



MOTH & THE FLAME
SEPARATION'S NOOSE

31

We return to Delhi and time is running out. The Omnipresent Master is elusive to inner sight, and the experience of great joy towards the end of my Rajpur sojourn is scuttled by the dread of leaving. Each day weighs heavily, despite profound meditation. For nearly seven months I have been daily spoon-fed on the ineffable-incomparable. An addict of the Friend wonders how to survive withdrawal.

July 16: While alone in my room, divine love's sweet anguish becomes a poem, a song, a surge. The inner Light is powerful and does not allow sleep. In the morning I approach the Master, full of zeal: 'I have written a song that I would like to sing for you.'

'Then sing it to your own self!' His stiff reply acts like a Zen koan, throwing this mind into a swirl for hours, until finally it falls back upon itself, at peace. Much later a few of us sit cross-legged on the lawn around him in the garden as night's sable veil enwraps all. An electrical power failure followed by unusual silence spreads throughout Delhi; a full moon begins to rise on the deep indigo horizon. Out of nowhere Master says to me, 'All right, you may sing your song now.' A plaintive melody accompanies the madly devotional lyrics:

*The Sun of Truth shines in splendor,
For they who at thy holy feet surrender,
Sataguru Ji, O, Sataguru, Sataguru Ji*

*My life, my truth, my everything,
It is for thee my heart does sing,*

*Lifted by the sight of thee,
I know that thou hast set me free...*

*All who live by the outer sun are blind, O' Lord,
But they who live by the Light of thee, only they can see...*

*Every breath and every heartbeat,
Intensifies my thirst and longing—
For a vision, for thy vision in the Light.*

*In the night I weep for thee, O' Lord,
When will you come to me?
Kirpal, Kirpal, Kirpal Gurudev, Sataguruji.
Now at last thou hast heard my cry,
Filled with Light before my eye;
Yearning for the Lord to meet,
At last I have found thy lotus feet.
Gurudev, Gurudev, Gurudev Kirpal, Sataguruji...*

The full moon has risen high overhead, bathing everything with soft luminescence. Breaking the delicious long silence, I ask, 'Master, please say a few words on the condition of Separation.' He is silent for a while.

'In the Punjabi language there are many words of such expression not found in English, he replies. 'The Tenth Guru expressed in Punjabi verse,

Mittera Piarey nu, Haal mureeda Kahenna...'
[O beloved Friend, please tell Him of my condition.]

'*Bhingh, bhingh*' Interrupting himself, he asks, 'In your country I believe the butcher simply cuts the neck of the cattle, is it not? But in India he first picks up the sheep or goat by the legs and then throws it down on the ground, full force—before cutting its throat—and if the knife is not sharp, then...?'

Master proceeds with the verse,

"*Bhingh, Bhingh, Kasai-an t'ha Saehna.*' Just like that goat in the hands of the butcher, is how I feel in the pangs of separation from Master!" *Sawan. Kirpal.* Tears fill his eyes but do not fall...*long pause.*

'And the Tenth Guru says, "We are drinking anguish from a cup covered with thorns." But you see, there are no words to convey the beauty of the original...'

Old friends: I share a dream from the night before in which the Master told me we were old friends. He comments, 'We are *all* old friends, you see.' That sinks in. *Long pause.*

The meaning of yoga: I relate the plight of Bill Bliss, a Canadian yoga teacher who has written me from Rishikesh—a refugee from real tyranny experienced at two prominent yoga schools. 'Master, he would like to meet you, but now he's extremely cautious about

entrusting his spiritual welfare to anyone.'

'Tell him the real meaning of Yoga is to *yoke*, or *reunite* the soul with its Source.' Master advises. 'We don't entrust our spiritual welfare to any *person*. That belongs to God alone—but where His Light is manifest in man, we should feel no hesitation to go there and learn the mysteries of the Beyond from him. Perhaps what keeps us from going is the ego.'

Everlasting wealth is with the Saints, even in poverty: 'God is already residing within you. God is also in the poor beggar. He can appear in him,' Gurudev Kirpal continues. 'NamDev, a great Saint of the fifteenth Century, was so poor he had no more than four farthings—but he was actually the richest of men. I would say he is now a millionaire!' (laughter)

True identification: 'Once Hazrat Mian Mir met with Akbar, the great Moghul. Mian Mir was outwardly very poor, but spiritually awakened within. When Akbar asked him, "Who are you?" the Saint replied, "I am Moghul!"

"How do you say this?" the Emperor demanded. The Faqir replied, "Because I have met you!"

'When you meet the Master fully, you also become the Master; you imbibe His nature and attributes.

'St. Paul said, *It is I, yet not now I; it is the Christ that liveth in me.*

'And Hafiz has said, *I am no more Hafiz; I am He that lives in me.*

'So whatever you have received here with His Grace,' (Master plants his eyes upon me) 'you should take back to America and share it with others. Because you have experience, you will not be repeating parrot-like what you have learned. What you say will only affect others if you have experienced it.'

Buddha, or Buddhist: On another day, an orange-robed Burmese Buddhist monk asks, 'Master! Help me to become a better Buddhist.'

'I wish you to become *Buddha*, not *Buddhist!*' he replies.

Kneading the clay: At another evening darshan, the Master bluntly asks Jim Cluett, a newly arrived policeman from New England, 'Why have you come to India?' Jim innocently and sweetly replies, 'To have you mold me like clay, Master.'

Master retorts gruffly, always unpredictable: 'Then become clay first! Then I'll knead and mold you like clay!' An electric silence fills the room. *This is a test, no doubt about it.* Master's face suddenly

breaks out in a gracious laugh, and he stretches out his arms, making a kneading motion with his fists towards Jim and then in a circular movement to everyone in the room, uttering, 'Kneading, kneading, kneading!' *Relief!*

Independence Day—*August 15*: Today's satsang is so large, it has to be held on tented grounds outside the ashram. Using the theme of India's Independence, the Master asserts the need to become independent from the tyranny of the mind and the five dacoits (robbers) of lust, anger, greed, attachment, and ego. Five minutes into his discourse, a torrential monsoon storm bursts over Delhi, and the canopy overhead begins leaking like a sieve. 'This is the time of your examination!' he announces over the microphone, 'Your clothes will be wet, but you will be quite safe.'

He pushes away an umbrella held by an eager attendant, for those sitting before him are not provided such comfort. For two full hours, the Master delivers a matchless discourse punctuated by thunder and lightning. Miraculously the loudspeakers keep up, though they too are soaked in the pounding rain. But for a mere handful, the soggy audience remains. I find the rain transubstantiated into particles of Light. The vast congregation is transported into a state of bliss, evidenced by their eyes and faces. As Master finishes, the physical sun breaks out. With a chuckle, our Gurudev pronounces, '*Now, your examination is over!*'

Pages of notes made with fountain pen have been obliterated by the rain. However, these few lines are still barely readable:

Most of the time has already passed.

Little time is left.

If you are just sitting, stand up immediately.

If you are just standing, start walking.

If you are walking, start running fast.

Don't look to the left or the right.

You are running a race toward God!