



MOTH & THE FLAME  
THE MASTER'S SON  
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*T*owards the celebration's close, I wander over to the Master's house where a quiet man in his forties is standing with welcoming deep-set eyes, greying beard, pale green turban and Western clothes. It's Darshan Singh, the Master's physical son.

'Hello, dear brother,' he says softly in excellent English while taking my hand in both of his. Pleasantries exchanged, and disarmed by his charm and lack of pretense, I inquire, 'What was it like to have been raised in the home of a perfect Master?'

'Master brought me to Hazur at an early age,' Darshan replies. 'You have probably read that when he was searching for the truth, God in the form of Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji appeared in his meditations in 1917, actually seven years before meeting him in person at Beas in 1924.' I nod in the affirmative.

'In 1926, at the age of five, I approached the Great Hazur on my own, "Sir, will you kindly give me Naam?" Hazur smiled and said, "I will give you a very sweet *enaam* (enaam means 'reward')," and he gave me some sweets, which we call *patassas* in Punjabi. After I went away, I realized that this couldn't be the same Naam my father was having in his meditations!' We shared a laugh, and Darshan continued, 'So, I again approached the Great Master, and remonstrated, "Hazur, I want the same Naam my father practices!" Then Hazur made me sit down, and put his finger on my forehead.

'After a few minutes he asked me, "What do you see?" "I am seeing the inner sky. I am crossing the sky. Now I am seeing a big bright star in the heavens." Hazur said, "That is enough Naam for now." I ran up to my respected father, and breathlessly exclaimed, "Bau Ji, Bau Ji, how far have you got Naam? I have got it up to the stars!" So, I was blessed with initiation by Hazur, as was the Beloved Master.

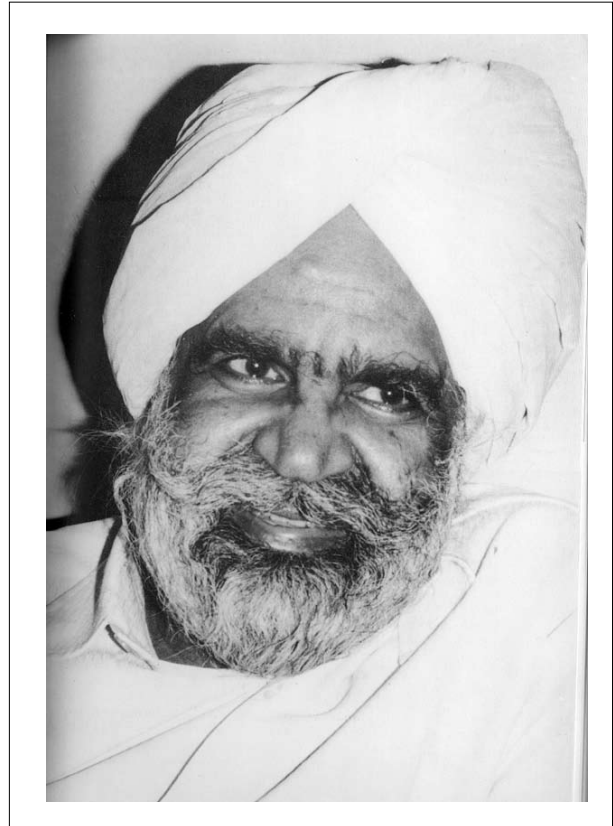
'My respected father was very strict, yet so loving. He would not let us take our breakfast unless we had given adequate time for meditations. As strict as the beloved Master was, he would provide everything for me, without my asking for it. It was a home filled with awe and love.

'As a young lad studying in the College of Lahore, I would return home from my studies to find the Beloved Master either working late

into the night writing his magnum opus, the *Gurmat Siddhant*, or sitting cross-legged, immersed in deep *samadhi*, where he would remain the entire night. And when I arose for my meditations at three or four in the morning, Master would still be sitting there, working on the manuscript or in deep meditation. At one time these sleepless nights of his went on uninterruptedly for more than six months.<sup>1</sup>

‘During the day the Master worked dutifully in a responsible government post, overseeing hundreds of subordinate officers and their staff. It was not until he retired as Deputy Assistant Controller of Military Accounts in 1947 that he turned to devote the rest of his life to spreading the spiritual mission of our great Hazur under his orders.’

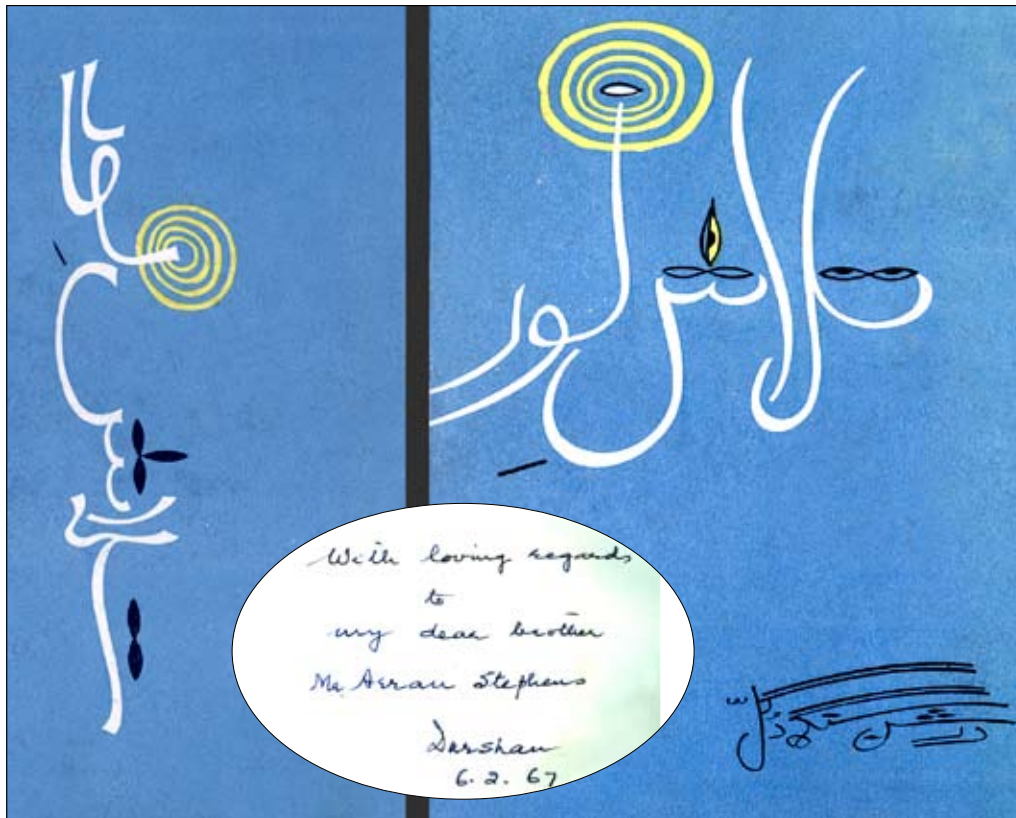
At my request, Darshan recites one of his recent poems, carefully translating each verse into English as he proceeds, his stature growing before me. The final verse bespeaks a lyric union of the soul with the Lord—a very subtle disclosure, a secret unbragged.<sup>2</sup> Darshan’s glistening eyes briefly roll upwards as the faintest expression of ecstasy crosses his face. I wonder if the ‘union’ alluded to is but a poetic metaphor, or could it be the *real* thing?



Darshan Singh (1921-1989)

Darshan disappears for a few minutes and returns with a copy of his recently published book of Urdu verse, *Talash-i-Noor (Quest for Light)* and signs it for me.

*[Sant Kirpal Singh wrote the foreword to Talash-i-Noor, giving rare praise for Darshan’s universal vision of brotherhood and the quality of his verses. Many distinguished literary awards were received for this and subsequent books by the Poet, including four Urdu Academy Awards.]*



Original cover of *Talash-i-Noor*  
with inset inscription dated 6 February, 1967

Inspired by Darshan's reminiscences of his father's superhuman endurance, I ask Master Kirpal that evening, 'If we attempt to meditate all night, will we be sustained in our worldly activities during the daytime?'

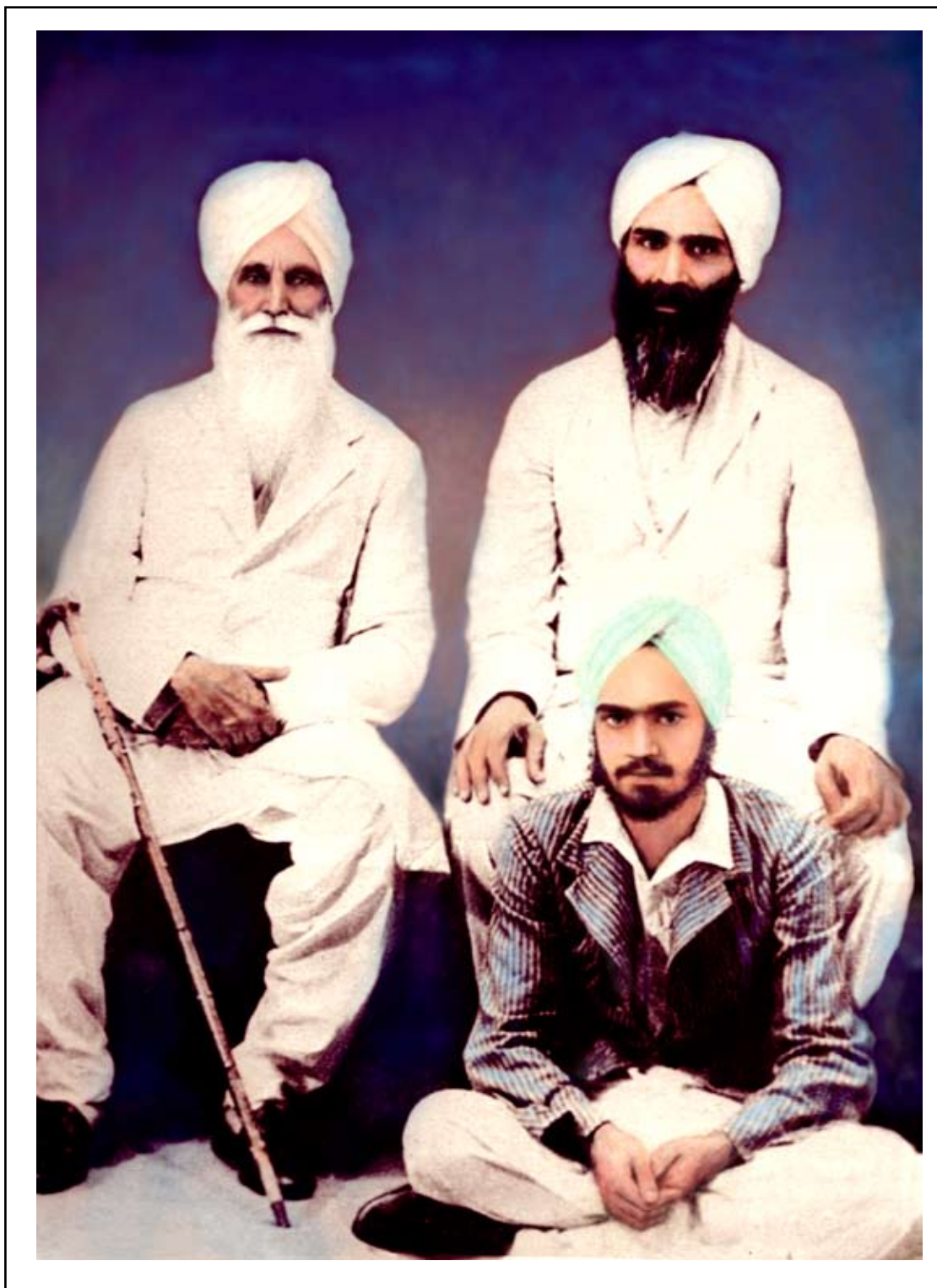
He replies cryptically and emphatically, '***This is the Bread of Life!***'

I persist, 'But it would only be possible with your grace.'

'Grace is already there. It is up to your steadfast efforts to have it. ***A strong man revels in his strength, and a weaker man wonders how he got it.*** This strength cannot be attained in one day. You have got to work for it, you see. Rome was not built in a day; time factor is necessary. A man is known by two things; desire, and need for sleep. A Saint is one freed from both. What is God? ***Man minus desire.*** What is Man? ***God plus desire.***'

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1. Eleven years later, under much different circumstances, when this same poem was again read to me by Darshan, it resolved a huge enigma regarding his level of spiritual advancement and triggered in me an explosion of awakening (chapter 54).

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*Hazur Baba Sawan Singh, Sant Kirpal Singh, & son Darshan Singh  
circa: 1939, black & white photo retouched by the author*