



Baba Sawan Singh

He was light and love
personified and gave us
light and love.

Sant Kirpal Singh

مل جگدنیشی ملن پی برابن
Sawan Singh
17.7.1939

It Is Our Turn To Meet God

The relation between Hazur Baba Sawan Singh and Kirpal Singh was a beautiful one – said to be like a strong spiritual bond between Father and his beloved Son and alyways emanating a special radiation



Baba Sawan Singh holding Satsang, Kirpal Singh sitting second left to the reciter

There are lots of things which really nobody knows, because that matters only to the Master and His disciple. And there was only one, Sant Kirpal Singh who could tell about His Master. Whatever is in the heart of the disciple or what is in the heart of the Master, they only know, nobody knows outside.

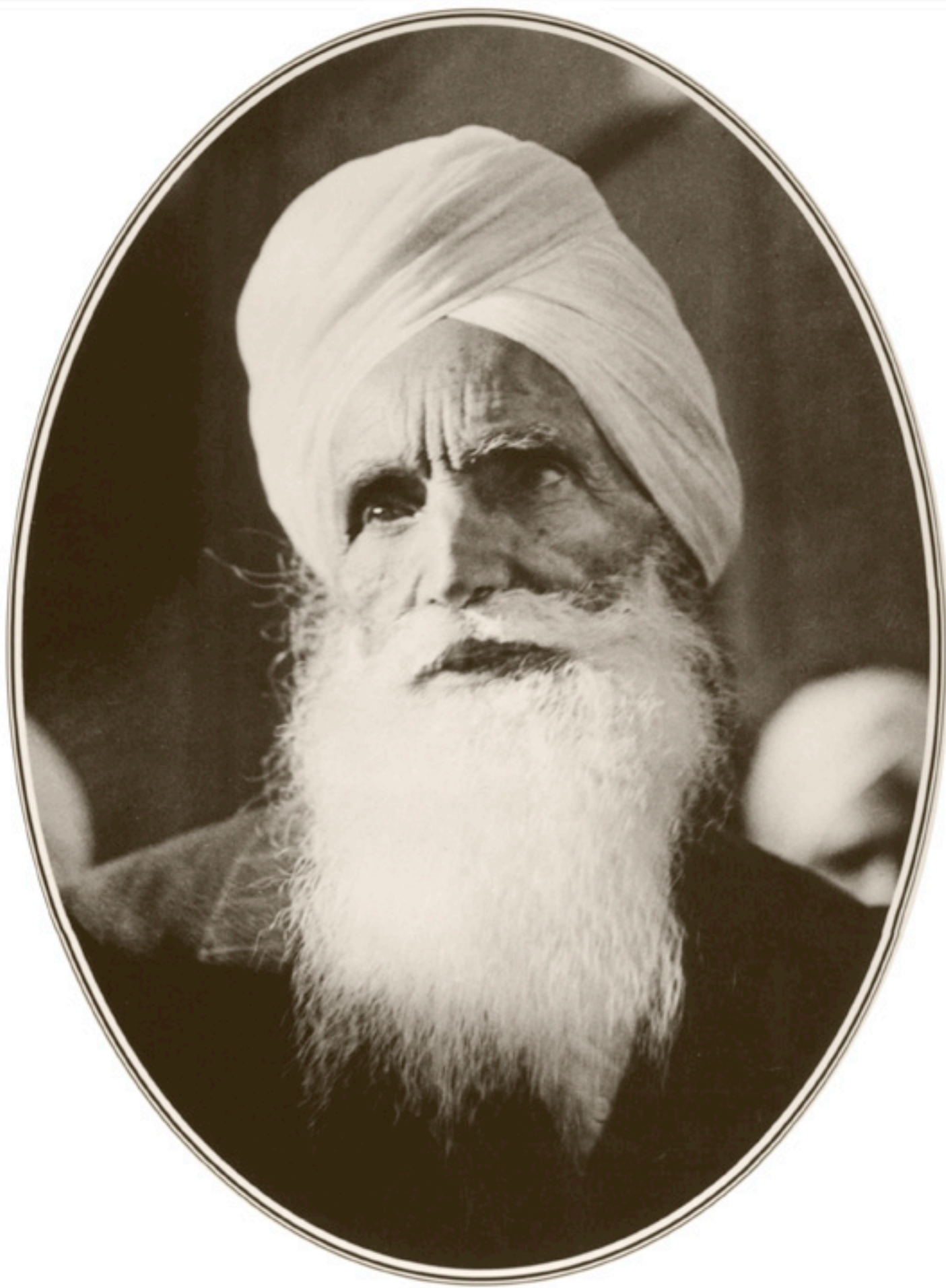
There may have been one in thousand who was attuned to Him and He had to direct Him. So Baba Sawan Singh used to wait for Sant Kirpal Singh and always said, "Go on singing one more song, go on singing one more shabad." So He used to delay the Satsang off and on. Whenever Sant Kirpal Singh had gone to hold Satsang or He was sent for some other work and was a little bit late, the Satsang was also a little bit late. Not really late, but only shabads were

sung. Master Sawan Singh always wanted the presence of Sant Kirpal Singh. As soon as Kirpal Singh arrived, Master Sawan Singh used to start with the Satsang. And what was the condition of our Master? Kirpal Singh said, while seeing Hazur's turban from far away, He felt unable to come nearer, and so He used to sit behind all. He even felt no power in His body to go forward. He was so intoxicated and His whole body was so full of vibration that He made no endeavour to speak to anybody. He only said, "Let's sit down." Some people tried to sit with Him because they knew that by sitting along with Sant Kirpal Singh one could get something. And lots of experiences happened to those who used to sit with Him.

Harbhajan Singh

The rain comes in the form of the Guru,
like a refreshing coolness upon the
parched earth. My Hazur's name was
Sawan. Like a rain of mercy, they come
by God's orders, and we should take
full benefit by clearing up the land of
our whole being with Satsang, where
all the dirt and filth is thrown out.

Sant Kirpal Singh



True Discipleship

Blessed were those who sat at His holy feet or whom He took under His care, and who sought Him, and Him alone

Baba Sawan Singh had one real disciple – Kirpal Singh, who did each and everything for His Master. They knew each other, but lots of people could not know. There were some, however, and they were also receptive due to the very near link they had with Sant Kirpal Singh.

Sant Kirpal Singh was given the duty for Satsang in Rawalpindi. It was the home town of Sant Kirpal Singh, but He was in service at another place. At that time He used to live in Lahore. From there He used to visit Rawalpindi for Satsang. He used to go by train and those disciples living in Rawalpindi, they always came to receive Sant Kirpal Singh at the railway station. And when there was Satsang, they used to feel a vibration of the Master and sometimes there was so much charging (of the atmosphere) that some people used to weep in the sweet remembrance of the Master, or they used to have the vibration of the Master. So later on, when He was to go back, lots of people used to go to see Him off at the railway station. In this situation Rajaram, a disciple of Hazur went directly to Baba Sawan Singh and complained about the whole situation – that Sant Kirpal Singh

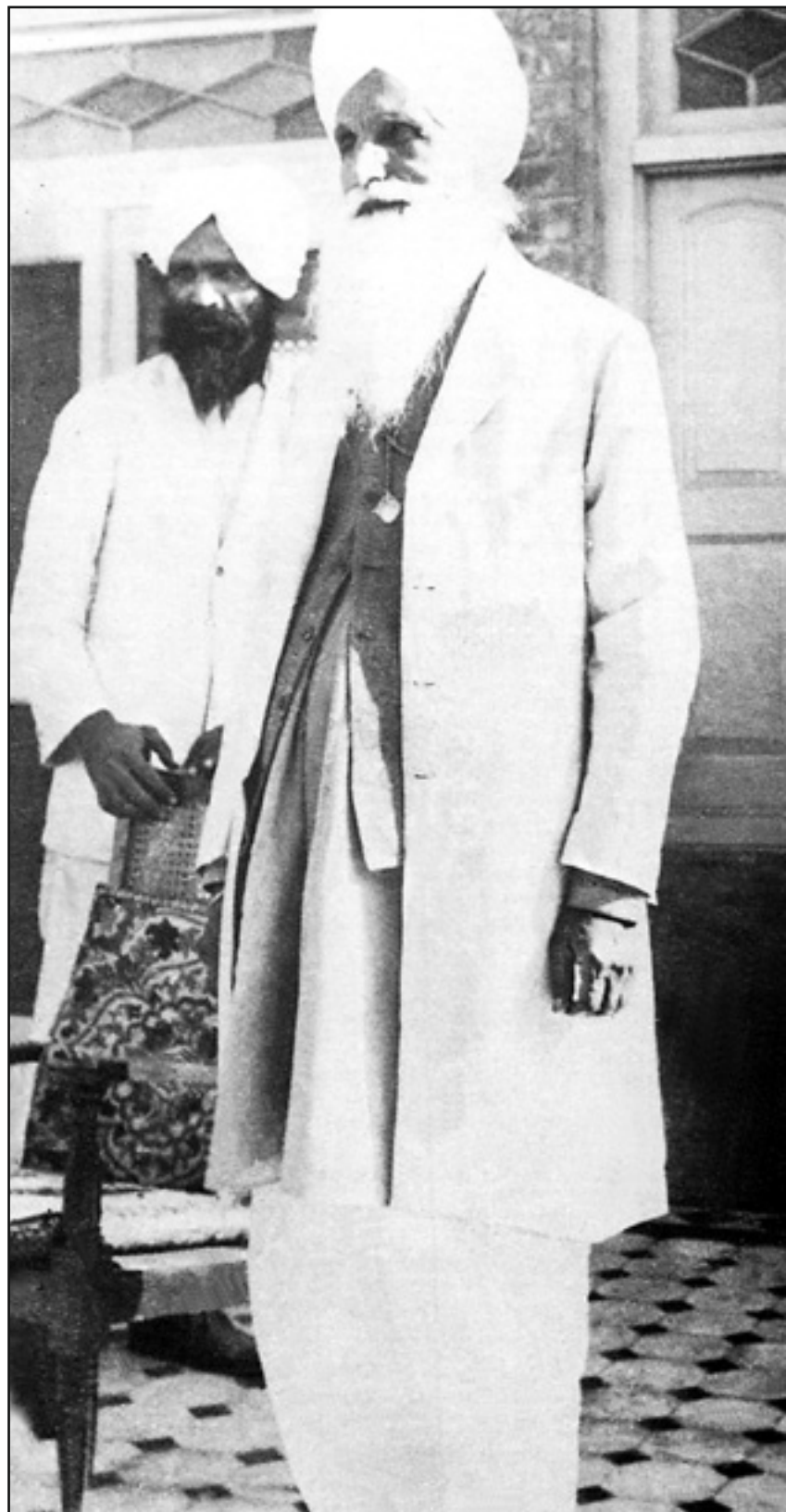
was getting very popular in the eyes of the disciples and that people loved Him too much, so that the respect which only Master deserved, now those disciples had started to provide to Sant Kirpal Singh as well. He did not think this to be a good thing. Baba Sawan Singh smiled and said, “It is no Satsang where people do not feel the vibration of the Master. Do you think, when Satsang is held, I am not there?” He said, “I am always there! What He does – I know. I love this personality too much, much more than you do.”

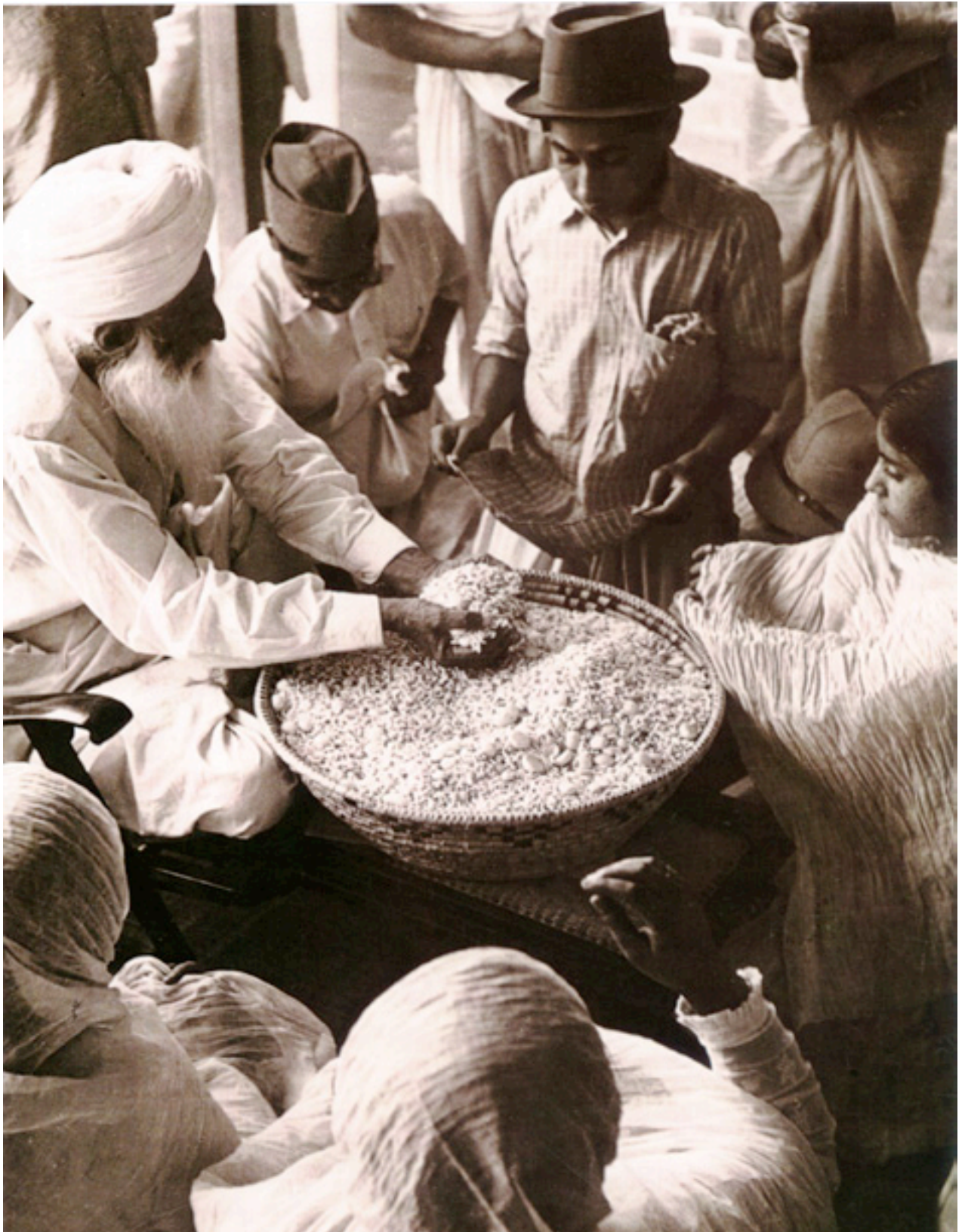
Afterwards this Rajaram used to be very near to Sant Kirpal Singh. A time came during his life that out of love and devotion which he got through the nearness of Sant Kirpal Singh, he went directly to Baba Sawan Singh and said, “Babaji, I want to tell you something. I have love and devotion for You, You are very high to me, You are God for me. But I do not know, after You, I have receptivity and love and devotion for Sant Kirpal Singh.” He answered, “This is right, you are on the true line. This is right.”

Harbhajan Singh

When I was in service, I used to visit Him (Baba Sawan Singh) twice a week. Any time I did not turn up for a week or so, He would ask everyone, "Where is he?" Then He would take the car and come to my office, about forty miles away. You see? This is love – heart to heart. It develops in that way.

Hazur Baba Sawan Singh
with His disciple Kirpal Singh, about 1934





One day Baba Sawan Singh asked, “Kirpal Singh, do you need parshad?” He said, “Yes Master, I need it!” It was a parshad of apples. So Baba Sawan Singh started to give apples from a big basket, and Sant Kirpal Singh received them, holding His shirt. Both were above body-consciousness, and some apples were falling down. Taiji said, “Hazur, can I also have one that is falling down?” Hazur said, “If the sparrows take a little bit of water from the ocean, the ocean will not finish, you can have as much as you like.” The whole Sangat knew that there was one disciple of Baba Sawan Singh whom He loved very much, they knew each other. Kirpal Singh knew what Baba Sawan Singh desired from Him. So throughout His life Sant Kirpal Singh worked with the attention of Baba Sawan Singh. It was rare that He got a physical order. He only worked with attention. This attention is there when the heart becomes one. Only by seeing you can understand what your Master demands from you.

Harbhajan Singh

Left: Baba Sawan Singh, 1945

Once it so happened that my Master (Baba Sawan Singh) was photographed for the first time. I was there. He moved from one station to another. I followed Him. At one place, a man who was a big landlord was just entering the room. Standing by Him, he requested of the Master, “Well, Master, will You give me a copy of Your photograph?”

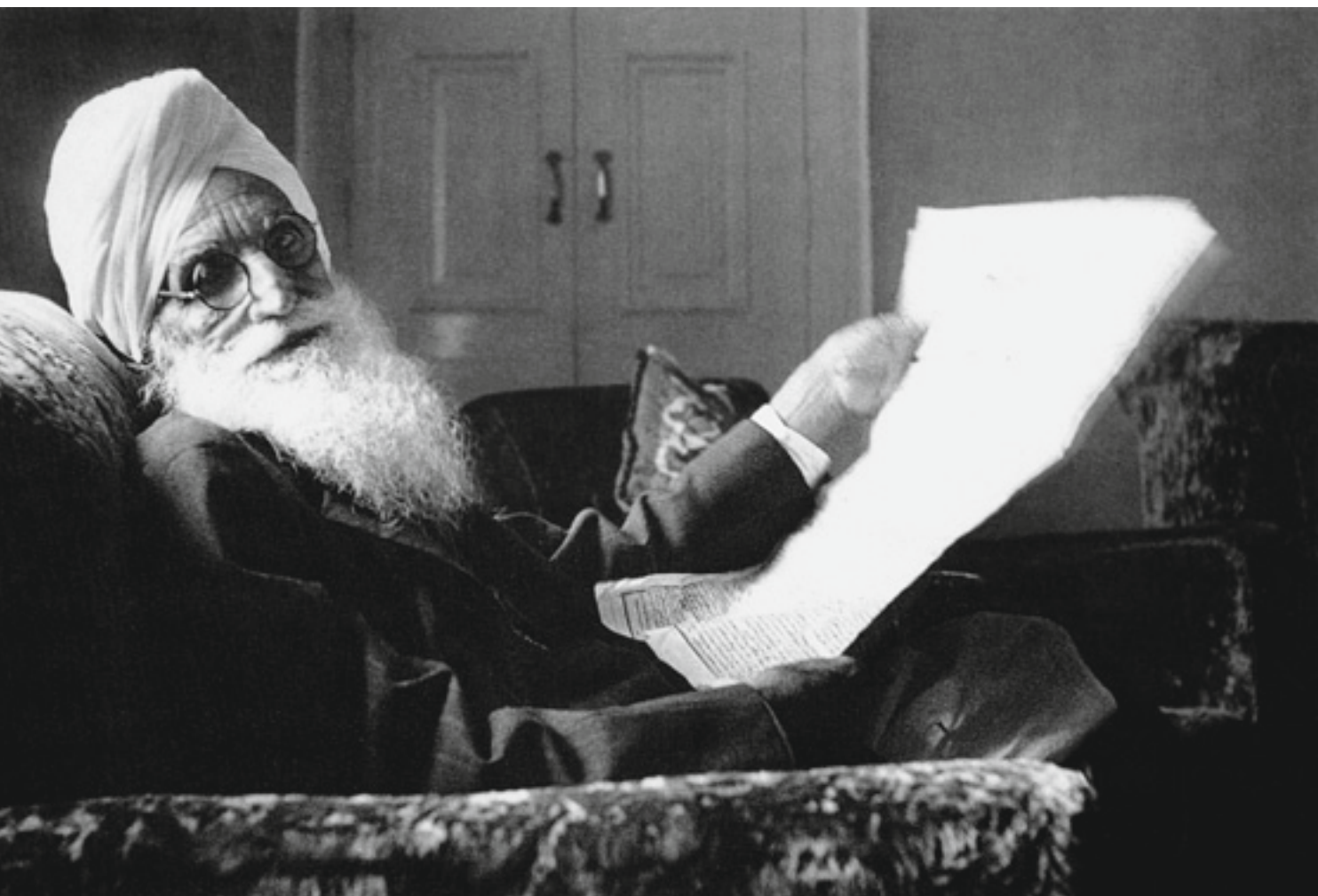
The Master’s ways are very mysterious. He told him, “Look here, even Kirpal Singh wants it, but I won’t give it to him.” I was sitting outside, you see. Mysterious are His ways. Later I said, “Well, dear Master, I know Your love for Your Master is the richest. One cannot scale how much love You have for Him! But still, with the love You have given me, won’t You give me a copy of Your photograph?”

– “No, no, ... Surely I will give you one.” That was the first time He got Himself photographed. If you have love, it is the panacea for everything. Love is

God and God is love

As narrated by Harbhajan Singh





Baba Sawan Singh

Sant Kirpal Singh used to write many beautiful poems in love with Baba Sawan Singh. Whatever He saw, whatever He witnessed He wrote in the form of poems. Taiji used to sing the poems and Baba Sawan Singh would like to hear them.

One time after taking bath, Baba Sawan Singh was cleaning His mouth with towels, and Sant Kirpal Singh at once felt, “At least I stay with Master but still I must stay at a little distance. But these towels are very fortunate, as they are very close to Master’s body. So these towels are more fortunate than me.

How beautiful, if Master made me also a towel for His face!”

He went back and wrote a beautiful poem in praise of the Master and in praise of the towels. Taiji knew it, and she took this poem to the Master. Baba Sawan Singh said, “I think today you have brought a beautiful thing for me”. She said, “Master, I have one condition, if You want to hear it. You have to give something to me. But I will also give You something in return.” She brought one dozen of fresh towels and kept them beside her. Then she sang about the un-

Out of the madness of love, we will see You;
The One whom I love, will come.

He must come! We will see my loved One!
Out of the madness of love, we will see You;

The One whom I love, will come.
Out of the madness of love, we will see You;

O Master Sawan, we must see You!
O Perfect One, we will see You!

Out of the madness of love, we will see You;
The One whom I love, will come.

Sant Kirpal Singh

ion of the towels with Master – how fortunate these towels were as they were very close to the Master-power. When she sang this poem, Baba Sawan Singh was very happy. He said, “What is your demand?” She said to Baba Sawan Singh, “Please, give me all those towels and take these fresh ones.” And she took all those towels which were in the bathroom of the Master and brought them back to Sant Kirpal Singh saying, “Now, what You demand is here.”

It happened that Sant Kirpal Singh went to Amritsar, and Hazur Baba Sawan Singh was expected to arrive

there. All were sitting, waiting for His arrival when the message came that the Master was not coming. Some people dispersed, but Kirpal Singh remained there. He wrote this poem: “Whom I love will come”, going around in madness. After about one hour, Hazur came there. When on a tour this poem was sung, Sant Kirpal Singh remarked, “Love is a very strong power. Like a glass that does not show your face unless you put something behind it, similarly the love polish at the back reflects the Master within – the God within you.”

Harbhajan Singh



Kothi house near the Beas railway station

Baba Sawan Singh wanted to show His due love for Kirpal Singh and one day He said, “Well, I want to go somewhere and those persons who want to come along with me, they should come.” They all went with Him, and who were those people? Those who wanted the Mastership from Him, who wanted each and everything from Him. They wanted to overrule all those things, which Master (Sawan Singh) never liked. So they had created their own sphere there. They were very happy to come along with Baba Sawan Singh. While on the way, Baba Sawan Singh said, “There is so much fragrance, it is intoxicating me. It is coming from that side, do you also feel it?” They said, “No Master, we do not feel it at all.” Soon afterwards Master again asked, “I think it is so strong, you must feel it a little bit.” They answered, “No Master, there is no fragrance, and we are not feeling such an intoxication. We are only feeling Your presence, that is a blessing for us.” Baba Sawan Singh went on, and

ultimately they reached the Beas station. There some arrangements were already made for sitting. Whom was Master waiting for? For whom He loved. Sant Kirpal Singh was coming to Beas by train, and Baba Sawan Singh wanted to meet Him directly at the railway station. This is the love between the Master and the disciple – He was waiting for His disciple at the railway station.

No one knew (the meaning of this), because it was the first chance to see this miracle in their life; it was a miracle for them, that a Master is going to fetch His disciple from the railway station. Actually Baba Sawan Singh had even no time, the whole Ashram being full of disciples – lots of people coming from all over India and from abroad. It was a beautiful thing that Master left all the work and went to the railway station just to show His love and affection for Kirpal Singh.



Baba Sawan Singh with disciples at the Beas railway station

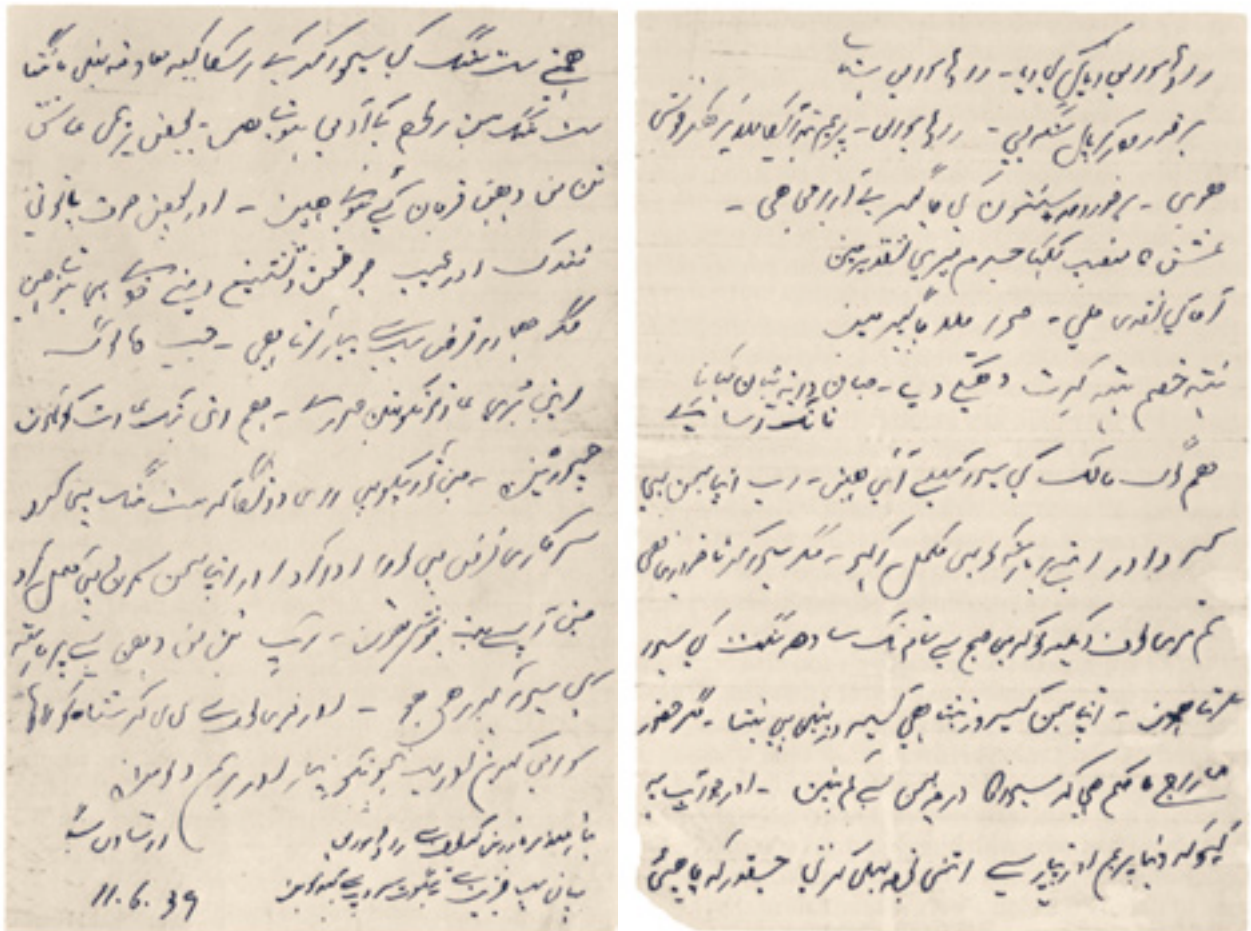
When they were sitting there, Baba Sawan Singh again said, “Now this whole atmosphere is full of fragrance, there is so much vibration, so much intoxication, don’t you feel it? Might be, you are feeling it now?” They all were very surprised to hear these words from the Master all the time, the same words He was telling on the way there. “What is this intoxication? What is going on and what is it that Baba Sawan Singh wants to tell us? What further lesson is it that Master wants to give us? He has brought us here for a special purpose.” But no one knew who would be coming and who was wishing for Him so much. But when the train came nearer, Baba Sawan Singh stood up and said, “Well, when He will see me, He will jump from the train.” So Baba Sawan Singh took His hand above and shouted, “Kirpal Singh, wait, don’t jump!” But the train stopped exactly where Baba Sawan Singh was standing, and He embraced Him.

Then Baba Sawan Singh remarked that, when the disciple starts to come to the Master, the disciple becomes receptive and he smells that fragrance which comes from the Master and vibrates the whole atmosphere. This fragrance is already in the body and is working there, and we can smell it if we become receptive. He said, “When a true disciple starts to meet the Master, the Master also experiences the same. He also gets the fragrance from His disciple.

Harbhajan Singh

"This letter has been the sheet anchor of my life so far, and it will always remain my guiding principle."

Sant Kirpal Singh



Photostat of the original handwritten letter in Urdu from Baba Sawan Singh

to Sant Kirpal Singh, dated 11 June, 1939

An English translation appears in the text on the next page

"May the compassion of the Lord of thy soul be with thee, May the Lord of thy soul help thee for ever and ever!"

Dear Kirpal Singh Ji,

I have received your loving letter and I am happy to read its contents. My dear, Saints inherit discomfort in life.

"When the crown of love was placed on my head, sighs were given as cash grant and desert as property."

"We are puppets in the Lord's hands, we are dragged by our destiny. We go wherever we are ordained to, Nanak, how true this is!"

We people have come to serve the Lord. You keep yourself engaged in meditation and complete the course of spirituality. But the service of His creation is equally essential.

Look at me. I remain engaged in the service of humanity from morn till night. Sometimes I do not get sufficient time to do meditation, but Hazur Maharaj

(Baba Jaimal Singh) used to say that service is not less important than meditation. And, if you feel that people do not pay as much attention to our love as they should, we do not expect any compensation for our services to the Satsang.

All sorts of people come to Satsang. There are some whose hearts are overflowing with love and are ready to sacrifice their all – body, mind and money. There are also some who indulge in tall talk and calumny; they are ever ready to slander. But our duty is to love all. If they do not give up their wicked ways, why should we leave our noble ways?

My advice to you is that you should do Satsang while fulfilling your official duties honestly and also complete your course of Bhajan and Simran. I am greatly pleased with you. You are serving the Lord with all your resources – body, mind and money.

Convey my greetings to Bibi Krishna and love to children.

Yours,
Sawan Singh

11 June, 1939

Sant Kirpal Singh was entrusted with many duties by His Master. Everybody was benefitted by His presence, but a rivalry also came up in the Sangat. Sant Kirpal Singh tells about it: Master once ordered me during His lifetime to initiate about 250 people in the monthly gathering. Those who were after the Mastership became worried: "What is going to happen? Everything is gone from our hands." They made parties and spread a great deal of propaganda against me, in writing, through letters and this and that thing. I was true to my own Self. The Master had ordered me to do it; to give talks at Satsang places, attend the poor, the sick, the needy, everyone. Even when I left the office, I used to be attending the sick until eight, nine or ten o'clock at night, and sometimes even later than that.

The Master had ordered me to do it; and letters about me, written by the parties concerned, began to pour in, in all languages, from different towns. They were all about the same subject: "He's such a man; he's such a man; he's such a man." And Master also knew about all the letters. There were heaps of letters from all around.

My Master had always asked me, when I went to see Him, "Well come on, please, give a talk." And what did I do? He was sitting there, and He made me sit near Him, like a son or a student. I would speak from my heart to Him – I would open my heart to Him in a heart-to-heart talk – and the people enjoyed. But they had arranged it so that for eight months regularly I was not permitted to go near the Master, not even to talk to Him. So much propaganda was being carried on! But I would just look at His eyes, and that was sufficient for me: because eyes speak more than words.

My Master used to go to the hills. My elder brother went there (I did not even tell this secret to my brother. Why complain of the Master and His disciples to someone else? I simply asked him, "When you find yourself all alone with the Master, simply ask Him if there are any drawbacks or if there is anything I've done wrong. (The disciple can err; only Masters are save from that.) I may have erred knowingly or unknowingly. Just talk with the Master." When my

brother came back, I asked him, "Did you ask the Master about it?" And he said, "Yes. The Master said, I know he has done nothing wrong, either knowingly or unknowingly; but strangely enough, so much water passed over his head, but he never came to me to tell me about it." So naturally, when Master returned – I never asked any time from my Master – I said, "I want a few minutes with you." – "Oh, yes, you're welcome." When the day had passed and it was about nine or ten in the night, He sent for me and said, "Close the doors." I was with Him, sitting by Him. I told Him, "I did not come to You because I know that You are in me and seeing my every action – watching my every action and also the trend of my life: You know where I am going. That is why I never came to You." He was all wrath. He said, "Those people have created so much hell." I said, "Well, I have not come for that."

What did He say the next day? I always used to sit at the back, just watching. He sat on the throne – on the pulpit – and said, "Well, Kirpal Singh, come on, give your talk!" And those around Him who were making parties said, "No, Master, we won't like to hear him; we would like to hear from You directly". He said, "No, He will talk." They insisted very much. And still He ordered me, "You come here and talk to them." Strangely enough, the tables were turned in one night.

Sant Kirpal Singh

No one knew whom Baba Sawan Singh loved so much as who would be His successor. Slowly, slowly people felt it, but this mystery was more secret than outside. There was one person, whose name was Bua Das. He used to go within. One day he came to Baba Sawan Singh and said, "Hazur, I want to talk with You on a very important issue." He wanted to know the fact, lest he may not fail the way. Hazur asked, "Yes, you can tell me." Baba Sawan Singh had already announced, "If there is anybody in the Satsang who can help me within, he can come very freely to me." So Bua Das went to Baba Sawan Singh and said, "Hazur, in this regard I have seen that there is only one disciple who can help you." Baba Sawan Singh asked, "Who is that?" He said, "It is Sant Kirpal Singh." Baba Sawan Singh asked further, "Where did you see Him working?" And Bua Das



Kirpal Singh is giving Satsang, sitting on the dais with Hazur Baba Sawan Singh, 1941

answered, "I have seen Him working up from the fifth plane." Baba Sawan Singh said, "You are right. You are knowing it." These are some secrets and the Master reveals those secrets. He does not want to keep it secret, but He discloses it to someone to show who really has to work after Him. There are the Saints, and the staff members also come along with the Saints. Master used to say, "When Saints come into the world, they bring their staff members with them."

Harbhajan Singh

Gurmat Sidhant

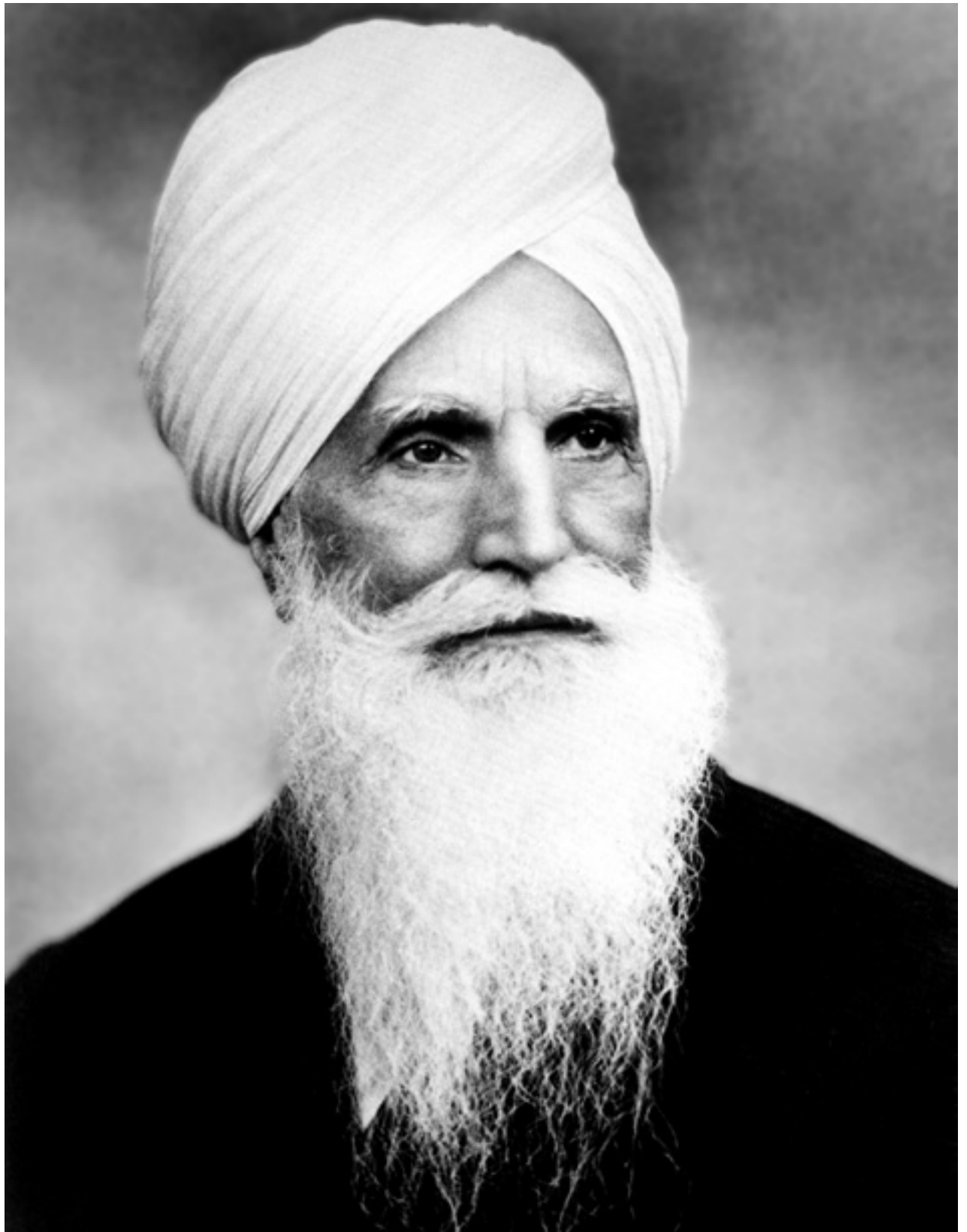
Sant Kirpal Singh wrote a beautiful book, the Gurmat Sidhant, and in spite of His own Master stressing upon it, He did not agree to put His name there. He said, "My pen is the sinner of writing it, but it was only written with Your instruction, without Your guidance it could have never been written. So it is Your Grace – it should be produced, it should be presented with Your name. Because the purpose of the disciple is to show his Master to the world and not himself. Baba Sawan Singh agreed. This was the humility of our Master. In the footnotes of the second edition of the Gurmat Sidhant it was written that a third edition will also be published. Sant Kirpal Singh wrote the third edition, but He kept it under lockage. He did not give it for printing. Only a month before His physical departure He gave us this book to print it.

And this He did with all humility. As it appeared on the footnotes of the Gurmat Sidhant, Part II: "That book will be printed". He kept a conscious watch on the ego. Though He could say that the credit goes to His Master – but people took Him as Master. So the book was published after His physical departure. Now it has been duly printed, but we have to see how humble Master was.

Harbhajan Singh

Master tells in His own words: Gurmat Sidhant is a book written by me – through my hands I would say, not by me, but by the God-Master within me. I used to write it down and take it to Master to read it to Him so that He may give the final yes. Once I wrote what happened to an initiate who is left behind after the Master has left the physical plane. That was a very practical statement, description given. There was a Master, Dadu by name, who had an initiate who was not at the place when his Master left the body. When he came to the tomb, he lay down on the tomb. And he repeated this couplet, "O Master, without You I could not live for a moment. It is not bearable." So he passed away.

When I read out that part of the Gurmat Sidhant to Him he said, "That's all right, Kirpal Singh. Read it again!" I had just quoted two or three sentences like that. Then again I read it to Him. Again He said, "Will you read it again?" Again I read it. Perhaps He was telling me, "You, poor fellow, have the same fate awaiting you."



My Master was a great giant in this Surat Shabd Yoga. It is a science which has been brought down through the past Masters, starting with Kabir Sahib and through various others until it came to Tulsi Sahib; then came Swamiji, Baba Jaimal Singh Ji, and then Hazur – my Master. Today, all that you are now getting, is through His blessing.

Sant Kirpal Singh



During physical illness Hazur gave his darshan to the Sangat through a window of his house at Dera Beas. Kirpal Singh would be standing in the crowd below, and Hazur would always give Him a special gesture: a gesture with the hand, a gesture with the eyes, a gesture with the head to tell Him that things were all right.

Separation

After 24 years of perfect discipleship, the moment of separation came. Sant Kirpal Singh knew the time of Hazur's departure as well as that of His own. He describes the last days of Baba Sawan Singh.

"Kirpal Singh, I have done half of Your work ..."

Baba Sawan Singh

In spite of Hazur attaining the age of ninety, He set aside all His bodily comforts and stubbornly devoted eighteen out of twenty-four hours of the day to the service of humanity. The result of this carelessness towards His bodily rest and consistent hard labour came out to be that His physical frame could not endure the burden of weariness any more; and on continued requests and entreaties from almost every individual, Hazur yielded to their prayers and was inclined to take rest and seek medical advice. Accordingly, in September 1947, He came to Amritsar for medical treatment; but before leaving the Dera a managing committee for the management of the Dera affairs was constituted there. On the morning of 12 October, 1947, at seven o'clock, He called me.

When I was in His august presence, He said, "Kirpal Singh Ji! I have allotted all other work but have not entrusted my task of Naam Initiation and spiritual work to anyone. That I confer on You today so that this holy and sacred science may flourish."

Hearing this my eyes filled with tears, and afflicted as I was, I beseeched, "Hazur! The peace and security that I have in sitting at Thy Feet here cannot be had in higher planes ..." My heart was filled with anguish;

I could not speak any more and sat staring – Hazur encouraging and caressing me all the time.

Whenever I had the honour to be in seclusion with Hazur, He talked about the interior affairs of the Dera and instructed me how to act when He departed forever. During the days of His confinement on the bed of sickness – in the last days of February 1948 – one day Hazur inquired, "How many souls have been initiated by me?" Registers were consulted and, after counting was finished, Hazur was told, "Up till now about one hundred and fifty thousand souls have been awakened by Hazur." Hazur said, "All right." On the same day in the evening when I was with Him, Hazur said, "Kirpal Singh, I have done half of Your work and have given Naam to over one and a half lakh persons and the rest You have to accomplish." I, with folded hands and faltering words, said, "Hazur ... it will be as Hazur orders ... but ... I have a request ... I request that this last half of the work may also be finished by Hazur ... We will dance as Hazur will make us dance ... I wish Hazur may remain with us and sit only watching all that, and all orders will be complied with in Hazur's presence." Hazur lay silently gazing at me.



At the cremation place, Beas river bank, 2 April, 1948

On the morning of 1 April, 1948 it was extremely benevolent of Hazur to afford a chance to this humble servant – of course through the assistance of a lady in nursing service of Hazur – to be by the side of the Master in seclusion for about ten or fifteen minutes. At that time with a heavy heart I sat near His bed and prayed to Hazur: “Master, Thou art above body and bodily influence, unconcerned as to comforts and discomforts, but we humble and helpless beings are afflicted hard and cannot endure the sight of Hazur thus suffering bodily. Thou hast all powers. We should be extremely grateful if Hazur very graciously removes this indication of disease on His body.” It is true that prayer succeeds where all other human efforts fail. Hazur with His utmost benevolence accepted this prayer. After the prayer, when I opened my eyes, Hazur’s body was in a state of per-

fect repose. Hazur’s forehead was shining resplendently. He opened His mercy-showering lively eyes intoxicated with God’s Divine love and cast a glance at my humble self – both eyes gleaming with radiance like a lion’s eyes. I bowed my head in solemn and silent adoration and said, “It is all Hazur’s benignity!”

Hazur steadily kept gazing for three or four minutes into my eyes, and my eyes, in silent wonderment, experienced an indescribable delight which infused a beverage-like intoxication down to the remotest cores of my entire body – such as was never before experienced in my whole life. Then those mercy-showering eyes closed not to open again. Thus in His ninetieth year on the morning of 2 April, 1948 at 8:30, this brilliant Sun of Spirituality, after diffusing His light in the hearts of millions of masses, disappeared.

To live without the Master
is very difficult, unbearable.
We know when Master
leaves,
He is never away from the
initiate, but the initiate
as a son of man has great
suffering.
Even now, when I remem-
ber my Master, I shed tears.
But, He left His orders.
Why? There is no question-
ing why!

Sant Kirpal Singh