



MOTH & THE FLAME
TWO TOWELS

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One evening, Tai Ji (Bibi Raja Ram)—the elderly lady in charge of Master’s food and clothing (who often sent me platters from his kitchen on tour)—began remembering her golden days with Hazur, which I recorded. Dr. Julian Johnson had written of her sight being restored through divine intervention in the original edition of his book, *With the Great Master in India*. This powerful tale illustrates the depth and magnitude of Kirpal’s devotion, and Hazur’s reciprocity to his great disciple:

This goes back to about 1940. I had purchased some very good quality towels from the bazaar and felt like giving two of them to the Great Master, Hazur Maharaj Sawan Singh. My husband and I drove to Beas with those towels, and when we reached there I placed them at his lotus feet and said, ‘Maharaj Ji,



The Disciple and his Master, circa 1938

please take these two towels for yourself.' He said, 'No, child, I don't need them. I won't take anybody's things.' I said, 'All right, you may pay for them then!' But Hazur deferred.

'No, please take them,' I insisted. 'You can give me the money, whatever they cost, but you must take them.' Hazur kept silent for some time; finally he said 'All right, I can do one thing. I will take these towels on one condition—that you take two of my used towels in exchange for your new ones!' 'What else do I want?' I replied. So he called one of his attendants, Bibi Ralli, and said 'Bibi Ji, go in the bathroom and bring two towels.' I placed the new towels at his lotus feet and the Master gave me his, which I placed on my head in reverence. Baba Sawan Singh said, 'All right, child, I am giving these two towels to you, but first promise me that you won't give them to anyone else.' 'All right, I won't give them to anybody.'

'Even if your husband asks you for them, will you promise not to give them to him?' 'Achaa, okay, I won't give them to him.'

'So this is final?' 'Yes, final.'

'All right, you take them.'

Afterward, at about 4 PM we started from Beas to go back to Rawalpindi, about seventy-five miles away. On the way, my husband said 'Let's see Sant Kirpal Singh when we pass through Lahore.' So we went to his place, but I begged my husband, 'No, please don't go there, because he may want to take my towels!' He assured me 'No, no, he won't do anything like that.' When we reached there my husband went in, but I hid myself and would not face Sant Kirpal Singh. When he was in one room, I would run to another, so as not to face him. Bhapa Ji—as we used to address Sant Kirpal Singh then—asked 'What's the matter with Bibi Ji? She is not facing me today. What's wrong with her?' My husband said, 'Oh, she has got something, but she is hiding herself so that you will not ask what it is and take it!' Bhapa Ji laughed and sent his wife, Bibi Krishna Wanti, to fetch me. He asked me 'What's this? What have you got with you? Did you bring something from Beas, from our Satguru?' I had to admit, 'Yes.'

'Alright, then please show me.'

'No, no, I won't.' Bhapa Ji asked why. 'Because I made a promise with my Master that I wouldn't give it to anyone.'

'Well, don't give it to me, but at least show me.'

'Alright, I'll show you.' I pulled those two towels from my handbag and, while holding them, showed them. Bhapa Ji asked, 'Just let me

see them.’ He took those two towels in his hands, placed them on his head as a token of respect, and then touched them to his heart and wept. Afterward he asked us to stay for the night, but I said, ‘No, no, you might take these towels!’

‘Oh, no, you just relax for the night,’ he said, so we agreed. That night he asked, ‘Until morning—while you are here please loan these two towels to me.’ He took those towels to his room and lying there alone, he placed them on his heart and began to shed tears in the sweet remembrance of our Master Sawan. During the night he composed a poem concerning those towels, and in the morning when he got up he said, ‘Before you go home, please do one thing for me. Take this poem, go back to our Satguru at Beas, and then go to your place.’ My husband used to pay great respect to him, and agreed to return to Beas.

We took that poem back to Maharaj Sawan Singh Ji. When we arrived in Beas, Maharaj Ji said, ‘You were here yesterday. What brought you back again?’ I said, ‘Master, I am in trouble. I feel very bad.’ ‘Why? What happened?’ he asked.

I answered, ‘We went to Kirpal Singh. My towels were going to be snatched away, but I saved them.’

‘You did a courageous thing. I thought Kirpal Singh would snatch them from you!’ ‘Master, he is not such a torturer!’ my husband said, ‘Maharaj Ji, she has done a great injustice to him. Kirpal Singh was placing your towels on his head and heart, and weeping inconsolably.’ Hazur Maharaj said, ‘Oh, I could have given him towels too! Why did you make him weep?’ I said, ‘How could I give him the towels after promising you that I would give them to no one? All I can do now is give you the poem he has composed.’

Then Hazur said, ‘All right, come on, first sing the poem he has sent to me.’ Then I sang that song.

After hearing the poem, Hazur said, ‘It’s a great pity, he has felt too much. Now you should go back to Kirpal Singh and bring him to me.’ I said, ‘No, no, I won’t go now. He may take my towels again. I must keep them here. I won’t go!’ Then my husband said, ‘Well, I’ll go.’ He went to Lahore again and brought Kirpal Singh Ji back to Hazur. I was sitting in the Dera at that time and again opened my bag to see that the towels were safely kept. When they came, it was late at night. Restrictions for others at Beas did not apply to Kirpal Singh or my husband, as Hazur loved them so dearly. They might come at midnight or 1 AM and nobody could bar their entry to the Master.

All together we went back to Master Hazur. Sant Kirpal Singh bowed before Hazur, who said, 'Look here, Kirpal, she was really sympathizing with you.' Bhapa Ji replied, 'She did not sympathize at my home.' Then Hazur said 'No, she felt it when you cried, but she could not give the towels to you. But why did you cry? I would have given so many things to you. Come on, Kirpal Singh, what do you want? Tell me, sit down!' And he sat down with folded hands, saying, 'No, Master, everything is fine. I want only you.'

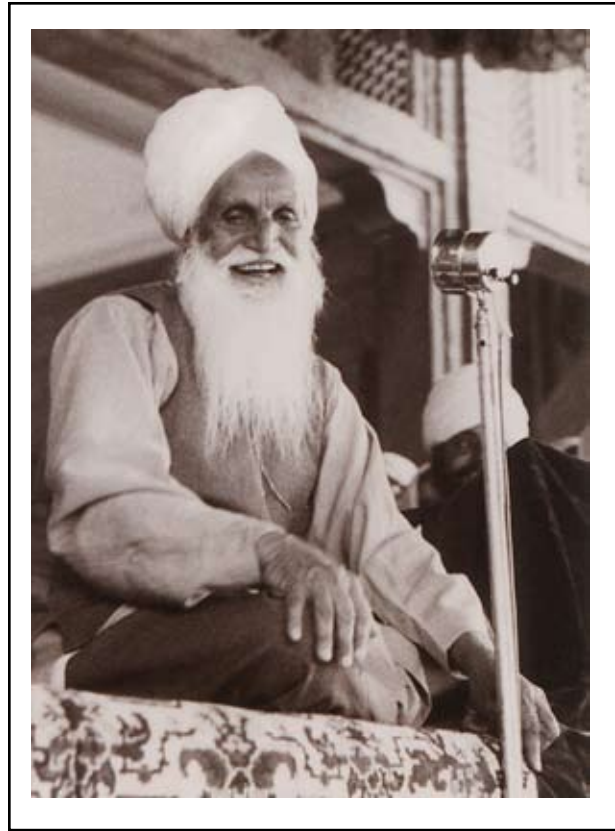
'But I've got so many things I'll give you.' Then Hazur said to me, 'Why did you come now? You have your towels with you.' I said 'I have come to see what things you are going to give him. Master Hazur said, 'Come on, Kirpal, tell me what you want!' And he, sitting with folded hands, said, 'Master, I want you only.' Then Hazur took Kirpal's hand and, placing his own hand upon it said, 'Now I give my own self to you.' At this, Sant Kirpal Singh Ji became very happy and bowed before his Master.

I said 'Oh, Master, you have given everything to him. It is too much! You gave me only towels!' Then Hazur called Bibi Ralli and said, 'All right, you go and bring my sweater that I was wearing at night.' She brought the sweater and Hazur gave it to Kirpal Singh, saying, 'I used it this night and last night too. It's not washed, but you can wear it.' And again he said to Bibi Ralli, 'Go and bring the cotton shawl that I use when I sit in meditation.' Then he gave that shawl to Kirpal Singh and said 'Look here, Kirpal Singh, I am giving my most precious thing to you today, this shawl; there is some secret concerning it.' But his great disciple never asked what the secret was. I was just sitting there, watching everything. Then Hazur himself said, 'This cotton shawl was given to me by my Satguru Baba Jaimal Singh. I have kept it as a very precious trust; tonight I hereby give it to you.'

This is not the end of the story; it is still to come. After a while we took leave of Hazur Maharaj and returned to Sant Kirpal Singh's residence in Lahore. Bhapa Ji took those gifts from his Master to his room and kept them where he used to sleep. Thereafter he never slept on that bed, but down on the floor where his bedding remained. At night, from another room we saw him before his bed, sometimes laughing, sometimes weeping, sometimes just bowing out of respect before those things.

Such was the love of Kirpal for his Master that his unspeakable reverence was transferred even to the objects associated with Hazur.

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*The Illustrious Hazur
Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj*



*Hazur and disciples on a stroll.
Kirpal, with dark beard, literally following in his footsteps.*