

The Religion of ♥ Love

THE RELIGION OF GOD

The Teachings of Mother Rytasha



Mother Rytasha



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*The Teachings of Mother Rytasha
The Angel of Bengal*

Produced

by

Razzaque Khan

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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

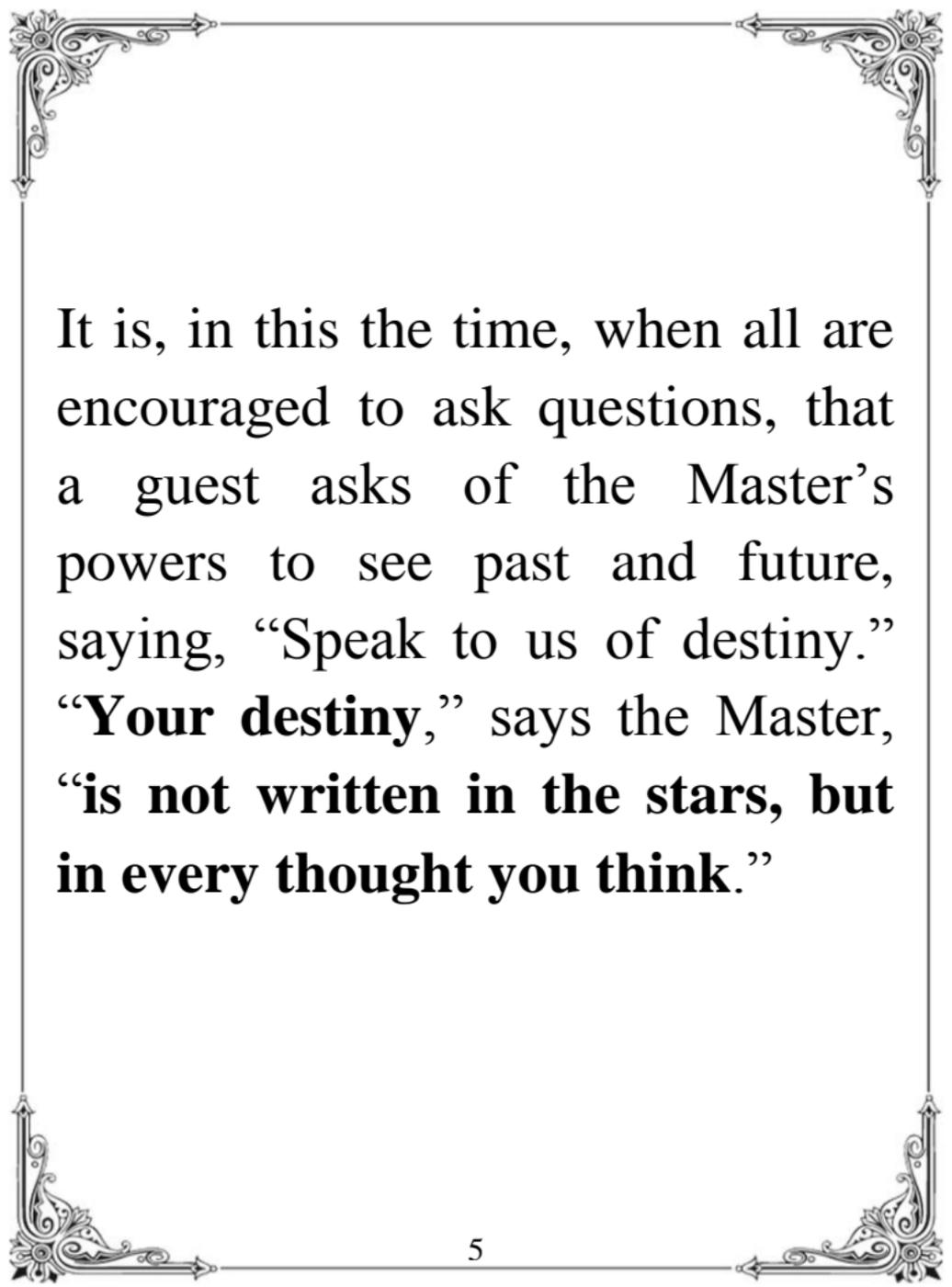
RELIGION - THE PROCESS AND PRACTICES

BY WHICH ONE CAN COME AGAIN TO GOD.

The Religion of God

One winter's night when crossing over the frozen fields, on my way to the manor house where the Master was staying, the snow in the moonlight looked as if the sky had fallen to earth, and I, Razzaque Khan, walked upon the stars.

After the icy outside, is the warm hall room where the Master sits surrounded by the followers of The Religion of Love.



It is, in this the time, when all are encouraged to ask questions, that a guest asks of the Master's powers to see past and future, saying, "Speak to us of destiny." **"Your destiny,"** says the Master, **"is not written in the stars, but in every thought you think."**

Then is there the man, standing in the doorway, saying he has only come out of curiosity, as he is a scientist, an atheist, who would find it impossible to believe in anything which cannot be seen. “Do you believe in Love?” asks the Master of the man. And he quickly answering, “Yes,” and then realizing he has been caught out, this dour man, who is known never to smile, smiles. “I have only come,” says the scientist to the Master, “to ask a question of you that I have asked of several well-known spiritual masters before you, and so incurred their wrath as they felt my question threatened their authority.”



“Ask,” agrees the Master. “What if you are wrong?” says the scientist. “What if there is no afterlife, no spiritual world, no God?” “It would still be the most beautiful way to live a life,” is the Master’s reply. And in the silence that follows, something passes between them, beyond words or worlds, so that the scientist comes into the room and sits himself down with the others at the feet of the Master.



Then are there the three – elderly, elegant gentlemen, friends from boyhood – who always sit together, and who often meet to discuss the philosophy of The Religion of Love. “Master,” says the oldest and the wisest one, “we three were debating as to whether God has a religion. Comparing ourselves to a drop of water from the ocean – which has all the qualities found in the ocean, but not in the quantity found in the ocean – and knowing we as spiritual souls have all the qualities found in God, but not in the quantity found in God – we came to the conclusion that we having religion, it stands to reason, that God must also have religion...

...But after much discussion we could come to no conclusion as to what the religion of God was. So now we ask of you, in all humility, if our conclusion is correct about God having a religion, and if so, what then is the religion of God?" And the master answering them, says, "Your conclusion is correct, God does have a religion. **The Religion of God,**" says the Master, "**is Love.**"



“Love!” sneers a man in black at the back. “Do not speak to me of Love, instead let me tell you of my bitter experience of Love. My best friend, the one I loved as a brother, has betrayed me. The person who was closest to me has turned out to be a hypocrite, acting one way in front of me and another way behind my back. The one I would have trusted with my wealth and work has proved unworthy.”





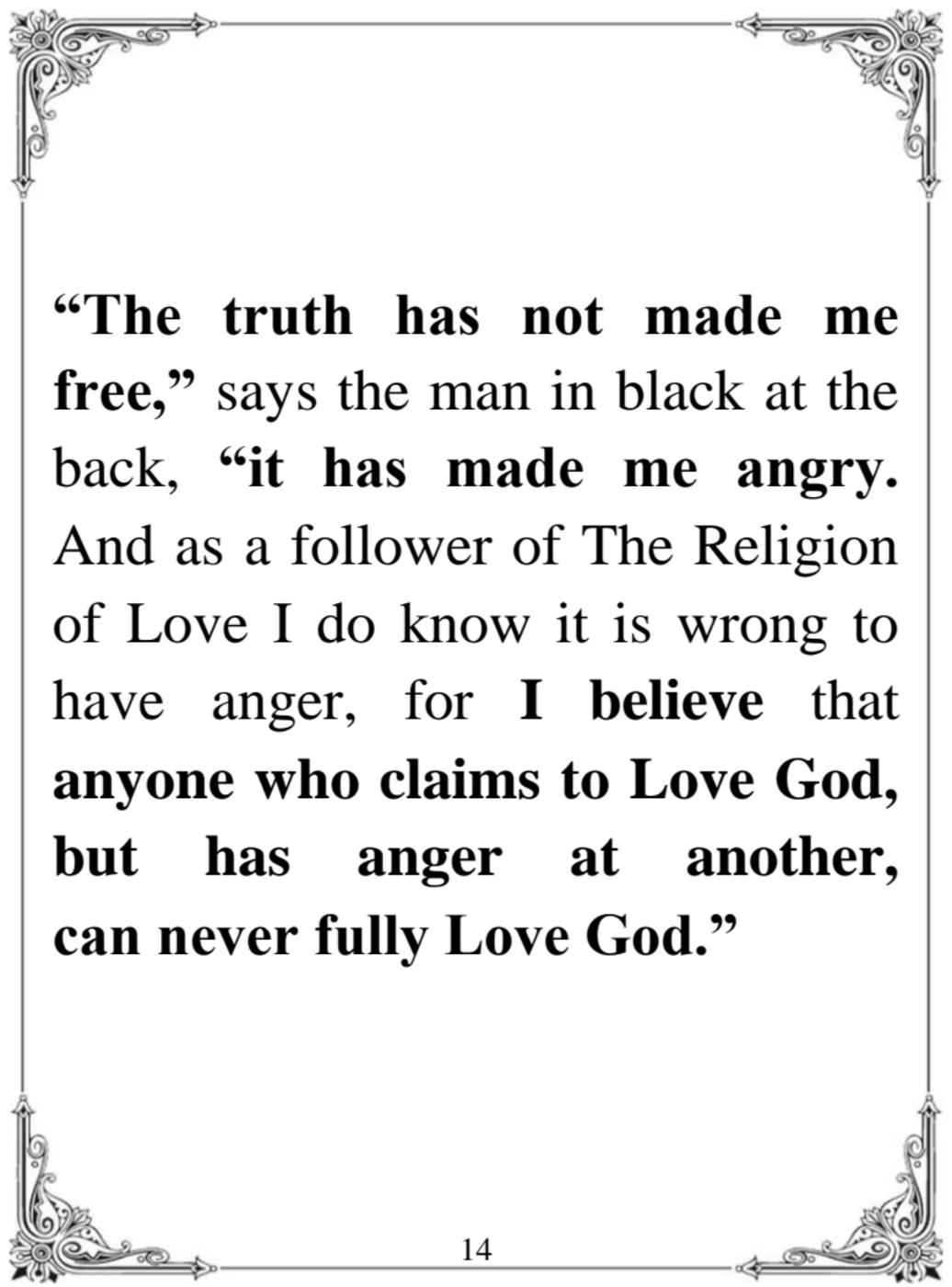
And a disciple, sitting next to him, puts his arm around him to console him, saying, “It is the mercy of God that you found out the truth when you did.” And a voice at the front of the room is overheard to say, “*And the truth shall make you free.*”

“A year ago,” said a certain man to the Master, “I attended a talk you gave and in your talk you told a story of this very thing, of how the truth shall make you free.” Then does another ask if the Master would tell them this same story.



And the Master obliging begins by saying, “Long ago in a faraway land there lived a king. Every year on his birthday as an act of mercy the king would free one prisoner. Thus on this day we find the king in the prison house with the jailer standing at the head of a line of prisoners. The king approaching the first prisoner in the line, says, ‘I am told you have been convicted of murder?’ ‘Oh no, I am innocent,’ pleads the prisoner, ‘it was another who committed the crime.’”

The king then approaches the next prisoner and says, 'I have been informed that you are a thief.' At this the prisoner proclaims, 'I was unjustly accused, I am an innocent man.' And so it goes, every prisoner the king approaches claims he is innocent. When finally the king comes to the last prisoner, the king says to him, 'And I suppose you too are innocent?' 'No, sire,' is the prisoner's reply, 'I did commit the crime I was convicted of and am being justly punished.' Hearing this, the king exclaims to the jailor, 'Quick, throw this man out before he corrupts all these innocent people!'"



“The truth has not made me free,” says the man in black at the back, **“it has made me angry.** And as a follower of The Religion of Love I do know it is wrong to have anger, for **I believe that anyone who claims to Love God, but has anger at another, can never fully Love God.”**

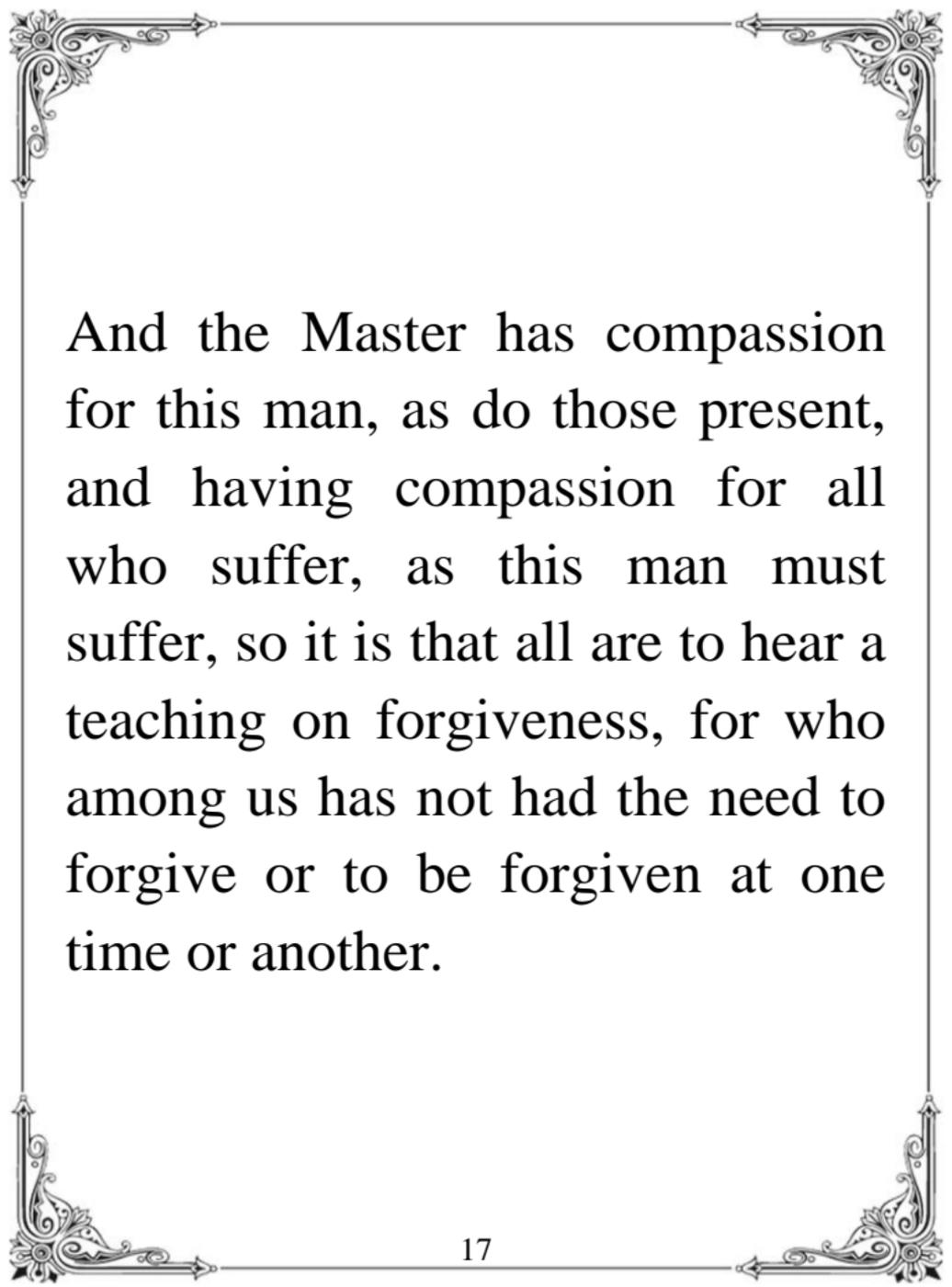


And the Master, given insight, says to the man, “Your problem is not that you have anger, your problem is that anger has you. And **in anger, one is always in danger of giving those who anger us the power to drag us down to their level so our actions are no better than theirs. Universal law does decree that what people do to you will come back to them. And how you react to what people do to you will come back to you.**”



“In your case though,” said the Master to the man, “you are being punished not for your anger, but by your anger. It is said that *anger is as an acid which destroys the vessel in which it is contained*, as your anger is destroying you.”

“I have tried, and tried, and tried,” cries the man in frustration. “I have denied, distracted, resisted, and run from it – all to no avail. Still am I consumed by it.” And he turns his head away that none should see his tears.



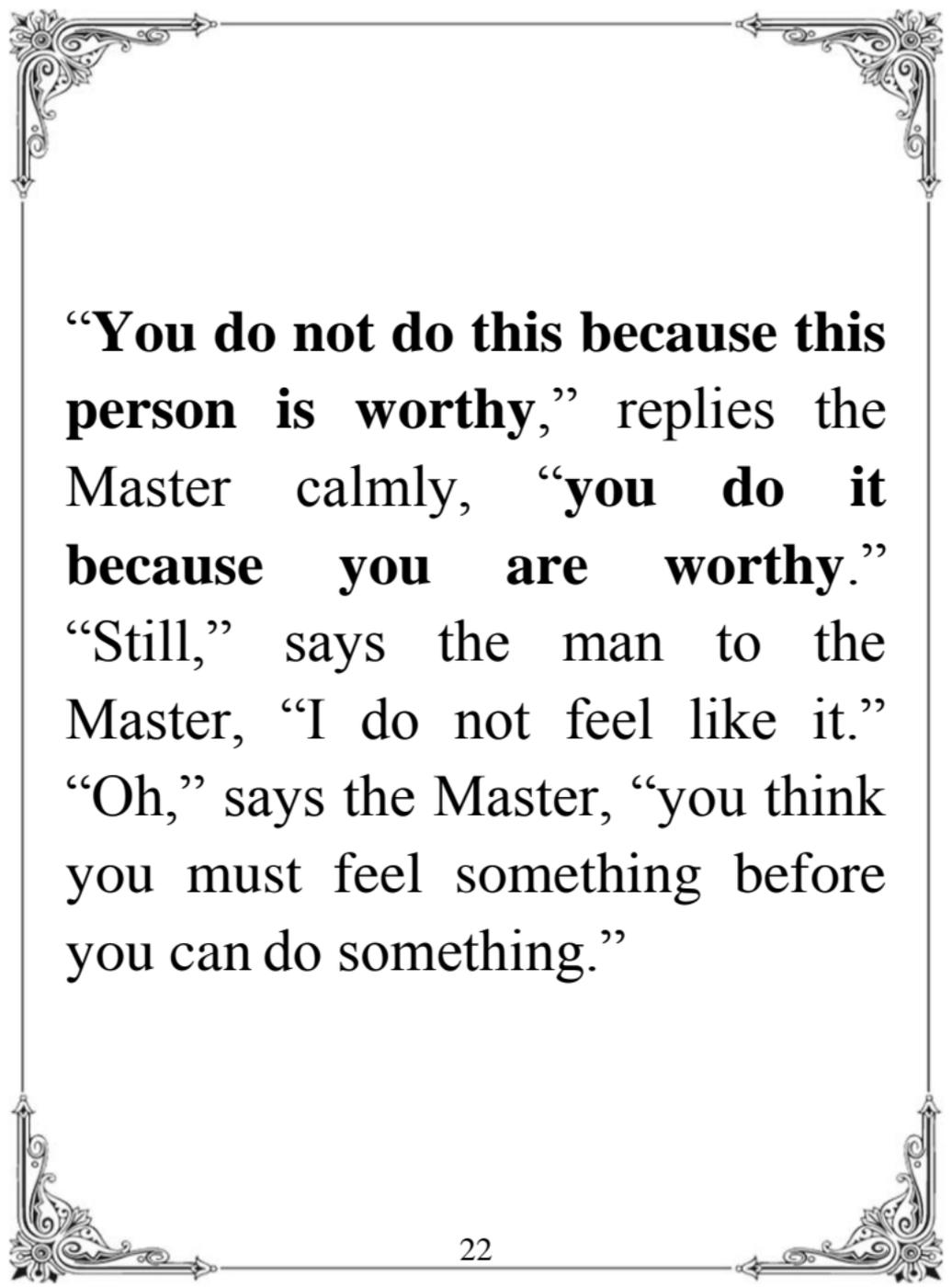
And the Master has compassion for this man, as do those present, and having compassion for all who suffer, as this man must suffer, so it is that all are to hear a teaching on forgiveness, for who among us has not had the need to forgive or to be forgiven at one time or another.

“In speaking the word ‘forgive’,” says the Master, “I do not speak of condoning wrong, nor do I speak of ever having to associate with anyone who does wrong. I use the word ‘forgive’ as in the ancient Aramaic word for forgive, *shbag*, which translated means ‘to untie’. Forgiveness as a practice, to untie yourself, from the past hurt and harm, a thing you do for yourself alone.”

This then is the teaching of the Master to the man, “In the past,” begins the Master, “you have denied, distracted, resisted, and run from your feelings – turn now,” advises the Master, “and face your feelings. Feel fully your anger, observe where it is in your body: its size, shape, color. **It is in the observation of your feelings of anger that you automatically separate yourself from your anger, and realizing you are not your anger, your anger will lose its power over you.**”

“But when I remember the wrong done to me,” begins the man, “the lies, the....” And here the Master raises her hand to stop him, saying, **“The past no longer exists. And you by your constant rehearsing and remembering of it are wounding yourself, by yourself, many more times than was ever done to you by another. You cannot change the past, only in the present is change possible. Stay present in the present. Only the now is real.”**

“And if you do remember the person who hurt you,” continues the Master, “instead of remembering only the bad, remember only the good. Then bless and pray for this person. Send Love to this person. In the beginning it will not feel real to you, but as you continue to do it, it will become real for you.” “Bless and pray for this person?!! Send Love to this person?!! This person,” explodes the man, “who is not worthy of blessings, prayers, and Love?!!”

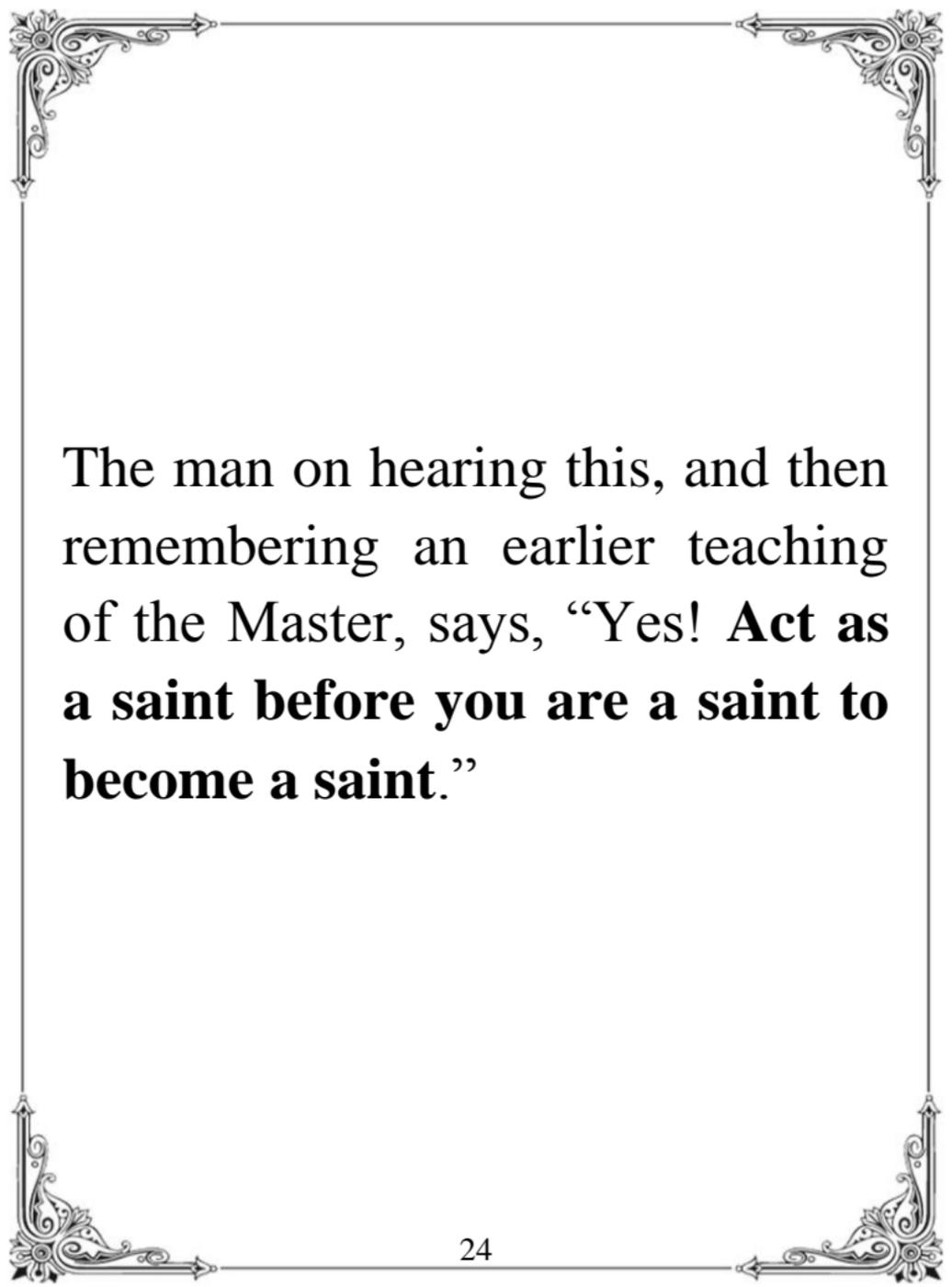


“You do not do this because this person is worthy,” replies the Master calmly, **“you do it because you are worthy.”**

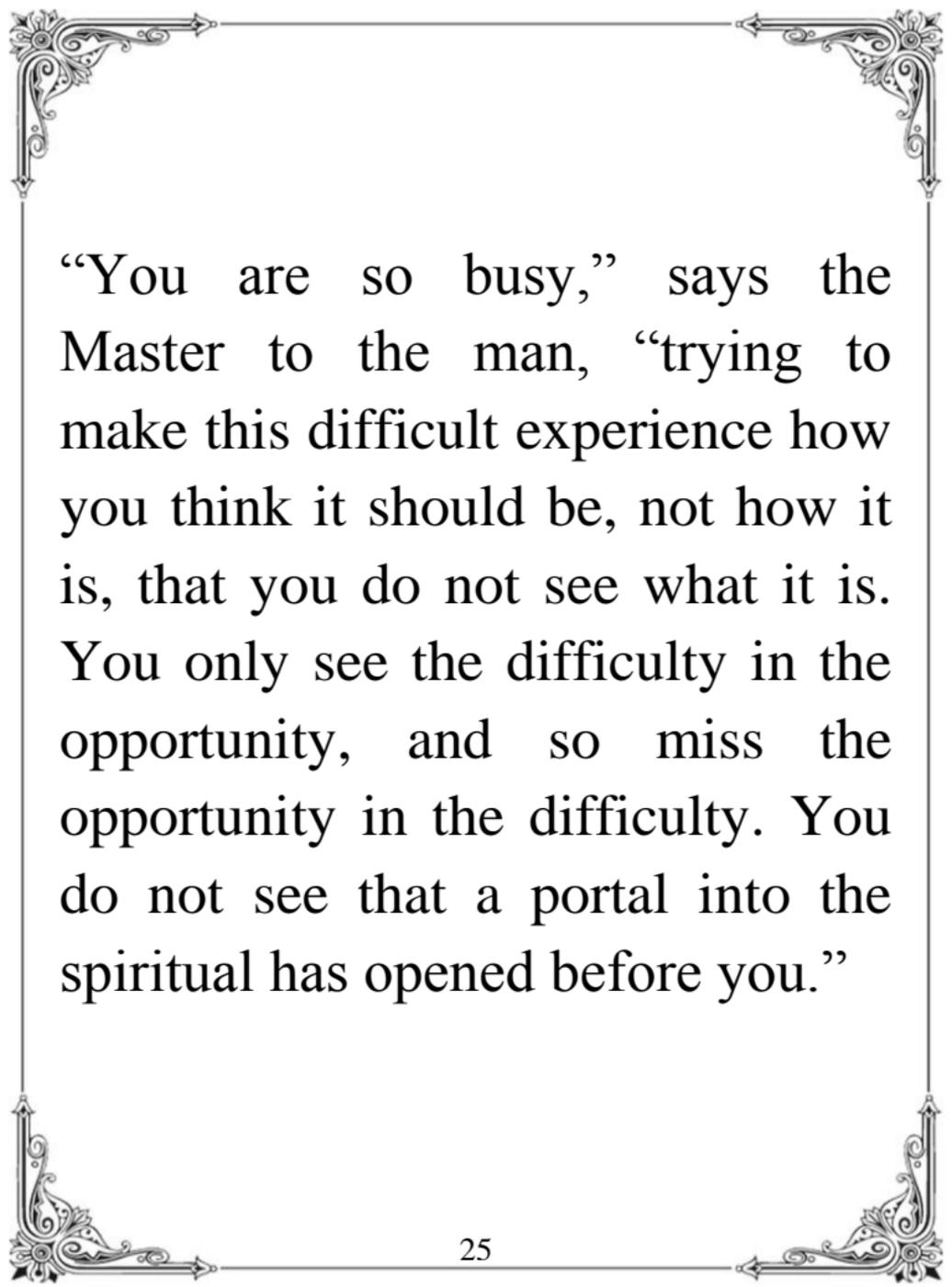
“Still,” says the man to the Master, “I do not feel like it.”

“Oh,” says the Master, “you think you must feel something before you can do something.”

Then tells the Master of a Guru in an Eastern lineage who had a young disciple much like the man. “Now in the East it is customary for one when entering into the House of Worship to bow down. It so happened that this young disciple, entering into the House of Worship, did not bow down. His Guru, seeing this, called over his disciple to chastise him. The disciple, making excuse, said, ‘Would it not be false for me to bow down without first feeling it?’ ‘First bow down,’ instructed the Guru, ‘then will you feel it.’”



The man on hearing this, and then remembering an earlier teaching of the Master, says, “Yes! **Act as a saint before you are a saint to become a saint.**”



“You are so busy,” says the Master to the man, “trying to make this difficult experience how you think it should be, not how it is, that you do not see what it is. You only see the difficulty in the opportunity, and so miss the opportunity in the difficulty. You do not see that a portal into the spiritual has opened before you.”



The Master, then giving explanation, for all and to all, so that all might understand, says, “This world will give you experiences in which are hidden opportunities that allow you to evolve to a higher level of Love. Before coming to this world were you with God in Paradise. And Paradise is a place of Love, where we are so Loved by God it is easy to Love in return.”





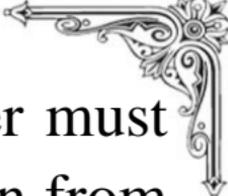
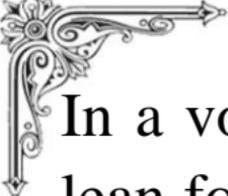
“We have chosen to come here to learn to Love as God Loves, for God does not Love us only when we are judged worthy of Love, as in the way of the world, God’s Love is as the rain which falls on rich and poor alike. The Love of God is as the rose which gives its fragrance equally to the just and to the wicked. Divine Love does not connect deserving to Loving.”



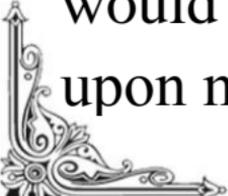


And in the hearing of this all are astonished, and one says, **“So we did not fall to this world as sinners as I was taught?”** **“No,”** says the Master, **“we have chosen to come here that we might evolve to the highest level of Love, that we might Love God as God has Loved us. And in Loving God, Love all, as God Loves all.”**

“In this though do you tread a perilous path,” warns the Master, “as many who came before you have been caught in illusion’s trap. Then driven by lust, attached to the unclean, ballooned by false ego, in error, they revel in their right, to judge, to condemn, to treat their brother as another, to make the angels weep. It is for this that **God sends over and over again into the world a Message of Love to remind us that if only we would Love one another, as God has Loved us, then could we make of earth a heaven on earth.**”



In a voice so low the Master must lean forward to hear, the man from the back says, “Now that I have been given understanding I am ashamed to admit it was not only the friend who injured me whom I was angry at, I was also angry at God. I felt I had done all that was asked of me by God, and believed all that came to me, came to me from God – and all that comes from God is good – and so could not understand then how God would let this misfortune come upon me to break my heart.”



And the Master who was given to see what the eye cannot see, and to hear what the ear cannot hear, tells the man, **“The evil this person seeks to do will God turn it to good for you.**

Already are you written in the Book of Remembrance among the righteous who walk with God. Your name is inscribed on the Tablets of Destiny.”

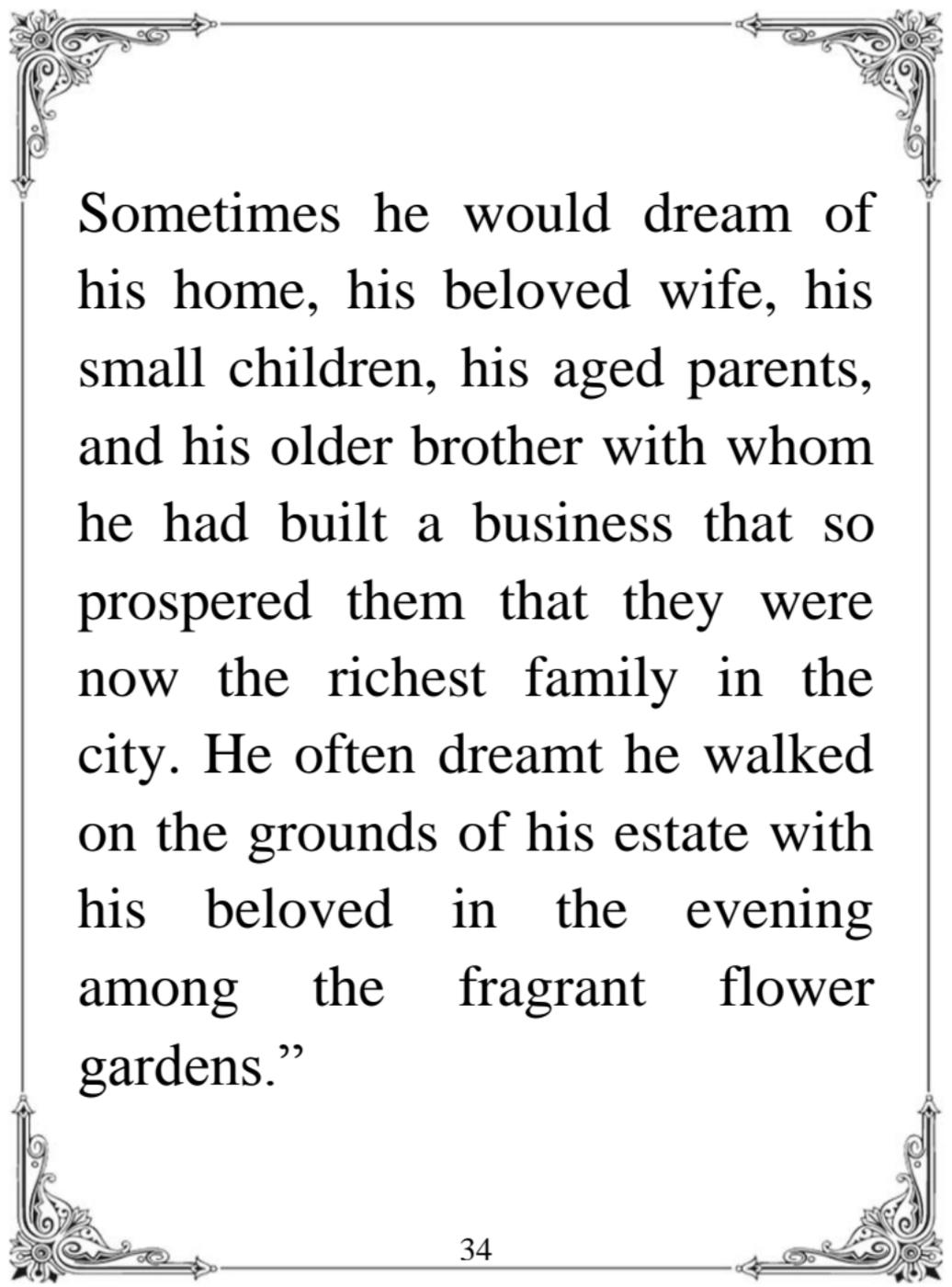
And the Master, having been given all manner of knowledge, both spiritual and temporal, and so knowing of the glories to come, of these she does not speak – lest the people think the power of God greater than God.

Instead, says the Master to the man, “Let me tell you a story of a man much like yourself who was also angry at God.” “Now this man was traveling by ship. He had boarded the boat in an ancient port city far from his country, anxious to return to his home. The ship was not long at sea when it was engulfed by a monster typhoon; the wild winds overturning the ship and sending it to the bottom of the sea, the ship and all aboard sunk in the sand. The only survivor was this man, and only because being a man of God, he was up upon the deck before dawn to pray while everyone else slumbered down below.

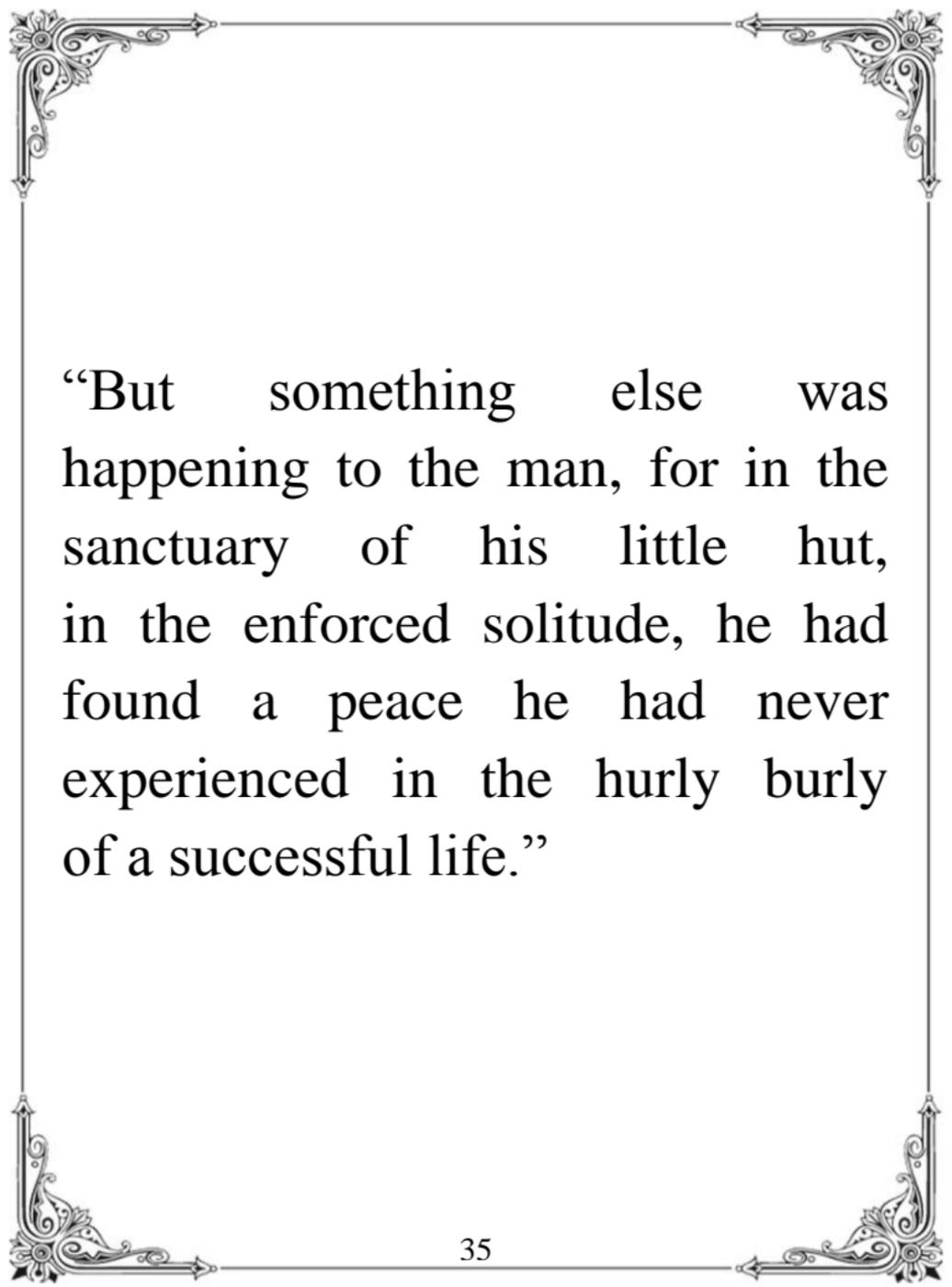


The wild winds, and strong current, carried him to an island in the middle of the sea. The island though was so far off the lanes traversed by ships, he knew he would never be seen and so never be found. His fate was to live and die on this island. With bits of wood from the ship the sea carried to the shore he was able to construct a small hut. And this small hut was a comfort to him. It gave him shelter from the storm, shielded him from the blaring midday sun, and at night inside he slept warm and secure.





Sometimes he would dream of his home, his beloved wife, his small children, his aged parents, and his older brother with whom he had built a business that so prospered them that they were now the richest family in the city. He often dreamt he walked on the grounds of his estate with his beloved in the evening among the fragrant flower gardens.”

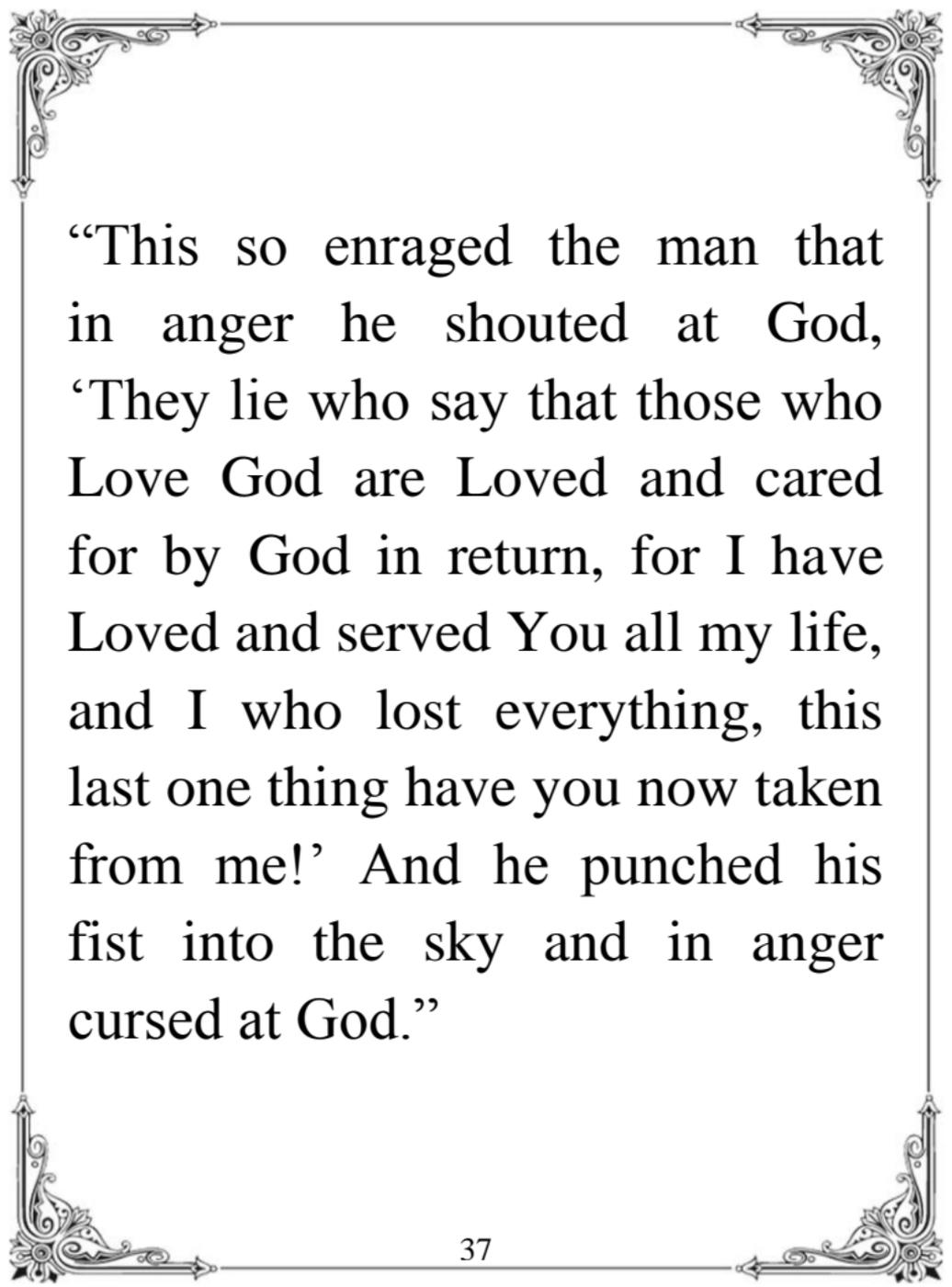


“But something else was happening to the man, for in the sanctuary of his little hut, in the enforced solitude, he had found a peace he had never experienced in the hurly burly of a successful life.”

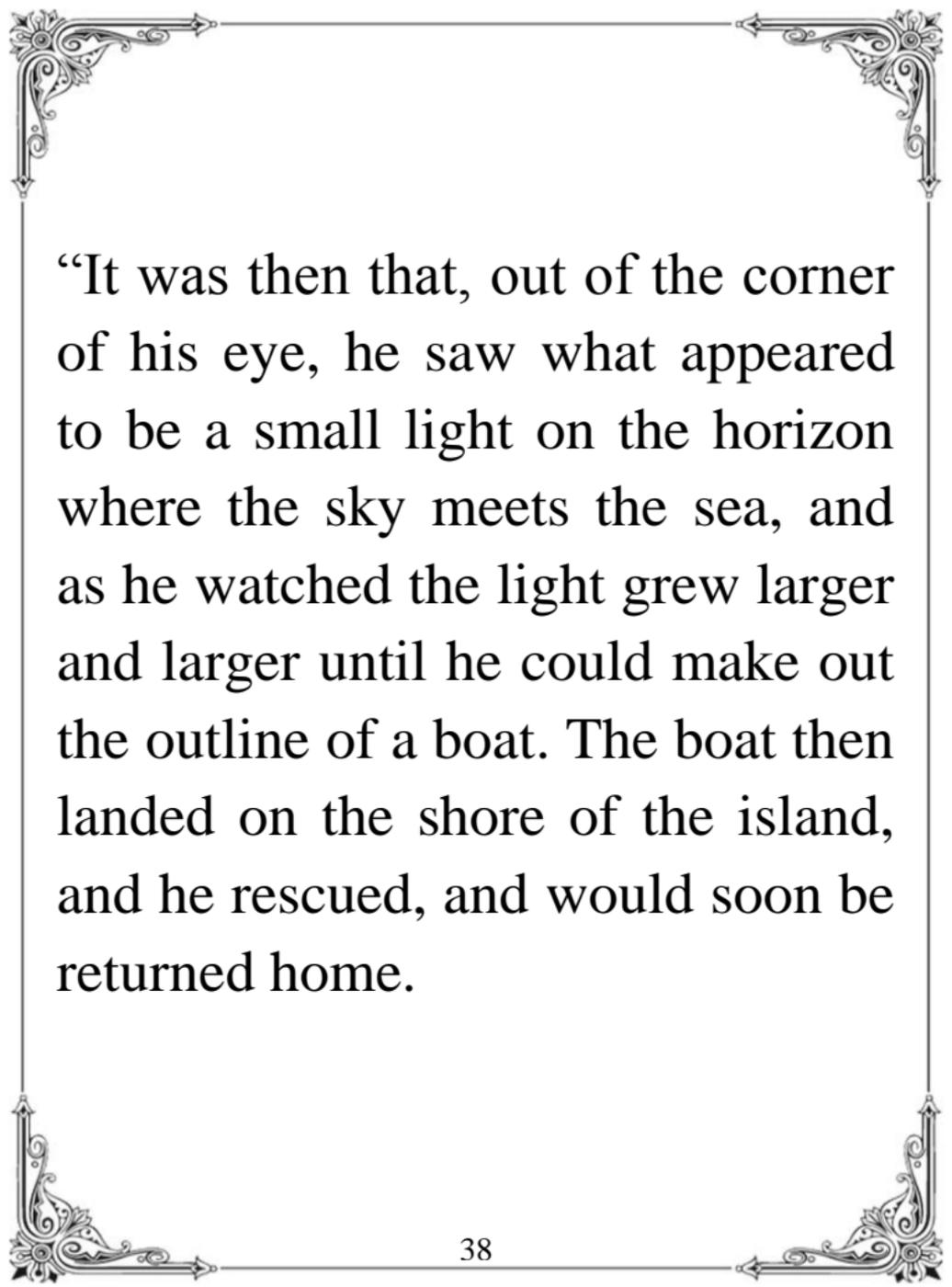


“He had been on the island for close to a year when it happened. One evening, just as night had fallen and he was about to enter his hut to pray before sleep, lightning struck, and striking the dry wooden hut – the hut, his only shelter in the world – burst into flames; a fire so fierce the flames shot high into the sky, giving no chance that he might salvage anything.”





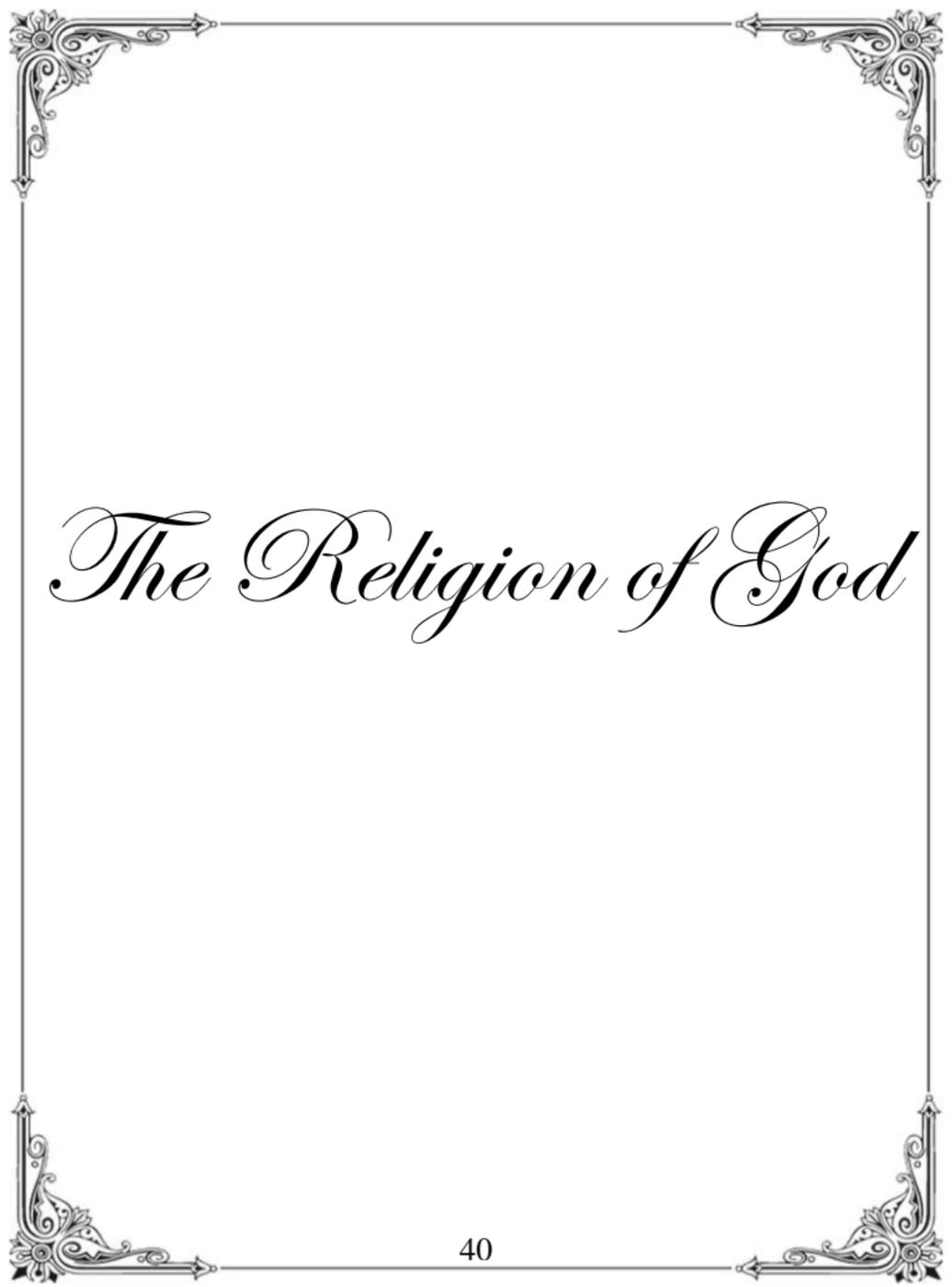
“This so enraged the man that in anger he shouted at God, ‘They lie who say that those who Love God are Loved and cared for by God in return, for I have Loved and served You all my life, and I who lost everything, this last one thing have you now taken from me!’ And he punched his fist into the sky and in anger cursed at God.”



“It was then that, out of the corner of his eye, he saw what appeared to be a small light on the horizon where the sky meets the sea, and as he watched the light grew larger and larger until he could make out the outline of a boat. The boat then landed on the shore of the island, and he rescued, and would soon be returned home.

But knowing that none could have seen him from the normal shipping lanes, he was curious to know how he had been found, and so asked the same of the sailor, saying, ‘How did you find me?’ ‘Oh,’ said the sailor, **‘we saw your fire.’**”





The Religion of God

The Servants of Charity Food Relief International

*“There is enough in the world for everyone’s need
but not enough for everyone’s greed”*

The Servants of Charity-Food Relief International is a non-profit, non-political, non-sectarian organization dedicated to helping those in disasters or disastrous conditions.

Founded by Mother Rytasha (and from which she takes no salary), to show the innate goodness of man, and as an expression of the spiritual reality here on earth. It is truly,

‘Love Made Concrete.’

Since 1985, The Servants of Charity-F.R.I. has founded 31 schools for the poor and working children, a free clinic which sees over 1,000 patients a month, projects in electrification, irrigation, and agriculture, has given interest free loans, and training for small business, run free medical camps treating over 60,000 people, and fed over 350,000 people.

***Mother Rytasha**

The Angel of Bengal

Mother Rytasha was given every conceivable blessing at birth. Born into a rich and aristocratic family, educated in Europe and America. At age 20 she was voted by an English newspaper as one of the most beautiful women in the world. Selling her home, jewels, and properties, to give to the poor. Called by God, she left everything to bring The Religion of Love to the peoples of the world. Some call her The Prophet of this Age, others, a Saint, but when asked who she is, she answers that she is a servant of The Servants of God.

*Biographical excerpt: The World Encyclopedia

Razzaque Khan

Razzaque Khan was born in Rajshai, formally East Pakistan, on January 1, 1955. As a boy of twelve, competing nationally, he won a full scholarship to Cadet College, where he was an outstanding student, athlete, and leader. When he was just 16 years old he joined, as a Freedom Fighter, in The War of Liberation for Bangladesh. After fighting bravely in many battles, he was captured, tortured, court-martialed, and sentenced to death by firing squad, but managed to escape the night before his execution.



After the war he attended Rajshai University where he got an Honors Bachelor's Degree in Social Work and later received his Master's Degree in Social Welfare (Social Science) from Dhaka University. He has since worked for World Vision International as a Staff Development Training Officer, and later Social Welfare Officer. A revelation changed his life and becoming a disciple of Mother Rytasha he took over the leadership, devoting his whole life, to establishing The Religion of Love for the people of the world.





Razzaque Khan