

Nanak Dham

GOING HOME



The procession approaches the Birmingham Dera down Church Hill Road after moving from the house where Mahraz Darshan Das had lived.

Just over two months after He was killed, the body of Mahraz Darshan Das began its last journey home.

"Take me to my motherland, my birthplace," He had said, "For the last rites, when I am gone."

So began a journey across the world.

On Saturday, the 16th January, the hearse left Southall, West London where He was killed on the 11th November last year. The final destination was Batala in the Punjab in His beloved India, where whenever He returned, He would touch the earth, then His forehead and say with reverence: "I am back, my mother."

"Holy messengers are never born in the West,"

He had said, "Only in India, in the land of love, in God's true home."

His followers from around the world had waited in sadness for this day, when they could come to pay their last respects.

From London the small procession, which included also the bodies of Baba Jee Satwant Singh and Chacha Jee, went first to Birmingham, to the only Dera in the West which Mahraz Jee set up under the banner of His Mission, Sachkhand Nanak Dham.

In the years that He had spent in England, He had attracted followers from all over the Western world and thousands of them were gathered at the Dera from early morning to await His last visit there. As the cars approached the outskirts of Birmingham at approximately 11am, His waiting followers began a

THE WAY FORWARD

The funerals of Mahraz Darshan Das, Baba Jee Satwant Singh and Chacha Jee are now over.

The delay in holding their funerals has given us time to mourn our loss, but it has also given us time to meditate and think about how we should move after the events in November. We have had time to recover from the shock that we suffered and now we must go forward, as they would want us to do.

Mahraz Darshan Das showed us all the Way, but He did not force us to take it. His great power of love however made it difficult for many of us to go back for long to our own feeble ways. If we did go back, it was but a short while before we realised that His Way was best and we returned to Him for comfort and guidance.

Some people will be reading this now, who were not so privileged as to meet Mahraz Darshan Das. Many people had never heard of Him until He was killed. If they had known about Him earlier, He would have been surrounded by millions. But the power behind Him is still alive on earth and even more powerful than it was before. We should all respect that power and acknowledge it, because it is a power for good for the benefit of mankind and all creation.

So much has happened in the world in the last few years that God has to restore our balance and sense of perspective. He will not let us destroy ourselves with all our new discoveries and inventions, although the times ahead may be hard. He will rather show us how to use them and which ones to reject for the benefit of mankind. We need to know what is good and what is bad, what is wrong and what is right. If we are honest with ourselves, we can often find the answers to our questions in our hearts.

Mahraz Darshan Das has made that knowledge available. Some of us are but children and we cannot learn everything overnight, although we can make strides that would have amazed us a few years ago. Most men realise only a minute proportion of their potential while they are alive on earth.

Das Dharam Day

Although Sachkhand Nanak Dham is primarily a spiritual Mission, Mahraz Darshan Das also inaugurated a practical mission to run alongside it and be an integral part of it.

On the 16th February, 1980 He established the worldwide Mission of Das Dharam, which is the promise by the children of God to serve mankind on a practical level. We are very much part of the world in which we live. We try not to be so heavenly minded that we are of no earthly use.

This year Das Dharam Day is being celebrated as usual in India on the 16th February, but in England we shall be celebrating this at the Birmingham Dera, 11, Church Hill Road, Handsworth on Sunday, 21st February.

On Das Dharam Day last year this newspaper was born. This issue is therefore the first issue of our second year. We have grown quite fast and we would like to thank everyone for the support we have been given.

Live Issues

In the last month or so we have been able to examine in the pages of this newspaper matters of practical importance that are being discussed outside the Mission, as we were encouraged to do by Mahraz Darshan Das. Such matters as the National Health Service and the abortion debates in Parliament and outside are matters to which we can and should contribute in a constructive way. They are not easy problems for us as individuals to attempt to solve and we have not tried to make light of them, but as a Mission we have much that we can contribute and it is not always appropriate that we should hide our light.

In the last month the politicians have concentrated on the questions of finance and funding for the National Health Service. For the moment at least we do not want to pursue the argument whether it should be the responsibility of the individual to pay directly for his own health care, possibly through one of the existing private insurance schemes or whether the State should

continue to provide these services for us all regardless of whether we are rich or poor, paid for through our general taxes or national insurance contributions.

We have rather concentrated on alternative approaches to our health. Natural remedies and healthy balanced vegetarian diet, coupled with a sensible attitude to life and our neighbours. Our approach would in fact save very large sums of money for the National Health Service apart from being of benefit to all, but unless people believe this, our knowledge is not of real benefit to them.

It is a matter of regret that we have not been able to give space to Comic Relief and Red Nose Day that raised so much money for famine-hit Africa.

Controversy

We hope we will not upset or hurt people by going on to examine in the months ahead controversial topics that effect others in this country and the world today. The problems of drug and alcohol dependence, especially among young people, is a problem for us all, even teetotalers who can through lack of understanding of the problem drive others to drink. The Government's Licensing Bill to allow pubs and bars to open for up to 12 hours between 11am and 11pm has now moved from the House of Commons to the House of Lords. How will this change effect our lives and those for whom we care?

Was the Government right to stop its legal action against the "Moonies" to strip two trusts linked with Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church of their charitable status after prolonged accusations of estranging young people from their families?

What is a charity and what is a religion? We know that Mahraz Darshan Das taught us that religion is a man-made thing and that God does not have a religion.

Why do organisations like Scientology raise such strong reactions? Is it that ordinary people have an innate sense when something is seriously wrong or is it just prejudice against something that is different and is not understood?

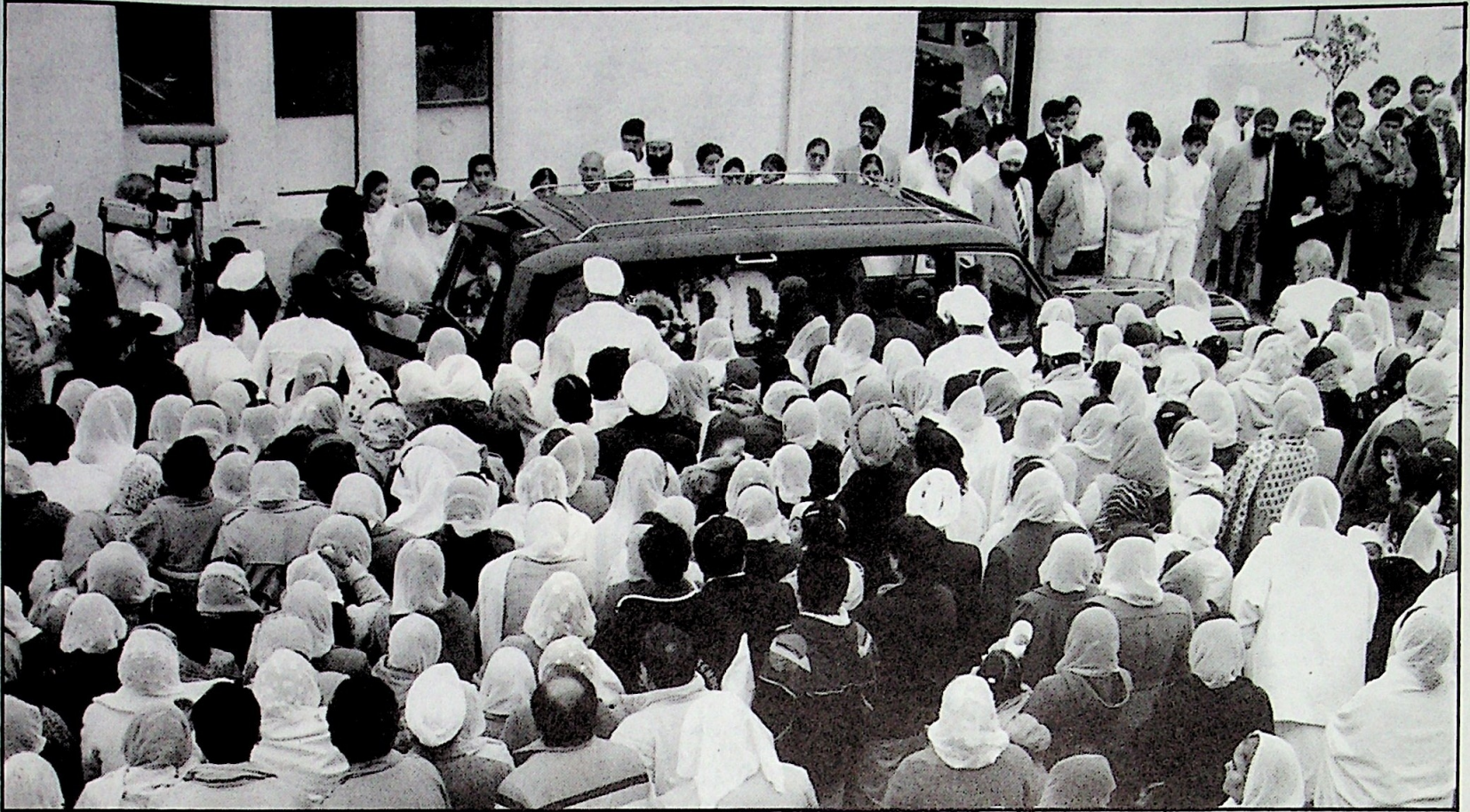
Was Princess Ann right to say at the world summit on Aids in London last month that Aids could be said to be "a classic own goal, scored by the human race on itself, a self-inflicted wound that only serves to remind Homo sapiens of his fallibility"? That is what many ordinary people in this country think. The Princess said: "The real tragedy is the innocent victims...."

At some time we shall have to examine attitudes to sexuality and possibly consider the implications of clause 28 in the Local Government Bill, which seeks to ban the promotion of homosexuality by local authorities. Homosexuality has had a lot of publicity because of the open dilemma in the Church of England in recent months and we cannot ignore it.

During the Australian Bi-Centennial Celebrations we have heard quite a lot about the rights of the Australian Aborigines, including an Aborigine who travelled from Australia to England to symbolically claim England for the Aborigines, by planting the Aborigine flag near the cliffs of Dover to coincide with Australia's 200th birthday celebrations in Sydney. Did he have a valid point in ridiculing the idea of a country being claimed by a group of people as their own? We need to re-examine both racialism and colonialism and the insensitive treatment of people we do not know or understand?

Are some people right to see shades of the winter of discontent ahead? Industrial action in hospitals, car factories and at our ports do not augur well. We can however learn from the mistakes of the past. It is 30 years ago this month that the disastrous floods occurred in Holland with serious flooding in East Anglia and around the Thames. Have we taken enough measures to prevent such natural disasters again or do they have to happen to remind us that we are not in charge of our destiny? Why does God let natural disasters happen?

There are many such matters for us to turn our attention to, but meanwhile in this issue we concentrate on our homage to Mahraz Darshan Das, His funeral in India and our more private love and respect for Him.



The hearse with Mahraz Jee's coffin about to leave the Birmingham Dera.

Going Home

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march from the Dera in Church Hill Road to assemble outside the house, where He had lived in Birmingham.

As they walked, the hundreds of men, women and children chanted the slogan, which He had given them as the vanguard of His Mission: "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala." They walked quietly, flanked by men and young people in white and women in saffron, the colours of the Mission uniforms.

Finally the cars arrived, bringing Mahraz Jee's body for the last time to the door of the family, which had first brought Him to England and with whom He had lived in Birmingham. The family was assembled outside and paid their last respects.

The slow procession began, accompanied by an orderly and quietly chanting crowd. It was a sad moment when both cars entered the Dera. No one would have wished to bring Mahraz Jee, Baba Jee Satwant Singh and Chacha Jee for their final visit there in the way it was that day.

The coffins were positioned on a special platform constructed for that day, surrounded on every side with threaded carnations of red and white. Those close friends, who had cared for and supported Mahraz Jee during His Mission in England, stood in attendance during the long hours which followed, when men, women and children from all over the country filed past to pay their respects. The Baba Jees had requested that all the mourners show restraint and despite their grief, they remained calm and quiet on that sad day.

Return to India

It was with sadness and a certain sense of shame that the small party of followers from England were accompanying the bodies back to Indian soil.

"We sent you the most precious jewel," the Indian followers had said, "more beautiful than diamonds."

Many hours before the landing at Delhi airport in the morning of Tuesday, the 19th January, large crowds of men and women had assembled. The rich and poor from all parts of India were gathered there in the darkness, waiting side by side, eyes wide with the same pain.

There were the small groups of Delhi's poorest men, the rickshaw riders, who pedal citizens for a few rupees per mile. They stood together, blankets thrown over their thin shoulders. Nearby sat office workers, civil servants, teachers, men and women from all walks of life.

Said a woman waiting there dressed all in white, her elegant sari a dress of mourning for that day: "Mahraz Jee has changed my life. I joined His Mission after he had gone to England, yet I feel His presence in every aspect of my life. His teachings are universal and unique."

Beside her sat a young man in whom the scars of poverty were clear, a face etched with the lines of daily struggle, in very simple clothes.

"He changed my life," he said, tears welling in his eyes. "I was a young boy, in bad company, when we met. Yet Mahraz Jee used to call me Kadu (pumpkin). He was my everything. He used to wake me every morning Himself at the Dera. He taught me how to make video films of life in the Mission."

At 2am a metal door was slowly rolled upwards from the ground and two coffins came into view. Mahraz Darshan Das and his loving devotee, Das Joga Singh (Chacha Jee), were back on Indian soil.

A fervent shout rang out: "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala." It was the poorest men of Delhi, who held that moment as their own. They held their Master's coffin high. This Man had given them their dignity, with love.

"It is our right," they said. "He is His Highness our King."

"He is the King of Kings."

Their shouts became an urgent chant. Hands were in the air and fingers pointing to the sky. They wanted Him to rise. "Now that you are home, with us, they seemed to say, rise up, and tell us this is just a dream."

But this was not to be. As the coffins were placed on a flower-decked van, and driven away, the shouts died and turned to tears. The crowd dispersed to follow the coffins to the Darshan Darbar at New Mahavir Nagar, New Delhi, where followers came from all over India to pay their last respects.

"When I go home," Mahraz Darshan Das had said, "the streets will be lined with those who love me." This prophecy was certainly fulfilled on that sad day. The streets around Darshan Darbar were filled with silent mourners waiting to file past the bodies.

Batala

By the evening of that day the coffins had begun the nine hour journey of over 400 kilometres from Delhi to Batala in the Punjab. As the result of an accident the coffins of both Mahraz Jee and Chacha Jee were both carried in the

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THE TRUE PATH

The satsang that Mahraz Darshan Das gave on 14th January, 1987 was read by Baba Jee Karnall Singh on the 14th January, 1988.

True Giving

The message of Guru Sahib for this month is that we should seek the shelter of a Perfect Spiritual Master and cleanse ourselves with the dust of His divine feet.

We have always been instructed by holy messengers that we should give to others: giving in a way that strengthens our souls and which will release us from the 8,400,000 cycles of life and death; giving that will bring everlasting joy into our lives.

We elaborated on giving at a Satsang in East Ham in this way: True Giving is when you give with joy and faith to God. It is His devotion.

His remembrance can take place anywhere that is acceptable to Him. For example when someone known to you is very ill and you intercede on his behalf, ask God to restore his health in return for your life. A mother will do this for her child, a friend for a friend, a father for his son, simply out of sheer love. So this giving (or cry from the heart, or yearning, or beseeching) can be described as True Giving.

Giving gifts of money or clothing for example are acceptable and does please God, but only when done through a Perfect Spiritual Master. In India on the banks of the Ganges, you will find many priests when you go bearing alms. They direct your actions and how your offerings should be made, but even after all the giving, you do not find True joy or peace of mind.

The True Giving described by Guru Sahib this month is devotion, which will unite us with the Lord. This True Giving takes the form of Naam, which can be attained from a Perfect Spiritual Master. After profiting from this Naam - then give.

Pride and the Mind

Guru Sahib points out that we are devoted to this world and are steeped in pride. This can only be eradicated when we remember Him or in other words, find shelter and attain Naam from a Perfect Spiritual Master.

We have explained about the state of the mind on many occasions, that the mind stands like a wall between our souls and the Lord. Due to this our souls are yearning for release from bondage. Almost all the different methods of devotion in the world are directed to the subjugation of the mind, how to overcome and teach the mind. Unless and until the mind can be controlled, our soul cannot unite with the Lord.

We bathe in sacred ponds, devote ourselves to service, donate to charities and pray in our different ways for the release of our souls.

All these services are easily done, but to unite with the Lord is very difficult. This can be made easy through a Perfect Spiritual Master, who shows you the True Path.

The question is about the True Path, through which one eventually finds praise in the world. There are many who have walked on this Path and are remembered, such as Shri Ram Chandar Jee Maharaj, Krishan Maharaj, Guru Nanak, Guru Gobind, Mohammed, Socrates, Jesus Christ, Mahatma Buddha, Mansur, Sammas Thabraz, Muni Bal Bhawan Jee, Vashist, Visvhamiter, Thund Rikhi are a few of the many, who are remembered in our scriptures, but only a few prominent names come to mind.

The suffering and hardship endured by them are a part of our oral and written history, which we have not seen ourselves. As testimony of their faith for example Guru Sahib states that if you follow the True Path then the pilgrimage of 68 sacred ponds in India will automatically be granted to you. It would be wrong to assume that one will attain great wealth or children. What you will attain will be peace of mind and the shelter of a Perfect Spiritual Master. The benefit of this pilgrimage will be the shelter of a Perfect Spiritual Master, through whom the union between the soul and the Lord can take place.

We have mentioned before that when the Lord is pleased with us He blesses us. So what is this blessing? This blessing comes in the form of the shelter of a Master, through whom we are given the True Path. This Path does not urge us to leave our worldly duties, our homes, friends or families, nor does it create conflicts or wars.

This True Path is solely dependent upon you, whether you wish to accept it. For it only teaches you how to remember Him, by accepting the Path shown to you by your Master and by accepting His True principles.



Truth and lies

You do not follow the Path of Truth. Even if you do speak the Truth, you only do so for your own sake and then you reproach yourselves as to the consequences. On the other hand no matter how many lies you speak, you have no qualms about doing so.

There are only two sides, one is the Truth and the other is lies. Truth belongs to God, but lies also belong to God. Then if we question who creates Truth and lies, the answer is God. Then you may well ask where does our fault lie? The fault can be described like this, when you make butter, the milk with which you started no longer has any value. Similarly when you take the Truth out of lies, lies have no value at all.

Truth is death and lies are life. Yet you do not wish to die, but want to live. To this end you continue to breed hatred and jealousy, creating conflicts. Your life is gratified with this rubbish and you seek contentment in it. If you bring forth any Truth out of this then it is only of yourselves. If you ever look within your true self, you will surely be frightened by what you see. You regret what you see.

So do stop looking at yourselves through someone else's eyes. Look within, with your own eyes and you will be frightened by the sight. Your very being will rise up and ask for forgiveness from the Lord. At night when you have just gone to sleep you think back about what you have been doing during the day. The results of your actions have been destructive not only for other people, but also for yourself and your children.

Love is a very great power and so is Truth. Recently someone commented that the fear that they used to have is no longer there. To this we replied that this fear has two forms. One takes the form of your weaknesses, when you overcome your weaknesses or are forgiven for them then one of your fears is eliminated. But the fear that comes of Love will never diminish. Even when you are faced with death or when everything that you have is being destroyed. Through this very Love, God is without fear and enemies.

In this month those who have churned the Truth out of Love can enjoy peace of mind and True joy. So those who wish to enjoy the benefits must also accept the fear that comes out of Love.

The Lord does not punish, but instead reproves you from punishment and suffering. He forgives our sins, but does not create them. He gives you happiness and good qualities. He creates wishes within you and fulfils those wishes Himself, because He is the bountiful Lord, who has given and will continue to give.

Living Testimony

He does nothing for His personal gain. The deeds of His messengers are a living testimony. They and their loved ones endure suffering and by example set the course of the True Path. They show you the True Path and then give you the right to follow it. This Path is very difficult to follow and yet at the same time it is an honourable one. Not everyone can follow, especially those with a weak mind and a weak heart.

Those who follow this Path have to endure great hardship and suffering, therefore you will have to find a compromise within yourself to enable you to endure the hardships. So that your soul can remember the Lord and attain freedom from this world and the cycle of life and death. Messengers of God come to give a message, whether someone listens or not they will continue to do so. For it is a Complete and True Message.

Just take a look at our history, even today we follow the teachings of previous messengers, as laid down in the holy scriptures such as the Guru Granth Sahib, the Bible, the Koran and the Gita. The words therein are complete and true. Even today, if we truly follow the True Path, we will have to accept a living death. But most of us choose not to follow. Instead we have caused divisions of hatred between communities and religions, in whose names we become martyrs, which benefits neither the martyr nor God.

The time ahead is going to be one of great hardship so our message to you is simply is that if you are remembering the Lord, sacrifice everything willingly. Sahib has said that we honour God's messengers and the people who attain the shelter of a Perfect Spiritual Master.

This fervour of sacrifice should be directed towards your weaknesses, such as your ego, lust, avarice and attachment to worldly things or when you forget somebody else's good deed. The rewards of one sip of water can change the mould of one's life. But we still continue to drink water by the mouthful and spit it out, without realising that His True quality is proportionate to just one sip of water.

Therefore you should adopt the qualities of sacrifice because you yourselves will have to pave your way forward. He will assist you. You will have to find the Path and whatever sacrifices you may have to make on the way, you should do so willingly.

LAND OF LOVE

An Englishman's Impression of India

India is God's gift to humanity. A rich, fertile sun-blessed land. Diverse peoples bonded to their Creator in their life of acceptance and forbearance with smiles like the light of heaven itself. If the world is mankind then India is the soul of humanity.

Humanity is everywhere. In the teeming masses of the streets of Delhi, iron framed cycles and passenger carrying tricycles jostle for position amongst the throng of overloaded trucks and buses, Japanese looking cars and vans, plagues of scooters with sari clad girls balancing sidesaddle on the back, carts pulled by lean, small ponies or by stately cows or oxen, or occasionally men yoked like oxen straining in the shafts.

Add to this tumultuous mix determined pedestrians preferring the road to the often dirtier and more dangerous rubble strewn pavements, a Public Works Department run rife with half-completed jobs.

The noise is incredible as Delhi traffic works on the principle of warning others to move out of the way rather than changing its own speed or direction. The booming horns of the larger vehicles mingle with the constant beep-beep of the scooters and tinkling of cycle bells. Amazingly accidents seem few and acts of skilful avoidance abound.

Everywhere is life in rich profusion - its fruits and its failings. The fresh, colourful produce alongside rejected litter and open drains. The smell of public indolence, challenged by the personal cleanliness of the poor man scrupulously washing himself in the street.

Along the pavements cheek to cheek sprout peanut vendors, fruit and vegetable stalls and all manner of things for sale, millions of one man or one family businesses, leaving space now and then for the beggars and unfortunate ones. For some whose business is on the street, where better to have their dwelling and so they erect their makeshift permanent homes of canvas and wood or corrugated iron. For those without such conveniences a blanket will do and so they lay completely covered, huddled and alone like corpses awaiting burial.

On a spare space, brown or green, children play cricket with bricks for stumps and if a real ball is not available, a hard composition substitute. For many there is nothing soft about life in India.

On a building site weary looking women carry their basket loads of earth on their heads while their babies lie in the sun crying on their beds or sacking. Only the flies pay attention.

Who cares then? Everybody and nobody. Everybody cares about his or her personal relationship with God and the duties of hospitality, honesty and respect for all life, for all of God's creation. Nobody cares about the physical manifestation of another's life. That is their karma. So the beggar will pray as the rich man and each will respect the spiritual truth of the other.

On tiny islands in the middle of the roaring Delhi traffic cows chew contentedly oblivious to the dust and noise around them. A symbolic imagery of all that is India. On the

outside are all the hardships of daily life, but within is a contentment that on the surface appears to be an uneducated acceptance, which in reality is a secure knowledge of their spiritual journey - the destiny of the soul.

But now as the destiny of the body - all 800 million of them - intrudes upon God's creation, there are voices in the land that ask, is it not the time for this great civilisation to reassess some of the attitudes that prevent it taking its rightful position amongst the leadership of nations? They say: "Is it karma for the planet to suffer the scars of industrial pollution? If not, then is it not karma for so many of God's people to be left in poverty and neglect?"

At this time many are recalling the words of the Father of the modern nation, Mahatma Gandhi: "Recall the face of the poorest and the weakest man whom you have seen and ask yourself, whether the step you contemplate is going to be of any use to him. Will he gain anything by it? Will it restore him to control over his own life and destiny?"

For those of us who have been moved by the magic of India, we wish her well in her strivings to attain those twin destinies for all her children and will long to return again to experience the rich tapestry of humanity that makes India unique.

John Aust

A Message of Thanks to Indian Friends

This is an open letter to the many members of the Mission that I met in India. It is to say that I will always remember their kindness, gentleness and love, which they showed not only to myself, but to all of us who came from England for the Master's Funeral in Batala.

I thank all of you, from the very dear family who had us to stay at their house and gave up their bed because I was ill, to the members who helped us in every way they could daily, never tiring and always smiling, even though their hearts were heavy through the loss of our Master. I thank the Baba Jees, who through their generosity and kindness granted our every wish - even to arranging an English dish, which was beautifully cooked. But also helping us spiritually and encouraging us to carry on.

The memory of the streets lined with followers as the coffins of the Master and Chacha Jee were carried to the waiting car for the start of the journey to Batala and the chant of "Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala" will stay with me forever. For He was truly their Master and King and their cries were from the heart, a man of peace and courage - He had come home.

I was told by Baba Jee Balwant Singh that I should bathe in the pool at Loni Dera, if I wished to return to India - but this had to be

done five times and this meant five journeys - England to India.

So one afternoon I set off with friends to Loni. Arriving there I realised I had not brought a change of clothes, neither had I brought a large enough towel. Discussing this with friends, it was decided that just to dip my feet, hands and face would be as good as a bathe. So off came my shoes, stockings and coat. Carefully dipping one foot into Loni Pool I bent down to wet my hands. Whatever happened next I really do not know, but I emerged with the muddiest face, arms and legs you have ever seen. When Baba Jees say you bathe in Loni Pool - you bathe! I soon dried out and everyone saw the funny side, including me. I only have four more 'dips' to go!

There are so many memories of your India. How we were looked after from the moment we stepped onto the soil. We were looked after, even when we had a coach that travelled for at least six hours in the dark with no headlights. The Baba Jees knew what we were experiencing, helping us every inch of the way.

As an English follower of the Master who will never forget any of you, I say: "Thank you and Nanak Naam Chardi Kala Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala." Here is hoping I see you again.

Das Shirley

MESSAGE FOR THE MISSION

When only 11 years old Darshan Lal Vasdev had the opportunity to take a free uniform from his school. That day uniforms were being offered free to families who were poor. When he arrived home from school, his mother asked him: "Why didn't you bring one for us, for we are poor?"

But her son replied: "I have come on this earth to give and not take."

It was that young boy who became our Mahraz Darshan Das. There is no doubt that this killing is a blow to the Mission that He founded.

But as sure as death, the future is very bright. Just as when you remove the bright fire from underneath the boiling pot, the water will continue to retain its heat, so it is for us within this Mission. When you put the fire back, the pot will boil again. With the Baba Jees that Mahraz Jee made and in whom He placed His powers, the temperature with us will always be the same.

Mahraz Jee spoke the language of humanity. He had all types of qualities in Him. Nevertheless with His guidance, we can achieve what it was He wanted.

We have a target. We have to flourish the name of Mahraz Darshan Das throughout the world.

Das Man Singh Private Secretary to
Mahraz Darshan Das in India



Mahraz Jee's father, Pandit Jagan Nath, sitting alongside Baba Jee Karam Singh (standing left) with Baba Jee Ghasita Ram behind him, Baba Jee Karnail Singh behind them both, with an English follower, John Aust and Baba Jee Saini sitting far right.

LEAD US

He came for a brief spell, clearly to tell
Of a Light! Nay! The source of all the Lights
That sometimes come on Earth and dwell,
Then depart with the passing of the darker nights.

He stayed among us for a while,
In each of us He rekindled with a smile
Our lost memories of "Mother and Father Divine."
To reach them, He has promised, only to love
We must be resigned.

He is now gone to a higher plane,
Leaving us His loving, blissful, ever shining flame.
But we disdain, His body had to be slain
For love. OH! for humanity, do not let it be in vain.

From depth and despair, let His teachings steer
Some who are tempted, to the safest weir,
His light be there, shining and clear,
We know, Mahraz Jee, you are there.

To heights unknown the strong must strive
And reach that light with zealous might.
Guiding, you promised, those difficult climbs.
Oh! Mahraz Jee, lead us to Eternal Life Sublime.

CHANDRAVATI

DAS DHARAM

Das Dharam stands for Truth.
Das Dharam wants Love, Peace and Unity.
Das Dharam is the message of Almighty God.
Das Dharam is for all Humanity.
Das Dharam respects all the prophets and Holy Books,
But believes in One God, the God of all Gods. Zimica

OPEN YOUR EYES

Open your eyes to see the world
And let someone see into yours.
Open your hearts and give out your love,
To replace it with love from others.
Speak to others with your words,
True and sincere
That you hope in return to also hear;
And for every stone on your path you tumble,
Feel no anger, no hate, nor bitterness,
But remember God's words so humble,
Nanak Naam Chardi Kala
Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bhala.

Satinder.

God made Man.
Man makes slaves.
Man is slave to his stomach.

MAHRAZ DARSHAN DAS

Please send any thoughts and possible contributions to
this newspaper to,

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The remains of the body of Mahraz Darshan Das being handed to His two young sons before being cast in the waters of the Ganges at Haridwar. Behind the boys, looking on, is the father of Mahraz Darshan Das, Pandit Jagan Nath, wearing turban and glasses and His mother, Chanan Dei, with Baba Jees, relatives and friends.

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same vehicle. Therefore both bodies entered Batala together.

By 8am on Wednesday, the 20th January, the coffins were in position at the Dera in Batala, near the gaddi where Darshan Lal Vasdev, Mahraz Jee's family name, gave His first satsangs at this Dera when he was just 19 years of age.

Thousands of devotees from all over the Punjab came to pay their last respects. The coffins were placed in position on specially constructed platforms in front of the gaddi. The last rites were conducted in the Indian tradition. A white shawl, the last garment was laid and flower petals scattered. At 11.40am the funeral pyres were lit.

The last rites had been observed in Batala according to His wish.

On that same Wednesday the funeral of Baba Jee Satwant Singh took place many miles away back in Hanworth, West London, in the presence of many relatives and friends.

The purpose of the journey to Batala was complete for the devoted followers from the south. It was with heavy hearts that they turned back for Delhi. The journey that they endured became a symbol of the suffering of every devotee.

Not long out of Batala the lights on their vehicle failed. Only the side lights remained. They were travelling in the dark. Each time something sped towards them, they slowed, hesitant, fearful, uncertain of what was to come. They felt frightened and alone. They faced death there in the darkness. They drove down through the Punjab feeling that the light had gone out in their lives.

But Mahraz Jee's teaching is one of hope. "I am always with you," He had said. "And when I am gone, My power will be ten times greater than before."

Other vehicles sped past them in the dark. Their lights in the distance showed them the way. Like a beacon they glowed in the dark. The devotee's travelled more surely now. Those lights ahead never went out. If one became too dim, another would appear stronger than before.

A journey which should have been nine hours long, took 21 tiring hours to complete. But not one devotee lost hope. They were united in their struggle by their faith, their hopes and the lights which urged them on. They stepped down from that long journey stronger than before. They had learned to cross that fine line between life and death, as Mahraz Darshan Das had always urged them to do. They had learned that Love masters all.

Haridwar

There was one final step to be taken, which custom in India requires at such times. The last fragments were to be taken to the shores of the River Ganges, considered to be the purest river in India and dispersed in the water there with prayer

So on Thursday, the 28th January, a small party of followers began the 200 kilometre journey from Delhi to Haridwar, a town set on the banks of the Ganges and the destination of many pilgrims from all over India.

A small ceremony was conducted there, at the water's edge, and Mahraz Jee's young sons, 10-year-old Tarlochan and his 9-year-old brother, Raju, committed the last remains to the water.

Every member of that party then bathed in the cold, quick water for purification, as is the custom at such times.

On Wednesday, the 3rd of February, close family members and friends came to Darshan Darbar in New Delhi to witness the ceremony, which named Mahraz Jee's eldest son, Tarlochan, as the new head of his household. This young man showed all the dignity and strength that every follower had hoped to see as the turban was first tied upon his head. Thousands of his father's followers came to pay their respects that day, to comfort the family, and to wish this young boy well. His clear, steadfast gaze and the brave way he held himself was a credit to his father, his family and all that every Mission follower knows in his heart to be true.

Legacy of Love

Mahraz Darshan Das has left a Legacy of Love for all the world. His teachings touched a chord in every loving heart. We are grateful to His family for the sacrifice they made. They shared their son, their husband and father, with all humanity.

Only time will tell who this Man really was, what it was His family gave the world. His finest tribute must come from His father, Pandit Jagan Nath.

He said: "In spite of Mahraz Darshan Das being my son, this is a loss to Sachkhand Nanak Dham and the nation. It was my fortune to have a son like Darshan Das. I am proud of Him.

"Let all of you work together now to raise and flourish His voice of peace through love, unity and sacrifice."