

Autobiography of Faqir
By His Holiness
Param Sant Param
Dayal Faqir Chand Ji Maharaj

MY LIFE

I was born on 18th November 1886 (a physical birth of course, otherwise I am eternal) at my native village Panjhal in a Brahmin family. This village was then in district Hoshiarpur of Punjab State. My father Lt. Pandit Mast Ram was a Constable in the Indian Railway Police. Father being the only earning member in the family with a small pay, financial poverty ruled our family. In addition to it, my father was very strict, perhaps due to the nature of his job or due to the financial worries at home.

Afflicted by the poverty at home and always feeling afraid of father's strict nature, I (at the age of 7 years) sought relief in the worship of God, the creator of this world. Under the impact of Hindu Samskaras my thoughts and actions were all virtuous and in due course of time I studied the Ramayana, Mahabharata and other sacred scriptures of Hindu Dharm. As these scriptures at length deal with our lives and works of Lord Rama and Lord Krishna as incarnation of God in human form on this earth for the sake of their devotees, I developed a love for them and kept meditating upon their holy forms.

I studied up to middle standard at Pind Dadan Khan in District Jhelum, (now in Pakistan) where my father was posted. However, due to lack of resources my father could not give me higher education. Sometime in 1904, at the age of eighteen I got employment as a signaler, in construction line of the Indian Railways. During off duty hours I learnt telegraphy privately with the help of a signaler at the railway station. At this tender age I came into contact with the Platiers and contractors of the department. They were all non-vegetarians and their company had its impact upon me and I also turned a non-vegetarian. In the company of those inspectors and contractors I took to other wrong ways as well. I ate meat for six months, drank rum on three occasions, once gambled and lost one rupee and a quarter and also went to a prostitute.

It was an extremely cold morning of 1905 A.D. the previous night a terrible earthquake has shaken the whole of Kangra district causing a huge loss of life and property. My cousin, true to his daily routine, got up in the early hours, took his bath in the ice-cold water and said his prayers, he

prepared the meals and we sat to eat it. At this time an employee of the railway station came in and placed a plate of meat before me. My cousin, who was a vegetarian, felt repelled by the foul smell of meat. He put both his hands on his mouth and nose, and out of hatred for the undesirable dish, he threw two chapattis in my plate from a distance. There were strange reactions on his face and I could not ignore the entire dramatic scene. Thereafter a mental conflict within me started. I started to question and counter question my inner-self. I thought he was my cousin. He religiously followed the dictates of Hinduism and was leading the life of a puritan, whereas my action and deeds were purely non-puritan. Why was it so? For half an hour this conflict continued in my mind and I couldn't decide, whether I should eat that plate of meat or throw it away. Meat eating is a highly undesirable act for a Brahmin. Ultimately I decided not to eat meat and abstained from non-vegetarian foods for six months thereafter.

All these months, a sense of repentance over my actions governed me. However my visit to a prostitute made me realize my weakness for sex. At once I wrote to my father requesting him to send my mother and my wife (since I was married) to live with me.

One day I was going for a walk. On the way I happened to accompany a Jangli, a village head man. In course of our conversation we started to discuss the merits and demerits of meat eating. He put his arguments in favor of meat eating. He put his arguments in favor of meat-eating so logically that I forgot that meat eating was no sin. Before departing that gentle man handed over to me a chicken. I without bothering about my previous experience handed over that chicken to a class IV employee for necessary dressing. He beheaded that little creature and dressed it for cooking.

I brought it home and asked my wife to cook it. When my mother learnt about this act of mine, she went inside the kitchen, closed the door and bolted it from within. My wife knocked on the door of the kitchen, so that she might cook that meat. But my mother did not open the kitchen. My wife pleaded with my mother to open the door but there was no response. Then, myself, and my elder brother, both knocked at the door time and again, requesting mother to open the door. But she did not respond to our requests. Then frightened, (because smoke was coming out of the kitchen) I broke open the door with the help of an axe. She came out, suffocating with the smoke in the kitchen, angry and disappointment over my most undesirable act (regarding the chicken) writ large upon her face.

Overpowered by motherly affection, I embraced her and implored, "Mother, why did you not open the door? Where could I have found you dear mother had you been suffocated to death?" My mother, out of sheer anger pushed me away with a sudden jerk and I fell down on the ground. I rose up and under the prevailing spell of affection within my mind, again embraced

my mother and asked her why she was so angry with me. Then she spoke thus, "you have killed the baby of a mother. The mother hen must be wailing over the loss of her dear child. You have committed a terrible sin." At once, prompted by my conscience, I made a firm determination that in future, I would never commit such a sin. Since then (Now I am 94 years) I have never committed an act which could be called a "sin" as per principles of Hinduism, of-course, sex was a living passion with me and to gratify it, my wife was with me.

For earning pardon for the four sin referred to above, I prayed to God in the form of Rama and Krishna. I prayed and wept and prayed. I was helpless to do so. Because I wanted my mental slate to be clean and it was not possible till the four blots of my undesirable acts were struck there upon. Perhaps my tears shed so profusely, spoke of my conscientious urgency to wash off the dirt.

However, my regular prayers continued. But, my four sins continued to disturb me, and many a time I felt restless. It was the mid of a Moonlit night. I was praying to the Lord and weeping bitterly. There appeared before me an aged Sadhu with a long grey beard and a guitar (Tanbura) in his hand. Most lovingly he asked me "Dear child, what makes you weep?". "I have committed four serious sins. I have known from the Hindu scriptures that God takes birth in human form in this world. I want to see Rama and get myself pardoned for my sins," I said. This kind old Sadhu assured me thus "For you, your God in human form is already on this earth. You would come into his contact in this life-time of yours and be pardoned." After saying these words the Sadhu disappeared. My impatience to see the Lord, face to face, increased after this incident.

In the meantime, I got a permanent job in the Indian Railways and was posted as Assistant Station Master at Baganwala Railway Station. But my craving to see the lord did not diminish; rather it reached its peak. Once, I wept for 24 hours continuously for the glimpse of my Lord. Doctors were called in and they administered medicine to me. At about 5 A.M. Maharishi Shiv Brat Lal Ji Maharaj appeared in my vision. He drew water from a near well and gave me a bath and then told me his address of Lahore. In this very vision my father also appeared and he made many complaints to Data Dayal Ji against me. In the meanwhile, a class IV employee woke me and this vision came to abrupt end.

This vision convinced me that the God had incarnated Himself in the form of Maharishi Shiv Brat Lal Ji. So, I started to write one letter every week and address it at the address, which Data Dayal Ji had told me in the vision. Inside the letter I always addressed Maharishi Ji as God. For ten months I regularly wrote to Data Dayal Ji. After full ten months, I received a letter from Data Dayal Ji Maharaj, wherein he wrote, "Faqir, your letters, I have been

receiving regularly. I value your sentiments and your passions for Lord. I, myself have discovered, Reality, Truth and Peace at the feet of Rai Sahib Salig Ram Ji of Radhaswami-Matt. Provided you feel no reluctance in following this path, come and see me at Lahore”.

My cravings to see God in human form had reached its highest peak by now. At that, I was overjoyed, as I was sure to have the glimpse of the Lord in Human-Form. I had submitted an application for leave some time ago. As per His will, the same day a Station Master reached Baganwala with the news, that my leave was sanctioned and that he had come to relieve me. What a coincidence it was? I handed over to him and left for Lahore the same day.

I reached the ashram of Hazur Data Dayal Ji and prostrated my humble self at His Holy feet. He gave me an exceptionally affectionate welcome and initiated me into Radhaswami Matt. His Holiness gave me a book and asked me to go through that. It was “Sar-Bachan” written by Swami Ji Maharaj the profounder of the Radhaswami faith. I went through some of the pages of this book in the very presence of Hazur Data Dayal Ji Maharaj. But I could not read and digest it anymore, because Swami Ji Maharaj had most vehemently criticized almost all the religions including vendant, Sufism, Islam, Jainism and Buddhism. He declared them all in Kal and Maya. It was too much for me. I felt hurt and tears rolled down my eyes. His Holiness noticed-my-reactions’ to the writings of that Holy book and enquired the reason thereof. I broke out, “Your Holiness, God is one, I have failed to understand the justification in condemning all the religions as incomplete. This is a direct attack on the religion of my ancestors”. His Holiness very lovingly advised me, “keep aside this book and never read it until I ask you to read it”.

His Holiness gave me two other books, one on the life History of his Guru, Rai Sahib Salig Ram Ji Maharaj and the other was ‘KABIR SAKHI’ written by Kabir Sahib. He advised me to attend Sat Sangs of Radha Swami Matt wherever available.

In-ward practice as directed by His Holiness became part and parcel of my life. As I was not yet adept in the inward practice of ascending the higher stages of light and sound, I remained satisfied with my concentration on the Holy Form of His Holiness Hazur Data Dayal Ji Maharaj.

On my way back from Lahore, I used to stay at Malkwal Railway Station, because there, a bookstall agent used to give discourses on Radhaswami Matt, to the followers of Radhaswami faith. Once, the agent refused to share his “Huqa” (an Indian smoking pipe) with me. “We both are Brahmin by caste, why have you refused to share your “Huqa” with me,” I enquired. He retorted, “ Babu Kanta Parshad (alias Sarkar Sahib) is the only true incarnation of Radhaswami Dayal” (Babu Kanta Prashad at that time was in-charge of Radha swami Sat Sang at Ghazipur district of U.P.)

He meant there-by that a true Guru had not initiated me and thus I was not a true Satsangi. I politely said to him, "Dear brother, God is one. He belongs to all and all belong to Him. He may manifest to his devotees in different forms at different places and at different times. But if you do not agree with me, then let me write a letter. You mail this letter to your Guru. His reply in any form shall be accepted as final and I shall abide by it." There and then I wrote a letter, shedding tears of love and devotion to the supreme- Lord and handed it over to the gentleman to post to his Guru. After 15 days, I was told that Babu Kanta Parsad had breathed his last and thus we should wait for the reply till his successor was chosen. From this incident I concluded that followers of Radha swami matt were not impartial and true seekers of the ultimate-reality. Their approach towards the all embracing –truth was narrow and very sectarian. Thus I gave up their company and avoided all blind followers thereafter. Even if anybody wished me with the word "Radha-Swami", I responded with the word Ram-Ram.

In 1916 A.D. (during the 1st world war) I volunteered myself for war services and in the field, in order to earn more and repel the pressure of poverty upon our family. And before leaving for the place of my posting on the war front, I went to Hazur Data Dayal Ji Maharaj for His Blessings. He gave me the book "SAR-BACHAN (which he had given me on my first visit to Him) and advised, "study this book now and devote more and more time to Sumiran and Bahajan." Thereafter, I left for Baghdad the place of my posting.

During my stay in Baghdad, I threw head, heart, and myself in Sadhana. I gave as much time as possible to inward-practice and shed a life of complete celibacy. These sincere efforts of mine with a craving to know the truth bore fruit and in course of time I ascended all the inner stages and I experienced the relative lights and sounds at each stage of the inward path. These inner fruits of my concentration (i.e. Light and Sound) filled me with joy and ecstasy. However, despite this achievement, I was not yet satisfied, because I wanted to realize the truth on the basis of which Swami Ji Maharaj had condemned all religions.

Towards the end of 1918, I was granted annual leave and came to India. I went to His Holiness at Lahore to spend my maximum time in His companionship. During my stay with His Holiness, I always troubled him with never-ending questions and queries. One day I placed before His Holiness the main agony of my heart in these words, "My God, I have traversed many in Light within and experienced sound in indescribable abundance. No doubt, these experiences have been a great source of Joy to me. But still I long to see myself and know the sublime goal of Radhaswami-Matt. How and why the goal of Radhaswami-Matt differs from that of other religions? I yearn to experience the declared supremacy of Radhaswami faith-myself." His Holiness assured me that he would answer my questions the next day.

My anxiety increased and I very eagerly waited for the next day. It was December 25, 1918. Hazur Data Dayal Ji called me in his room. I was already waiting for the moment. I went inside. Lo; Hazur Data Dayal Ji with strange blend of affection and regard placed in my hands one coconut, 5 pieces, made a long frontal mark on my forehead and bowed himself to my feet saying. "Faqir, you are yourself the Supreme Master of your time. Start delivering spiritual discourses to the seekers and initiate them into path of Santmat. In due course, your own Satsangis will prove as your "True-Guru". And it is through your experiences with them that the desired secret of Santmat would stand revealed to you". Touched by these words, I experienced both joy and sorrow within me. His Holiness noted both these expressions on my face and asked for clarification of these expressions. I humbly said, "Your Holiness. I am myself ignorant of the Truth, how can I lead others on this Sublime path?" This is what has made me sad. And, when the thought, that I have become a degree holder and would deliver discourses and initiate people flashed my mind, I felt that I had become something and thus flash of Joy." His Holiness then said "Faqir, you may be suffering from 99 shortcomings, but one sure virtue of Truth in you will surely lead you to your goal of life. You will not only redeem yourself, but would help many others to attain release."

I spent my entire leave at the Holy Feet of Data Dayal Ji and then left for Baghdad to join my duty.

In Baghdad, I used to sing devotional songs. Every fiber (gross as well as subtle) of my being became saturated with a passionate longing for the Ultimate Truth. I always felt an overflowing Love for my Lord Hazur Data Dayal Ji, who for me was incarnation of Lord Ram. My devotion changed my personality and made me a CENTRE OF attraction for other spiritual seekers in Baghdad. I came to be regarded as "MAHATMA", while some chose me to be their (spiritual) Master.

In 1919 A.D., I was posted to Iraq. The aboriginal inhabitants (known as Baddus) revolted, which led to a fierce battle. I was inspector in the department of Telegraphy of the railways with my Head Quarters at Divania. The rebels made a heavy attack on Hamidia Railway Station, killed the entire staff and set the building on fire. Military force from my Railway Station was rushed to Hamidia. I was also ordered to take the charge of Hamidia Railway Station as Station Master. Our soldiers (Indian army) laid down wires in the trenches and occupied their positions. Fierce fighting continued and there was a heavy loss of life on both sides. At Hamidia we were left with a corps of 35 soldiers and one Subedar Major. The rest of the army was sent to Divania to confront any attack there.

With the fall of the night, the rebels attacked us. Our soldiers though less in numbers fought back. One of our soldiers was wounded while casualties

on the opposite side were very heavy, because they fought on offensive while we were in defensive positions. As the firing ceased for some time, Subedar-Major came to me and asked me to convey to our headquarters at Divania, that we were short of ammunition. And if we had to face another such attack, our ammunition would not last for more than an hour. If the ammunition supply failed to reach us before dawn, none of us would be alive. I wired the message to the headquarters accordingly. The situation was tense and everybody was feeling as if the end had come nearer. I too was shaken with the fear of death. In these very moments of fear, the Holy Form of Hazur Data Dayal Ji appeared before me (I was all awake) and said, "Faquir worry not, the enemy would come, not to attack, but to take away their dead. Let them carry away their dead soldiers. Do not waste your ammunition unless the enemy comes too near to your trenches." I sent for the Subedar-Major and told him about the appearance of my Guru and his directions about the enemy. The Subedar-Major followed the directions of Hazur Data Dayal Ji. The enemy jawans came and carried away their dead without attacking our positions. By six o'clock, in the morning, our airplanes came and they air dropped the necessary supply of ammunition. Our fears vanished. We gained courage. We were all safe.

After about three months, the fighting came to an end and our jawans retired to their barracks. I returned to Baghdad. There were many Sat Sangis in Baghdad. When they learnt about my arrival, they all came together to me. They made me sit on a raised platform, offered flowers and worshiped me. It was all an unexpected and surprising scene for me. I asked them, "Our Guru Maharaj Hazur Data Dayal Ji is at Lahore. I am not your guru. Why do you worship me?" They replied in unison "on the battle field, we were in danger. Death lurked over our heads. You appeared before us in those moments of danger and gave us directions for safety. We followed your directions and thus we were saved." I was wonder struck by this surprising explanation of theirs. I had no knowledge of their danger. I myself being in danger during those days of war even did not remember them. This incident obliged me to question within me. "Who appeared to them? Was he Faquir Chand?" It strengthened my faith and I concluded, "Whosoever remembers God in whatever form, in that very form He helps His devotee," This gave a new turn to my conception of Spiritual Master. Henceforth I came to believe that the Master is no separate entity. He is the disciple's own real self and lives within. Happy with this conclusion, I came to India on annual leave in 1921 A.D.

With all my love and devotion as usual I reached Radhaswami Dham in order to worship my spiritual guide in person. I humbly presented at his feet, one Singhasan (Throne to sit on), a set of brocaded clothes, a Huqa made of silver and silver utensils (all these costing thousands of rupees. I worshipped his Holiness in a mood of supreme gratitude and ecstasy. I stayed with His Holiness for about 45 days. All these days His Holiness wrote down for me

many poems in order to dispel my ignorance. At that time, I did not understand them. But today I understand and realize how much ignorant I was. Hereunder I reproduce some of the writings of His Holiness for me as:

Thou be a Faqir, be a Faqir ;

Be Faqir my brother!

I may swim across with the feet;

O! Faqir Blissful!

I am not a devotee of Rama, Krishana;

Know not Brahm nor God!

I have the craze for Faqir's name;

I accept it alone as Supreme!

His Holiness wrote this for me simply to lift me up from my passive thoughts, because I used to consider myself as the greatest sinner. In another poem he assigned me threefold duty as:

Thou hast come in human form;

Wearing the garb of a Faqir,

Take with the miserable men;

And lead them to the Guru's Abode,

Man, weak, helpless and ignorant;

Is grieved by the treble-torture,

Thy duty is to be compassionate;

Impart people the True-Name,

O! Thou generous one.

In a nutshell, His Holiness assigned me three duties for my follow up. And since then it has become the mission of my life. The duties as I understand them are as:

1. Your name is Faqir (Saint). Be true to your name. Do not look at the faults of others. Instead have pity upon the helpless, ignorant and the weak. With your love and affection help them out of this sphere of Kal and Maya, guiding them to their Real Homeward Journey.

2. You have come blessed with a form, which is really wonderful and unique. Your mission is “Welfare of the Humanity”. Remove the walls which divide the humanity and tell the entire mankind, how it can live a happy and peaceful life.

3. Liberate the deserving amongst them from the cycle of life and death. Be their guide and take them to the state of Nirvana.

In 1922 A.D., I went back to Baghdad. For about 17 years (1922-1939) I stayed away from delivering spiritual discourses. However, if any deserving individual approached me for guidance, I did not initiate him and told him to concentrate on the Holy Form of Hazur Data Dayal Ji Maharaj. I stopped giving Satsangs, Why? I thought that if I were to deliver spiritual discourses I must say the Truth (at least up to a point I had known it). If I were to remain true to my conscience and rise up to the expectation of Hazur Data Dayal Ji, I must reveal the secret about the manifestation of guru’s form to His devotees in moments of physical, mental and spiritual difficulties. And if I do that, the love, devotion and faith (blind faith) of people for His Holiness Hazur Data Dayal Ji Maharaj would stand reduced in all its dimensions. The offerings in Cash and Kind, free and voluntary service by the people at Data’s Asharam, may come down to a painful low stage. Thus I willfully waited for a right time to come, so that the Radhaswami Dham (spiritual centre of Data Dayal) may not suffer any loss to me.

I waited for the proper time to come. Ever since 1919 A.D., I had a very strong desire to disclose the secret and let the world know about all types of manifestations within and without.

In 1938 A.D. before, His Holiness Hazur Data Dayal Ji shed off his mortal frame, I sent him a telegram with the following resolution, “I solemnly promise that I shall spread the Truth to the world to the best of my ability and circumstances.”

Hazur Data Dayal Ji left for his Sublime Abode. I devoted all possible time to Sumiran, Dhyan and Bhajan (i.e. conscious repetition of Holy word, concentration on Guru’s Holy form, Light and Sound within).

Thereafter I wrote two books, both commentaries. The first was on Hidayat Nama with a chapter on “SAR-BACHAN” written by Swami Ji Maharaj and the second on “BARA-MASSA”. The former has recently been rendered into English under the title, ‘Yogic Philosophy of the Saints’. Soon after the publication of those books, I presented two copies of each to Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji Maharaj of Beas. Hazur Baba Ji wrote to me, “I have gone through the books. You are a true Faqir (Saint). You are doing highly desirable service to the Radhaswami-Matt, which I and other Gurus with our centers, have failed to render.”

But, still, I remained undecided about what I should do? Because I had a lurking fear in my mind that if I disclosed the Truth in plain words the narrow, minded, orthodox and illiterate amongst the Sat Sangis, would turn against me. Thus in 1942 A.D., I got leave and went straight to Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji at Beas to explain my fears and difficulties in person. I had great reverence for Hazur Baba Sawan Singh Ji and I indentified him with Hazur Data Dayal Ji Maharaj. With utmost reverence I submitted to Baba Ji, "Your Holiness, Kindly relieve me from the duty assigned to me by my Guru Maharaj Ji. Pray, take this burden off my conscience, so that I may get released from the sin of disobedience to my Guru." Hazur Maharaj placed his loving hand on my back and said, "Faqir, I could not disclose the truth in its totality, because of two reasons (i) Satsangis in general do not deserve it, (ii) I am bound by the institutional exigencies." He further said, "You do your assigned duty fearlessly. I shall be at your back under all circumstances." Since then, I have been doing the work of Sat-Sang and writing of books on my personal experiences and observations.

By 1942 A.D., I had initiated about twenty two disciples to the path of Santmat. Thereafter, I have not initiated anyone on the traditional method of initiation. Why? A lady from Jabbal accompanied by her husband and three children came to see me at Ferozepur, where I had taken a service as U.D.C. in Indian Railways. She was a great devotee and her spiritual practice was on the second centre of meditation i.e. "TRIKUTI", where she used to visualize my form in the red light. As a result of this, she used to remain in a state of ecstasy. She said to me, "I want to devote more and more time to Abhyaas (inward practice) but my children take most of my time and I feel disturbed". I enquired of her, if she had any helper at her home. She replied in negative. Her husband was a telegraph inspector. He would leave home at 9am and return only at 8pm and thus it was very impossible for him to share her domestic responsibilities.

The will power of that lady had immensely increased due to her regular concentration at Trikuti. As such, her desire (to get more time for her spiritual practice) was to be fulfilled. This is the law of nature. So, there was no way out except the one, that she should be relieved of her children by nature. Before leaving she bowed to me and I said, "Your wish will be fulfilled". When she left with her husband and children, I told my friend Pt. Wali Ram (who was sitting with me) that all the three children of this lady would die. My observations became true. Within a period of nine months all the three children died. I was shocked and thus I stopped to initiate except those who had a pure mind and a strong desire for self-purification. The practice followed by the present Gurus to impart name to every Tom, Dick and Harry without studying the propriety of the initiated is proving very harmful to the devotees.

Once, I happened to visit Agra and I got one book entitled "PREM-BANI"

written by late Hazur Rai Sahib Salig Ram Ji Maharaj. In that book it is written. "Persons with hatred, prejudice and selfishness in their minds can earn nothing but more sufferings, for themselves as well as for others by doing inward practice. But, one, with shortcomings and faults, cherishes a strong desire to get rid of his shortcomings and faults also, would surely be benefited by Sumiran, Dhyan and Bhajan". The reason is that by daily practice of Sumiran, the devotee becomes strong and he becomes capable of over-coming his shortcomings and faults. Therefore my advice to all those, seek entrance to the Santmat and want to transcend the inner stages of spirituality is,

"FIRST OF ALL MAKE SINCERE EFFORTS TO BECOME A MAN IN THE REAL SENSE OF THE WORD BECAUSE A PURE MIND IS THE PRE-REQUISITE FOR THE SPIRITUAL ADVANCEMENT. That is why I have named my centre (Ashram) as "MANAVTA-MANDIR" at Hoshiarpur. We can be spiritual only if we are true human beings first.

Let me recount some of the important incidents of my life, which may be of some benefit to you.

1. After my 12 year stay in Baghdad I returned to India and went directly to His Holiness Hazur Data Dayal Ji for his darshan. During my stay in Baghdad I had traversed many stages of Santmat within and thus I was all happy and gay enjoying peace within and without. When I appeared before His Holiness, he ordered me thus, "Faqir, since you have no mail child, go home and beget one". I obeyed and reached my family. During my stay at home, I continued to Abhyaas and also enjoyed marital relations with my wife. I forgot the spirit of the advice of His Holiness and instead of going to my wife with the sole purpose of begetting a child I started to enjoy sex for the sake of enjoyment. This excess of indulgence in sex shattered my long earned joy and peace of mind. My digestion was upset and I suffered heavily both physically and mentally. As a result I gave up taking of grain, pulses, potatoes and rice for a long span of 35 years of my life to regain my strength.

2. Once, Hazur Data Dayal Ji sent two gentlemen to me. They wanted to understand spirituality. What is spirituality if not a happy life and peaceful mind? At that time, I myself being bereft of that wealth, expressed my helplessness to them and asked them to go away. They wrote to Hazur Data Dayal Ji about their visit to me and also about my reply to them. His holiness wrote them back, "He who draws a blank from Faqir, can hope for nothing from me.

After receiving this letter from Hazur Data Dayal Ji, they again came to me and handed over that letter to me. I read the letter and mind

revolted against Guruism. But there was no way out. Tears rolled down my eyes and I lost myself in prayers. In moments I lost consciousness of all around. During these moments of my prayer, I heard a voice from within "LUST AND PEACE NEVER STAY TOGETHER". I got the answer to my problem as well as their problem. Thereafter I controlled myself, for the next 28 years, I remained in the company of my wife, but sex had no place in our relations to each other. And in course of time I regained my lost joy and peace. Now at this age of 94 years old, I am better than many who are younger to me.

Semen in man is a God in gross and visible form. Mind is God in man in subtle form and Surat is God in human body in casual form. Those who do not know the art of moderate and controlled living in all these stages, they can never attain peace. The seekers of spirituality must control their passion and protect their semen. Many young men and women come to me for blessings. Why? They have not known the importance of celibacy. They waste their vital energy before attaining the age of maturity and thus they suffer from mental and physical ailments. Then Mahatamas, no Guru and not even the God can grant peace of mind to an individual who has not learnt to master the instinct of sex. One should use his semen only for begetting children and for the continuity of human race and not for sexual pleasures. Women are companion of men, but are being considered as the mere tools of sensual pleasures. To all young men and women, my advice is that they should lead their lives in celibacy. This is the lesson that I have derived from my life long experience and it has become the corner stone of my life.

3. I have lived a very hard and honest life. My pay used to be very meager in those days and it was great difficulty that I used to meet out my family requirements. However, I did not adopt any unfair means to supplement my income. During off duty hours I used to work in a brick-kiln near Miani Railway Station. Shri Ram Ji Mal was the owner of that brick-kiln. He used to pay four annas (a denomination of currency) only for bringing out the bricks from the kiln. Then at railway station, during off duty hours I used to work as coolie. For carrying one item from outside the platform to the railway compartment and from the railway compartment to the outer gate of the platform I used to charge one anna. I never had the feeling to inferiority in doing those odd jobs rather my hard and honest earnings always gave me inner strength and moral courage.

4. Throughout my life, I have never used any undesirable method to supplement my income. Not to talk of accepting bribe (*while there were many chances) in any form I never used the official stationery for my private use. My father was a constable in the Indian Railway and

ever since I came of age I stopped to take food at his place. Once, when my father was posted at Pind Dadan Khan railway station, he fell ill. I went to see him after crossing the river Jhelum. My father asked me to have my meals with him. I made an excuse and said that I do not have any appetite. After spending some time with my father I left and reached bazaar. There I had my meals at a hotel. In the meantime an old class-fellow of mine came into the hotel and he saw me eating there. He went to my father and casually told him that he saw me taking my meals in the hotel. Father felt very much annoyed and he came to me the next morning to know the reason of eating at hotel and not with him. I told my father "father, you are in the department of police and you accept bribe, therefore I did not take food with you". From wordily point of view this act of mine was not good. Perhaps I should not have done like this. It was nothing but my ego. But my father never accepted any bribe in his life.

5. I was married at the age of 13 years. In hills, the bridegroom is carried in a decorated palanquin. At the time of my marriage, I too was being carried, I felt great pleasure and prayed to God, "May I be married again, so that I may enjoy this pleasure of palanquin again". The result of my prayer was that my wife died after sometime. My second marriage was arranged. I was again made to sit in the palanquin. Then the old scene of my first marriage flashed to my mind. I repented and instead of enjoying the palanquin, I felt unhappy and sad. As you think, so you become. Your earnest desire is sure to be fulfilled; it may be good or bad.

6. I often ask parents, that they should not beat their children because I know the result of beating the innocent ones. I was studying in the 5th class. I had my younger brother named Wazir Chand. He was very small and I had to carry him when my mother was to cook or do some household works. Many a time I was beaten for him. Once I was carrying him and playing with him. Suddenly, my foot hit something and I fell along with my brother. Wazir Chand started weeping. Mother heard him and came running. She gave me five severe blows, as if it was my fault. She again gave Wazir Chand in my hands and directed me to keep him in playful mood. I came out, with my brother in my arms. I still remember that place, where I stood and prayed to God in these words, "O! God, I am beaten for this child, either kill me or take him away". Within three months my brother died. My teachings are based upon my practical life. I do not say anything, which I have not experienced or realized myself.

7. In good old days, boys and girls had no knowledge of each other before their marriage. At the time of marriage, there used to be one ceremony, according to which bride and bridegroom were made to

see each other from behind a curtain and they were asked to pronounce the name of each other at once. Thereafter, in the capacity of husband and wife they were not supposed to name each other, I too was made to go through this traditional ceremony. After the face seeing ceremony, I was told to pronounce the name of my wife as Karodhu (Short-tempered). As I learnt her name, it struck to my mind that, I shall not be able to pull well with her. Because, according to the teaching of Hazur Data Dayal Ji, name has its impact upon the individual and I thought that she must be very short tempered and quarrelsome in her nature. But there was nothing like that. However, her every act though good and satisfactory never pleased me. She never annoyed me. She attended all the household work nicely. But to me she always appeared as if on quarrelsome mood because I used to remain pre-occupied with this thought, ever since my marriage and the name pronouncing ceremony. Ultimately, I wrote to His Holiness about the state of my mind. His Holiness Hazur Data Dayal Ji replied in two lines as:

“Now that Bhagwati (One who is fortunate)

Has become your lot in life,

What good now, in running away from her,

Perform your duty well as a valiant,

His well shall take care of thee”.

These lines of His Holiness changed my entire thinking about my wife. All negative thinking vanished and I lived a very happy and content life with my wife.

8. I was posted at Sunam Railway Station as Station Master. One day, while sitting on a chair I went into a deep trance. After sometime, when I came down to my physical consciousness and opened my eyes, I found one handcuffed, dacoit accompanied by a policeman sitting by my side. He was fanning me. I asked him, “Who are you?” He replied, “Maharaj, I am a dacoit”. I said to him, “you are not a dacoit, you are a devotee”. In a state of ecstasy I told the policeman, “He is not a dacoit, you please set him free”. It was a very hot day of the summer. Bare footed and bare head I left for S.P’s office, which was situated in the Market. Shri Bhagwan Singh was Superintendent of Police. When he saw me in such a state, he came out of his office and enquired as to why I had come to his office in such a hot day and that too barefoot and bare head. I told him about that man and stressed that he is not a dacoit and so I want that he should be set free. He advised that this gentleman should become an approver and

should tell everything, we shall set him free. The advice of the S.P was accepted. The gentleman was set free. He promised me to live a noble and honest life. I invited him to my home, served him food. He did live a changed and happy life.

9. In her old age, my wife had developed heart trouble and some trouble in her teeth. Sometime, blood used to come out of her teeth. So during moments of trouble, sometimes she used to say very harsh words to me. But I never felt her words because Maharishi Ji's Samskaras had great impact upon my mind. Due to my spiritual bent of mind, for a long time I had been indifferent towards my wife. Once, I came on annual leave and went to His Holiness for His Darshan. He directed, "Bring your wife along with you, otherwise I shall not meet you". Obedience to Data has been my religion. I went home and returned along with my wife to His Holiness. Pointing to my wife, Data Dayal Ji asked me, "Who is she?" I replied, Hazur, she is my wife. His Holiness again said, "I ask who she is?" I replied, "Hazur, She is daughter-in-law of Pt. Mast Ram Ji". His Holiness asked for the third time. Then I said, "Hazur she is the daughter of Shri Surjan Ram Ji". Hazur Data Dayal Ji asked me for the fourth time. I said, "Hazur, I have not been able to understand". Then His Holiness in most compassionate mood said to me, "She is my daughter, if you hurt her, you will hurt me". This Samskar of Hazur Data Dayal Ji guided me in my family life and I lived very respectfully and peacefully with my wife.

10. Always be vigilant about mind. Physically, I have not committed any sin except the four, which I have already mentioned in the pages of this book. But at my mental level, I have had many falls in my life. Even at this advanced age of my life, sometime, such a thought comes which I never wish to entertain. However, I remain vigilant at all levels of my existence i.e. physical and spiritual. I narrate here under some incidents of my early age.

Once, I was coming to India from Baghdad on my annual leave. At Makina Camp, I was waiting for the ship for my homeward journey. As there was yet some time, for the arrival of the ship, I thought to have some puffs of "Huqa". So I went to the kitchen of some laborers to collect fire from their earnings after finishing their meals. A four anna coin was lying near the fireplace. I saw all around (to confirm that nobody was seeing me) and picked up that four anna coin, collected the necessary fire for my Huqa and returned to my bed. When I reached my bed, I thought, "You receive Rs. 500/-per month. What for you picked up this coin so stealthy?" I repented upon this foolish act and gave that coin to someone. It is very easy to preach and sermonize others, but most difficult to be practical in one's life.

11. I was in prime of my youth when I went to Baghdad. I stayed in Basra-Baghdad for 12 years. But I never went out to see the cities of Basra and Baghdad. Because the ladies of those towns had great beauty, thus I avoided visiting the cities so that my mind may not drag me down. One day, I was sitting all alone in my quarter Number H.P – III. The door of my room had a bamboo grill. From within my room, I saw that two beautiful women were heading towards my quarter. Those women generally used to visit our camp for meeting their friends and to enjoy with them. On seeing them at a distance I shut my door and sat inside silently. But after a few moments I got up and peeped through the door to see those women. What a pity? Who can believe the working of mind and who can dare to live free from it? This mind is not to be believed. It can bring you down to the lowest ebb in moments after taking you to the highest glory.

12. Once I was posted at Miani Railway Station as Station Master. A train from Bhera arrived in. A young, beautiful and well-dressed girl also got down from this train. As I was on the gate, she handed over to me her ticket. But as I saw her, my mind went its way. In order to control my mind, I slapped my face in the very presence of that girl. However, that girl went away. I did not know who that girl was. But the girl knew my mother. She directly went to my mother and told about this incident. When I came home, my mother enquired as to why I slapped my face when that girl handed over to me her ticket. I said to my mother, "Mother, now I am of age, please do not ask me such question". Saint Kabir has written:

*"I presumed, mind as dead,
it became ghost, after death,
Becoming ghost, it follows me,
It is such an undutiful son."*

13. When I married, I had a desire that my children should not have lust, anger, greed, attachment and ego (because these five are considered as the enemy of the individual). I wrote to Hazur Data Dayal Ji Maharaj about my desire and prayed for his blessings. His Holiness replied, "Whatever you wish shall happen." I was blessed with a daughter. At the time Hazur Data Dayal Ji was away to America. I visited his hut at Lahore and bought home all his worn out clothes, because I was very much emotionally attached to Hazur Data Dayal Ji Maharaj and His belongings. I handed over those clothes to my wife and asked her to wrap the newborn child in them. The same was done. The result is that my daughter is as I wished her. She remains happy in the worn out clothes, where as there is no dearth of

new clothes for her. She would stitch the old ones and continue to wear them. Her mother died, but she expressed no attachment with her. This is the result of my own Sanskaras and desires for my child. Your thoughts and Sanskaras are carried to the womb of your wife along with your semen. You are responsible for procreating obedient, noble, loyal, wise and healthy children as well as disobedient and irresponsible. That is why I always stress upon that “PROCREATE IF YOU MUST, PROCREATE WITH THE INTENSE NECESSITY OF PROCREATION.”

I tell you another instance of my life regarding procreation of better children. I had no male child. I cherished a thought to procreate an honest, obedient, intelligent and noble son. I did get a son with virtuous and noble thoughts I aspired for him. He has never given a chance to complain till this day. He is most sincere, obedient and intelligent. He holds one of the top posts in the big Govt. concern and draws about Rs. 3000/- as monthly pay. He has so much regards for me that he does not sit in my rikshaw. He does not allow my servant to work for him. These instances of my life are being written for you so that you may learn some lesson of living a good and happy life.

During my visit to Hazur Data Dayal Ji Maharaj, I used to trouble him too much because I used to consider myself as the greatest sinner. But His Holiness always tried to lift me up from my negative and weak thinking. He used to say, “Faqir, you shall be the greatest among Faqirs”. He always encouraged me and the result is my present position. He wrote a lot for me, but here under I reproduce His last writing to me:

Who is happy in this world?

Happy is only one, Faqir,

Happy are not the richest,

Men of heavy stocks, wealth,

Renounced world, renounced that state,

Renounced the Lord, too as well,

Renounced the renunciation too,

Heart satiated with renunciation,

Blessed, with sight of oneness,

Seeing spectacle of oneness,

*Advances forward day and night,
To complete the journey of this world,
What this world? It is a dream,
And dream too, for a Faqir,
Wealth, pelf and in riches,
He is not all involved.
Mingled in dust entire this world,
And dust remains, here forever,
He dwells in ecstasy,
Every time, morn and eve,
Faqir neither worships nor is worshipped
His is free from this show,
Happy appearance, joyful heart,
Ever pure in his soul,
Whom you see, in state,
Accept him, as true Faqir,
He is sage of both worlds,
And a sear of two worlds,
Whatever, I did realize,
I lay down here for you,
Thou had spread thy cloth.
That is being filled today,
Merged am I in myself,
Yee too, should merge one day,
Ye shall attain thy destination,
It is disclosed just today,
That is why, above all other,*

I am, proud of thee,

Yee will illuminate the Nama,

It is the voice of my heart.”

In 1933 A.D., I was posted at Sunam Railway Station as Station Master. His Holiness Hazur Data Dayal Ji visited my place. On request of a large number of people, Satsang was arranged. In that general sat sang Data Dayal Ji said to me, “FAQIR, THE TIME SHALL CHANGE. THE TRADITIONAL WAY OF PREACHING SHALL NOT BE ACCEPTABLE TO THE PUBLIC. THEREFORE YOU MUST CHANGE THE MODE OF PREACHING BEFORE LEAVING YOUR PHYSICAL BODY”. In obedience to the command of my Sat-Guru I am obliged to speak out my experience and my research to the world.

MY SEARCH

Thousands of instances have been brought to my notice in writing and verbally, where in, my form has appeared to different people at different places and at different times. Some saw me in their wakefulness and while others have seen me either in their dream or in their Abhyas. My manifested form guided them in their physical and mental troubles. But I never knew about these instances, until I was told or written to. What is the secret of these manifestations?

These manifestations are not a Reality. Whosoever has his faith in any guru, god, goddess or any ideal, the form of his or her ideal manifests to him or her. It is the result of impressions and suggestions that our mind has accepted. And nothing from without comes to manifest. It is the miracle of your own concentrated mind.

Different devotees of different gods and goddesses see the manifestations of their own ideals. Some see Vishnu, others see Lord Rama and still others see the form of their own guru. Ask any Christian or a Muslim, if they ever see Lord Rama in their meditation, wakefulness or in dream. If Lord Rama is really all pervading then his image or Holy form must also manifest invariably to Muslims and Christians as well. But his form appears to the Hindus alone. Why is it so? Since Muslims and Christians do not have any Sanskar of Hindu Gods. Similarly, the form of Jesus Christ and Mohammed do not manifest to any Hindu, because Hindus do not have any Sanskar of Jesus Christ or Mohammed. Manifestations that appear to you are the magnified forms of your own Sankaras. Nothing from without comes to manifest. It is the result of faith and belief of the individual.

I daily receive a heavy mail regarding such instances. In one instance, a student while sitting in the Examination Hall remembered me because he was

unable to answer the questions, as they were difficult. He prayed for help. My form appeared and sat under his desk and dictated him all the answers. He secured very good marks. But I say it upon my honor that I never knew about that boy. Not to speak of him, I even do not know the subject in which I dictated my answers (I am myself only a middle pass). Those who have faith in my word and those who think that I am a great saint, their faith do miracles to them, not me. I remain unaware about all such instances that are attributed to me.

Once a Satsangi came to me and told, "If anybody falls ill in our family, I do not go to any doctor, instead I pray to your Holiness. You appear and direct us to take a particular medicine from the bazaar, take it and get cured." Whereas when I am ill, I consult my doctor for the treatment. What is this? It is the work of faith and faith alone. This is my research.

Scientific research has proved that even the movement of our little finger can produce vibrations in the space, which rise up to the stars and return to the place of their origin. The vibrations caused by the movement of our finger are woven out of subtle matter, travel to the highest point in this cosmos and then return to the place of their origin. I have known the power of thought and I believe in the philosophy of thought. To be clear and precise I give you certain examples.

You sleep and enter the state of dreams, you become furious in your dream and you beat somebody. In such a state, your body and hands move as if you are actually beating somebody. If you experience a frightful dream, your tongue is moved and you cry. You enjoy sex with a lady in your dream and your semen gets discharged. Now you think over this enigma. Actually, there was no-one whom you were beating in your dream and nor was there any lady, but simply your involuntary thoughts and Sanskars moved your hand and also led to the discharge of your semen. Now, you can well imagine, that if your unknown Sanskaras and involuntary thoughts can have this effect upon your body during the state of your dreaming, how much disastrous would be the effects of our voluntary, determined and willed thoughts charged with jealousy, greed and selfishness. At present, we are passing through very critical times. Opposite ranks in all the walks of life i.e. social, political and religious have led us far away from the goal of peace and harmony. I have been doing my best for the last 30 years in awakening the political leaders, religious preachers and social performers through stage and writings. Even today, I give a clarion call that our present system of election is a sweet poison for the nation. It sows the seed of hatred, enmity and jealousy. It is leading to the disintegration of the nature rather than to integration. The present set up of our democracy must change to "auto democracy". Hence my teachings to each and all are, "Be pure in thought, word and action, hate no-one but love all. As we sow, so we shall reap. Sow love and justice, reap the same and live a happy and peaceful life.

As regards “NIRVAN” (i.e. Release from the cycle of birth and death), I have to say that it does exist. You must have seen some children are born as blind; some others lose their eyesight or suffer attacks of disease and get crippled in early days of childhood. What a sin such children could have committed while in womb or in early days of their childhood? It proves that they have suffered in this life for their past sins and deeds. Those who do not believe in the philosophy of re-birth and the philosophy of deed must conclude that the creator of this world is very cruel and he is indifferent to the human sufferings. He creates the creatures including mankind according to his will and whim and awards punishments and rewards as per His will without caring for our good and bad actions.

It is said, that God created man in His own image. Correct. However, what about a man? He too creates his progenies in his own image. We indulge in sex, not for begetting children, but for enjoyment. Children are born simply as by-product of our sexual enjoyment. Do we know what fate they will meet in their lives? Moreover, we expect that they (offshoots of our uncontrolled passions) should remain obedient to us, keep them in discipline and trend the path of virtue. This can never, never happen. Let any leader, Guru and social reformer do his utmost to reform such a generation. Fault is not with the generation, but with the generators. The youth all over the world is undisciplined, disobedient and un-controlled. Winds of un-rest blow all over the country, nay: all over the world. Who is to be blamed? Not the youth but those whom they are born to and those who educate and control them. I, in my own way, do my best to show the right path to those who come to me. To married couples I always advise, “PROCREATE FOR THE SAKE OF PROCREATION. DO NOT PRODUCE UN-CALLED FOR CHILDREN. WOMEN ARE NOT A TOOL FOR SEXUAL ENJOYMENT, BUT THEY ARE LIFE PARTNERS.”

HOW TO ACHIEVE THE FINAL RELEASE

In the west, scientists have made experiments on dying men. They placed dying the dying men on very sensitive scales and applied a special paint on the screen fixed on the opposite side of the scales. It was observed that while a man was breathing his last, the screen showed signs of something very subtle leaving the body of the dying man. They even noticed the color of that subtle element. Simultaneously, it was noticed that the weight of the body had decreased and the decrease of weight ranged between 5 to 15 grams in different such cases. This decrease of weight in body proves that the subtle element (call it “self” or soul of man), which left the body, had weight. Now, a thing, having weight cannot go beyond the gravitational sphere of earth. Under the gravitational force it is bound to be attracted by and remain within the magnetic field of this earth. Why the soul or self has weight? It is because the dying man had attachment with the gross matter in one form or another. So I say that you may do inward-practice (Abhyas) all

your lifetime, give alms, help others and do noble deeds, but if at the time of death, you “self” while leaving the body does not achieve the state of weightlessness by giving up attachment for gross matter in any form, let it be known for certain that you would not stand released from the cycle of transmigration. You may have been a great devotee. You may have been listening to the unbreakable sound (Shabada) and dwelling in the stage of light within. They will all stand no guarantee for your release from the bond of birth and death.

Now, let me define the attachment for gross-matter. It covers your attachment with your property, father, mother, wife, children, Rama who was born in Ayodhya, Krishna who was born at Mathura and your Guru whom you believe to be a human being. If a form of any of these appears or manifests to a dying man, then think not that the dying man has crossed the sphere of gravitational pull of earth or attained release from “KAL” and “MAYA”. The entire Hindu Philosophy is based upon this principle of attachment. A follower of Sanatan Dharma is advised to renounce the world and become a Sanyasi in the last phase of his life. The sure, unmistakable and scientific way to attain “MOKSHA” is that a seeker must attain perfect detachment from the body, mind and soul. A bird spans wings to have flight in the sky. The soul must shed away its attachment for everything on this earth to reach its sublime-abode. This is the core of Sant-Matt, Radhaswami Matt and Sanatan-Dharma and this teaching I impart to those who come to me for this purpose otherwise I tell the art of happy living in this world.

THE LAST WORD ON THE SUBJECT

Now, at this age of 94 years, I live a life of peace and happiness. While knowing I lead my life as if I know not. The entire creation is a game of on Supreme Power. Whatever we see, feel or know is a mere play of that Supreme-Power. Whatever happens good or bad or beyond these both, is within His Order (law). By His will, man can achieve the state of NIRVAN and under His will man must continue to remain in the cycle of transmigration. To His Will I bow, To Him and to Him alone I surrender. This is the last stage of my life long research. His will is supreme. Whatever happens is for the good. This belief gives me peace. By virtue of the knowledge (gained through my lifelong research), I remain detached and do not identify myself with the trinity i.e.; body, mind and soul. I always keep myself busy (work is must in life) with selfless service to mankind in various ways. Inwardly, I remain conscious of my “SELF” and resigned (SHARNAGTAM) to the Supreme-Lord, beyond the regions of the gross, subtle and casual.