

Moments
WITH THE
MASTER

MAHRAZ DARSHAN DAS



FROM AN ENGLISH LADY'S DIARY

By
Shirley Ann Murgatroyd

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in India, for their help.

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for his patience and understanding.

To all friends who gave me information
regarding the Master's life.

I thank you.

— Moments With The Master —

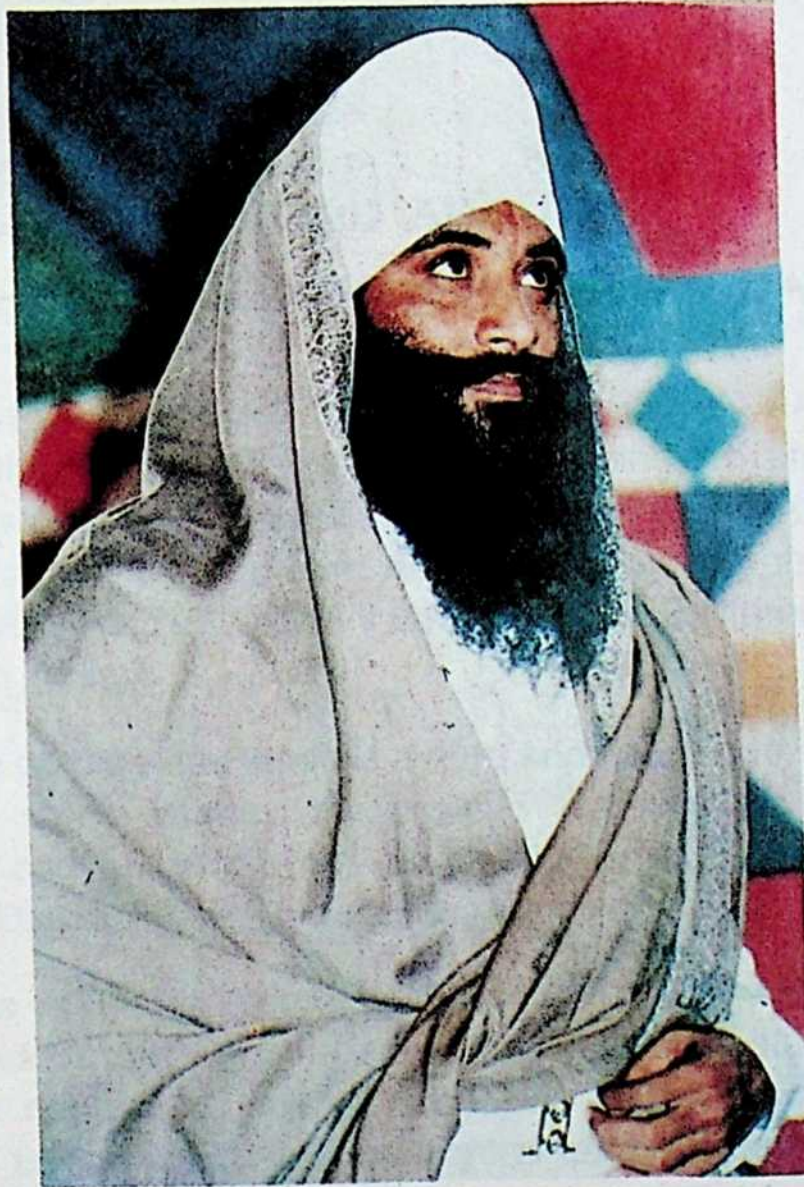
Drunk with Joy,
I shall toss my cup into the air.
If my wine cup receives
a simple reflection of your face.

I had thought of revealing to you
my heart's anguish on meeting you;
How can I do so as my anguish vanishes
as soon as you come ?

A heart which is loving and patient at the same time
is but a stone;
As a thousand leagues separate
Love from endurance.

Rasul Mir
19th century
Kashmiri Romantic Poet

— Moments With The Master —



Mahraz Darshan Das

*Dedicated to the feet of
my Beloved Master*



A WORD ABOUT MAHRAZ TIRLOCHAN DARSHAN DAS

I first saw MAHRAZ TIRLOCHAN DARSHAN DAS at the funeral of the Master. A slim young boy being led around the casket by a priest. As they chanted the prayer for MAHRAZ JI, and my heart went out to him. As the years have gone by, the news of MAHRAZ TIRLOCHAN DARSHAN DAS filtered through to me from India.

The path he has taken is a hard and lonely one. His father made the same journey that helped mankind to overcome prejudices and unite with one another. I am sure that Mahraz Tirlochan Darshan Das is doing the same.

This year I met him again in England and saw the change that had taken place from a small boy, he had matured into a stunningly handsome, young man. Not unlike his father, he appeared to be completely in control and commanded your attention.

With wisdom and humility Mahraz Tirlochan Darshan Das is approaching his work and understanding is clearly showing through. His readiness to listen and help people are a lessons for us all. The problems melt with understanding and love for everyone.

MAHRAZ TIRLOCHAN was born in India on Jan. 8, 1978. He had a remarkable childhood that clearly indicated his life was marked for divine-destiny. His family recognized this and encouraged his noble ideas and spiritual aspirations. When he was only 11, the loss of his father, whom he loved above all else in this world, made firm his inherent resolve to carry out his father's mission and to receive from the Creator Himself, the answers yearned for in every human heart. He became the second Holimaster and spiritual head of S.N.D. When Mahraz Tirlochan Das was an infant in his mother's arms, My master. Mahraz Darshan Das had blessed him and foretold,

"Little mother, thy son will be a great yogi (Holiman). as a spiritual engine, he will carry many souls to God's Kingdom".

May his work continue to flourish and with Mahraz Darshan Das's teachings us or I hope that love, peace and unity will cement the bridge of understanding and allow us to be one in the name of "Nanak".

"NANAK NAAM CHARḌI KALA, TERE BHANE SARBAT DA BHALA"

(SHIRLEY MURGATROYD

FOREWORD

Shirley Murgatroyd, a devout Christian, who worships God in either Church, Temple or Dera, was born in Manchester, England in 1934. She lived there until 1967 and went to live in South Africa for five years. She came back to England in 1972 and lived in Kent until 1987. She is married to Geoff, 62 years old, a devout Christian and firm believer of Mahraz Darshan Das. They have three grown up children, two daughters, one son and seven grand children.

Shirley met Mahraz Darshan Das in 1984 for the first time. In this book she produced her notes from the diary she used to write about the feelings and happenings while in the shelter of Mahraz Jee.

The Messengers of the Lord come to this world from time to time to lead the few chosen souls to the mansion of the Lord by putting them on the true path. The Grace of the Lord attracts the chosen souls only. As the Lord Jesus Christ has said:

“All that the Father giveth me shall come to me;

and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.”

Similarly Shirley was attracted by the grace of the Lord to a perfect Saint, Mahraz Darshan Das. How the divine power works to attach the chosen one is beautifully depicted in this book, which besides proving to the readers, will also throw a flood of

light as to what is the true path. It will provide rich food for thought that whatever we are doing or thinking presently about the Lord. the way to reach Him is subject to review, as He Himself and the way leading to his abode are beyond the reach of our worldly wisdom and in Biblical terms:

“Claiming to be wise, we are becoming fools”.

May this venture of Shirley show light to many others and the Lord choose them all for His grace.

Anil Sharma

PREFACE

To be taught by a Master is to allow his method of teaching unfold within your life. Their method is somewhat unorthodox. The treading down of the ego and passions. All efforts to know thyself are brought into use. Believing in the Almighty was one thing that did not change.

The undying love for God comes to the surface. Within each body is a soul. The soul cries out for God with a love that is endless. The Master taught each soul to meet God within. The path continued for three years with encounters of conflict and agonies. Until it became obvious that speech and the nearness of the teacher was not necessary. Only the thoughts and the love linked his mind with mine. It was a lesson that I had to be taught over and over again, but each time it became an agonising torment which stayed until the lesson was learnt. Then 'the peace that passeth all understanding' appeared. Its bliss stayed within and surfaced in times of need. The soul became the teacher and the teacher had finished his work.

A normal English life of marrying, having children, watching them grow up and having children of their own, was a chapter in my life. Travelling to Africa and living there for five years also influenced my life. But always I was searching for the Truth. I talked to God every day. He was my greatest friend, who would listen to all my secrets, comfort me when I was worried and most of all stayed with me throughout my difficult moments.

— Moments With The Master —

One day I met a Holy Man who opened up my soul and emptied out all the sorrow. Inside the Love grew and grew. Hopefully it will stay with me throughout my life.

This book had to be written which has had a catalytic effect upon me and I have grown out of the anguish. The Master taught me about life and GOD and through this I became adapted to His methods.

I dedicate this book to the feet of my Beloved Huzur Mahraz Darshan Das Jee. A great spiritual Master who shared with me the pain and joy of His Beloved Nanak.

Moments

WITH THE

MASTER

MAHRAZ DARSHAN DAS

ONE

September 16th, 1984

I was on a coach with my husband travelling to Birmingham. The coach was full of followers of Mahraz Darshan Das. Most of the people on the coach were talking or singing hymns in Punjabi. It was a strange experience and I wondered whether or not I had been too hasty in agreeing to go to see this Holy Man.

Arriving at the centre in Handsworth, Birmingham, we got off the coach and walked inside the gates to await the start of the service. Some people were curious to see an English couple stood there and came to ask why. The majority however were too polite to ask and stayed clear. Eventually we were led into the hall of the building, which I recognised immediately as an old school that would have been attached to the nearby Church of England church. We sat down at the back where there was just enough room to squeeze in. The hall was packed to capacity and very warm.

Looking towards the stage I could see an enormous double chair covered in white. Above this there was a white canopy covering it. Sat upon the chair were two young men dressed also in white. One of the young men had a Holy Book in front of him and he was chanting words from it. When he had finished the young man on the right side of the chair looking towards the congregation explained in detail what the words meant.

This young man was Mahraz Darshan Das.

I looked around and saw that most of the small children were asleep and so were the old ladies. I felt my eyes slowly close as well, but I put this down to the heat in the hall. It was quite a struggle to keep them open. Eventually the service, which

the people called a Satsang, was over and we went outside for some fresh air. My husband, Geoff, and I walked over to the park nearby and sat down. I felt I did not want to go back there again. We had no alternative however, because we had to wait until the coach was ready to take us back home. I felt quite upset about the situation. I had been talked into it by listening to an Asian friend, who had told me about the healings this Holy Man had done. I had even brought a sick list from the local church, hoping that this Holy Man would heal the lot and probably save a lot of misery for the people, who were ill.

"I will have to go through with this," I told my husband. We slowly walked back to the school.

Raj, the young man who had told us of Mahraz Darshan Das, was waiting for us. "He wants to see you." Raj said.

"How does he know we are here?" I asked him.

"He knows everything," Raj said firmly.

Following Raj we made our way into an office to await the Holy Man. I felt hot again and started to feel quite ill. I changed seats several times to get some air and then suddenly I was sick over the carpet. My clothes, the carpet and chairs were all covered. I wished that I could have crawled under the floorboards. All I needed now was for the Holy Man to come in and see the mess I had made of his office. I wanted to go home.

Raj and my husband cleaned up the mess, gave me a glass of water and sat me down on a chair at the Holy Man's desk. The door opened and about 30 people walked in. Some sat and some stood. They were also waiting to see the Holy Man. Suddenly the door opened once more and Mahraz Darshan Das walked in. A surge of energy came into the room and filled it. I started to feel quite ill again.

Mahraz Jee glanced at me and instructed Raj in Punjabi to tell me I would feel better soon. I did not feel grateful for this information, only annoyance. I wished I was back home in Kent instead of sitting here.

The Holy Man talked to the people, answering questions, laughing and joking with them. I sat and watched. I was beginning to feel better. I wanted now to know what he was saying. The people were too busy listening to him to take any notice of me, so I waited until it was my turn.

Mahraz Jee asked Raj why I had come. I then produced my prayer list. He asked whether or not I believed in God.

I answered : "Of course I believe in God."

He then said : "Ask God for the healings."

I was furious and felt cheated. I definitely wanted to go home. Mahraz Jee turned to Raj and said : "I don't know what she wants."

I sat there feeling quite miserable. Then I remembered that two of my own family had asthma, so I asked Raj: "Could the Master help them?"

He sent for some Holy Water. When it arrived, he unscrewed the cap, looked into the bottle, screwed up the bottle and passed it to me with instructions for them not to eat fish, meat, eggs or alcohol and to drink the Holy Water. They would get better.

"Why can't they eat meat? As a Christian we are allowed," I said to the Master.

But he answered: "Why eat meat?"

I sat there not knowing how to answer this. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and told me to look at the Master's face. I looked at this young handsome man dressed in white with a long flowing beard. His eyes held a love and it shone on the people he looked at. He held your attention by his sheer beauty. I waited to see what would happen.

He was smiling at me and had moved a vase of flowers that had been blocking some of my view of him. His right hand was raised in a blessing and I could feel Love pouring out of his eyes. It was flowing towards me.

I felt a great surge of energy flow through my body and my heart ached with the Love that was filling it. After some minutes, which I was later told had been about fifteen, the room had become silent with everyone watching Mahraz Jee holding up his hand towards me and looking deep into my eyes. I could stand no more and looked down and wept. I stood up and walked to the door. I turned around to see he was still smiling at me and watching my every move. I went out of the room. People gathered around me to ask what had happened, but I was trembling violently and needed to sit down. I sat in the coach and waited for everyone else to come. I was filled with a great peace and his face kept coming into my mind's eye.

Geoff had been with me throughout this experience and he seemed very quiet. We sat and talked about it. He too had noticed that the Master's face had changed. It had taken on an unearthly appearance, his eyes had looked green. How can an Asian have green eyes? It had been a very strange day!

TWO

Daily I had thoughts of the Holy Man in Birmingham. I needed to know who he was, what had he done to me and why could I not stop thinking of him constantly.

I went to the library looking for books on spiritual matters. I found some about a Spiritual Master in the Punjab and read them. They did not help me. I went to Raj and asked him questions daily about his Mahraz Darshan Das.

Slowly I understood what his Mission was about, how the Master was changing the people that came into contact with him. How he talked of God and the Love songs he composed to let the world know of his Love for his beloved Nanak, the name he used for the Lord God. He was tuned into God and obeyed His every word. It was such a strange thing to have thrust upon me, but the Love inside me was growing. I knew I had to begin this journey, whether I liked it or not.

Raj told me that the Master had been 17 years old when he had started to preach for God. He had been out in the fields working for his father, where he had a spiritual revelation at the age of 13, which he ignored because he felt he lacked both age and knowledge. When he was 17 years old a vision of Guru Nanak appeared and told him he should give up his job, go out and heal people and tell them about God. He would be given the power to do so.

He used to travel miles on foot, healing and preaching around the villages of the Punjab. Later he started to travel on a motorbike between the villages and he was known as the Motorcycle Wallah Baba (The Holy Man with a Motorcycle).

When Mahraz Darshan Das Jee was 24, he opened a centre known as a Dera at Loni near Delhi where he established the spiritual mission of Sachkhand Nanak Dham. At this centre as with others, people from all faiths and religions could live and stay for as long as they wanted to. They were fed and given shelter. They heard the word of God. Many came for healing and went away, but lots of them stayed to be with the Master. He appointed Baba Jees to perform many of his duties, travelling around the countryside, preaching about God.

On the 16 February 1980, the Master founded Das Dharam, which is the promise by children of God to serve mankind on a practical level alongside the spiritual mission of Sachkhand Nanak Dham. He gave the people a slogan: 'Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala', which he said had been given to him by God for everyone's power and protection. He said that the slogan was not just for his followers but for all humanity. The Master simplified this in English to: "Do some good for somebody in your life."

In 1979 he first came to England. He often stayed in Handsworth, Birmingham, where he opened the Dera in 1982. He travelled between England and India monthly to give Satsangs to the crowds that now came to hear him preach. He usually stayed about a week and then went back to India.

The Master did not claim allegiance to any religion but insisted that the true religion of mankind is humanitarianism. He wanted all to worship God and said He lived within all hearts. The Master stated that he had come to rule hearts and not people. When you saw the faces of his followers I knew that was true.

6th October 1984.

My friend Penny came along with us to Birmingham. We

went by car, just in case one of us was ill. We could come home quickly, we reasoned. But we need not have worried. We were fine. He greeted the three of us, as though we were long lost friends. He blessed us and asked whether I would work for him. I nodded, too excited to speak. There was nothing that I wanted to do more. He raised his hand in a blessing. I looked directly into his eyes, but he pointed with his other hand for me to look at his hand. I did. Afterwards I gazed up at his eyes and thought: "No they are not green, they are brown." He threw his head back and roared with laughter. I realised he could read my thoughts. I gasped. He looked at me and nodded. He laughed once more. Who was he? I kept thinking, How can he read my thoughts like this? Other people had told me about it, but I had not believed it until now.

I had been told that the first time the Master glances at you, he connects you to his vibrations, a sort of 'born again' journey for your soul. It is a journey of a lifetime. The Master said: "The implements of love are sharper than the sharpest sword." I was soon to find out how true this can be.

The Satsang had been about 'Naam' and was taken from the Granth Sahib, the Sikh scriptures. The greatest treasure a Master can bestow upon his disciples is to give you the 'Word' or 'Naam'. It brings you closer to God and the Master then leads your Soul onto the right path. He steers you towards the end of your life in a path Godward. It is the strongest prayer, because it is given from God. It leads you back to Him. Hearing with the inner ear and seeing with the inner eye is granted to all followers, when they have Naam and pray in the proper manner.

I decided to put my name down for Naam. Geoff also had decided that he wanted Naam. So we joined the queue waiting quietly and wondered when it would be given.

The days leading up to November Sangrand, the day in the middle of the month when we went to Birmingham for the Satsang or service, were filled with a deep longing to be near the Master. I could not stop talking about him. Not everyone wanted to hear me.

Penny and I had been going to a class in Gravesend where a very clever Doctor had been teaching a group of us how to heal ourselves from almost any illness. The Doctor was devout Christian. He was in no doubt that God heals all illnesses, but we had to help ourselves. Most illnesses were only in the mind. It seemed a most complicated procedure to me with different methods to remember, but it did work on some people.

I had told some of the class about the Master and someone had told the doctor. As I entered the classroom one Monday morning, the Doctor stood there and informed me that he did not want any of his pupils to go to any sort of meeting. Nobody needed a Guru. He had forbidden his pupils to come with me.

I was shocked and could not understand his attitude at all. I knew he was a very devout man and believed in God, but to close his mind on this subject bewildered me. So reluctantly I left his class. I stayed friendly with some of the people that attended, but only Penny remained with me. Dr. Davies had done his work well. Penny and I were alone for over a year before any more English started to attend the Master's meetings.

About the same time I had telephoned the lady in charge of the prayer list for my church and had told her about the Holy Man in Birmingham. I had said that I was sure one sick boy on the prayer list would be healed because of the Master being told about him by an Asian who knew him. There was a silence and

the phone call was cut short. I thought no more of the conversation until later when the Vicar rang me. He asked me to resign from the prayer link, as I had broken the confidentiality by discussing one of the patients with outside people.

"It was done in love, not in gossip," I said.

"I think it would be best if you came off the prayer link," the Vicar said.

"Do you want me to try another church as well?" I said.

"If you feel you want to why not try the church in Milton or Chalk," the Vicar said.

I put the phone down wondering what was happening. I did not feel very happy about life at all. I phoned Raj and told him and he was round within minutes. Raj telephoned the Vicar and explained that the sick young man was a personal friend. Raj had been to see the Master about him. But the Vicar was not interested. I had to go and that was that.

I started to attend another Church in Gravesend, but this Vicar said the prayers too quickly and I fumbled throughout the service. I needed to go back to the Church I was used to, but may be this was God showing me I had to grow within. I did not know what to think any more.

End of October and early November.

The Master had gone back to India. The news on the television was of riots in Delhi and killings. I was worried about the Master and whether he was alright. The killings went on for several days and no word of the Master had been heard.

Raj told me not to worry. He would be OK.

11th November, 1984.

A peace and unity rally had been organised at the National Exhibition Centre in Birmingham. Geoff and I went along. We had no idea what it was about. On the platform sat a group of people, one of them was Mahraz Jee, I could not recognise him. One of my friends pointed him out to me. He had no turban or beard. He looked smaller in stature. I was shocked by his appearance.

To escape the riots his followers had insisted that his hair be cut short and his beard shaved off so that the Hindus would leave him alone. They were killing anyone who looked like a Sikh in the area. It seemed ironic that the Master had been born a Hindu. He invited people from all religions into his Dera. Yet when religions come into conflict, their adherents will kill whoever gets in their way. How sad people are, they have not really changed since the time of Christ!

They were listening to a group of children singing Christian hymns in Punjabi. When this finished, each of the people on the platform gave a speech, again in Punjabi. There was polite clapping between speeches. But Geoff and I decided not to stay until the end as we had no idea what they were talking about. It was not like Mahraz Jee at the Dera. We went home early.

17th November, 1984.

Geoff, Penny and I travelled to Birmingham for the Sangrand. The people made us feel wanted. They were friendly and warm. They wanted to talk to us. Food was brought to us. Cups of tea were given to us by people just wanting to be kind.

We listened to the Satsang. We did not understand one word, but I was sure all these holy words were sinking deep into my soul and somehow cleansing me. This made me feel a lot better.

The Master's eyes seem to have an energy, which when his gaze happened to reach you, made you feel as though an electric shock had touched your body, it was quite strange.

Afterwards someone had told us to try and look at the Master's eyes when he was giving the Satsang as it was straight from the Lord. The words and the energy were coming out of him. I understood what he meant for I had actually felt it that day.

We waited to see him after the Satsang. As we entered his office he looked at us and smiled.

In English, he asked us: "You going to have Naam?"

I nodded and he seemed pleased with us. He sent out for tea and we sat there drinking it, whilst he dealt with the people and their problems. Everyone adored him. We could see by their faces.

The love glowed as they spoke to him and waited for his advice. It was wonderful just to be in his presence and so near. We were filled with contentment and wonder that someone so very young could have this love and power to heal and help people. It made us feel very grateful just to be in his presence. We went home filled with peace.

End of November, 1984.

We had Naam given one Saturday evening. As I did not understand what the Master was saying, I prayed to God in English and was busy saying the Lord's Prayers when I felt the Master's hand upon my head as he walked past me. I opened my eyes and turned to look, but the door was closing and he had gone. The Master had touched Geoff's forehead as he walked

past too. What a blessing Geoff and I received, we both felt very honoured. But I felt sure that this had been done to penetrate the Naam into our memories and souls.

After the ceremony was over the words were written down on paper for us to memorise. We were told that after we had memorised them, we were to dissolve the paper in water and not to tell anyone what words we had been given.

The Naam was to be recited for as long as possible: the recommended time was for two and half hours daily, but if it was not possible, we should do as much as we could.

We were told : "When God gives you 24 hours each day, two and half hours in return is not too much to ask for." I thought of the tithing in the Old Testament, ten per cent of your wealth, may be ten per cent in prayer was also what it meant. I will have to try.

THREE

During 1985, what day or month does not matter. Events took place that was to overwhelm me.

I could not leave the photo of Mahraz Jee alone. I looked at it continually, always wondering who he really was. I sat in front of it and stared. "Wish you would look at me," I said to the photo. Immediately the eyes turned and looked. I walked away from the photo afraid.

I left the photo alone for several hours, but returned to it and sat down. The eyes stared straight at me.

Suddenly, sparks flew out of his eyes and went straight into mine. It was a burning sensation. A stream of tiny sparks continued to bore straight into my eyes. My head seemed to be held steady as I stared at the photo. After some minutes, or was it hours, I can't recollect, the sparks stopped and I closed my eyes. Within my eyelids I had the same picture of Mahraz Jee. It was as though it had been tattooed inside my eyes. This was unbelievable and there was not a soul I could tell. Who would believe me anyhow. The image of the Master stayed with me and then further events happened.

One Bank Holiday 1985.

Breakfasting first and then leisurely going upstairs to have a bath. I paused outside the small bedroom to look inside. There was a photo of Mahraz Jee standing on the dressing table. I stood looking at it for several minutes, when suddenly a white light flashed from between his eyes straight into my forehead. The force and the suddenness of this made me gasp for my breath.

I could still feel the tingling between my eyebrows and stood there waiting, but nothing happened, it had gone.

After having my bath, I put on my dressing gown and quickly went back to the photo of the Master, but again nothing happened. I was beginning to wonder whether or not it had been my imagination.

I took the photo into my bedroom and sat down and waited once more.

Suddenly, I felt a burning sensation pass through my body. Along my arms and into my fingers. Down through my stomach and into my legs and feet. It burned and tingled. It came in waves shaking the chair I sat on, making me tremble violently. I was terrified.

I managed to get off the chair and fall onto the bed and again the fire burned throughout my body.

What ever this thing was destroying me. The terror that overwhelmed me made it impossible for me to cry out. The force that was in my body was so great that the bed was shaking and the noise was tremendous. I wondered whether Geoff might come upstairs to see what was happening. He obviously was in the garden busy doing something, he never came.

I couldn't think what it was, this fire that was burning my body. It tossed me like a child, a plaything to pull apart and then if need be, to destroy. My mind was in terror and I was burning up.

Slowly, very slowly the 'thing' that possessed me started to quieten down. I sat up wondering whether I could go downstairs for a glass of water.

FIVE

Two of the Asian ladies came to our house to help prepare the food, called Langar. They arrived with large pans, which could feed fifty people, cloths to lay on the carpet for the people to sit upon. The ladies showed me how to pick out the stones in the lentils, to chant "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala," whilst preparing the food. It gives good vibrations, I was told. I was also instructed how to make chappatis and keep them warm, how Master liked his tea, and when he would take it. Normally he did not eat on a first visit, but we would see.

The telephone interrupted the cooking lessons constantly with voices saying: "You don't know me, but I believe Mahraz Jee is coming to your house."

"Yes, yes, please come, yes, you are welcome." I told each caller, wanting to get back to the cooking and the delightful teachers in the kitchen. I wondered how many people were to actually come this night.

My teachers gathered their belongings and were now ready to leave. I panicked: "Don't go yet, I won't know how to serve this up." They both smiled and in gestures assured me I would be OK. They went and I was on my own.

The furniture was taken out of the room and the clothes laid over the carpet. Slowly people started to arrive with their families. Some of them I knew, some were strangers. I fed them all with the traditional dhal with rice and for sweet, rice pudding, the Indian way. With blanched almonds and spices. Nobody seemed to want to sit on the floor, most English people do not sit on the floor anyhow, so they stood around whilst the children

my hands as if to give them the treasures I was holding, but hesitated and then turned back to the large wooden box and poured it into the opening.

I then prostrated myself before the Gaddi and turned to the Master and touched his feet. Then the energy left me and I sat down.

The Master called to one of the Secretaries and he came running to the front with a wad of pound notes. He handed them to the Master who called the names of the children who had been sat at the front and they were given money. The Charade was over and everyone started to laugh and talk. I sat there amazed that the Master could control me so easily. But at the same time grateful to know that it was him and that I was safe in his hands. A woman came to talk to me. She wanted to know if I knew what had been happening. I told her that I had known everything but was powerless to stop it. She moved away. I felt she was afraid of staying too close in case she caught whatever I was suffering from. Raj went and asked for a pound note for himself and one for me. Mahraz Jee gave me £2. We left for Gravesend.

I looked at the clock. I had been there for 4 hours.

I went downstairs slowly feeling drained and ill.

Geoff was sat at the table.

He looked at me coldly and then asked why had I wasted all morning by staying upstairs and not even getting dressed.

When I explained that I had to go back upstairs and that I was only getting a glass of water, he looked at me amazed.

The garbled story was met with disbelief as I tried to explain what had happened to me. It sounded too far fetched to be true.

So back upstairs I went wondering if I was really going out of my mind.

Going back to be subjected to this torture or would 'It' leave me alone.

I sat on the bed and asked for help. I prayed that this wasn't something Evil that had got hold of me and that I was under my Master's protection for whatever reason 'It' was doing this. Perhaps it was Karma, I don't understand this ancient law, or perhaps it was purifying me. I hoped the answers would come. None came. The fire returned and the process started once more. It lasted for another three hours and then it went.

I went downstairs feeling very weak. I could not eat and asked Geoff did he want anything. He had made himself food. He wasn't feeling particularly friendly towards me. After all it had been a holiday and it had now been wasted.

I went to bed early.

The next days, weeks and months were filled with mixed emotions. Some days I would be terrified as this energy took over me. It came so strong through the top of my head pressing it hard into my neck. As it passed through my stomach, I would feel faint and have to sit down. Other times, it would fill me with Bliss and I would be dancing and singing. It was an energy that I could not control. If I danced, I had no control over the steps in the dance. I felt like a child standing on my father's feet as he whirled me around on them.

Other days I became afraid of losing my sanity and wondering how much my body could take of this energy.

I talked constantly to the Master. I felt as if I was always in contact with him, he would protect me.

One day I was in Gravesend town centre about to cross the road. I looked up to see the figure of Mahraz Jee stretched across the sky. A huge vision of him dressed in his white uniform with his arms folded watching me. I looked around to see if other people had noticed this figure, but they all seemed to be oblivious to it. There was no escape now, he was everywhere!

Raj came one Friday evening and the three of us sat and talked of the Master. I used to sit and 'write' questions and usually received the answers to whatever was asked.

Whilst Geoff and Raj were talking, I started to write and instructions were being given that Raj and my self should attend Satsang in Birmingham the following day. I showed this to Raj who immediately agreed to come with me.

The Naam is hard to do. I cannot sit still, let alone sit cross-legged for two and a half hours. I try and do about ten minutes and find it hard to concentrate. My thoughts are still full of the Master. I find that I cannot stop talking about him to people. But the Naam is extremely difficult to do. The more I try, the harder it is to concentrate on what I am saying.

Strange things are happening in the house. Lights are on in rooms where I know they were switched off. I feel a presence wherever I go. I was afraid in the bathroom. When I looked in the mirror I saw a shadowy figure at the back of me. I shouted to Geoff to come up and see it, but he could not. I wonder if I am going mad!

There is a strong energy within me, I feel the force so strong that it whirls me about. I am going mad and I do not know who to turn to. Raj tells me that nothing can harm me. The Master is looking after me. I wish I had his belief.

My thoughts are continually of the Master. There is an ache in my heart which is so strong for him. When I see him however I am too afraid to ask about what is happening to me.

It is Christmas Eve. I am alone. I need help, but where do I go, I cannot go to the Church that I used to attend. I have called at the Vicar's house in Gravesend three times but he is not in. I must get help and try and find out what is happening to me. I sometimes get whirled off my feet with this energy that is inside me. It came about when I was in church singing Christmas Carols. This energy started to whirl inside me, when I was singing. It is frightening me.

We were invited to a Christmas Party next door. It was very nice, but when people started to get merry with drink and we were stone cold sober, they wanted to make us also have a drink and join them. I was glad to get home in the end.

Boxing Day.

We had a phone call to say anyone with Naam could go to Birmingham and see the Master. I will have to go. This is beyond me now.

I cannot cope with the shadowy figures, lights being put on and everything else. We set off for Birmingham, arriving late in the afternoon. We make our way to the house where the Master was. We are invited to join about 20 other people in the front room. One of the Master's personal assistants, sat with us to interpret.

One man asked if he could be a Baba Jee, one of the Master's priests. The Master turned to him and said: "Yes".

He then looked at me and asked : "Would you like to be a Baba Jee too?"

I shook my head : "I don't know enough about it yet," I answered.

The Master nodded and said: "Alright we will leave it a while".

I then asked what that shadowy figures were that I kept seeing.

He answered: "It is me. I am always with you."

I smiled with relief. All the other questions that I had wanted to ask simply dried up. I could not remember them. Besides I was here with him. Nothing else mattered. I felt full of love and happiness, simply sitting here and looking at him.

I did pluck up courage to ask about Jesus being in the garden after His Crucifixion. Mary thought that he was the gardener and had asked where had they put her Lord.

When Jesus had said: "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father." I asked why had Jesus said this?

The Master replied : "Because it was his soul she could see and souls must not be touched."

He smiled and said : "Do you want to ask any more questions?"

I shook my head.

He then said: "If there are questions you would like answering, dress in white with your head covered. Sit in front of my picture with pad and pencil. Your questions will be answered.

I stared at him in disbelief. How can this be? Who was this man to tell me things like this? The meeting ended and we came home. I was troubled by the instruction to sit in front of a picture to obtain an answer to my questions I could not see how this could happen.

We decided not to go to the January Sangrand. We had booked to go to Israel over that same period and I wanted to sort myself out. Every time I closed my eyes, the image of the Master appeared. The energy was still within my body. I was frightening myself with thoughts of entities taking me over. I was slowly driving myself mad.

I prayed continually to God to help me. I felt Jerusalem would be the best place for us to go to find some answers. I had found God's Love once before in Israel on our way home from Africa and now was the time for His Assurance to help solve this difficulty I found myself in.

12th January 1985.

We flew to Israel and stayed at a hotel outside the city walls of Jerusalem. From the window we could see the city lights in the evening. It was perfect weather for walking and there were so many beautiful places to visit. Each church I went into, I would break into tears and plead for help from God. But always I felt the Master's presence it comforted me, knowing he was with us.

We went by bus to Bethlehem and walked towards the church in the square. Passing inside we came into a large hall. On the walls are frescoes done in the most beautiful colours. All the walls have large areas where the fresco has been lost. These spaces have been plastered over and painted white. As I stood looking, all these blank spaces were filled in with what must have been the original pictures in the most brilliant colours. I could not believe the beauty of it all. I asked Geoff whether he had seen anything, but he had not. I prayed, I wept and I thanked God for his kindness, but asked Him also to help me with what was happening to me.

We came outside and sat down at a cafe on the roadside. As we sat and sipped tea I looked back across the square and to my amazement saw a shadowy procession of hundreds of people slowly marching into the square.

"Did you see that?" I asked Geoff. He shook his head and said nothing.

I am sure I am going mad now! I said urgent prayers to God to help with what is happening to me. We travelled to Galilee to what we were told was the site of the Sermon on the Mount. We stopped at the church beside the Sea of Galilee and went inside. I stood in front of the Alter, weeping as usual. I looked up to see the figure of Jesus Christ appear with his arms spread out, as though he was on a cross. It was over when I blinked my eyes, but I had seen him.

"Did you see that?" I asked Geoff, but he had not and I started to wonder whether I really had seen it. I had not been expecting anything like this to happen.

Whenever I thought of the Master, I had a slight pull in the middle of my forehead. He was on my mind between the bouts of weeping and praying for help.

Daily I saw manifestations and really through everyone else could see them. I kept quiet now as I wondered whether I had really lost my mind.

We visited the Garden of Gethsemane and went inside the church where the rock of agony is. I felt the tears pour down once more and felt that I knew the agony which Jesus had gone through. I realised however that it was simply my imagination. No one could have known the pain He had gone through. I asked for help again and again.

Coming outside the Church I walked over to a notice board where a prayer was printed. It read : "Father I do not understand you, but I trust you."

There was the answer. I had to do this and leave it to God.

Returning to the hotel one day we opened the door of our room, walked in and sat down. I heard the radio playing. Thinking that the cleaner had left it on I took no notice. The following day we came into the hotel room closed the door and sat down. After a few minutes the radio came on all by itself.

Could it be the Master letting us know he was with us? "Can you hear that?" I asked Geoff.

"Yes" he said.

I was relieved because it had seemed before this that only I could hear and see what was going on.

There were lots of places we saw in Jerusalem. Everything we did was enjoyable. The people we met were so lovely and the weather stayed sunny for the ten days we were there.

The longing to see the Master multiplied with the days. By the end of the visit I could not wait to go to Birmingham to see him.

I had gone to the Holy Land to ask for help from God as I did not really feel it was the done thing for me as a Christian to visit Holy Men. I am sure now that God had intended me to meet him. I was at peace with myself and was grateful to God for the help He had given me.

We went home looking forward to what was ahead and to seeing Mahraz Darshan Das in Birmingham.

February 16th 1985.

It is the day of the Sangrand in Birmingham. After the Satsang was over we were shown into his office.

The Master greeted us and ordered tea. 'You went away to hide!' he said.

"Yes we went to Israel," I answered.

"Did you like it there?" he asked.

"Yes, it was beautiful,"

"Did you see Christ?" the Master asked.

"Yes I saw Jesus Christ."

"Did you like the music?"

"Yes I liked the music." I answered.

We sipped our tea and gazed at this Holy Man, who could work miracles in lands far away and wondered at him. Who was he?

We sat for a long time watching him work with people and helping them. How I loved him for his compassion to them and his beautiful face that lit up with pleasure when he saw the children. We were indeed honoured to be in the presence of such a man.

How could I ever be afraid? He was always with us and nothing could harm us. So long as we pray to God, do Naam and help people. That is what the master preached and we were doing our best.

We went outside his office and stood talking to people. Our friend, Baba Jee Satwant, came up to us and asked whether we had had a good holiday.

He looked at us for a minute and then said: "You were on the third floor and the windows had green curtains looking out over the city!"

I could not remember what colour the curtains were in our hotel bedroom in Jerusalem, but we had certainly been on the third floor.

After some small talk we made our way to the car and headed home. "What kind of people are these who knew of our holidays? What else do they know?" I asked Geoff.

I did not mind God knowing all, but when it was ordinary people, it made me feel a little uneasy. Later as I came to know Satwant better, I realised he was not an ordinary person. His love for the Master was so great that it was a pleasure to know him. But at the time, it made me feel uneasy.

During the days following the Satsang, Raj and I visited the young man that had been badly injured in a road crash. We had persuaded his parents to make the hazardous journey by road to Birmingham to see the Master. We felt sure that this would make a difference to his condition. Food for the young man would be impossible on the journey so it had to be timed perfectly.

He chocked on the slightest movement, but he did need regular meals. Toilet facilities would be easy, as he had a bottle attached to him at all times, but it would take over three hours there and three hours back. Nevertheless his parents were willing to make the journey with us and their son.

The day was grey and bitterly cold. Rain had started and the wind seemed to drive harder. I wondered if they would change their minds, but no, they had the private ambulance standing outside the front door when I arrived and they were about to load him into it.

The journey was a nightmare. I tried to drive my car slowly in the middle lane avoiding the lorries, hoping that they in the ambulance could see me through the driving rain. Lorries flashed me to get out of the way and motorists sounded their horns, impatient to pass. I wondered, if they had known who was in the converted ambulance trying to follow me, whether they would have behaved in such a manner. We eventually arrived three and half hours later and stopped outside the house where the Master lodged.

The Master came outside and stepped into the ambulance. He sat beside the young man and looked at him with such compassion. He moved his hand over his body touching him tenderly. Then he smiled at the parents, stood up and went outside back into the house. It was all over within minutes. We started the journey back, hoping it would not be as bad as the journey there. The wind and rain died down and we arrived home late, but full of hope and faith that something would start to work.

Raj and I still went to see the young man every week and prayed for a full recovery. It was in the hands of God. We had to wait and see.

Raj still came to the house regularly and we talked of the Master. I still could not get enough information about him. I wanted to know every detail of the meetings others had with him, when I was not invited. What had they spoken of? Raj was very patient with me and helped me a great deal to understand about Asian life and how different the ways of each nation are.

FOUR

One evening the phone rang and to my surprise it was Dr. Davies. I had heard nothing of him since I had left his classes several months previously.

"I wondered whether you would take my wife to see your Mahraz Jee?" he asked.

"Yes, of course I will."

"She has no faith in my way of healing and suffers from a bad back."

"Yes, Doctor, I would be pleased to take her. When will she be able to come with me to Birmingham ?"

"Now I will have to see about that, I cannot rush things I will let you know," Dr. Davies said.

Later in the week he telephoned to say that he had mentioned it to his wife. She was thinking about it. He would get in touch again.

It was a further two weeks before we eventually made the journey to Birmingham with Dr. Davies's wife to see Mahraz Jee. He told her to not eat meat, eggs or fish or drink alcohol and her back would be cured. We came back from Birmingham with her and dropped her off outside their house. She had looked a lot better on the journey home and we hoped her faith would cure her back.

There was to be a Peace Convention in May organised by the Gravesend Committee. Mahraz Jee was to speak. I told

Dr. Davies about this on one occasion when he phoned. He seemed very interested.

He asked about the prayers we were given by the Master. I explained that Naam was secret and you had to obtain this from the Master himself. The other prayer anyone could say.

We kept in touch almost daily and a friendship began that was to help me through one of the most difficult times of my life.

Dr. Davies and his family came to the Gravesend Convention in May 1985, but to our disappointment, the Master did not come. Dr. Davies left early, but this had only whetted his appetite all the more.

He was now very interested in the Master. He had agreed to come to Birmingham with us to attend a Satsang.

I was now taking the advice I had received from Mahraz Jee on New Year's Day telling me that if questions needed to be asked, I was to sit in front of his picture, dressed in white and ask. It was working. I did not always ask religious questions. I am afraid I took this gift and sometimes used it rather foolishly, asking questions for myself and my friends about more trivial things.

The energy that whirled within was still there. I now found I could not control it at all. I would sometimes be swept off my feet. Once when buying a microwave oven with Raj, I just could not stand still. I was like a dancing dervish. Later I joked with Raj, but if he had not been with me, goodness knows what would have happened.

The longing for Mahraz Jee intensified and some mornings after doing Naam, my head felt as though my brain had been

suspended. I sat there, as though I was drugged not wanting to do anything but sit and think of the Master.

I entertained Raj and other friends with the writings, that came as a result of my questions. They asked many questions and I wrote down the answers that came to me.

I did not however wear white as Mahraz Jee had told me to do, nor did I do it in front of his photographs all the time, although I did when I was on my own. I know eventually that I was abusing this power.

I am sure that the Master did not envisage all that I had done when he had given me permission to ask question, but he allowed this to go on until one night at a house in East London, he stopped in front of me and told me, through an interpreter, that I was to go to Birmingham for three day before the September Sangrand.

Penny and Dr. Davies were to have Naam after the Satsang so they would bring Geoff. I could take the car and stay there in a Baba Jee's house. I did not relish this at all, although everyone was telling me how lucky I was to have been invited to stay by the Master.

I seemed to be able to stay for half a day at the Dera, but after that I always wanted to go home. This was for a number of reasons. Most of the people could not speak English. I was not used to the Indian food and I could not sit for long on the floor as the Asians could. I felt I would not be able to last for three days. The Master had said I had to go however and so I went.

I drove to Birmingham with a young man, who I had collected in London. He was the son of one of the Asian ladies I knew. He had been chosen to help prepare the Dera for the

Sangrand, which was considered a great honour. He was a pleasant young man and we talked of the Master all the way to Birmingham.

I arrived at the Dera in time to see the Master about to leave. He greeted me and asked whether I had a bed. I nodded after this had been interpreted for me. He swept past and was gone. I was bitterly disappointed, as I had heard that many people, who stayed at Birmingham had sat with the Master for hours and talked with him. Oh well, maybe tomorrow I thought.

I went to the Baba Jee's house and dropped off my suitcase. It seemed that no one took any notice of me. They were too busy talking in Punjabi. I wandered back to the Dera, where again no one spoke. All were too busy talking and arranging things, putting up extra tents, preparing speeches. No one spoke to me at all. I walked back to the Baba Jee's house and stood looking at a picture of the Master and cried.

No one seemed to notice me standing there. They either walked around me talking or turned away and went out of the back door. The more I looked at the Master's pictures, the more I wept and the pain within my heart was more than I could bear. I sat down and sobbed until there were no more tears. I felt exhausted. I went upstairs to my bed and laid down to sleep.

I awoke early the next morning. Every one else was still asleep. I went downstairs to make some tea and have a bath before anyone else needed the bathroom. There was a stale piece of bread in the bread bin and nothing else. I realised that normally chapattis are made for breakfast, but I did not know how to make them, so I ate the bread.

I took myself off to the park and walked and walked, wondering what kind of a day this would be. I still could not stop

crying every time I thought of the Master, but the more I wept the more the pain swelled in my heart. It was an uncontrollable grief that gripped me. I was helpless with the pain.

I walked back to the Dera and sat in the Hall, whilst people began to stir and start work. Still no one took any notice of me, they walked around me and in front of me, stood talking directly above my head, but no one greeted me or even saw me. I sat and wept more. I got up and wandered aimlessly around the yard outside, tears pouring down my face and looking quite dishevelled. All day I walked about weeping, not eating and no one speaking to me. They must have thought I was quite mad.

At the Baba Jee's house I received the same treatment. No one spoke to me, no one asked me whether I was hungry. Whenever I started to cry, they turned away in embarrassment. I was so upset about the whole thing I wanted to go home.

But I stayed and went to bed early once more, when everyone else had gone off somewhere. I awoke as usual when everyone else was asleep. I bathed and went for a walk in the park once more with tears pouring down my face. Eventually I went into the Dera and sat down, thinking no one would take any notice of me.

Sitting there trying to do Naam, I heard someone say to me: "If your heart is so full of pain, ask God to take it away!"

I looked up and a young man was bending over me. He sat beside me and said: "I know what you are going through so ask God to take it away. He gives you happiness and sadness, ask Him to give you happiness."

"I cannot stop this crying" I said.

He nodded: "I know, everyone goes through this that loves the Master.

Ask God to take it away, tell Him, you have had enough of the pain and misery, you would like happiness and joy instead."

"I cannot!"

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because it is not the done thing," I answered.

"Come and have some tea and I will tell you what happened to me," he said.

At last I had found a friend and one that wanted to talk to me. Already I felt a little better. We went and had tea. I listened to his story about what had happened to him. The love for the Master shone out of his eyes and he surrounded you with it. I was beginning to feel better and I silently asked God to take away the pain and the tears. The pain did go, but only for a short time.

The three days were creeping by so slowly. Still everyone ignored me and only spoke in Punjabi. I did not know whether I could endure any more. This was the third day. I would at least see Geoff, Dr. Davies and Penny and speak English. But it was 6.00 a.m. and they would not be here until late evening. Tomorrow was Sangrand. I had to stay and be there for that. I went outside and got into my car. I drove around the streets. I drove into the park car park and stayed there for a long time, not wanting to go back to the Dera or to the Baba Jee's house.

I reached for the pad and pencil that lay on the seat beside me. My hand wrote: "What are you doing, sitting in the park?"

I said aloud: "Because I am lonely and I want to go home!"

"Come back to the Dera, now!" I wrote on the pad.

I put the pad down and switched on the engine. I drove slowly towards the Dera. Turning the corner I saw Mahraz Jee stood waiting, with arms folded watching the car come towards him. I stared at him shocked. I did not even greet him and drove quickly around a corner to park. I leapt out of the car to look at him but he had gone. I ran into the Dera to try and catch up with him. He walked fast and disappeared into the office. I never had the personal contact with him, which I had wanted all the time I was at the Dera.

I knew it had been the Master that had commanded me to come to the Dera and I felt may be I would at least sit with him soon.

I attended the Satsang with the other girls that had been staying at the Baba Jee's house and sat in front of the Master. Later he collected the group together. They sat with their drums and harmonium and he sang to the congregation. One of the boys playing on a drum was not beating it at the right tempo. The Master looked at him and shook his head and waited, but it seemed that the tempo was still not right.

The Master pointed his fore finger at the boy's left hand and the hand stayed still. The muscles up his arm were moving, but his hand stayed frozen. I looked at this and could not believe my eyes. Then the Master laughed and moved his hand away and the boy carried on playing his drum as though nothing had happened. But it had, I saw his hand freeze in mid air!

I kept looking for English faces in the crowd. At last I saw Penny and the two men, Dr. Davies and my husband. Geoff. I was so relieved to see them. I went and sat down with them.

I looked terrible, my face was blotchy through crying and somewhat wrinkled! My clothes were creased and dishevelled. I badly wanted to go home. But Naam was to be given at 4.00 a.m. and everyone had to wait until this had been performed before they could leave the Dera.

The night was bitterly cold and there were hundreds of people walking around waiting for the ceremony to begin. It was like a football match with the cars, people and activity that was going on the early hours of a Sunday morning.

We waited until Naam had been given. We said good bye to Penny and Dr. Davies and made our way to Baba Jee's house where we sat on the settee and tried to sleep for a few hours.

Later in the morning we went back to the Dera where once more I was weeping and wailing. It was to be an important day for speeches, but I was now so tired that when one of the men came to talk to Geoff and me, I explained how tired I was. The man said he would ask the Master for permission for me to go home.

This was granted. The Master saw me and waved to me. I think it was a blessing, but I waved back to him in a friendly gesture. I turned and wept all the way to the car, then all the way back to Gravesend and for days after.

I prayed continually for help through the tears, asking for forgiveness for all the past deeds in my life, which were too heavy on my mind. Perhaps I need to get rid of vanity also, for whenever I saw my face in the mirror I was shocked at the wrinkles that were appearing!

Dr. Davies was indeed a good friend and telephoned each day to give me help with the suffering I was going through. He

had expected this to happen and helped me a great deal. He was happy now that he had Naam and could sit and pray for the full two and half hours at one go.

The situation at home was very strained. I had given up on even life itself. I needed to end it. Perhaps I could ask for help to die at the next Satsang, the following day.

The situation had not improved and we made our way to Southall. I sat in the hall at the back in total despair trying to pray for help. I could not look at the Master, unlike everyone else in the hall. I prayed that he should rescue me from this ugly situation or release me from this life that was destroying me anyway.

I kept out of sight, at the back of the hall wishing people would stop talking to me and to let me wallow in my misery. Sometime later I noticed somebody's feet to the right which I instinctively knew was Mahraz Jee. He stayed near me but the awe that usually overcame me had gone. I was too immersed in my own destruction to care.

Mahraz Jee then passed in front of me and stood talking to people as he lent against a radiator. The despair seemed to be lifting and I quickly glanced up to see what he was doing. He was watching me as he spoke.

Whether it was the nearness of the Master or the answer to my prayers. I could not tell. But a slow and gentle calm descended starting at the top of my head and working through my body. There it stayed and renewed life came through like a breath of fresh air. The destructive force had left me and I felt renewed. Alive again!

I silently said: "Thank you," to the Master. I turned to look at him and he nodded and walked away.

The need to see the Master grew with each day. Whenever he was in London, I would try to see him. He visited many people's homes and sometimes Geoff and I would be invited, which was marvellous.

We had been going to see Mahraz Darshan Das over a year now and after Satsang one Sunday, we went into his office to see him. He was waiting for us, alone except for one Baba Jee. The Master looked thoughtful. We waited not daring to speak.

He turned to the Baba Jee and said something in Punjabi.

"He is to come to your house on Sunday" Baba Jee said.

I sat stunned. "I can't handle this," I thought. What will I give him to eat?" I remembered how the Master could read my thoughts, but he was still preoccupied.

"Gravesend Committee will help you organise this," Baba Jee said.

"Master said he is bringing you into the Mission now," Baba Jee added. Then the Master stood up and smiled. We realised that the meeting was over.

I left the Dera with Geoff in complete panic, wondering how I could cope with this. I wept as usual all the way home.

The following day I phoned the doctor to tell him about the meeting and to let him know I was attending another Satsang in London.

"But you saw him yesterday," he said.

"I know and I want to see him again," I said.

"But you don't need to see him again," the doctor said.

"What's the matter John?" I asked.

"I am sending four of my girls to the Satsang, you may know them," he said.

Of course I knew them. They were the same ones he had told not to attend a Satsang with me a year ago. What a man? He had not wanted me to know that he was sending them.

When we arrived at the hall where the Satsang was being held, it was good to sit with the English girls that Dr. Davies had sent. I really felt that at last it was going to be different now, the English were going to come in their hundreds.

I invited them to come to see Mahraz Jee at my house and to bring whoever else wanted to come. They would all be welcome.

The Master looked beautiful, sat upon the stage dressed in white. None of us understood a word he was saying, but we sat and looked at him. It was magic to be there with him. We came home laughing and excited at the fact he was going to come to the English now. The tears subsided for a while.

So the next day, off we went to Birmingham arriving early evening. The Satsang hadn't started, but Mahraz Jee was already in his office receiving devotees. We went along to the office and was let in. Raj bowed to the Master and as I stepped into the office I felt the energy to take over and I bowed with my head touching the floor and there I stayed, unable to move. I managed to move. I managed to turn my head and saw the Master pointing up to the Heavens and then nodding at me. Raj came over and helped me into a chair, but again I slid down on the floor. Again he helped me and the Master looked at me and I stayed in the chair. He must have pulled a switch! I sat next to an English woman who completely ignored my behaviour and was talking to the Master in Punjabi.

Later Raj translated her conversation :

'Who are you Master'

"I am the Creator and you are my creation", was the Master's reply.

He then stood up and looked at me.

Everyone else stood up. 'Come with me' The Master said in English.

I followed him into the Satsang Hall and he walked to the front where the Gaddi was. In front of this is a large wooden box which is used for collecting donations for Dera.

He stood to one side and then faced me.

I slid down to the ground and prostrated myself before the Gaddi. The energy was controlling every move I made. I was raised to my knees holding up my hands as if to catch something. Having caught this treasure I was turned around to see very small children sat in a row at the front of the congregation. I lowered

ran wild upstairs into bedrooms. Little feet, making sounds like a football crowd, echoed throughout the house and the people still stood there and chatted. It looked like a cocktail hour at the local pub. One or two of us tried to make the people sit down before the Master arrived, but were not very successful. I was getting extremely nervous about the whole thing.

At 8.45 pm Mahraz Darshan Das arrived. As if by magic, everyone went quiet and sat there perfectly still, looking at him.

I had put a chair in front of the window for him to sit upon. He sat there for five minutes and then sat on the floor with everyone else. He had come with Raj and five other people, all of whom could speak English, so when he spoke his words were interpreted for us.

The Master accepted a cup of tea, which I took to him in deathly silence. The only sound you could hear was the cup rattling of the saucer, as I slowly made my way through the people towards him. I was so nervous, I was making it shake.

Several of the people, who I did not know had been invited, were clairvoyants. Some earned their living as such. One of the women told the Master about her daughter, who had been killed in an accident on the Isle of Skye.

The Master told her that there had been a red car at the scene of the accident. She stopped talking and thought about it.

"Yes, the red car had taken my daughter to hospital."

The Master nodded.

She asked him whether her daughter was in Heaven.

He smiled and said: "I will look after her for you."

I did not understand what he had meant, but it seemed to comfort the woman. He answered other people's questions and then before I had time to say anything myself, it was all over. He stood up and smiled, said : "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala." and was gone.

The ladies from Gravesend had been helping me in the kitchen to serve the food and wash the dishes, but they had stopped for a glimpse of the Master, all of us wishing it could have been longer. However they suggested I leave the cloths on the carpet over night and not to clean up as I would take all the goodness the Master had left.

Once everyone had gone and the last of the dishes had been washed, we stood and looked at the room, where the Master had sat down on the floor. Geoff threw a cushion on the spot and we went upstairs to bed. The next morning I came downstairs, opened the lounge door and looked at the spot where Mahrax Jee had sat. There upon the cushion my Siamese cat was sleeping. I presumed all the goodness was now in my cat. Someone told me later the cat probably deserved it. Of course, she did!

7th December, 1985.

It was the Master's birthday and a small coach load of English followers were going to Birmingham. We took flowers, mostly yellow ones, as we believed it was his favourite colour.

It was a lovely feeling at the Dera. It was marvellous being near to him and it was good to be there for his 32nd Birthday. Afterwards the Master sang with his group of musicians and his songs were to his Beloved, his Nanak, his God and ours. The message was that God does not change. He is always the same. Love one another.

The words of Jesus Christ are the same as these. As I looked at the Master with his band, I felt that I was looking at a Biblical scene. Maybe that was how Jesus would have been with the same love radiating. We came home late, but elated by the experience.

19th December, 1985.

The Master visited our house again and the same preparations were needed for the food and house before he arrived. The people still stood around and chatted, but they were a little more organised, as they had to sit and eat before he arrived.

The excitement mounted as I saw the car turn into the road. I did not want to take my eyes off him for one second, but I had to go into the kitchen to make the tea, or help make it. There was always some kind soul ready to help me.

The Master asked everyone, if they would like Christmas presents and of course we all said: "Yes".

We did not ask for anything, but I wished that we could afford a different car.

We then asked: "Is it possible for us to go to India?"

The Master replied: "Yes".

He drank some tea. Then, as before, it was over too soon and he had gone. He was probably going on to someone in Gravesend, where I know they would sit quietly, chanting holy songs and patiently waiting for the visit of the Master. Not a bit like the frantic goings-on in this house.

I did hope we would get it right soon. We had something to look forward to. On this occasion he had promised us that we could give him an English lesson.

2nd January, 1986.

Mahraz Darshan Das came to our home again and this visit lasted over an hour. The room was overflowing with people as usual. He sat on the floor between a young English boy and myself. He repeated the English words on the cards, much to the delight of the children. He asked me whether I had a book so he could learn a piece from it. I reached for a book of poems that had belonged to my Mother and walked over to him, opening it as I sat down next to him again.

I showed him one poem and he nodded. I went through the poem with the Master repeating the words. It must have been the longest poem in the book, there were nine pages but the Master kept on repeating until the end. When he had finished Mahraz Jee asked if he could keep the book so he could memorise this terrible poem. He then stood up, smiled at us all, gave us prashad, sugar crystals that he had blessed and was gone.

I later heard that he carried the book of poems in his brief case wherever he went. Sometimes he would take the book out and show people the length of the poem he had to learn for the English, eyes rolling in mock horror making everyone laugh. He never did come to recite his version of the poem 'Green Shutters'.

16th January 1986.

Mahraz Jee came to my house orice more to see the English. Many asked for healing for themselves, some for their families. We asked again was it alright for us to go to India and he said 'Yes'.

Most of us were simply sat there looking at him and wondering how long he would stay. Although I was always extremely nervous, preparing the food and making him tea, hoping that everything is working out right, I still could not believe my luck at him coming to my house. It was a great honour for us all that he did this.

30th January, 1986.

Cleaned the house and prepared the food for the Master, but this time, he did not come and my heart sank. Two of his representatives from Birmingham came and they wanted to set up a Committee with the English. A newspaper was talked about, but many of us were bitterly disappointed that it was not him. We listened to stories about the Master and we sat and ate the food, but it was not the same.

The meetings with the Master seemed to be getting fewer, although we knew he was very busy travelling all over England seeing the Asian community, I had a distinct feeling that he would not be coming to see us as often as he used to.

13th February, 1986.

Cleaned the house thoroughly and once more cooked the food and hoped that it would be the Master that came. It was and we were so excited about it. He even had some food and ate a very hard chappatti that had been kept warm for hours. But the Master said it was OK. He stayed for over two hours, it was wonderful!

16th February, 1986.

Hundreds of people were gathered in the school yard.

Master's Secretary had asked me to make a speech. A friend helped me to write it, just a few lines, but I was very nervous making it.

The Master made a long speech. He even mentioned the English, telling the congregation that he had been to my house and I had made him a meal. It had been made with love. Oh yes, he was right there! We certainly had love for him and although a disciple is given love from the Master, it is still up to the follower to realise God within in his own time. I felt I had a long way to go.

Although we still did not understand the language when he gave Satsang, I believed that the Master touched our souls and felt sure the learning process was much simpler for us than to have it all cluttered up with words.

We came home filled to the brim with love and thankful we could go and see this wonderful Holy Man.

9th March, 1986.

There is a Satsang at Southall and the large hall is filled up to the door. We manage to squeeze in at the back of the hall. Coming towards me was a badly crippled Asian girl, so we make way for her and sit her down in a chair that someone passes over to us. We listened to her story and it was so sad that we sit weeping with her. She has a six months baby boy, but cannot hold him because her hands are too deformed with arthritis. She fears her husband will leave her because of the disease. Her mother came to look after her, as soon as she had the baby, and continued to do so, until suddenly her mother collapsed and died.

I silently plead with the Master for help. Over and over again I call to him. "Please come and heal her, she needs your healing and help."

I look to where the Master was working. He stopped what he was doing, straightened up, turned around and looked at me. He waved his hand for myself, the girl and another friend to sit down and wait for him. He had heard our plea.

Within a few minutes he came over to us and spoke to the girl in Punjabi. He handed the towel he was carrying for her to keep: "Put it around your knees and feet. Do this every day," the Master told her.

The girl wept and thanked him. Her husband came over and helped her to her feet and they left the hall. I hoped that her faith was enough to heal this crippling disease. I wondered if I might see her again, but she never came back.

Later in the evening someone asked me to ask the Master for a healing for a man with a bad back. I saw the Master start to walk back towards where I stood. I approached him once more and asked for a healing for this man. He stopped, looked at me and smiled. Then he continued to look at me and I felt the love pulsate throughout my body, as it did the first time I had seen him in Birmingham Dera. I felt my knees go weak and my heart ache with the love that was pouring into my body. My legs gave way and I knelt at his feet. His hand touched my head in a blessing and then he was gone. A friend who had been holding onto my arm pulled me back onto my feet. I looked around to see where he had gone. Some of the people were laughing at me, but I did not mind.

I was too full of peace and contentment. "Now," I thought. "I wonder what made him do that?"

I felt great and so much alive. Wasn't it a wonderful life being in the presence of a Holy Man.

1st May, 1986.

The Master is to visit my home once more, but I am filled with apprehension. I have phoned some of the parents with small children and asked them whether they could keep them under control. It had not been taken very kindly by one or two and it seemed they were offended.

People started to arrive early. As had become the custom. I sat them down and gave them langar. One couple, who had been extremely irritated by the phone call to keep children under control arrived. They sat down and were given langar. Their children would not eat and left it. I asked the mother whether they could possibly eat it as it is considered holy food, because it is specially blessed in honour of the Master and should not be thrown away. The mother snatched the plates out of my hands, telling me if her children did not want to eat it, they would not. She stormed into the kitchen and flung it into the sink, much to the surprise of a friend stood there washing all the trays. I had not expected this outburst and it unnerved me.

The Master arrived and he sat down. He asked that everyone eat with him, so trays were hurriedly produced again and given to all. A small amount of food was put on each tray. All sat there, including the two children, who did not want to eat previously. Everyone cleared their plates..

As the Master was about to leave, he informed us if there was any more trouble, he would withdraw from coming to see us. He looked directly at me and nodded. I felt the words were directed at me. I felt numb. How we behaved had been awful.

Now differences were making it impossible for our Holy Man to come and see us. I was so distraught I did not even see my son and daughter leave the house.

The following day a friend called as she had seen how affected I had been.

"Why don't you let someone else host the visits now?" she said.

"Let them clear out the furniture each week and cook for 40 or so people and have the tantrums from some mothers."

I agreed that it was about time someone else did it. Maybe they could cope better than I did.

SIX

11th May, 1986.

A meeting with the Master in Birmingham was held to discuss the newspaper. Also on the agenda was the question of looking for a suitable property in the South East area where meetings and Satsangs could be held. I knew of one such property. It was the house where the boy in a coma lived. His parents intended to sell and move to a bungalow. I asked the Master whether he would be interested in looking at the house and he agreed to do so.

"Master, I will take you to the house on one condition."

The room suddenly went quiet as this was translated to him. He looked across at me and smiled, waiting for me to finish talking.

"If you will make the boy better, I will take you to his house."

He continued to smile and then he nodded: "OK, no problem," he said.

I was then told to telephone his parents and arrange for a meeting, which I did. This was to be the next day, Monday.

Monday 12th May, 1986.

We waited for the Master at the Dartford Tunnel along with Dr. Davies, who had brought his brother for the Master to heal. He had been ill since a child and was in hospital, allowed out only for visits.

The traffic never stopped. The waiting went on. Now after

two hours waiting Dr. Davies has to get his brother back to hospital. Sadly he drove away, hoping there would be another time for his brother to meet Mahraz Jee. Ten minutes later the Master arrived, full of apologies for the delay. If only Dr. Davies could have waited!

We drove to see the boy in a coma. As we knocked at the door, I realised that they would be having their dinner. As the door opened, the smell of meat wafted through to greet us. The Master said nothing. He went inside where he was shown into the front room to sit and wait. After some ten minutes the boy's mother came into the room. She escorted us to the large annexe, which they have had built, where the boy lay.

The Master looked at his feet and then laid his hands upon his forehead. He stayed touching his head for a long time and then, in English, said: "I have done my best."

I looked over towards where his mother stood. We smiled at one another and both turned to Mahraz Jee.

We said: "Thank you."

I wanted to bow at his feet, but he prevented me and said: "No."

The gratitude shone in his mother's face. She said that now she knew he would get better. It was the only thing that was keeping her going.

We slowly walked outside through the kitchen where the meat was cooking. I saw the Master's face was pale, he did not look well. He turned to me once we were outside and said in English: "It is the meat." I had not realised how the smell had affected him, but he carried on looking at the outside of the house

and on to the outbuildings. Then, after thanking us for showing him the house, he left for London. We made our way home, full of gratitude that he had come to see the boy.

My weeping and the longing that gripped my heart continued throughout the weeks. It became so bad that Geoff and I went to Birmingham to get help from the Master for my state. As we entered the office I noticed that there were several people just sitting with the Master, which surprised me as it was Wednesday and most people were at work. I later found out that he was never alone. There were nearly always several people with him. No doubt they would all listen to my troubles when I tell the Master and I felt this would be rather embarrassing.

I wanted to tell him of the energy throughout my body, but my courage failed me. I talked of trivial things instead. I had been to see my daughter in Sardinia for three weeks. I had missed coming to Birmingham. There is conversation at the side of me. Two Asian girls were talking and giggling.

"I even looked for you, Master. I thought maybe I would see you." I said.

There were hoots of laughter from the girls.

"What did she say?" I asked one of the girls.

"She has just said: 'Now she will say that she wanted to see him on the beach'."

I laughed with them, but now I knew I could not say anything personal, because I felt it would be talked about long after I had gone.

Geoff interrupted and said: "Could you please help her with the depression she has, she cannot stop crying?"

I looked at the Master, but he was looking down at his desk.

He listened to what was being interpreted by his Secretary and said: "The tears are not depression. It is a sign that the soul is wanting to go back to God."

Later he told me to wash my hair each day when I bathe before doing Naam. The Master looked at me. Again his Secretary interpreted what he said.

"I am coming to Gravesend tonight. I will call to see you."

I thanked him and we left immediately. We arrived in Gravesend ahead of the Master, calling in at people's houses to let them know he was coming.

We raced around cleaning and cooking and borrowing until the next day when it would all be rapid. Preparing dhal and rice pudding and hoping everyone would turn up. But only Dr. Davies and two other friends managed to arrive at the house before the Master. He came in and sat down in a chair that I had draped with a white sheet. He had other calls to make so it was going to be a pretty quick visit. He could not stay for a meal. We sat and looked at him.

"Could you help me with Punjabi, Master? I am not very good at learning it." I said. I had knelt in front of him to ask this question.

The Master gazed down at me, putting his fingers at each side of his temple. I again felt the love pour onto me again.

I managed to go and make some tea for him. Then he

was off on his way to see other people in their homes.

He never came again. Future meetings were planned in rooms above a shop in Gravesend, but the Master never went there either. We continued to go to satsangs around Kent, London and Birmingham, but the visits to the English were over!

My crying continues and the love for the Master is hard to bear. I have a bad pain in my forehead most of the time and I feel quite odd. I am absorbed in this longing for God, but how useless I am in this condition.

August 1986.

I arrived early at a Satsang in Chatham and talked to the Master's driver. I told him how lucky he was to be with Mahraz Jee at all times.

"Do you want to be with him?" he asked.

"Of course, who wouldn't," I answered.

"I will ask him whether you can be with him and travel in his car to Satsangs," he said.

"Oh now look, don't do that, he is far too busy, please don't bother," I said.

"No bother, he listens to me, I am his friend, he will let you do this. I know he will," he said.

I wasn't keen on this idea, but I could not persuade him to change his mind, so I left and went into the Satsang Hall. The following Sunday there was a meeting at Southall. I had to see the Master's driver as he would have an answer for me. There he was. waiting to see me.

"I asked Mahraz Jee, if you could stay with him but he said there is no room for you in Birmingham to stay. But if you want to attend all the Satsangs in London, you can do that. You can go and sit in his office with the others before he gives the Satsangs."

I stood there feeling embarrassed. I had already known what the answer would be and I felt ashamed.

The driver answered cheerfully: "No that's OK. We will see you at the Satsangs every night for a fortnight OK!" and walked away.

Monday 12th July, East Ham.

We arrived at the Hall early and I waited inside near the front so that I could see when the Master arrived. I thought they would probably call me.

The waiting continued and the people started arriving. The Hall was filling up. After two hours the Satsang started and we had not been called to sit with him. Master gave out prashad and when it comes to my turn, he did not even give me a glance. I was so distressed that I could not stop weeping all the way home.

Wednesday, Southall.

We arrive early again, nearly two hours before everyone else. We sat at the front so I could see when the Master arrived. They did not call me in the office and I get the same treatment from the Master again. What was wrong, what had I done?

After the Satsang we were invited to the house where Mahraz Jee was going and we sat and waited for him.

— Moments With The Master —

He saw us and said "Hello." Well that was better than nothing at all!

Thursday, Edmonton.

The same treatment, not a glance and it is hurting so much.

For a fortnight the Master ignored me. Each time I went to a Satsang I had the same treatment. I should never have let the driver talk to him about wanting to be with him. I thought.

Edmonton, Satsang.

I was helping my friend feed the people before the Satsang and I was pouring the tea.

The Master walked past and said: "Hello."

His driver walked past: "Are you not coming into the office to sit with him?"

"Sorry, I'm too busy doing the tea for that," I said cheerfully.

Underneath I wanted to run and throw myself at the Master's feet.

"Good," said the driver: "Do your duty," and walked into the office.

16th August, 1986.

The Birmingham Sangrand was very packed. The longing for the Master was painful. He passed by and I look up at his face and saw a cross on his forehead. This is the second time

I had seen it. I wonder what it meant.

Someone explained the Satsang to me. It is important to do Naam regularly. Our soul's relationship to God is that of a bride with the groom. The method of uniting the soul with God is nurtured in the forehead, which is known as the third eye.

I wondered if that is why I had such a bad pain in my forehead. The Master must have been cleaning me! Maybe there was hope for me yet.

Thursday.

I went to see the boy in a coma. I hoped to see some change, but there is none. I took a friend with me and we asked silently for the healing to begin. I decided that I must ask the Master, when will he be healed?

Wednesday 3rd September, 1986.

There is a Satsang at Southall, and as usual the hall is packed. As the people queue for prashad, I ask for a translation of the Satsang. I was told that Masters cannot be understood on a human level, because they are filled with the Spirit of God. There can never be a friendship, because this does not go with the teachings of Masters. It is for educating the mind and heart and cannot be broken into different streams. The river must flow in one direction and when it is flowing fast, then the work begins.

What a strange thing to say, I thought, and pondered on the words. I could see that Mahraz Jee was about to leave and suddenly remembered I had not asked about the boy in a coma. I started to walk to the front and the Master saw me coming. He looked very stern and I knew he did not want to talk to me.

I was determined to ask and continued to walk nearer. I stood waiting for him to finish talking to one of the Baba Jees.

"Ask the Master, when will the boy get better?" I said to the Baba Jee.

This was translated and the Master looked at me and said in English: "Punishment from God, will not get better."

I stood there, not wanting to hear the words, with tears pouring down my face, feeling desperate and wondering how I could change his mind.

"Why you cry?" the Master shouted.

"Because he can't swallow food, he can't speak, he chokes, he can't walk, he can't talk," I shouted back.

But he was speaking in Punjabi to the Baba Jee that stood near me.

He looked at me again: "You do nothing for the Mission."

The Baba Jee quietly interpreted, but all could do was look at the Master, who seemed to be so angry with me.

More conversation was being repeated, but I could not take it in. Why did he go to see him, was it because I had done something wrong? I stood there weeping with the people quietly watching this performance.

The Master started to walk past me: "Punishment from God," he said and then touched my shoulder and was gone.

The Baba Jee was explaining something about arranging a meeting with the Master for me regarding the boy, but I was

past caring. I too walked away, tearing my headscarf off with anger and running through the crowd to get into the car and go home. I needed to get away from here and think straight.

I was angry and full of despair for the boy.

"I'm not coming again. I did not know why I come anyway. I'm treated like a leper when I do. I'm not coming any more. I can't. They don't care about him, Geoff, they don't care."

The Master seemed to have time for everyone, but me, I thought. I was sure that if someone else had asked for the healing, it would have been alright by then. I did not understand what was happening. We drove home to Gravesend.

The next Thursday I went to see the boy in a coma again and asked God for healing and help for the family.

I wrote to the Master a long letter giving him details of the boy's accident and how his family were caring for him instead of leaving him in Hospital. How all the churches in Kent were praying for him and how his parents continued to hope and pray for a healing for their son. I asked the Master for help for him and his parents. Now all I could do was wait.

5th September, 1986.

The longing to see the Master was so great that I cannot stay away from his Satsangs. We went to Gillingham.

As we arrived the Master arrived also. We waited for him to pass.

Normally he greeted us, but this time, he saw Geoff and me and said:

“Hello, Geoff.” He ignored me.

I felt ill and I did not know what to do any more. Why was he ignoring me and making me feel like a leper? I seemed to upset him, each time he saw me now. I could not handle it.

At the end of the Satsang, one of the Baba Jees gave out the Prashad instead of the Master. He was rushed off to a house in Chatham for langar. Usually we were invited, but not this time. We really were outsiders then! The pain of not being able to be near him was unbearable and the ache within my heart was also unbearable. What was happening to me?

SEVEN

6th September, 1986.

We had just finished a sponsored walk to raise money for Dr. Barnados with members of the Mission. There was no reply to my letter about the boy from the Master. I was still visiting him and praying for a healing, but I have very little hope since the meeting with Mahraz Jee. I could not let his parents know what Mahraz Jee had said. I wished I had never become involved.

18th September, 1986.

We went to see the boy and prayed for him. It was not what I wanted, but what God's Will was. Mahraz Jee never interfered with God's wishes, but I was sure he had told Raj that the boy would get better. I was utterly confused and miserable. Life seemed to be a continuous bout of weeping and pain. The Master still ignored me at all Satsangs and still there was no reply to my letter.

28th September, 1986.

A meeting of all Committees in the Mission was held in Southall. I listened to what was being interpreted. The Gravesend Committee were not writing their reports. I could help them as it was Raj and his brothers. I would not mind typing the reports for them. I asked to speak.

The Master looked at me and said: "No!"

It is always in public that the Master corrects me.

His speech was later translated for the group of English. One part troubled me, for he said: "My God does not believe in raising dead bodies unlike the Muslims and Christians believe."

I did not understand. There is only one God. Does this mean the Holy Bible is wrong? Maybe it is not in the Bible. I was so confused that I did not know what to think or do any more. I felt life was very troubled. Everything was hopeless and he still ignored me.

Later his Secretary signalled that a letter was on its way to me. Maybe there would be some hope for the boy.

After the Satsang was over I sat at the back of the hall close to a young Asian woman with a baby cradled asleep in her arms.

“Look,” she said nudging my arm.

“Look at the light coming out of his hand, as he sings to God. It is radiating all over us.”

I looked, but I could not see anything; only beauty and the love of this man, who was singing to his God.

The words were translated for me : “I am singing to my God and he is blessing me and you, the congregation. I am giving you God’s Blessing!”

He went on singing with his group of young men, who were playing drums. One was playing the harmonium and some were clapping to the rhythm. The scene was set and it made me think of Jesus and his disciples. Maybe they too sang like this to God.

The congregation were quietly watching, maybe 300 of them. They too could not take their eyes off him.

The song went on: “His blessings are showering you, the congregation.”

It felt that way, there was an energy that made everyone feel love. it was beautiful to be there. The heart ache and tears subsided.

I received a letter from the Master about the sick boy. It informed me that these are spiritual matters and must be left to his discretion. When Mahraz Jee felt the time was right, all would be taken care of.

Well, that was that. I could not do any more, but just keep going to see him and his parents and trust in God.

29th September, 1986.

I started going to work in Gravesend. I needed to get out of the house.

Things were going wrong with the English Committee. There were only Geoff and I left on it and we could not do very much by ourselves. Many of the English had left mainly due to language problems. Although we had organised a sponsored walk for a local school and raised £ 259.00 for them, which of course they were delighted with. We used the school for Satsangs on a Sunday, so this was our way of thanking them. We continued to go to Satsangs, but the Master gave me the same treatment as usual. I still could not stop this weeping and longing. It was painful. I would have to get on with life, I supposed.

4th November, 1986.

The Satsang was finished and the Master was stood talking to someone. Suddenly I heard raised voices and looked to where Mahraz Jee was standing. I saw a man stood before him swaying a little. He had obviously had too much drink. The Master shouted at him. He then raised his hand and slapped the man, who fell to the floor. I could not believe what I was seeing. I was so shocked and a little afraid. I wanted to run but did not. The man got up and staggered out of the door. The Master turned to some children and smiled at them, as though it had never happened! It looked very violent to me!

10th November, 1986.

Satsang at East Ham. It was here that the Master sang a song with the most beautiful melody. I wished I could have heard it again. I queued for prashad. Mahraz Jee smiled, and gave it to me and then blessed me. I wept more than usual on the way home.

11th November, 1986.

Satsang at Strood and my chest was worse than ever, I could not stop coughing. Waiting for prashad I silently ask the Master for help.

"Please heal my chest. I have a job and I must go to work."
I told him silently.

When I stood before him Mahraz Jee looked at me and nodded; he had heard my request. I thanked him silently and walked away.

18th November, 1986.

Satsang at Strood and I felt better. My chest was great. The translation I was given was about the glory of God being described in the scriptures. God cannot be found there. He can be found through the help and guidance of Master; and despite our prayers some of our desires are not fulfilled. We fail to ask or delve into the reasons for our failure. If you have common sense, you should ask for the cause of this sorrow and a prescription would be given by a Master. If I had the nerve I would have asked, but my courage always went when I was before him. I went home in tears as usual.

22nd November, 1986.

Satsang at Southall. During the Satsang Mahraz Jee was looking at me several times. I silently asked forgiveness and for

help with the boy in a coma. There was no change in his condition.

23rd November, 1986.

I had a very painful lower back, cannot get relief even with sprays or other treatments. I was also so full of grief. I could not stop crying. When was this going to stop?

30th November, 1986.

I have 'phoned the Dera in Birmingham for help with my back. It was so bad, but they told me to 'phone again later. I did this. I was told I had a trapped nerve and should have it massaged. It was quite difficult to find someone that does this in Gravesend. Lots of Asian people do this, but I cannot find anyone to help me.

1st December, 1986.

I went to East Ham to a Satsang. It was a very difficult journey, as my back was still very bad.

2nd December, 1986.

I went to Strood Satsang. I had to sit on a stool as I could not reach the floor. The Master saw me sitting higher than the rest of the congregation and he looked up. I felt a pull within my forehead as he did. It did not help my back though. He just gave me prashad afterwards.

The translation of the Satsang I was given was: "If you have aches and pains, do your Naam."

But I do and I still do not get relief.

4th December, 1986.

A few friends came to the house and one of them gave me a healing for my back. Unfortunately nothing helped me.

7th December, 1986.

It is the Master's birthday, but I could hardly sit, stand or walk. The pain is unbearable. I pleaded silently at the back of the hall for the Master to have pity on me and help me with the pain. He simply did not see me at all now.

Master's two personal assistants, came over to me and took me by the arms. They gently walked me out of the hall, telling me that they were taking me to the Master's lodgings, where someone would massage my back and help me. This was done and I had relief for a while until on the way home, we drove over a bump and the pain came back with a vengeance.

9th December, 1986.

Satsang at Strood and it was getting more painful, the way the Master ignored me. No relief with my back as yet.

The translation of the Satsang was: "What your Lord or Master gives you during this relationship is with the best intentions for you, because he is aware of your needs. Even during times of trial and tribulations these tests he only gives to his Loved ones."

I could not see that part being for the likes of me!

"During the cold months we heat our bodies by various means, but the heat required for the heating of our souls is Naam. His remembrance, His Love, His Yearning, when your soul has required the Lord's warmth, then none of these outside worldly cold soells will disturb you."

"O man, leave your bad deeds and turn to devotion, for I am your Creator, know Me for there is no one who will accept you except I."

I was grateful for the translation, but I wondered whether the Master knew how I suffered. May be I did deserve all the sorrow, but there did not seem to be any let up from it.

He did not speak at all to me. As the words were translated, it did little to relieve the loneliness I felt. I prayed to God for guidance and asked for the pain in my heart to be eased, as well as the pain in my back!

16th December, 1986.

After the Satsang was over, there were questions and answers. I stood up and asked about Jesus and why it took seventy years or more before the New Testament was written. Something about Jesus did not write anything and that the followers were not educated men. It had to be left until scholars were available to transcribe the letters for the people to hear. It sounded pretty sensible, I suppose. I then told the Master that the English needed him too.

His reply was in English. "You do it, I give you permission." I could not believe he meant me.

I went home and wrote a letter telling him again that the English needed him. We were fast disappearing, only a handful of us left. It was so nice when there was a crowd of us. I wondered if he would reply.

23rd December, 1986.

We attended a Satsang in Strood. I took an azalea plant that the family of the sick boy had given me as a Christmas present. I felt that if I gave it to the Master, it would remind him of his condition.

I handed it to one of the Baba Jees and tried to keep out of the Master's way. I did seem to irritate him these days.

30th December, 1986.

We went to Strood with two friends to see the Master and listen to the Satsang. I felt that I am dying inside with the need to be near him, but he simply ignored me and did not speak.

What a sorry state I was in, so was Geoff. He had a bad skin complaint and he could not move his hands, they were so swollen.

31st December, 1986.

I attended a meditation group that were praying for World Peace. Fifty million people were praying all at the same hour and we were sure God would hear our prayer.

I also asked for help with Geoff. He was in a bad way. He could not hold a cup, knife or fork. His hands were like footballs. He was so ill. We take it in turns to be ill.

1st January, 1987.

I awoke at 5.00 am as usual. A new day and a new year, I wondered what it had in store for us. Outside it was dark and raining. I helped Geoff dress and gave him a drink and prayed to God for help with his hands. He was suffering so much.

Will the Master ever speak to me again? Will the English ever have translations of the Satsangs? Most of them had simply faded away.

I wondered if I would go the same way; if I did it would be his will and not mine.

Perhaps this new year will be the year for answers to my questions. I find that the Master is in my thoughts continuously even though my heart is full of pain and is weary. Yes, I feel 1987 will be a year to renew and remember the good times and reflect on how lucky we are to have a Spiritual Master to guide us.

EIGHT

3rd January, 1987.

We drove to Birmingham to ask for help for Geoff with his skin. When the Master saw his hands, he called for his Secretary to take him to the shower room and put his hands under the shower repeating Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhalo.

I asked for a blessing to do his work. He put his hand on my head and said: "OK."

I came back to my place and sat down.

Someone said to me: "Mahraz Jee was asking you whether you had received his letter, as you walked away. Didn't you hear him?"

"No I did not. I could not hear anything and no, I have not received any letter," I said.

But as I looked at the Master, he was talking to people. There was no way I could go and tell him. I would just have to wait and see what his letter said.

We stayed until 2.00 am. not wanting to come home and face our lives. I could put life off whilst I was with him. Cares were forgotten and worries passed straight out of the Dera's window.

4th January, 1987.

Geoff was really bad with his hands. I went to collect some homoeopathic powders to give to him. I hoped they would work.

5th January, 1987.

Geoff was too ill to go to work. He had been up all night in agony with his hands. The skin started to hang in great sheets, so he peeled it off and they were now just flesh. I did not know what to do any more. I phoned the Dera at 4.00 am this morning, but no one could help us. An Indian Homoeopathic Doctor came to see Geoff, then phoned Mahraz Jee to let him know how ill Geoff was. No one could tell us why his hands were so bad. We bathed them in a solution the Master prescribed. It gave some relief. They were swollen and looked like claws. He could neither open or close them. I fed him like a baby.

10th January, 1987.

I phoned for the local doctor to come to see Geoff, as I could not cope any more. She was trying desperately to get him into hospital, but as it was a skin condition, they did not consider it an emergency. We were now trying private clinics, as it was getting extremely urgent; for he was not eating or drinking and would not try. The weather was turning bad and they are forecasting snow and blizzards.

12th January, 1987.

We had managed to get Geoff into a private clinic about six miles away, but the journey was a nightmare. It was turning icy and blizzards have started. My friend Terry helped me with him.

For three days and nights I was trapped in the house unable to get to work or to see Geoff in the nursing home. On 'phoning the clinic, they told me he was on steroids and his hands were improving slowly. I still had no letter from Mahraz Jee.

16th January, 1987.

I brought Geoff home from the clinic and he was looking much better. His hands looked nearly normal. He was still on lots of tablets.

22nd January, 1987.

I had telephoned the Dera to make an appointment to see the Master. I had written a list of dates and names of people for whom I had asked for healing from the Master and none were cured. I knew other people were cured and I wanted to know why. Maybe I did not have enough faith, but I had to find out.

I looked through this diary at the dates Mahraz Jee came to the house and I had the feeling that maybe he did not like coming to see us. If that was the case, I did not blame him for staying away. We seemed to be nothing but trouble!

24th January, 1987.

I saw the Master in Birmingham and I asked about the people that have not been healed. Was it something I was doing wrong?

The Master said: "No, I was not doing anything wrong," but never answered the question. Or if he did, no one bothered to tell me. I asked about Geoff. The Master said that it was all the poison from the medicines coming out of him and that he would slowly get better.

I asked whether I could work for him and he told me to write to his Secretary regarding all these matters and that he would come to my house on Tuesday.

27th January, 1987.

Mahraz Jee did not come, but he sent one of the Baba Jees. It was very nice.

29th January, 1987.

I went to the Satsang at Strood. I was ill once more with a bad chest. Why did we take it in turns to be ill?

30th January, 1987.

Geoff found that he would be made redundant later this year. What a start to a New Year!

3rd February, 1987.

After the Satsang at East Ham, Mahraz Jee's Secretary handed me a letter. It was from the Secretary and not signed by Mahraz Jee. It informed me that the Master was far too busy to come to my house. There was no mention of any work, it was simply ignored.

Tuesday, the next day at the Satsang in Strood, I worked all evening in the kitchen with the Indian ladies. I was glad because the Master did not come, he sent one of the Baba Jees.

Saturday. We decided to sell the house, as we would not be able to afford to stay here when Geoff has no job. We were decorating the kitchen to make it brighter.

Tuesday 10th February, 1987.

The Satsang at Strood was on the importance of Naam. Mahraz Jee never spoke to me at all then. It was as if I did not exist. I wished the pain in my heart would ease and the tears dry up. Life had no taste at that moment. It was so painful.

Sunday 15th February, 1987.

There was the big Satsang at Birmingham. I felt we needed to speak to the Master and ask what was the best thing we could do at our age with no work and very soon no house. Many people were queuing to see the Master, so I waited until they were seen to.

One of his Secretaries walked by and I grabbed his arm. I asked if he would be so kind as to ask the Master to spare me some time. I watched as he went to talk to Mahraz Jee. As he speaks, I saw the Master look up and look straight at me. He nodded his head and I slowly make my way through the crowd towards him.

But as I stood in front of him, the Secretary suddenly barred my way and said : "Is this really necessary? He has so many people to see to, you know."

I started to weep and he looked away embarrassed. I asked for help. Should we look for a smaller house and what should we do because of the job finishing? But there was no one interpreting for me. I wonder if Mahraz Jee would understand.

At last the Master looked and smiled and said in English; "OK, no problem."

I thank him through the tears and make my way to the back of the hall to pick Geoff up and head for home. I hoped our faith would get us through the problems ahead.

17th February, 1987.

There was a Satsang at Strood this evening. I went alone, as Geoff was away on business.

After the Satsang the Secretary handed out certificates commemorating the sponsored walk the people had done for the local school. I am handed mine and Geoff's as well as those for a couple that live nearby to us in Chalk. I would stop on the way home and give them the certificates.

The Master was surrounded by people. He was laughing and talking to them. One lady handed him a five pound note. He signed his name upon it. I wondered if he would give me his signature as well. I only had the certificate with me but I stepped forward, smiled and asked if he would also sign on the back of it.

"No," he shouted. "Secretary, sign the certificate. No, no!"

I stood there with the smile transfixed on my face and my heart beating wildly. I thanked him and stepped back, knowing that everyone in the hall had watched this scene. I waited until he had gone from the hall and then I ran to the car, weeping and wanting to die. How much more can I take? Why does he always shout at me, but at no one else?

I started the car and it roared away. My tears were flowing, which did not help my vision. I wanted then to end this life. I could not take the pain of this treatment any more. There was no hope of it ever changing or of the Master ever talking to me again.

I raced the car with my foot flat on the pedal, flashing cars to get out of my way. The tears were blinding my vision, but what did it matter? I did not want to live anyway.

The engine screamed and I pushed it harder. Suddenly there was a terrific noise inside the engine. The car lost speed and slowly came to a halt. When I would down the window, it was outside the house I was calling at to deliver the certificates.

I could not believe this. I was not even allowed to die when I wanted to! I got out of the car and crossed over the road to knock at the door. My friend Val looked taken aback when she saw me. I must have looked in state with tears running down my face and hair wet with the rain. She took me inside. Her husband went to get a tow rope and they towed my car home. Eventually I went to sleep utterly exhausted in the early hours of the morning, wondering how I would get to work and get the car fixed, if indeed it could be fixed.

19th February, 1987.

My daughter Sally has given birth to a baby girl. They are calling her Victoria. Something wonderful has happened in our lives amidst all the gloom and doom.

My car needs a new engine. I have no money to put it right, never mind. Something might turn up!

26th February, 1987.

My friend, Terry, rang to say she wanted to give me her old car, as she had bought a new one! We have a discussion about this, as her car is only three year old. We agreed that when Geoff gets his redundancy money, we would pay her the market value. I sell my poor old car, minus the engine to a man who would put it right.

Terry told me that I am lucky to have the Master speak to me the way he did. It showed that I am a true disciple. He only did this to people he knew would not run away. All Holy Men treat their followers this way. It did not help the pain I feel when he ignored me though, but this was slowly going. There seemed to be a peace settling upon me.

It has taken a long time to realise how the Master worked.

Whenever he had shouted at me, I had been full of pain. Later there was a peace, which filled me within. I was trying to take the treatment he dished out and not to complain or even speak to him any more.

27th February, 1987.

We attended the Satsang in Southall. We were going to all of them as we had heard that there is a chance that he might go back to India. It could be a very long time before he ever came back to England again. I sat quietly waiting for the questions and answers to begin. A chair was taken up near the stage for the Master to sit upon.

I thought to myself: "Oh Well, that's that. If he sits down in front of the people I will not be able to see any part of him. If only he would bring his chair down here."

I looked up to see Mahraz Jee direct the people with his chair to place it a couple of feet away from where I was sitting. I was astounded! I sat there in front of my Master, not daring to speak. When he looked at me I diverted my eyes to floor. I felt a tingling sensation going on in my head. A great peace filled me. I had no idea what was going on, but to be in his presence was wonderful and I sat there contented.

Saturday.

We went to Birmingham for the Satsang and again there was no need for talk. I was full of peace. It was good to be alive, even though we were unsure of the work prospects.

3rd March, 1987.

We went to a house in Strood and saw Mahraz Jee, but again there is no need for words, I sit there knowing he is working on me spiritually for I feel so different.

Wednesday 4th March, 1987.

We have to go to Birmingham for a meeting about the newspaper, but hopefully there will be time to see if the Master could let Geoff know whether a temporary job he has been offered is a good thing to take.

The meeting for the newspaper did not end until 10.00 p.m. I could see one of the girls, who works with the Master in the office standing talking. I went over to ask her to see if the Master would see us to help with the problem we had. She picked up the telephone and talked to the Master. The answer is: "No."

There was a lesson here, but at the time I could not think of it! Could it have been, do not ask and God will provide, if your faith is strong enough? Sometimes it was hard to do!

Tuesday 10th March, 1987.

There was a Satsang at Strood. Geoff went to see the Master with Raj and asked whether he could start a business and be near his children. The Master gave him a blessing. Raj and he came to tell me.

"Did you ask whether we could be near our children, Raj?"

"No, I told Master you wanted to start your own business," he said.

"Never mind, you have a blessing and that is worth more than a job," I said.

14th March, 1987.

Sangrand at Birmingham. I saw the Master, but he did not even greet me and my heart ached with the love I had for him. But once I was close to him I felt this tingling throughout my head, as though electric currents were being created in my brain. I could

not think what it was, but it must have been doing me good, as I felt a great peace afterwards.

15th March, 1987.

We visited my daughter and saw the new baby. She is beautiful. We look for a house nearby, but the prices are too high for us. We will have to look elsewhere.

16th March, 1987.

We attended the Satsang at East Ham and afterwards a friend explained beautifully what Mahraz Jee had said.

"You have to accept your path with gladness for this is the only true path to God. Others may want to join, but it is God that chooses. When the time is right, many will come to know of the Master. The true way to God is through love, unity and service to others. Kindness to others will overcome many difficulties on the road to God.

"To serve and love is the nectar within the flower that God plants within you. The nectar of Naam is given through service and the love of Naam will encourage the flower to grow."

I thought it was beautifully put!

17th March, 1987.

The Satsang at Strood was crowded and again we were fortunate enough to have the words translated for us.

"Within our bodies our minds create illusions and as a result our souls suffer, so that our souls yearn for some kind of relief and freedom. This freedom comes in the form of a Master and then the souls start a true service and remembrance of God."

I think this is what the tears were about. Again a piece was filling me and I looked forward to the future.

Thursday 19th March, 1987.

I still went to see the boy in a coma during my lunch hour, but there was no change in his condition. Back at work my boss talks non stop about there being no God or Jesus Christ. If there was, there would not be any catastrophes. I had no answers for him, as when I tried, he would start another argument to prove I was wrong. I gave up in the end.

Saturday 21st March, 1987.

We went to look at a shop in Yorkshire. It was the cheapest on the market, but in a dreadful condition. It was the only one we could afford, so we said: "Yes".

We went on to Birmingham to see how far away we would be from the Dera. Some very sad news, Ravi Sharma the Master's Personal Secretary in Birmingham has died. He was only 39 years old.

We continued to go to the Satsangs held around London. The thought of being in Yorkshire and not able to attend them filled me with dread. We would have to go to Birmingham when we closed the shop.

Wednesday 25th March, 1987.

We went to Birmingham to attend the funeral of the Secretary. Hundreds of people were lining the streets to pay their respects to him. Later, went into the Master's office where he talked to the people, not me. It was just his presence I needed then.

Thursday 16th April, 1987.

We received a letter from the Master telling me to recite Naam "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala," and "Arjoi Niradhar," which is another prayer he had taught us. as his blessings are with me at all times.

NINE

Saturday 18th April, 1987.

We had our baby grand daughter, Victoria, for the weekend but she was coughing badly. For six weeks old, this is very worrying.

I visited the relief doctor, who admitted it could be whooping cough. She also had thrush in her mouth. What a state to be in at this age! We decided to go to Birmingham to see Mahraz Jee and ask for his healing for Victoria.

We arrived as the Satsang started. Throughout the baby was coughing and crying. I asked to see the Master first. Walking up to Mahraz Jee with my small grand child. I held her up him on the Gaddi and told him how sick she was.

The Master put his hand upon her head, smiled and said: "OK, do not worry."

I thank him and we leave straight away for Gravesend. I know the baby will be alright now. She slept peacefully on the way back. In the morning the cough had subsided and her mouth looked cleaner. She was getting better.

On Sunday evening we took Victoria back home and I explained to my daughter what had happened. She looked relieved. Like us she knew the healing powers of Mahraz Jee and was grateful.

Monday 20th April 1987.

We attended the Satsang in East Ham and saw Mahraz Jee. I still have the tears and the longing within my heart but I can withstand it better.

The Satsang told us that God does not punish us, but instead reprieves us from punishment and suffering. He forgives our sins and does not create them. Instead he gives us happiness and good qualities. He certainly gave us happiness, knowing the small six week old baby is getting better. I am so grateful.

We continue to go to the Satsangs throughout the week at East Ham, Southall and Strood.

27th April, 1987.

We arrived at East Ham and first paid our respect to the Gaddi. We then made our way upstairs to the canteen for tea before the Satsang started. There, sat on one of the benches with his new Secretary, was Mahraz Jee. We sat opposite them and sipped our tea.

Mahraz Jee smiled and greeted us. He made small talk about the journey to London. Then he asked when we were going to the shop in Yorkshire. I explained that it will be soon and that we are sad at going because we will be so far away from him.

The Master smiled and touched his heart: "It will not be too far away from my heart," he said.

"My heart and your heart are together." He patted his chest and looked at me. My evening was made and I could feel the love and peace once more.

He rose and went out of the room. He made his way downstairs where the Satsang was to be given. We followed and sat down, waiting for him to begin. A night to remember for always.

Tuesday 28th April, 1987.

The Strood Satsang was packed. More important it was Mahraz Jee who gave it. He even greeted me as he did in the 'old days'. I do not need anything else.

We attended a Committee Meeting in Southall. Mahraz Jee asks whether I would be able to attend meeting whilst in Yorkshire. They would fly me to London for them. I could not see that happening though! He told me to help people in Yorkshire with their problems, whether it was money or illness or worries. I would try and do my best.

Mahraz Jee told me he would come to Yorkshire and see us. I knew that would not happen. He is far too busy these days.

Afterwards we went to the Satsang and sat at the back of the Hall. It felt like a scene out of the Bible, watching Mahraz Jee after his Satsang was over, how he handled the people and how some of them in wheelchairs, watched for him coming towards them.

One woman who had a stroke and could not speak, waited with eyes shining, lovingly watching his every move. Then he was walking towards her and she tried to cry out to him. He stopped in front of her and took both her hands. She stood up out of the wheelchair. He threw his head back, laughed and then let go of her hands. She raised them both above her and laughed with him. The hands had been down at her side useless. Her right leg also had no strength, but not now. She was alive and full of his energy and love.

Then he was walking towards more people, all eager to touch him and to ask for healing. We felt privileged to be seeing this! We came home quite late.

Thursday 30th April, 1987.

The Satsang was at Edmonton and the crowds filled the hall waiting for Mahraz Jee to come and heal. After the Satsang was the questions and answers time.

I stood up and asked him: "What is a Blessing?"

He said: "I guide you, I protect you, I lead you, I am with you always, to take care of you, I Bless you, that is a Blessing!"

I asked him to sing and he laughed and said "OK."

It was a lovely evening and the tears stayed away, but the longing in my heart deepened as I counted the days before we left Kent.

Thursday 7th May, 1987.

On our way to the Satsang in North London, we were driving along the North Circular Road. Looking out of the window I saw Mahraz Jee and Kal, walking down the road. I shouted to Geoff, Raj and Terry to look who it was. The Master stood still and looked directly at the car as we sped past him, he kept watching us and I put my hands together in a greeting and said: "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala", still watching Mahraz Jee, until we had turned the corner and entered into the school yard.

Raj got out of the car and left us to go straight into the office where Master usually stayed until time for the Satsang. We made our way to the langar hall and had something to eat before sitting down in the main hall.

The Satsang had started and we had it interpreted for us quietly: "We break away from God and seek attachment to the thoughts of others, such as our families and work. So we must find the shelter of a Perfect Master and he lays a blueprint upon each disciple to help us throughout our life. He sheds layers of dirt similar to a butterfly shedding its skin and this helps the soul to shine through and bow before the Lord. Benefit from the

Master's teaching is forever. Benefit from Naam is forever. Benefit to reach God is complete when the Master carries out his task and leads you all the way to the Supreme God. Naam is for the people and Love is from the Master which he showers upon his congregation during a Satsang."

It was poetic and beautiful and I was grateful for the translation.

Kal came over to talk after the Satsang. "Raj told the Master that Shirley nearly climbed out of the car when you saw us walking down the road."

He grinned at me and added. "Master said that Shirley is very much in love with me."

I squirmed with embarrassment and could not think of an answer.

We were now joined by Baba Satwant: "Shirley, the Master says you are very much in love with him, isn't that wonderful? Why, it is the same as loving God you know," he said.

I stammered an agreement and wondered why the Master would tell all the people in his office this. He normally gave me the cold shoulder treatment. Perhaps it was because we were going away from London. The longing in my heart was painful and it beat wildly as though it belonged to another body. It was a strange feeling this love, quite painful and not joyful. I only wished to serve him and work for him, if he would give me a job.

Later, when the Master was singing, a young Asian girl started to cry and shout and suddenly rushed towards the stage and fell unconscious before him. She did not come round until the singing was over. It was all very strange.

14th May, 1987.

A friend called Sue 'wanted' to talk about the Master, but was afraid to come to my house as her local Church had warned her not to get involved with me because of the meetings at my house with Mahraz Jee. How sad people can be; it is a bit like the Good Samaritan story, keep to the other side of the road in case you get involved!

Do they know that it is people who create religion? God does not have that to keep him apart from his creation.

Sue and I talked about the Master and I explained how rare it is to come into contact with a Master. Normally it is with God's Blessing we come into contact with them anyway. I explained how their magnetism draws people from all walks of life and how he give you Naam.

I told her about the Holy Slogan: "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala", and wrote it on a piece of paper for her to memorise. She was off to China in a couple of weeks time, so I asked if she went near the China wall to say this slogan for the Chinese people. This she promised to do and would see me when she returned.

19th May. 1987.

We attended the Satsang in Southall and I knew that I was counting the days before we go to Yorkshire. It is filling me with dread for I feel that I cannot face the future without seeing Mahraz Jee for months at a time and I do not know whether I can face this shop. In other words, I do not want to go, I want to stay and work for the Master. I want to ask him for a job instead of going away. Mahraz Jee came towards me with prashad and silently I ask him to let me talk to him.

He looked at me and beckoned me to him. I went up to

him and explained to one of his aides what I felt I must do. Mahraz Jee smiled and told me to go to Birmingham at 5.00 pm. on Saturday next.

Saturday, 23rd May, 1987.

Arrived at Birmingham at 4.00 pm. to wait for Mahraz Jee. Lalit, his new Secretary sat and talked to us. He thought we should give the shop a try for a couple of months before I came to work for the Master.

I disagreed with him and explained that the only worth while job is working for the Master. Eventually at 9.00 pm. we were led into the Master's office and Lalit stayed with us to translate.

Mahraz Jee listened to my request and then he told me that I must wait two months and go to the shop with Geoff. After two months, he will send for me. The words were the same as Lalit had spoken in the Dera. I must obey the Master, there is no other way and sadly, I agreed.

We slept at the Dera. It was such a wonderful experience that I went home with a different outlook about the shop.

We attended Satsangs throughout May and June and the nearer July 6th came, the more weepy I became. I will be leaving many friends and above all the Satsangs. I wished time would stand still and leave us as we were.

At one Satsang Baba Satwant blessed a £1 coin for me to keep with us. This was our last visit and silently said good bye to my Master and told him I would always love him and would never forget him. The nearness of him surrounded me, but it was of little comfort for I was in pain, knowing I would never go to Southall again.

TEN

Saturday 27th June, 1987.

We moved to Yorkshire and started the renovations to the shop and living quarters, keeping the shop open all day from 6.00 a.m. to 6.00 p.m. Geoff worked in the house and I served in the shop: everything was covered in brick dust and I was constantly cleaning. We breathed dust, we ate dust and we slept in dust and strived to keep on top of the work. Money seemed to run out fast, paying the bills. There was no time to say Naam. We have to keep on working and pray when we can.

Two months elapsed since we talked with the Master, when Terry came from Gravesend. We decided to go to see him in Birmingham after we closed the shop Sunday lunch time. Sunday afternoon arrived and we drove to Birmingham. It was good to get away from the dust and breathe in some fresh air. I had a very bad hip and found it rather painful to walk. We arrived at the Dera and went to the office to see if Mahraz Jee was there. I had telephoned to ask to see him so I was sure he would wait.

"Shirley, you have just missed him, he stood by the gate and waited for you, but he had to go to London and has just left."

I stood there and wept, all the frustration that had built up since we bought the shop overwhelmed me.

"Why does he do this to me?" I asked.

"He has time for other people, but when it is me, it is useless!" I cried.

I asked for a piece of paper and wrote him a letter

reminding him of his promise to me regarding the job and that the two months were up! We went into the Dera to sit and pray, but my hip was so painful I had to stand. The Dera was still and peaceful. I asked God for help with our lives and to free me from the painful hip as I had work to face each day. We gathered strength from the peace and left to drive back to Yorkshire.

Back to the hard slog of the shop and the alterations, we faced each day with renewed hardship. Most of the customers came for newspapers. When it came to buying their groceries they preferred to go to Thirsk. Leaving us with butter, cheese bacon, all with expired 'sell by dates'. It became increasingly difficult to persuade them that our prices were as good as the supermarkets were.

"Give us a packet of tea love, till we get to the shops," one man asked!

Some weeks later I received a letter in answer to mine from Mahraz Jee. In it he told me to recite the Holy Slogan, "Nanak Naam" and to say Naam as His Blessing was with me at all times. No mention of a job, so now I know! I must get on with the work in the shop and hope that one day God will allow me to work for him.

How I envied the people that worked in the Dera. They saw Mahraz Jee daily, spoke with him, worked with him, even stayed with him. The only thing I wanted to do was work for him.

My thoughts were constantly of the Master and my heart was being pierced with longing to see him. I had hung a picture of him in the shop and it seemed to be a source of irritation to some of the customers. A few of them were 'born again Christians', who belonged to a Fellowship and believed no one

is on the right path but themselves. One of them handed me a booklet about an Indian whose father was a Holy Man, but he had become a Christian.

"You must renounce all, as Jesus is the only way to God," the man said.

Do they really know Jesus? Would He have renounced anyone? Did He not tell us to love our neighbours whoever they are!

I was also getting problems from the vicar of the church I attended, they seemed to think I was involved in something quite evil.

I missed the Master and wished he would give me some answers for these people. Could they not see that I could be a Christian and still go to hear a Holy Man speak!

4th October, 1987.

There was a meeting called in Birmingham with Mahraz Jee today, but we simply could not go. We were living in squalor at the back of the shop. No room to eat or sit in. We normally closed the shop, took a bath to soak our poor aching bones and fell into bed. On waking, we would bathe and dress and open the shop for another long day. The furniture was in the outbuildings getting damp; I rescued the television set and took it upstairs. When we switched it on it exploded, it was wet through! The builder was demanding money 'upfront' before he finished the job. I believed he was afraid of not getting paid.

We have written to the insurance company to surrender Geoff's life insurance policy and hope there will be enough money to pay for the building work. The money arrived and it paid the amount exactly. Is not God good!

24th October, 1987.

My son and daughter in law came to see us and told us to go to Birmingham while they looked after the shop. As it was a Sunday and we opened for only half a day, we went. Saw many friends at the Dera who we missed very much now we were alone in Yorkshire. One of the Baba Jees gave me a Blessing.

Wanted Master's advice on how to overcome the difficulties we are having regarding his picture hung in the shop.

"Not difficult," he said.

Then he gave us tea and told us to sit at the back of the room while he dealt with the other people. Again I felt the currents running inside my head. It was quite pleasant and I had not the faintest idea what he was doing. It was so soothing to be sat in his presence.

I tried to see his face, but each time I moved to the side, the man in front of me moved this same way, so I sat there listening to his voice. I was content not to move, but after an hour had gone by and all the people had disappeared, he looked at us and asked:

"Was there anything else?"

"Yes, Mahraz Jee, I want to kiss your feet," I said.

The Master laughed and said: "OK."

Normally he does not allow this, but I was in favour that day.

I knelt at his feet and kissed them. Then we said our good byes and walked out of his office. There was a peace and contentment. We both felt now we could face the shop once more.

In between serving the customers and waiting for more to appear, I got hold of a most interesting book to read. It is a story about the training of a lovely lady called Irina Tweedie by her Sufi Master.

I could relate to her suffering, her tears and her great love for her Master. It was an inspiration to read about her. It actually put into perspective the training that these Masters give to their followers. Reading this book taught me a great deal about Spiritual Masters. At the end of her book Master dies. I felt for her as I never want this to happen to me. But my Master is young and hers was old. I am hoping he will be there long after I have gone.

26th October, 1987.

Terry came to stay, but then we decided I would have a better break if I went to Gravesend with her.

The next day after arriving back in Kent, we travelled up to London and found a Sufi Master, who very kindly allowed us to sit with him. But instead of listening to him in silence I found myself telling him of Mahraz Jee and how wonderful he is.

29th October, 1987.

Had the most wonderful spiritual experience whilst in Terry's room. In between the small talk, I recited Naam. Gradually both of us tailed off into silence and waves of love came through, which surrounded me and transported me through time. I yearned to be part of the Creation and I gave my whole being to the Creator. It lasted for some minutes where words and meanings fell away.

I was in Paradise.

ELEVEN

1st November, 1987.

I felt ill, as though I was about to collapse. It happened while I was serving customers, which was awkward. I left them in the shop while I rushed for a glass of water. I felt as if I was bleeding internally and the blood was rising up to my throat making me choke. Waves of nausea came again and again. What was the matter with me?

3rd November, 1987.

Again I felt ill, the same feeling of blood rising within me and I thought I was going to die.

5th November, 1987.

There was to be a firework display in the village and I had promised to go. A very bad pain started in my head, it was so unbearable that I could not go out. If I stayed still, the pain subsided, but whenever I tried to get up and walk about, the pain came back. I had to stay indoors.

12th November, 1987.

The phone was ringing in the post office, it was 6.00 am. Probably one of the customers making sure we were open.

It was Dr. John Davies from Gravesend.

"Have you seen the news on the television?" he asked.

"John, we have newspapers, to sort out, no we have not seen the television, why?" I asked.

"The Master is dead. He has been shot. It happened last night at Southall. It is on television now," John said.

I could not speak and handed the telephone to Geoff. I was numb and could not believe this dreadful news. This is England, they do not shoot people in England, besides he was too young to die, he was going to be here long after I was dead. The thoughts ran on and on through my head as I went into the lounge and switched the television on. But there was no report on the shooting, it must have been reported before I switched on.

I ran back to the shop and took the 'phone off Geoff.

"Are you sure, John?" I asked.

"Yes, I heard the news just one minute before I 'phoned you," he replied.

I was weeping and could not speak.

"Stop that!" John shouted down the 'phone. "You are trained to do a job and you now will do it. Whatever God has in store for us, we will do!" John said.

I put the phone down and ran out into the yard outside. A sound like a wounded animal came out of my mouth and I could not stop.

"How could you leave us, how could you do this to us?" I shouted.

"Can you come in and serve? Geoff's voice came through the noise I was making. I went back into the shop drying my face and trying my best to look normal. I had to carry on as normal, but the pain was unbearable. I wanted so badly to see his face, but there was no hope of this ever happening now.

All day I served the people and in between, running back into the house to catch the news bulletins on the television. One

showed a photograph of him with the news that extremists had shot a Holy Man. Tears ran down my face. The shop bell goes. Someone else wanting to be served. I went back to the shop, wiping away the tears and hoping that I could talk normally about the weather and how the customer was.

The pain was hard to bear. I felt that there was no use wanting to live. He had gone out of our lives for ever. He had kept us all going. Now what would become of us.

A friend opened the shop door and stood looking at us. I looked up at her and saw tears were streaming down her face.

"Is it your Holy Man that is dead?" Jenny asked.

I nodded and wept.

"I am so sorry this has happened," she said.

"I came around the corner and looked at your shop, and although I knew your lights were on, it was in darkness, so I knew then!" Jenny said.

She went quietly out of the shop still weeping and I left Geoff to cope with another lady who had come in. I was overcome with grief once more. We closed the shop at 6.00 p.m. and went to watch the news. Neither of us could eat food. We sat and listened to the news bulletin not wanting to believe what the announcer was saying.

We sat and talked about Mahraz Jee until both of us were so tired that we fell into bed exhausted, to face yet again, another day without our Beloved Mahraz Jee

Friday 13th November, 1987.

Penny from Gravesend rang us.

"We are thinking of you and Geoff alone in Yorkshire, Shirley. Please keep saying: "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala." Penny had been told that the Master's eyes had been moving and the slogan would help keep him alive.

"Oh please God make this true, let the Master be alive!"

We prayed all through the day, serving people and going into the back of the shop to weep when there were no customers to serve. I felt I must have some more news than this from Penny. I 'phoned Harminder and asked if it was true that the Master's eyes were moving. Harminder was angry and asked where this information has come from.

"Master was 'brain dead' on arrival at the hospital. There was no hope of ever saving him," Harminder said. He and four other young men had stayed with the Master's body until the morning and then returned to Birmingham.

It had happened after the Satsang was over on the 11th November, when the Master was sitting on a chair among the people to answer questions.

I was told that two men had stood up and called him a dog. The Master had smiled at them and then one produced a sawn off shotgun. With this the Master laughed, so did the audience, they thought it was a joke.

The man with the shotgun fired at Mahraz Jee close range, but he flicked his hand in front of his body and none of the pellets touched him. The other man jumped on to the stage and pointed a revolver at his head and fired.

The Master fell down bleeding. At this point the audience grabbed the two gunmen and beat them with their bare hands.

— Moments With The Master —

Four of the young men carried Mahraz Jee into the car and rushed to hospital not waiting for an ambulance to arrive, but it was already too late to save him.

One of the young men listened to his heart beat and then felt his pulse beating and was full of hope that the Master was only slightly wounded. It was a tremendous shock to him when the hospital staff took the Master away and later told him that the Master was dead even on arrival at the casualty department.

There are three other people injured also: Chacha Jee, the Master's constant companion; my friend Baba Satwant and also a member of the audience. I hoped that they would survive this terrible shooting.

Saturday 14th November, 1987.

Chacha Jee died of his injuries and Baba Satwant is still seriously injured.

The newspapers are full of information, all very twisted and not at all truthful. Where do they find these stories? They tell of a chauffeur driven car and bodyguards. They go on about things they do not understand, how sad to twist the truth this way. The car belonged to the people who he lodged with and the bodyguards were his followers, who felt it a privilege to be near him.

Sunday 15th November, 1987.

After we closed the shop, we left for Birmingham and the pain in our hearts seemed to lift as we drove there. Many friends greeted us when we arrived. We all stood weeping with each other not knowing what we should do.

We went and had tea in his office and talked. Later we went into one of the rooms he used to give Naam in. I felt a tremendous presence of the Master beside us.

The Sangat were praying to God and asking for the return of their Master. But deep down we knew that it was all in God's hands and that we should leave it to Him.

Inside the Dera, there were people carrying out their duties, making langar and serving the people. Some were taking care of our shoes and bringing tea into the office, whilst we sat in our misery and talked.

We left the Dera feeling a little better, taking back the memory of Mahraz Jee giving us tea inside his office. We forgot the times when he ignored us. It was the sweet memories that lingered. We were glad that we had known him for the time he stayed in England.

Monday, 16th November, 1987.

It was Sangrand and I left Geoff to run the shop and went by train to Birmingham. It was raining hard and it was a cold windy day, with little hope of the sun coming through the dark clouds that surrounded the Hambleton hills.

I caught another train at York. Soon I could see we were approaching Birmingham Station. I stood up to look through the train window and saw a double rainbow covering the whole of the sky. The rain was still coming down, but somewhere the sun must be shining. I caught a taxi with instructions as to how to get to the Dera and the taxi slowly made its way through the traffic.

The rainbow was still there, a magnificent beautiful double rainbow and I seemed to be following it on my way to the Dera.

When I stepped out of the taxi and looked up to see where this rainbow was, the bow was curling over the top of the Dera. The light seemed to dance on the roof of the hall. Perhaps it made me feel a little closer to God when I saw the rainbow. Somehow I felt His presence would be felt to help us hide and sadness that was lying heavy in all our hearts that day.

We greeted each other with Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala and then wept with one another. We tried to hide the pain that had gripped our lives. It was so hard for everyone to come to terms with. He had been so vibrant and young and so full of life and love that we did not want to part with our Master. We wanted him back in our lives.

We gathered inside the hall to hear the Satsang, which was being given by one of the Baba Jees, but the magic was gone. Our Beloved Master was not there and it did not feel the same.

I caught the train home and wept most of the way back to Yorkshire. What is to become of us?

17th November, 1987.

I rang London office and asked if I could go to India for the funeral. Although I do not relish the thought, I felt it was my duty to go there.

It had been a terrible week of sadness. My lovely friend Baba Satwant had also died, making this three deaths. They were bringing the two men to court for the murders, but it is the pain and sadness they have caused to so many people that can never be put right.

I keep thinking of Jesus Christ and what His disciples must have suffered when He was crucified. Many people were telephoning the shop to talk about Mahraz Jee. Some felt it was a great privilege to have seen him. We all were missing him so painfully.

We had been told there will be no Satsangs for fifty days. We have to carry on and trust in God and be grateful for what we have had.

There had been a terrible fire at Kings Cross station killing more than fifty people. A week ago the news of the Master and his two friends and now this. The world felt a very sad place.

A lady came into the shop and looked at me.

"I had thought about you so much since I heard the news of the shooting of your Holy Man," she said.

"How are you?" she asked.

She listened with understanding and warmth and a thought struck me. Do people who give you warmth and love help to take away the pain of grief? This kind lovely lady made me feel better after she had gone. Perhaps it was because of her understanding that the pain lifted away from my heart for a short while.

TWELVE

December, 1987.

We tried to return to normality, serving in the shop and wondering what we would do next.

Geoff's foot was giving him a lot of pain. He could not stand for very long and was having difficulty in walking. There was no news of authorities releasing the Master's body and no one seemed to know when the funeral would be.

Each time I said Naam, I felt something happening within my body. His pictures drew me to them, as though I was pulled with invisible stings through my head. It was painful and I usually had to allow this to happen.

I went into church in town this morning, where I used to go each day after paying the money into the bank. It was quiet and peaceful there. I would ask God to help me through the day and to take the pain away that was deep in my heart. It does slip slowly away and I thank Him for His kindness to me. But I miss Mahraz Jee so very much and wonder how we will manage now that he has gone.

A friend rang from London. Mahraz Jee had spent the night before he was shot at her house and he massaged her husband's legs for him, as he suffered badly with arthritis. He was kind to a lot of people. I sat with my diary and looked through the pages and there, among the dates were some of the writings that the Master, 'spoke' to me.

"I am with you always and love you.

This is not to be dealt with on a human level.

— Moments With The Master —

The Love that God gives you is of the spirit and therefore spirituality is different from the human bondage that is called love.

It is freedom and beauty and dignity for those who have no hope.

Love knows no bounds, it is endless and calls for the freedom of bondage through the body.

It enters your spirit and calls you to God.

It is entirely different to the love that mankind knows; it is an endless bliss leaving its mark upon the soul for generations.

It will lift up your heart and send it soaring to Eternity.

The Heaven within reaches out to the Heaven within the Father.

It cements the path and takes you to Heaven – to your God.

Naam helps you onto the path and clears the way for salvation.

Love is righteous and endless.

Love is God and Love is nature in all its glory.

Love is all."

I was comforted by these words and wanted more than ever to work for God. Perhaps there would still be hope and time for this to happen. I must have been put in Yorkshire for a reason so here I must stay and work in the shop until the time is right for a change.

— Moments With The Master —

20th December, 1987.

Read a lesson in Church and was extremely nervous giving it, even though there was only a handful of people there. How did the Master speak to the hundreds that gathered in the Dera? He would sit there so calm, full of smiles for everyone. How I miss him!

21st December, 1987.

An estate agent came to give us a valuation on the shop, although we had never stopped working on it and improving it. He valued it at the original price we paid for it. We had no choice but to stay and keep working. I only hoped that Geoff's feet don't get any worse.

24th December, 1987.

Christmas Eve and the shop is quiet. Every one is busy shopping in the town. A friend phoned from London. He had recently been over to India. I asked whether he had seen the Master's family.

He told me that Mahraz Jees' family are deeply distressed about his death. His physical presence was so important to all of us. It was the thought of not seeing him smile or sing, watching his beautiful hands he used so expressively and his walk and manner that everyone misses so much. Later I went up to his photograph and again I felt a tremendous power coming off it. Either that or it is his presence in the house.

Thursday 31st December, 1987.

I still felt that the Master was working on us. I have asked

— Moments With The Master.—

God to allow us to be of use to the people. I hope He will answer my prayers.

It was the end of 1987 and I felt glad. It had been such a terrible year. But then I wondered what the New Year had in store for us.

Friday 1st January, 1988.

Normally we opened at 6.00 am but we overslept and awoke at 7.30 am.

A great start to the day! Mahraz Jee was always on my mind. I kept praying to God for help with our lives. Geoff was finding it difficult to walk now. How can all that love I felt for the Master have no use now? It has gone back inside.

The power is still coming off the Master's photos and it fills the house, but it is the physical presence we all miss. I do Naam whenever I have the opportunity and this day it was beautiful. No words to describe what happened.

Saturday 9th January, 1988.

Very bad pain in my head. Cannot stop saying: 'Nanak Naam'. I am drawn to his picture but the pain in the right side of my head gets worse. Was sick with the pain and had to go to bed. Must be something that has to happen, I suppose. But I do not understand very much at all. I have asked God to speed things up, if I am to be of use to Him. I am getting older by the minute!

I miss the Master so much, my heart still hurts with the grief I feel.

Wednesday, 13th January, 1988.

A phone call to say that I was going to India for the funeral and to take the money for the air fare to Birmingham. The authorities had at last released the Master's body, along with Baba Satwant and Chacha Jee. I was not looking forward to the funeral, but I felt that I had a duty to go.

Thursday, 14th January, 1988.

I awoke with the feeling that everything was complete, but could not remember the dream at all. Only the feeling of completeness remains. Went to Birmingham and paid for the ticket. The Master's body along with the other two will be brought to the Dera on Saturday. It was over two months since they were killed. It seems a long time to keep delaying the funerals. One of the Baba Jees took the Satsang, but again it did not have the same magic that the Master brought to it.

16th January, 1988.

I was on my way to India. Two years to the day when Mahraz Jee was in my house telling us we could go to India. I never thought it would be to attend his funeral.

Some of the Satsangs hinted this, but everyone thought he meant he would be going back to India to live.

The journey seemed endless. when would we be arriving? Most of the people I was with were talking to each other in Punjabi. One or two greeted me and asked if I was alright. I was dreading the funeral. There would be so much sadness, I did not know whether I could cope with it all.

17th January, 1988.

We were in India. Although it was 2.00 a.m., there was

a group of Baba Jees waiting to greet the party from England. We gathered together once the luggage arrived off the plane and then we were taken around the outskirts of Delhi to a house and left there.

Mattresses were on the floors for us to sleep on. One room for the women and one for the men. Most of us sat talking until it was time for breakfast. I did not want to sleep, so I went outside the house and walked along the streets.

There were cows sedately walking amongst the morning rush hour traffic. The horns from the cars and lorries never stop hooting. Nothing seemed to travel very fast, but the noise was terrific.

There were men at the roadside having their hair cut. One was having his ears cleaned and another his shoes. That man must be rich, none of the others had shoes that were worth cleaning.

I walked back to the house and as I passed through the gates one of the sons of the house invited me into his living quarters to take tea with him. I accepted and followed him up the stairs to the first floor and into his rooms.

He asked his wife to make tea and then showed me his part of the house. First his kitchen and then on to the rest of the rooms, assuring me that it had cost a great deal of money. I believed him, it was beautiful. The young man was proud of his family and he talked about his wife being a followers of Mahraz Jee. He himself was not. He thought that Mahraz Jee was a very good fellow and that he had supernatural powers. But he, himself, was business man and had to entertain clients. Therefore he was a meat eater and also drank a little; but he did not mind his wife following the Master at all!

A nice family, especially when you consider they had opened their doors to thirty people from England and they were to feed them for the next few weeks.

18th January, 1988.

Sangrand and every one was trying to get ready in the two small bathrooms that were available to us. One of the ladies from Gravesend slipped into the bathroom along with me and sat down on the toilet watching me get undressed. I motioned her to do the same, but she 'tutted' and shook her head and carried on looking at me.

I stripped off and washed under the tap. Perhaps she was too shy to do the same, goodness knows why she had come in with me, probably to have the bathroom after I had finished. I finished dressing and the lady who pushed into the bathroom with me shooed me out before she would even take off her Punjabi top.

Breakfast was served by the ladies of the house. Huge platefuls of Indian food with chappatis. But it was all too spicy for me and I could not finish it. I started to walk with the others to the Satsang.

The Satsang was held in a large building next door to the railway station. The steam engines drowned most of the message that the Baba Jee was giving and most of the singing. But it did not worry me, I never understood what was being said anyway.

I recognised many faces that had visited us in England, but they were all tinged with a great sadness. There was no joy at all.

We queued for prashad and then made our way to a bus

that was to take us to the airport to meet the plane that was bringing the Master's body home to India.

The journey was slow and tedious as we joined the never ending line of traffic and horn blasting that seemed to go on for ever. Arriving at last at the airport I saw that there were hundreds of the Master's followers already waiting to escort his body back to the Dera.

We stood and waited for the plane to arrive. It was turning cold and I wished I had put something warmer on. People sat and talked. Mostly of how they had met Mahraz Jee and how their lives had changed through him.

19th January, 1988.

It was 2.00 am and the plane had landed, but how long we must wait for the authorities to release his body is any ones guess.

The people have started to chant: 'Nanak Naam' and I walked over to sit with them outside the baggage department. It was getting colder and I started to shiver. I was so stupid not to bring something warm to wear.

At 5.00 am. the shutters were rolled up and the chanting got louder with "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Terre Bhane Sarbat da Bhala". I watched as some pointed their fingers towards the sky and shouted: "Rise up our King, Nanak Naam." The coffins were in sight and everyone wanted to touch them. They were passed over the heads of the people, as the cry grew louder: "Rise up our King!"

When there was no response to this, they cursed the men that had done this terrible thing to their Master.

The coffins eventually were placed inside a white painted lorry and flowers were thrown inside by the Master's followers. They filled the lorry until the coffins could be seen no more.

The lorry started up but there were people sitting in front of it not wanting it to move. The Baba Jees had to clear a path for the lorry to proceed. It was chaotic, some were screaming for Mahraz Jee and some still cursing his killers.

It was getting lighter and people were already going to work as we made our way back to the Dera escorting the bodies of Mahraz Jee and Chacha Jee. It had been a long and cold night, waiting for this moment and once more people had been plunged back into the grief of knowing that their Master was dead.

We went back to the house to have breakfast and change our clothes before going to the Dera to pay our respects. As we approached the Dera again, huge crowds were queuing along the pavements, patiently waiting to go inside to kneel and pray at the Master's coffin.

Officials in charge saw us walking towards them and they cleared the way for us to enter the Dera first. Inside the two coffins had been placed upon a platform so we could see the faces of Mahraz Jee and Chacha Jee.

I knelt before them and said: "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala," and then looked at the body of the Master. I did not recognise him. It was an empty shell. Not at all the warm caring man that I remembered. The pain of his death was still there, but I now knew that he was one with God and that yes, everything was perfect.

THIRTEEN

Wednesday 7.45 pm. 19th January, 1988.

The coffins of Mahraz Jee and Chacha Jee were placed in the lorry, to the chants of 'Nanak Naam', which could be heard throughout the streets that surrounded the Dera. Flowers were thrown over them and the crowds surged forward making it impossible for the driver to start the journey to Batala. The crowds were becoming hysterical, not even the police could control them. Slowly the lorry edged its way through the crowd, emerging onto the main road. Gathering speed it left the Master's followers still crying and shouting for his return. We followed after it in a coach. We are on our way to the Punjab. The night was cold and foggy and we had a nine hour journey ahead of us. The people in the coach were singing hymns. But not with joy, it is a mournful sound which matched the night.

The coach trundled on. It did not sound too healthy, the gears seemed to produce a noise that alarmed me. So did the fog that swirled thick around us. We had lost the cortege and another coach. We seemed to be going slower and slower. The night is never ending and the roads are so bad. We never stopped bumping around in our seats.

Thursday 9.45 am. 20th January, 1988.

Fourteen hours later we have arrived in Batala to learn that the cortege carrying the Master had been involved in an accident with a tractor. Several people that were in the vehicle were slightly hurt. How we escaped the same misfortune I will never know!

The crowds had gathered early waiting for the cortege to arrive. As we entered the Dera there were soldiers searching

everyone for weapons. They were expecting trouble. A man from Gravesend recognised me and stopped the soldiers from searching my bag.

He accompanied me to get some food and we talked of happier times. Another familiar face appeared and the man threw his arms about me and wept.

"We are lost, we are lost, what will we do?" he asked me. I wept with him and could not answer. The continual sound of 'Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala' was being chanted. People were queuing to pay their respects to Mahraz Jee and Chacha Jee. The scene was very emotional. The Master had come home to his people and they were weeping with grief for him.

I saw the Master's father standing with the Babas and I made my way over to him to pay my respects. I knelt at his feet and then stood to talk to him. His face was full of sadness and his mind was obviously elsewhere. But I told him how Mahraz Jee came to my home to see the English and how we all loved him and now miss him. This was translated to him by a Baba Jee. He nodded and looked away from me, so I left him to his private thoughts.

I joined the queue to see the Master for the last time.

I looked at his handsome face and whispered : "Good-bye my Mahraz Jee, you will stay in my heart always."

I looked at his elegant hands lying folded on his chest. I wanted to gaze at him longer, but was being urged to move on by the officials, who were in charge of the crowds. I went to sit in the sun and wait for the funeral to begin. It was cold sitting on the ground, waiting for the sun to rise higher in the sky and warm us.

The noise was terrific, officials urging people to move on, people crying and talking. Nothing seemed to be orderly, it was chaos. The Master's family gathered around the coffin weeping, while his eldest son, Tarlochan, walked around it with the Pandit chanting prayers.

Afterwards, the Baba Jees took over and started to chop the casing of the coffin away and cover the Master's body with a cloth. Wood was then placed over the cloth and dried flowers were thrown over the wood. A handful of flowers were scooped up again and given to the crowd that were sitting nearby. I was given some of the dried flowers and then all of us were moved further away from the coffin and told to sit at the back.

The Babas poured ghee over the wood and flowers and set it alight.

We sat in the sun and listened to the hymns being chanted and the cries of the women, who were in torment with the grief that they felt. Some of the men, who were close to the Master, were also crying. I felt the scene was so unreal. I did not feel part of it. I could not believe that under the pile of wood and flowers. Mahraz Jee was anywhere near.

I prayed for his family and for his followers. I felt a sense of loss, but this scene seemed to be part of a play and not real life. I waited until the officials moved us again and then went outside the Dera yard into the walled garden and sat with the rest of his followers, who had not been able to get near the funeral pyre.

It was a sad day for Batala, for they had known Mahraz Jee since he was born. The place was filled with his friends and followers, all mourning the loss of a great Master.

The soldiers on top of the roof peered down through the broken panels to see what was happening. They seemed to be the only people not moved by this event. Still the crowds came people walking from the villages. Looking around I could see the green fields shimmering in the distance, deserted by workmen and so peaceful.

Smoke was now coming from the funeral pyres and the chanting grew louder. People still sat there and chanted hymns even though the smoke swirled around them. I got up and walked away, I did not want to watch anymore.

Several hours had now passed and they were gathering us together for the return journey to Delhi. The bus had many problems and I was not looking forward to this journey at all.

We said our good-byes to everyone and boarded the coach. I sat at the back waiting for the long process of the officials getting everyone counted and on board.

After an hour or so, it was obvious to everyone on board that the coach had a big problem. It was going slower than ever. It eventually stopped and would not start again. Several people were working on the engine. It was being stripped down. Someone had gone to see if they could buy a distributor. It would have to have a new one before it can get back on the road.

Five hours later and in the dark, we are on our way once more. The lights do not work and the on coming traffic that travels this very narrow road will not be able to see us.

Vehicles have to drive with two wheels in the dirt and two wheels on the road to pass each other. A vehicle swerved just in time to miss us and I sat there terrified, knowing that we have at least another nine hours to go!

As the night became blacker, a man decided to sit with the coach driver and shine a dimly lit through the window to try and show the oncoming traffic that we were there. The windows were so dirty I doubted whether anyone could see this light. I do not believe this is happening to us and looked around to talk to the people, but they have all fallen asleep. Their trust in God is greater than mine. I prayed for help!

Even the man with the torch was nodding off. I wondered whether the driver would as well. The traffic kept coming at us, swerving and hooting their horns. One or two people stirred with the noise, then settled back against their seats and slept on.

I prayed for help and asked that we get back to Delhi alive. I have a cold and my chest does not feel very good either. This is all I need to help me through the night!

Thursday 21st January, 1988.

Nineteen hours later we arrived back in the early hours, utterly exhausted and glad to be alive. It was an experience that I wanted to forget, I have been so afraid as I was during that journey back.

Later in the day, one of the young Baba Jees came to the house where we were staying. I went to make him tea. Something about this Baba Jee made me feel that I was looking at the Master. I looked at him and turned away. But I felt a pain in the centre of my forehead and had to keep looking at him. I had this pain until he left.

One of the members told him what a nightmare of a journey we had coming back to Delhi. The Baba Jee said: "We were watching over you, we knew that no harm would come to you."

Whenever he smiled he looked like Mahraz Jee. He stayed for a while, but everyone was falling asleep, so he went.

Friday 21st January, 1988.

I woke up during the night with a bad pain in my chest and I could not stop coughing. It was a dreadful night. The lights in the house did not work. A young man locked himself in the bathroom and would not come out. No one could use it. I could not find my way upstairs to the other bathroom, as we had to step over people asleep on the floor. I could not see the stairs!

The pain in my chest was catching my breath. I really feel bad. The people of the house called a doctor and he told me that it was muscular. He gave me pain killers. I knew it was a chill and pain killers do not help at all.

Saturday 23rd January, 1988.

Another Baba Jee came to see me and he actually moved the pain in my chest, but during the night it returned. The people of the house brought yet another doctor and he gave me more tablets, but I still coughed.

We went off a Satsang about fifty miles away from Delhi, where the people prepared a beautiful meal for us.

I still miss Mahraz Jee, I wish he was with us in body.

Sunday 24th January, 1988.

The doctor called to see me and I felt much better. I decided to walk to the Dera with the rest of the people. By the time I arrived there the pain in my chest had come back. I felt that would be better back in England, so I told them I wanted to go home.

Monday 25th January, 1988,

Mahraz Jee's driver took me to Haryana, about 35 miles outside Delhi, so that I could visit my friend Terry's Swami.

He was not there when we arrived but within minutes a Land Rover drove up and inside was the Swami. He looked a huge man and I introduced myself to him and gave him a garland of dried flowers from Terry in England.

He invited us inside his Ashram and we sat and talked about why I was in India. He was saddened by the murder of the Master, but he told me it was good Karma that I had gone to visit him. After having tea with him, we left for Delhi.

Saturday 30th January, 1988.

The days were going by, but my chest was still not right. I wanted to go home early, even though I was on antibiotics. I still felt I would be better in England. I had been to the Master's funeral and I felt that I had done my duty and now must get on with my life in Yorkshire.

Wednesday, 3rd February, 1988.

I am travelling with one of the young men who lived with the Master in Birmingham,. We are going to England together. I will miss the ceremony of the Master's ashes being scattered in the River Ganges,. This will happen sometime today.

We talked of the Master most of the way back to England. It was wonderful to hear of happier times, but now it felt like the end of an era. The future looked so uncertain without Mahraz Jee. I hoped we had the strength to stay together and would try to do his Mission for him.

— Moments With The Master —

Monday 8th February, 1988.

Back in England and to the shop once more. The doctor insisted on X-Rays and blood tests to see, if I had picked up anything whilst I was in India. Have written to the people who accommodated us and the Baba Jees to thank them for their hospitality to me.

Tuesday, 9th February, 1988.

There were great gales sweeping throughout England causing wide spread damage, but we were lucky there was no damage to us at all. I felt lost here in Yorkshire. I wanted to be near people who knew the Master. We were so alone. I missed the people who knew him and could relate stories about him.

I miss him so much.

Wednesday, 10th February, 1988.

Doctor says I have a virus that appears when you are feeling low, how true!.

Friday, 12th February, 1988.

My X-Ray was clear but I was still coughing. We have put the shop up for sale and Geoff has been for a job interview. Must try and get well if I am to be any use to anyone.

Sunday 16th February, 1988.

Today it is Das Dharam Day in India and I felt I should have been there. Spoke to friends on the phone, we were still bewildered as to what we should do for the best.

It was a very trying time in the shop, we could do with a great dose of Love from God. The very running of the shop seems to sap all our energy and we never had time for anything else.

The Master seems so far away now.

Sunday 21st February, 1988.

We managed to go to Birmingham and were glad to see many friends. I spoke to one man who was sitting all alone, he had lost his sparkle. We all have. There were no smiling faces or energy and love anywhere. I ask God for help and guidance for all our lives. The Master seemed to give us more life and now everything seems so difficult for everyone at the moment.

Monday 22nd February, 1988.

There was a strong pain in my head when I started to say Naam. Do not understand what happens. I cannot stop thinking of Mahraz Jee and wonder why he did not give me a job. All that does not matter now, must get on with life and do my best. Must keep going.

23rd February, 1988.

Travelled down to Terry's in Gravesend. Stayed there as there was to be a meeting in London regarding the newspaper. Two friends of Terry's are also there. One massaged my neck and pressure points. It felt a lot better. Everyone was so kind, wanting to help me.

Wednesday 24th February, 1988.

I saw my daughter Sally and husband and beautiful baby Victoria. Also called to see my son Paul and his wife, Terry. Later in the day I went to a lady who 'unblocked' my channels. I hoped it would work whatever it is!.

Friday, 26th February, 1988.

Feel much better and the cough has gone. Sat and watched a video of Mahraz Jee. but it made me feel very weepy and suddenly I felt lost again.

FOURTEEN

Sunday 28th February, 1988.

Two old friends from years ago came to the shop and stayed for lunch. We talked of old times and I told them about the Master. They sat and watched part of a video of him. They were polite and friendly, but I knew from the looks they exchanged, they found me a little strange. Why should I still be involved with a Holy man that has died? They just did not understand!

I felt that God was in charge of our lives and we were supposedly like clay in the potter's hands. So I must be doing what God intended me to do—getting on with my life in Yorkshire.

Thursday 3rd March 1988.

Had very bad pain in my head once more and had to go to bed. Geoff also suffered with the same problem and this was our busiest day. What happens to us, why are we never well?

I called for the Master to come and help us. I want to go to Loni Dera and bathe in the pool, for I am sure we would be well again if we went there.

Wednesday 9th March, 1988.

I went into the Church in the town this morning and prayed for help, but my whole body was rocking back and forth and I could not stop it. As the Church was empty it was alright, but what if this happens in front of people?

Sunday 13th March, 1988.

Went to a Satsang in Birmingham and asked for help with Geoff's skin. He has problems with his hands and face. One of the Baba Jee gave him a blessing and told him it would be OK.

Will have to sell the shop, we seem to be going under with all the work.

Wednesday 16th March, 1988.

Not a very good day at all. Problems with our neighbour and the land at the back of the houses. The Vicar called and lectured me about going to India to the Master's funeral. He told me Mahraz Jee was a "Charlatan" and his picture should not be in the shop. He quietened down after a while, but what a day!

Asked the Master to help me empty myself so God will be able to use me, I am no use like this!

Friday 25th March, 1988.

After the shop closed and all the work was finished, I watched a video of Mahraz jee and marvelled at it all.

Was this really Geoff and I sitting in the Satsangs, as we saw on the video and not understanding one word for three years? Did I really go through the agony of being ignored and Mahraz Jee not turning up at my house when he said he would come? Preparing the food and just accepting it all?

I felt as though I was watching another person on the video. Wanted to feel the love I felt then for the Master, but it would not come through!

What was it all about and why all the heartache? The longing for him and the pain when I could not see him? Most of all, he did not treat anyone as badly as he treated me, what was it all for?

I knew that disciples were treated this way, but after all I was an old woman compared to most of the others and they did not get this trouble.

Sunday 27th March, 1988.

Attended Church, but there are only five of us out of the whole village. The sermon was about Jesus Christ riding into Jerusalem and the Crucifixion. I find it hard to listen to, as the cruelty of it is unbelievable. Later there was a film on television of the Crucifixion, but I wept so much I could not sit through and watch it.

I miss Mahraz Jee and cannot help but wonder what was to become of us now.

Saturday 9th April, 1988.

Went to Birmingham and spoke with Harminder in the Master's office. He suggested that I go with him and his family to India and stay with his in-law.

There was a tremendous presence of Mahraz Jee in the Dera. The same energy that I felt the first time I went into his office and met him. Saw the young lady who looked after the Master and asked whether or not she could look for my Mother's book of poems that Mahraz Jee took and used to carry around with him in his briefcase. It would be marvellous if she could find it.

There is always something special given back to you, once the Master has kept something with him.

Friday, 22nd April, 1988.

On our way to India with Harminder and family. We were separated in the queue for the seats and I ended up sitting far away from them. Still I was able to do Naam most of the way, perhaps I could make up for the times when I was too busy working!

Saturday, 23rd April, 1988.

Arrived in Delhi with Harminder where his wife, Pritam's relatives came to take us back to the house. We called at the Darshan Darbar on the way from the Airport and I saw one young man who normally sat next to the Baba Jee when he did the Satsang.

He saw me and said: "I dreamt of you last night and now you are here!" He looked quite pleased about the whole thing.

Sunday, 24th April, 1988.

Awoke several times during the night being bitten by the mosquitos. The weather was very hot and sticky and it sapped my energy.

Monday, 25th April, 1988.

Called to see Master's wife and children, also his Mother. We took photos and stayed quite late.

Wednesday, 26th April, 1988.

Awoke quite late, bathed and then went to make tea. I burnt my hand on the tiny pan that is used for tea making; it has to be held with pliers because there is no handle on it. I drew a picture of a kettle to try and make myself understood how we made tea in England. The young wife smiled and went back into her bedroom. She appeared minutes later with a box and inside was a brand new electric kettle. She put her hand to her chest and panted and pointed to the kettle, then putting it back into the box disappeared into the bedroom, leaving me still trying to hold the pliers on the pan and pour water into the tea pot.

It was obvious the kettle was only used for people who were ill and not for making tea!

Later one of the devotees and I went to Panipat with one of the Baba Jees who took the Satsang. The same Devotee told me that his words are very poetic.

We arrived back at the house very late and laughed with each other as we pressed the door bell that chimed "Jingle Bells" so loud it must have woken the whole street up. We will have to be earlier than this, It was 3.00 am!

Friday, 29th April, 1988.

The devotee was sick with a stomach complaint ('Delhi belly' as he calls it), so I will try and find the Darshan Darbar myself. I know it is a long way from the house.

I picked up a three wheeler rickshaw. The driver was given instructions from one of the devotee's brother-in-laws to take me to the Darshan Darbar. The man did not speak English. I knew he had taken the wrong turning, I recognised one of the roundabouts. We had gone the wrong way! The driver stopped for petrol and to ask the way. Back we go and he again took the wrong turning!

I demanded that he stopped at some shops and I went into one and asked in English if anyone knew the address of the Darshan Darbar, which I had on a piece of paper. One of the shopkeepers told me he knew the way, but I must pay the rickshaw driver the full amount now and then he would take me free of charge!

I did as he said and the man then took me around the corner and there was the Darshan Darbar. The whole journey has taken three hours in the unbearable heat. My hair and cloths

were stuck to me. The air was full of petrol fumes which made me cough. I was grateful to get into the cool air of the Darbar and to sit in the quiet, away from the noise and stench of the outside world.

The journey home was almost as bad as the journey there. I got back to the house utterly exhausted with the heat and fumes of Delhi life and wished I could find somewhere cool to recover!

All over the house there were huge coolers fitted to the windows and every few hours, water was poured into them, but the heat seemed to stay and linger. I found it hard to breath. There was no energy to do work, how do these people manage to survive in this terrible heat?

Saturday, 30th April, 1988.

The devotee was better and we decided to go to Loni Dera and bathe in the pool there. We travelled by car, winding our way through the long lines of traffic that seem endless in the city.

The Dera appeared on the horizon and we made our way slowly over the bumpy roads. Great craters with dark dirty water filled the road we drove. A cow stopped and drank from a puddle. I shuddered, wondering how they survived under those conditions?

It was quiet off the main road, no one even walking along the side. It looks as though they have deserted the Dera completely now. When once it was full of people living there inside the grounds and working with Mahrax Jee, making more houses for more people to live there.

We stopped outside the Dera and went into the grounds. It had a stillness and peace that I could only describe as

comforting. The buildings were badly damaged during the sectarian riots after Mrs. Gandhi's assassination in 1984. Nothing had escaped. Not even the children's swings and slides. How sad that there are people around who can destroy even Holy places like this!

I followed the devotee to the pool and we both waded in. I have filled a bottle of the water to take back to Geoff, maybe this will speed up the healing of his skin and feet. After bathing, we went over the road to a house where the caretaker of the Dera lived. We changed out of our wet clothes then sat and had tea with him. After some talk, we went with him to see Chacha Jee's wife and family who lived not far away.

There we had more tea and they talked about the Master. The devotee explained some of the conversation to me. It was mostly of Mahraz Jee. We went home the devotee was still not very well, so again I venture off in a three-wheeler to the Darbar at the other side of Delhi. I find my ways just in time to go with one of the Baba Jees to Faridabad for the Satsang. I arrived home late again to the sound of 'Jingle Bells' at 2.30 am!

Sunday was a full day, visiting temples in Delhi with Harminder's family. I sat fascinated watching the traffic hooting at each other constantly. Cows strolling through the streets stopping now and again to pick up food from the ground. Pigs with their little families squealing and following them, how do they stay alive?

Tiny dainty horses balancing huge piles of fodder on a two wheel cart and dragging it along. When they stand still at the cross roads, their small legs bend with the weight they are hauling. I wondered how long they live!

There was constant noise. The devotee has to shout to me to tell me we are going somewhere else. How do they stand this noise and smell? Later in the evening we went to one of the Baba Jees for dinner and his wife gave me a beautiful sari. After dinner we talked for hours, then said our thanks and good-byes and left for home. It was late and there was no traffic or people around and the driver drove fast wanting to get home quickly as he had to start work early in the morning.

Monday.

There was to be a Memorial service for the devotee's mother-in-law, who had died a year ago. It would carry on for three days and there would be priests reading out of the Guru Granth Sahib throughout the day and night. The doors of the house would be kept open all the time and anyone who wanted to was welcome to sit and listen to the priest.

Loudspeakers would be hung outside the house so that everyone in the street could hear the prayers and passages that were read. Food was also to be provided for all. Caterers had been brought in to prepare and cook the food and lots of people are helping with the trays. When we arrived I asked if I could help too. They smiled and let me hand out the food. It is marvellous how everyone shows respect for the Scriptures in India, also for the memory of Pritam's mother.

Thursday.

I took yet another rickshaw to the Dera. I now know the way and told the driver if he took a wrong road. The weather was unbearable and I decided to try and get home to England earlier than the devotee and his family. Master's Secretary was trying to help me with the ticket and I wondered if he had had any luck.

When Mahraz Jee left India for England in 1984, the Baba Jees found it very hard going. The Loni Dera was wrecked and they had no money. They walked everywhere to Satsangs. For the next three years they concentrated on re-building and gathering the people together, which seemed to have been a success. Three Darshan Darbars had been built and they had a good flourishing following. A lot of hard work had been put into it.

The organisers in India were given a very hard time by Mahraz Jee. When I think of my little lot, it was nothing compared to how they had suffered.

I arrived back at the house just in time to get ready to go out again. We were going for a Chinese meal. I was looking forward to this. I had not eaten all day. It had been too hot. It would also be my last night in India. The devotee was taking me to the airport in the hope I could get an early flight.

I was grateful to the family that I had been staying with, for their kindness was overwhelming. But the shop in Yorkshire was 'calling' and I had work to do.

WORDS FROM WITHIN

While I have been writing this book there have been times when words flowed from within. They came without any conscious effort on my part. Although they do not particularly fit in with any part of the book, I feel they are so profound that I wish to share them with you.

When the Master leaves the earth or you are in desperate need;

look to the East where the sun rises;

If your need is that great, he will appear.

The "Word" is not something to be written, it is in the heart, for that is where God lives.

The "Word" is not to be seen, for God is invisible.

The "Word" is not to be given to all, for there is a time and a place for everything.

The "Word" is from God and is given freely to all who believe.

They realise the Truth and come to seek it.

The Master is the Spiritual Guide who delivers them from the five foes, lust, anger, greed, envy and jealousy.

When we have given back trust, love, faith and devotion

The Master will deliver us.

How are we to come to terms with God in a world that is full of temptations?

The temptations have always been here; even in the time of Christ the tempter came to Him in the wilderness.

It was as bad 2000 years ago as it is today, filling our lives with fast cars, new homes, keeping up with our neighbours.

The world is not a safe place without faith in God.

The Masters are sent by God as a Spiritual Guide back to Him when he is pleased with our deeds.

So treat the new day as a new venture.

Fill your hearts with the sound of the "Word".

For God gives to all who will listen and He will grant you this if you ask.

The new venture is to go back to God.

The new vision is to serve Him.

The argument that if there is a God he would not let disaster happen is no argument at all!

For in this world there are many things that are unseen and the people unaware of.

The world of God is unseen to mortal eye.

There are world events being put into practice by God.

The Masters know this and they serve Him in every day, life and in Spiritual work.

The venture for all people is to acknowledge God, whether they believe this or not is no matter;

The world will still turn and day will give way to night.

The rains will come and the sun will shine and there is nothing they can do about it.

God sees all and still tenderly nourishes them in times of need.

The disasters of this world are through men and their greed.

The wars gathering through Africa and the relief that was sent did nothing to eliminate the starving people of their agony.

The orphaned children in Eastern Europe that are dying with terrible diseases are not being helped as they should be.

The greed of man never learns and so, time and again, the agony of the poor is ignored by the people in power.

But God does not forget and in time, the wheel of power is turned around. So that the destructive element in these so-called free countries are once again in the hands of the people.

But alas, they in turn do exactly the same as their predecessor and so it goes on.

Each person has an allotted time on earth.

If God so wishes, that person will be given the opportunity to meet a Master.

During this lifetime he will be given hints or chances from God to do service for mankind.

If he fails the chance is lost for all time.

If he succeeds he will move on and be taught another lesson.

The Guru does not waste his time on people if they do not want to work.

The Guru also has an allotted time and for that period, he becomes an empty vessel doing the Will of God.

He never stops day or night. Sometimes when he is pre-occupied with his work, his followers fail to understand this and get upset when he does not greet them.

There are times for sorrow and time for laughter.

Mostly, it is pain when doing the work of God.

Masters relieve other people from their sorrow and share this with their followers; if they are able to withstand the pain.

The Satsangs are important as they keep the people in tune with God.

The Guru has to implant the word of God into each soul.

This must not dry out or else the follower will fail!

— Moments With The Master —

The Guru has to water the 'flowers and keep them safe.

Allowing each one to rise above the weeds and pluck out when the time is right.

Allow each one to flower and blossom into a mature plant.

It is the Essence of God that is planted throughout the world.

Each plant must not be trampled down;

for this is life and is very precious.

Each one must be allowed to grow at their own pace.

Sometimes the pace is very slow as the weeds have choked it and it has to have space.

Throughout life there is always a chance to meet God;

He will come if you call for Him.

When the time comes to go to Him;

He sends His Beloveds and they guide the follower back to his Maker. The end result of the Guru's teaching is to allow the flower to unfold in the Glory of God.

The Guru until death leads and teaches the body of the ways of God.

— Moments With The Master —

Only when complete surrender to the Guru is shown, can this be done.

No one can come onto the path that does not show true love to his fellow men.

No amount of apologies can undo this.

This manner of haste and thoughtlessness leads the follower astray;

Although the spirit is willing; the flesh is weak and repeats mistakes again and again; leading to another life on earth.

To enable this life to end and join God.

You must obtain Naam and follow the instructions from a Holy Master.

There your life will change and you will be guided throughout.

God is to be found in many ways.

The air you breathe has His Essence.

He is within all.

He is to be worshipped throughout the day and night.

The Naam echoes around the Universe in praise of His Name.

It is the Law and will always be so.

The many Heavens that are in His Universe are all in the sound.

It is the music of the Lord.

His will dominates all and all praise is His.

The world has no knowledge of the secrets of the Lord;

It is for the individual to succeed in this;

For the teachings of the Guru are in the Word;

And the Word is God.

Gather your strength around and concentrate upon the
Word.

Give to Him all praise and Love.

Give to Him all your chattels and He will Love you forever;

For you have surrendered to Him and His protection will
be forever. God is Love and Love is all!

The answer to prayers are through understanding and
expression.

Prayers are the understanding that your faith will carry it
to God that He will hear and answer.

The Lord within hears and the Lord above answers.

The delight is knowing that the system works throughout
the world and that Heaven responds accordingly.

The Guru is to instruct you of the art of prayer.

It is to acknowledge God, the only One.

To pray is to merge within and that is done through Naam.

It is procedure that time alone will help.

The Naam is to reach the Heavens and you will emerge within God.

Naam will take you upwards.

Naam is to be done increasingly with time spent more in the morning than at night.

Gurus are sent to the earth for the benefit of mankind.

They guide and teach the ways of God.

God does not always send them in the manner people expect.

Gurus are sent and respected by people for their knowledge and wisdom shown to mankind.

God is not to be put into books;

He is Living Word and as such, must be shown to the people as this.

In wholeness the Essence is most evident in the Gurus' choice of teaching and followers benefit from this when they attend the Satsangs.

Benefit from the Essence is showered upon followers at Satsangs.

From this a flower will grow and spread to all. Showering its pollen upon all.

Masters are for the whole of the human race.

It is their intention to help as many people on earth as that is printed in the Heavens.

The ones that call for God and ask for help is circulated to all Masters.

They in turn go out and collect them and help them.

If their problem is very great, a Master will take it upon himself and suffer for them.

If they need a helping hand; he also gives.

If they are addicted to drink or tobacco, he takes it upon himself to solve that problem.

Masters take the poisons of the world many times and will always do so.

Masters come for a time and then they go back to God.

He only waits for a little while and then collects His Beloveds.

For God's Love for them knows no bounds.

He takes them in His Loving Arms and keeps them until they have rested and then they return to work on more souls.

— Moments With The Master —

Masters are for the human race and the Lord.

The Lord is for all.

In the Master there is humility and Love and in him God rests.

To be an empty vessel for God takes courage and devotion.

From God comes Love.

There is no other way for the Chosen ones.

It is in their life-span;

written by the angles in Heaven on the commandment of God.

God hears all, sees all and loves all.

Nothing can be hidden from Him;

All is His and His creation.

Anger is one of the seeds of Karma that stops us from gaining the Lord. To overcome this one has to be under the guidance of a spiritual Master, who alone knows what is best for us.

He alone can give from his many gifts that which is best for us.

He alone can help that which is needed.

Whenever he gives, he gives parts of his soul to you.

How are you to know when good and evil are involved, if the Master does not protect you?

How are you to know when the Master carried you upon his shoulders across the many hidden dangers of this world.

The life you have now is far different from the life you had before the Master was involved.

He sheltered you from many evils that strike.

From the many creatures of the night which you opened yourself to.

You were involved in many dangerous times.

But for the Master you would have had many accidents.

Your life has been saved many times by him.

How can you say he does not love you?

You are his forever.

Members of a Committee are given tasks each beneficial to them.

Members are to give to God what is rightly His.

This is time from each day that he gives to you.

This is part of Naam's right; The word which is to be said in giving thanks to God for your life.

Naam is given to all who come to the Dera.

Blessings from God are given freely to all who give Him praise and thanks.

Naam is in the centre of the soul; bedded deeply into the threads loosening the dirt that is caked around it.

It helps unweave the dirt and cleans it with the Word.

The Master is taking care of all souls,

In return for this Naam is repeated.

You are collecting Naam into a Bank account which is growing.

It is the right of every human being to get in touch with God.

The nearest way is through Naam.

This is why Spiritual Masters are sent from God.

To draw back the souls that are nearest to the Masters.

They in turn help other souls on their way and in return for their labour, are sent back with a Master to gather other souls for their return journey.

Masters are not sent to the people for no reason.

Naam is given and is used as it resounds throughout the Universe;

Sending waves of Love through to God.

God in His love sends out waves of Love, but they are returned in a less pure state.

The Naam cleanses them before returning to the Lord.

Masters are for the good of the human race.

They are the washerwomen of the world.

They clean souls for the return journey.

It is their right to give to all who ask.

Masters will always look after the souls that are put into their care.

Whether these souls do Naam or not is their own choice.

Master will always be there to look after them.

Your love is a gift from God.

Your tears are a gift from God.

Your pain is a gift from God.

He loves you with the sweetness and tears and the pain of Love.

Your Love is God and God is within.

God is never angry. He is without emotions on a human level.

He is never sad;

when He loves His children, it is with the Love of Divine Essence; unlike the love of humans.

— Moments With The Master —

His words are the emotions to which the human beings can relate to.

His wisdom is ever wise and his strength is without failing.

His Kingdom is everlasting and His Love never dies.

The Kingdom of God is like unto a Mountain.

The world is His and under His guidance the people climb;

Gathering strength to cover another width.

His Love prevails in the winds and caresses the climbers as they ascend;

The rain comes and refreshes them;

Some wait until the rain subsides and then climb steadily to the top.

Others are afraid of heights and cannot climb any more.

More climbers want to rush to the top and beat their friends.

But He, the Lord, waits patiently for all.

giving a helping hand to whoever call for Him.

At last the top of the mountain is in reach and they thankfully clamber up to the ledge.

The flag is raised and the cheers are heard:

All have reached safely and are relieved the climb is over.

This is the Kingdom of God;

The final climb and the cheers are from the Guru when he has safely delivered you to your Father's loving arms.

The Lord is wise planting in each soul a divine purpose;

It is up to man to educate himself and find the soul within.

God is within all and His light shines like a lamp in a lighthouse; never dimming always on stand by.

His power and beauty shines through spiritual Master making people surge to be with them.

They are magnets for God and people are cleansed as they keep company with Saints.

"Made in Heaven" is stamped upon all souls;

It is the deeds of life that thoroughly dampen and dirty it;

Masters come to clean you and sometimes it is very painful.

When there is sorrow and tears, it is the Master cleansing you.

When there is heartache and pain; once more it is the Master cleaning you.

Hold onto Naam, for during Naam, there is a tremendous power gathering speed throughout the world.

Ride upon the waves if you can keep your balance.

Having done this you will remain upon the waves of prayer throughout the day.

Heavens are seven in number and they all give lessons to the souls that gain entry.

Masters are for people to learn lessons from also.

Their Blessings are numbered as a gift from God and their Satsangs are given from God to the people.

It is a Blessing and the Word that gives you life.

God spoke and the world was made.

God speaks and the world kneels before Him.

Gurus will trace their followers so that they will spread the Word of God.

It is written in their destiny to know their Guru;

This was so at the time of Christ.

It is written that the World will be saved by the Word of God.

Masters are for the people and daily they dose them with meditation; giving vibrations to all so that their minds can contain the word from God.

Understanding is not necessary on the level of human understanding. It is the soul that is fed constantly with the medicine that the Master gives.

It is part of the treatment to feed and clothe the soul with spiritual food and sustain it.

Masters rarely are seen to do the work of God.

Normally it is done under the cover of Heaven and the mind of man cannot see the work they do.

Gurus do not do work for men;

for they are attached to God and hold Him in their minds always.

Heaven will always clothe the Master with His words.

The Words rain down into the mind of the Guru and He allows man to understand what God has ordained.

A Master chooses wisely and trains his followers thoroughly throughout their lives.

It is a bond cemented throughout Eternity and they shall do the work of Nanak forever.

A Master draws men to him; it is the magnetism which give them the answer.

They have found their Eden, their Eternity, their Heaven and the Master makes them feel complete.

GLOSSARY

ABHYASA	Practice.
ADI GRANTH	Ancient Book.
AHIMSA	Doctrine of non violence
ANANDA	Bliss.
ASHRAM	Place of religious retreat.
AWAZ	Voice.
BHAKTI	Devotion.
BRAHMAN	Merged with the Creator.
CHAKRA	Circle/channel of power.
DARSHAN	To see/instantaneous vision
DARSHAN DAS	Name of my Spiritual Master.
DAS	Servant
DERA	Hermitage/Centre
DAAL	Curried lentils.
DHARAM	Duty
GADDI	Chair used by Spiritual Master for Satsangs.

— Moments With The Master —

GHEE	Clarified butter.
GRANTH SAHIB	Holy Book of the Sikhs.
GURU	Master/Teacher.
GURU NANAK	First of the Sikh Guru's 1469-1539.
KARMA	Law of cause and effect
KIRTAN	Hymn singing.
JAL	Holy water.
LANGAR	Community Meal.
MANTRA	Audible words.
NAAM	'Word' or 'Logos'
PANDIT	The Wise/Hindu Priest
PITAJI	Father
PRANA	Life Currents.
PRASHAD	Sacred food offered to God and then given to congregation.
PUJA	Devotional service
SACHKHAND	Such means true or permanent. Khand means region or realm. True realm of the Supreme Creator.
SADHU	Holy Man.

— Moments With The Master —

SANGAT	Congregation.
SANSKRIT	Ancient language of India. Classical texts are written in Sanskrit.
SATNAM	God's name is true.
SATSANG	Being in the presence of Spiritual Master.
SEV. .	Voluntary work.
SHAKTI	Power
SWAMI	Title given to Indian Holy man or Monk.
TILAK	Mark on forehead to denote the 'third eye' centre.
VEDAS	Holy Scriptures of Hinduism.

