



MOTH & THE FLAME
HIMALAYAN RETREAT

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*F*ollowing Hazur's mahasamadhi and in compliance with his wishes, Kirpal Singh left for Delhi. For the seeker and the lover, only Truth and the Beloved count. On April 13, 1948, the new Master held his first satsang at Darya Ganj, Delhi, wherein he gave a humble description of his role:

Just as the commander of an army grows old and sits in a tent and keeps a boy as an orderly to send his messages to the outside—so this is my position, that of an errand boy.

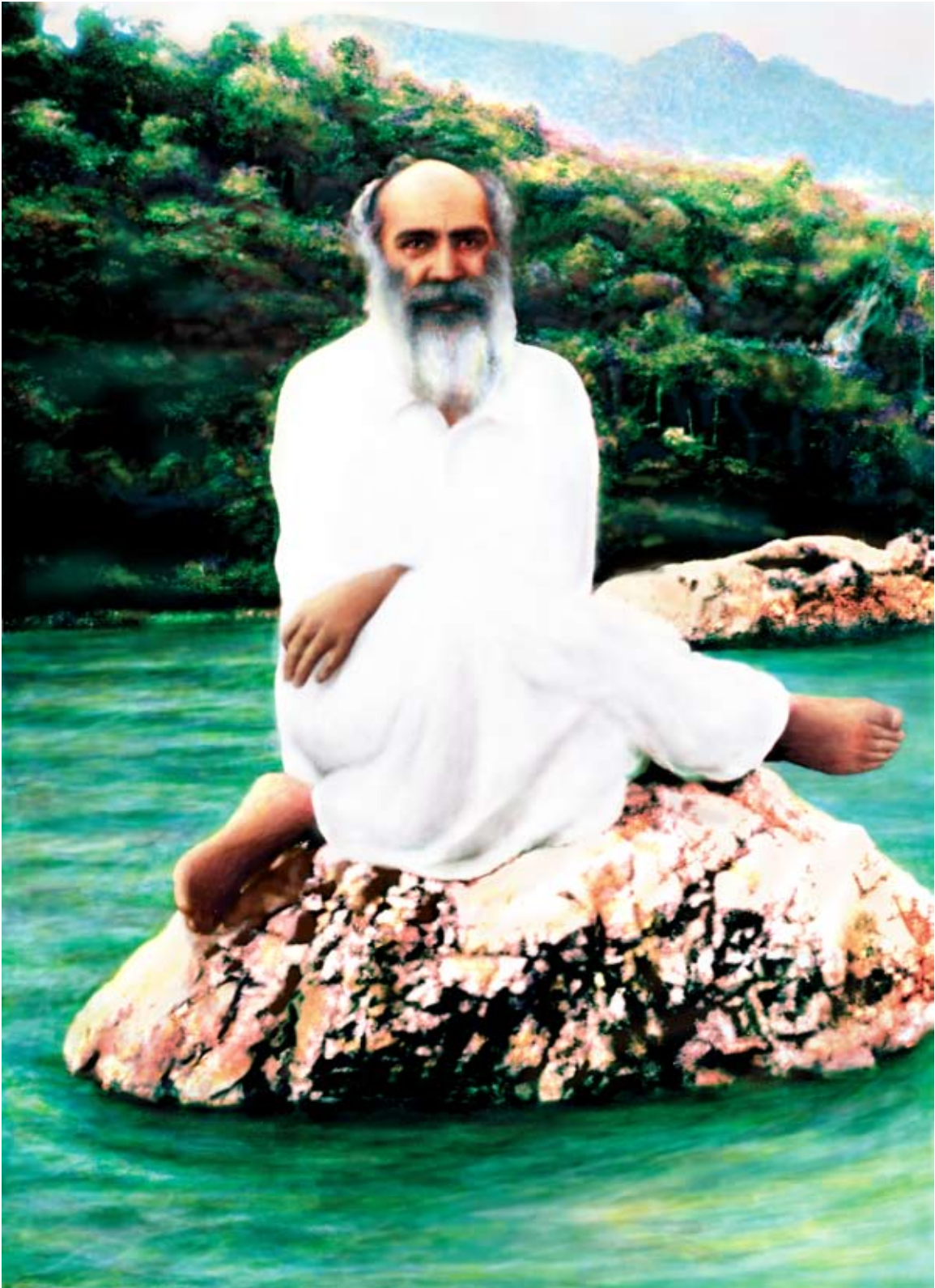
Each Saint has his mission in life and comes with a definite instrument of instruction. As soon as he completes his job, he retires from this world and goes back into the spiritual ocean from which he sprang, leaving the work of further reorientation to his successor. Even if the predecessor has to do something for his followers, he does it through the living successor to whom he entrusted the work on retirement; and only the latter, as a brother-in-faith or Gurbhai may help his brethren on the physical plane...

Our physical life is destined by the Almighty and each one of us must play his role as allotted. I have no choice in the matter...I am a puppet in his hands and a flute through which he plays.¹

Shortly thereafter, Kirpal Singh went to Rishikesh, a secluded place in the foothills of the Himalayan mountains. He said, 'In the wilderness, I would put in sixteen to eighteen hours in meditation...' The Master's favorite spot was a large rock in the middle of the Ganges River, just above the town of Rishikesh. On that bare, rugged rock he would sit, uncushioned, immersed in samadhi, awaiting further orders from his Master.

He rented accommodation in a house called Rani-ki-Kothi on the northern banks of the Ganges. It was here that his wife Mata Krishna Vanti, son Darshan, daughter-in-law Harbhajan Kaur, and young grandson Raji, Mangat Ram and Tai Ji joined him for several weeks. He sometimes put them into meditation for six to eight hours at a stretch. In the breaks between, he went for long walks around Rishikesh, a renowned pilgrimage center. He sometimes took along members of his party and visited the sadhus and holy men in the area.

He ate simple food—a meal in the morning and another in the



*Sant Kirpal Singh emerging from samadhi.
Ganges River, upper Rishikesh, 1948²*

evening. One day he said, 'Now let me make some chapatis for you,' and then he prepared chapatis for all. He then told his family and those with him, 'I am cooking chapatis for you today, but in the future you may not be able to get the same amount of time from me.'

He shared some of his encounters:

I went all over Rishikesh. I met intellectual wrestlers and those performing the elementary steps: postures, saying prayers, rites and rituals. Most of them were doing hatha yoga practices, which are very arduous and beset with difficulties and dangers. The pranas, or the vital airs, have to be controlled, regulated, and directed properly, which is not easily done. For an average householder it is very difficult and time-consuming. The saints do not recommend such practices in this age; people are not physically fit to undertake this type of yoga.

The transcendence of physical consciousness that a yogi pursuing the path of pranas achieves only after a long and arduous discipline is attained by practitioners of the Surat Shabd Yoga sometimes at the first sitting at the time of initiation.

It is the quality of sehaj, or naturalness and ease that makes the Surat Shabd Yoga accessible to all. The music of the divine Word is vibrating in all alike, and he who follows its path needs no special requirements, whether physical or intellectual. It is as much open to the old as to the young, to the sinners as to the saints, to the simple as to the learned, to women and children as to men. It is the highest form of yoga, which takes the soul to its Source.

In Rishikesh I met only one man who was rising above body-consciousness, Raghuvacharya. That man's habit was so kingly that he would never stand to greet anybody. When he saw me coming at about two hundred yards, he stood up...He loved me and I loved him. In our talk, it came out that Raghuvacharya went to the first plane, Sahansdal Kamal...He said, 'What I learned by going through all the Shastras, Vedas, and Upanishads, you speak of from inner experience.'

In between meditation and walks in the foothills, Kirpal Singh kept meticulous diaries of his inner experiences and dialogue with the ascended Masters, including Hazur, Baba Ji (Jaimal Singh), Jesus, Kabir, Nanak, Zoroaster, Guru Gobind Singh, Tulsi Sahib, Rumi, and others. These notebooks were written in a coded language of the Master's invention, which he employed for the sake of secrecy. They contain scores of margin notes in English in his own inimitable handwriting.³

After more than five months in Rishikesh, the new Master received orders from Hazur and Baba Ji to return to the world and begin his great mission of liberating souls from the bondage of mind and matter.

1. *Portrait of Perfection - A Pictorial Biography of Kirpal Singh*, Bowling Green, VA: S.K. Publications, 1981, p.50.

2. Darshan Singh, the Master's eldest son was an avid amateur photographer, and to take the original B&W picture, he waded out into the middle of the Ganges River with water up to his chest. There, he waited in the glacial-melt waters for more than an hour holding a Kodak box-camera, until the Master's consciousness returned to his body. Upon opening his eyes, Darshan clicked the shutter. This colored version was digitally painted—a process that blessedly consumed more than 150 hours.

3. These secret diaries remained hidden away for thirty years and were discovered in Sawan Ashram in 1978. A complete photocopy is with the writer, but not translated so far.