

The Religion of Love

*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.

And it happened thus,
that in the year 2001,
there gathered together a group
who seeking after knowledge
came asking,
that I might answer on,
The Religion Of Love
The Teachings of Mother Rytasha
The Angel Of Bengal.

And I, Razzaque Khan,
a disciple and a devotee of God
did meet with them.

"Speak to us," they said,
"of what she taught."

And many their questions,
for much would they know.

And all did I answer
with her words alone.

But know
that what is here written
can be but incomplete.
It is the fragrance
but not the flower.



And late into the night
they stayed.
And for many more
nights and days
did they stay.
And all were welcome,
as all seekers after truth
are always welcome.

But it was not long
before the people
there gathered
began to gossip
among themselves,
arguing over
what they had heard of her.

"I have been told,"
one man said,
"that she preaches a new religion,
and that the people call it,
The Religion of Love."

And hearing this
many were astonished
and began to murmur
among themselves.

Now there was one among them,
a man much respected, wise,
and learned in spiritual matters.
And standing up he came forward.
Seeing him the crowd became quiet,
that he might speak.

"Brother," said he,
to the man who had just spoken,
but addressing all.

**"There has never been a new religion.
Those with knowledge know
the spiritual to be timeless and eternal.
The truth has always been
and will always be."**

"I have heard her,
and count myself
as one among her followers,
and it is of this,
the original, pure,
the uncorrupt truth of God,
of which she speaks.


It is

**True Religion
Not New Religion!"**

And an old man asked,
"She says we live in a time
when that which has been broken
will be made whole.
What are we to understand by this?"

And the people turned to me
that I might speak.
And the words
in my mouth were hers,
for hers I knew to be of God.
And so I told of a time
when we went down to the port
and she,
by the bank, upon a boat,
spoke, saying,

**"NOW A NEW TIME IS COME,
BRINGING LIGHT IN DARKNESS,
THE PATH MADE STRAIGHT,
AND RELIGION UNDIVIDED.**

**AS THERE IS ONE GOD,
WITH UNLIMITED NAMES,
SO TOO IS THERE ONE RELIGION,
AND THAT RELIGION,
THE RELIGION OF  LOVE."**

And a man standing on the bank
had called out,
"Holy Mother!
How can you say
there is but one religion,
when we see there are many?"

And she in answer said,
**"Different Religions
May Be Likened To The Digging Of A Well.
If You Dig For Water In A Rocky Place
You Need A Certain Kind Of Equipment.
And If You Dig In A Sandy Place
You Will Need Another Kind Of Equipment.
So On the Surface There Will Be Differences,
But The Goal Of Both Wells Is The Same.
Water.
And Water Once Reached Is
Water.**

**So It Is With Religion,
Which Is Given According
To Different Language,
Custom, And Culture.
On The Surface
There Will Be Differences,
But The Goal Of All Religions
Is The Same.
God.
And God Once Reached Is
God."**

And there were two brothers,
who after hearing,
talked together late into the night.
And I with them.
"I see," said the elder.
"It all comes clear now.
We have been as one
who looking only at the dress,
forgets the person inside the dress.
Seeing only
the outer signs and symbols of religion,
the languages of other lands,
their customs and their culture,
we thought
we looked upon a different truth,
and even on a different God."
"There is but one God," I say.
"And one truth," says the other brother.
And both agree.

Early the very next day,
in the time
when the air is fresh and cool,
the whole world shining.
As we gather again,
a young man,
a student at the local University,
comes forward, that he might be heard.
"The leaders of religion
have always taught
that we must
give up everything we own to God.
But we can see,
it is they, not God,
who have their hands outstretched to receive
what they tell us we must give up!
Does she also ask of us
that we must give up
everything we own,
to practice
The Religion Of Love?"

And to this common question,
I gave her reply,

"What Do You Own?"

she would say.

**"For Surely Everything Belongs To God.
We May Only Have The Use Of Things,
Temporarily, While We Are In The World.
What Is Important
Is Not How Much Or How Little We Have,
But The Use Made Of What We Have."**

**"For Opulences Such As
Wealth, Beauty, Name, And Fame,
Are In Themselves
Neither Good Nor Bad.
A Knife In The Hands Of A Surgeon
May Save Your Life.
A Knife In The Hands Of A Murderer
May Take Your Life.
So It Is Not Things
Which Are Good Or Bad
But The Use Made Of Them.
And The Perfection Of Life
Is Not To Give Up Everything
But To Use Everything
In The Service Of Good.
In The Service Of God."**

Then a lawyer,
skilled in debate and jurisprudence
questioned me.

"What does this new religion" ...
(for they would insist to call it so)
"say of the law, the rules and regulations
all religion must have,
that man may be governed and good?"

"We already have too much law,"
complained a man at the back.

"Yes," agreed his friend,
and many with him.

And yes was heard again and again
throughout the crowd.

"And each new religion,
every new prophet,
has just added to our burden!"

"She gives but one law,"
I say.
"And that law is Love,
for she teaches that,

**All Laws Lead to Love
and
Love
Fulfills All Law."**

**"In Knowledge,
Have Love For God,
For Everything
Created By God,
For All Creatures,
For Each Other,
And For Yourself.
Be Therefore Loving,
Causing No Unnecessary Harm
By Any Word Or Deed."**

Then came a rich merchant
who had traveled from a far country.

"Though success and wealth
I have earned in abundance," he said,

"still, my mind is troubled,
and my heart heavy,
for no peace have I found.

I have spent much time
searching a place and a people
that will give me peace,
but all to no avail."

And I told how I had asked
the very thing of her, saying,
"I too, like you, sought only peace,
yet trouble, hate, and strife,
were all around about me,
and no peace could I find.
And I was filled with anger
and my words were harsh to hear
and many enemies did I make.

And I asked of her,
as you have asked of me, saying,
let me go down
into another country,
away from my enemies,
to a new place,
among a different people,
there to find peace."

And she in answer, said,
**"Why Seek You Inner Peace
By Outer Action?
Seek Not Another Place
Nor People,
But Seek Instead
The Spiritual Knowledge
By Which A Man
May Know Himself,
And Knowing Himself,
May Free Himself
From The Pain Of Anger,
Anxiety, Hate, And Fear.
For Where Can You Go
That You Take Not Yourself?"**

And this is what the Master taught.
And this is what I learned.
I learned that,
**"It's Not What Others Say Or Do,
The Gain And Loss
That Comes In Life,
That Cause Your Pain,
Your Anger And Your Fear.
It's What You Think
Of What They Say Or What They Do
That Cause Your Pain,
Your Anger And Your Fear."**

**"For As A Man Thinks,
So Shall He Be.
It Is From Your Thoughts
That Feelings Come.
And Out Of Feelings,
Will You Surely Act.
And Out Of Action, Reactions
Will Come Back To You.
By Your Own Thoughts
Do You Create Your Life.
Change Your Thoughts,
And You Will Change Your Life."**

And though much had been spoken
and much shared
still the people pressed me
for they were hungry to hear of her.
And so I told of another time.

On the plains.

Of the heat and dust.

The thousands who came to hear,
and of one who did run after her,
that he might ask,

**"If a man would be perfect,
what must he do?"**

And of her answer
and how she turned to him,
saying,

**"Rejoice, For Already Are You Perfect!
You Are More Brilliant Than A Million Suns,
But Now, In Illusion,
You Are As The Sun
When Covered By Cloud,
And So Do Not Experience
Your True State Of Perfection.
It Is By The Cleansing Practice Of Religion
That The Cloud Of Ignorance
Is Cleared Away,
And With It Your Illusion."**

And to the people, she said,
**"All Spiritual Practices
Are As A Cleansing And A Clearing,
For Already Are You Perfect,
Only Covered By Illusion."**

"And what," asked another,
"is the practice?
What must we do?
We know many are the ways.
We already know of prayer, meditation,
of worship, charity, and more."
"Yes!" laughed his friend.
"We know, but we never do!"

"For we find them difficult to do,"
agreed the first.

**"But there is one practice
said to be
the easiest way to liberation,
the simplest way
to come again to God."**

And so he asked of her,
"Speak then, on the chanting of,
The Holy Name of God."

And this she did, that
all might understand,
explaining,

**"The Lord And His Name Are Non-Different.
In The World We Know,
The Name Of An Object
And The Object Itself Are Different.
Just By Saying The Word Water,
We Cannot Quench A Thirst.
But God And The Name Of God
Are Not Of The World We Know,
But Of The Spirit.
It Is In The Holy Name Of God,
The Lord And His Name
Being One And The Same,
That We Come Into
The Very Presence Of God Himself,
And By His Presence Are We Purified,
So That All The Dirt Of Ignorance,
All That Is Troublesome To The Heart,
Is Washed Away,
And Our True Spiritual Self Revealed."**

And the friend asked,
"But which Name of God?
For you have taught
there is only one God,
but that He has unlimited Names."

And she answered him,
**"All The Names Of God Are Good,
For All The Names Of God Are God.
It Is Not A Name We Call,
But God We Call."**

And the other asked,
"Is one way of chanting God's Name
better than another?"

And again she answered,
**"There Are Not Any Hard And Fast Rules.
What Matters Most,"** she said,
**"Is Not The Way Of Chanting,
Nor The Words Of Chanting,
But The Love In The Chanting."**

Then from the side where the women sat
a shy voice softly said,
"And of equality?" ...
But before she could finish
a man's voice did command her
to keep quiet.
"Why to keep quiet?"
another woman asked.
"Have we no mind,
that we must sit silent?
Have we no soul,
that we might not be enlightened?
**For thousands of years,
women have been denied
power by men.
Even in the House of God,
are we caged and cut out."**

"I too follow this new doctrine
and know
this has she publicly condemned,
saying,

**'By Whose authority
Are Only Half The Believers
Welcome In The House Of God,
When God Himself Welcomes All.'**

And she too welcomes all,
for she sees as God sees,
as we are all meant to see.

I have heard her say,
and know it to be true,

**'I SEE NIETHER HINDU, MUSLIM,
CHRISTIAN, NOR JEW.
I SEE ONLY THE ETERNAL SPIRITUAL SOUL.
I SEE NIETHER EUROPEAN NOR ARABIAN,
AMERICAN NOR AFRICAN,
ONLY THE ETERNAL SPIRITUAL SOUL.
I SEE NIETHER
BLACK NOR WHITE,
RICH NOR POOR,
MAN NOR WOMAN,
FRIEND NOR ENEMY.
I SEE ONLY THE ETERNAL SPIRITUAL SOUL,
THE BELOVED LOVER OF GOD.'"**

And there was a woman,
great in beauty,
with jewels in her ears,
and gold upon her wrists,
who asked of Love.
"I have searched," she said,
"for Love everlasting,
and find it not,
and now know only
the days of desolation,
the nights alone,
so that I am sick at heart,
and seek a cure."

And she answered the woman,
**"What Is Called Love,
Is Often Not Love At All,
But A Business Arrangement,
A Bargain At Best,
That Says,
I Will Love You, As Long As You Please Me.
When You No Longer Please Me,
I Divorce You!
Or,
I Will Be Your Friend,
As Long As You Do What I Want,
But When You No Longer Do What I Want
The Friendship Is Finished.
The Friend Has Become The Enemy.
In This Way
Has The World Become Broken Hearted."**

**"For Love Is Not Of The World
But Of The Spirit,
And You Who Seek Outside Yourselfes
For Love
Look In The Wrong Place,
For Already Are You Love.
Look Instead For Places
Where You May Give Love.
For Love Is Not Love Until It Is Given.
And In Giving
Know The Things Of The World,
Are Limited And Temporary
And Bind One To Suffering.
Give Then,
That Which Is Unlimited And Eternal
And Frees One From Suffering.
Give God.
Anything Less Is Not Love."**

And many such realizations
did we receive.
And abundant blessings
were rained down upon us.
In this way
did the minutes pass into hours,
the hours into days,
until a man, newly arrived, who had stood
listening at the outskirts of the crowd,
could contain himself no longer,
and came pushing through the people,
shoving aside anyone in his way,
shouting angrily,
"While you stand and speak of religion,
in the name of religion,
the world is at war!!"

"The enemy!" he cried aloud,
"proclaiming themselves
to be men of God,
and all the words of their mouths
and the works of their hands holy,
terrorize the people,
and make of countries a killing field.
In God's Name they twist the truth
to their own purpose,
and hate is now preached
in the House of the Lord.
And this they call religion!!"
And such was his disgust,
that he spat upon the ground!

And I in haste did answer,
that they may say they are men of God,
but she says,

**"There Are Those Who Think
That If They Call Themselves Something
That Will Make It True.**

**So They Say,
I Am A Man Of God,
A People Of Religion
A Holy One,
But It Is Only a Name To Them.
It Is On Their Tongue
But It Does Not Touch Their Heart.
For If It Was In Their Hearts,
They Would Not Come Among Us
With Hate,
But With Love."**

And the man newly arrived
told of atrocious acts,
piling blood upon blood,
so that anger grew.

And a woman shouted out,
"We know those hypocrites!
They say they are men of God!

Ha!

They serve not God, but themselves!

The idols they worship are
power, money, name, and fame!"

"They do not want to serve God!
They want to be God!"

shouted another.

And a cry went up from the man
who brought the news,

"Death to the evil doers!!"

And I came up against him, for "No!" I said.
And to the people asked,
"Will we again and again, as the ancients did,
return hate for hate, an eye for an eye,
till all are blind and cannot see
that hate begets but hate,
a bitter seed producing only bitter fruit?"

"There are those," I said,
"Who still stand on the edges of the Earth
beating loudly on the drums of war,
and so cannot hear this truth.
By causing suffering to others,
they think to end their own,
not knowing, that in destroying others,
are they themselves destroyed."

"The old ways will no longer work,"
one said.

"They never did work,"
adds on another,
and another, till all agree.

"There is," ... I said ...
"a way ...
not war ...
but
Love."

And the man who brought the news
turned his back to us and left,
but a retired soldier,
a veteran of many wars,
came instead, and said,
"I too have seen the waste of war
and long ago I left the battlefield
in search of peace.
But in The Religion Of Love,
is a holy war worth fighting for.
Only tell to us, if you can," he said,
**"what is at the root of all the evil
in the world,**
that knowing, we might pluck it out."
"Ignorance,
is the enemy you seek,"
I said.

And a certain man said,
"Speak more of this."
And "Yes," said another,
"that in this time,
your words might be
as a light to us,
and to all who can hear,
for the night is drawing in,
and the world grows dark."
And I in answer said,
"Fear not,
for God is with us all,
and darkness
cannot stand before the light."

And as they asked, so did I answer,
telling of a time on the Eastern Plain,
after the rains,
when it was beginning to be cold,
and she had sat,
wrapped in her shawl,
against the night's chill
with some few disciples
and taught us with a tale
of four men who were given a gold coin.
"The first man," she said,
"was a Greek, who said,
'With this coin we should buy stafil.'
But the second man,
who was a Persian,
said, 'No! I want angur.'
The third was a Turk, and he said,
'I do not want angur, I want uzum.'
And the fourth, an Arab
insisted they buy inab.

And so they began to fight,
for in their ignorance
they did not know
that each,
in his own language
had wanted the very same thing.
Grapes!"

"False Leaders,"
she said to us,
**"Teach That It Is Your Differences
That Make You Enemies.
But It Is Not Your Differences
That Are The Enemy,
But
Ignorance."**

**"Do Not Become
The Enemy Of Your Enemy,"
she warned.**

**"It Is Not Necessary
To Kill A Man,
Only To Kill The Ignorance
In Man."**

**"The Sufferings Of Man
Will Only Be Solved
By
A Spiritual Revolution,
For Nothing Will Change
Until The Heart Of Man
Is Changed."**

And it was on the final day,
that sitting together in the shade of a mango grove
to take our midday meal,
the one who was honored by all as being wise,
stood, that he might be seen, and said,
“It is not by accident, but by the Grace of God,
that we searching for truth have met,
and the angels with us.

We have come, making a holy pilgrimage,
crossing continents and braving the black waters.

For some The Teachings of
The Religion Of Love
have been a revelation,
and for some a confirmation.

And now, in the leaving,
I ask of you, only this.

That what you have heard in your heart,
and so know to be true,
that you share it,
that Love may grow."

And on this our final day together,
a youth, barely fifteen, asks of me,
one last question.
"We have traveled in search of truth,
spoken much of truth,
but what," he asks,
"does she say
is the truth?"

And I in answer said,
"The Truth,"
she says,
"Is Love."

So, I Razaque Khan have written
of what I have heard,
and what I have seen,
and you, in the reading of this,
have heard,
and seen, and been present,
as I have been,
that you also, by the Grace of God,
might know, and in knowing
what in your heart to be true,
may share it,
so that the many may know
what we few now know.



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