comes on its own. He will come on his own. "Do the rains come on anybody's invitation?" The rains do not come on invitation. Meaning: It is not right to invite him. He is very high. If he wishes, he shall come on his own. If he comes, then he is welcome.

In line with these meanings he kept quiet excepting ordering the officials to give all hospitality to Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh.

But he thought: I am the Minister. It is my duty to do whatever is good for my Master's kingdom. Goodness is that Magnificent Guru should come here. We should give him respect and honour. The hill kings should understand that we have a strong support, if we are indifferent to both sides then in times of emergency, who shall support us? It is difficult to know King's nature. He is pious. He doesn't give suffering to anyone. He is a bit impassive and rough but he has no anger. He keeps himself reserved but he is wise and kind. He is quiet. He talks less but whatever he speaks is logical, unvarying and appropriate. Then it is neither a lie nor against diplomacy. He doesn't appear to love anyone but he has no malicious feeling towards anyone. The queen is very nice but the maids tell that he hasn't much love for her. It is also strange that he hasn't married a second time. He does not look towards the maids and servant-women. He doesn't look towards any woman with an evil eye. He never visits any temple nor has kept any idol at home. He does not listen to any religious discourse. He has not been to pilgrimage nor adopted any Guru but any needy person never goes empty handed. He has not stopped any fixed donation to temples. When a needy comes, may be Hindu, Muslim or any religion he gives charity but does not show off. He listens to saints and sadhus but keeps himself reserved. He has stranger like relations with me but he has promoted me. He has paid all expenses for my son's marriage. If I say he is rough, then it is not so. If I say he has a loving nature, then I cannot say it with certainty. One thing however is sure that he is pious and wise but quiet and reserved. I do not know what his happiness is and what his mind thinks? I have no idea. Destiny creates men of such nature rarely! "My Master, you are great! I am fortunate! My duty is to shed blood where you throw water."

IX

One day the King looked a little depressed. When the doctor came, then the Minister suggested: Won't it be nice if His Majesty goes out for hunting sometimes? He has no illness. You said, "It is just change of climate that is the cause." Since many days His Majesty has not moved out. He had so much work.

The doctor said: That is the best remedy.

The King agreed to the suggestion of the doctor and said: O.K.

Next day the Minister took the King for hunting. For the next few days they went for hunting. It was a pleasure for the King. His depression vanished and he became exuberant. Once or twice they heard that Magnificent Guru Gobind Singh is out hunting nearby but they did not come face to face with each other.

One day when the King returned from hunting and went to his wife's room, he heard a soft voice. Softly, he raised the curtain and saw his darling wife in prayers.

He could understand the words. Softly, he moved backward with intention not to disturb her with the sound of his steps or she might feel shy that His Majesty is listening to my prayer. It is better that the worshipper remains alone with the worshipped. However, the King was influenced by the loving words of the prayer even standing outside the doorsill.

The queen was crying and prayed in deep concentration. The words were full of true love and humility. The effect of the sensitiveness of the words of the prayer on the mind of the King was so much that he forgot everything what he thought.

As a tuned instrument resonates with the sound of another tuned instrument, similarly, strung in the love-cord but hidden behind a curtain the King's heart melted with the love of the prayer and flowed in the same stream of love. He touched his head to the doorsill and stood there. He forgot his self and got immersed in the prayer.

Queen thus prayed: O Lord! Please bless my husband. He is so pious and high. He has so much love and devotion. Please give him your glimpse. He has a strong mind. He is tranquil like a pitcher full of water. He does not speak out. I am weak, empty, I speak out, I feel eager, I request, please be gracious, send Magnificent Guru to our humble abode. We should have his glimpse.

Neither I nor my husband has got the sensation of Name in our body. We are still ignorant of what is called incessant recitation of Name. My husband

is steadfast in your will. But I am giving you trouble with my singing 'O Lord, O Lord', '*Waheguru, Waheguru*' like a partridge. It is impertinent to speak but I am a bird. Maybe my singing is small but I cannot live without singing. O Benevolent! Please listen and be compassionate. O Lord! The intellectuals of music who have learnt the seven tunes and eighty-four ragas and other learned Music Masters are compassionate when they listen to the one, two or three tuned ragas of the birds. You are Music Divine. You are the master of Divine Music. Be compassionate on the small music of this bird. Give us your love. Magnificent Guru comes to this kingdom. He hunts the birds and deer and returns. Please bless that he may also hunt us both. He may shoot an arrow that should pierce our hearts. His eyes may shoot love-arrows that should pass through our longing eyes and pierce our hidden hearts. Please make our human life fruitful. Give us Name. Give us incessant recitation of Name. Give us ecstasy of Name. Give us rapture. Immerse our body soul in the Supreme soul. Please be gracious! O benevolent true Guru! Please be gracious!

O Master of Heavens! O Guru with the plume! Our eyes are longing, our hearts are craving. O Bestowal of wishes! Fulfill our wish.

This prayer from the core of her heart went on for half an hour. The Queen's scarf got drenched with tears of love. The King stood supporting his head on the doorsill immersed in Guru-love. He who looked impassive and rough was so soft hearted and so sensitive to emotions that he got immersed in the sensitiveness of the loving prayer. He stood supported by the wall like a figure sculptured on the wall.

After she finished her prayer, the Queen became alert. Her body was weak but weightless like a flower. She wiped her face and softly came out. When she crossed the doorsill she found the King's body unmoved. She said to her mind: O! Outwardly rough and inwardly soft my lord! You are great. Your sensitiveness is great! Me who prayed is alert and you who only listened is still immersed. You are great! You are great! Saying this with hands folded she stood at the other side of the door.

A little doubt arose in her mind that the King might be angry why I prayed for a glimpse? This might be impertinence but everybody has his own nature.

Meanwhile, the King lifted my head and opened his eyes. The ears indicated that the voice has stopped. The eyes noticed that the goddess of prayer is standing close by with hands folded.

Softly, the King said: Darling! Your prayer was sweet, loving and deep that enthralled me and I forgot that I should leave you and your Lord alone

and I should not disturb your solitude. But un-intentionally it happened. I hope you do not mind?

Queen: No! My lord! You tell whether my prayer was not disregardful of your principles?

King: No darling! At the King's door, the musical instruments are played. Divine singing goes on. The drum beaters beat the drum. Trumpeters play the trumpet. Whatever instrument the King has given to someone, he shall play that instrument and that is sanctioned.

[It is forest and hunting]

Thaa! Ah! The gun shot. A tall black deer with musk fell dead.

Who shot him? It was the Minister. The entire party reached there.

The King saw and laughed. Then he looked at the fallen deer and said: Oh! How magnificent is the deer? O Minister! You shot the deer and were delighted. I appreciated your aiming the target correctly and congratulated you but what about his companions? How beautifully he leapt. He is in his last breath. How handsome and elegant he stood? He has no strength even to writhe. Oh! King deer! Take rest. This is the end of the body, the cause may be any.

See! Minister! The rest of the line has run away so far. They ran away fast. O Lord! Who is the friend when one is in distress? Some females are looking back. Poor females! They have no power but they have love. Their love-spark may remain kindled. Speechless animals! How precious is life but how cheap it goes? How long nature took to create and nurture this handsome body. It took moments to make it lifeless. Living creatures are in abundance but even a small living creature does not wish to leave the earth and when it goes, it leaves so many grieved.

(Looking at the deer) He is writhing in pain. Is it his last gnashing of jaws?

Pain! Oh pain! Everybody wants to run away from it but who is it who saves himself? For everything one has pain. Then pain is a remedy for another pain. The endeavor to keep away from pain is pain. To bear pain is pain. To get rid of pain is pain. Pain gives consciousness and no-pain is unconsciousness. Consciousness and pain are companions. Pain is Guru, pain is teacher and pain shows the path.

If fortune puts you on the path then why should pain come? Ignorance does not let you tread on the path.

When there is pain then one understands that the outward direction of mind gives pain. Then one realizes that the reverse i.e. turning the mind

inwardly shall be a no-pain situation. This string of pain is the stairs of true knowledge.

Yes! The King was startled. The King spoke out today. The Minister and his courtiers heard his discourse.

The King had never faulted. Why today? Is it the influence of the Queen?

Nobody knows but the Minister has turned pale. He thought the King might have felt sorrowful. He has become merciful in seeing the deer dying. He has never talked so much. Today he spoke. It seems his heart felt sorrowful and merciful. It is not good to bring him out for hunting.

Now again the King's tongue spoke out powerlessly: If an arrow pierces me like this or I am shot and the killer laughs. I die and my subjects cry and my companions run away. Oh! What is life! If a lion pounces upon me while hunting, then do I have to buy death? Death! Death! Why fear death? What is inevitable has to come. Reason may be any. Why fear? Whatever is happening has to happen. (Softly) But these are thought of saints. I am a King. I have to go hunting. I have to fight battles. My mind should not vacillate. But the king and the saints are human and in humans mercy is present.

Now an arrow came in real and went past rustling and hit the dying deer.

Meanwhile an official came and said: O Minister, the 'Guru with the Plume' has come hunting and is close by. See! The arrow that has hit the dying deer is from him. See, his arrows are embedded with five grams of gold. This is the sign of his arrows. Come, he is so near. Your order was to inform you.

Minister to King: If you permit I shall go and meet him.

King: Every heart has direct connection with his lord. Who should stop you?

Minister: Will you come along or I should request him and bring him here. It is improper not to meet him when he is so near.

King (smiling): How shall the King go? The Lord of the heavens, the image of the Lord, how shall he come? Why? Is it diplomacy?

Minister: You are the Majesty. Diplomacy is in meeting and it is courtesy also but your thinking is high.

King: A weak sick person cannot reach the doctor.

Minister: My going then..... ? As you order.

King: There are three lamps. Soul is the light. Intellect is the light. Sensibleness is the light. Whatever one has, it shall guide.

Minister (After a thought): Excuse me! Then I shall go.

King: Yes! Minister, this is the proper way, in kingdom proper-improper and in Spirituality proper-concordance.

The Minister could not understand. He bowed his head, went a short distance and fell at Magnificent Guru's feet.

The Magnificent Guru welcomed him with love and said: Minister! There is fragrance of love in your kingdom. Wherever we go, outwardly people look rough but when we ask something, then are very cool and hospitable.

Minister: It is your grace. It is the King's heart that has influenced the people.

Magnificent Guru: Have you given orders to your men?

Minister: As is the King's wish, the subjects go after him. I am only a Minister. I go by the orders of the King. I am only a servant to pass on the King's wish to the subjects.

Minister: Well said! Today we have not found any prey. Earlier the prey was presenting itself. Where have the animals and deer gone today?

Minister: Today your arrow pierced one deer shot by me. Shot by me, he would have gone to hell. You are the saviour. The arrow from your sacred hands has touched his body. Now he shall go to the Lord's palace. You shot your arrow to give him salvation.

Magnificent Guru (smiling): O Minister! To hunt a man is piousness or evil, to hunt a man?

Minister: You are the giver of life. Death is life at the hands of the saviour. Fortunate is the body that is pierced by your arrow. I have a hard heart. I go by diplomacy and tricks of the trade. But O benevolent! I swear, I shall be fortunate if you shoot an arrow in my body with your sacred hands. At this time, this is my belief. But this belief is not mine. It is the influence of your glimpse.

Magnificent Guru: This mind becomes saintly when reined.

Minister: Magnificent Guru! No. The mind in diplomacy remains in evil but today a jerk has come from the King and on the top of it you are a magnet of love.

Magnificent Guru: How?

Minister: I shot a deer. The king felt sorrowful. That sorrow gave me a feeling of love. Your glimpse has shot a love-arrow that has pierced my heart and allured me. Magnificent Guru stepped forward and hugged the Minister and said: 'O Lord!' '*Waheguru*'.

Again he said: O Minister! Is this Bibhaur or '*Land of love*'. Love is circling everywhere. Where is the King?

Minister: His Majesty is standing close to the shot deer.

Magnificent Guru: Let us go.

spark hidden inside was so much that even when he went to Anandpur he drew a figure of the Guru in his heart and a picture in his mind and quietly came away. After that he did not forget the figure. The picture remained in the mind. The love-cord did not break. The remembrance in the heart never faded.

The emotion and sensitiveness that the King felt on the deer having been shot made him speak out powerlessly but again his mind concentrated and he got immersed in his hidden Guru-love. He had sent his servants and companions away and was sitting in trance. He was so much engrossed that he is not aware of 'Guru with the plume' standing in front of him.

Magnificent Guru is delighted to see the King's face whose mind is immersed in Guru-love. Like a cow wishes to hug the calf, the Guru wishes to hug the King. Seeing the King's love, the Guru's heart melted. He is in emotion but the King is engrossed in Guru-love inside his mind and heart and is unaware of the beloved Guru standing in front of him. In whose love the King is sitting immersed, he is unaware of his real glimpse. Yes! He is inwardly having a glimpse and unaware of outside.

The miraculous true Guru was delighted to see this wondrous phenomenon and felt a pull of love but he did not shake the King.

After sometime the Guru shook the King's inner mind by a wavy sensation and asked him to open his eyes.

The King's eyes opened. The glimpse that he saw in his closed eyes, now he saw with his eyes opened. Powerlessly he clamped the Guru's feet. The fountains of tears that he had kept closed in him opened up and started flowing and washed the Guru's feet. When the tidal waves of pangs of love subsided and he got ecstasy and rapture of Name, then in rapture again he clamped the Guru's sacred feet.

Now the magnificent and benevolent Guru opened his eyes, sat down, lifted the King's head and put it in his lap and loved. How much? Howsoever much a poet can imagine and write. 'The Guru with the plume' is quiet. He rubs his sacred hand on the King's head. He touches the King's forehead with his sacred hands. He moves his fingers on the King's-head where the tenth door exists. But he is speechless. The King felt the sensation of the presence of the Lord in his mind, heart and body, even in his body cells. He felt a divine music "O Lord, O Lord" "*Waheguru, Waheguru*" in his entire body. He is in the incessant recitation of the Lord's name, "O Lord, O Lord", "*Waheguru, Waheguru*". He is drinking the Lord's name nectar. He is in extreme rapture. He drank the Lord's name nectar. The Lord's name settled in the

Minister: He is my Master. But you are the image of the Lord. You do not take trouble. (Hesitatingly) Shall I bring him?

Magnificent Guru: Minister! Love is above custom. The custom of love is love. Deep fires pierce mountains. Parents bring up the children. Children are looked after by the parents. Isn't it so Minister?

Minister: O benevolent! It is true. A wise man worries about self but the worries of children are for the parents.

Magnificent Guru: When the mind becomes a child, then the Lord shall do the upbringing. The Lord does the upbringing.

Minister: Your honourable nature is "redeemer of sinners". You only went from Avadh to bless Bheelni, she did not come. You only left Daryodhan's palace and went to Bidr's house to eat green leafy vegetables and stay there for the night. You only in the incarnation of Guru Nanak went to the north, east, west and south and blessed not one Bheelni, not one Bidr, but went to homes after homes and blessed many and many Bidrs and Bheelnis. Your honourable nature is that of a Gardener. You are looking after the plants. You are the creator, nourisher and saviour. You look after everyone from an ant to a king equally. You are great! You are great!

Magnificent Guru: You may say your mind. But I have to search my people who are craving to meet the Lord, make a congregation, make people Lord-loving who should live in the world with inner blossom of mind and they shall be happy in the next world too.

The Minister rode slowly but the honorable natured 'Guru with the plume' rode faster. Then he slowed a little, looked towards the Minister and said smilingly: Which side is the King? The Minister with his finger (same road that you have taken) (In his mind he thought: He is intuitive).

The Knower of the inner most feelings of the heart rode alone. The Minister was hesitant to accompany. He wished that the 'Guru with the plume' should go alone. The King might not open his heart and the Guru has Supernatural powers. If the King remains quiet, then the Guru might feel annoyed thinking it as disrespect. But the Minister, although he had met the Guru and realized his greatness, yet he was not aware of 'immersion of body soul in the Supreme soul' and that the 'sweet-Guru' was above anger. Magnificent Guru went alone. He saw the King sitting alone at a little distance from the black deer that was shot, no servant was near. The King had asked his companions to go. He was sitting alone. His eyes were closed but the handsome figure of the Beloved Guru that he had once seen in the guise of a traveller at Anandpur was inside his mind. His wish to keep the Guru-love-

When the true Guru listened to the pure-hearted Queen's prayer that was from the core of her pure heart, then his eyes filled with tears of emotion: Ah ha! What magic is love? O Lord! You have created this world for this pure 'love-nectar'.

When the prayer finished, then Queen opened her eyes. Ah ha! What did she see? The figure in the heart is standing in real. She thought: This is my own imagination. She cleaned her eyes and opened again.

The King's nature is not showing off. He hasn't come forward to say: Oh! The 'Guru with the Plume' has come. He is standing supporting himself at the door sill engrossed in love and immersed in the Name nectar like a statue and looking on. On the other side Queen is in wondrousness. She closes her eyes and opens. Then again closes her eyes and opens.

The benevolent Guru knows the pang of love. He spoke: O daughter! I have come.

The Lord has showered grace on your husband. His body soul is immersed in the Supreme soul and he is in rapture. Come! You also drink the Name nectar.

Queen: You have come! Is it true? No! It is my mind's imagination.

Queen looks this side, that side, puts her palms in front of her eyes and sees. Then steps forward and hesitates. In this perplexed state she sees her husband standing at the door sill. Yes! I am conscious. He has come.

She fell at the beloved Guru's sacred feet. But then she got up and in a delicate voice said: O Benevolent! Have you met my husband?

Guru: Yes! I have met him.

Queen: Beloved Guru! I am impatient. You meet him once again. Please meet him. Please hug my tongue-tied husband. I may see, my eyes shall become cool. Then it shall be my turn to clamp your sacred feet for which I am longing since decades. O Benevolent! Be gracious. Hug my husband first. I may see. My eyes shall become cool.

Seeing this love and sacrifice of love, beloved Guru's eyes filled with tears. He embraced the King. The queen saw. Her eyes became cool. Impatiently, she clamped the Guru's feet. She became semi-conscious.

Yes! See! The radiant image of the Lord standing, the King who was in pangs of Guru-love is standing on the left in the love-embrace of Magnificent Guru. His darling wife has clamped the Guru's feet and is not willing to leave them.

Magnificent Guru stretched his right hand down. He lifted Queen's head with his sacred hand, rubbed his hand on her head with love and said:

heart that was in Guru-love already, that was already enlightened by reading the Holy Scripture that was already away from all vices, that was already melted with love at this time. The mind became full with Name nectar up to the brim and overflowed. Neither the tongue spoke nor the ears heard. The Lord grants whatever one wishes. The benevolent Guru blessed the King, the Lord's name pervaded in the entire body of the King in speechless moments.

The blessed King became exuberant. He looked at the beloved Guru intently. He felt rapture coming from the Guru. He swayed in rapture uttering "O Lord, O Lord", "*Waheguru, Waheguru.*"

Now the King who always remained quiet, broke his silence but in another angle of love. His love for his wife was not just love of husband and wife. His love for his wife was holy-companion love. She was also engrossed in Guru-love.

The King had been blessed. But now he wishes that Queen should also be blessed. Her wish and longing to meet the beloved Guru be fulfilled.

The love in the mind said: Pray! Magnificent Guru! Come to the palace. If you go back from here, then how shall Queen have your glimpse?

Softly, (with folded hands) he spoke: Please..... but then hesitated.

Magnificent Benevolent Guru said: Alright! Tonight I shall stay at Bibhaur. Come! Let us go.

King got up. Both walked. The hunted remained lying and the horses remained tied to the trees. The Minister and courtiers remained behind. The beloved Guru's companions and disciples waited wherever they were. The breeze of love blew towards the palace.

On the right was Magnificent Guru. On the left was the King, the King's hand in the hand of Beloved Guru. They walked and reached Bibhaur.

Nature is intelligent. It knows that the King prefers to remain aloof. No deer or animal came on the way in the forest. No bird flew in the sky. Clouds spread themselves in the high skies so that the sun and moon should not see. Not a soul passed that way. It was night when they reached the city. Without being noticed Beloved Guru and King crossed the city. When they reached the courtyard, King ordered the guard that the Minister's group and Guru's disciples be asked to come to the palace.

Both of them entered the palace and moved forward and reached near Queen's room.

Here, it was just like yesterday. Queen was in prayers. It was the same that she prayed yesterday. Both Beloved Guru and King stood outside. Then Beloved Guru moved one step further and stood there unmoved.

41.

Bestowal of Forgiveness

Senapati was a poet in the Audience Hall of Guru Gobind Singh. He had a friend, named Hans, who was also a poet and a painter. Many a times Senapati asked the Guru's permission to bring his friend Hans to the Audience Hall, but every time the Guru said: No dear, Hans has no forgiveness.

It is afternoon. Today's congregation is in the Guru's garden. Many intellectuals are sitting. Many disciples are sitting. The Guru came and sat on the throne. All the persons bowed their heads in respect.

After a while, Senapati came, bowed his head in respect and sat down. He wanted to say something but before he could speak, the Guru said: He has no forgiveness. Surely, it is so.

Senapati replied: Maybe, you are right.

The Guru again said: Do you want to know the truth? I shall make you know.

The Guru called Bhai Daya Singh and said to him: Go straight up the hilly road and then turn right. There, a sadhu lives in the cave. Take a palanquin along. He is very weak and fragile. Bring him in the palanquin very delicately.

Bhai Daya Singh immediately left to pick up the sadhu. Everybody in the congregation now became attentive to see and listen what astonishment the Guru was going to give. The Guru now asked Senapati to bring his friend inside. Senapati went outside and asked his friend Hans who was standing behind the door to come in. They both came in and sat down.

Shortly after, Bhai Daya Singh entered the Audience Hall with a palanquin. One very thin and fragile sadhu was sitting in the palanquin. His eyes had gone inside. His cheeks had gone inside the face. His body had no strength.

Daughter! Say “O Lord” “*Waheguru*”. Who should say “O Lord” “*Waheguru*”? The tongue said but the Name was beyond the power of the tongue to assimilate. Name is limitless. The entire body cells became tongues. It is still flourishing more and more. It went deep into the soul. Now Queen got some strength and said: “O Lord” “*Waheguru*”. She felt the Lord pervading inside the body and outside in the entire cosmos, her body soul immersed in the Supreme soul. She got rapture. Her mind was elevated. She got inner blossom of mind.

The pair got dyed in the love of the Lord. The souls that were craving to meet the Supreme soul met the Supreme soul (The rivers met the sea).

The Queen now asked Magnificent Guru to sit down and relax. They washed his sacred feet. Meanwhile dinner was ready. Beloved Guru had dinner. Then he went to sleep in a very well decorated bedroom.

The Guru’s companions had also come. Everybody got a nice place to stay and everything like food, groceries, beds, sheets, fodder for horses, was provided.

Next day when Beloved Guru was alone then the King prayed: If it is not inconvenient to you, then be benevolent and stay here.

The benevolent Guru smiled and said: Alright.

Accordingly all family members, disciples and soldiers came from Bisali to Bibhaur.

The King’s unique love and the Queen’s hospitality made the ‘Magnificent-Beloved’ Guru stay there for a long time. The disciples started coming to Bibhaur to have his glimpse. It appeared as if he has settled at Bibhaur.

The pleasures of Anandpur were all here. Good shaded trees, garden of flowers, the scenic view of the river, forests and hunting as well as mountainous areas were all here.

He blessed the Lord’s Name to everyone.

After staying here for some time, the Beloved Guru returned to Anandpur.



The Guru got up from his throne, lifted the man from the palanquin, put him in his lap and sat on the throne. The valiant Guru's eyes were full of tears of love and he was caressing the fragile sadhu and telling him: You are not a sinner. I have forgiven all your sins. You are a pious man. You had only accepted the command of the Lord. The Lord did not consider you a sinner. You be confident.

See! How the Guru who came to this world to establish righteousness and refrain people from evil doing, is showering his blessings. There were sanyasis, yogis, recluses, householders, meditative, ascetics, pandits of all creeds, intellectuals and Guru's own disciples watching how the Guru loved the sadhu who was almost like a dead body.

The Guru indicated to a fellow to get some hot milk. The fellow brought hot milk immediately. The Guru, with his own hands, put the milk in the man's mouth, spoon by spoon and was assuring him and loving him. The complexion of the man changed. A blossom came on his face and a smile on his lips. Nobody knows after how long a smile had come on his lips.

"The Guru gives life to the dead.

The Guru gives nourishment to the hungry."

O Guru! You are great. You are the friend of the downtrodden. You are the solace of the people in distress. You are the redeemer of sinners. You are the strength of the feeble. In you, Love and Grace is boundless.

You have shown the way of true religion in the most beautiful style. You have all the goodness of the Lord. You have displayed healthy and un-erring saintliness.

When the man got the Guru's true love, he became exuberant. He felt real happiness. He got strength. He got up and fell at the Guru's feet and cried:

'O Lord Arhant', 'O Lord Buddha', 'O Lord Vishnu', whomsoever you are, you are my God. You are the Lord in human form. But I am a sinner. Please do not touch me. The feeling of sin has got deep into my mind and body. The feeling of sin has got into my soul. 'O redeemer of sinners': Have I been really redeemed of my sins?

The Guru said: Yes son! Your sin is redeemed. You are not a sinner. You are not a sinner.

By the Guru's true and heavenly love the man got enlivened consciousness. The man got up slowly, walked down a little and lay down prostrate on the ground and sang a couplet showing respect for the Guru.

The Guru now told him that he was in a true heavenly congregation and asked him to narrate his story to the saintly people.

The man narrated in a slow voice: I belong to a town named Surat. My mother and her neighbour were great friends. They vowed that if both had sons, they would become great friends and if one had a son and the other a daughter, then they will be married. I was born to my mother and a daughter was born to her friend. We used to play together in childhood because our mothers were very close to each other. We were ten to twelve years old when some sadhus and sadhvis came to our town. The religious discourses that they recited were in separate meetings for the men and separate meetings for women. I used to go to listen to their religious discourses in the men's meetings.

I got so impressed by the religious discourses that I decided not to remain in this worldly fire and become a sadhu. My neighbour girl also took a similar decision. After a few months our parents sent us with the sadhus.

I joined the group of male sadhus and she joined a group of female sadhvis.

That day only, we came to know that henceforth we could not meet each other. That was the rule of the sadhus.

Anyway, we reached a hillock where there was a monastery. I was admitted to the male section and my neighbour girl was admitted to the female section.

I was asked to take vows and my training started. I was made to do very hard type of rituals, fasts and meditations, that were quite a suffering. The daily religious discourse was that no sin has to be done. Then only, in this way, the impurities in the soul will go and the soul will become pure. I kept on doing all the hard rituals, fasting and meditations and reached the age of twenty.

But now since some time I became different. I had the instincts of seeing, listening, eating and smelling already in me but now adulthood had come and another instinct and urge had emerged in my body. My instructors told me that this is sex. This is an enemy. To kill this instinct is utmost religiousness. Whatever rituals, they suggested, I did. I kept fasts a number of times for many days by living on an intake of a very small quantity of almond oil for days together. But despite all these fasts and rituals, I could not forget my childhood neighbour girl. Many times I used to remember her. When I told this fact to my instructors, then I was asked to do more hard rituals and keep more fasts.

One day, I went out in the jungle to collect some leaves and fruits. We just came face to face with each other. I do not know what happened. It was

lightning. We just sat together and started talking to each other and telling our tales of hardships. I do not know how much time went by in our talk.

We only realized when the Sadhvi, who was In-charge of the female section came. I do not know for how long she might have stood and gazed us. Her eyes were red with blood. Her anger was like the fury of a river. Her scolding was like the thunder of clouds.

She said: You both are sinful.

I touched her feet and told her that I do not know any sin. We used to play together since childhood. We have met after many years. It was a chance meeting and we have been just talking to each other and nothing beyond. I do not know anything else.

She said: On the one hand you are sinners, and on the other hand you are doing more sin in arguing with your instructor.

In any case, we went back to our individual sections in the monastery. I do not know what happened to the girl.

But, what penances I had to undergo, I cannot just describe. The Head of our monastery was a sadhu named Hans, who was once a poet and a painter and later became head of this monastery. I asked him to let me know how I could become free from being accused as sinful.

I want everybody to say: "You are no longer sinful."

He knew that I was not aware of any sin. My only sin was that having met a childhood companion whom I loved in childhood I talked to her only and nothing beyond. Hans told me that he did realize that I had only talked to a childhood companion. But he said: Even talking to a female makes your mind impure. In this way, your mind has become impure. I asked him as to what was the remedy of this sin?

He said: Either you have your eyes taken out or you do fasts and penances for 12 years. I was in a fix. Initially, I became inclined to have my eyes taken out and become blind, but on second thought, I hesitated and came away, saying that I shall do fasts and penances for 12 years. I went to many sadhus and other monasteries but everyone said that talking to a girl was a sin and I have to penance for 12 years. I was roaming around with no place to stay.

Now, for the last six months, I am staying in a cave on this nearby hill.

Once, I decided for suicide by climbing a tree and jumping down from there, because one sadhu had told me that a suicide after twelve years of meditation is very fruitful. I calculated, it was already twelve years since I left my home. But, I did not have enough strength in my body to climb the tree. Moreover, despite the hardships and sufferings, my mind was not set for a

suicide. I had heard a lot about the goodness of the Guru and I came here but I was ashamed to face the Guru because I thought I was sinful.

I do not know how a grace has been bestowed on me and I am told that I am not a sinner, but still my body is trembling.

The Guru said: This is the evident reality of the picture that Hans has painted. He paints a neat picture of the sun on canvas but in the hearts of the Lord's children, he paints the picture of a sinner.

See Senapati. Is this the picture of forgiveness? He was kind to the insects but what he did to humans? You can see. You must understand that the motive of the old instructors of religion cannot be to make the rules so strict. But the new instructors interpret the rules in such a manner that instead of giving comfort they become a source of suffering.

After listening to all this Hans trembled, Oh! My instructions brought so much suffering? His mind was full of repentance. He fell at the feet of the sadhu. He said to the sadhu: I have only now realized, there is not an iota of forgiveness in me. You are not a sinner. Actually, I am a sinner. You please forgive me and recommend to the Guru that he may forgive me also. I myself have got tired in trying to cleanse my mind.

The sadhu who hadn't much strength in him was astonished to see Hans.

At the first instance he felt scared but then he looked towards the Guru and then with confidence he replied to Hans: Look! Yonder is sitting the Lord, the protector, the bestowal of forgiveness.

It was a wondrous scene in the Audience Hall. Senapati, Nand Lal, all poets and Pandits were astonished.

The Guru spoke: Listen everybody, be pious, but only piousness sometimes becomes superstition. Piousness alone is not the ultimate aim of life.

The Guru then indicated to the religious musicians to sing a religious song. The musicians sang a religious song.

Again the Guru spoke: Those, whose mind has been kindled by the Lord's flame, get the Lord's sensation in their mind. That is the real purity. The rest of the thinking is just a fallacy. One must not sin. One should do goodness, remain pure but salvation lies in the Lord's name.

The Guru said to Hans: When they were children, they were not even 12 years old, how could they know that another instinct will be born in their body which will make them an adult man or woman, which will be entirely different from childhood. How could they take a vow regarding something that they had not known, would happen. Before that, their mothers had vowed that they would become man and wife. If you had value for vows, then you ignored the vow of the adult ladies, that they will become man and wife, but

accepted the vow that the children made when they even did not know the meaning of adulthood. And for talking only, you penalized them so much that they were almost dead. You did not interpret the rules of the old instructors properly.

The Guru then addressed the congregation: It is the Lord's command not to make anybody suffer, so that one can leave this world with respect, but along with it and more than that, the command is to recite the Lord's name day-in and day-out. That is the highest and purest thing. Work, earn and do your duties, but while sitting or standing, working, playing, enjoying your mind should remain in touch with the Lord. In nature, see the Lord who dwells in nature and feel the ecstasy while praising the Lord.

Our Holy book says: "When you meet the Guru, you are on the way of salvation while playing and laughing."

The Guru then looked towards Hans and said: Listen to the divine sermons. See the Lord near. Recite the Lord's name incessantly. All the impurities of the mind will go.

Hans now touched the Guru's feet and said: I recognize this boy. His name is Sarna. He is not a sinner. I am the sinner. Today only, I have realized that in the garb of good deeds and kindness, I have made many souls suffer. Now, I am myself feeling the pain and suffering. I am now at your mercy. I ask for your forgiveness.

The Guru asked two of his men to look after Sarna till he recovers full strength. The Guru told Hans to go and find the girl who was subjected to so much torture for just talking to a childhood companion boy.

Time passed by, when one day while the Guru was sitting in the Audience Hall, Hans entered and brought with him a thin, weak girl with her hand on his arm.

Why her hand on Han's arm? The girl was blind. When she was told in the monastery that talking to a man with affection was a sin and as a penance she had to agree to her eyes taken out. To make herself free from the accusation of the sin, she agreed to become blind.

The Guru welcomed the girl. The Guru touched the girl's head with love and explained to her the true aim of religion. The unwanted feeling of sin was washed away and the sensation of the Lord's name permeated in her entire body. She got into the remembrance of the Lord. She became really pious.

The Guru said to her: Keep in high spirits always. Remembrance of the Lord in every breath should be your aim.

Don't give suffering to anyone. Don't do anything bad. But keep your mind tied to the Lord's feet.

Today, the Guru blessed the girl who had almost reached a dead end by the fasts and penances of the monastery. She got the sensation of the Lord's name in her body. Her mind blossomed. Hans was blessed today. He was baptized and from Hans Raj, he became Hans Raj Singh.

The girl was also baptized. Sarna had already been baptized by the Guru and named Saran Singh. He was now healthy and full of the sensation of the Lord's name in his body.

The Guru called Sarna and said: If you wish to honor your vows, then the real religion and real love is in honoring the vows of your parents. Respect their sentiments and vows. Your real love will be to accept the girl in marriage, even though she is weak, fragile, bones and blind. Be a comfort to her. Be fearless from this world. Prove your old friendship. Give your hand. Be a support to her. Tread on the path towards the Lord and make others follow you on the same path.

As per instructions of the Guru, the bestowal of forgiveness, the marriage of Saran Singh and the girl was solemnized. The humble girl, whom nobody would want, was given a loving support. Both of them became lovers of the Lord and disciples of the Guru, the Guru put them on the path of householders with their minds tied to the Lord's feet.

O Guru, the bestowal of forgiveness, you only, can understand the true rules of religiousness. You only can tell the wrong doings of the worldly people. You only, said that married men and women are pure. You only, removed the poison of the family life. You only, loved a family living and showed the way to love the Lord while living in the family. You made the bread earners and pious people as saints. You transformed men into valiant, full of gusto, brave, full hearted, virtuous, blossoming faces, minds tied to the Lord, those who could see the Lord in nature, living in the world but not entangled in it, saintly humans, true men, pure men and made a Sikh community. You are great. You only, gave awareness and insight to recluses, ascetics, mystics and hermits. You gave them the life-giving practices and discarded their lifeless practices.

The Guru's words to Hans are repeated once again: Listen to the divine sermons. See the Lord near. Recite the Lord's name incessantly.

Let us also recite:

'O Lord, O Lord, O Lord, O Lord'

'Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru, Waheguru'

Start with at least five minutes a day.

