

The Religion of ♥ Love

The Complete Teachings of Mother Rytasha



The Religion of ♥ Love

*The Complete Teachings of Mother Rytasha
The Angel of Bengal*

*Produced
by
Razzaque Khan*

*Compiled
by
Hassan Ali*

©

2016

*The Servants of The Servants of God -
The Religion of Love, 501c3*



*Dedicated to our Beloved Spiritual Master,
Mother Rytasha - The Angel of Bengal*



Website:

www.thereligionoflove.net

Discord:

dsc.gg.com/The-Religion-of-Love

Email:

love@thereligionoflove.net

ISBN:



978-0-9983474-0-0

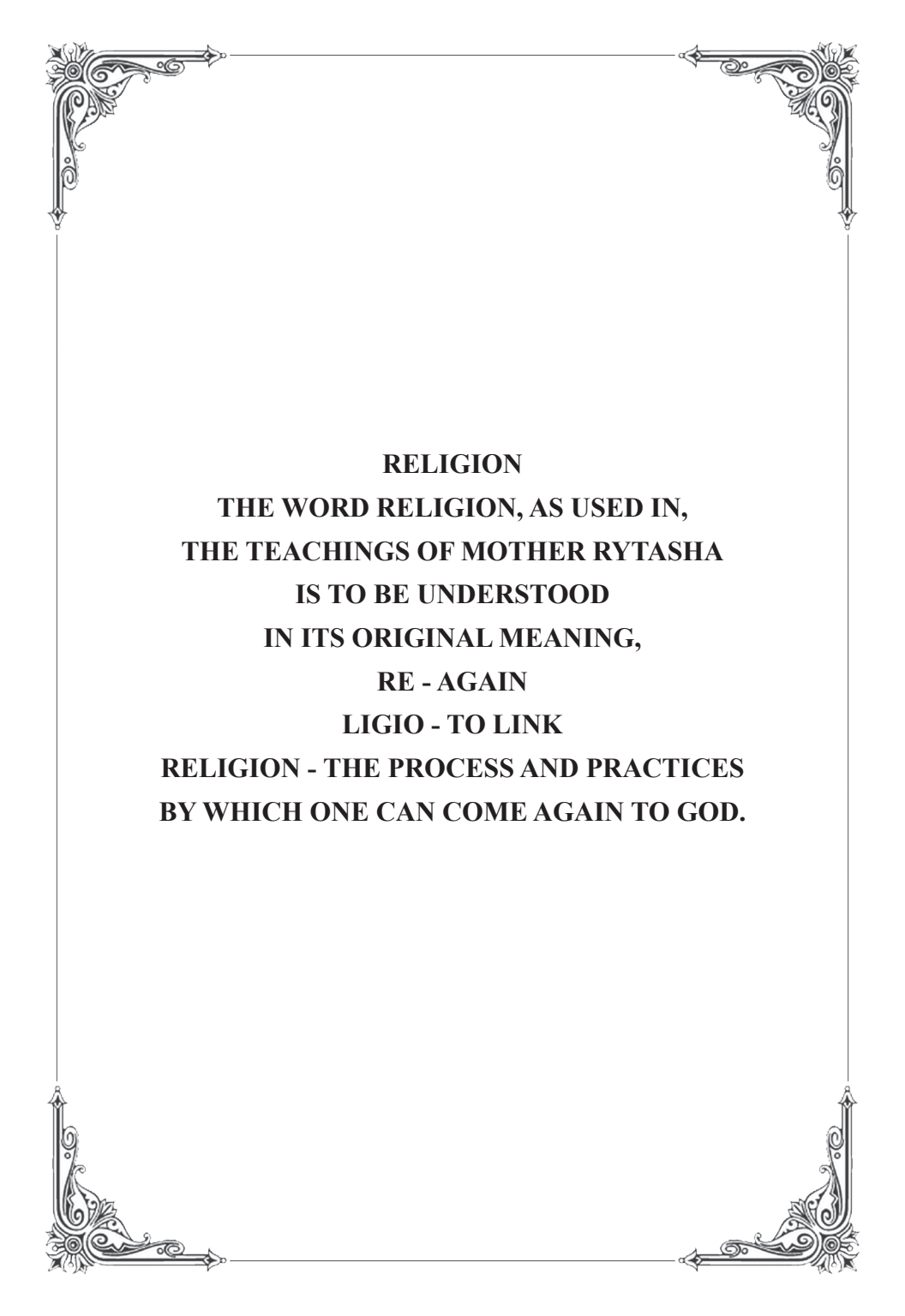




Books

The Religion of Love	1
A Spiritual Revolution	20
The Path Made Straight	31
One God - One Religion	48
Love	58
Peace	73
Sin	88
Desire	102
Falling in Love - Rising in Love	111
Answers	122
The Book of Wisdom	135
Rebel!	149
Soul Food	167
The Prophecy	173
Lost Illusions	178
The Secret of Happiness	184
The Religion of God	189
The Promise of God	198
The Mission	209
Biographies	219
Charities	220





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.

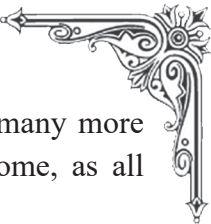
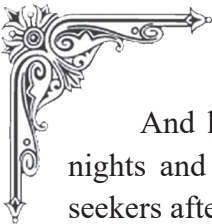
The Religion of Love

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.”**



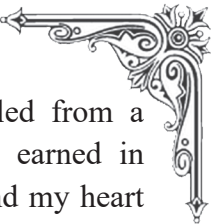
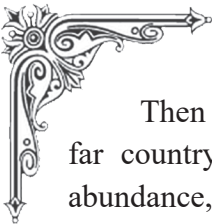
Then a lawyer, skilled in debate and jurisprudence questioned me. “What does this new religion”... (for they would insist to call it so) “say of the law, the rules and regulations all religion must have, that man may be governed and good?”

“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.”**

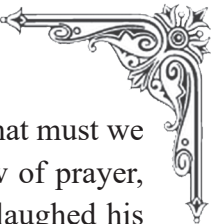
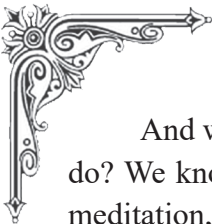
**“For As A Man Thinks,
So Shall He Be.
It Is From Your Thoughts
That Feelings Come.
And Out Of Feelings,
Will You Surely Act.
And Out Of Action, Reactions
Will Come Back To You.
By Your Own Thoughts
Do You Create Your Life.
Change Your Thoughts,
And You Will Change Your Life.”**



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 Yourselves
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.”**

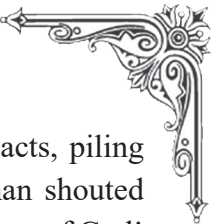
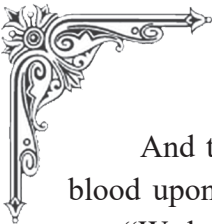
And many such realizations did we receive. And abundant blessings were rained down upon us. In this way did the minutes pass into hours, the hours into days, until a man, newly arrived, who had stood listening at the outskirts of the crowd, could contain himself no longer, and came pushing through the 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 Razzaque 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.



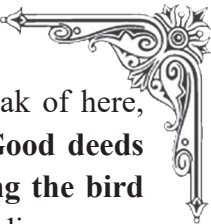
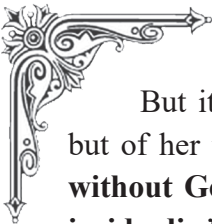


A Spiritual Revolution

I, Razzaque Khan, remember the day of my death, and the tortures I suffered, and my escape from that death, in The War of Liberation for the land of Bangladesh. Of glorious victories, and millions dead, and I alive, but not in the same way, never again in the same way. For now there is only service and the search for God.

And to God I prayed and for truth I searched many long years, leaving my homeland and traveling throughout the East. Still my prayers were unanswered and I grew weary and downcast and so prayed all the more. And then when I had given up all hope there appeared before me the master for whom I had searched, and leaving everything, I followed.

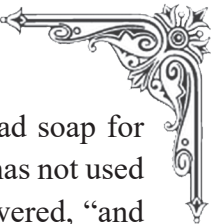
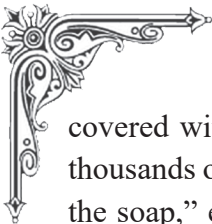
People who were hungry came and were fed, the children provided schools, help for the sick, and hope for the poor. Loved by the people who call her, The Angel of Bengal.



But it is not of her good deeds I wish to speak of here, but of her teaching, for as I was taught by her, **“Good deeds without God is like polishing the cage, but letting the bird inside die.”** For people knowing me before and finding me so changed, asked, “Who is your teacher and what is the teaching?” And I answering with her words said, “The teaching does not rest in the teacher, but in God alone, and is a fulfillment of all scripture. **The problems of man can only be solved by a spiritual revolution** which unites in understanding all the great religions of the world.” I tell them, that she teaches, how to live by the truths inherent in all religions, to understand that we are eternal spirit souls, and that **the only purpose of life is spiritual realization.**

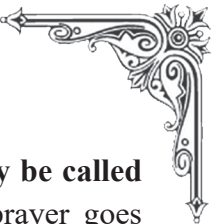

And so I traveled and worked with her going into India and up into the Himalaya Mountains of Nepal, and wherever we traveled she taught and many came, for the people were tired of the sorrows of this world and hungry to hear.

Traveling by boat in Bangladesh, many gathered on the river bank to see her pass by. And she stopped and spoke to them, saying, **“Know that you are already perfect,** that your soul which is full in knowledge is eternal and blissful, that you are more brilliant than a million suns. But now, in illusion, you are as the sun when covered by cloud and this cloud is your ignorance. Only by the cleansing practice of religion will that cloud clear away and with it your sorrows.” And a man on the river bank called out, saying, “You speak to us of religion, yet we have had religion for thousands of years and look at the state of the world; everywhere war and greed and man’s inhumanity to man.” “Sadly you are right,” she replied, and spoke no more for awhile. Then noticing a small child playing on the river bank,



covered with mud, she asked, "Have we not also had soap for thousands of years and still that child is dirty?" "He has not used the soap," explained the same man. "Yes," she answered, "and we do not use religion. For we are as a man, who working in a bank, counts out money, some for me, some for the bank, and is therefore considered a thief and put into prison. So a man who lives, taking some for me, some for God, when all is God's, is also a thief, and must remain in the prison house of birth and death. Only when our whole life is given to God will we be free."

Later in the evening when it was cool and the moon was full and shining and a crowd had gathered outside the small clay house where she was staying, she came out and sat among the people and told how a young man had come to her home and was surprised to see how simply she was living, with hardly any furniture, and forgetting his manners, had blurted out, "Where is your furniture?" And she in turn had asked him, "And where is yours?" "But I am a visitor here," he stammered. "And I also am a visitor here," was her reply. And turning to the people gathered around her, she cried out, "Oh bitter exile in this impermanent place. For this world is not our home, but a place of suffering. **As the trees must bear the weight of the sky, and the creatures of the sea, the weight of water, so man must bear the weight of his ignorance, and in ignorance suffer the three-fold miseries of life. Miseries caused to him by nature, by others, and by his own mind and body.** And at the final hour what does a man profit by all he has gained here, for death alone, is the birthright of every man. All this a man must suffer. All this a man must bear."

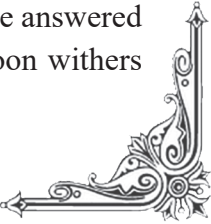
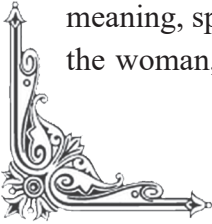


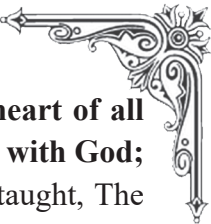
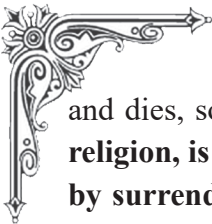
“But suffering may be good, for a thing may be called good, when it turns a man towards God. For prayer goes among pain, as illusion among ease, and happiness is like a drop of water in the desert. When amidst our suffering, in all humility, we cry out Lord! Lord! The questions asked, the answers come.”

“Where are the answers, for I call and call and hear nothing,” a woman asks. “You will hear the voice of God in His scripture. All the answers, all knowledge, in great Love, has been given. **When you are no longer blinded by material desires, you will see. When you are no longer deafened by the noisy desires of your mind, you will hear. When your lips chant The Holy Names of God, you will know.**”

And the woman persisted, saying, “But which scripture, for all men believe their religion best.” And she answered her, **“Different religions are just a different angle of vision of the one God.** The Message of God, which spoken according to time and circumstance, in the language of the listener, because of custom and culture, may on the outside appear different, but the inner meaning is one, as God is one.” And she went on to explain, giving example, “All scriptures tell a man to pray. The Hindu prays in Sanskrit, in the Temple, the Muslim in his Mosque, in the language of Arabia. Each bows before the same God in a different posture. So the injunction to pray is God’s, but the style is man’s.”

And the woman asked again, “You speak of outer meaning, speak now to us of inner meaning.” And she answered the woman, saying, “As a branch cut from a tree soon withers

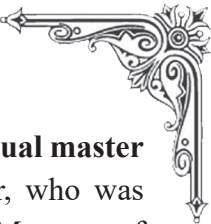





and dies, so also a man separated from God. **The heart of all religion, is for man once again to be, in Love, and with God; by surrender to the will of God.** For when Jesus taught, The Lord's Prayer, saying, *'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on Earth as it is in Heaven,'* the difference between Heaven and Earth was made clear, for in Heaven the will of God is done, and on Earth the will of man is done. The word Islam means surrender to the will of God, and a Muslim is any man surrendered to the will of God." And again she spoke out of a different scripture, the Bhagavad Gita, and its conclusion, wherein the Lord says, *'Give up all varieties of religion and just surrender unto Me.'* Pray then," she said, "never again to be the poor servant who knows not his master, the poor Lover who satisfies not the desire of the Beloved. But praying say, let me bind myself to Thee, my will to Thine, two as one, surrendered unto Thee, Thy will alone, o' Lord be done."

And as we traveled across the country, a man who followed, listening intently but never speaking finally stood up, asking, "If a man would make himself perfect, how must he begin? What must he do?" And seeing his sincerity and his desire, she answered him, saying, "**The first and most important thing in spiritual life is to hear from a master.** But hearing is not listening, for everyone has ears, but few can hear. One who has heard - acts. One who is called - comes. When the disciple is ready the master will appear. But who is master? For religion is a good business and many exploit God to gain power and wealth."

"A man may appear as master, but is not, and another appear as not, and is." And smiling, she added, "You can take a dog and put him on a throne, put a crown on his head, and many will call him king, but throw a bone and see what happens..."

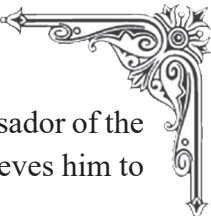
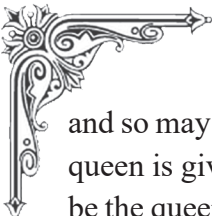


“Be wise therefore, and know that a **true spiritual master comes in disciple succession**, taught by a master, who was taught by a master, all the way back to when the Message of God was first received. A spiritual master’s words and works are of God. Man may make philosophy but only God gives religion. **The spiritual master delivers the Message of God without change or alteration** just as a postman delivers a letter.”

“**A spiritual master must be living.**” At this the same man rose and told of a friend who had taken as his master a famous teacher long dead and whom he had never met, and kept his picture in a place of honor. “Can I have as master such a one as this?” And laughing, she answered him saying, “That would be like putting a picture on your wall of a beautiful film star and saying she is my wife. For surely there will be no fruit from this union nor will there be spiritual fruit from the other.”

And the man laughing himself, commented, “Your teaching seems very clear and though I am a simple man I can understand it. But others come, and we can’t understand them at all.” And she nodded, saying, “We live in a time when men who call themselves master will speak in such a way that no one can understand. They will not even let scripture be heard in the common language of the people. The ignorant will then think because they cannot understand that it must be very deep, and the speaker very learned.”

A man in the back, a musician by trade, who was listening, now raised his head and said, “Here many say, guru is God.” “There is no God but God!” came her answer. “The master is an ambassador from God, in that he brings the Message of God,



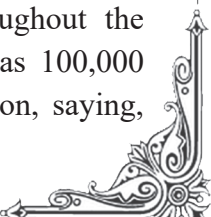
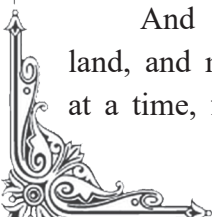
and so may be accorded all respects, just as an ambassador of the queen is given all respects, but no one but a fool believes him to be the queen.”

And continuing, she said, “**A spiritual master, neither needs nor wants, anything material from the disciple.** If he asks something of the disciple it is always to benefit the disciple. Sometimes the master will take something away, just as a good mother seeing her child putting something dirty in his mouth, will take it away. But be not afraid, for you will never be given a burden that will break you, a load too heavy for you to carry, for out of Love and knowledge the master acts only for your good.” And again, the first man asked, “And what of a disciple? What must he be and what must he do? For it is said that it is very difficult to become your disciple, for you have turned many away who came to you.”

“**A disciple,**” she answered, “**must have a sincere desire for spiritual life,** and that is easily known by whether or not he follows the instruction of the master. **Disciple means discipline.** A man who comes to the master but who will not follow is like a man who says he wants to be clean but refuses to take a bath.”

“**Must I give up everything I own to follow you?**” the son of a rich man asks. “What do you own?” she asks back, “for surely everything belongs to God. We may only have the use of things temporarily while we are here. **What is important is not how little or how much we have but that we use it in the service of God.**”

And as we traveled, her fame spread throughout the land, and more and more people came, as many as 100,000 at a time, for she spoke to all regardless of religion, saying,





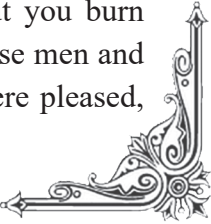
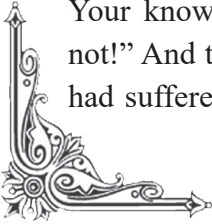
“This teaching is for everyone, as is all spiritual teaching.”

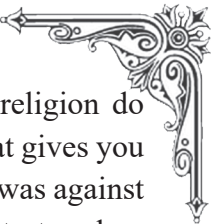
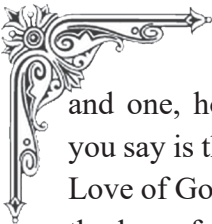
And the people who were sick in their hearts at the hate in the world and the state of their lives Loved her.

But success is a dangerous thing and her teaching was seen as a threat to all who would gain power and wealth through propagating ignorance, and they sought to destroy her. At a large meeting she answered them, saying, “You critics charge me with preaching to Muslims. Others condemn me for mixing with Hindus. But **I see neither Hindu nor Muslim, I see neither Christian nor Jew, neither black nor white, American nor Indian, neither man nor woman, only the Beloved Lovers of God.**”

“You who would carve up the world, and the Word of God; know that **differences are not divisions.**” And stopping she pointed at a bird who soared overhead, and asked, “Does that bird flying so high above us see lines along the Earth dividing up the land? Did God make borders? No, man has made that, and with it, war! God gave His holy word that we might build a stairway to Heaven, but man, dividing it, has used God’s words to build instead a wall between his brothers. It is man who has made these false borders and boundaries, and it is man who must take them down!”

And some scoffed at her preaching, saying, “There is nothing new here. We have heard this before.” And she answered them boldly, saying, “If you heard, then why moved you not? Why changed you not? Your listening is not hearing! Your knowledge unrealized! You speak of fire, but you burn not!” And the people were happy, for they knew these men and had suffered mightily at their hands. But not all were pleased,





and one, hoping to trick her, asked, “Then which religion do you say is the best?” And she answered, “The one that gives you Love of God.” And his friend, a sly man, knowing it was against the law of that land to convert people and thinking to trap her, asked, “Must I change my religion?” And she smiled at him, saying, “No, you must practice it.” And that day at least, they were defeated.

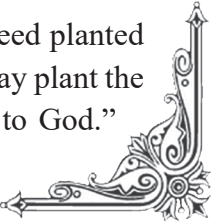
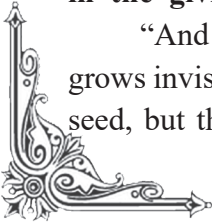
And there gathered about her truly good people, who following, wished to give their lives to God. And they asked for initiation, and in time it was given.

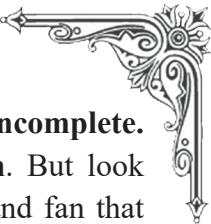

In a clearing surrounded by flowering trees, taking off her shawl, she washed the feet of the disciples, saying, “All religious practices as enjoined by God, are as a cleansing of the dirt of ignorance, for already are you perfect, only covered by illusion. This initiation is not about a change of religion, of dress, or address, or name. It is about a change of the heart. Nor is it about joining an organization, for all organized religions, though they preach brotherhood, in reality, separate brother from brother. For if God is our Father, we must be brother and sister, family to all. This initiation is a public proclamation that you are now souls surrendered unto God.”

And as she washed their feet, speaking the whole time, everywhere people were filled with emotion, and tears ran down their faces.

And speaking to them, she said, **“Give freely what was given freely to you, for spiritual knowledge is realized only in the giving.”**

“And do not worry about who will follow. A seed planted grows invisibly under the ground. Remember, you may plant the seed, but the fruit thereof, belongs not to you, but to God.”





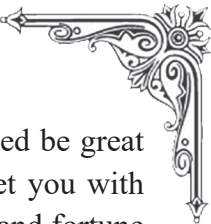
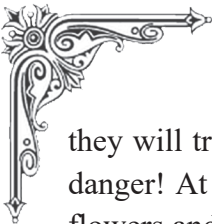
“Judge not, for our knowledge can be but incomplete. Only God may know the heart of another man. But look instead for the flame of God’s good in everyone, and fan that flame into a fire, that will by its very nature, burn away all impurities. For all man’s actions, come from Love, or the need of it.”

And as she spoke, the clearing was filled with a blue light and around her head a halo of white light appeared, amazing all the people present. But she cautioned them, saying, **“Many will come looking for miracles, for easy solutions. They wish to feel good, not be good. Miracles are for materialists.** They are not spiritual. Anyone of you, here gathered, may learn to walk on water, but for a few cents you can more easily cross over the water in a boat. If you serve God, He will give whatever is necessary for His service. Beware the seeking of powers, for that is not a spiritual path but a material one, and leads not to, but away from God.”

And again she cautioned, “You are trained as teachers, but always remember, **it is not enough to know the answers, you must also be the answers. The teacher is the teaching.**”

“Remember also, that though many may follow you, you are only servants. **Never think of yourselves as leaders of men, but simply, as followers of God.**”

“On this day are you truly born anew, for by giving your life to God, you gain life eternal and abundant. But consider carefully, for the life you are choosing is very dangerous. There will be times and places where you speak this message and people will hate you for it. Your friends and even your family may desert you. You will be defamed and lied about. For surely



they will try to injure and stop you. There will indeed be great danger! At other times and places, people will greet you with flowers and give you the highest seat. Great wealth and fortune will be at your command and the people will honor you. Here indeed will be an even greater danger!!”

“And when you teach, do not worry about the opinions of society, for name and fame are like a candle in the wind and **the values of man are not always the values of God.**”

“Do not worry about building big buildings or big organizations. But build big men. For time soon destroys stone and the experience of God is greater than any organization.”

“Know that the things we do, do us. One who builds, builds himself. And one who destroys, destroys himself.”

“All things done with devotion to God, are good, for by working with devotion, we become devotees.”

And at the last, and most important, she counseled them, “Pray always that what you do may find favor in the eyes of God. Every action you take, everything you think, and sacrifice you make, do all in remembrance of God and God alone. And Love the Lord, thy God, with all your heart, with all your mind, and with all your might, and surely, you will be with God, now and forever.”

Thus must end this book, though much more have I, Razzaque Khan, seen and heard and been witness to. Know that what is written herein is only a portion of a greater whole.

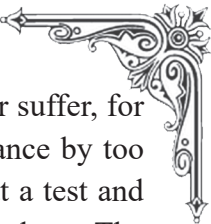
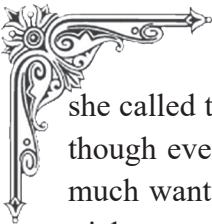




The Path Made Straight

I, Razzaque Khan, sat down among the hours of my life and wept. For I had planted and sowed of the world, and the harvest I reaped was bitter, and its joys fleeting. And stones were more solace to me than men. For I was as an exile in the land of my birth, a stranger among my own people. And in vain sought I, The Path Made Straight, the path by which a man may come again to God. And when at last surrendering myself to God, I cried aloud, "Here is my life," the Lord, who in His mercy, makes men the messengers of God, made for me a meeting with such a one.

And the one I followed was known by the people as The Angel of Bengal. And she took me to a land where the fruit has no taste and trees are scarce, saying, "This land is made a market place by man, but what is sold here is of little value and what is bought here is paid for at too high a price." And this land



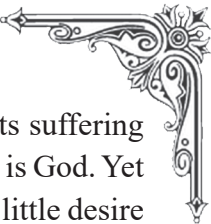
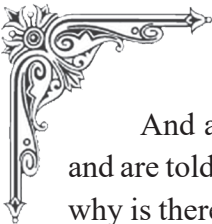
she called the material world, saying, “All who enter suffer, for though everything is given, they abuse their abundance by too much wanting. They know not that this world is but a test and trial, a teaching, that real happiness lies with God alone. The path they have taken is crooked, so they have become crooked. Their way leads not to God, but to suffering. By God’s mercy is The Path Made Straight and he who travels upon this path is made straight before God.”

And it was in the rainy season there gathered a group together on the flatland. And it was there the disciples asked of her, “Speak to us of The Path Made Straight, by which a man may come again to God.” And she answered, saying, “Many are the steps upon the path, and good the guide.” And I also asked of her, “How we should begin?” And she answered me so. “In faith do we begin, and in the beginning by faith must act, but **greater than faith is truth! For it is not the same to believe in Love as it is to be in Love. Nor is it the same to believe in God and the spiritual world, as it is to be there and once again with God.**”

It is by the following of The Path Made Straight that what is now unknown will be made known and the invisible shall become visible.”

And I asked again of her, “Where does one begin?” And she answered me, “Where a man desires, so begins The Path Made Straight. For **without desire is nothing made in Heaven or on Earth.**”

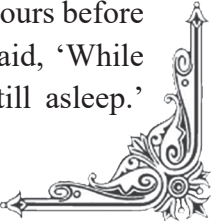
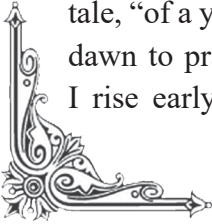
“If a man should gain all worldly gifts and be accounted much among men, but desire not God, nothing will be possible. And if a man should own nothing and be of no account to anyone, but desire God, so all things shall be made possible unto him. For God enters in only where we desire Him to enter in.”

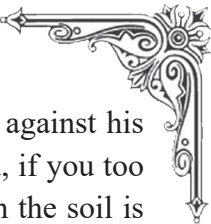
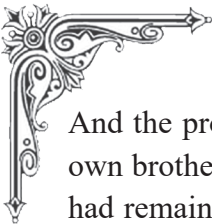


And a disciple asked, “We see the world and its suffering and are told over and over again the cure for suffering is God. Yet why is there so much indifference to spiritual life, so little desire for God?” And she answered him, “To a man with jaundice, sugarcane is bitter. As a diseased man has no appetite for the very food which will give him strength, nor the medicine which will cure him, so it is the nature of the illness that the more spiritually diseased a man, the less apparent is the appetite for God.”

And she fell silent then and we waited. And before long she broke the silence, saying, “**The opposite of Love of God is not hatred of God, but indifference to God.**” And spoke a story, “of a spiritual master who was looking for a place to settle with his disciples and wandered from place to place. In one village the people threw stones at them. ‘This is a good sign,’ said he, ‘here at least, the people are not indifferent!’” And there was a heavy set man who listening asked, “How should I know if I have desire for God?” And she answered him, “Fast for three days. At the end of three days have your wife prepare your favorite food. If you would rather hear of spiritual knowledge than eat, come back.” And he looked worried then, and asked, “And if I find I have no desire?” “If you have no desire,” she answered, “act as though you do. A man who acts as a saint before he is a saint, becomes a saint!”

And many came who wished to follow The Path Made Straight. But before beginning to teach, she told a cautionary tale, “of a young man who came to a prophet in the hours before dawn to pray with him, and speaking with pride, said, ‘While I rise early to pray, my brothers being lazy, lie still asleep.’”

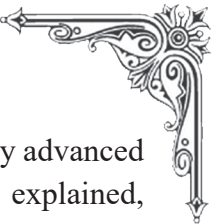
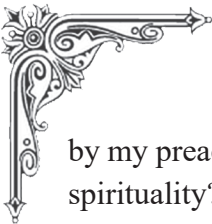




And the prophet seeing how pride made him speak against his own brothers, answered him, saying, ‘Better for you, if you too had remained asleep!’ Beware!” she warned, “When the soil is rich and the grain grows, so grow the weeds.”

**“THOUGH YOU MAY BECOME
PROFICIENT UPON THE PATH,
BECOMING A SCHOLAR OF SCRIPTURE,
PRAYING ALOUD,
AND GIVING MUCH IN CHARITY,
IF YOU DEVELOP NOT LOVE OF GOD,
AND THE KINDNESS TO OTHERS
WHICH PROVES THIS LOVE,
THOUGH YOU WALK UPON
THE PATH OF GOD,
YOU WILL BE TRAVELING
IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION,
AWAY FROM GOD!”**

Then how she made us laugh, telling, “There was a preacher grown proud of his knowledge of scripture and his ability in speech. And into his congregation there came a woman to hear. And as he spoke she sat gazing up at him adoringly, and tears streamed down her cheeks. And the preacher noticing the affect he was having on her, said to himself, ‘Look how well I speak. The woman is moved to tears by my eloquence.’ And he became even more puffed up. And so it happened, by the grace of God, that one day the two met in the village square. And the preacher said, ‘I see you were very much moved the other day

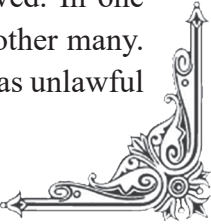
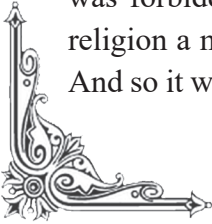


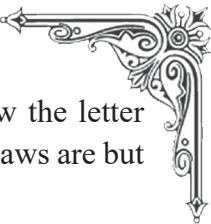
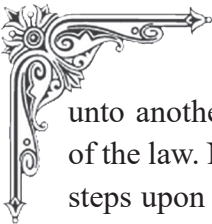
by my preaching. What was it that moved you so? My advanced spirituality? My beautiful speech? What?’ And she explained, ‘Well actually, the truth is, that I had a goat, who I Loved very dearly, and last month he died, and I miss him so, and when you speak, and your beard moves up and down just as his did, you look so like him, I am unable to control myself, and so I cry.’”

And long we remained on the flatland, and many came, and many questions were asked, and all questions asked and unasked were answered.

And a woman from a nearby village asked, “You often say the goal is Love of God, yet many say they already Love God.” And she answered her, “Yes, many will say, but few will do.” And as we were sitting in a field and nearby was a lamb grazing, she asked of her, “How many legs has that lamb if you say the tail is a leg?” And the woman answered, “Five.” And she answered back, “No, four. Just by saying something does not make it so. Many say they Love God, but they are like a wife who tells her husband, I Love you, but when the husband asks from her a favor refuses him. A wife like that is soon divorced and so too are those who only speak of Love of God, but do not do the will of God.”

It was early one morning when she had gone into a field to pray, that some of us fell to arguing among ourselves over the rules and regulations of religion, for we were all of different religions and could not agree. For in one religion meat was forbidden, and in another religion it was allowed. In one religion a man might have only one wife, and in another many. And so it went. What was lawful unto one religion was unlawful





unto another. And she taught us, saying, “You know the letter of the law. Now understand the heart of the law. For laws are but steps upon The Path Made Straight.”

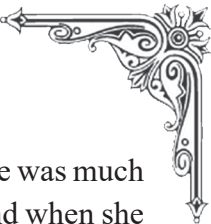
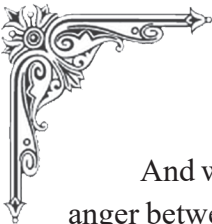
**“ALL LAWS LEAD TO LOVE.
AND LOVE ALONE
FULFILLS ALL LAW.”**

And she counseled us, saying,

**“IN KNOWLEDGE,
HAVE LOVE FOR GOD,
FOR EVERYTHING CREATED BY GOD,
FOR ALL THE CREATURES OF THE EARTH,
FOR YOUR FELLOW MAN,
AND FOR YOURSELF.
BE THEREFORE MERCIFUL
AND CAUSE NO UNNECESSARY PAIN
BY ANY WORD OR DEED.”**

And when the rains ended, we did not stay upon the flatland but traveled abroad, and everywhere we went, she taught, saying,



**“NOW A NEW TIME IS COME,
BRINGING LIGHT IN DARKNESS,
THE PATH MADE STRAIGHT,
AND RELIGION UNDIVIDED.
FOR THERE IS ONE GOD,
WITH UNLIMITED NAMES.
SO TOO IS THERE BUT ONE RELIGION,
AND THAT RELIGION IS LOVE.”**

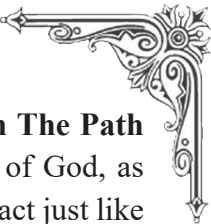



And we went down into a harsh land where there was much anger between the faiths, anger even up to killing. And when she taught there, some men came late into the place where she was speaking, and only to cause trouble. And though knowing nothing of the message that she spoke, still they wished to stop her, and causing a great commotion in the crowd, publicly they accused her, saying, "She has come among us to destroy religion!" But she was unafraid and spoke strongly, saying, "Nothing have I said here that is not in your own scripture, nor do I speak my own words, but God's alone. So if you have complaint with what I say, complain not to me, but to God!"

And I feared for her life then and took her away. And the road we came in on, we could not go out on. For we were warned that an attack was planned, and knowing they had already killed one man, and injured others, we went carefully in the dark, doubling back upon ourselves, until we came to the house where we were staying, and went up onto the roof, the disciples and some others who had followed, and I and some of the men looked down upon the roads and fields keeping guard.

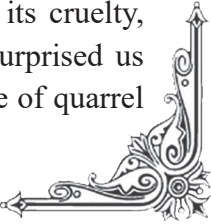
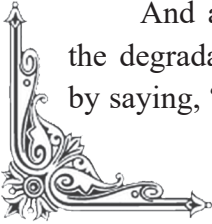
Yet I saw my Spiritual Master was undisturbed and sat quietly enjoying the night air. And when we were all together, she spoke, and I saw her face shone radiant white in the moonlight, and heard her say, "To the good, hearing the Word of God is like a cool drink of water in the blazing heat of the desert. To the innocent, it is as the gentle rain which gives growth to the parched soil. But to the unbelievers and evil doers, hearing the Word of God, is as a fearful poison!" And she spoke to us of



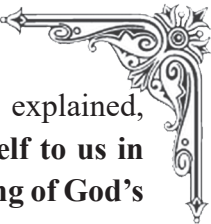
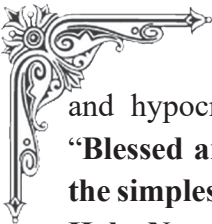


Hearing. The first and most important step upon The Path Made Straight, saying, “Man must hear the Word of God, as spoken by the devotee of God. And this hearing will act just like the voice of the mother, which calling, wakes the child from troubled sleep. For we are as children, and though we appear awake, in truth, we sleep, and our dreams are filled with illusion and nightmares.”

And a man made comment, saying, “You say hearing is the first and most important step upon the path, yet it does not seem to me a difficult thing to do. I myself take a great interest in spiritual matters and have listened to many masters as they passed through my village with no difficulty at all.” And she answered, “Yes, but **listening is not hearing.**” And so that he might understand better, told, of a time we traveled through a hot country and came to a place where thousands had gathered to hear. And she wished them to also understand the difference between listening and hearing, and so said, “Now we have traveled a long way, and I have spoken many hours and I am hot and thirsty and would like to drink some water.” And the people sat and listened and all eyes were upon her. And to test them further, she asked of them, “Could they Hear?” and “Yes,” they said. And she asked again, even to the back rows, and all said yes. But she said, “No, no one had truly heard, for no one had offered her water.” And she turned back to the man, and said, “**Hearing the Word of God, and not doing the will of God, is not considered hearing. Hearing means obeying.**”



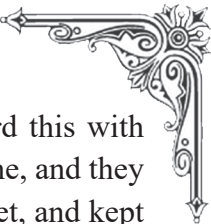
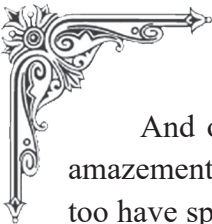
And as we traveled we saw the world in all its cruelty, the degradation, war, and pestilence. And so she surprised us by saying, “Blessed are we who live in this dark age of quarrel



and hypocrisy.” And seeing our amazement, she explained, **“Blessed are we, for in this age, God gives Himself to us in the simplest and easiest practice of all. The chanting of God’s Holy Names.”**

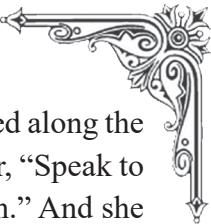
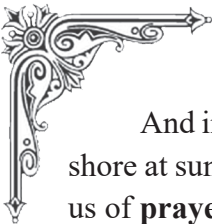
And so spoke the next step upon The Path Made Straight, **“The chanting of The Holy Names of God.”** And she taught us, saying, **“The Lord and His Name are non-different. When you say The Name of God, The Lord is actually present in His Name.”** And seeing our confusion, said, “This is difficult to understand because in the material world the name of an object and the object itself are different. Just by saying the word water we cannot quench our thirst. But The Lord’s Name is transcendental to material law, and by saying The Name of God, The Lord being present in His Name, we can actually associate with God Himself.” And she asked further, “What happens when we associate with someone? We become like them, do we not? If we associate with thieves, eventually we will steal, and if we associate with The Supreme Lord, in His Holy Name, all the dirt of ignorance, all that is troublesome to the heart, is cleansed away and our true spiritual self is manifest.”

And a man asked, “But which Name of God, for you have taught that there is only one God, but that He has unlimited Names?” And she answered, **“All the Names of God are good, for all His Names are God.”** And another asked, “Is one way of chanting God’s Name better than another?” And she answered again, “There are not any hard and fast rules for chanting, for **it’s not in the way of chanting nor in the words of chanting, but the Love, in the chanting.**” And she begged us, “Take this gift and give it freely, as it is given freely unto you, and spread this message to every town and village.”



And one who stood on the outskirts and heard this with amazement, said, “Many masters have come and gone, and they too have spoken of this, but they have said it in secret, and kept it only among their initiates, and only after money was given.” And she shook her head sadly and came back, for she had been leaving, and sat down again to tell this tale so that all present should understand, saying, “There was a master such as this, who had a young disciple, and after initiating him, gave him in secret, the knowledge of the power of the chanting of God’s Holy Names, saying, **‘In this practice is the easiest way of liberation from material suffering, the simplest way to come again to God.’** But he forbade him to speak of this, saying, ‘Tell no one what you have learned here.’ But no sooner had the young disciple left the presence of his spiritual master, he immediately began to chant The Lord’s Names aloud, telling everyone he met, the secret power in the chanting of The Holy Name of God.”

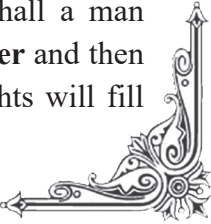
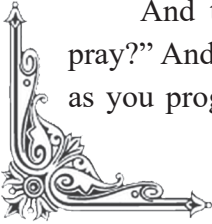
“And when it came to the attention of the spiritual master, he called his young disciple to him, and angrily asked, ‘How have you disobeyed the direct order of your spiritual master?’ And the young disciple fell at the feet of his master in floods of tears, for his master was most dear to him, and cried, ‘My master, please forgive me, but when I knew the chanting of The Holy Names of God could so easily give liberation and I saw how the people suffer, I said to myself, even if I must endure the flames of hell eternally, still must I give this gift to all.’ And the master saw deep into the heart of the disciple and lifting him up, embraced him, and with tears in his eyes, said, ‘God Bless you, for you are the real spiritual master.’”





And in our travels we came to the sea and walked along the shore at sunset. And one of the disciples, asked of her, “Speak to us of **prayer**, for we know it as a step upon The Path.” And she laughed aloud, saying, “It is said, **one prays better in Hell than in Heaven!** Most people remember God only when troubles come. For who remembers God when life is sweet? And what are their prayers, but the prayers of beggars. For they wish to make God their order-supplier, demanding of Him, give me this and give me that. They are like the so called friend one only sees when he is in trouble and comes to borrow money. But the devotee of God is different, and so different are his prayers. For the devotee knows who he is. **He knows that he is not man nor woman, American nor Indian, Hindu nor Muslim, Christian nor Jew. But that he is eternally spirit soul, the servant - the Beloved - Lover of God, and prays therefore, oh my Lord, how may I serve you. That is his prayer and his life.**”

And as she spoke she saw a rich man who had many servants of his own had joined us, and understood that what she said displeased him, and so said, “Most people in this world do not wish to be a servant. They live in the illusion that they can be masters. And though everyone is always serving something, whether it is the government, family, or even their own stomachs, still they will persist in the idea they can lord it over others. In truth, **they wish to be God, not to serve God.** This is the original sin which brings man to the world. And it is this that keeps him in the world.”

And the same devotee asked, “How often shall a man pray?” And she answered, “**Establish regular prayer** and then as you progress along The Path your days and nights will fill



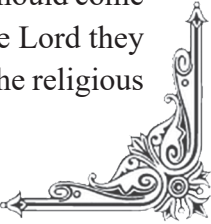
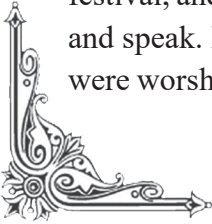


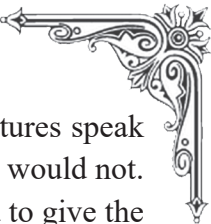
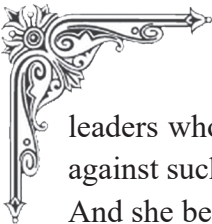
with prayer, until you **pray unceasingly, never for one moment forgetting God.**” And **remembering God** she counted as a step upon The Path. And as we listened, night came quickly, and the trees lay black against the orange sky, as she told us of an ancient queen who used to pray, “My dear Lord, always keep putting me into difficulties so that I may never forget You even for a single moment.”

And as it was late and night upon us, we boarded a boat, but when we had gone out but half an hour, a storm came up and fierce winds churned the waters and the boat pitched about upon the black waves. And some of the disciples grew frightened. And she spoke, soothing them, and then said, “**Many will come to spiritual life, and some in difficult times will want to go away. But spiritual life is the only boat by which a man may cross over the ocean of material sorrows. Even if the boat is sometimes rocky, do not leave the boat and go again into those dangerous waters.**” And the storm which had come upon us so suddenly, just as suddenly died down. And she looked into the calm waters, saying, “After the fisherman has mercifully worked to free the fish and put him back in the water, it is a foolish fish indeed who jumps back into the net.”

And soon we came to an island and there spent the night. In the morning we traveled on, for she wished to speak to as many people as could hear.

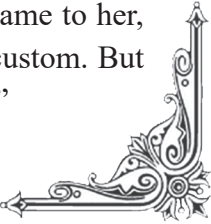
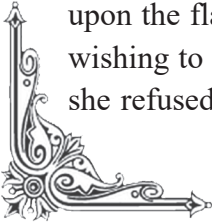
And far into the North we traveled, for there was a great festival, and the religious leaders had asked that she should come and speak. But when we arrived we saw that with the Lord they were worshipping others than God. And she spoke to the religious


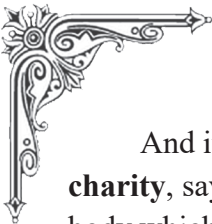




leaders who had invited us saying, “Your own scriptures speak against such a thing. You also must speak!” But they would not. And she became angry, saying, “You think it is good to give the people festivals where others than God are worshiped, saying, our fathers worshiped in this way and their fathers before them. But I tell you, **worship is for God alone. There is no God but God, and only He is worthy of Worship!**”

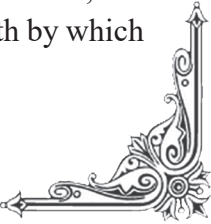

And they wished her not to speak of these things in such a way. And she asked them, “Then would you have me speak as a politician, promising everything and giving nothing, as you do?” And they feared her then, and said, “We cannot allow you to speak here, for you may incite the people, and we as leaders must keep the peace at all costs.” And she answered them back, “The cost is too high if the truth is lost. For **worship is a step upon The Path**, and you who call yourselves leaders are really misleaders. For where are you leading? Surely not to God! For you are not spiritual men as you pretend, but worldly ones. In ignorance do worldly men carve idols of desires unlimited. And you who should know better, pass on this ignorance like a contagious disease. **You want religion but you don’t want God! The idols you worship are money, power, name and fame.** In truth you serve not God but yourselves! This you call religion, and when one comes speaking the truth of God, this you call irreligion. You know not the truth and when you hear it you can not bear it.” And she left them then and did not go back. And it would be many months before we gathered together again upon the flatland. And disciples from near and far came to her, wishing to make a festival in her honor as was the custom. But she refused the honor, saying, “All honor is God’s.”

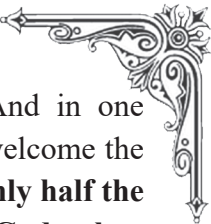
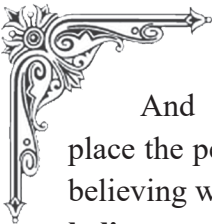




And it was this day she spoke another step upon The Path, **charity**, saying, “**Charity is Love made concrete.** Care for the body which is temporary and the soul which is eternal.” And we went among the poorest of the poor providing schools that the children might learn, and healing the sick, and into disasters, cyclones, and floods, did we go. And when we were working in a refugee camp, a man asked, “You have taught that **material help can only make the prisoner more comfortable in his prison, but that spiritual help is the key that can free him.** If this is so, why do you do social work?” And she answered him thus. “This body is a tool, and just as a workman keeps his tools in good repair so they may serve him, so we keep the body in good repair so that we may serve God.”

And another asked, “It is the custom of religion to give money to the poor in charity, but I own nothing and am so poor that after I have fed my family there is nothing left to give.” And she asked him, “**Is not a man more than what he owns? For surely a man is not what he owns, but what he is.** Give then the greatest charity, the gift of God. **For God Loves best those who tell others about Him.**” And she told all, “**Go and preach for God. Share His message with anyone you Love. And Love everyone!**” And when she looked at us her eyes were filled with Love and sorrow, and she said, “Know that many came before you with this same message and where they gave Love they received hate and where they gave truth received lies in return. Yet these things for them were not obstacles, but stepping stones upon The Path Made Straight, the path by which a man may come again to God.”





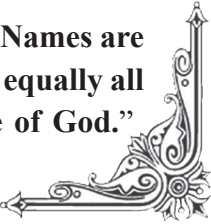

And so we traveled from place to place. And in one place the people in their house of worship did not welcome the believing women. And she asked, **“Why is it that only half the believers of God are welcome in The House of God, when God Himself welcomes all?”**

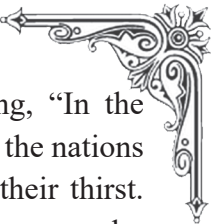
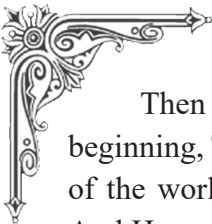
And we left that place for we were not all welcome there. Nor were we all welcome at another, for they stopped us, saying, “Only those being of a certain people may enter here.” And she left saying, **“Any man may worship God who is a devotee of God. A man is not a devotee because he is born in a family of devotees, but by his actions is he made a devotee.** A man born the son of a doctor is not automatically a doctor. Only if he practices and passes all the tests may he be called doctor.” And we left that place for we were not all welcome there either.

And to many houses of worship did we go and nowhere were all of us welcome. For they said to some, “Your ways are not our ways.” And to others, “Your words of worship are not our words of worship.”

And we left, and she said, “As we are not all welcome to worship God under the roofs of men, so let us worship God under the skies of God.” And in a field, under the starry sky we stayed, and she taught us, saying, **“You will be called the servants of The Servants of God. And your religion shall be the eternal religion at the heart of all religions - LOVE. For what the prophets, saints, and sadhus speak, is nothing new. That all were the Beloved Lovers of God, before the world was made.”**

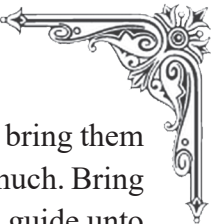
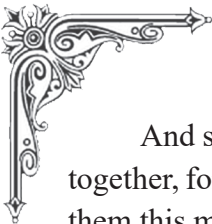
And she said, **“Worship the One God, whose Names are known in all the languages of all the lands. Honor equally all The Messengers of God. And obey The Message of God.”**





Then she told us a tale for our times, saying, “In the beginning, The Lord God sent down a great feast for the nations of the world, for they were hungry and great was their thirst. And He appointed certain men to serve it out. But the men who were chosen became proud of their position and so began to argue over whose pots were best for the serving. And so long did they argue amongst themselves that the food became cold and the people went hungry. And there were some, who becoming angry, broke the pots, saying, ‘these pots are the cause of our hunger and thirst.’ But when they broke the pots, the food fell onto the dirt and was ruined, and the precious water flowed away into the ground, and was lost.” After hearing her tale we could well understand that the food and drink she spoke of, to be pure spiritual knowledge, as given by God. And the pots all the different religions. And how clearly and sadly saw we the foolishness of man. And she said, **“There are as many ways to live in this world as there are people. And as many ways to worship God as there are souls. As each is The Servant of God, and so serves the Lord in his own way. And as each is The Beloved Lover of God, so too is that Love unique.”**

And at dawn, before the beginning of day, time was torn asunder, and the future shown us, when she prophesied, **“In the holy city there will arise a house of worship for the whole world. And therein shall be worshiped The Lord God. And in all the languages of all the lands shall His Name be called. And all His Messengers honored and all His Holy Books read and revered. And there shall be no front door, and no back door, nor first, nor last, but that into every door all may enter equally. And this house and these people shall be mother to many.”**



And she told us, “Go and find these people and bring them together, for they are scattered and lonely and suffer much. Bring them this message and comfort them. Be as the good guide unto them, and lead them on The Path Made Straight, the path by which a man may come again to God.”

So once more have I, Razzaque Khan, written as I promised, but only in part. For much was given and more must I tell.



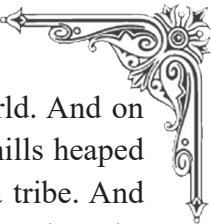
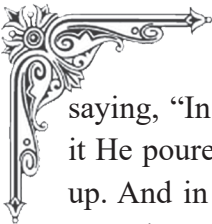


One God - One Religion

I, Razzaque Khan, was a Freedom Fighter, and as a Freedom Fighter, fought for my country in The War of Liberation. And though we won the land, the war was lost. For no peace was found, not among men, and not in man. And I searching this world ate of life's joys and sorrows. And sick unto death it made me, for I found, that which was sweet in the beginning, grew bitter in time. And I suffering, called out to God, and God heard me, and by His causeless mercy sent to me the one the people call The Angel of Bengal. And where she led, I followed. And in travels passed over mountains and language. Borders which didn't exist were crossed. And layer by layer, I awakened from the dream most men call life into the eternal reality of bliss and knowledge.

And going into the East, everywhere we went she taught,






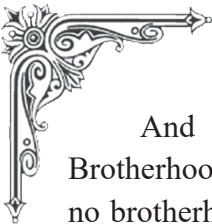
saying, “In the beginning The Lord created the world. And on it He poured the seas of salt, and sweet lakes, and hills heaped up. And in time God created man, each nation as a tribe. And to each He gave a teaching, different in the deserts, and on the seas, different on the plains, different according to time and circumstance, but all in remembrance of Him.”

**“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 IS LOVE.”**

And the people were confused, and asked, “How can you say there is but one religion when we see there are many?” And she answered, saying, “A man is confused about religion when he looks only at the surface, seeing only the outward appearance, and not the inner truth.”

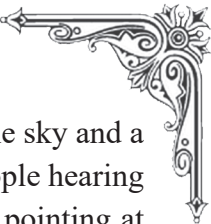
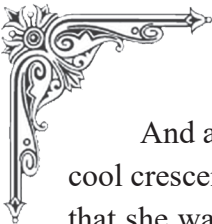
“Different religions may be likened to the digging of a well. If you dig for water in a rocky place, you need a certain kind of equipment. And if you dig in a sandy place, you will need a different kind of equipment. So on the surface there will be differences. But the goal is the same. Water. And water once reached is water. So it is with religion, which is given according to different custom, culture, time, and need. On the surface there will be differences. But the goal is the same. God. And God once reached is God.”



And again they asked, “You speak of a Universal Brotherhood, yet we see between the leaders of different religions no brotherhood at all.” “That,” she answered, “is because they have not experienced the unity in the depths, only the diversity on the surface. They have just enough religion to make them hate, but not enough religion to make them Love.”

And going down into the land of Bengal, with some of the disciples, after the rainy season, when the earth was lush and flowering, we stopped to rest under the shade of a large Banyan tree. And the disciples there gathered were of every religion. And one disciple born in a Hindu family said, “My uncle says his people call you guru, but he has seen you passing in the road and you do not wear the neck beads and markings of a guru. So how can you be guru?” And she laughed, saying, “**A donkey may be seen carrying many books. That does not necessarily mean he is a scholar.** So also the dress of a man says only what a man wants you to think of him, not necessarily what he really is.”

And it was true that she wore no dress nor designations of any religion. And when asked what she was, would say simply, that she was a servant of The Servants of God. For when she preached she taught the truths inherent in all religions, and the Hindus believed her a Hindu, and the Muslims said she preached pure Islam, and the Christians and Jews claimed her teachings as their own. And she explained, “**That each religion, contains a different, outer teaching, of its time, and therefore by time destroyed. And there is the inner teaching, the same in all religions, which is eternal, and therefore good for all time.** The wise will know the difference.”

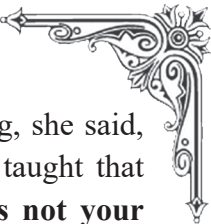
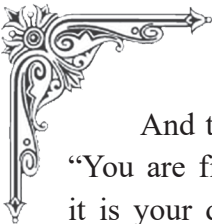


And as we sat listening, the sun arced across the sky and a cool crescent moon arose in the heavens, and the people hearing that she was there, a large crowd had gathered, and pointing at the Banyan tree she continued, saying, “This tree has lived for one hundred years or more, and when it was born men called this land India, and this tree was considered an Indian, and at Partition it became a Pakistani, and now after The War of Liberation, a Bangladeshi. But for all the different names that may be affixed to it, it remains always a tree.”

“Hindu, Muslim, Buddhist, Christian, and Jew, for all the different names that may be affixed to man, we remain eternally, spiritual souls.”

And in that time there was rioting in the cities, one faith against another, and many houses of worship were destroyed and people killed. And going boldly into the streets, she preached strongly,

**LOOK AT THE WORLD
AND SEE WHAT GOD HAS GIVEN!
NOW LOOK AGAIN AT THE WORLD
AND SEE WHAT MAN HAS DONE
WITH WHAT GOD HAS GIVEN!
IN A WORLD OF RICHES
THERE ARE THE POOR!
IN A WORLD OF PLENTY
THERE ARE THE HUNGRY!
IN A WORLD WHERE GOD
SENDS A PROPHET
TO EVERY PEOPLE,
THERE IS IGNORANCE!!”**



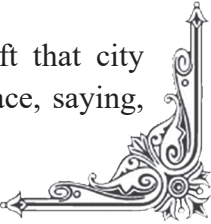
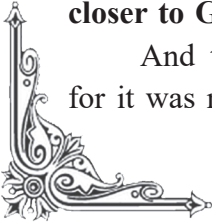
And turning to the men who had been fighting, she said, “You are fighting here because false leaders have taught that it is your differences that make you enemies. **It is not your differences that are the enemy, but ignorance.**”

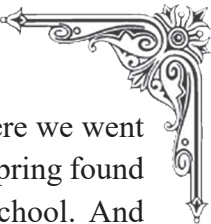
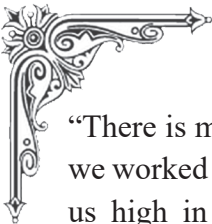
“You are like the four men who were given a gold coin. The first man was a Greek, who said, ‘With this coin we should buy stafil’. But the second man who was a Persian, said, ‘No, I want angur.’ The third was a Turk, and he said, ‘I do not want angur, I want uzum.’ And the fourth, an Arab, insisted they buy inab. And so like you they began to fight, for in their ignorance, they did not know that each in his own language had wanted the same thing - grapes!”

“Know that when a man is ignorant he makes mistakes and when he makes mistakes he suffers.”

And there was a woman listening on a balcony and she called down, “If God is merciful, as you say, why does He let us suffer?” And to this common question, she answered, “The mercy of God is found in His scripture, for all scriptures teach that which is good and that which is bad for us. And all teach that good begets good and bad begets bad. So when we look at the world and see the suffering we should ask, not why God would let this happen, but why we would let this happen.” And the woman persisted, saying, “Yes, but we see even the good suffer.” And she explained, “**That for one who turns away from God, the trials of life are a punishment. But for one who is following God, the trials of life are a test, which passing, brings him closer to God.**”

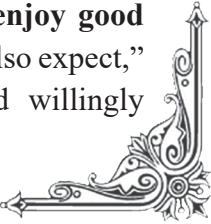
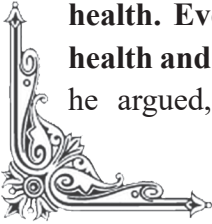
And the very next day, before dawn, we left that city for it was not her habit to stay long in any one place, saying,

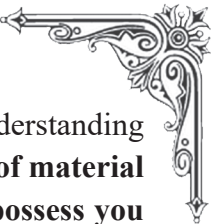
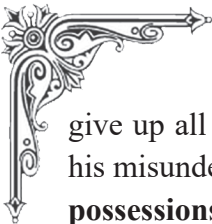




“There is much to do and little time.” And everywhere we went we worked among the poorest of the poor. And that spring found us high in the Himalaya Mountains, building a school. And there was a local politician, who had heard of her, and curious, came to the place of the disciples where she was staying, saying, “Your good works are known to all. I know you feed the hungry, and help the poor. I know of your many schools, your clinics, the work in the refugee camps, and hundreds of thousands aided in disasters. Isn’t all that enough? Why do you also preach religion?” And she explained, **“That doing good for a man materially only makes the prison more comfortable for the prisoner, but giving spiritual knowledge is giving the key to the prisoner, by which he may become free.”**

“For spiritual life is like watering the root of the tree, and when the root is watered, the leaves, fruit, and flowers, are all automatically nourished. In the world today we are watering only the leaf and the tree is withering and dying, and so our society too is declining.” And he interrupted, saying, “How can you say society is declining when we see quite clearly that we are advancing with so many wonderful new inventions?” And she answered him, “A society’s advancement is not measured by its technology, but by its spiritual and therefore moral and ethical advancement, which alone brings lasting peace and happiness to its people.” But he was a skeptical man and said, “Surely you can’t expect that everyone in the world will become spiritual!” **“We are already spiritual,”** she replied, **“for spirituality is like health. Everyone has health, only some people enjoy good health and some suffer bad health.”** “And do you also expect,” he argued, “that everyone being spiritual should willingly





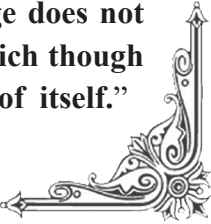
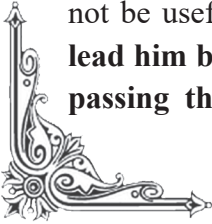
give up all their material possessions?” And she understanding his misunderstanding, explained, **“That the having of material possessions is not the problem. Only when they possess you is there a problem.”**

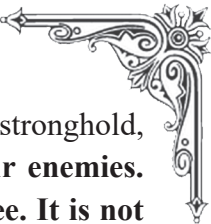
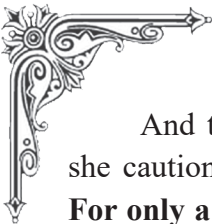
“Material opulences, such as wealth, beauty, name, and fame, are in themselves neither good nor bad. Just as a knife is neither good nor bad. In the hands of a surgeon, it may save your life, and in the hands of a murderer, it may take your life. It is not things, which are spiritual, but the use made of them. And the perfection of life is to use everything, in the service of God.”

And everywhere she preached thousands came and heard. And she went into the colleges and universities, and told the students, **“Even if a man may gain so many degrees and honors, if he doesn’t know the purpose of life, he is no better than an educated fool.”**

And she went among the rich, warning, **“The purpose of life is spiritual realization. Do not waste your time in vain pursuits, for even a king must die, and the richest man among you cannot buy one minute more. For at the time of death, with all your riches lost to you, too late, will you wish you had spent your life in the service of God, not in the service of gold.”**

And to the scholars, she said, **“Do not be greedy for knowledge alone. Just as there are many foods, but all may not be healthful for you. So there is much knowledge, but all may not be useful to you. For a man whose knowledge does not lead him back to Love of God is like a string, which though passing through pearls, becomes not valuable of itself.”**





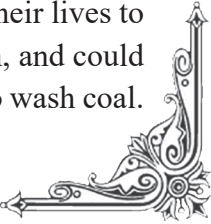
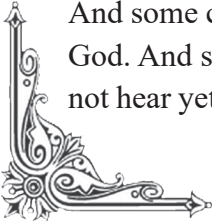
And to the revolutionaries in their mountain stronghold, she cautioned **“Do not become the enemy of your enemies. For only a spiritual revolution will make man free. It is not necessary to kill a man, only to kill the ignorance in man.”**

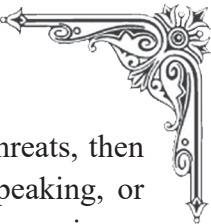
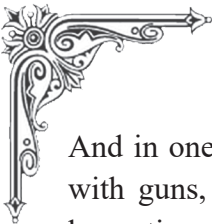
And when the men of different religions came quarreling over their prophets, she admonished them, saying, **“Those who quarrel over The Messengers of God, have not understood The Message of God. For no Prophet negates another religion, only the abuses of it. The Prophets of God are like the sun. The sun may appear to rise in the East. That does not mean it is an Eastern sun. The sun shines for everyone.”**

And before they left she made them laugh, telling them a tale of a holy man, “who going one day into a field to pray, saw a devil lounging under a tree. ‘Hey devil,’ he called to him, ‘why are you sitting idle? Shouldn’t you be out in the world making mischief?’ And the devil answered, ‘Speaking quite frankly sir, since we got all these different religious leaders, there is hardly any work left for me to do!’”

And there was in our group a sincere young man who followed, and who wished to be a disciple, and asked, “How may a man see God?” And she answered him, saying, “Not with the eyes, but with the devoted heart is God seen. Become His servant, for only the servant will know the master.”

And everywhere she spoke the people came. The wise came and heard and were glad. And those who were suffering came and received solace. And some came who were curious. And some came and heard and understanding gave their lives to God. And some came to destroy, for they were green, and could not hear yet, and preaching to them was like trying to wash coal.



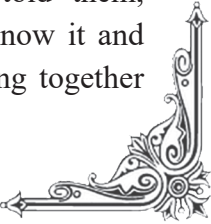
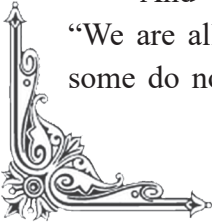


And in one place they tried to stop her, first with threats, then with guns, and finally finding no fault with her speaking, or her actions, they found fault with her being a woman, saying, a woman could not preach.

But the people came anyway for they were hungry to hear, and in the large crowd, she called out the leader of the troublemakers by name, saying, “Many come with questions wanting answers, but today I have a question for you.” And she asked him, “If you were fallen in the ocean and drowning and I came in a boat to rescue you, would you take my help?” And after a long pause, he answered her, “Yes.” And joking, she asked, “What! Even from a woman?” And after the class she again addressed him, for he had listened intently, asking, if he had liked what he had heard, and, “Yes,” he said, and if he had gained useful knowledge? And when he answered again, “Yes,” she looked at him for a time, and gently asked him, “Was this knowledge masculine or feminine?” And he realizing, laughed, and everyone with him. And that was the finish with the problem of a woman preaching, for all understood that it is not by designation but by qualification that one should be judged.

And she stayed at that place for several days preaching, and after hearing, the men who had come with challenges and guns were transformed and lay down their weapons, saying, “This Spiritual Revolution is the real holy war,” and became devotees of God.

And on the last day, before leaving she told them, “We are all eternally the servants of God. Some know it and some do not. Like the three men who were working together



laying bricks, and each was asked what he was doing. The first said, 'I'm making a living.' The second said, 'I'm making a wall.' And the third said, 'I'm building a great house of worship for The Lord God.'”

And standing on the dusty road leading away into the hills, she warned,

**“BEWARE OF THOSE WHO PREACH
THAT GOD’S LOVE IS NARROW
FOR THEY LIE.
IT IS THEY WHO ARE THEMSELVES NARROW.**

**FOR GOD’S LOVE IS FAR GREATER
THAN THE MINDS OF MAN’S IMAGINING.**

**AND THE HOUSE OF THE LORD
IS A HOUSE LARGE ENOUGH
FOR THE WHOLE WORLD TO LIVE IN.”**

Again, I Razzaque Khan, have written, as I have heard, and of what I have seen, but only a part. And many have asked, what is the way of her teaching by which a man may attain spiritual realization, and I have promised to write again of the path where she led and where we follow.



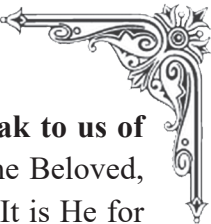
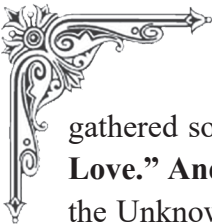


Love

I was born in the darkness of ignorance and lived the days of my life in a blind night of despair, until the darkness in me, crying out to the light, by the grace of God, there appeared before me, as a sun risen a night of stars, The Angel of Bengal. And it was she, who with the light of knowledge dispelled the darkness of ignorance. And in the light I saw truth. And by this light have I lived. And this light was Love. **For truth lived is Love.**

And leaving the dark, I clung to the light and followed. And so traveling with her, was witness to many meetings; with saints and sinners, the innocent and the ignorant, those who came to listen and learn and lead and those who came to kill. Of some, I Razzaque Khan, now speak here.


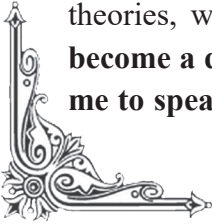
It was in the latter days, in the scorching heat of summer, that she, beneath a tree, beside the sacred river sat. And there

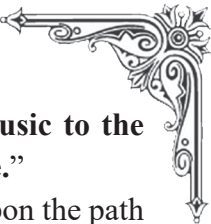
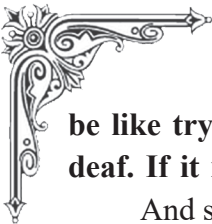


gathered some of the disciples. And one said, **“Speak to us of Love.”** **And she spoke of God,** saying, “Here is The Beloved, the Unknown Lover who haunts the hearts of men. It is He for whom you search.” And so long she spoke of Love and so long we listened, that for a time out of eternity, Heaven was brought down to Earth, the hidden treasure was revealed, the lost secret found, as we tasted a depth of Love beyond imagining. And the tree, beneath which she sat, Love stricken, bowed down in reverence and exquisite flowers burned like flames upon its branches.

And news of this quickly spread so that by evening a large crowd had gathered, and a pandit also among them. And when he saw so many assembled he began to address the crowd, speaking at length of all the theories about the nature of God, first this school of thought, then that school of thought. And on and on he spoke. And my Spiritual Master sat and listened patiently. And when after his long discourse, finally finished, he came, and bowing low before her, said, “Holy Mother, much have I heard about you so that I am now anxious to hear what you may say about the nature of God.” And she, in answer, said simply, **“God in all things. All things in God. Yet He stands apart so that Love may exist.”** And spoke no more.

And the scholar said, “Speak more, for I do not understand.” “No,” she answered him, “you will not understand. For God is greater than man’s mind may understand. And though you no doubt may possess great intelligence and have studied many theories, what you know is not knowledge. **And unless you become a devotee of God, you will never understand. So for me to speak further of the nature of God to you now would**






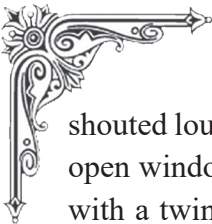
be like trying to explain color to the blind or music to the deaf. If it is really God you seek - come to Love."

And she explained to him the different steps upon the path by which a man may come again to God. And when she had finished she waited upon his answer. And hearing and thinking he said at last, "The cost is too high." "**God is not cheap,**" she answered. But he had melted back into the crowd and was not heard of again. And she sighed, saying, "Thus it was ever so." And later told the disciples, "You will meet many such as he upon the path. **They are the travelers who never arrive. They like the search for truth better than truth itself.**"

And a woman said, "You say that **God is a God of Love.** But I was taught from my childhood that God is a God of wrath, an angry and punishing God more to be feared than Loved. And because of this I have lost all desire for religion."

And my Master answered the woman by telling this story. "There was a saint, who sitting one day among his followers was asked a question by a man who came often to him for guidance. At which the saint shouted at him angrily, 'Go home! Give up your nonsense questions!' And the man left, humiliated and in tears. And seeing the saint's anger, the followers questioned and began to doubt. The saint, of course, understood their minds and their doubts."

"At just that moment a small bird flew into the room through an open window, but once in, was unable to find its way out again, and so flew round and round the room in a panic and was in danger of hurting itself. At one point, confused, the bird landed on the window sill. It was then that the saint, who had been waiting for just such an opportunity, clapped his hands and



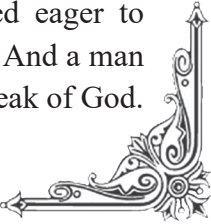
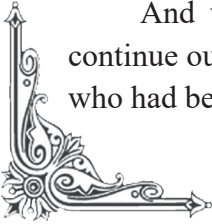
shouted loudly at the bird. And the bird taking fright flew out the open window to freedom! And the saint looked at his followers with a twinkle in his eye and said, ‘I suppose, to the bird, that must have sounded very angry indeed.’”


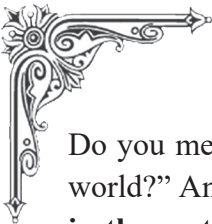
And speaking again to the woman, she said, “Have faith that everything that God does is always for the good of his devotee: even His anger. It is not meant that you should lose your religion, but that you should use your religion.”

And a man now challenged her, “It is said you say it is possible to see God in this life, in this body.” And she nodded yes. “Show me God then!” he demanded. And she answered him softly, “He is here.” But the man denied it for he saw nothing. And she said again, “He is here.” And again the man denied. And she explained, “**It is not God who is absent, but you who are not present.**”

And here I wished to end the meeting, for I had sworn my life to care and protect her, and the hour so late and the day would come early for her. Then, as we were leaving and I promising tomorrow, a man burst out of the crowd, shouting at her, “How dare you speak like this, saying, one may see God, when all know it is written, ‘*No man may look upon the face of God and live!*’” “Die then!” said she, and turned to leave. And in the shocked silence that followed, she turned again to him, and said gently, “Die then, to all that is false, all illusion and ignorance. Die that you may live, and living, see again the face of God.” And then she was gone.

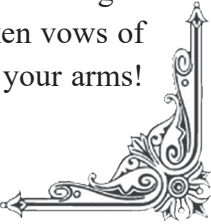
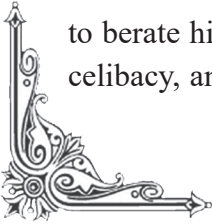
And when the next night came they returned eager to continue our talks, and many more came with them. And a man who had been before, said, “We ask of Love. You speak of God.”


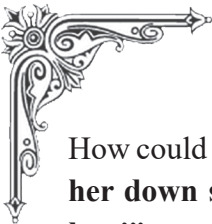




Do you mean to tell us there is no Love found in this material world?" And she answered him, saying, "**What is called Love in the material world is usually a business arrangement. A bargain at best, that says, I will Love you as long as you please me, and when you no longer please me, then I divorce you. Or, I will be your friend as long as you do what I want. When you no longer do what I want, the friendship is finished. The friend has become the enemy. By these actions the whole world has become broken hearted.**"

And a young woman asked, "What then of Love between man and woman? Are we not to marry?" And she began her answer by saying, "For most, **marriage is like tying two birds together. Though they now have four wings, they cannot fly!**" But before she could finish, a young student jumped up, vowing, "I for one will never marry. In this life I shall become a devotee of God and give up sex!" And she laughed, saying, "Give up sex? What! And just think about it all day, till you become twisted by desire and guilt? Become a devotee of God, yes, but give up this false renunciation or you will become like the monk, who traveling with his brother monk was about to cross a stream, when a beautiful young girl came up to them asking, 'Please can you help me cross over the water?' And the Brother picked up the girl and carried her across. On the bank she thanked him and left. And the two monks continued on their journey. But they had not gone but several miles when the one could contain himself no longer and turning to his Brother began to berate him, saying, 'You, a monk, and having taken vows of celibacy, and you carrying a beautiful young girl in your arms!





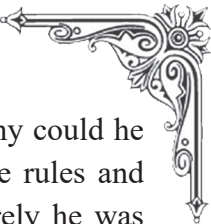
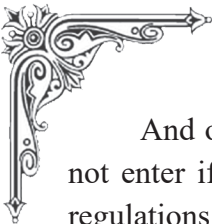


How could you!’ And the monk answered calmly, ‘**Brother I put her down several miles back. You are the one still carrying her.**’”

Then continuing, in answer to the original question, she said, “You have asked does Love exist. I tell you yes. Love exists. But **you who seek outside yourself 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 that the things of this world are limited and temporary and bind one to suffering. Give then that which is unlimited and eternal and frees one from suffering. Give then spiritual knowledge. Give God. Anything less is not Love.**”

And so all might understand fully she told a story, saying, “A man died and went up to Heaven and knocked upon the gate. An angel appeared. The man wished to enter and so said to the angel, ‘I have been a good man. All the rules and regulations of religion have I followed. I have prayed the prayers, and fed the poor. On the holy days you would find me in the house of worship. I was a good husband to my wife. She lived in a fine house and wanted for nothing. And to my sons I gave the best education money could buy. I was a generous man to all. Surely I deserve to enter Paradise.’ Then it was the angel who spoke, and he asked but one question of the man. He asked, ‘Who have you brought with you? Who will enter Paradise because of you?’ And the man answered, ‘None and no one.’ And the angel said, ‘Go back! Go back! Go back and learn Love. **For no one enters Paradise alone.**’”








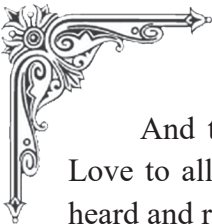
And one questioned, “I do not understand. Why could he not enter if he prayed the prayers and followed the rules and regulations and went to the house of worship? Surely he was a religious man. Why was he denied Paradise?” And her only comment was, **“The lamp is not lit so the lamp alone may be seen.”**

Another now stepped forward and said, “I have observed you and I see your followers are all of different religions. So too are your disciples. I ask you now, **to which religion do you belong?**” And she answered, **“All religions do we honor, but we belong to God.”** And she knowing him, and his narrowness of mind, for he had been trained to think that only his religion was true, said, **“You think there is but one true religion. And many will agree. The trouble is they all want it to be their religion. They have not understood that God is Lord of all religions, and that all scripture is His. For scripture is not Hebrew, Hindu, Christian or Muslim, but simply the word of the same One God. In the past ignorant men made divisions. And from this, hatred sprang up. But that time and that way of thinking is past.”**

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

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



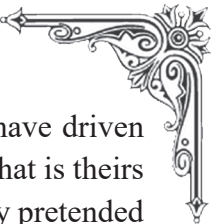
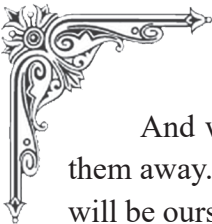


And traveling the world over, she gave this message of Love to all. For it was **a truth whose time had come**. Many heard and rejoiced. **For some it would be a revelation and for some a confirmation**. But not all wanted to understand.

It was in the winter, after the rains, that the disciples gathered again upon the flatland. And from all over they came and of every religion were they. And on one evening as they chanted separately the different names of God, each according to their culture, language, and religion, an extraordinary thing occurred. For no apparent reason suddenly they all began to chant together, not only their own name for God but each other's, glorifying first one name of God then another. Chanting as one the different names of God together. And in that moment they knew, beyond knowledge, that **all the names of God are equally good, for all the names of God are God**.

And hearing, she said to me, "They have understood well. For **it is not a name we call, but God we call**." And the names of God echoed into the night. With one voice. With one heart was God glorified. And this was pleasing to God.

But it did not please some of the villagers who held that only their name of God, their ways were true. And they incited the people, saying, "She has come among us to destroy religion." And so in darkness they came, a mob of hundreds to attack, shouting, "Bring knives! Bring rope! Kill them!!" And so began to attack the devotees with words and stones. And I went down into the middle of the mob, for being so trained by her, I was able to conquer over all fear, all anger, by fixing my mind on God, and was thus able to turn them back, allowing the devotees to escape.




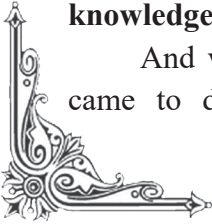
And when we were gone, they thought, “We have driven them away. Soon we will occupy their land, and all that is theirs will be ours.” For they were not religious men as they pretended and this was their real purpose.


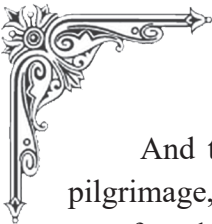
And when the next year came and the time of returning, some of the disciples said, “Let us not go back, for these are bad people. Surely they will kill us!” And others said, “Surely these are bad people. Let us go back and if they attack us again, let us kill them!” And she told them, “We will go back, but we will not act as men did in the past. **For in the past man returned hatred for hatred, evil for evil. It was an eye for an eye, till all became blind. And the world was filled up with hatred and evil.** No,” she said, “we shall go back. **As darkness is conquered by light, and ignorance by knowledge, though they hate and persecute us, we in return shall give Love to them. In this way is evil overcome.**”

And so we went and served and did much good in that place, even to those who called us enemies, feeding the hungry, tending the sick. And no task was too dirty or difficult. And the people were amazed and ashamed, saying, “These are the people we tried to kill.” And knew they had been led astray.

And when she spoke to us of the spiritual, many of the villagers, who had been in the mob that night, now came to hear. And she told them, “**Out of Love, many gifts may be given to man. But of all these gifts, spiritual knowledge is the greatest. For material gifts one must guard, but the gift of spiritual knowledge, that will guard you.**”

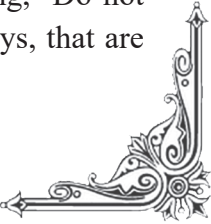

And when we chanted the names of God together none came to disturb us.

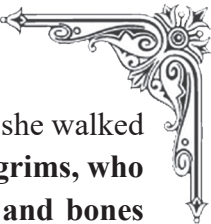
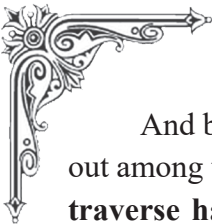




And traveling the world we went to the great places of pilgrimage, thinking there to refresh ourselves. But everywhere was found corruption. And there she was asked to speak and thousands came to hear. And she began, right away, speaking of this corruption. So the keepers of the shrine were not pleased and rushed forward and rebuked her thus, saying, “You stand on Holy Ground! Here you may not be offensive!” And we were worried for these were powerful people and we had come not to cause trouble but to bring the Message of God. And she stopped then and began to pray. **And all were silent and waited. And watching her, it seemed to me as though she was not praying but listening.**

And when she finished she lifted her head and spoke, saying, “**I have been warned by you not to offend anyone, but I hope now to be very offensive! Yes! Extremely offensive! To all who make of religion a business!** You, I hope to offend! And you who squeeze out the last coin from the poor through fear and superstition! You also, I offend!” And crying aloud, “Oh you thieves, whores, and hypocrites, so careful are you to cover your heads. Do you not know yet, **it is what is in your head, not on your head, that matters to God!!** You with your beads and beards! On the hunger of the ignorant you have grown fat!” And pointing to the costly buildings, she said, “**Instead of knowledge you give stone! Your hands are full of blood and money! Your mouths are filled with lies of honey! But your hearts are empty of Love!** You chastise me, saying, ‘Do not be offensive!’ But I tell you, it is you, and your ways, that are offensive, to God and to man.”


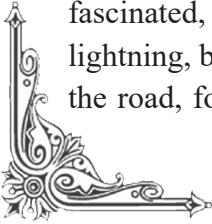


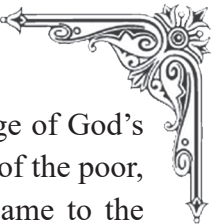
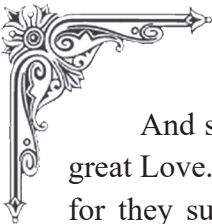


And before any action could come against her, she walked out among the pilgrims, and said, “**And you, the pilgrims, who traverse half the world to look upon the stones and bones of saints. You who in his own lifetime would not have gone one step with him!**” And I was fearful and thought, “Now some terrible thing may happen here.” But the people were good and surprised me, saying, “It is true as she says.” And asked of her, “Speak to us then.” And she did. Simply and clearly and answered all questions till understanding grew. And this she did for several days. And the people were in awe, saying, “Why has no one told us this before?” And they became curious, asking, “Who is she who comes among us?”

Till one day a man was sent to find out. “**Who are you?**” he questioned her. “Some say you are a saint, some a prophet, or angel. Others call you a devil come to destroy religion. You say **servant of The Servants of God.**” And again and again he asked, persisting till she finally answered him, “Only God knows who I am.” But they were not satisfied and continued to be curious.

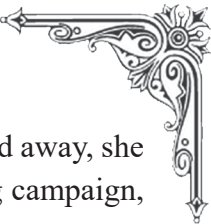
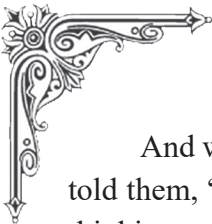
And there was so much gossip, that at last she was forced to answer. And she answered in this way. “The servant of God is like lightning.” And told this tale. “There were two men out in the dark night when a storm came up and both became lost and were trying to find their way back home. Now one man was wise and one man was foolish. And each was wandering in the dark. Suddenly, lightning struck. The foolish man looked up fascinated, at the lightning. But the wise man didn’t look at the lightning, but at what the lightning was illuminating, and seeing the road, found his way back home.”





And so, we too traveled on, giving the Message of God's great Love. And in Love worked among the poorest of the poor, for they suffered greatly. And in our travels, we came to the richest nation on Earth. And there too, for all their wealth, the people were suffering. **For there are many ways to suffer in this world.**



And she taught in their fine buildings, and in their houses of marble and silk, as she had taught in the fields and under the trees beside the sacred river. And she said to them, "You are confused because **having obtained everything, still, it is not enough.** You are like the man who sitting one day in the beauty and peace of Heaven happened to look down. And what he saw far below made him gasp in wonder. For below there appeared to be a fantastic party going on, with music and dancing, the most beautiful women and men and everyone enjoying like nothing he had ever seen before. He hurriedly found The Keeper of the Gates of Heaven and demanded to know, 'What's that below?' The Keeper explained that below was Hell. 'I want to go,' said the man, much to the Keeper's surprise, 'If that is what you truly desire, then it is my duty to take you.' And so they descended down, and down, and down, they went, until they reached the very bottom of all the universes, where to his horror the man saw that the people there were all experiencing different forms of the cruelest torture a man can suffer. And in horror he said to The Keeper, 'What's this?' 'This is Hell,' said the Keeper. The man, now thoroughly confused, asked, 'Then what was that I saw?' The Keeper thought for a moment and then understanding, chuckled to himself, and said, 'Oh, that was the advertising campaign.'"



And when the laughter which followed had died away, she told them, “You too have believed in the advertising campaign, thinking you could enjoy, separated from God. And so you are suffering a short eternity in Hell.”

And a woman, very vain and very rich, complained. “Suffering, suffering. Why is it that you must always speak of suffering. I for one am not suffering.” And in answer, she said, “There are two kinds of people in the world who do not suffer. One is the fool who has not the sense to understand that **all who enter the material world must suffer the three fold miseries of life. Miseries caused by nature, miseries caused by others, and the miseries of our own bodies and minds.** The other who does not suffer is the pure devotee of God, the saint, whose heart is so completely filled with Love of God, that he is liberated in life and already in the spiritual world, though he walks among us.” And turning to the woman, she asked, “And which one are you?”

But there was one who well understood. A woman of great material opulence, who having attained everything the world could offer and **knowing now that all the world was not enough**, after hearing, followed. And in time asked for initiation. And on the day of initiation, gathering her friends and family about her, she told them, “**The measure of your Love for me will be how much you will help me on the path I have chosen.**” And then the Spiritual Master spoke, telling, “**Two births a man may have. One of the body and one of the spirit. From this day forward, you need have no fear, for God will be beside you.**”



And she told, “of a man who becoming a devotee was also promised that from now on God would always walk beside him. At the end of his life when the devotee died he was able to look back on a long life of service. And looking back he saw his footprints as he had walked through life. And he saw also another set of footprints beside his, and knew that these were God’s. But then he noticed that at certain times there would be only one set of footprints. And he remembered these times as being the most difficult in his life. So he rushed to find God to ask for an explanation. ‘I was promised,’ he said to God, when he found Him, ‘that when I became Your devotee that You would always be beside me. Yet looking back I see only one set of footprints, and those at the most difficult times. Why is that?’ And the Lord looking at His devotee with Love, smiled and said, “You see only one set of footprints at the most difficult times because that was when I was carrying you.”

And speaking to all who had gathered, together in the garden and for all who can hear, she said,

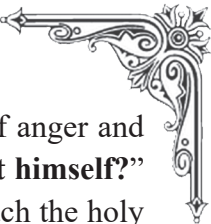
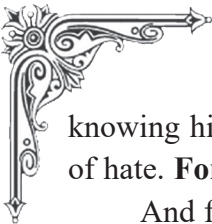
**“THE DEVOTEE OF GOD
IS LIKE A TREE,
WHOSE ROOTS ARE IN THE EARTH,
BUT WHOSE BRANCHES
ARE IN HEAVEN.
WHO LIKE A TREE
TOLERATES HEAT AND COLD,
STONES AND STORM,
AND STILL NOT CARING,
WHETHER HINDU, MUSLIM,
CHRISTIAN OR JEW,
WHETHER AMERICAN OR INDIAN,
MAN OR WOMAN,
RICH OR POOR, BLACK OR WHITE,
WHETHER FRIEND OR ENEMY,
GIVES FRUIT TO ALL.
THIS, I SAY IS LOVE.”**





Peace

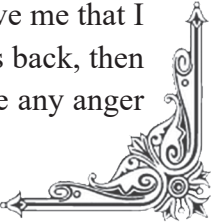
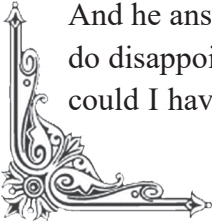
I Razzaque Khan, by the grace of God, a devotee of God, and a disciple, was as a river without water, a sea with no salt. For though I sought not trouble, yet trouble came upon me. I sought not hate and strife yet they too were before me. And I came low before my Spiritual Master, saying, “I am as a sinner and a hypocrite, for though I have taken the vows of a devotee and a disciple, have sworn to serve The Servants of God, by Love alone, still am I full of anger and hate and my words are harsh to hear and many more enemies I may make and so betray this Message of God.” And I asked of her, 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 answered me thus, saying, “**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

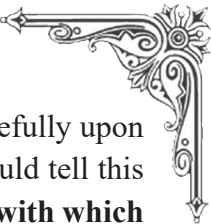
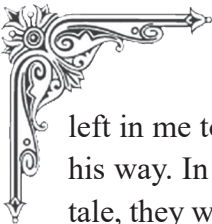


knowing himself, may free himself from the pain of anger and of hate. **For where can a man go that he takes not himself?"**

And for answer I did tell that I had studied much the holy books of God. "And what have you learnt?" she asked of me. "I have learnt," I said, "that we must not kill. That we must not even be angry. I have learnt that we must Love everyone, even up to and including our own enemies. In truth, **all the holy books of God tell us to Love. But on how to Love, the holy books are silent.**" Then in frustration cried I aloud, "How then am I to live in this world? How then am I to Love, when others with cruel words and evil actions can make me hate?"

And she told to me a tale starting, "It was early on a wintry morn, in the time when a pale crescent moon, still lingers from the night before, that The Enlightened One set out upon the path. Now he hadn't traveled far when he met a group of villagers who began, in error, to rebuke and revile him. And such was the tumult of curses, of slanders, and insults, they rained down upon him, that any other would have fled away from them. Yet he calmly stood. Patiently he listened. And when at last he spoke, it was to ask of them, 'Please, let me leave, as I am promised in the far off village of Y. But I will come again to this same place, upon this same path, at this same time, one week from now, and happily will I meet with you again.' Now by his speech, by his calm, his patient and plain manner, by all these things, were the villagers subdued. And one asked of him, 'How is it that you hearing, have not become angry, as any other man would do?' And he answered him, humbly saying, 'Please forgive me that I do disappoint you. If only you had come a few years back, then could I have satisfied you. But now I no longer have any anger

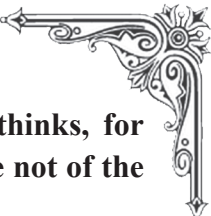
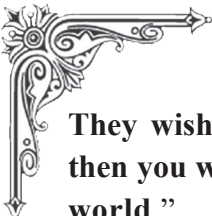




left in me to give to you.’ And smiling he went peacefully upon his way. In the times to come when the villagers would tell this tale, they would say of it, **‘Our anger was as a fire, with which we wished to burn him, but he was as clear and as cool as water. Meeting such a one as this, the fire of our anger was extinguished.’**”

The tale told, she turned to me and said, “Godly men endowed with divine nature carry not the burden of anger, the contamination of fear.” “Yes, for the prophets and the saints. But I am an ordinary man, a farmer, a tiller of the soil. What of me and others like me?” “All men are Godly men endowed with divine nature. All! There are those,” she said, “who would keep you from this knowledge, who would have you believe that hate and fear, anger, anxiety, and hostility, are the lot of all mankind. They have made of man a burden to himself.”

“Go,” she said, “to the place of the powerful, where The United Nations of the world do meet. Look upon those who would make themselves high in the eyes of men. Consider that upon their very wall, engraved in stone, the Word of God is written, *‘That they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.’* Though the writing on the wall they see. They do not see. **While speaking words of peace, in secret they prepare for war. Blind leaders all!** They wish to blind you too, for if you but saw the truth, you would be free, slave no more. Then where would the soldiers be to fight their wars? And to whom would they sell their weapons of destruction? Who then could they train in hatred and fear, saying, ‘This is the way of the world.’”

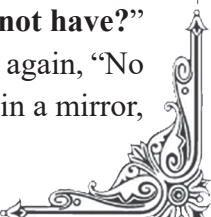
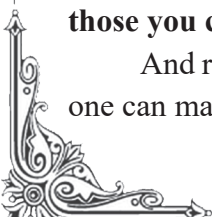


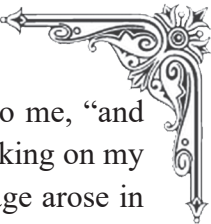
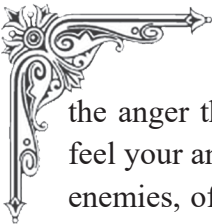
They wish to teach you to think as the world thinks, for then you would act as the world acts. But you are not of the world.”

And we three, disciples and brothers, were with me, went west, where she did show to us a multitude of wondrous things. Our minds turned inside out, we saw caravans of memories, oceans full of centuries. Still, I could find no peace. And I did ask again, to leave the land where trouble was my life. And hating all the world and worldly life, I did declare to all, “I now renounce the world!” And she in answer smiled, and said, **“To be renounced and still to hate is no renunciation. Renounce your hate, for that would be a real renunciation, not the going to the forest, sitting underneath a tree.”** “Then teach me how to be as God would have me be, and carry not this weight of anger and of hate.” And both brothers too, did ask of this with me, and so received the teaching that fulfills the ancient prophecy, that one would come and one would teach, and peace would reign on Earth.

And for beginning she did ask of me, “This anger that afflicts you so, can you say from where it comes?” Then I did tell of enemies, of how they tried to take my land, and cut my trees, and all they said, and all they did, the problems they had caused, and how hard I tried to solve these, but no solutions could I see. **“First solve your anger. For your anger makes you blind.** Then solutions will you see.” “How,” I asked, “am I to solve my anger, when these people try me so?” **“Why give to those you call your enemies a power that they do not have?”**

And repeating that we might well hear, she said again, “No one can make you angry. They only show to you, as in a mirror,





the anger that is yours. Go deeper now,” she said to me, “and feel your anger if you can.” And I could not, till thinking on my enemies, of what was said, and what was done, a rage arose in me. And seeing all, she asked of me, “Where are your enemies, for none are here, nor anger was, till thinking made it so! Know this truth and understand,



**IT’S NOT WHAT OTHERS SAY OR DO,
THE GAIN AND LOSS THAT COMES OF LIFE,
THAT CAUSE YOUR PAIN, YOUR ANGERS
AND YOUR FEARS.**

**IT’S WHAT YOU THINK OF WHAT THEY SAY
OR WHAT THEY DO,
THAT CAUSE YOUR PAIN, YOUR ANGERS
AND YOUR FEARS.**

**THE ENEMIES YOU WISH TO FLEE
ARE DEEP INSIDE OF YOU.”**

Though hearing, I heard not, and so denied the truth, nor would admit it was my thoughts, that brought up the hate I hid within myself.

“Beware,” she warned, “a man of God, who knows not how to cast out demons from his heart, those thoughts that bring up hate and fear, the dark destroyers that do haunt the minds of men, then you, by force, of fear, of anger, and of hate, will try to turn the world from worldly ways. **Sooner could you turn the tide or move the moon then change the world with hate and fear to Love. For hate begets but hate, and fear fulfilled, is fear. As the fig tree brings forth figs alone, a bitter seed produces only bitter fruit.”**



“History proves that in God’s name, every horror known to man is done. Terror, torture, murder, the very gates of hell are loosed by those who do deny that the devils that they fight are deep within themselves.”



And she to me, that I might hear, did ask, **“If the pipe is dirty, can the water it brings forth come clear?”**



But still I would not hear. And hard my heart. Leaving the lesson unlearned. And I upon my way. And straightaway I left that place and going forth I did determine to be master to myself and conquer over hate and fear, for great my strength and even greater was my will. And a city I did enter in to preach God’s Holy Word.

But when I preached, none would hear and none believe, but laughing made a joke of me. And laughter is the cruelest blow. And as I spoke the words, of Love and peace, there did arise in me such anger, that to control the wind, could more easily be done, than to keep control of me.

And it was only, by the grace of God, that I did stop, and stopping, saw myself, and heard again the Master’s words that warned, “If you deny the demons in yourself and cast not out your angers and your fears, which others show to you, surely in God’s name others will you blame, persecute, punish, and reject.”

And my eyes were opened. And I saw, and knew, that what the Master had foretold to me was true. And I departed out of that place, and went to search the Master, and by evening I came





upon her sitting surrounded by disciples. And seeing me coming from afar she came out to meet me. And I fell down at her feet and confessed myself, that by my own will my anger I could not contain. My rage I could not swallow. And putting her hand upon my head she blessed me, and had compassion on me, saying, “Do you not know that to swallow anger is as the swallowing of poison?” And on her face I saw not reproach, but Love as a mother Loves a child.

Then I again lamented of myself and felt a failure before all. And she with patience, said, “Though you walk upon The Path Made Straight, the path by which a man may come again to God, still are you as a child, who learning to walk will fall down many times before he’s grown. Rise up again and follow me.” Yet still I stayed in guilt and shame, till stretching forth her hand, once again she called to me. “Come,” she said, “cast off your guilt and shame, for guilt and shame are of the world, and not of God.” And I arose and followed her. And guilt and shame I left behind and following came to a place not of lamentation but of knowledge.

For she took me, and the brothers, to a desert. And there we did battle with devils and demons, and the devils and the demons were in us. And all were fought and driven out that we might come clean to the world again. And the only thing we would bring back was Love. And Love would be enough.

And this is what the Master taught. And this is what I learnt. I learnt that,

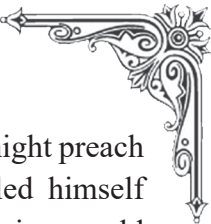
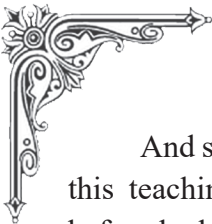




**THE MIND IS A STOREHOUSE OF MEMORIES
THAT HOLDS EVERY THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING
WE HAVE EVER EXPERIENCED.**

**THAT OUR FEELINGS COME FROM OUR THOUGHTS,
THAT THERE ARE MEMORIES,
THAT BRING UP FEELINGS OF ANGER OR FEAR
SO PAINFUL
WE NEVER WANT TO EXPERIENCE THEM AGAIN.
AND TO AVOID THIS PAIN WE BURY THESE
MEMORIES
SO DEEPLY WITHIN THE MIND
THAT WE OURSELVES
CAN NOT FIND THEM,
AND SO DENY THEM.**


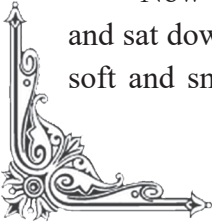
**THAT THOUGH DENIED,
STILL THEY ACT UPON US.
THEY ARE THE THINGS OUR DEATH IS MADE OF,
FOR WE ARE SPIRITUAL BEINGS,
AND ANYTHING WE HOLD WITHIN OURSELVES,
THAT IS NOT OF GOD,
AND SO OF LOVE,
BEGINS TO DESTROY US.**





And she came to us in the wilderness that she might preach this teaching, saying, “The healer must have healed himself before he heals another.” And the elder brother stopping, could not go on and begged of her, “Let these painful memories stay hidden, for I can not bear to suffer them again.” “Have faith,” she said, “The Lord God will never give to you a burden that you cannot bear. What didn’t kill you going in, will not kill you going out. There may be things denied, but nothing can be truly hidden.”

And as the sun was setting we stopped and cooked a simple meal, and while we ate she told to us the tale, “of two gentlemen, who never having tasted flesh wished to try. Now knowing it was strictly forbidden them, they approached a holy man in search of dispensation. And so it was given, the only stipulation made was that wherever they killed the bird, for that was what they wished to eat, no one must ever know. The very next day one of the men returned, saying, yes he had done the deed, and killed the bird behind a wall so that no one would ever know, and having tasted flesh needed not to eat again. Now the other man did not return until a long time later and he still held in his hand, alive, the bird he wished to taste. And to the holy man, complained, ‘You have tricked me Sir, for though you gave me dispensation, yet you must have known, it is impossible to kill this bird where no one else would know, for anywhere I went and tried to hide, the bird would still have known.’”

Now the time had come to leave and we came to the sea and sat down together in the hours before dawn and the air was soft and smelled of salt. And she said to us,



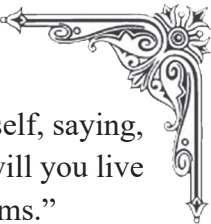
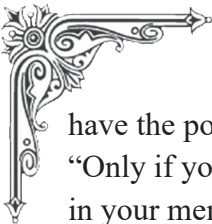


**“AS A MAN THINKS, SO SHALL HE BE.
FOR YOUR THOUGHTS WILL
BRING FORTH FEELINGS.
AND OUT OF FEELINGS WILL YOU ACT.
AND OUT OF ACTIONS
REACTIONS WILL COME BACK TO YOU.**

**BY YOUR THOUGHTS WILL YOU CREATE
YOUR LIFE.
CHANGE YOUR THOUGHTS
AND YOU WILL CHANGE
YOUR LIFE.”**

And so we sat together, and the sea rolled upon the shore. And she said to us, “Be as a witness and look into your mind and see the appearance and disappearance of thoughts and the feelings these thoughts produce as they come and go.” And we saw our minds turning like a spool, raveling and unraveling. And heard the voices of the people of the past. And understood the impermanence of memory, the illusion of past and future.

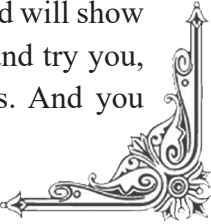
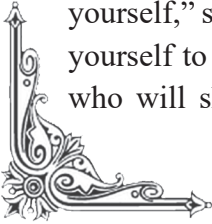
And the elder brother cried out aloud in fear, “Deliver me Lord, for death is suddenly upon me!” “Fear not!” said she. “A man is more than his memories. It is the death of death you feel. For, before were you dead, as those that live in the mind of memory are dead. For to live in the past is to live in something that no longer exists. And all thought is from the past.” And she asked, “Can you take anything out of a storehouse that was not put there in the past? No, nor from the mind.” And she asked of him, “Does a memory which is only a thought from the past





have the power to hurt you?” And she answered herself, saying, “Only if you mistake the past for the present. Then will you live in your memories as a sleeping man lives in his dreams.”

And again she told a tale, for this was the way of her teaching, beginning, “It was deep in the dark of night and in the village a man lay sleeping. And when his house caught fire, the man slept so soundly he never knew. But some of the villagers saw the flames and smelled the smoke, and so ran to his house to save the man, who soundly slept. On entering his room they picked up the bed and ran to the window to take him out. But the window was too small and the bed too big. And the flames rose higher. And the man slept on. And again the villagers picked up the bed and to the door they ran. But the door was too small and the bed too big. And the flames rose higher still. Now at just that time a wise man was passing through the village and when consulted gave this advice. ‘Wake him up,’ he said, ‘and he will run out of the burning house himself.’” And she said to us, “Many are the tales I tell, and many more stories have I still to tell. When you were children, you were told stories to put you to sleep. My stories are to wake you up!”

And early next morning, in the hours before dawn we entered the city. And there she continued to teach this doctrine to all who came. And a certain man, asked of her, “Master, you say we hold hidden and denied within ourselves, angers and fears that destroy the body and corrupt the mind. If hidden and denied, how are we to know of them?” “By yourself you cannot know yourself,” she said, “but by the grace of God the world will show yourself to you. And set before you those that test and try you, who will show to you, your angers and your fears. And you







will call them enemies. But they are not your enemies. And you will say, ‘How has this come upon me, for I sought not troubles?’ And it will be repeated, as it has been, from the beginning of time, ‘Ask and you shall receive.’ And you will say, ‘When did I ask for those unwanted things?’ And the answer will come, ‘By your thoughts you ask, as much as by your words. And what is not of Love is loud.’”

And, I asked of her “How may I rid myself of anger and of fear and so attain to peace, And where do I begin?” And this is what the Master taught,

**“PAIN IS THE BEGINNING, AND PAIN THE GUIDE,
TO WHAT YOU HOLD INSIDE YOURSELF.
WHEN THE PAINFUL FEELINGS OF PAIN OR ANGER
AFFLICT YOU,
DO NOT DO AS THE WORLD DOES
AND LOOK OUTSIDE YOURSELF TO JUDGE
AND BLAME,**

**BUT LOOK INSTEAD INSIDE YOURSELF.
AND FEELING YOUR FEELINGS,
SEARCH YOURSELF FOR THE THOUGHT
THAT BROUGHT THE FEELING UP.
YOUR FEELINGS COME FROM
YOUR OWN THOUGHTS
AND NOT FROM THINGS OUTSIDE YOURSELF.**

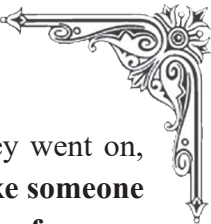
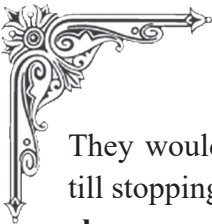


**TO CHANGE YOUR BAD FEELING
CHANGE YOUR BAD THOUGHT.
TO CHANGE A BAD THOUGHT
FIND ONE GOOD TRUE THOUGHT.
CALL ON GOD. CALL OUT HIS HOLY NAME.
TURN TO HIM, WHO IS ALWAYS TURNED TO YOU.**

**PRAY GOD THAT HE MAY CLEANSE YOU
OF YOUR PAINFUL THOUGHTS,
YOUR ANGER AND YOUR FEAR.
PRAY THAT WHAT HAS BEEN HIDDEN
BE REVEALED TO YOU,
THAT IT MAY THEN BE HEALED BY HIM.”**

And following, I practiced and I prayed. And the Lord God blessed me and gave to me the power to turn my mind and heart from hate and fear to Love. And I rejoiced in this teaching, for by its practice I attained to peace.

And many came. And the people pressed around her. And as many came who could hear, she taught. And she gave to some more than they could hear, saying, “Later would they remember and then would hear.” And a couple came, husband and wife. And each in anger began to blame the other for their misery. And they told her of their marriage, saying, “In beginning, how much we Loved each other. But now our Love is lost to us.” “Love cannot be lost,” she said, “it is buried in your anger. Help one another, to rid yourselves of anger, and Love will reappear.” But so intent were they on blaming one another, they could not stop.

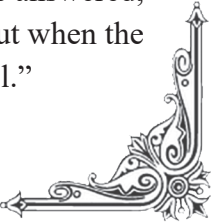




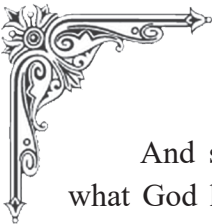
They would not hear. And so she stopped. And they went on, till stopping them to try again, she said, **“If you make someone else responsible for your happiness or blame them for your unhappiness they will run away from you. Even if they stay, they will be gone.”** And still they could not hear and so she let them go. And as they left, we heard them as they went away, for loud their voices, and harsh were their words, a punishment, one to another. And the only comment she did make of them, was to softly say, **“Two years on fire. Thirty years in ashes.”**

And the suffering of the world cried out. And the voices of the women of a far off land were heard. “There are men here who would make us invisible. They steal our words and take away our work. In the name of religion they have made us ashamed before God.”

And she rose up against these false practices, saying to these men, **“You who would call sin by a woman’s name, by force you cover up and suffocate the object of desire. Uncover instead the lust you yourself suppress. For you are as a thief who pleads his case before the court by blaming his stealing on the beauty of the jewel.** As a man is more than his lust, so too is a woman more than the beauty of her body.”

And she taught this teaching again and again, for though easy in understanding, it was difficult in practice. And as we practiced, questions would arise. And all she answered. And a disciple struggling with his mind, asked of her, “This mind being troublesome to me, why do I need it?” And she answered, “The mind is a useful tool.” And then she added, “But when the job is finished, a wise workman puts away the tool.”





And she sent us out to the world, saying, “Give freely what God has given freely unto you, that all may understand and the people be at peace.” And she cautioned us, saying, **“These teachings will have no reality unless they are lived out by you. You must be the example which proves the Word of God. Be yourselves glorious, for by being glorious, you glorify God.”** And as we were leaving, she said, **“Take nothing for your journey, neither fear nor anger, no memories. And travelling beyond the mind, leaving past and future, you will come to the present, to the place of pure Love, and entering The Kingdom of God will realize that you never left.”**

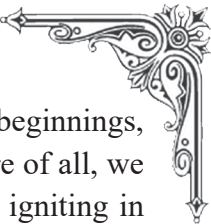
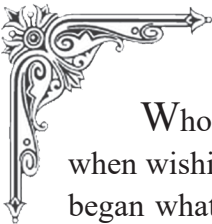
And so I, Razzaque Khan, have told of this time and the teaching that fulfills the ancient prophecy, *‘That the Lion will lie down with the Lamb and Peace will reign on Earth.’*





Sin

**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**



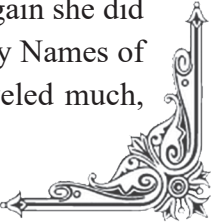
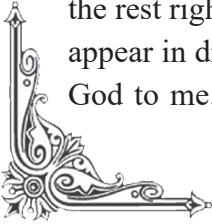
Who can, recount the wonderful days of our beginnings, when wishing to serve God, for Love and the welfare of all, we began what would become, A Spiritual Revolution, igniting in our hearts a fire that would set our souls ablaze, and burn the whole world to ashes!

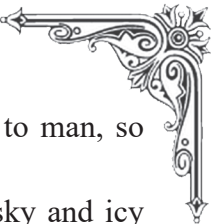
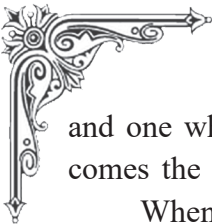
It is of these beginning times, that I, Razzaque Khan do speak here.

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.”

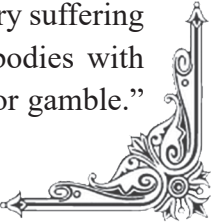
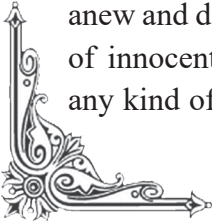
When next day, in early morning dark, cold sky and icy moon glared down upon the fields, and found us at our prayers, the heavens heard the different names of God, for we were all of different lands, religions, castes, and different clans.

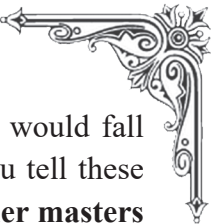
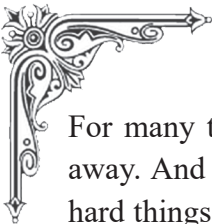
And though from different countries did we come, from the same place had all begun, this holy pilgrimage. Desire was this place.

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.”



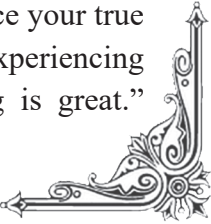
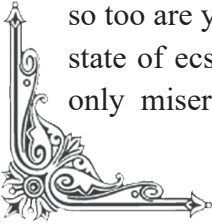


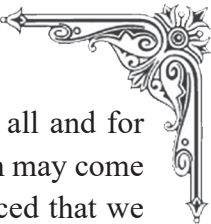
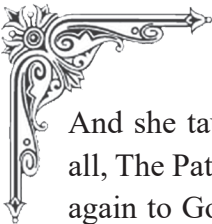
For many this was hard to hear and hearing, some would fall away. And one rebuked her, saying, “Why must you tell these hard things so that all will flee away from you? **Other masters do not ask anything, not the giving up, nor the taking up, and they have many followers.**” Then she answered him, “The 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.

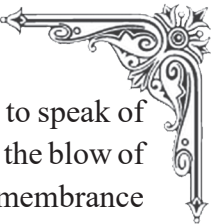
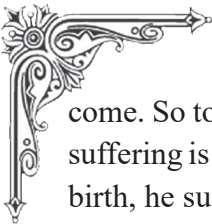
And following, found we entered a new time.

**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.**

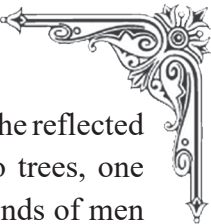
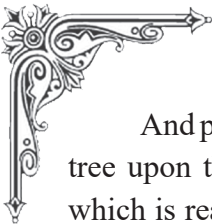
And it was not in the writing down nor in the speaking this knowledge, but in the living of it. This living truth and we living in this truth. For this were we persecuted, tested, and tried. And the Spiritual Master consoled us, saying, “Take heart, and always remember, nobody throws stones at, or shakes 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!**”

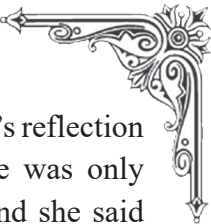
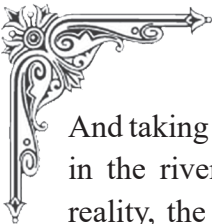
And pointing at the smooth surface of the water, she said, “Look upon this tree reflected in the river. How real it looks. Yet the flowers of this tree have no fragrance. Its fruit can give no taste, nor its branches give you shelter. **As a tree seen on water appears real, yet is false, still there 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.”

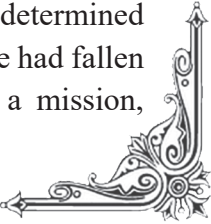
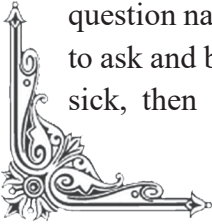


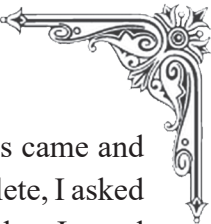
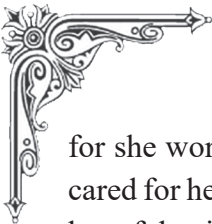
And taking a stone in her hand, she threw it at the tree's reflection in the river. And illusion was shattered. And there was only reality, the river, and we who sat upon its bank. And she said again to us, **"Become a devotee of God, for only the devotee of God will know what is real. That only Love 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,





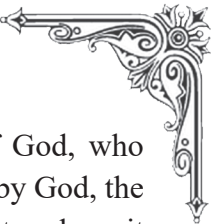



for she worried for my worrying. And other disciples came and cared for her. And when I returned, my mission complete, I asked her of the time of her illness, and of a strange night when I stood watch. And she was silent so long I thought she had forgotten me.

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.”**

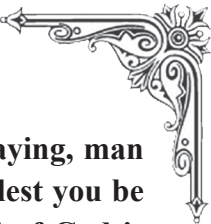
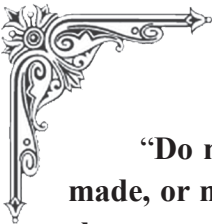


And beginning, she cautioned, **“Who after hearing, this world is but a test and trial, that all happiness lies with God, and still hankers after material pleasures, and so believes them greater than God. He cannot enter The Kingdom of God.”**

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.”

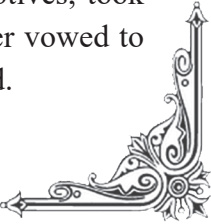
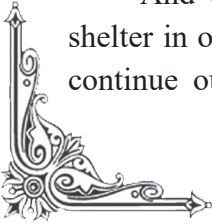
And again she warned, **“Do not use the practices along The Path Made Straight, as good and pious acts hoping to reap the benefits thereof. For this the door is closed to you.”**

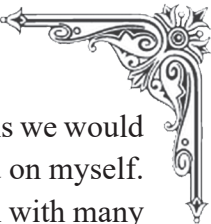
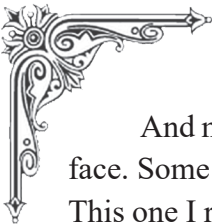
“Do not be like one who gives a banquet to those who have no appetite, nor speak the glories of God to those who will not hear. For this you enter not!”

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.



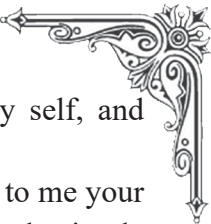
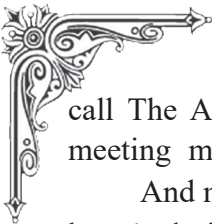


Desire

I Razzaque Khan, seeking knowledge, traveled to the capital of my country. In the assemblies of the elect I sat and studied. And though the highest degrees I earned, and though the teachers were all learned men in many things, the knowledge I sought was not theirs to give, for I yearned to unlock eternity, to know the absolute truth of the mystery that is life and death.

And so I went and wandered in this world in search of wisdom. And many I met who claimed to be master, but were soon found to be only paid performers in a theater of theory. They would say what they could not see, teaching to others, beliefs they themselves, could not be. And religion to me was as the entering of a tomb, for I found therein, only corruption, death, and decay. Dead rules, relics, rites, and rituals.

And I, at last, cried out aloud to God alone. And God hearing, made a meeting with a master, she, whom the people



call The Angel of Bengal. And meeting, I met my self, and meeting myself, met my destiny.

And meeting me, she asked of me, “Please tell to me your heart’s desire.” Then could I only answer with a single simple word, “Knowledge is what I seek,” I said.

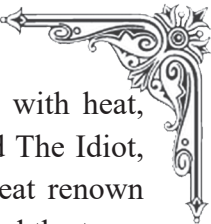
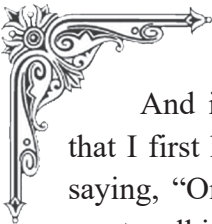
Although my words were few, she understood me well enough to tell this tale to me, of one who was the wisest man in all of Ancient Greece, and how he once was also asked instruction in the mystery of life and death, and how on hearing this, the master had set a test for the one who asked instruction in the mysteries of life and death: that he be taken to a nearby pool, where held beneath the water, till he had thought that drowning he would surely die.

There then arose in him such a strong desire, that with a power that he never knew he had, fighting free, he saved himself, and lived. And still he asked instruction in the mysteries of life and death.

Then did the master, the wisest one in all of Ancient Greece, say this to him, “When your desire for knowledge is as strong as was your desire to live, only then will you be eligible for instruction in the mystery that is life and death.”

And the same she said to me, adding, “**It is by our desires that we decide our destiny.**” And, “**When you desire in life, that which death does not destroy, come to me.**”

And leaving everything I went with her. And it was in my thirty-second year, that I was born into an eternal life of knowledge and bliss, becoming a servant of The Servants of God, a pilgrim on The Path Made Straight. And **by the teachings was I transformed. Yet the more I was changed the more myself I became.**

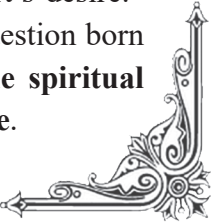
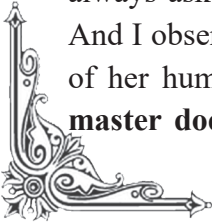


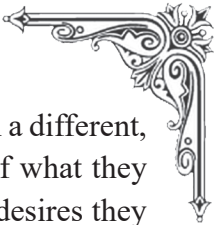
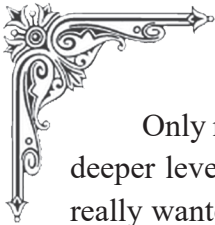
And it was in the summer, in a city burning with heat, that I first heard her tell the tale of The Master and The Idiot, saying, “On the day when a spiritual master of great renown went walking with some students, just as they reached the town square, a man came racing straight up to the group, stopping suddenly in front of the master.

Now the master knew the man who stood before him, but said nothing of this. Nor did the other let it be known that he knew the master. ‘Good sir,’ said the master, addressing the man, ‘where are you coming from?’ ‘I do not know,’ replied the man. ‘Then where are you going to?’ asked the master. ‘I do not know that either.’ ‘Well,’ said the master, ‘what do you want?’ ‘I haven’t got the faintest idea,’ answered the man. And with that he ran on out of the square as fast as he could go.

Now the students who had witnessed this strange exchange thought the man a fool, and wondered why such an exalted personality as the spiritual master would waste time talking to him. ‘You think the man an idiot,’ said the master to his students, ‘because he did not know where he was going to, or even what he wanted. In fact the man you think an idiot was only acting out for you a lesson, that you might learn. **For who among you know where you were before coming to this world, and who knows on departing in death, where you will go, and few if any will know what they desire, and this is the most important for: It is by what you desire that you decide your destiny.**”

And everywhere we went, when people came to her, she always asked of them, “Please tell to me your heart’s desire.” And I observing this had always thought it was a question born of her humility, for she had always taught that **the spiritual master does not come to be served, but to serve.**





Only now I realized that she was also asking on a different, deeper level, that the people might begin to think of what they really wanted, and understanding that by their own desires they would decide their destiny, and so choose wisely. And it was a great surprise to me to see how few really knew their heart's desire.


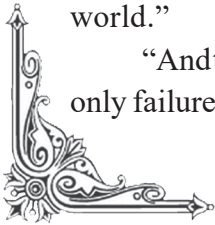
And there was one, who when asked, lamented of this very thing, saying, "Holy Mother, I do not know what I want. For if I was to answer, all my answers would be the answers of others. And all my desires the desires of others."

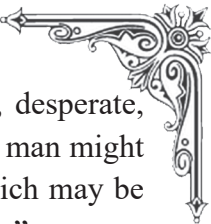
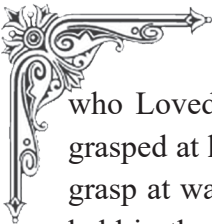
And a disciple was heard to say, "How is it possible that so many do not know their own heart's desire?"

And she explained this thus, "**That when as children, having no choice, but to obey, in order to survive, and so are trained to fulfill the desires of others, and not to know their own.**" "But," said the disciple, "Yes, of a child, but how is it possible that a man full grown, would not know what he wants?" "**Though the man is grown,**" said she, "**the inner child is not.**"

And later in the time of heat, before the rains came, she sat down in the cool of an evening, and many were gathered there with her discussing desire, when an old man spoke up, "In my youth," he said, "I thought I knew my heart's desire, and so made money my goal in life, for I believed money and the things it bought were the markers of success. And through all the days of my life, long did I labor, till in due course of time, I becoming rich beyond dreams, was able to buy anything I wanted in this world."

"And though no pleasure was denied me, in my success I found only failure. For who were my friends? And of friends and family






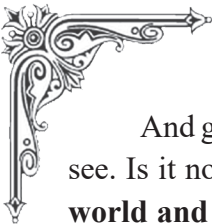
who Loved me for myself, I did not know. And I, desperate, grasped at happiness with both hands as a drowning man might grasp at water. And my happiness was as water, which may be held in the hand for some time, but soon slips away.”

“And now at the end of my life I find, that all the things this world gives, it takes back. Too late have I learnt, it wasn’t money that was my heart’s desire, but happiness.”

And he asked of her, “Is there a happiness that does not tremble when the world shakes?” But before she could answer, there came into the place where she was sitting a monk and with him many men whom he called Brother.

And bowing low before her as was his custom, he addressed her respectfully, saying, “Holy Mother, we Brothers, being trained up in austerities are followers of one who is called Enlightened, and for many years now we have practiced a teaching that tells to us that ‘the cause of all suffering is desire,’ and though I can well understand the wisdom of this, for all my practice of austerities, desire still is strong in me. So I have come to you, that you might help me, and the Brothers, who, as I, also seek some guidance in this matter. Why is it,” he asked, “knowing that desire is the cause of suffering, can we not let go of desire and act in accordance with our knowledge?” “That,” she said, “is because your knowledge is incomplete. Though it is true that **desire is the cause of suffering, desire need not be uprooted. The problem is not desire, but what you desire.**”

And she explained to him that, **“at the root of all we desire, is the desire for happiness. What we want,”** she said, **“we want, because we believe it will make us happy.”** And he agreeing said, “Now I see that even in my desire to extinguish my desire, was a desire for happiness.”



And going on, she said, “Observe, and tell me what you can see. Is it not true,” she asked, “that **the material things of this world and the happiness they bring, are they not all subject to a decrease, decay, and death?**” And after some thought he answered, “Yes, this I can see.”

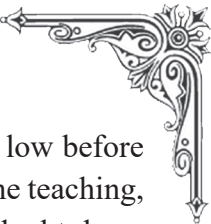
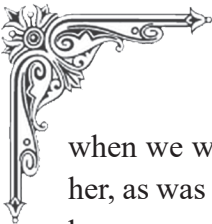
And again she asked of him, “**Is it wisdom to desire a happiness such as this, one that is sure to decrease, decay, and die?**” And being intelligent he answered, “**A happiness which is sure to be lost is not happiness, but suffering.**”

“I have heard,” he said, “that in all the holy scriptures, the ancient teachings promise an everlasting happiness, and that I do desire. But they all ask of me a faith I do not have, and for me to believe in what I do not know, would be the living of a lie.”

And she consoled him, saying, “Be not troubled, for **though believing, is a good beginning, believing is not being. The knowledge gained from books is always the knowledge of others, and second hand knowledge is not true knowing. Truth,**” she said, “**is earned only in experience.**”

And she gave example, saying, “If you were to hear from an expert in the art of washing, and firm in faith, believing everything he said was true, by your believing, would you be clean?” And “No,” he said, “I would remain the same.” And he did not leave that place, but stayed with her, and the Brothers with him. And many his questions, and all she did answer, that he might be satisfied.

And he excused himself to ask among the Brothers if all had heard and all had thought, and there was much discussion. And returning to her, he said, “Holy Mother, now is the time of departure and we must go our separate ways, and who knows



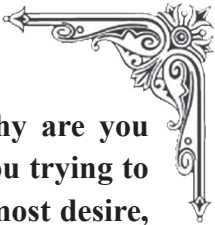
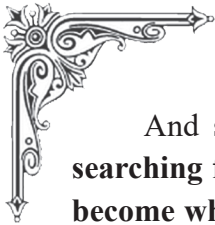
when we will meet again in this world. And bowing low before her, as was his custom, he thanked her, saying, “By the teaching, have our problems been resolved. By your mercy our doubts have been dispelled. Myself and the Brothers all are now decided to follow you, that we might walk upon, The Path Made Straight, and have but one question to ask of you before we go. What must we do next? What then is the first step upon The Path? Where would we begin?” **“Begin,”** she said, **“with desire.”**

And late into that night we sat and spoke till she asked of me that I might speak on the subject of desire. And I was given understanding, and so said what I had been witness to. **That desire is natural to all and that all desire is the desire for happiness.**

And she said, “Speak now of yourself.” And I admitted that I too had desired happiness. But in a knowing beyond knowledge I knew that that **we, being spiritual in essence and eternal by nature, the happiness to seek was only in the eternal spiritual.** This has been my desire. This have I done.

Then a man, strange in appearance, threw himself upon the ground, at her feet, crying, “Holy Mother, among all the people are you well known, so I have come to beg your blessing, that I may become spiritual.”

And he told his story, saying, “Desiring to be spiritual I left my life and became a beggar on the road, from one place of pilgrimage to another. Great was my desire. To become spiritual I have fasted almost to starvation. A thousand books have I read. I pierced and punished my body with suffering. Still my desire is unfulfilled.”



And she said to him, and all like him, **“Why are you searching for what is already yours? Why are you trying to become what you already are? That which you most desire, you already have.”**


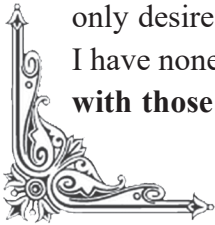
And she compared him to gold, saying of the soul, **“You are as gold, which is buried in a mountain of dirt. It is not necessary for gold to become gold, only for the dirt to be removed for gold to shine.”**

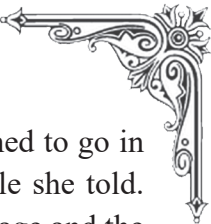
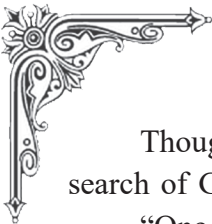
And many were inspired, so that one woman said, “Please help me Holy Mother. If only I could leave everything and follow you, but I am controlled by my family and so cannot go.” And she answered her, **“We are controlled only by our own desires. No one can control you unless you want something from them.”**

And a wealthy man said, “I too desire God and Godly things. Must I give up all my money to be holy?” And she told him, **“If poverty was the criteria for holiness, every beggar on the streets of this city would be a saint.”**

And another said, “I have followed you for many months, studying the teachings of The Religion of Love and I too would go away with you, but like the others I have a family, a business, a position of prestige. Should I give these all up?” **“You need not give up anything,”** she said, **“only your illusions about these things.”**

And a young man asked, “Hearing everything that has been said here about desire and well understanding, I can see that the only desire worth having, is desire for the eternal spiritual. But I have none. **How may I grow desire?”** **“By keeping company with those who desire as you do.”**







Though of a great age, there was one determined to go in search of God in distant lands. And for him this tale she told.

“One day a wandering holy man came to a village and the villagers after hearing him speak on spiritual matters fed him his noonday meal. It being warm and pleasant he lay down under a tree to take a nap before continuing on. Now as he slept the villagers noticed that his feet were resting in their house of God, and this they thought a great offense.”

“So they woke him up to tell him, saying, ‘Your feet are resting in the place of God.’ And he in understanding asked of them thus. ‘Kindly pick up my feet.’ And this they did. ‘Now,’ he said, ‘please put my feet in a place **where God is not!**’”

So I, Razzaque Khan, have written, that all might know of this beautiful teaching on desire. For it is my desire that my book may be a benefit to all. In fulfilling this desire I have been made happy. May you be happy too!


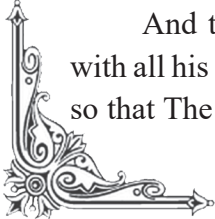


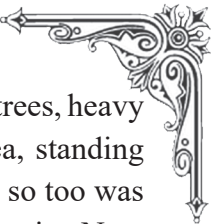
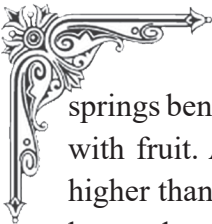


Falling in Love - Rising in Love

I Razzaque Khan, and others as I, are not always understood. And the Spiritual Master did speak of this, saying, “Know that to be misunderstood by the world is one of the hard austerities of a holy life. To be judged unfairly has often been the lot of those who take to the spiritual path. For who will hear the heart of one who walks this world, but already belongs to Paradise?” And this then was the lot that fell to me. For what the world wanted - I did not! And what the world did - I do not! And for this some say I’m mad. And crazy they call me. And backward they say I am. And when I hear these words I smile to myself, for I remember a story the Master did often tell, of another called crazy and backward.

And this, of an old man, who all his life had loved God with all his heart. And because of this was much favored by God, so that The Lord gave to him fields fertile, and well watered by

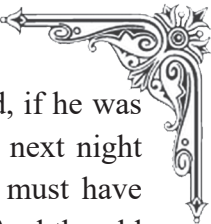
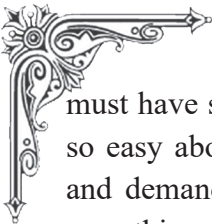




springs beneath the ground. In his garden were many trees, heavy with fruit. And his house was the largest in the area, standing higher than any other. And as God was good to him, so too was he good to others, giving generously to the poor in charity. Now seeing this, his relatives growing greedy, plotted together, saying one to another, “If he keeps giving so much to the poor, what will be left for us to inherit! Therefore, let us charge him before the court with being crazy, that we might now possess all that is his.” And because he was old and alone they dared. And the deed done, the old man was charged with the crime of being crazy and forced to appear before the court.

On that day the court was filled with people, all gossiping about the old man. And one told, “how a thief had come right into the old man’s bedroom, in the night, to steal his watch, solid gold, with his initials etched on the casing. And the old man sat up in bed, and saw the thief, and saw the watch in his hand, and calm as could be, he says to the thief, ‘When you go out of the room, shout back loudly, *thank you.*’ And the thief asked why should he do this? And the old man, says, ‘If you are caught and my watch found on you, you can say, I gave you the watch as a gift, and the servants will remember they heard you say thank you.’ The thief told me this story himself, said he never could steal again, so touched was he by the old man’s kindness.” “Well!” said an old woman, “if that isn’t crazy, I don’t know what is!”

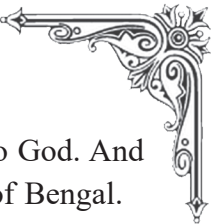
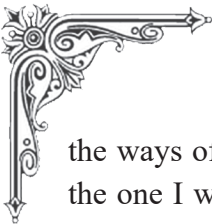
“And I have a story, even stranger,” said another. And they all turned to him. “This too of a thief,” he said, “for all knew him to be very rich. And this is even crazier, for when this thief comes to steal, the old man helps him find some gold pieces he overlooks and this gets the thief to thinking that the old man



must have something much more valuable than gold, if he was so easy about letting go of it. So he goes back the next night and demands of the old one, saying, ‘I know you must have something more valuable than gold, and I want it!’ And the old man, can you believe it, admits, yes, he has, and will happily give it to him. Now, and this is the crazy part, for the old man begins to tell the thief how a man may enter Paradise. And he talks and talks. And in his words, and in him, there is such truth and such a beauty that the thief never again leaves his side, till years later when he is sent to a distant land to give to others what he had received. And he always said, that of all the valuable things prized by the world, gold and jewels, horses and houses, and everything that can be bought, never did he find anything of greater value than that which he had received from the old man.” “Sounds like being crazy is catching,” said another. And they laughed, and were well pleased with their joke. But the laughing stopped abruptly when they looked up and saw the old man approaching on his donkey.

And what they saw made them gasp, and open wide their eyes. For as the donkey trotted down the street, they saw the old man seated upon his donkey backwards, facing the tail instead of the head. As it was a hot day and the courtroom doors open to the street, all saw, including the judge. In fact, this would be the main question of the judge, who asked of the old man, why was he riding that way, backward? And the old man, the Lover of God, smiled, and said, “To the whole world it would look as if I were backward, but there is another way to look. Please consider this. Perhaps it was the donkey who was backward.”

And to the whole world, I Razzaque Khan also looked backward. And crazy they called me, for I walked not in



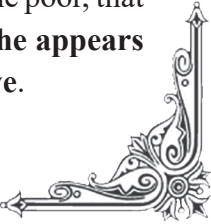
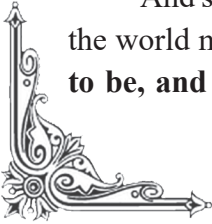
the ways of the world, but chose instead, the way to God. And the one I would follow, the people call The Angel of Bengal.

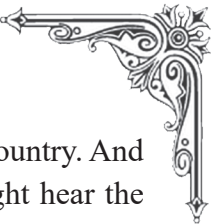
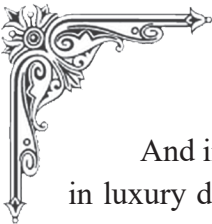
And it was her wish that we work among the poorest of the poor, that we might ease their suffering. For she said, to only speak of God's Love is not enough, but that we must also be a living example of that Love for all to see, saying, **“Let our charity be God's Love made concrete.”**

And this I did. And many with me. And the conditions we worked under, and the work itself, was so hard that a doctor who worked with us would ask of her, “Holy Mother, the work that is done is wonderful, and a blessing to the people, but I do not understand why you, and all, take such a burden upon yourselves. You take trouble for others, but what good do you get?” And she answered him, saying, **“It is not asked of us that we do good for what we might get, but for what we might become. True happiness is not about having, but about being.”**

And still he questioned, for he could not understand, saying, “But Holy Mother, you yourself have often preached that **material help can only make the prisoner more comfortable in his prison, that it is the Message of God alone, that can set him free.** Why then do this hard work? Why not just preach the Message of God that all might hear?” And she answered him, saying, **“It is in charity, the giving and receiving, that the heart by Love is opened. For it is not with the ears that the Message of God is heard, but with the heart.”**

And so we worked together, for the poorest of the poor, that the world might see, that **a man can be more than he appears to be, and can give more than he appears to have.**





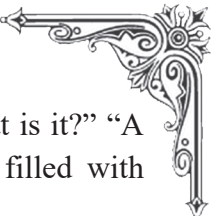
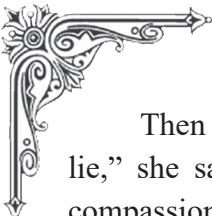
And in travels I went with the Master to a far country. And in luxury did we sit ourselves down, that many might hear the Message of God. And it would be here, in the richest country on Earth, that I would see an even greater poverty. And this the poverty of the heart. For many women came to her, that they might be healed by her. And these women were as a lovely garden, laid waste by a terrible storm.

And one said, “When first I fell in Love, the one I Loved, was as a door, open, and I was welcome in. Now the door is shut, the bolt thrown, and when I call no one comes.”

Then another spoke, saying, “When I first fell in Love, his eyes where as a mirror in which I saw the beauty of myself. But the mirror is shattered, and I am cut with criticisms.”

And there was much weeping, for great was their despair. And the Master sat silent with sympathy, until another in desperation, cried out aloud, “How has it happened that Love is lost to us!”

Then did the Master speak, asking gently, “Why do you lament for that which is not worthy of grief? That of which you speak is not Love.” And this they could not bear to hear, and so set their minds against it. Yet the Master could not but speak the truth to them. “Love cannot be lost,” she said. “If it were Love, it would have lasted. And not only lasted, but increased. That of which you speak, is of the world, therefore its pleasure is limited and temporary, as are all the things of this world. Love is not of the world, but of God. That which you seek, once found within is never lost. Love is eternal! **Your longing for Love is a longing for God.**”



Then one asked of her, “If it is not Love, what is it?” “A lie,” she said. And speaking with them, she was filled with compassion, for they suffered much.

“You who could walk with the angels,” she said, “have fallen down before a false god. When you heard him call, you thought it was life calling to you. It is not life, but death disguised as life.” And some saw this truth, but for most it was a difficult teaching, and so she continued, asking, “Why do you cling to the shadow and forsake the light? As a tree seen on water appears real, yet is false, so too what you speak of as Love, appears real, yet has proven false.”

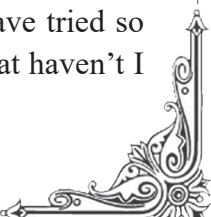
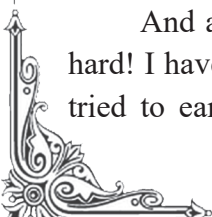
And on hearing this, such fear arose in their hearts, that they cried out as one, “Are we then to believe that there is no Love?”

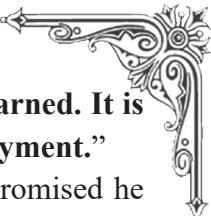
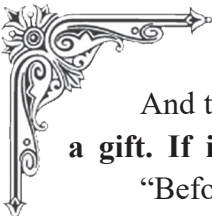
And she soothed their troubled hearts, saying, “Yes, there is Love. Just as there must be a real tree for its reflection to appear, so too is there a real Love. It is that for which you long. **To long for Love is to long for God.**”

And a certain woman sat by the door, and when she spoke her mouth turned down in distaste, and her words were bitter to hear, for she mocked the Master, saying, “Love and Love and Love! Only and always you speak of Love! But what of me, who am betrayed by Love. I am not filled with Love, but with anger!!”

And the Master answered her outburst, calmly saying, **“Your anger is not anger, only Love unliveD.”**

And another spoke up. “And what of me. I have tried so hard! I have served him! I have slaved for him! What haven’t I tried to earn his Love!”





And the Master answered, **“Love cannot be earned. It is a gift. If it could be earned, it would be a payment.”**

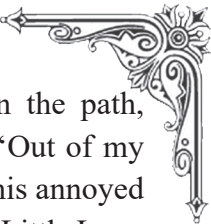
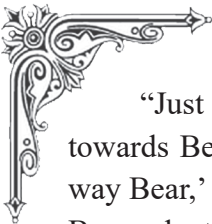
“Before he left me,” said another, “he often promised he would Love me for all time!” “Yes,” the Master said sadly, “Now you know. **Time is shorter than eternity.**”

Then a woman came forward and sat in front of the Master, so that she might ask for all. “We women have always been taught that women must surrender to men. Is it your teaching too that a woman must surrender to a man?” And the Master said, “No. **Women need not surrender to men. Nor need men surrender to women. But that both surrender to Love.**”

Then a woman at the back spoke up. “And what of marriage?” she asked, “for I thought in marriage I could be sure of his Love.”

And the woman who sat by the door spat out, “Marriage! What is marriage, but legal prostitution!” Still the Master was gentle, saying, “Legality has its place. A protection for the things of this world. But **Love is not of this world, therefore legal bindings can make no surety of Love.**”



“Let me tell you a story,” she said. And hearing this they all drew near, till they sat in a circle at her feet. “Now it was the coldest winter any of the animals could remember,” she began. “The snow was so deep very few of the animals could attend the meeting to decide who would be voted the strongest of all the animals. So The Little Long Legged Rabbit was elected. All went well until spring. When the snow melted, all the animals came out again. It was on this day that Bear was loping down the path leading to his favorite berry bushes. He was very hungry, so that he was not in a good mood. He had not eaten all winter, as bears hibernate during the cold.”

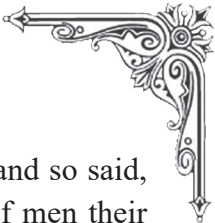
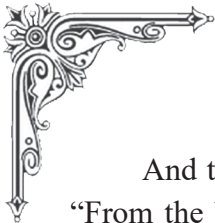


“Just then who should come bouncing down the path, towards Bear, but The Little Long Legged Rabbit. ‘Out of my way Bear,’ sang out Rabbit, blocking Bear’s path. This annoyed Bear, who took his huge paw and - whack! - sent The Little Long Legged Rabbit flying off the path and into the woods. Of course Rabbit complained. A meeting was called and all the animals gathered. Bear was reprimanded and told that The Little Long Legged Rabbit was legally the strongest of all the animals. Bear hung his head, and said, ‘Sorry. How could I have known,’ he sighed, ‘I wasn’t at that meeting!’” And the women Loved the story and laughed and clapped their hands together in delight.

And last was a woman of wisdom, respected by all. And when she stood to speak everyone listened. “I had always believed,” she said, “a man and marriage were my destiny. Now I am confused. In our youth, my husband and I, knew the passion this world presents as Love. And in time, its disappointing illusion. Today, with you, and hearing others speak, I again saw clearly that illusion. And saw something more, a purpose hidden in illusion. Can it be,” she asked, “that in tasting the false, we are helped to hunger for the real? For if the reflection seems so wonderful, how much more must be its reality.” And the Master answered, “You have spoken wisely and understood rightly.”

“Though my husband is a good man,” the woman continued, “and we both care deeply for each other, still...” And she hesitated, her voice choked, and her eyes filled with tears. “Still... today,” she said, “in hearing you speak of a longing for Love as a longing for God, it touched my heart, and I knew it to be true. Yet though I might sometimes think to give up everything to follow a spiritual path, in truth, I know I never could leave my husband and my home.”



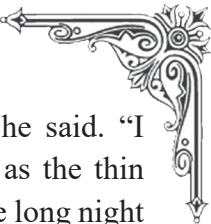
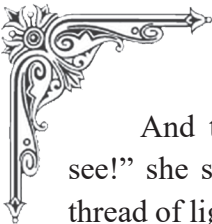


And the Master well understood the woman, and so said, “From the beginning of time, women have made of men their destiny. But a man is not your destiny, but a doorway to your destiny.” And she spoke then of marriage as a spiritual path, saying,

**“IT IS IN THE COMING TOGETHER
ONE TO ANOTHER
THAT ALL YOU HOLD
HIDDEN WITHIN
WILL BE SHOWN TO YOU.**

**KNOW THAT
IN LOOKING FOR LOVE
EVERYTHING WITHIN YOU
THAT IS NOT OF LOVE
WILL BE REVEALED TO YOU,
THAT IT MIGHT BE
RELEASED BY YOU.**

**ALL SPIRITUAL
PATHS AND PRACTICES
ARE BUT A PURIFICATION
OF ALL THAT IS NOT OF LOVE,
FOR IN LOVE ALONE
DO WE ENTER INTO
THE KINGDOM OF GOD.”**



And the woman was amazed. And, “Yes!” she said. “I see!” she said. “What has been said here today is as the thin thread of light seen along the horizon, that signals the long night of darkness is at an end. The dawning of clarity is now before me. And the Master agreed, saying,

**“WE ARE BROUGHT
TOGETHER
THAT WE MIGHT
HELP EACH OTHER
INTO HEAVEN
AND TOGETHER
LIVE OUT OUR HEAVEN
HERE ON EARTH.”**

“This then was the destiny I was seeking,” said the woman. And the Master said, “This too was the destiny that was seeking you.” And with tears in her eyes she embraced the Spiritual Master and kissed her hands, saying, “Bless me, and all here present, that we may bring the beautiful teachings of The Religion of Love to the world.” And all asked and it was done.

Then said the Master, “Stay awhile with me that you might know more.” And she told this tale to give them greater understanding, starting, “It was on a dark night, no moon nor stars to be seen, that a man was out alone, trying to find his way back home. In the darkness he could not see the path he walked upon, and so he stumbled and fell. And this happened many times till he became discouraged, and despaired of ever

getting home again. Just then, up ahead, he saw a man with a lantern. So he ran after him, calling, 'Kind sir, as we go in the same direction, may I walk with you awhile, that I might see by the light you carry?' And the stranger was kind, and, 'Come,' he said. And so they walked together many miles and the light made the path easy to see, and the way was clear. When at last they came to the crossroads, the stranger said, 'Here we must part. I to go my way, and you to go yours.' And so he left. And again the man was alone in the darkness."

And she said to the women, "Do not leave this world in darkness. **As one small flame can light many, being neither diminished nor extinguished, so too your Love.**" And she blessed them, one and all, saying, "Go now into the world, to be there Apostles of Love."

And as the hour was late, she rose to go. But a woman cried out. "Please!" she said, "one last question, for I have waited a lifetime to know the answer." And the Master was gracious, saying, "Yes. Ask." And the woman said, "Thousands of years ago, there was one who came to Earth to bring the Message of God. And he told us, '*The truth shall make you free.*' And before he was put to death, he was asked, '*And what is the truth?*' But did not answer. So now I ask of you this same question. What is the truth that shall make us free?" And the Master answered her, saying,

"LOVE!

LOVE IS THE TRUTH THAT SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."


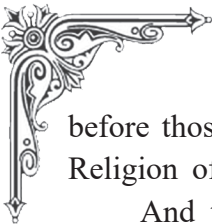




Answers

Now there came a time when The Religion of Love was much spoken of among the people. In every town and village was The Religion of Love known, so that the elders of the established religions of the land, said, "Let us hear of this new doctrine, that we may judge for ourselves." And they called her to them that they might question her. And willingly she went, for she knew no fear, as she accounted them to be men of God. And they too came with good will, for they wished only to understand.

And at the meeting every religion was represented by their leaders and elders, wise and learned men. And there was a multitude of on-lookers, all so crowded together that some climbed up into the trees and many sat upon the roofs of houses, that they might see the one the people call, The Angel of Bengal. And at the appointed hour she appeared, walking barefoot down the dusty path, with some few disciples, to stand humbly

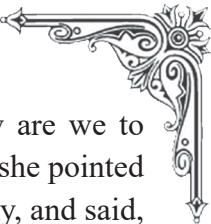
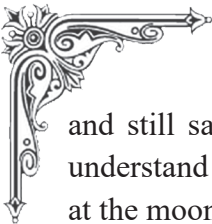


before those there assembled. And she did answer all on The Religion of Love.

And the first to speak was the senior most man, well known as a scholar of prodigious learning. “We have heard much of The Religion of Love,” he said, “and studied in depth and detail that which you teach. Those who are enlightened,” he continued, “have compared the different religions to rivers, saying, as all rivers reach their same goal in the same sea, so too do all religions reach their same goal in the same One God. So we ask of you. Is The Religion of Love to be as another river? And if not, what then are you?” And to this, their first question, she answered them, saying simply, “**If, as you say, religions are as rivers, then we are as water.**”

Then another came forward, and he too, a man much respected. And he had three questions. And these three questions had always tried much the minds of men and caused great dissent even among those there assembled. And the first question he asked of her was, “In The Religion of Love, it is said that there is One God with unlimited names. This, we fear, to be the cause of conflict and confusion, for the people are often led to believe that in having a different name for God, they have a different God. So now we ask of you, to tell to us, **which then is The One True Name of God.**” And she answered him, by asking him, “If your mother calls you son, and your wife calls you husband, and your child calls you father, I now ask of you, to tell to us which then is the one true name.” And he answered, “All.” And, “Yes,” she said. “**All.**”

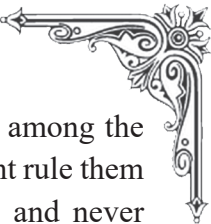
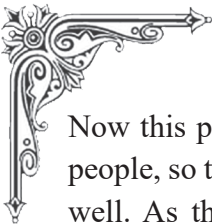
Then he asked the second of the three questions, saying, “In The Religion of Love, you teach, that there is One God,



and still say that God is present everywhere. How are we to understand that The One can appear as many?" And she pointed at the moon, which was by now riding high in the sky, and said, "Tonight the sky is clear and the full moon bright. In every pond and puddle in this village will the moon appear. If the moon, which is nothing but a cold stone, suspended in the night sky, can be one, but appear as many, how much more is possible of The One who created the moon, the stars, and the sky."

And for last, the most difficult question, he asked of her, "Does God have form? Or is God formless? Is God masculine or feminine?" And no sooner had he asked, then heated arguments erupted among those there gathered. Until a voice was heard shouting sharply in the crowd, "Be quiet! Let her answer!" And she did answer, saying, "**God is complete. Having form and being formless. Masculine and feminine is God. God is experienced in the taste you most desire.**" And seeing their confusion she cautioned them, "**Do not think the mind can measure out God as material is measured out. God is not as a piece of cloth that can be cut to fit the mind of man.**"

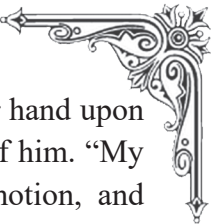
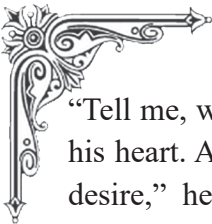
And there was a politician in the crowd, who now wished to speak, and as he was powerful and popular with the people, it was allowed. "I am told," he said to her, "that you are known for the stories you tell. Is there a story that will bring peace to the world? For too many times has the world gone to war to achieve peace, yet peace is not accomplished." And she answered him, "**Peace will never be achieved by war.**" And to please him, told this story, that he might understand, that **we need not change the world, only ourselves, for peace to come**, saying, "A long time ago, in a far off land, lived a princess, a ruler, just and wise.



Now this princess liked nothing better than to walk among the people, so that knowing the lives they lived, she might rule them well. As this princess had always lived in palaces and never walked on anything but the softest silk carpets her feet were very delicate. In those days, in that land, all went barefoot, so that when the princess went to walk among the people, the rough ground bruised her feet so badly, soon she could not go out at all.”

“So she called her ministers, that they might solve this problem. And they thought and thought, till finally they came up with a solution. ‘Simple!’ they said. ‘We will carpet the whole country!’ Now when the princess heard this, she became furious. ‘What!’ she said. ‘Is this how you plan to empty the treasury and waste the peoples’ money?’ ‘There is another plan,’ said The Prime Minister, the most intelligent of all. ‘We could just cover the bottom of your feet with carpet. Then wherever you step will be soft.’ And with this was the story finished. For the politician had found the lesson hidden in the tale. “Yes,” repeated the politician thoughtfully. **“We need not change the world, only ourselves, for peace to come.”**

And all sat in silence, thinking on this when suddenly a man burst through the crowd shouting insults at her. And his words were so rough and so rude, many on hearing became ashamed. And all were shocked and some tried to restrain him, but he would not be silenced. And she called him to come to her. Then the people feared for her life, for he was known to be a dangerous man, a religious fanatic, trained up in hatred, a killer of anything he could not understand. And he came up and stood close before her. And she looked at him with Love, and asked of him,



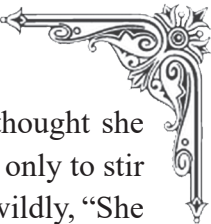
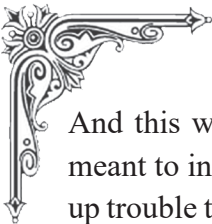
“Tell me, what is it you desire?” And she placed her hand upon his heart. And at her touch, all the anger went out of him. “My desire,” he began, and his voice choked with emotion, and leaning closer he whispered, “I have no desire but God.” And she blessed him, saying, “Your desire is fulfilled.” And she called him brother and he went into the disciples and was comforted.

Then came forward an elder of the congregation, a man much Loved for his kindness and compassion. “We have all read,” he said, “Your teachings of **ONE GOD - ONE RELIGION** and all agree, if there is to be one religion, that religion will be The Religion of Love.”

“Now we wish to ask you to speak on **The Messengers of God**. To every people,” he said, “God has sent a Messenger. And every religion honors its own Messengers above all others. This has been the cause of great dissent and division in the world.”

“The Religion of Love honors all the Messengers of God,” she said, “and also says, that **those who argue over The Messengers of God, have not understood The Message of God**. It is the teaching of The Religion of Love that all are meant to bring the Message of God.”

And when those there gathered heard these words, they were horrified, and asked each other, “Did she say all are as the Messenger of God?” And one old man wagged a gnarled finger in her face, and sneered, “So you think any common man equal to a prophet! That anyone will be given the gift of the words only the angels and the prophets knew?” And she answered, “Why do you worry so on words? What a man is will speak more eloquently than any words.” And another said, “Do you really mean to say anyone could bring the Message of God?” “Not anyone,” she answered, “everyone!”

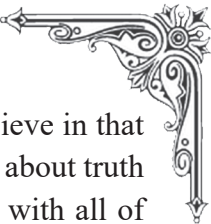
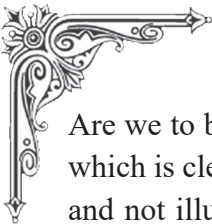


And this was more than they could bear, for they thought she meant to insult their prophets. And a man who came only to stir up trouble took this opportunity and began shouting wildly, “She insults our prophets! She insults our God!” And his face twisted into itself. And he tried to incite all to violence, screaming, “She is a destroyer of religion! For this must she die!!” But she would not be drawn and said mildly, “I do not wish to insult anyone. Only those who wish to be insulted will be insulted.” And still they raged against her. And some spat on her and some wanted to strike her. But the kindly old man stood between her and them and raised his arms, saying, “Brothers, brothers! Be calm. Let her explain.” And he turned again to her that he might ask, “Do you mean to say, anyone? Anyone is equal to the prophets of God? That anyone could be the Messenger of God?” “No,” she said, “**not The Messenger of God. The Message of God.**”

And all were given to understand that in The Religion of Love there is no insult to any religion, or to any of the Messengers of God. That all are respected and revered. And so peace was restored.

And the next question asked was of **austerities**, saying, “In all religions are there things that must be given up.” And so they questioned her. “What do those who follow The Religion of Love give up?” And she answered them, “**What is given up is illusion. Our practice is Love, through the giving up of everything that is not of Love.**”



And there was a younger man who said, “You speak of giving up illusion as a practice of religion? It seems to me that religion is nothing but illusion. When we ask questions of those who preach religion, instead of facts, we are told to have faith.



Are we to be made foolish, by being expected to believe in that which is clearly unbelievable! If there was a religion about truth and not illusion,” he said, “that one would I follow with all of my heart!”

And she said, “Religion is about truth. But the truth can be so twisted, till it is turned into a lie.” And she explained, by saying, “A sick man went to a physician and he was skin and bones and shaking with weakness. And the physician said to him, ‘Eat and gain weight.’ Later another man went to this same good doctor and he was so fat his heart was strained. And the same doctor said, ‘Don’t eat and lose weight.’ Now if you are told only what the doctor said, what would you think?” And this gave him understanding, and so he said, “It’s no wonder I find no truth in what is said, for they preach in part, to make the scriptures say what they would have us hear!” “The fault then,” she said, “is not in the teachings but in the teachers.” And he agreed. “Then in whom is the truth to be found?” he asked. And she reassured him. “In you, will the truth be found,” she said. “Just as you knew what was false, so too will you know what is true. **No one can teach the truth to you. They may only remind you of what you already know in your heart to be true.**”



Then a man, pious by reputation, asked that he might speak, and said to her, “Since childhood, I have been taught to follow faithfully the practices of my religion. And I have followed blindly in all the traditions as did my father and his father before him, never thinking at all. But today, in hearing you, for the first time I began to question all that I do. There are so many rules and regulations, and I don’t always even know why we do the

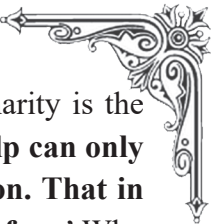
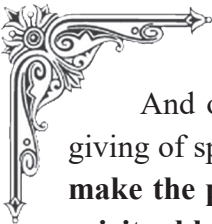


things we do. Please advise us. Is there a single simple rule, easy for all to understand on what things to give up and what things to take up, that a man may enter Paradise?" And she said, "The teaching is, **anything that helps you to enter into Paradise - take up! And anything that is an obstacle to Paradise - give up!**"

Next came a man known for his generosity to the poor. And he spoke these words. "You have said, '**Charity is God's Love made concrete.**' And we know of the wonderful work that is done for the poorest of the poor. And we too believe in the giving of **charity** as part of our religious duty." But one did not agree. "I have studied the law," he said, "And believe I have understanding. The law states quite clearly that if we do good, good will be returned to us. And if we do evil, the evil we do, will also be returned back to us. So it seems to me that the poor, and those who suffer, have committed some crime and are only getting the justice they deserve."

And hearing him, she said, "Your knowledge is correct, but incomplete. The law of which you speak is meant to judge, giving reward and punishment, as is deserved. But there is another, higher law." And he was puzzled, and so asked, "Of what do you speak?" "I speak of mercy," she said. And asked, "Do you not know the scriptures wherein every line and dot and mark tells us of the mercy of God?" And well he knew, and answered, "Yes, all know of the mercy of God, and all hope on it." "Then know this too," she said. "**That Charity, is as The Mercy of God, which is given unconditionally, not that we might judge another, but that we might Love each other.**"




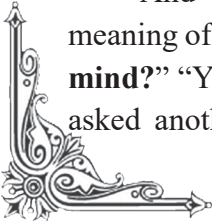


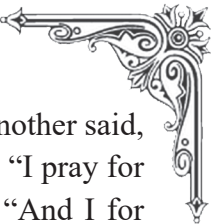
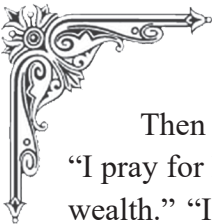
And one said, “You teach that the greatest charity is the giving of spiritual knowledge, saying, **‘Material help can only make the prisoner more comfortable in the prison. That in spiritual knowledge is the key which can set him free.’** Why then, give any material help at all?” And her answer was to him, “Even the criminal in the prison house is given food.” Then he said, “We are also in the prison house, which I believe to be of our own making. I remember a story you once told of a bear named Maurice.” And hearing this, a murmur went through the crowd. “Tell us the story,” they said. So she sat down with them and told them the story that she had learned from Lalita.

“One day,” it began, “Some of the children went to visit the zoo. It was a beautiful zoo, where the animals had extensive grounds to run and play, and were only separated from their visitors by a high wall. All the animals lived happily in their spacious parks.”

“All, but one. A bear by the name of Maurice. Maurice didn’t run and play. Maurice didn’t swim in his stream, nor climb his trees. He only paced up and down in one small space. When the children asked the Zoo Keeper, what was wrong with Maurice the Bear, he explained, that when just a baby bear, Maurice had been captured and put into a small cage. All of his life he had been kept in a small cage. And though he was now free to run and play, he could not break his habit of thinking he was still in a small cage and so, still he paced up and down in one small space.”

And when she had finished, one asked of her, “Is the meaning of the story, that **we are free and the only jail is in our mind?**” “Yes,” she said. “**And have you come to set us free?**” asked another. “**Yes,**” she said. “**That is our Charity.**”

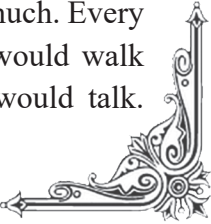
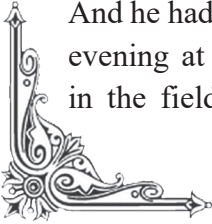


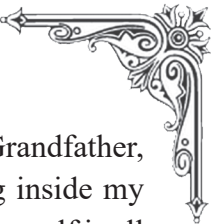



Then one said, “Speak to us of **prayer.**” And another said, “I pray for help when trouble comes.” And one said, “I pray for wealth.” “I prayed for a son.” “And I for a wife.” “And I for health.” And one said, “I pray in a language I do not understand, so I do not even know what it is I pray for.” And he laughed at his own foolishness. And all laughed with him. One after another they spoke of prayer, and what they had asked of God. Till the first to speak, turned to her, and asked, “In The Religion of Love, what is the practice and what is it you pray for?” “**Our practice,**” she answered, “**Is The Chanting of The Holy Names of God. In this way, do we call out to God and ask of Him, not for anything of this world, for God well knows our needs. We ask only for God Himself.**”

Then they said, “Speak more to us on prayer.” And so she said, “**Prayer is speaking to God.**” And all agreed. “There are many ways to pray and many kinds of prayers. The prayer you have spoken of here is prayer in the knowledge that whatever we ask of God, God has the power to give to us.” And all agreed again. And they asked, “Speak more deeply on this.” So she said, “**It is not only the words you speak that God hears, but every thought you think. Our thoughts are not secret, but are messages sent out to the universe in search of God. Know this, that whatever is strongly in your mind is called to you, and will surely come to you.**”

And they asked of her, “Is there a story to teach on this?” And there was, and so she said, “There was a wise old man. And he had a small grandson whom he Loved very much. Every evening at sunset, the old man and the little boy would walk in the fields together. And as they walked, they would talk.



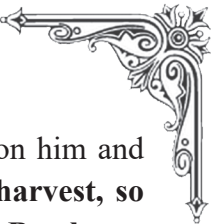
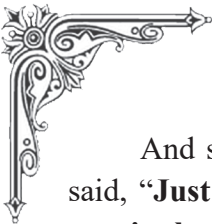


One evening the child said to the old man, ‘Grandfather, sometimes I feel as if there are two wolves fighting inside my head. One wolf is all my good thoughts. And the other wolf is all my bad thoughts.’ ‘Yes?’ said the old man. ‘And which one do you think will win?’ ‘The one I feed,’ replied the child.”

And there was a man, newly returned from a holy **pilgrimage**, who asked that she now speak on the pilgrimage of The Religion of Love. And she answered him. “We too are on a holy pilgrimage. Though **it is not in the going out,**” she said, **“but in the going within that our pilgrimage is made.”**

Then he also said, “On pilgrimage, we meet with those who are of the same religion, who pray as we pray and who believe as we believe. These we know to be as our brothers and sisters. We are connected because we are alike.” Then she said also, **“In The Religion of Love, we know everyone to be as our brothers and sisters. For are we not all the children of the same One God? We are not connected because we are alike, but because we are in Love.”**

The last to speak was one who came only to hear. And this he said to her, “I have listened with care to all that has been said, and I, and all gathered, have found it most excellent. Truth has been spoken tonight for the benefit of all. We have heard of **The One God and The Messengers of God. Of Austerities and Charity, Prayer and The Pilgrimage. The very foundations of Religion.** And all the things here spoken of, I do. All that has been required of me by God, that have I done. Yet still do I wander in darkness, so that my soul cries out to God, how long O’ Lord must I wait for You!” And he broke down and sobbed.

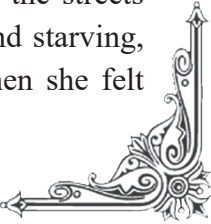
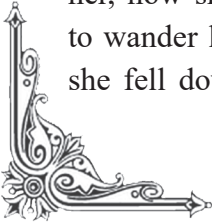


And seeing him so cast down, she took pity on him and said, **“Just as there is a time between seed and harvest, so too, is there a trial by time in the faith of man. But know that though nothing may appear to be happening, you are happening.** When the time is right,” she promised him, “God will come.”

And for him and for all who wait, she told this tale. And this, the story of the courtesan and the monk, was to be the last story that she would tell on that night, when all gathered together to hear of The Religion of Love.

“In a city,” she said, “There lived a courtesan and her beauty was so great, it was said that even the jewels she wore were jealous of her. She was kept in a mansion of ivory and onyx by the richest men in the area. One day, as she passed by the gates of the city, she came upon a young monk. There was a beauty in him and a purity, such as she had never before seen in any face. He was young and his limbs strong and straight. Simply in the seeing, did she desire him, and so invited him, saying, ‘Come to me tonight.’ And she so entreated him, until finally he agreed, promising, ‘I will come to you, when the time is right.’ But he did not come. And again and again, she sought him out, for great was her desire. And again and again he promised her, ‘When the time is right I will come to you.’ But he never did.”

“Then was she caught by a terrible disease, that ravaged her body and ruined her beauty. The men who had once desired her, now shunned her, and they threw her out into the streets to wander like a dog, begging scraps of food. Ill and starving, she fell down dying onto the cold stone street. Then she felt



strong arms around her and gentle hands soothing her body with a healing ointment. And for the first time in her life she knew what it had felt like to be Loved; and to Love. As it was in the dark night she could not see, and so asked of the one who held her, ‘Who are you?’ And a voice answered her, tenderly, ‘I am the young monk, you met by the gates of the city. I, who always promised I would come to you when the time was right.

The time is right.”

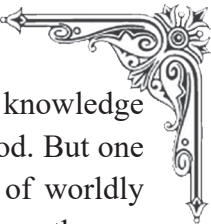
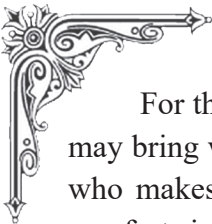




The Book of Wisdom

It was the age of ignorance. A time when darkness lay heavy as death upon the peoples of the world, so that in the sacred city candles were lit and floated out on the glass black waters of the holy river. On the ghats, ghee lamps cast their glow upon the warm night air, and the skies were filled with fire works. Though earth, air, and sky, were set alight, darkness did prevail.

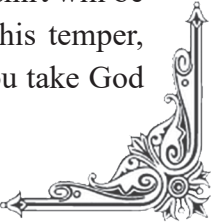
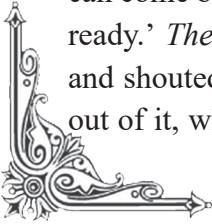
And the people called out to God. And God sent into the darkness: light. And we who are disciples of the one the people call The Angel of Bengal would be witness to this light. A light so powerful it would shatter the darkness of ignorance in the very depths of the hearts and minds of man. The people call it: The Religion of Love. And many its teachings, and this: The Book of Wisdom. It was on that night, in the sacred city of Benares, that I, Razzaque Khan, and others who had long sought the knowledge of this world would now know of wisdom.

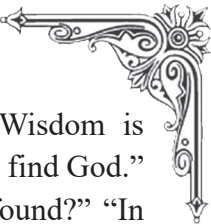
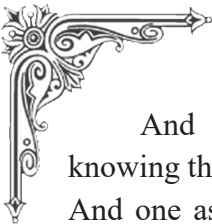


For the Master spoke of this, saying, “Worldly knowledge may bring worldly comforts. And that of itself is good. But one who makes the only purpose of life the acquiring of worldly comforts is as the prisoner condemned to death, who on the eve of his execution is pleased by being given the most comfortable cell in the prison.”

And she said to all assembled, “Know that in this world we live imprisoned by illusion, with time the cruel executioner. It is not wisdom to spend your entire life in making a prison comfortable. Wisdom,” she said, “is in the getting free.” And one asked of her, “How then may one be freed?” And she answered, “Only one who realizes he is not free, will get free.”

And all were curious to learn more on this, so smiling she began one of *the fool* stories that we might be given understanding, saying, “One day, *the fool* went to the tailor, that he might have him make a shirt for him. After he had picked out a fine material and the tailor had taken his measurements, *the fool* asked the tailor when his new shirt would be ready. The tailor replied, ‘In one week, God willing.’ A week went by and *the fool* returned to the tailor’s shop to pick up his shirt. ‘Alas!’ said the tailor, ‘the material you ordered was late in arriving, so I was unable to complete your shirt on time, but God willing, it should be ready in just three days.’ Of course *the fool* was disappointed, but what could he do. Three days later found him again at the tailor’s shop anxious to have his new shirt. ‘I’m sorry,’ said the tailor, ‘the buttons have been giving my workers some difficulty. If you can come back tomorrow, surely, God willing, your shirt will be ready.’ *The fool*, now completely exasperated lost his temper, and shouted at the tailor. ‘God willing!! Look! If you take God out of it, when will my shirt be ready?’”

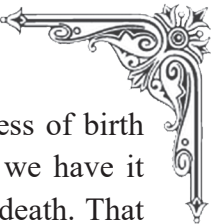
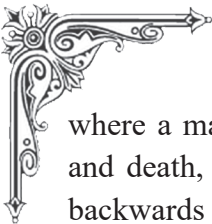




And she made comment on this, saying, “Wisdom is knowing the purpose of life is not to lose God, but to find God.” And one asked of her, “And where is God to be found?” “In Love is God found,” the answer came. And another asked, “How might this be accomplished?” And she answered, “It is already accomplished. It is illusion which blinds you to this truth.” And we were confused, and a certain man asked again on what we must do. So in answer she said, “Many the paths and many the practices that may reveal the truth of God to you. And all are good. And of the many she gave three. **“Hearing The Word of God, Chanting The Holy Name of God, and Remembering God,”** saying, “one who practices these three things, with unceasing and unalloyed devotion to God, he shall know the truth of God, which is Love. And there shall be signs made manifest in him, that he is the devotee - The Beloved Lover - the servant - of God. And he shall be called wise among men. For truly I say now to you. **There is no greater wisdom than Love of God. All else is foolishness.**”

And we who follow asked to know of the signs of wisdom that are the nature of the devotee of God. And many the days she sat with the disciples and of all the signs spoke, and together discussed, so that when it was the time of leaving and the disciples to their homes in distant lands did go, each took the teaching with them, that they might share it with others, as I, Razzaque Khan, do now share it with you.

“And the beginning of wisdom,” she reminded us, **“was in the seeing of the harsh realities of this world.”** At this, a man, a stranger to us all, spoke up, saying, “I am, myself, a realist, and what I can see of this world is that it is a place of suffering,

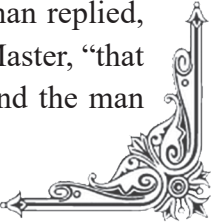
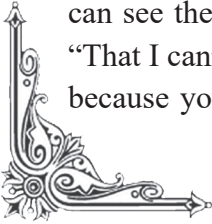


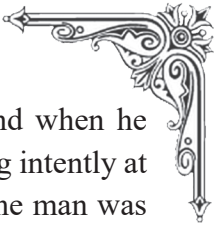
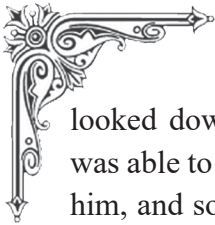
where a man is forced to undergo the painful process of birth and death, old age and disease. In fact, some say, we have it backwards when we celebrate a birth and mourn a death. That instead it would be wiser to mourn a birth and celebrate at death.”

“But surely, you must admit,” said the friend who had brought him, “that there are many wonderful pleasures to be enjoyed in the world. After all,” said the friend, “this world is also the creation of God.” Whereupon the realist lamented, “How can I enjoy anything I am sure to lose? For I see all I have gained, everything I hold dear, all will be lost to me, at the time of death.”

And to the Master, he said, “You speak of freedom. My question then is freedom from what?” “From suffering,” she replied. “If such a thing was possible,” he said, “I would think nothing more important could be gained in life.” And she counted this as **the realization of the importance of the pursuit of the knowledge of The Absolute Truth**: the second sign of wisdom.

Then the man continued, saying, “As I said, I am a realist, and though what the saints and sages speak, of a life transcendent, wherein may be experienced, the ecstatic, ever increasing bliss of Love, knowledge, and immortality; the meeting place of God. And much as I would like to search as they searched, to find what they found, as a realist, I must say, that now I do not see bliss, but suffering, not knowledge, but ignorance, not immortality, but death. This is my reality, and as a realist,” he said strongly, “I will only believe what I can see with my own eyes!” Then the Master turning to him, asked of him, “Is it possible that you alone can see the stars shine in the day?” To which the man replied, “That I cannot do.” “And do you think,” asked the Master, “that because you cannot see them, they don’t exist?” And the man



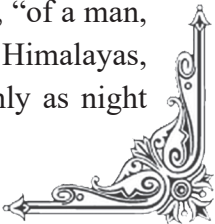
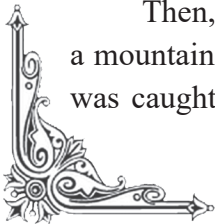


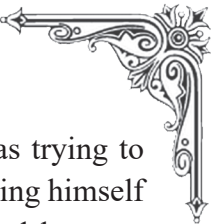
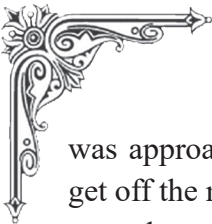
looked down at the ground and did not answer, and when he was able to look up at her again, he found her looking intently at him, and something passed between them, so that the man was given a glimpse into a reality he had not yet imagined to exist, and understood we need not obey the illusions assigned to us by birth.

And the man being anxious now as to what he must do next, and others eager also to know, she spoke the third sign of wisdom: **the meeting of the spiritual master.**

Then did one of the disciples speak, to say, "Full well do I know spiritual life begins with the meeting of the spiritual master, and also of the qualifications of one to be master." And he was asked to tell of these by a group of pilgrims who stood to the side that they might hear. "The spiritual master," he said, "speaks the Message of God, and lives the message he speaks. The master must come in disciplic succession, must be living, and never does he exploit the disciple. Yet," continued the disciple to the Master, "knowing the importance of the spiritual master, it still seems strange to me that so many are wary to approach a master." "It is not strange at all," replied the Master. "There is reason. Most fearing the unknown will cling to what they know, for they think, how often have we put our trust in that which is known to us, and been betrayed. If what is known to us cannot be trusted, how then can we be expected to trust what is unknown to us. And they will say to you, do not ask of us to believe in what we cannot see, as though we who see are blind!"

Then, she, by way of illustration, told this tale, "of a man, a mountaineer, who climbing the high peaks of the Himalayas, was caught in a violent storm that blew up suddenly as night

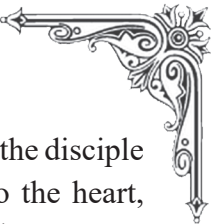
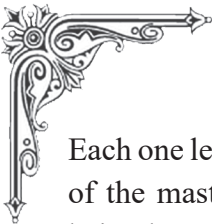




was approaching. Realizing the great danger, he was trying to get off the mountain as quickly as possible, by lowering himself over the edge on a rope. Night came in swiftly, and he soon found himself in a darkness so dense, he could no longer see a single thing. Paralyzed by fear, he clung to the end of the rope. ‘Lord God,’ he cried into the dark, ‘help me!’ ‘Let go of the rope,’ answered The Lord. Again and again the man cried out to God, and always the same answer came back. ‘Let go of the rope.’ The man, dangling at the end of the rope could not see what lay below, so ignoring the commandment of God, he clung on to the rope. In the morning a search party found the man, still clinging to the rope, frozen to death, two feet off the ground!”

Then gave she still further reason. “It is said,” she continued to explain, “that there are three things a man is advised to be wary of, for they have the ability to burn. Fire, a beautiful woman (or man), and the spiritual master.” Now when she had spoken this, a certain man, asked of her, “I can easily understand the burning of fire. And I myself have known what it is to burn with lust for a woman, but of the spiritual master, I do not understand. What is it that is burnt in contact with the master?” “Just as steel is tempered by fire,” she answered, “making it strong and pure, so too the disciple by the master. Beware,” she warned, “for in meeting such a one as this, never will you be the same again.”

And in hearing her, it was as if my own heart spoke to me, for I by these very steps had traveled. **First, in the seeing of the harsh realities of the life of the world: of birth and death, old age and disease. Then in the desire for knowledge of The Absolute Truth. And finally in the meeting with the spiritual master.**

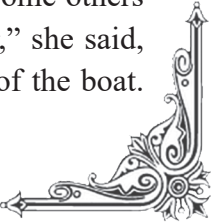
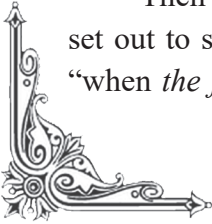


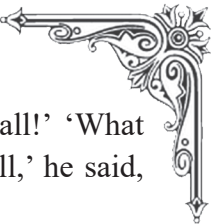
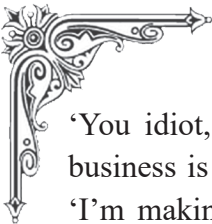
Each one leading me on to another, until in becoming the disciple of the master, all illusion, all that is troublesome to the heart, being burnt away by Love, so that I to truth returned.

Then did she speak the signs of wisdom, the possessions of the devotee of God, saying, **“The beginning of wisdom is humility, for in humility are we emptied out; and being empty: open. Whereas the heart filled with pride can hold nothing more. The full cannot be filled.”**

And the next sign of which she spoke was **freedom from entanglement with family life**, saying, **“Wisdom lies in never allowing anyone or anything to stand in the way of Loving God.** Know that, in this, the greatest challenge will come from your own family.” And when she had spoken, and before she could explain, a woman jumped up, asking, “In order to be a devotee of God, do you mean we must leave our families?” And the Master answered, **“It is not meant for you to leave anything, only that you Love everything. But if you are filled full with the things of the world, where is the room for God?”** And the woman being dejected in seeing how distractions had kept her from the Lord, asked, “Is it possible to Love both God and family?” And the Master answered, “Be not anxious, but know that **in Loving God, you are as a lamp lit. The light is not meant only to illuminate the lamp, but all that surrounds it. Only a fool will not know that we are all connected to each other. That everything we do and are affects us all.**”

Then she told this tale of a time *the fool* and some others set out to sea in a boat. “Now they hadn’t gone far,” she said, “when *the fool* began to bore a hole in the bottom of the boat.





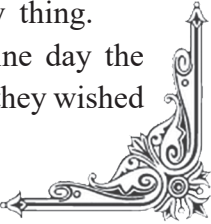
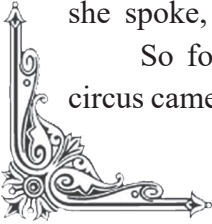
‘You idiot,’ the others cried, ‘you will drown us all!’ ‘What business is it of yours,’ responded *the fool*, ‘after all,’ he said, ‘I’m making the hole under my own seat.’”

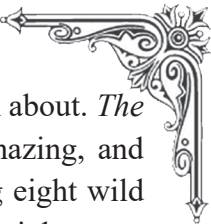
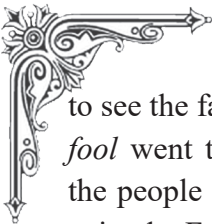
And this being well understood by all, she spoke then another of the signs of wisdom: cleanliness; saying, “Of this there are two. **External cleanliness, easily achieved in the washing with water, soap, sand, or earth, and internal cleanliness, the purification of the mind, the engine of action and emotion, by The Chanting of the Holy Names of God.** Know this,” she added in, “**that in calling God, you can’t call God to you, but are you yourself to God recalled.**”

Then next she spoke of ego, saying, “**Wisdom is to know who you truly are. Ego is identity. False ego is to believe you are the body, which is temporary, whereas real ego is to realize your self, as a spiritual soul, which is eternal.** The body may change, but you remain. First, a child’s body, and that was you. Then an adult body, and that is you too. And finally an aged body, and that too will be you. **Conscious and individual have you existed through all these changes, and conscious and individual will you continue to exist even after the death of the body.**”

Then she spoke on **tolerance** as another of the signs of wisdom, saying, “**So great is the Love of the devotee of God that he willingly tolerates anything to serve his Lord.** And one of the most difficult things he must tolerate is to be misunderstood.” And we the disciples knew full well of what she spoke, for we had suffered much of this very thing.


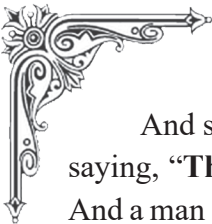
So for us she told this tale, starting, “One fine day the circus came to town. All the people rushed to go, for they wished





to see the famous lion tamer they had heard so much about. *The fool* went too. The lion tamer's act was indeed amazing, and the people marveled to see a single man controlling eight wild animals. From time to time the lions would give a mighty roar and growling show their teeth and claws, which only served to remind the audience of how dangerous the ferocious beasts were. The high point of the act came when the lion tamer placed a sugar cube on his tongue and put his head into the open jaws of the largest lion. The audience held its breath. Then at a signal from the lion tamer, the lion took the sugar cube from the tamer's tongue. At this, the audience went wild; shouting, clapping, stamping their feet. All except *the fool*. When the din died down, *the fool* was heard to say, 'What's so great about that? Even I could do it.' Everyone heard, and so, unfortunately, did the lion tamer, who came out into the audience and stood before *the fool*, 'So you think it's easy,' said the tamer to *the fool*. 'Yes,' answered *the fool*. 'And I suppose,' retorted the lion tamer, 'you think you could do it too.' 'Of course,' said *the fool*. 'After all, it's so simple even a lion can do it.'"

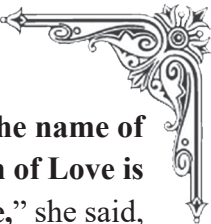
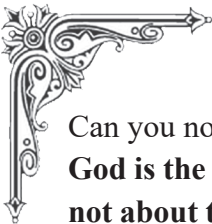
After she had finished the story, an older man said, "I am a follower of The Religion of Love and often have I heard you speak in stories so that the people can easily understand the message that you bring. And this story speaks clearly on how those who are foolish will never understand those who are wise. And," he said, "the wise would be foolish to expect it." Then he asked her to explain further, so she said, "*the fool* is what he is: a fool. The lion tamer though, is the devotee of God. The wild animals are the senses, which includes the mind. **It is the devotee's ability to control himself, by himself, which will make him successful in serving God.**"



And so she came to the next sign of wisdom: **self-control**; saying, “**The devotee of God given choice, has chosen God.**” And a man said, “I too would choose for God, but lack the ability of self-control. For the senses being strong, even the strongest may be overcome.” “God is stronger still,” said she. “**Know that in choosing God, God has chosen you, and the more your desire for God, the more, will God give to you, the ability to fulfill your desire.**”

And the next sign of wisdom was **non-violence**. And her teaching of non-violence was that not only does it mean **we are not to be the source of suffering, but that we are also to be the cure for suffering**. Knowing that **the core cause of suffering is ignorance**, the devotee of God makes his mission the giving of the knowledge that takes away the pain of the world.

Now in this time, a man came to her, that he might be heard by her, so to ask her blessing, and speaking with passion, said, “Though I am not a disciple, still have I read and reread all the teachings of The Religion of Love, the words now being so deeply engraved upon my mind that my tongue may easily recite them. Believing this to be the pure Message of God, willingly would I sacrifice my life’s blood and the life’s blood of any other that all might believe.” And the Master looked up sharply, and said sternly, “No! You may have memorized the words of The Religion of Love, but you have missed the message of The Religion of Love. **The people will not believe because of our words, but because of our Love.**” And knowing him to be a man of blood, she said, “**By force of violence the knee may be made to bend and the head to bow, but the heart cannot be forced to Love, for Love forced is no longer Love.** Do you not know?”

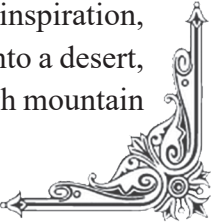
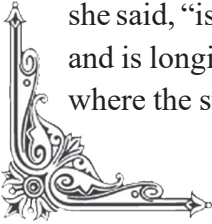


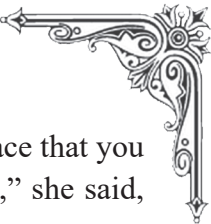
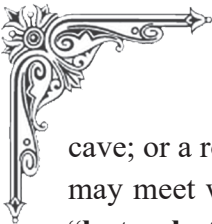
Can you not see,” she said, **“force and violence in the name of God is the clear sign of a failed faith. The Religion of Love is not about the Love of power. The Religion of Love,”** she said, **“is about the power of Love.”**

And she soothed him down with this story, saying, “The sun and the north wind were having an argument over who was the most powerful, so they decided to have a contest. ‘Do you see that man down there?’ asked the north wind. ‘The one walking with his coat on?’ ‘Yes,’ said the sun. ‘Well,’ said the north wind, ‘let us see which one of us can make him take his coat off.’ ‘All right,’ agreed the sun. ‘I’ll go first,’ said the wind confidently. Then the north wind began to blow his icy air upon the man. And harder and harder he blew. But the more violently he blew, the tighter the man wrapped his coat about him. ‘You have failed,’ said the sun. ‘Now it’s my turn.’ The sun then sat high in the sky and beamed his radiant warmth upon the man. The man took off his coat.”

Then she spoke of **renunciation**, the most feared of all the signs, saying, **“Do not worry on what you will give up, lamenting on your loss. Think only of what you will take up: the gift you gain.”** And she compared the devotee of God to a man in Love, saying, **“The devotee of God is as a man in Love, for when a man is in Love, gladly will he give up anything and everything to be with the one he Loves.”**

Next was **the desire to live in a solitary place, detached from the general mass of people.** “The purpose of the leaving,” she said, “is in the returning, for the world has need of inspiration, and is longing for Love. Go then. Take yourself out into a desert, where the stars sit on the edge of the earth; or to a high mountain








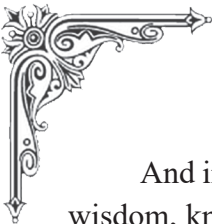
cave; or a room with a door; to any silent solitary place that you may meet with God, and be refreshed by Love. **Go,**” she said, **“but only that you might return restored.”**

Then she named **steadfast determination in the service of God** as a sign of wisdom, and giving me as example, said, “In steadfast determination has Razzaque Khan met every obstacle, and by the grace of God, every obstacle has overcome.” And I answered her, that all might hear, saying, “In the service of God, gladly would I give my life.” And she stopped me, saying, **“Do not give your life in the service of God, but live your life in the service of God. To die for a cause is courageous. To live for a cause is far greater still.”**

And a man marveled, saying, “In this city are many pandits, their beards grown grey. And grey hair we take to be a sign of wisdom.” And she interrupted him to say that grey hair was a sign, not of wisdom, but only of age. Then he spoke again. “When the pandits, the learned ones, speak to us on the truths of God, their words are so complicated, none can understand. It is in The Religion of Love that we find the truths of God spoken with such **simplicity**, that all can understand.” And she agreeing, counted simplicity as another of the signs of wisdom. **“The truth is simple,”** she said. **“It is we who are complicated.”**

And so we came to the last of the signs of wisdom, **even-mindedness in pleasant and unpleasant circumstances.** “One who surrenders to God is even-minded in all circumstances,” she said, “for he no longer sees good or bad, but only God. He knows not the two of duality, only the one of God. God in all things. All things in God. And God all good.”


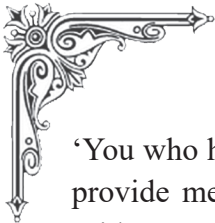




And in conclusion, she said, “Having heard all the signs of wisdom, know that in becoming the devotee of God these signs will be made manifest automatically. On their own these signs are only as so many zeros. Many zeros are meaningless, until you put a one in front of them. The one being God.”

“Wisdom,” she said, “is in knowing that the purpose of life is to become again the devotee - The Beloved Lover - the servant - of God: and in the transcendental service of God - serving all.”

Then, that all should be clear on this, she told “of a man who had died and was transported to another dimension and so found himself living in a beautiful home. As soon as he arrived, a servant appeared and asked the man if there was anything he desired. The man said he was hungry, and no sooner was this said then a feast of all his favorite foods was set before him. And as he ate the platters and bowls were constantly replenished, till being fully satiated he could eat no more. Being bored, the man then asked the servant to provide some entertainment, and this too was done. But after a while, the man became bored again, and calling the servant, started to ask, and then embarrassed, stopped. The servant, understanding, now provided an endless array of the most luscious women, all eager to do what ever the man desired. And he was able to indulge in every fantasy, and enjoy with the women over and over and over again. Now as time passed and he enjoyed all these pleasures again and again and again and again, they began to pall, and he fell into a deep depression. So he called his servant to him, and said,



‘You who have satisfied my every desire, I now desire that you provide me with some meaningful work.’ At this, the servant said, ‘Anything else you may desire, I can do, but this I cannot.’ And the man became upset, and said, ‘To live with no purpose is meaningless. I might as well be in hell!’ At this the servant smiled, and said, ‘And where do you think you are? This is hell.’”







Rebel!

When still a child, I Razzaque Khan, was taken to a place the people called the house of God, and found not God, but only man made things. And in rebellion I rose up and left that place, in search of truth, never to return.

And many I met who knew of truth. And many more who talked of truth, but none I met did do the truth, till meeting one who was the truth, The Angel of Bengal.

And though I knew she knew me well, still, to her, did tell, how as a child not long gone from Heaven's home, could still remember right from wrong, so that all the children followed me to learn my Heaven's memories.

Then as a man, I found myself entangled in a net of worldly life, and struggled to get free. But no matter how far or fast I ran, the world still clung to me.



I spoke to her of nights when time was stretched to breaking point. And how I prayed to God, **“You whom I abandoned, do not abandon me.”**

All knowledge that a man may know, I knew. Yet still I knew not God, so asked of her, as asked I others many times before, “Where,” I asked, “is God?” “Where?” she answered, “is God not! **The whole world is made of God, yet He stands apart, so that Love may exist.**” “Still, I see Him not,” I said. “Light in light cannot be seen. Only in darkness is the light revealed.” And I confused, did ask the meaning of her words. “I understand,” I said, “the light to be the truth of God, but what is the darkness, in which that truth may be revealed?” “The darkness,” she explained, “is the unknown, beyond the mind and thought. **For God cannot be known: only Loved.**”

And whether it was in the words she spoke, or by her very presence, I know not what. I only know that suddenly I saw what the eye cannot see, nor words describe, and so asked of her, that I might become a disciple. And was refused. “When you can no longer deny who you truly are,” she said, “then, come to me.”

And it would be two long years later that my desire would be finally fulfilled, and I, a disciple, a devotee of God, a missionary of The Religion of Love.

“Go,” she said, “into every land, and in every language, proclaim the truth of The Religion of Love, so all may know that,



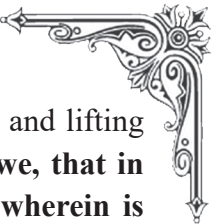
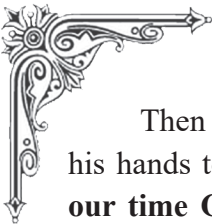
**NOW A NEW TIME IS COME,
BRINGING LIGHT IN DARKNESS,
THE PATH MADE STRAIGHT,
AND RELIGION UNDIVIDED.**

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

“And when they ask,” she continued, “**by whose authority do you say these things, tell them, by the authority of the God of the Muslims, the Christians, the Hindus, and the Jews. By the one God spoken of in all religions.**”

And when she had spoken, a man who had heard from a distance disapproved, and so asked of her, “Do you mean to make a rebellion against all that is, and so destroy every religion which has come before?” And she answered him, saying, “Nothing and no one can destroy that which is of God.”

And another, now spoke up, saying, “I am a scholar who has made my life’s work the study of scripture, and so have come to the conclusion **that anyone who practices purely what God has given, whatever the religion, teaching, or tradition, is practicing, The Religion of Love.**” And all agreed.



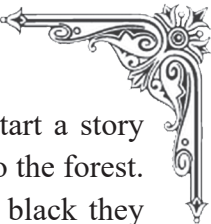
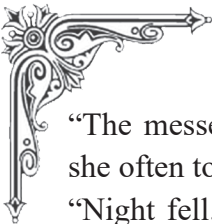
Then one known to be a man of vision stood, and lifting his hands to the Heavens, cried out, “**Blessed are we, that in our time God is sending The Religion of Love, wherein is God uniting by Love, what man has divided by hate.**”

And soon after, at the time of departure, she would counsel us, saying, “And when you go among the people, do not just speak the words of The Religion of Love, but be The Religion of Love. **Love,**” she said, “**not for what is in another, but for what you are in yourself.**”

And again, before the leaving, she would warn us, saying, “Do not expect the world will welcome you.” And so that all would be clear, as was her custom, she began, “There is a story told,” she said, “of a great demigod who lived in lavish opulence on one of the Heavenly Planets. It seems that because he had committed some transgression he was cursed to live as a pig on the planet Earth. Now when the time came that the curse was lifted, a messenger was sent to tell the pig who he really was and that he was now free to return home to his heavenly abode. The pig refused to go! He had become so accustomed to being a pig that he now liked to live in mud and eat stool. The thought that he might have to give up these things infuriated the pig and he angrily attacked the messenger and drove him away.”

“So too will it be with you,” she said sadly, “as it has been with all the messengers of God.”

And I went out into the world that I might give God’s great gift, The Religion of Love. Hearing me, many wished to know of the Master. But she did not wish to be known. “**The Message, not The Messenger,**” she would say. So that when the people pressed me repeatedly to know of her, then would I say,





“The messengers of God are like lightning,” and start a story she often told of two men who had wandered far into the forest. “Night fell. A storm threatened. The sky turned so black they could no longer see to find the path back home. Now, one man was wise, and the other foolish. But both were lost. Suddenly, lightning struck! The foolish man looked to the sky to marvel at the lightning. The wise one looked at what the lightning was illuminating - the path back home.”

So it was that I went out into the world and in the world my eyes were opened, and I saw, as in a dream, the ancient prophecy fulfilled. Of civilizations’ devastation, degradation, corruption, and destruction. I saw false leaders and fake followers. And I burning. For though myself I could change, the world I could not.

At iniquity my anger was kindled. At injustice I roared like a wounded beast. I was as a raging fire.

And the Master said of this, “**Anger is like fire, and like fire, gives a lot of heat, but very little light.**” “Am I then to just ignore evil?” I asked. “For not to fight would make of me a traitor to myself.”

The Master did not reply. For the longest time she did not speak. And when at last she did, her response, and the passion of her response, astonished all. “Fight!” she said. “Rebel!” she said. “Make a revolution!!” “A revolution?” I asked, taken aback. “How is that possible? I am but one alone, having neither bombs nor guns.” “Guns and bombs,” she scoffed, “will not make the world a better place. In the past they have usually only replaced a bad thing with something worse. No,” she said, “I speak of a real revolution.”



Hearing the word revolution, a man at the back, shouted out, “Right! Fight!! Rebel!!! Fight fire with fire!!!” And shielding her eyes against the sun, she looked out into the crowd searching the shouting man, and finding him, said, “No, **you do not fight fire with fire. You fight fire with water.**”

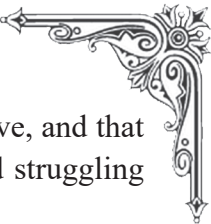
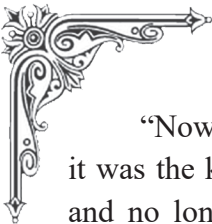
Then turning back to me, she said, “You have spoken for all to hear, of the ancient prophecy, but told only the half.”

“The half you have spoken, **the terrors we are now witness to are but the last gasp of a dying regime. The end times of the old order.**”

“Look now instead,” she said, “at the second half of the prophecy, which we will see fulfilled. That **in this our time, there will be A Spiritual Revolution which will inundate the world with Love.** When I say the word revolution, it is of this that I speak.”

And the word Love I could not bear, and so spoke my mind aloud. “In my experience of the world,” I said, “to use the word Love is just another way to lie.” “Good!” she said, “then you already **know the importance of saying what you mean and meaning what you say, and that what you hear is clear.** Or else,” she said, “you could end up like the Hilsha fish.” “The Hilsha fish?” “Yes,” she said, “the Hilsha fish, who lived happily in the Bay of Bengal, till one day a fisherman cast his nets upon the water and he was caught.”

“The Hilsha Fish struggled in the net trying to get free. All he could think of was how he might escape, till hearing the fisherman say, on seeing him, ‘This is indeed my lucky day, for it is well known the king Loves the Hilsha fish.’”



“Now when the Hilsha fish heard the word Love, and that it was the king himself who Loved him, he stopped struggling and no longer wished to escape.”

“The fisherman took a large clay pot and filling it with water, carefully placed the Hilsha fish inside. Then taking up the pot he set off for the palace.”

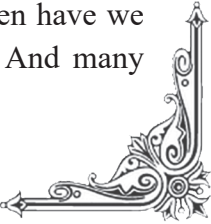
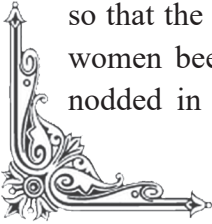
“At the palace, the fisherman was stopped by the sentries, but when the fisherman explained that he came to give a gift of a Hilsha fish to the king, the sentries saluted smartly, saying that the king Loved the Hilsha fish, and opened the heavy gates that the fisherman might enter.”

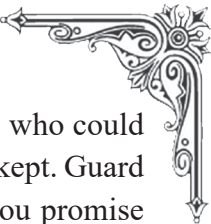
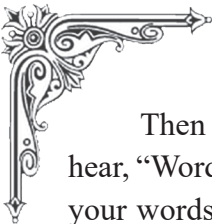
“Hearing what the sentries said, the Hilsha fish thought to himself, ‘So, it really is true. The king does Love me!’ And he swam happily inside the clay pot.”

“The fisherman was lead into a magnificent hall whose floors and walls were made of marble inlaid with precious stones. Here the king sat in splendor high upon his throne. His robes were cloth of gold, and on his head a crown set with many colored jewels.”

“The fisherman bowed low before the king. ‘Majesty,’ said the fisherman, ‘I bring you a gift of a Hilsha fish, for it is well known that you Love the Hilsha fish.’ ‘Thank you,’ said the king, graciously accepting the fisherman’s gift. ‘Indeed I do Love the Hilsha fish,’ said the king. ‘Fried!’”

And there were two women, sisters, stood aside, who hearing the story laughed out loud. And their laughter was bitter, so that the older of the sisters, explained, “How often have we women been fried by that villainous word Love.” And many nodded in agreement, men and women both.





Then said the Master to the disciples and to all who could hear, “Words are as promises. And promises must be kept. Guard your words so that what you say is true and what you promise you do.”

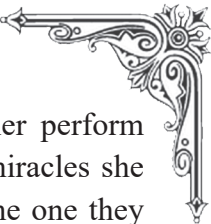
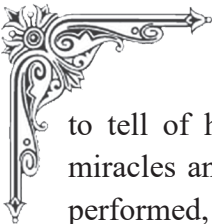
And so all would be clear, she said, “Know that,

**IN SPEAKING THE WORD LOVE,
I DO NOT SPEAK OF FEELINGS.
FEELINGS COME AND GO.
I DO NOT SPEAK OF ROMANCE.
ROMANCE COMES AND GOES.
I DO NOT SPEAK OF DESIRE.
DESIRE COMES AND GOES.
I DO NOT SPEAK OF ANYTHING OF THIS WORLD.
WORLDS COME AND GO.
I SPEAK OF
THE ETERNAL ECSTATIC SPIRITUAL.
OF LOVE THAT GROWS.
THAT DOES NOT COME.
AND DOES NOT GO.”**

Now in this time many came to the Master seeking blessings. And what was asked of her was often received. Over this she claimed no power, saying repeatedly, “Blessings do not come from me, but from God alone.” And still they came to her. And she warned them of their wanting, saying, “**Many blessing can you count, but blessings only bless when used to good account.**”

There came, one day, a delegation, sent to her by the people,

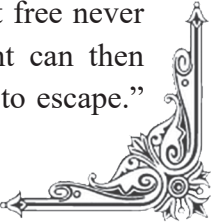
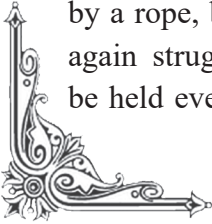


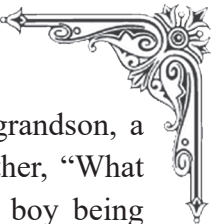
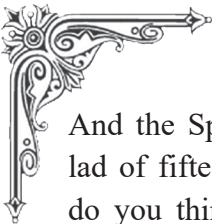


to tell of how some having said they had seen her perform miracles and others saying they had heard of the miracles she performed, word had gone out to the people that the one they had long awaited was finally found. Because they had heard of miracles all now wished to become her disciples. And this she refused. When they tried to tempt her, promising name and fame, and fortunes, she laughed. And again, and again did she refuse them and soon sent them away that she would hear no more of it.

And it was not long after that an old woman came complaining, “When I was a child,” she said, “how I longed to give my life to God, but my parents arranged my marriage when I was very young so I never had the chance. Then when I was married, I thought my life would be my own, but my husband was very demanding and of course came children, so that I never lived my own life, so busy was I with the lives of others. I thought, let me wait till the children are grown and have left home, then will I live my life for God. But now there are the grandchildren and so many social obligations I am bound to do. When will I ever be free?” she asked in desperation.

For her the Master told how elephants are trained, saying, “When just a baby a strong iron chain is put around the elephant’s leg and attached to a giant banyan tree. The baby elephant does not like to be tied down, so struggles to get free. The iron chain and strong tree hold fast. After a time the elephant realizes he cannot get free and struggles against his binds no more. As the elephant grows, the iron chain is replaced by a rope, but the elephant believing he cannot get free never again struggles against his binds. A huge elephant can then be held even with thin string, for he will never try to escape.”

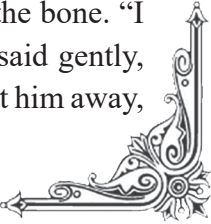
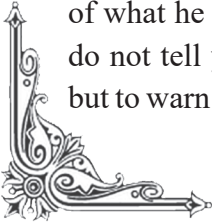


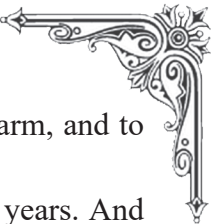
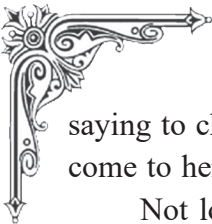


And the Spiritual Master asked the old woman's grandson, a lad of fifteen, who had accompanied his grandmother, "What do you think really binds the elephant?" And the boy being intelligent, answered, "Certainly it is not the rope. It is his own belief that binds him." And the Master said to the old woman, **"You are only as bound, or only as free, as you choose to believe yourself to be."**

Then another said, "I have the same problem. I too would give my life to God. For me there is nothing more important! No! Nothing is more important to me, yet I never seem to be able to make the time. How can I become more disciplined with my time?" And the Master said, "It is not about discipline, but about what is of real importance to you. **We are always able to make time for what is really important to us. If you want to know what is of real importance to you, not what you say is important, or think is important, then notice how you spend your time.**"

It was late in the day that a young man, well qualified by birth and education, came to her, saying, "Holy Mother, I wish to give my life to God, to preach The Religion of Love, to be one of your disciples." And all were impressed by him. But the Master saw into his heart and so knew that he came not to serve God, but to use God. His secret desire was not for God, but for fame. And seeing this, she said, "You desire fame because you imagine fame is like being Loved. **Fame,**" she said, **"is not like being Loved, it is like being raped."** Hearing her speak openly of what he thought well hidden, he was shocked to the bone. "I do not tell you this to judge or condemn you," she said gently, but to warn you." And giving him instruction, she sent him away,

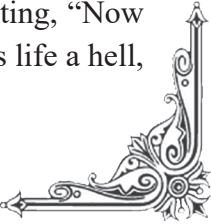
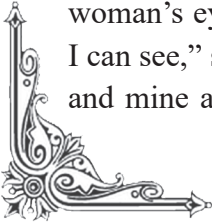


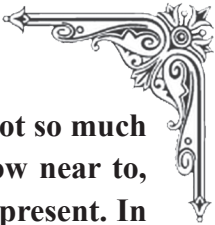
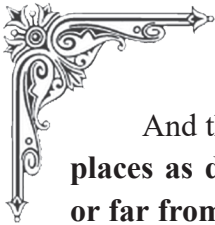


saying to chant The Holy Name of God, to do no harm, and to come to her when she was next in the East.

Not long after, came a couple, married many years. And the woman was first to speak, saying, “When we were young my husband treated me unkindly, and gave me no respect. I tried and tried to win his approval but never succeeded. Now we are older and our circumstances are changed and my husband is very kind to me, but still I cannot let go of the past and my anger at it, so that I now treat my husband as he once treated me.” “What is it you want of me?” asked the Master. “For if you wish to go on punishing your husband, ruining your relationship, and your happiness, you do not need a spiritual master to tell you how to do that. I suspect you are already very expert at it.”

And the husband who was yet to say a single word now nodded his head yes. “Oh no!” cried the woman, “I came to you for your help. I want to be free of the past, free of my anger.” “Then,” said the Master, “stop the lying.” “Lying!” exclaimed the woman, “I swear,” she sputtered, “everything I told to you is true.” The Master then explained, “Except in your thoughts the past no longer exists.” And the woman agreed. “And if by your thoughts you put what is past into the present and then react to the past instead of responding to the present, you live in illusion. This is why I said to stop the lying. And when you punish another with anger for something in the past pretending it is anger for something in the present, with anger out of all proportion for the least little thing, how honest is that.” And the woman’s eyes were filled with tears, and she lamenting, “Now I can see,” she said, “how I have made my husband’s life a hell, and mine as well.”



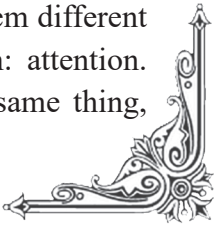
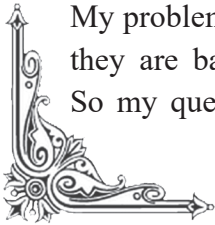



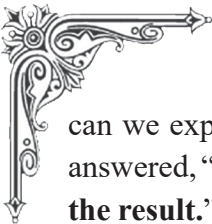
And the Master said, **“Heaven and Hell are not so much places as degrees of consciousness measuring how near to, or far from, we are to truth. Truth is only in the present. In the present is the mind stilled, making the past powerless.** Be vigilant to stay always awake and aware in the present, for only the present is real.”

“And of forgetting?” asked the woman. “I now understand that to be fully in the present frees me from the phantoms of the past, but should we also forget?” And the Master answered her, “To forget is not possible. The mind is a vast storehouse of everything from the past, where nothing is ever lost. When needed we can consciously go into our archives so that **lessons learnt in the past need not be repeated in the future.**”

Then the woman paid her obeisances before the Spiritual Master, who said, **“To be fully awake in the present is to enter into eternity. It is in that shimmering silent stillness that the voice of God is heard.”**

Then when the husband finally spoke, he first thanked the Master, saying, “You who have helped my wife have also helped my life. But my wife is not the only one coming with questions. I also have something to ask. There is a teaching,” he said, “much talked about today where it is said that what we focus on increases. We are also told that what we observe decreases.” And he gave example, saying, “It is said, not to focus on anything negative, for that increases its power. And it is also said that if something negative comes up to observe it and its power will be decreased. My problem,” he said, “is though the two words seem different they are basically descriptions of the same action: attention. So my question is how from doing basically the same thing,



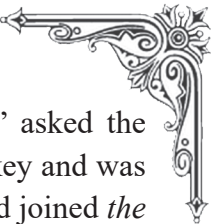
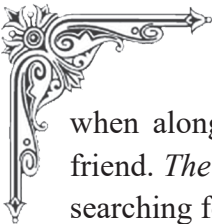


can we expect two different results?” And the Spiritual Master answered, **“It is the intention in the attention which determines the result.”** “So simple, so perfect,” marveled the man.

“May I ask once again of a spiritual practice where we are told to stare into the flame of a candle till we become one with the flame and cease to exist. To tell the truth I have no desire to become a candle and even less desire to cease to exist, and yet I want badly to make advancement on the spiritual path.” And the Master calmed his fears, explaining, “You are eternal, so there is no question of you ever ceasing to exist. What could cease to exist would be your false identification with the material body as your self. It is the removing of illusion, so the real may be revealed.”

“Ah, the real revealed,” repeated another. “For me the most important question has always been, ‘who am I?’ I have searched every spiritual book, traveled to teachers, sat at the feet of the learned to listen, searching myself, for it is said, ‘*He who knows himself, knows God,*’ and never finding the real me, the eternal authentic I, of which you speak, so still I ask, who am I?” And the Master smiling, said, “Who is asking?” And the man was confused. And so that all might be made clear the Master told this tale.

“One night, *the fool* coming home found his whole house in darkness. No light would work. Then, in the dark he dropped his key. ‘What to do?’ Glancing out the window he saw the street light was on and shining brightly. ‘Ah ha,’ said *the fool*, ‘it is too dark in here to see anything, so I will never find my key. I’ll go outside, for under the street light I will be able to see.’ And so he did. There, in the light of the lamp *the fool* was looking for his key

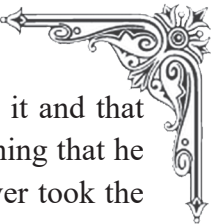
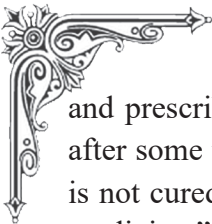


when along came a friend. ‘What are you doing?’ asked the friend. *The fool* then explained that he had lost his key and was searching for it. ‘I’ll gladly help,’ said the friend, and joined *the fool* in his search for the key under the street lamp. After they had searched for some time, the friend asked *the fool*, ‘Exactly where did you lose the key?’ It was then that *the fool* explained, ‘Oh, I dropped it in my house, but it was too dark in there to see, so I came outside, where there is light to try to find it.’ Hearing this, the friend asked, **‘Why do you search outside, for that which can only be found inside?’**”

And the man who had asked, who am I, and was searching for himself, burst into laughter and laughed and laughed and laughed. And speaking between laughing said, “Oh! Holy Mother! I thought your stories were always about others. But now I see your stories are not only for us, but about us. I am the fool searching outside for what is already inside.” And he doubled up and shook with laughter.

“In this time,” said the Master, “many will come bringing spiritual gifts, that all might receive according to need. But **no book, teacher, nor teaching, can give you the experience of yourself enlightened that you seek. They can give you disciplines to practice, but the practices won’t make you enlightened. For you are already and always enlightened. The practices are only used to remove that which clouds your consciousness and blocks you from experiencing yourself enlightened. And!**” the Master added on, **“only if you use them.”**

“It is a common experience,” commented a doctor who was visiting, “that often I will diagnose the disease of a patient,

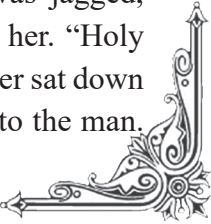
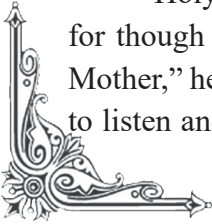


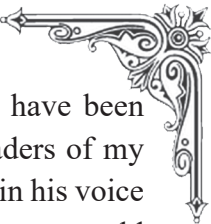
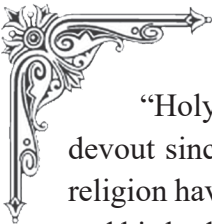
and prescribe the medicine which I know will cure it and that after some time the patient will come back complaining that he is not cured and when questioned will admit he never took the medicine.”

The Master then told, “of one who was invited to speak the sermon in the house of worship, and when the people were assembled gave a beautiful talk, so that he was invited back to speak again. The next week the people came excited to hear what he would say, but when he spoke he gave the exact same speech as he had the week before. And the people wondered at it, but still they had enjoyed the holy teaching and so they invited him back. And again, he gave the exact same talk! This was too much and so he was asked if he only knew the one talk. ‘Oh no,’ he replied, ‘I know many more.’ ‘Well then,’ he was asked, ‘why not give a second one?’ ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘I was just waiting for you all to do the first one.’ So it is with religion,” said the Master, “given over and over again, that hearing it again and again, we might one day actually do it.”

Too soon the day came when the Spiritual Master was to take leave of the city, and many had come to say goodbye, bringing gifts of garlands and boxes of chocolates, so that the room was filled with the fragrance of flowers and the sweet smell of sugar. Then just as she was about to leave, there came a pounding on the door, and when it was opened a man rushed into the room. All could see he was distraught. And all recognized him as a prominent and well respected citizen of the city.

“Holy Mother,” he said, and his breathing was jagged, for though he was an old man, he had run to catch her. “Holy Mother,” he gasped, “please, hear me.” And the Master sat down to listen and a chair was brought and water offered to the man.



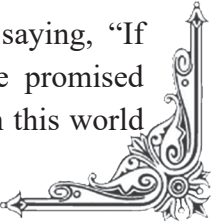
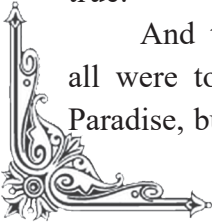


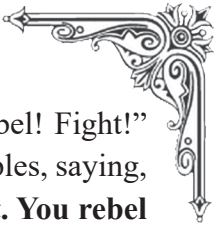
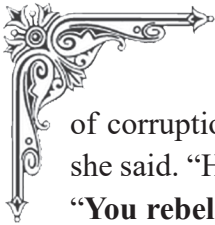
“Holy Mother,” he said, “I, as all here know have been devout since birth, following faithfully what the leaders of my religion have taught. Now,” he said, and despair was in his voice and his body sagged as if under a great weight, “now we are told we must make a holy war against the infidels, but I will never understand how killing can be called holy. Why even in the house of worship, which for me has always been a place of peace it is preached - kill the infidels, kill the infidels! And though I know the scriptures say the same, I always thought that was for a long time past, an early and lesser understanding and that in this time we would come to the highest, the pure spirituality of Love, for that is also in the scriptures. Help me to know what to do.” And she answered him. “**Love,**” she said, “**for that is most pleasing to God.** But to come to Love, it will be first necessary to kill the infidels.”

On hearing this there was such a sharp intake of breath by those there gathered that it was as if all the air had been sucked out of the room and everyone felt as if they were suffocating, so great was their shock on hearing the Spiritual Master say to kill.

“**Kill the infidels,**” repeated the Master. “**They parrot the words of scripture, but have not understanding. The infidels are not others, but anything within ourselves that is unfaithful to the truth of God. The Holy War is not a fight of flesh and blood but the battle between the good of God and the evil of ignorance we fight within ourselves.**” And hearing all were relieved for they had seen the truth and knew it to be true.

And the man who had asked, asked again, saying, “If all were to do this then this world would be the promised Paradise, but until that time how must a man live in this world





of corruption?” And the Master said, “Live as a rebel! Fight!” she said. “How?” he asked. So she gave some examples, saying, **“You rebel against injustice, by being always just. You rebel against dishonesty, by being always honest. You rebel against the darkness of ignorance, with the light of knowledge. Against hate, with Love.”**

And hearing these few examples, all were given understanding. And that day a secret, sacred, rebellion rose up in their hearts and so was started The Spiritual Revolution.

And the last to speak that same day was the foremost scholar of the city. And he brought garlands of roses and flattering words to the Spiritual Master, saying, “You who found us in darkness, leave us in light.” And he praised the disciples, saying, “They have come among us as Apostles of The Religion of Love and so inspired a city.” And he spoke on for a long time, as was his custom, about knowledge, for he held knowledge in the highest esteem. And the Spiritual Master agreed, and said also, **“That knowledge alone would be in vain if it did not lead to Love,** and was then asked if there was not one last story on this to tell before she left the city.

And for being asked told this story of a great pandit, much like the scholar who now sat at her feet, saying, “There was a scholar renowned, for he could recite the whole of scripture. Great volumes had he memorized so that the people marveled at his knowledge. It was in traveling to the very tip of the continent, where the land meets the sea that he came upon a young man sitting under a tree, surrounded by books. Recognizing the books to be the scriptures of all the different religions, curious, he came closer and saw that the young man was crying.

‘What are you doing?’ asked the scholar. The young man looked up and brushing the tears from his cheeks, explained, ‘I have a spiritual master who instructed me to study all the holy books of God that I might gain knowledge and so become a knower of the Message of God, but I am so simple and scripture so complicated that I cannot understand a single sentence.’ ‘Is that why you cry?’ inquired the scholar. ‘Oh no!’ replied the young man. ‘These are not tears of sadness, but of joy, for when I see how much the Lord Loves us so that over and over in every language, into every land, and for all, has the holy message been given, I who know nothing of scripture know the Love of God.’ And the scholar who had never before paid his obeisances to anyone, bowed down before the young man. ‘You! Not I,’ said the scholar, ‘are the true knower of the Message of God.’”

So, I Razzaque Khan have written that all may know, as I know. And all may do as I do.

I, who as a boy of sixteen was a freedom fighter in The War of Liberation, and was soon to learn that the killing brought neither real freedom nor the promised liberation and now know that only by A Spiritual Revolution are we made free.

I do. And I say now to you,

**“COMFORT THE DISTURBED.
AND DISTURB THE COMFORTABLE.
AND AGAINST ALL THAT IS CORRUPT!
AGAINST ALL IGNORANCE!
AGAINST EVERY ILLUSION!
REBEL!!”**



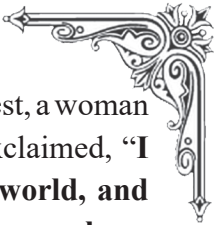
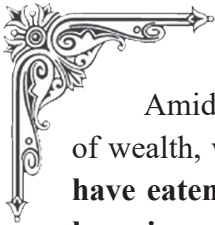


Soul Food

It was on the third day of the ninth month, that in the presence of the Spiritual Master, I Razzaque Khan, some disciples, guests, and others around the world, did celebrate the appearance day of the Spiritual Master.

In the morning there had been devotional dance and music and readings from the holy books of The Religion of Love.

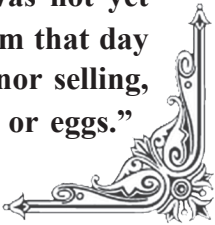
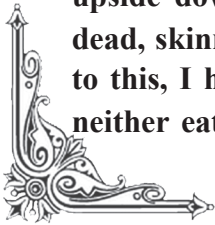
From before dawn, Gauri and her team had been in the kitchen cooking. **And now there was a sumptuous feast. There was a variety of soups: chilled, clear, and creamed; garden fresh salads, baked bread, flat breads, and muffins; delicate pastry shells stuffed with spiced vegetables, myriad grains heaped up, creamy yogurts with slivered cucumber sprinkled with cumin powder, hearty lentil stews, multi layered vegetable casseroles, and more and more and more. All made without meat, fish, or eggs.**

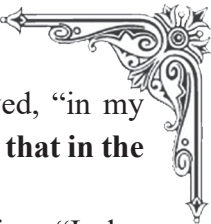
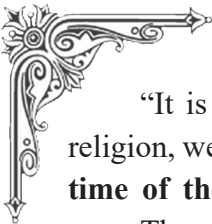


Amid murmurs of delight and delicious, one guest, a woman of wealth, with emerald clips in her auburn hair, exclaimed, **“I have eaten in the finest restaurants around the world, and have in my own kitchens the best of cooks, yet never have I tasted such wonderful food. It’s... it’s,”** and she hesitated, searching the right word. **“It’s like – like – Love!”** “Yes,” said a disciple, **“Love is the secret ingredient.”** And then explained, **“This food is called the Mercy of God. It is prepared in silence with only The Holy Names of God filling the minds of the cooks, prepared with great Love for the pleasure of God, offered to God, and accepted by God. By this is the food sanctified, and those who partake, purified.”**

Then another guest asked, “In The Religion of Love I see all to be vegetarian. What is the merit in this for a holy life?” And Hassan Ali answered, **“In The Religion of Love we do not only speak of Love, but live Love, acting with mercy, kindness, and compassion, that we might cause no unnecessary suffering.”**

“I agree,” said an ex-army officer, and a follower of The Religion of Love. “Just last year I was taken on a tour of the different suppliers of food. **I went out to sea on a fishing boat and saw the clubbing and gutting of still struggling fish; to a poultry farm where chickens were crammed into cages so small that to keep them from pecking each other to death they must be de-beaked on a hot knife machine that isn’t always accurate, often slicing away the face as well as the beak. At a slaughter house I saw a cow put into a pen, turned upside down, her throat slit, and though she was not yet dead, skinned alive. Witnessing such cruelty, from that day to this, I have been vegetarian, neither buying nor selling, neither eating, cooking, nor serving, meat, fish, or eggs.”**






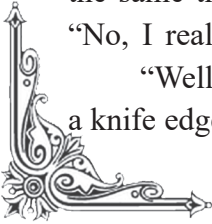
“It is interesting,” mused a guest newly arrived, “in my religion, we await the Messiah, and **a tradition tells, that in the time of the Messiah all will be vegetarian.**”

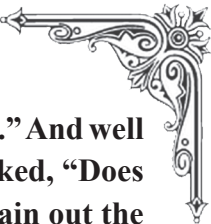
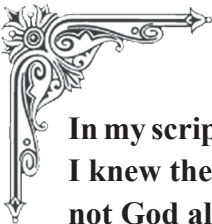
Then the wife of the army officer spoke, saying, “I also have become vegetarian, but not for the same reasons as my husband. It was when **I learnt of the millions starving and how meat eating was a cause, and how hazardous it is to the environment, causing soil erosion, air pollution, forest destruction, water wastage, and more. Do you know?**” she said, “**if all the soybeans and grains fed to livestock in America alone were instead fed to people, 1.3 billion starving people could be fed. The land, food, and water that produces only one pound of beef, the same could feed 20 vegetarians. Knowing all this I could no longer be part of millions starving and the planet being destroyed.**”

“I am a doctor,” said another, “and **the medical profession is just now coming around to the understanding that a well-balanced vegetarian diet is by far the healthiest.**”

Then a woman, who had come for the first time, said, “Hearing all this, and eating this delicious and nutritious meal, I too have decided to become vegetarian.” And a disciple, who well knew the woman, teased her with this riddle, saying, “Three polar bears were sitting on the ice. One bear decided to jump into the ocean. How many bears were left on the ice?” And the woman being quick to answer, “Two!” And the disciple laughing, said, “No, three! For deciding to do, and doing, are not the same thing.” And the woman had understanding and said, “No, I really will become vegetarian.”

“Well fine for you,” said another guest, and his voice carried a knife edge of anger. “I for one will never give up eating meat.”

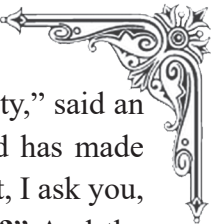
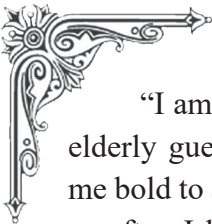




In my scripture God gives dispensation to eat meat.” And well I knew the scripture of which he spoke, and so asked, “Does not God also forbid the eating of blood?” “We drain out the blood,” he answered. “Yes,” I agreed, “it is possible to drain the blood from the arteries, but not from the capillaries, therefore to eat meat is to break the Commandment of God. Is it not also true,” I asked of him, “that when making the holy pilgrimage God forbids the killing of anything, even an insect?” And he agreed. Then knowing him to be a man of religion, I asked, “And is not the whole of life meant to be a pilgrimage to God?” And again he agreed. “In the end,” I said, “each must decide and do that which he feels is most pleasing to God; mercy, kindness, and compassion – or cruelty and killing.” And the man repeated vehemently, “Do not ask of me the giving up of meat.” So that I replied, “Brother, I would ask nothing of you other than you think on what you have heard here today and do what you know in your heart to be right.”

Then a disciple took the talk to a higher level, saying, “**We do not live by food alone, but by every holy thing as given by God.**”



Then spoke the Spiritual Master, “There were two travelers,” said she, “a business man and a holy man. And as they traveled together, the business man read the newspaper, while the holy man studied his scripture. When he had finished the paper, the business man offered it to the holy man, who refused it. ‘Don’t you want the news?’ asked the business man. ‘Oh, I have the news,’ replied the holy man. **‘I have the good news. You have the bad news.’**”



“I am a professor of philosophy at the university,” said an elderly guest, “and your story saying good and bad has made me bold to ask, for seeing this world and the evil in it, I ask you, as often I have asked myself, **why must evil exist?**” And the Spiritual Master explained, “**We have free will, the ability to choose. If there was only good, there would be no choice.**” “I have studied the scriptures of The Religion of Love as well as all the other religious scriptures,” he continued, “and come to the conclusion that at the heart of all is Love and therefore **the highest action is to act in Love.**”

And the first woman to speak, said, “I was born to a great inheritance and live life in luxury. Anything I have ever desired is mine. Yet without Love my life is lonely.” And the Master made comment. “**Love can substitute for anything, but nothing can substitute for Love.**”

Then another, said, “In ancient times was animal sacrifice condoned. In this time, in The Religion of Love, is there to be animal sacrifice?” And the youngest disciple, answered, “Yes,” to the surprise of all, then added on, “but not as in times passed. **For it is not slaughtered animals that the Lord hungers for, but our Love.**” Going on she explained, first saying, “I do not speak against animals, for they must act as nature intended, but we are not animals. The animal sacrifice in The Religion of Love,” she continued, “is the giving up of the beastly qualities inside ourselves.” And to make it clear gave a few examples. “We call a person who is dirty,” she said, “a pig; a man who chases after women, a wolf; a person whose acts are evil, a snake.” And all marveled that one so young could be so wise. And the disciple replied, “If you find me wise, it is by the grace of God and my Spiritual Master.”



Then while we nibbled on honey cakes and sipped mint tea, the Spiritual Master summed up the day's discussion with this story.

“There was a king,” she began, “the richest in all the world. And being so rich he had a fabulous court. And of all his court, the favorite of the king was the court singer. One day, after the singer had entertained, the king took off his own ruby ring and presented it to the singer, saying, ‘Surely you are the best singer in all the world!’ Now the court singer, being an honest man, disagreed, and so said to the king, ‘My master is far greater than I.’ ‘Well bring this marvel here,’ said the king. ‘Sire,’ said the singer, ‘my master lives high in the Himalayas and will never leave his hermitage. If you wish to hear him, you must go to him.’ And that is just what the king did. Riding on his favorite elephant, a powerful beast, its huge tusks embedded with precious jewels, the king traveled to the hermitage of the master, and there heard him sing. The king was ecstatic, hearing the unearthly beauty of the songs. When the king was fully satisfied he returned to his court. Still the king was curious, and so he asked the court singer, what was the secret of his master that made him even better than the great court singer. And the court singer replied,

‘I sing for the king. He sings for God.’”





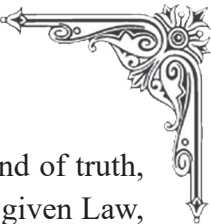
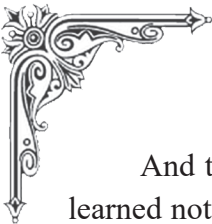
The Prophecy

I Razzaque Khan saw the future folded in upon itself, the line of time compacted into the eternal now, and so was witness to a battle between good and evil in the law court of the Lord.

In a vast room, lit by rows of heavy, hanging lamps, of gleaming wood paneled walls and polished marble floors, I saw sitting in the front row of the courtroom, the devotees of God, they who live and give God's Message of The Religion of Love out into the world. And sat behind them, a row of Angels, beings brighter than light, and with them, the Archangel Michael.

I saw tier upon tier of balconies filled with spectators; all the continents, countries, cultures, castes and classes of the world being represented.

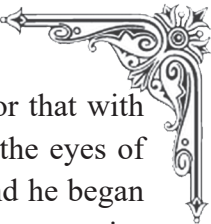
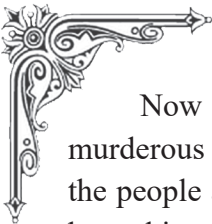
Yet in the midst of such splendor was a tragedy for I saw the Master, bound hand and foot by heavy iron chains, standing before the judge, accursed, accused, and brought to trial.



And the judge, a man of wisdom, of justice, and of truth, learned not only in manmade law, but also in God's given Law, looked down upon the prisoner with pity, asking of the grand inquisitor, he who was being paid by the powerful to prosecute her, "Is this prisoner so dangerous she must be bound in iron chains?" And the grand inquisitor answered emphatically, "Yes! For if she were ever allowed to escape, she and The Religion of Love could easily destroy the world as we now know it." At this, the Master turned on the grand inquisitor and said, "**And what is the world as we now know it.**

A place where the few exploit the many! Where insatiable greed is bankrupting nations!
Where progress poisons, producing undrinkable water, inedible food, unbreathable air!
Where war is made, not for peace, but for profit!
And religion, which God gives to bless us, is used to curse us!!

And turning back to the people, she spoke of the prophecy, that in our time, the world as we now know it, will end, saying, "**Yes, the world as we now know it will end, not with destruction, as is feared, but with Love. For those who have the eyes to see,**" she said, "**a sign is given you, of the coming of the spiritual revolution, for already are the people coming to the streets and squares, in peace, and corrupt regimes fall. A new consciousness is being born in the heart of man.**"



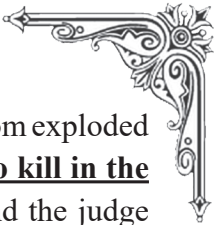
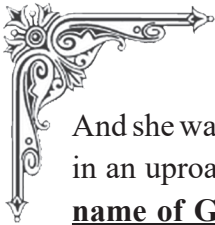
Now her words so angered the grand inquisitor that with murderous intent he determined to discredit her in the eyes of the people and so destroy The Religion of Love. And he began by making mock of her, saying, “The powers that be have armies of millions and massive weapons of destruction. And you,” he sneered, “who have nothing, speak of revolution?” And he badgered her with his asking, and his questions were all of how much and how many. And to all she would simply say, “**What counts, cannot be counted.**”

Then he went further. Holding up a book of The Religion of Love, “Do you think,” he asked, “a book so small can be of any consequence?” Then she, comparing the books of The Religion of Love to seed, said, “**From a small seed, a giant banyan tree does grow. So too the books of The Religion of Love.**”

And hate burned like acid in the veins of the grand inquisitor, twisting up his back in a spasm of pain, the boney knobs of his spine showing through the thin silk of his black robes, and in frustration he threw the book of The Religion of Love onto the floor and ground it beneath his heel.

This was more than the devotees of God could bear, and they would have leapt from their seats, had not the angels restrained them.

Calling her a hypocrite, the grand inquisitor seeking to entrap her, then said, “You who speak so loftily of Love, in truth teach murder.” And asked of her, “In The Religion of Love book entitled *Rebel!* is it not taught, and I quote, ‘kill the infidels?’” And when she tried to explain, he shouted her down, and his voice was as a crow’s harsh caw. “Answer the question! Is it written in the book *Rebel!* ‘kill the infidels’?...Yes or no?”

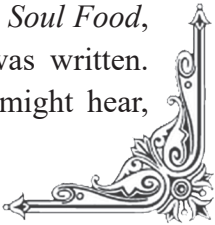
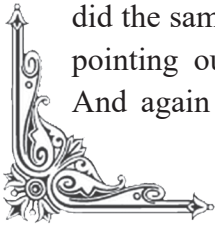


And she was forced to answer yes. At this the courtroom exploded in an uproar, for all know that **killing is evil, and to kill in the name of God and religion – the greatest evil.** And the judge had to bang down his gavel, making a sound like a gunshot, and order, “Silence in the courtroom!”

Then the grand inquisitor, sensing victory, continued to press her, and pointing to The Religion of Love book called *Soul Food*, said, “You publicly pretend compassion for the animals, yet in this book it clearly states, ‘in The Religion of Love there is animal sacrifice.’ Is it written so?” And defeated, she was again forced to answer yes. And again the people roared their disapproval of her and The Religion of Love.

It was then that the Archangel Michael begged permission to speak, and the judge asked him to approach. As he walked to the front of the courtroom, it was observed by all that his feet did not appear to touch the ground. In his hands he held The Religion of Love books *Rebel!* and *Soul Food*, and opening up the book *Rebel!* to the page and pointing to the place where, ‘kill the infidels’ was written, he bid the judge to read. And the judge did read, and read aloud, that all might hear. “**Kill the infidels,**” read the judge, “**the infidels are not others, but anything that is unfaithful to the truth of God. The holy war (in The Religion of Love) is not a fight of flesh and blood, but the battle between the good of God and the evil of ignorance, we fight within ourselves.**”

Then, when the judge had finished reading, the Archangel did the same again with The Religion of Love book *Soul Food*, pointing out the place where ‘animal sacrifice’ was written. And again the judge read aloud, that the people might hear,



and all come clear. **“Animal sacrifice in The Religion of Love,”** read the judge, **“is the giving up of the beastly qualities inside ourselves.”** And in the hearing, the people were pacified, but the judge was not. He now understood what the grand inquisitor had tried to do, and his anger at the injustice of it was terrible to behold. “You!” he roared at the inquisitor who was to prosecute her, “have in fact, been paid to persecute her, and so destroy **The Religion of Love, the Universal Religion, which includes all religions, as God includes all people. You, who take a sentence of scripture, out of context, and use it as a hammer to bludgeon God’s truth to death, who would subvert the will of God by trying to keep sealed what God would have revealed, will find failure! And for this, no peace will you have in this world, nor peace will you have in the next!!!”**

The judge then freed the Master, and handing down the final verdict on The Religion of Love, said, “As it is written, so shall it be.

FOR 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 BUT ONE RELIGION,
AND THAT RELIGION

IS
LOVE!?”

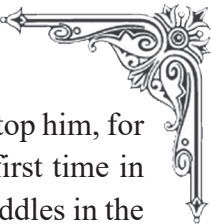
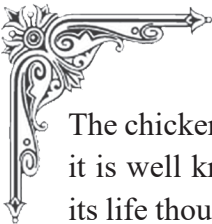




Lost Illusions

One winter's day, when the sun, a silver disc hung in a milk white sky, a disciple came to the Spiritual Master, the one the people call the Angel of Bengal, and sitting on the floor at her feet spoke of suffering.

“Even as a child,” began the disciple to the Master, “I never felt at ease in the world. And no matter how hard I tried, and I did try, somehow I never really fit in.” “Because,” said the Master to the disciple, “you were as a duck born into a world of chickens,” explaining, “it is common custom in the East to take a duck's egg and put it under a chicken to hatch. Now when the duckling is hatched, the hen takes the duckling as one of her own. So the duck grows up among chickens, thinking it's a chicken, and does whatever chickens do, until one day, as the chickens all walk along the bank of a pond, the duck has an irresistible urge, and running towards the water, jumps in.



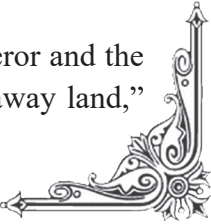
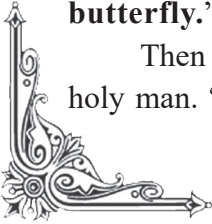
The chickens on the bank do everything they can to stop him, for it is well known that chickens can't swim. For the first time in its life though, the duck feels at home and happily paddles in the pond. Soon the duck meets another duck and will realize who he truly is, and in time the duck will fly high into the sky."

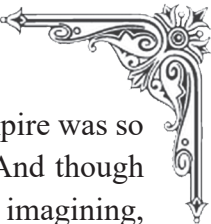
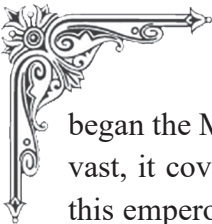
"Yes!" said the disciple to the Master, "how perfectly do you explain myself to me. I also never felt at ease in the world until meeting the devotees and entering spiritual life. It was only in the reading of the holy books of The Religion of Love that all my questions were answered, and in becoming your disciple did I find my life's true purpose."

So it was that I rose early each morning before the world wakes, and struggling to control my mind, I practiced mantra meditation, for **in the hearing of the spiritual sound vibration of God's Holy Name, the senses become purified and my vision of the world clarified**, so that soon I saw that the world and worldly pleasures – being both limited and temporary – were worthless to me. Because of this, have I lost all ambition for name and fame, all desire for anything of this world. So now I suffer, for I am as one who has died alive, yet still walks in the land of the living."

"It is not you who have died," said the Master to the disciple, **"it is your illusions that have died."** And to reassure him that the loss of illusions was indeed a sign of progress on the path to God, said, **"The caterpillar in the dark of the cocoon sees death. The one in wisdom sees the becoming of a butterfly."**

Then did the Master tell this story of the emperor and the holy man. "Long, long, long ago, in a far, far, far away land,"



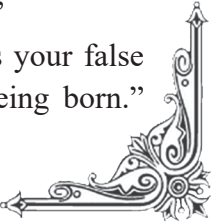
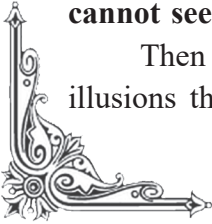


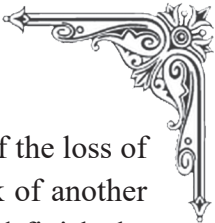
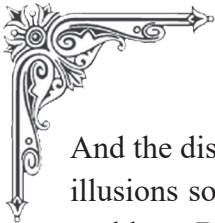
began the Master, “there lived an emperor whose empire was so vast, it covered not only countries, but continents. And though this emperor was powerful, and with wealth beyond imagining, he, like most, searched for happiness. Being so rich and so powerful he was able to indulge in anything and everything the world had to offer. But after many years the emperor grew frustrated in his search for happiness, for he found that nothing brought him a happiness that lasted. One day when speaking with the wisest of his counselors, the emperor voiced his frustration, asking, ‘Is there nothing in this world that can give me a happiness that lasts, that is unlimited, and ever increasing?’ ‘Sire, what you seek,’ said the counselor to the emperor, ‘is not to be found in this world. Only in the spiritual world will your desire be fulfilled. And only with God.’

It was just at that time that a holy man of great renown was said to be passing by the palace, and the emperor hearing of this, commanded he be brought before him.

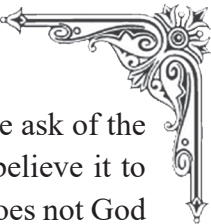
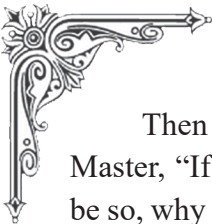
This being done, the emperor asked of the holy man, ‘Can you show God to me?’ ‘I can show you how to see God,’ replied the holy man. ‘Let it be done,’ commanded the emperor. The holy man then told the emperor to stare at the sun. The emperor tried, but quickly said, ‘I cannot, it is too bright. It blinds me.’ The holy man then taught, ‘If you cannot look upon the sun, which is only a tiny spark of the splendor of the Lord, how can you expect to look upon the Lord. **Only one with vision freed from illusion by spiritual practices may see what the eye cannot see and so look upon the Lord in Love.**”

Then did the Master to the disciple say, “It is your false illusions that are dying. You are not dying, but being born.”





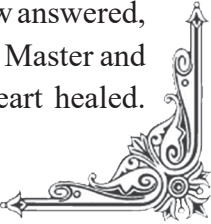
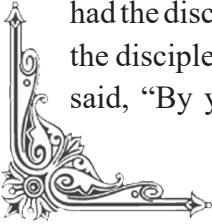
And the disciple being reassured, and the problem of the loss of illusions solved for him, then did the disciple speak of another problem. But before he began and before he would finish the Master had understanding, and so said, “You who are traveling on The Path Made Straight to come again to God are being tested because of your suffering. There is a crossing before you, and you must choose which one of three paths you will now take.” And the disciple asked of the Master to tell of these that he might choose in knowledge. “The first,” said the Master to the disciple, “leads back into the world, the giving up of all your spiritual practices to try to enjoy the life of the world.” “Impossible!” said the disciple to the master, “I have traveled too far from life’s illusions to live like a duck pretending to be a chicken!” Then asked the disciple of another path, and was told, “This path is **for those who take religion as a profession that they may gain power, wealth, and worship for themselves. Being far from God, they are far from Love.**” “Never!” said the disciple, “these have been the ruin of religion! That, I cannot do!” “Your last choice then,” said the Master to the disciple, “is to continue **going forward on the path to God, as many saints have done before you, to know what the mind cannot know, to see what the eye cannot see.**” “Yes!” exclaimed the disciple to the Master, “this path, though difficult, is the way of my heart, though I know not why it so attracts me, nor could I explain it to anyone else.” So the Master explained it for him, saying simply, “**As a duck is attracted to the water, so too is the soul attracted to the spiritual and cannot rest until it rests again with God.**”



Then this, the one last question, did the disciple ask of the Master, “If all things are possible with God, and I believe it to be so, why must we struggle in the darkness? Why does not God just lift us to the light?”

And the Master answered in this way: “There was a science class,” said the Master to the disciple, “and one day the teacher brought in a cocoon, and laying it on the table, the teacher had the children gather round. ‘Some time before a caterpillar entered this cocoon,’ said the teacher to the children, ‘to be transformed into a beautiful butterfly. Now the time has come for the butterfly to emerge from the dark of the cocoon into the light.’ Just then the teacher was called away, but before leaving, gave instruction to the children that they might watch, but not to touch the cocoon. So the children watched the cocoon and could see by the pushing movements on its outer surface that the butterfly inside was struggling to get free. Now the children being soft hearted, as children often are, thought, ‘the butterfly is struggling, what is the harm if we give it some help.’ And so, they very carefully opened the cocoon and gently took out the butterfly and laid it on the table, expecting to see it fly. The butterfly tried, but could not fly. It was then the teacher returning and seeing what the children had done, sadly explained, ‘It is in the struggle to get out of the cocoon that the butterfly develops the muscles by which it can fly. This butterfly will not fly, but die.’”

Night drawing down, the lamps lit, and as all the questions had the disciple asked of the Master had the Master now answered, the disciple, taking his leave, bowed down before the Master and said, “By your words am I made whole and my heart healed.



By your wisdom is the darkness dispelled, so that I, having regained my composure, am now fully fixed in my determination to continue on the path to God.” “Then know this,” said the Master to the disciple, “**that you who go to God do not go alone, but that God goes with those who go to God.**” And the Master blessed the disciple, saying softly, “Go now with God.”





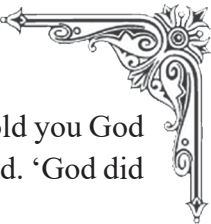
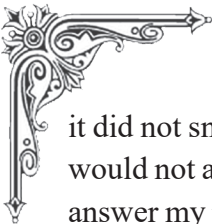
The Secret of Happiness

It was early one morning when the Master entered into a garden and sat beneath a tree. And there gathered were many people, all followers of The Religion of Love.

And bowing down before her, one did ask of her, saying, “Holy Mother, does God always answer our prayers?” “Yes, always,” was her reply.

Then spoke the Master of a child, who lived in the hottest country on earth.

“Now this child, seeing a picture of snow, thought there was nothing more beautiful and so wished that it would snow on her birthday. Believing with all her heart that God always answered prayers, she began to pray every morning and evening that God would make it snow on her birthday. Her mother admonished the child, saying it was foolish to believe God always answered prayer. When on the child’s birthday, the hottest day of the year,



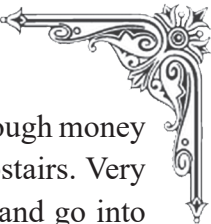

it did not snow, the mother then said to the child, 'I told you God would not answer your prayer.' 'Oh yes,' said the child. 'God did answer my prayer. He said no!'"

Then the same man respectfully requested the Master to speak more on the subject of prayer.

So the Master said, "Most prayer is the asking of something from God. And all these prayers, all these desires, wishes, and wants, are as one prayer. A prayer for happiness." And in illustration, she going out among the people there gathered, shocked them by asking for money. And being given a bill, held it aloft, saying, "This is what so many spend their life, their energy, and their intelligence to accumulate. And what is it? Nothing but a wrinkled, rather soiled piece of paper, with a picture of an old dead man on it. They have not understood," said the Master, "that it is not really money that they want, but the happiness they believe that the money will bring them. Know that the things of this world," continued the Master, "can only bring a happiness that is limited and temporary and so cannot fully satisfy. There is however a happiness which is unlimited and ever increasing. A happiness by which we are fully satisfied." "Yes," a woman in the crowd calls out, "that is what we want!" And another, speaking for all, asks, "And where can this happiness of which you speak be found?"

And the Master by telling this story of the rich man and the thief gives answer.

"There was a guesthouse," began the story, "and in it were staying two men. One was a fabulously rich man and the other, was a thief. Every morning the rich man would come down with a solid gold box stuffed with a fortune in money.



Opening the box, the rich man would take out just enough money for the day's expenses, close the box, and take it upstairs. Very soon the rich man would reappear without the box and go into the nearby city for the day. Now the thief seeing the solid gold box and all the money determined that he would steal it. So as soon as the rich man left, the thief went up to the rich man's room, and being expert at opening locks was able to enter the room of the rich man. Once inside the thief began to search for the solid gold box. He looked in the closet, in the drawers, under the bed, in every possible place, but he could not find the box.

The very next morning, down came the rich man with the gold box and taking out some money, went upstairs, came down without the box, and went into the city, whereupon the thief again got into his room, and though looking in every possible place, could not find the box.

This went on for the whole week, with the rich man coming down with the box, taking out some money, going upstairs with the box, coming down without it, and going into the city. And every day the thief searched the room of the rich man, looking for the solid gold box stuffed with a fortune in money, but never could he find it.

On the last day, when both men were leaving, each to go their own way, the thief approached the rich man and confessed to him, saying, 'I am a thief, and when I saw your gold box with all that money, I determined I would steal it, so every day I searched your room, but though looking high and low I could never find it. Now we are both leaving and I can do you no harm, so please, as I am dying with curiosity, please tell me, where did you hide it?' And the rich man answered him thus,

‘When I first saw you I guessed you were a thief, so I hid the gold box with the money in a place where you would never look for it.’ ‘Where?’ asked the frustrated thief. ‘I hid it,’ said the rich man, ‘in your room.’”

So warned the Master, “Be not like the thief searching for your happiness in things outside yourself or even in another person. Know that the happiness you seek is already yours, hidden inside yourself.” “If as you say,” said a woman in the crowd, “the happiness we seek is already ours, how then can we access it, for we are longing to experience it.”

And because of their desiring and because of their asking, what once was hidden, was now by God given, for then taught the Master the secret of happiness, revealing that the Name of God is Holy – a spiritual sound vibration which has the power to cleanse and clear one of all suffering, ignorance, and illusion, and so explained, “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 spiritual. 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, and by the presence of God are we purified so that all the dirt of ignorance, all that is troublesome to the heart, is washed away, and our true eternal spiritual selves revealed. And in that state,” said the Master, “one experiences a happiness full in bliss, joy, ecstasy, a peace deep and abiding, a happiness unlimited and ever increasing, so that though still in the world, though no longer of the world, one lives – in Love.”



Praying the Holy Names of God

Here is a small selection out of the many
from several different religions.

Christianity

“Abba Father, have mercy on me.”

Abba is the name Jesus used to call God, and the mercy we pray
for is the purification of our heart.

Judaism

“Shema Yisral Adonai Eloheinu Adonai Ehad”

Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is One.

Islam

“La Ilaha Illa Allah”

There is no god but God.

Hinduism

“Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare,
Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare”

Hare: the feminine aspect of God / Krishna: Name of God
meaning ‘all-attractive’/ Rama: the ‘pleasure potency’ of God.



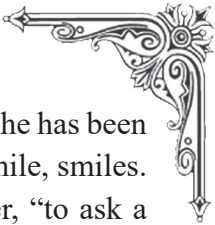
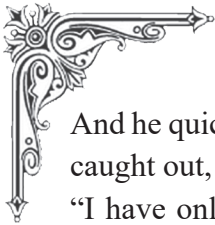
The Religion of God

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.

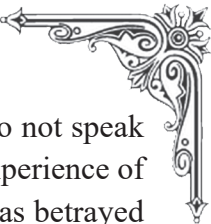

It is, in this the time, when all are encouraged to ask questions, that a guest asks of the Master's powers to see past and future, saying, "Speak to us of destiny." "**Your destiny,**" says the Master, "**is not written in the stars, but in every thought you think.**"

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.**”

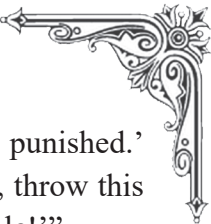
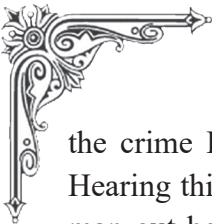


“Love!” sneers a man in black at the back. “Do not speak to me of Love, instead let me tell you of my bitter experience of Love. My best friend, the one I loved as a brother, has betrayed me. The person who was closest to me has turned out to be a hypocrite, acting one way in front of me and another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


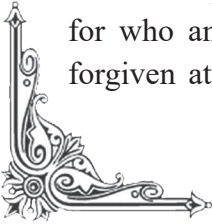


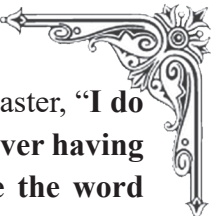
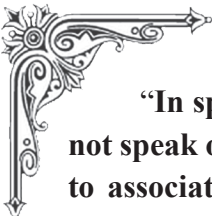
the crime I was convicted of and am being justly punished.’ Hearing this, the king exclaims to the jailor, ‘Quick, throw this man out before he corrupts all these innocent people!’”

“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.



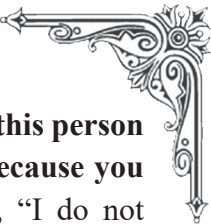
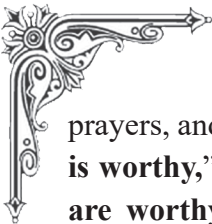


“In speaking the word ‘forgive’,” says the Master, “I do not speak of condoning wrong, nor do I speak of ever having to associate with anyone who does wrong. I use the word ‘forgive’ as in the ancient Aramaic word for forgive, *shbag*, which translated means ‘to untie’. Forgiveness as a practice, to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




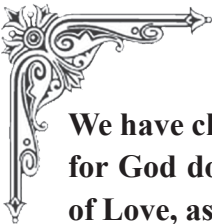
prayers, and Love?!!” “**You do not do this because this person is worthy,**” replies the Master calmly, “**you do it because you are worthy.**” “Still,” says the man to the Master, “I do not feel like it.” “Oh,” says the Master, “you think you must feel something before you can do something.”

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.”

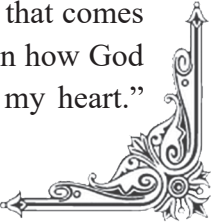
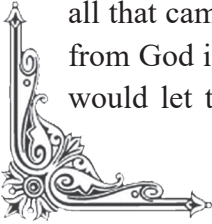


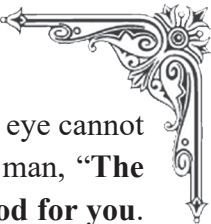
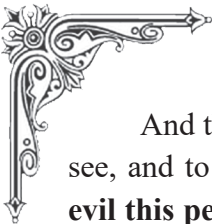
We have chosen to come here to learn to Love as God Loves, for God does not Love us only when we are judged worthy of Love, as in the way of the world, God’s Love is as the rain which falls on rich and poor alike. The Love of God is as the rose which gives its fragrance equally to the just and to the 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 Promise of God
6 Simple Steps to Enlightenment

No one can teach you to be spiritual. For spiritual is what you are. We can only remind each other, by Love, of what we have forgotten.

At the eastern edge of the western world, in an ancient castle, the elite from the surrounding cities came to hear the Master, the one the people call, The Angel of Bengal.

And a guest, asked of her, to tell us of our times. And she beginning,

**“In this the age of iron,
a time of quarrel and hypocrisy,
it will be and we will see
the earth move under the ocean
so that a wall of water
shall rise up out of the sea and fall upon the land,**



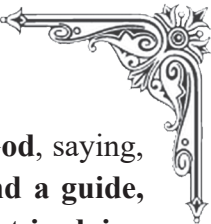

**and a city will be destroyed
and the people perish.
What was once solid shall become liquid.
What was warm shall be cold.
Idolatry will replace religion
for instead of God
the world will worship wealth.”**

And a skeptic said, “You speak of God, but I find it difficult to believe in the existence of someone or something that cannot be seen.”

**And to him said she,
“If you doubt the existence of God
step outside and see.
For who but God can place the planets in their orbits,
hang the stars upon the skies,
can paint the colors on the flowers,
create time with its minutes and its hours.”**

“Sugar stirred into water also cannot be seen,” said she,
“only in the tasting is the truth revealed.”

And the host, a man great in wisdom, was given to understand the inner meaning of what was said, and so did ask of her, “Master, is there also a test to taste of the spiritual? For I have made the meeting with God the supreme goal of my life, as have all others here.”



Then did the Master tell of **The Promise of God**, saying,
“**And one will come among you, a messenger and a guide, whom God sends to serve those on this path, that in doing this, the six steps to God, your desire to be again with God shall be fulfilled.**”

And all being anxious to hear, they bid her speak on this. Then spoke the Master the first of the six steps upon the path to God.

“TO HEAR THE WORD OF GOD.

Blessed be thee who hears the Word of God,
in all the scriptures as given by God,
from one who Loves the Lord,
for you shall unite nations.”

“The second step upon the path to God
TO CHANT THE HOLY NAME OF GOD.

Blessed be thee who calls upon the Name of the Lord,”
said she, “for you shall be with God.”



“TO REMEMBER GOD

is the third step upon the path.”

And again said the Master,

“Blessed be thee who lives life in remembrance of God,
for you shall dwell in the house of the Lord.”

Then warning against being fruitive, the selfish giving only for the getting, she continuing on to the fourth step





“TO DO ALL FOR GOD ALONE.

Blessed be thee who does everything
for the pleasure for God alone
for you shall be free,” said she.

The fifth step was
TO STAND IN THE TRUTH.

“Blessed be thee,” said she,
“who stands straight and strong in truth,
for you shall have peace.”

And finally, the sixth and last step upon the path to God was
TO BE THE FRIEND TO EVERY LIVING BEING.

“Blessed be thee who gives of the best friendship,
the spiritual knowledge
which frees others from suffering.
For this, shall you be the favored of God.”

“This then,” said the Master,
“is **The Promise of God,**
a clear sign,
as given in sacred scripture.”

And again spoke up the skeptic, to say, “You who speak of
The Promise of God, as given in sacred scripture, I challenge
you now to prove the religious scriptures are indeed the Word of
God, and not the work of man that all might believe.”

And the Master met his challenge, saying, “There are things in scripture unknown to man at that time and place, things of which God alone has knowledge. And giving two examples out of many, said, “Thousands of years before the birth of the One called the Buddha His advent was foretold in scripture¹. Not only His birth, but the place of His birth and even the name of His mother.

Also, long before the men of the land where another scripture² was given could have known the true shape of the planet and so thought the Earth was flat, the planet was revealed by God as round.

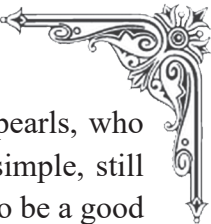
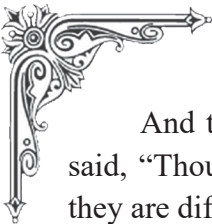
I tell to you these things,” said the Master, “not to defeat you, but that you may be strengthened in faith, not by blind belief, but by truth.”

“Master,” said one, “though now I live, yet I am as dead.” And he then asked of her a blessing, “In doing this, the six steps to God, that I shall become spiritual?” “No,” was her answer, “for you are already, always, and eternally spiritual.

**It is in material life
that we are always trying
to improve the person
we appear to be.
It is in spiritual life
that we become
the person we are.”**

¹*The Srimad Bhagavatam*

²*The Qur'an*




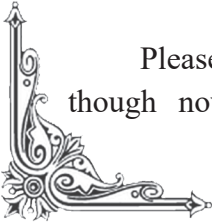
And there was a woman, elegant in silk and pearls, who said, “Though these, the six steps to God, appear simple, still they are difficult to do. Would it not be enough just to be a good person, doing good for others?” Then knowing the Master loved stories, she told this tale.

“Now there was a man who wished to see both Heaven and Hell. His wish being granted, he was first taken to Hell where he saw a table laden with the most delectable dishes. Every kind of delicious food, perfectly prepared, was set out on the table, and around the table were men and women, who instead of hands had forks and spoons at the end of their arms. The utensils though, were so long it was impossible for the food to reach their mouths, so they sat before all that delicious food and were starving.



Having seen Hell the man was then taken to Heaven where to his surprise he saw the exact same scene; the table laden with delicious food, the too long utensils for eating instead of hands. The difference was, that in Heaven, the people were feeding each other.”

So said the woman, “Would it not be good enough just to teach the people in Hell what the people in Heaven were doing, that they would no longer starve, but be well fed?” “It is good that all should be well fed,” agreed the Master, “for a man with an empty belly cannot hear the Word of God over the rumbling of his stomach, but

GOD IS ABOVE GOOD.



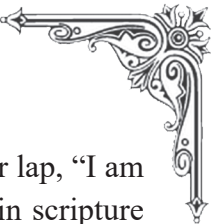

Please notice,” commented the Master, “your people, though now well fed, are still in Hell.



To you who open the storehouse of the heart, doing much in charity, giving aid to the poor, feeding the hungry, caring for the orphans and the widows, doing that which is good, and necessary – I tell you in truth,” said the Master, “That unless you can also free them from the bondage of suffering the hellish prison house of birth and death, old age and disease, you are only making the prisoner temporarily more comfortable in the prison.”

“What is the need now of God?” said a scientist to the Master, “have you not heard of the The Big Bang Theory, whereby it was an explosion, not God, by which the universe was created?” And he asked that she might answer on this. And so she did, telling of a certain man who was gifted with an exquisite model of the universe fashioned in silver. And so it happened that one day his friend, a scientist and proponent of The Big Bang Theory, came to visit, and seeing the silver model of the universe, and marveling at its beauty, the perfect proportions done to scale, asked of the man, “Who has created this?” “I don’t know,” replied the man, “there was a big bang and there it was!”

“It is said,” persisted the scientist to the Master, “that God created man, but now science can also create a man. What would you say to that?” “There was a scientist,” she answered him, “much like yourself, who said to a holy man, as you have said, there is no need of God, for I now can create a man. ‘Go ahead,’ said the holy man. The scientist then began to collect the different chemicals, the D.N.A -- ‘Uh-uh!’ said the holy man, ‘get your own materials!’”



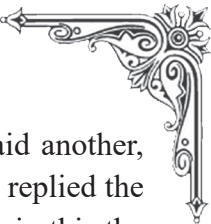
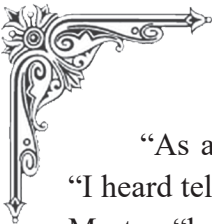
“Master,” asked a mother with a child upon her lap, “I am curious as to what God looks like, for it is written in scripture that we are made in the image of God.” But before the Master could answer, another answered for her. “No,” said a lawyer, “it is not that we are made in the image of God, but that we have made God in the image of man.” And to the surprise of all, the Master replied, “What both have said is true.”

Then to the mother she said, “Our bodies do look like God’s, for **God is a Person**, but they are not like God’s. For our bodies, being material, are subject to age, decay, and death. While the form of God, being purely spiritual, is therefore eternal.”

“How can you say God is a person with a body which appears to look like ours?” asked a scholar of the Master. “I have long studied the ancient scriptures of the East, and in one it clearly says, *God has no eyes, no ears, and no mouth.*” “Yes,” she answered him, “it is said as you say. The meaning is that God has no material eyes, ears, or mouth.

**Do not think God Who created the eye cannot see,
Who created the mouth cannot speak,
Who created the ear cannot hear.”**

And to the lawyer who said we have created God in the image of man, she said, “The God man has made in his own image is a judgmental, vengeful, punishing God, made more to be feared than loved.”



“As a student, when traveling in the East,” said another, “I heard tell, that God is the color blue.” “It is true,” replied the Master, “but do not think it is the same blue as seen in this the material world. The beauty of God is unearthly, unimaginable, and so sublime, that just a glimpse of God is to become passionately, ecstatically, in Love.”

“You have heard,” said the Master,
“that we must surrender our will
to the Will of God.

**But it is not by the Will of God
but by the Love of God
that God’s Will is done.”**

The last to speak was a young man, an honor student at a prestigious university and the son of the host. “I have always rebelled against religion,” he said, “not against God, but against those who claim to represent God, and who in God’s name have committed some of the cruelest crimes known to man! They who preach Love, and live hate! They who take what is given by God and make of it a secret so they can sell it! They who would rather rule over men than serve under God!

Though still a young man, I admit indulging in drugs, alcohol, and illicit sex, and soon found out that they, though appearing sweet in the beginning, in time turned bitter. I was as one who wandering in a desert and dying of thirst sees a mirage, and mistaking it for water, drinks only to find himself choking on a mouth full of sand.

And in despair I turned to God in prayer. And God sent to me angels in the form of your disciples **and I saw for the first time the Word of God lived out on Earth.** It was because of them I came here tonight looking for answers and I have not been disappointed.

So it is now my most fervent desire that one day I also may be accepted as one of your disciples to preach The Religion of Love throughout the world, that I will not have lived my life in vain, but might make a difference in the lives of others for all the ages to come.”

And the young man embraced the host, saying, “Father, you who have given me anything I have ever wanted, have in this, given me the greatest gift by far – the meeting with the one I will follow.”

And as the hour was late
and the candles had burnt low in the great hall
and soon blind night would turn to sighted sun
the time of departure had now come.

And leaving all in light
she
into dark night
did
go.

So it was, that I Razzaque Khan, in travels with the Master would witness the coming of **The Religion of Love** into the world, **the universal religion which includes all people as God includes all people.** And so saw that



**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 BUT ONE RELIGION
AND THAT RELIGION, IS LOVE.**



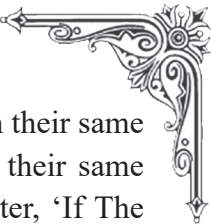
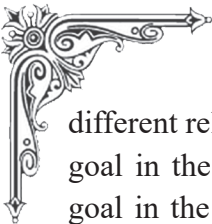


The Mission

In the forest sat the Master with some of the disciples, and I Razzaque Khan was one. And the Master did ask of us, “You who go out into the world, bringing the Message of God, what do the people say of The Religion of Love? What do they ask, and what do you answer?” And turn after turn took the disciples, telling of the asking and the answering on The Religion of Love.

And the first to speak, said, “Many ask if The Religion of Love is a new religion, and so I say, as it is written, ‘**The Religion of Love is not a new religion. There has never been a new religion. Those with knowledge know the spiritual to be timeless and eternal.**’¹ Then say they, ‘If it is not a new religion, what then is it?’ And so I tell of one accounted by all as wise, who said, ‘Those who are enlightened have compared the

¹*The Religion of Love book: The Religion of Love*



different religions to rivers, saying as all rivers reach their same goal in the same sea, so too do all religions reach their same goal in the same God.’ And asked then of the Master, ‘If The Religion of Love is to be another river? And if not, what then was The Religion of Love?’ And the answer given was, “**If as you say religions are as rivers, then The Religion of Love is as water.**¹”

“‘Who are you?’ they then ask. And again, as it is written, I answering, quote, ‘**We are the Servants of the Servants of God. We are Hindu, Muslim, Christian, and Jew. We are all races and religions given by God. All nations. Man and woman, in equality. We are everyone. We are you.**¹”

Then did another of the disciples speak to say, “Many ask of practice and of prayer in The Religion of Love, and as it has been taught, I too teach the prayer of the Holy Name, revealing that **the Name of God is a sacred sound vibration which has the power to clear and cleanse one of all suffering, ignorance, and illusion; for the Lord and His Name, being one and the same, by the Holy Name of God, does one come into the very presence of God, and by the presence of God is one purified; so that though still in the world, but no longer of the world, one lives in Love.**² **In this way do we pray, asking not for anything of this world, but only for God alone.**¹”

“On hearing this they say, ‘Every religion teaches that only their name of God is true, best, first, original, and acceptable; and only their Messenger to be believed in. What say you of this?’ And of the Messengers of God, I say,

¹*The Religion of Love book: Answers*

²*The Religion of Love book: The Secret of Happiness*

‘Those who quarrel over the Messengers of God have not understood the Message of God.’¹ And of the Holy Name of God, I answer, telling of another who asked of the Master, ‘You have said there is one God with unlimited Names, which then is the one true name of God?’ And the Master answered him, by asking him, ‘If your mother calls you son, and your wife calls you husband, and your child calls you father, I now ask of you to tell us which then is your one true name?’ And he answered, ‘All.’ And ‘Yes,’ she said, ‘all.’ And I continuing, say, **‘All the Names of God are good, for all the Names of God are God. What is important is not the way of prayer, nor even the words of prayer, but the Love in the prayer, for it is the heart that God hears.’**²”

And a disciple, a woman full in years and great in wisdom, sought out by many women who trust in her, says, “The women come longing for Love, and so say I, **‘To long for Love is to long for God.’**³ And when they ask, as they often do, saying, ‘We have always been taught that women must surrender to men, is that also the teaching of The Religion of Love?’ And, ‘No,’ I answer. ‘In The Religion of Love it is taught that **women need not surrender to men, nor need men surrender to women, but that both surrender to Love.**³”

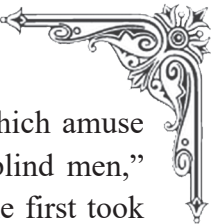
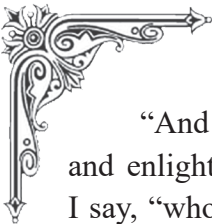
The next disciple, a professor at a prestigious university in the East, tells of scholars, who studying the books of The Religion of Love, especially the verse - **Now A New Time Is Come, Bringing Light In Darkness, The Path Made Straight, And Religion Undivided**⁴ - ask on the meaning of *religion undivided*.

¹*The Religion of Love book: Answers*

²*The Religion of Love book: The Path Made Straight*

³*The Religion of Love book: Falling in Love - Rising in Love*

⁴*The Religion of Love book: One God - One Religion*



“And so I tell one of your stories, Master, which amuse and enlighten at the same time. There were four blind men,” I say, “who were asked to describe an elephant. The first took hold of the trunk, and so said, ‘An elephant is a huge snake.’ The second, touching the ear, described the elephant as a large leaf. The next, holding onto a leg, said, ‘No, an elephant is a sturdy pillar.’ The fourth and last exclaimed, ‘You are all wrong,’ for he clinging to the tail, said, ‘an elephant is a rope.’ And so the fighting began between them, each claiming only he was right and all others wrong.”

“So it is with religion, which is one, but being divided by man, then broken up again into sects, so that religion, now cloaked with costume, custom, and culture, appears to be different religions. And the Name of God, spoken in all the languages of all the lands, divides the Lord who is One into many. And so they fight, each claiming only they are right and all others wrong.”

“**Blessed are we,**” said he, “**for in our time God is uniting by Love what man has divided by hate. For in The Religion of Love are we shown the unity in diversity, as all are included, as does God include all.**”¹ Then spoke the Master thus, “**That every religion was given by God as a religion of Love.**”

“And there is always one,” continued the professor, “who will ask, ‘how can you say there is but one religion when we see there are many?’ So I answering, as it is written, say, **Different religions may be likened to the digging of a well. If you dig for water in a rocky place you will need a certain type of equipment. And if you dig in a sandy place you will need**

¹*The Religion of Love book: Rebel!*

another type 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.^{1”}

“Often I am asked,” says the next disciple to speak, “if The Religion of Love is an Eastern religion? **And so comparing The Religion of Love to the sun, I say, ‘The sun may appear to rise in the East, that doesn’t mean the sun is an Eastern sun, the sun shines for everyone.**^{1”}

A disciple, the only son of a rich man, says, “Those with wealth fear they must be made poor and have to give up every material thing to follow The Religion of Love. And I, relieving them of their ignorance, say, ‘**If poverty was the criteria for holiness every beggar on the streets of this city would be a saint.**¹ And that, ‘**Material 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.**^{2”}

“Others ask of dress, seeing we wear no special dress or hairdo, as must other religions, and I answering them this, ‘**A donkey may be seen carrying many books, that does not necessarily mean he is a scholar.** So also the dress of a man says

¹The Religion of Love book: One God - One Religion

²The Religion of Love book: The Angel of Bengal

only what a man would have you believe of him, not necessarily what he is.¹”

“Words can cause a problem,” says another disciple. “Some balk at the word ‘religion’, until I explaining, that in The Religion of Love **the word ‘religion’ is used in its original meaning: re – again, and ligio – to link; religion – the process and practices by which one can come again to God.**”²

“Others trouble over the word ‘sin’ until I again, explaining, that **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 teachings of The Religion of Love.**”³

“The word Love is also confusing, for most can find no suitable definition, and so ask the meaning as used in The Religion of Love. And so I speak, as it is written, saying, **‘In speaking the word Love I do not speak of feelings. Feelings come and go. I do not speak of romance. Romance comes and goes. I do not speak of desire. Desire comes and goes. When I speak of Love, I speak of the eternal, ecstatic, spiritual state – of a Love that grows – that does not come and does not go.**”⁴

Then spoke a disciple, an activist in the cause of women’s rights, saying, “When seeing the repression of women in religion,

¹*The Religion of Love book: One God - One Religion*

²*The Religion of Love books*

³*The Religion of Love book: Sin*

⁴*The Religion of Love book: Rebel!*

I being angered and speaking strongly, say, **‘You men who would call sin by a woman’s name, by force you cover up and suffocate the object of your desire. Uncover instead the lust you yourself suppress, for you are as a thief who pleads his innocence by blaming his stealing on the beauty of the jewel.’**^{1”}

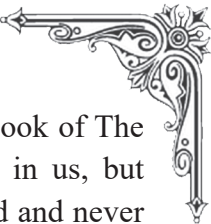
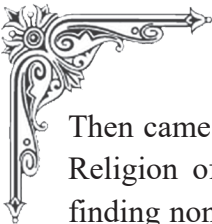
This disciple, a scholar famed throughout the land, speaks, “There is much debate,” says he, “over whether God is masculine or feminine, having form or being formless. And I being asked, answer, **‘God is complete. Inconceivably having form and being formless. Masculine and feminine is God. God is experienced in the taste you most desire.’**^{2”}

And I Razzaque Khan also spoke, saying, “Friends and family think me mad, and ask how I, one esteemed among men, could give up a life of comfort and of ease to become a follower of The Religion of Love. They do not know that as a lad of 15 a vision appeared before me of a woman in white, seemingly carved out of light. At 17 I knew her name. So in meeting her at 32, met my destiny.”

“You have warned us of the dangers of a holy life,” said the next disciple to the Master, “and find it true. For when we into a far country did go, there to meet many trials and tribulations, for no sooner did we preach the Word of God, then the law came down on us like thunder, and dragged to jail were accused of the crime of conversion. And telling truth, we pleaded innocent to those who had no heart to hear, that **the mission of The Religion of Love was not the conversion of one religion of God to another religion of God, but the conversion of hearts to Love.**

¹*The Religion of Love book: Peace*

²*The Religion of Love book: Answers*



Then came the man in charge, and he taking up a book of The Religion of Love read, looking only to find fault in us, but finding none must let us go, saying, ‘Leave this land and never do return.’”

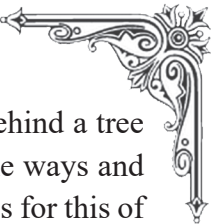
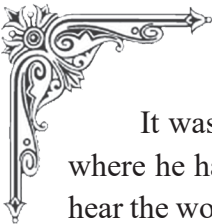
And I Razzaque Khan spoke again, for wanting to tell of the many, who in receiving the Message in The Religion of Love, say, “It was as if my own heart was speaking to me.”

And another telling how, “In a large crowd come to hear of The Religion of Love, a man with the red eye comes shouting out in anger, ‘By whose authority do you say these things?’ And I calmly answer him, and would answer all, ‘**By the authority of the God of the Muslims, the Christians, the Hindus, and the Jews – by the one God spoken of in all religions do I speak the words of The Religion of Love.**’”¹”

And as day slipped into night, the last to speak spoke, and speaking, spoke for all, “As you have asked of us,” he said to the Master, “to give this Message to anyone we Love, and to Love every one, and we who have given our lives – body, might, mind, and heart – to God, did go out into the world. Not in perfection, but in humanity. And to the idealists in their ivory towers, to the scholars at their studies, to the laborer in the field, to rich and poor, young and old, man and woman, to all religions, races, castes, colors and countries did we go. And the seeds of The Religion of Love fell on good ground, so that all, **some in part and some in whole, all were included in God’s great plan, that Love be lived on Earth.**” And the Master agreeing, said, “Yes. All are to be part of God’s great plan of Love lived out on Earth.”



¹*The Religion of Love book: Rebel!*



It was just then that a man stepped out from behind a tree where he had hidden himself that he might watch the ways and hear the words of the Master, and begging forgiveness for this of all present, then asked of the Master, “All? All are to be included in God’s Mission of Love lived out on Earth?” And when the Master answered, “Yes, all.” The man then said, “Surely you must know there will be enemies.” And the Master did know of this. “And knowing of this,” said the man to the Master, “do you still say all? Even the enemies?” And, “Yes,” answered the Master, “even the so-called ‘enemies’.”

And told to him a tale of an old woman, “who being all alone, too weak to work, and so poor she had nothing to eat, and that though having nothing still had full faith in the Lord, and believed with all her heart that she could always count on the Goodness of God to help her in times of trouble. And so she taking herself to the town square went into the house of worship and there prayed aloud to God, saying, ‘I am so poor, I have nothing to eat, and I am so very hungry, and I know You my Lord will help me, for You are my one and only savior.’”

“Now there was this evil man, who being jealous of God, would always try to break the people’s faith, and so in overhearing the old woman’s prayer, he decided to do just that to her. With this plan in mind he quickly went to the market and there filled a large basket with the most delicious foodstuffs he could find. Not only the basics, but also rare and imported delicacies did he buy. Then going to the house of the old woman he presented her with the gift basket. She of course was delighted. ‘Do you want to know who sent this to you?’ he asked of her. ‘Who is your real help in time of trouble? Your one and only savior?’

And, ‘Yes,’ said she. ‘It is,’ he answered, ‘...the Devil!’ And the woman smiling up at him, said back to him, ‘Just see, when God commands even the devil must obey!’”

And in the silence that followed the end of the story, the man said to the Master, “A while back, receiving the books of The Religion of Love, I read and suddenly knew that God for Whom I had searched the whole of my life was also searching me. And tonight, in your presence, am I found.” And falling to his knees, and with tears running down his face, he begged to be accepted. And the Master saw into the heart of the man, and accepting him, blessed him.

And when he had gathered himself together and was sitting with the others at the feet of the Master, he asked of her, “In The Religion of Love it is said that we are to Love everyone. How is that possible as there are those not worthy of Love?” “**You Love,**” answered the Master, “**not for what is in another, but for what you are in your self*. For it is in this, the sacred state of Love, that you come again to God, and in Loving God – Love all.**¹”



As eternity cannot be fit into time, so can I Razzaque Khan not fit all the teachings of The Religion of Love into this one book. So I Razzaque Khan must end here – at the beginning.

*self: soul

¹The Religion of Love book: Rebel!



Biographies

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.

Razzaque Khan

Razzaque Khan was born in Rajshai, formally East Pakistan, on January 1, 1955. As a boy of 12, 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.

**Biographical excerpt: The World Encyclopedia*



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, 501(c)(3) 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-Food Relief International 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.

U.S.A. Registered Charity License No. FL 8700158
Tax Exempt No. OR8700963
England Registered Charity License No. 294646

The Servants of the Servants of God The Religion of Love



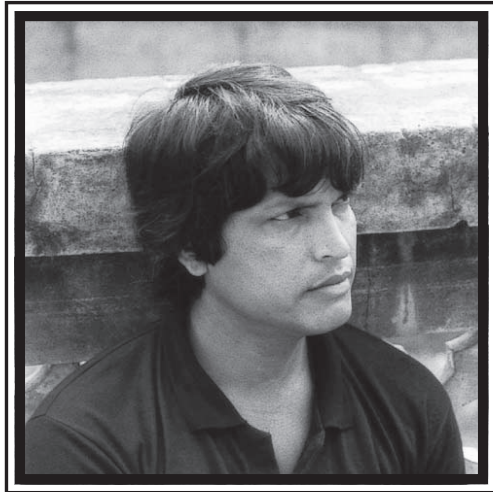
The Servants of the Servants of God-The Religion of Love is a non-profit, non-political, non-sectarian, 501(c)(3) organization dedicated to propogate unity in understanding between all religions, castes and creeds for all people and to give the tools by which one may become englightened using all media.

Founded by Mother Rytasha (and from which she took no salary), to share the pure, uncorrupt, Truth of God, to break down the false barriers between man, and to help heal the suffering of all souls.

From The Religion of Love book: Answers - "...as all rivers reach their same goal in the same sea, so too do all religions reach their same goal in the same One God. So we ask of you, is The Religion of Love to be as another river? And if not, what then are you?" And to this, their first question, she answered them, saying simply,

"If, as you say, religions are as rivers, then we are as water."

USA EIN No. 37-1588801



Razzaque Khan