

The Religion of Love ❤️

Sin

The Teachings of Mother Rytasha
The Angel of Bengal



Mother Rytasha

RELIGION
THE WORD RELIGION, AS USED IN,
THE TEACHINGS OF MOTHER RYTASHA
IS TO BE UNDERSTOOD
IN ITS ORIGINAL MEANING,
RE - AGAIN
LIGIO - TO LINK
RELIGION - THE PROCESS AND PRACTICES
BY WHICH ONE CAN COME AGAIN TO GOD.

**THE WORD SIN
AS USED IN THE RELIGION OF LOVE
IS MEANT TO BE UNDERSTOOD IN ITS ORIGINAL MEANING.
FIRST USED ON THE ARCHERY FIELDS OF MEDIEVAL ENGLAND,
THE REFEREE WOULD CALL OUT SIN IF THE SHOT WAS OFF CENTER,
GIVING THE BOWMAN A CHANCE TO ADJUST HIS AIM.
THERE IS NO CONNOTATION OF GUILT OR SHAME
ASSOCIATED WITH THE WORD SIN IN
THE RELIGION OF LOVE**



Who can, recount the wonderful days of our beginnings, when wishing to serve God, for Love and the welfare of all, we began what would become, A Spiritual Revolution, igniting in our hearts a fire that would set our souls ablaze, and burn the whole world to ashes!

It is of these beginning times, that I, Razzaque Khan do speak here.

It was late in the year, the time when a cold wind sweeps over the plains, that I and some of the devotees met making a pilgrimage. Our pilgrimage though, was not to stone or history, but to God. For we traveled The Path Made Straight, the path by which a man may come again to God.

And having met, so sat together in the pale light of a winter's night, while the moon, narrow as a scythe, sliced the night away. And it was there we fell to reminiscing of our spiritual master. She who was given everything by God, gave up everything to God, selling home, properties, and jewels, and gave her life to speak the message of God, to all, and for all. The people call her, The Angel of Bengal.

And I, in an unguarded moment, for I was with devotees, God Brother and God Sister all, revealed this secret. That I had met her in a dream, before I met her, and so in meeting her in life, did meet with her again. And another said, "How strange, for I too did meet her twice in dreams, before we met. Once, when as a child I dreamed her among all children, dressed in white, a statue come to life. The joy I felt I can't describe, nor can I speak the rest right now. Then two years more, and once again she did appear in dreams, to teach The Chanting of The Holy Names of God to me." And hearing of these things, we marveled much, and one who knew, did say, "In ways, miraculous to man, so comes the word of God into the world."

When next day, in early morning dark, cold sky and icy moon glared down upon the fields, and found us at our prayers, the heavens heard the different names of God, for we were all of different lands, religions, castes, and different clans.

And though from different countries did we come, from the same place had all begun, this holy pilgrimage. Desire was this place.

Some desired material benefits, seeking from the spiritual master, blessings of health, of wealth, of name and fame, and more of more. Others desired to satisfy their curiosity. A few desired knowledge. But most came because they suffered and so desired the peace of bliss and happiness.

But, it was only when we had exhausted our desires and when our desires had exhausted us, that a true desire was born, the spiritual desire for God. And God being pleased, fulfilled our desire, sending to us a guide. And so by her, came we to The Path Made Straight, the path by which a man may come again to God.

The first lesson is Love. And that she taught us, saying, "God is Love. And His Love is manifest in mercy. As God has Loved you, your brothers, sisters, all created and creation, you too must Love one another, and show that Love by being merciful, as God is merciful to you. Therefore out of kindness keep the commandments of God." And then she added on, "Begin now anew and do not involve yourselves in the unnecessary suffering of innocent animals, nor pollute your minds and bodies with any kind of intoxication, nor engage in illicit sex, nor gamble." For many this was hard to hear and hearing, some would fall away. And one rebuked her, saying, "Why must you tell these hard things so that all will flee away from you? **Other masters do not ask anything, not the giving up, nor the taking up, and they have many followers.**" Then she answered him, "The difference is," she said, "**the masters of whom you speak want to please their followers. I want to please God!**"

And I felt sorrow to see so many go, and asked, "Why can't they hear?" And she in answer, said to me, "There is none so deaf as he who will not hear. But be not anxious, for their hearts have heard. The head can deny truth, but the heart, never! It is difficult for them to hear, for they think God's laws a punishment. They are like the camel who liked especially one particular kind of leaf. Now, that leaf had thorns which cut the camel's mouth. Blood mixing with the leaf gives a good taste and the foolish animal, seeking to enjoy, destroys himself. We too live in a society of camels, who seek pleasures which destroy." And she repeated again to us, this first lesson, saying, "Cleanse yourself of cruelty, to yourself and others. For God is merciful, to those who are also merciful."

So throwing off the dead weight of damaging things, lighter, we rose higher, till reaching the next step upon The Path Made Straight.

And at that place, she asked of us, "Seek you, your perfection?" And hearing this was true, she said, "Rejoice! Rejoice, for already are you perfect! But as gold is buried in earth, so too are you buried by sin, and so do not experience your true state of ecstasy, immortality, and knowledge, but experiencing only misery, ignorance, and death, your suffering is great." And she taught then, the wisdom given by God, to all and for all, The Path Made Straight, the path by which a man may come again to God. And so under her guidance we practiced that we might become devotees of God.

And following, found we entered a new time.

**A TIME OF LIGHT IN DARKNESS,
THE PATH MADE STRAIGHT,
AND RELIGION UNDIVIDED.**

**FOR THERE IS ONE GOD,
WITH UNLIMITED NAMES,
THERE IS ONE RELIGION,
LOVE OF GOD.**

And it was not in the writing down nor in the speaking this knowledge, but in the living of it. This living truth and we living in this truth. For this were we persecuted, tested, and tried. And the spiritual master consoled us, saying, "Take heart, and always remember, nobody throws stones at, or shakes a barren tree. It is the tree with fruit that must bear the blows."

And some in this time would fall away. And we who remained continued on the greater pilgrimage to God. And it came to pass, that we gathered a group of disciples together, and meeting again our spiritual master, sat together on a summer's day. On the bank of the holy river, beneath a tree sat she. And we with her. And brighter than light did she appear. And one of the disciples, asked of her, "Speak to us of sin." And she said, "**The greatest sin is ignorance.** For out of ignorance does suffering come. So to speak of sin is to speak of suffering. And to speak of suffering is to speak of life. For when a man is born, in the blow of birth, he suffers such forgetfulness, that losing all remembrance of who he is and what he is, wanders in this world in ignorance, not knowing from whence he came nor where his destination. Though doing much, he knows not what to do. In such a state, seeing no higher reality than himself, he thinks himself the all in all. Mistaking the body for the self, he makes the goal of life the satisfaction of the senses, mind and body both. Seeing others as friend or enemy by how they satisfy him, he knows not Love. And so he lives, filled with longings for he knows not what, clinging to what he has, in fear of loss, hungry for more, till losing, and loss is sure. Then out of loss is anger born and out of anger, violence, in thought, in word, in deed, is done. And what is sown, in time is reaped, and so the seed of ignorance bears fruit and sorrow is its name. This then," she said, "is the life of most. For most in ignorance, know not right from wrong, nor can they tell reality from illusion. **Asleep, they only dream they are awake!**"

And pointing at the smooth surface of the water, she said, "Look upon this tree reflected in the river. How real it looks. Yet the flowers of this tree have no fragrance. Its fruit can give no taste, nor its branches give you shelter. **As a tree seen on water appears real, yet is false, still there is a reality beyond illusion. Illusion is the dream of the real.** Therefore," she cautioned us, "be counted among the wise who know the real from illusion." And a disciple asked, "**Where is the real?**" And she answered him, "**Not where, but how. If you wish the real, become a devotee of God. For only the devotee of God will know what's real.**"

And pointing to the tree upon the bank and then the reflected tree upon the river, she said, "Just as there are two trees, one which is real and one an illusion, so there are two kinds of men in the world. Though living side by side they are as different as day from night, different as dark from light. You have heard of the man of ignorance, now hear of the man of knowledge. Like the man of ignorance, the man of knowledge is also born. But being born, is born again. For two births a man may have. One of the flesh and one of the spirit."

And she told of a disciple who preaching met a man, and invited him to hear the master. But the man would not come, unless, as he demanded, the master would be performing miracles. And the disciple came back and told of this. And the master said to the disciple, "Go back and show yourself to this man, and say to him, my master says to tell you, *if you wish to see a miracle, look upon me, for I was born blind, but now I see, ignorant now I know, a sinner, now I am cleansed. The greatest miracle,*" she said, "*is to become the devotee of God!*"

And she continued then to tell of the two kinds of men, comparing. "As the man of ignorance does not know who he is and what he is, taking himself to be the body, the man of knowledge knows himself to be eternal spirit soul. As the man of ignorance devotes himself to serving his senses, mind and body both, the man of knowledge devotes himself to serving God. As the man of ignorance sees others as friend or enemy, by how they satisfy his desires, and knows not Love, the man of knowledge by giving spiritual knowledge, is friend to all. As the man of ignorance sees himself as all in all, knowing nothing beyond himself, the man of knowledge knows the higher truth of God." And taking a stone in her hand, she threw it at the tree's reflection in the river. And illusion was shattered. And there was only reality, the river, and we who sat upon its bank. And she said again to us, "**Become a devotee of God, for only the devotee of God will know what is real. That only Love is real!**"

And that night, eating supper together, I realized she had shown to us a way to live so that we never forgot God for a single moment, thus making of our lives a holy meditation. For she had been asked about how to practice, for we disciples being of all different religions, times of prayer, amount of charity, when we worshipped, all were different. And so we asked of her, "At what times shall we pray, and for how long? And what the offering? And how many the number of hours of worship and when?" And she answered, "Begin where you are, for beginning is the beginning of the end. And the end is Love. **And in Love is a life where every action is holy, every thought a prayer, all food a sacrament and all your work worship.** For when you speak of God, you speak of Love."

And she asked, **"Can Love then be divided into times of Loving and not Loving? Stopping and starting? Of remembering and forgetting? Can Love be measured out, taking back and giving up? No! For Love, is all, gives all, gains all. Love is constant, transcendental, and beyond time. Love is the spiritual eternal."**

And that night I lay under a tree and the warm air was thick with stars, but I was restless and could not sleep, for a question nagged around the edges of my mind, and I determined to ask and be satisfied. But that was not to be. For she had fallen sick, then sicker still. And she sent me away on a mission, for she worried for my worrying. And other disciples came and cared for her. And when I returned, my mission complete, I asked her of the time of her illness, and of a strange night when I stood watch. And she was silent so long I thought she had forgotten me.

And when she finally did speak, she spoke, it seemed, a poetry from another world, saying, "Sick, long lay I upon my bed, and many journeys might I make, though this room I never leave. Along The Path Made Straight, to truth, I travel by the day, pulling hard and moving slow, poor servant, poorer still. But one night my bed becomes a boat, afloat upon a starry sea of sky. Though safe in guarded room I venture forth, to a strangely splendid land of spicery and golden sand. There to meet my Love. And to my Love surrender I. For beauty beyond beautiful, is the sky blue gaze of God. Then how I prayed, and still I pray, 'O' God, my Lord, my Love, yet let me sleep that dream again wherein I meet my Love. But, if it be Thy will, that I awake to worldly sleep, and dreaming life, that I, surrendered soul, will be, pale moon to God's great sun. Then let Thy will be done."

And on her face was a look of ecstasy I shall never forget. And she turned away, and said in ending, "This was the night and the journey of which you asked." And many months later when she was well, the danger past, and she beneath the same tree sat, and spoke a lesson for all to hear. And when the time for questions came, she turned to me and said, "You have a question which tickled at the edges of your mind some months ago. Ask it now." And I amazed did ask, as I had planned to ask those many months ago.

And so I said, "And what of the devotee of God, who following strictly all the rules and regulations given by God, the disciple practicing the disciplines as given by God, to whom it is promised, The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand, yet he does not enter. What sins keep him from entering The Kingdom of God?"

And she leaning against the tree began a story, as she often did, and this of a wedding party, "who after sunset, boarded a boat to travel down river, to the home of the bride, there to enjoy the marriage festivities. Bedecked in their best, silk and sandalwood, jewels and gold, they carried lavish gifts for presentation. In this way their journey began. Now the hour was late and as the breeze cool upon the water was soft and pleasant, they soon stopped talking and fell to sleep. And the only sound heard in the dark night was the oars of the boatmen. When at last the morning came, after rowing through the night, the guests awoke, expecting to be close by the festivities. Instead they found themselves in exactly the same place as they had started from the night before. For though the boatmen had rowed all through the night, they had forgotten to untie the boat from the dock! So just as the boat remained attached because no one had loosed the ropes that tied it to the shore, so too must you, who are upon the boat bound for God, untie the ropes that bind you to the world. Look now and see yourself that you may save yourself."

And she did speak a number of offenses, that I might copy it and keep it, saying, **"These are the ties that bind the devotee of God to this world. Caught, he cannot enter The Kingdom of God."**

And beginning, she cautioned, **"Who after hearing, this world is but a test and trial, that all happiness lies with God, and still hankers after material pleasures, and so believes them greater than God. He cannot enter The Kingdom of God."**

And she spoke again, **"Beware,"** she warned, **"never to cause harm to any devotee of God, by word or deed. For one who does this, he does not enter The Kingdom of God!"** And a disciple asked, **"Who is a devotee of God?"** And she answered, **"Anyone who tries to do the will of God. He is a devotee. Be he Christian, Hindu, Muslim, or Jew, or any religion given by God."**

And speaking of another offense, she said, **"For you, the devotee who knows the practices which rectify mistakes and cleanse the sinner, woe to you, if developing the mentality of committing sinful activities and thinking, by these practices, I can wash away the reactions that will come of my actions, and so try to exploit the mercy of God. You will not enter The Kingdom of God!"**

"Beware, never to preach one Name of God superior to another. One language more holy than another. For this the door is closed. For God and His Name are non different. All The Names of God, are good, for all The Names of God are God."

"Do not blaspheme any scripture of God, saying, man made, or myth, first or last, or some such thing, lest you be shut out of The Kingdom of God. For The word of God is holy. At different times and circumstances, into different cultures, in the local language, God speaks the truth and gives The Path Made Straight, the path by which a man may come again to God. Truth is not the monopoly of any one group, who play the politics of I and me and mine, dividing into sects. The truth is true for all."

And again she warned, **"Do not use the practices along The Path Made Straight, as good and pious acts hoping to reap the benefits thereof. For this the door is closed to you."**

Do not be like one who gives a banquet to those who have no appetite, nor speak the glories of God to those who will not hear. For this you enter not!"

And last she said, **"Do not think the great teachings imagination or exaggeration, for they are in truth, a doorway, leading to The Kingdom of God. And the spiritual master the key. Therefore do not neglect the order of the spiritual master, lest the door be locked to you."**

"Pray then," she said, "not to be like the wedding party asleep upon the boat, but keep vigil, your devotion constant and unalloyed, and mark you well the landmarks on your journey, that with the dawning of the light you may find yourself in The Kingdom of God."

And we searching our actions, minds, and motives, took shelter in our God Brothers and Sisters, and together vowed to continue our pilgrimage back home, back to God.

And many were the trials and many the triumphs we would face. Some have I heard tell of and some I did attend on myself. This one I remember, for I was there. It was of a man with many followers who came with much malice to The Holy Mother and challenged her thus. "Who are you and to what faith do you hold? Tell us then, the name of your religion and the name of your God, or we will attack and drive you from this place." And some of the disciples and myself moved forward to protect her, lest harm should come to her. But she raised her hand and stopped us. And then she spoke, calmly and patiently, as she had done so many times before. And she said to the man and his followers, who came forward to hear, "You ask of us a name, because you live in a world of names. **You think if you call yourself something that will make it true. So you say, I am a Hindu, a Muslim, a Christian, a Buddhist, or Jew. But it is only a name to you. It is on your tongue, but it does not touch your heart. For if it was in your heart you would not come among us with hate, but with Love.** For you religion is a name without a reality. And now you wish to put a name on us. But I will not give you a name, for you will build a wall of us and them around us."

Then was she silent, and her silence angered the man and his followers. And he, speaking roughly to her, said, "That is not an answer!" To which she calmly replied, "Every question does not deserve an answer." And then relenting, she did answer, as if she wanted him and the others, for all, to understand. And stretching out her arms as if to embrace the whole world, she said, "A name I will not give, but I will tell you who we are, by what we do." And the people came forward as if to be enfolded and gathered round her to hear. And this is what she said.

**"WE ARE THE SERVANTS OF
THE SERVANTS OF GOD.
WE ARE HINDU, MUSLIM,
CHRISTIAN, BHUDDIST, AND JEW,
WE ARE OF ALL RACES
AND RELIGIONS
CREATED BY GOD,
ALL NATIONS,
MAN AND WOMAN EQUALLY,
WE ARE EVERYONE!
WE ARE YOU!"**

Then was she gone into the dark night. But we were left the light.

So, of some of the beginning times, have I, Razzaque Khan, written. Still more must I tell.



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