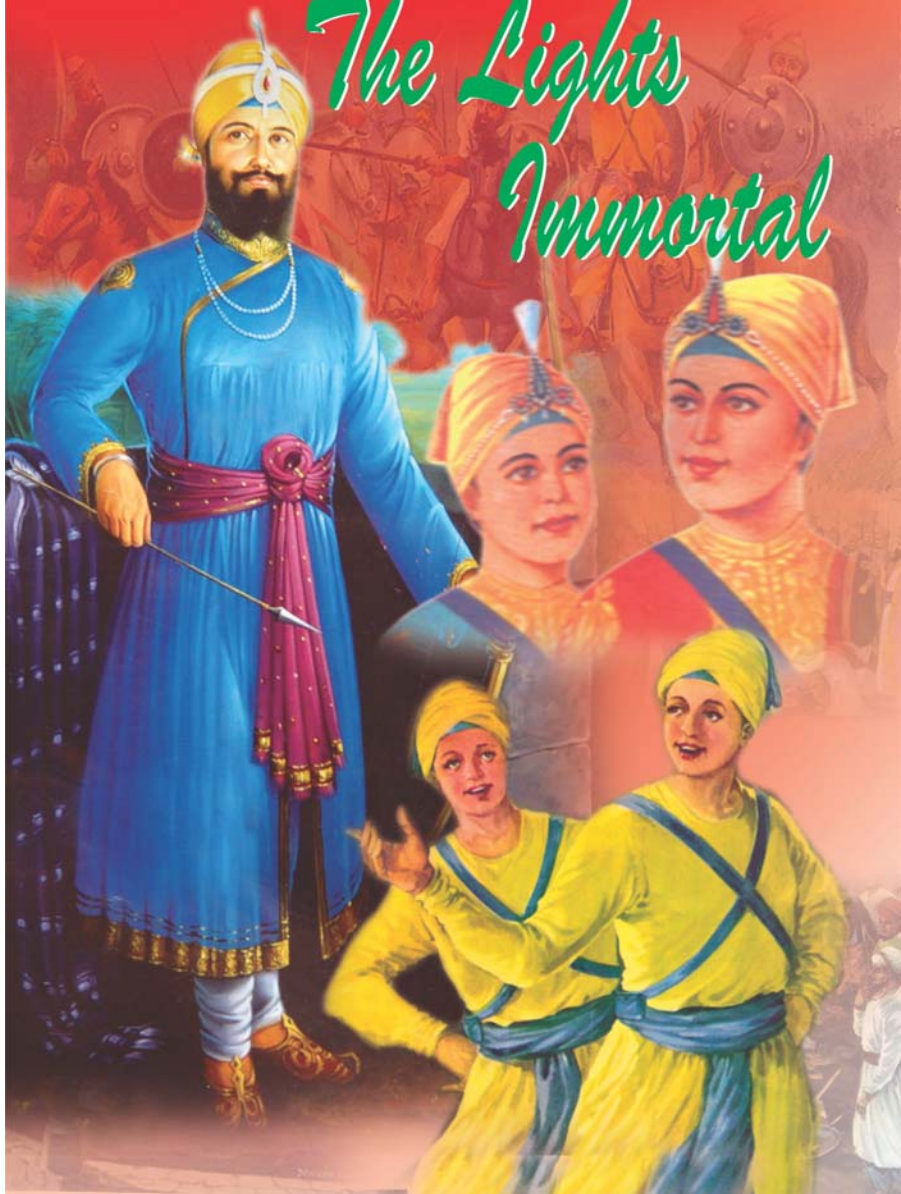


The Lights Immortal



The Lights Immortal



In this world when the downfall in religion sets in, when vis-a-vis human values, aggression, force, bigotry, political injustice, social hatred, pride and madness amidst abundance of money enter society or the political atmosphere, then, the king becomes a butcher; nothing worth the name of religion remains in his rule. The Master, the king of kings, proclaims thus -

*The Age of Machines has become a cutter,
And the kings have become butchers.
Righteousness has taken wings and fled.
In the pitch dark night of falsehood,
It is not possible to see
Where the moon of truth risen be.*

**ਕਲਿ ਕਾਤੀ ਰਾਜੇ ਕਾਸਾਈ ਧਰਮੁ ਪੰਖ ਕਰਿ ਉਡਰਿਆ॥
ਕੁੜੁ ਅਮਾਵਸ ਸਚੁ ਚੰਦ੍ਰਮਾ ਦੀਸੈ ਨਾਹੀ ਕਹ ਚੜਿਆ॥**

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As oppression increases, the pitch darkness of ignorance obscures everything, man descends to the level of beasts; the power

in the mind of man to know truth from falsehood, righteousness from unrighteousness, justice from injustice gets lost in the darkness of ignorance. The pain of this condition of the world reaches the Master of billions of universes. Then from His own Primal Being, he sends His very self in the universes upon universes, which assuming a human body is meant to destroy this ignorance and oppression. If the disease grows and spreads in the body of the society, an able doctor considers it necessary that those parts which have become infected, must be cut off. Amputations on account of cancer are common, as we know. Similarly when the light lighting up the world gets obscured, then, spiritual masters, teachers, incarnations of God (i.e. God in flesh and blood as Jesus is considered to be), prophets, great holy men, under the inspiration of God, in complete obedience to His will, adopt a number of methods to guide society and the powers that be. At some places they have to be brought back to their senses by using mental powers; at others, the lives of the *manmukhs* (those turned away from God and the Guru) enveloped in the incurable darkness have to be finished by the use of arms; at others, by giving a message of love and affection as a Guru, the darkness is ended from inside their minds. Thus as is the need so is the personality God continues to send in the world in the form of a Guru, or an incarnation or a prophet.

The Tenth Guru (Guru Gobind Singh Ji) while telling us about his appearance in this world has said that God assigned him a special mission and ordered him to create a society based on the religion whose path is pure through and through, whose path is untouched by superstition and unaffected by the outer garbs, a path which is free from hatred, heart burning, enmity, hostility, lust, anger, attachment, ego, ill-will and calumny. Guru, the king of kings, enlightening us, says that in accordance with the will of the Timeless One, it was proclaimed that I, giving you the status of my son, send you for the fulfillment of a special mission. In India the pain of injustice and oppression is on the increase for upwards of seven to eight hundred years; cruel rulers who come to attack and conquer India are crushing underfoot men and women of India. Neither is Indian woman shown any respect nor does Indian man get a breathing space. Pulling down their places of worship, lacs of hearts are broken. All this is done in the name of religion. In the name of religion sin is termed as purity. Stuck up in this thick darkness, people have become lifeless, they have no courage left in them. They have gone so low in this atmosphere of fear that they have forgotten their sense of pride. Said God, the Primal Lord, that I am sending you in the world so that you may start the path of truth and remove the blind thinking mixed up with righteousness. Oppression has even ended the power to know what is wisdom and what is unwisdom. Adopting unwisdom, man is suffering. Guru, the king of kings, requests, "O God, I've looked very carefully, the whole world is burning. Heavy darkness has spread and this path which is called

the spiritual path, can make progress if You, God Almighty place your strengthening and pure hand on my back. In his own words, it reads -

*"I declare thee my son.
I have made you preach the Path (Pure).
Wheresoever you start your religion,
Check the people from going astray.*

**ਮੈਂ ਅਪਨਾ ਸੁਤ ਤੁਹਿ ਨਿਵਾਜਾ। ਪੰਥ ਪ੍ਰਚਾਰ ਕਰਥੇ ਕਉ ਸਾਜਾ।
ਜਗ ਤਗਾ ਤੈ ਧਰਮੁ ਚਲਾਇ। ਕਬੁਧਿ ਕਰਨ ਤੇ ਲੋਕ ਹਟਾਇ।**

*Folding my hands I spoke with my head bowed ;
The Panth (The path pure) will endure in the world,
When you lend a helping hand."*

**ਠਾਢ ਭਯੋ ਮੈ ਜੋਰਿ ਕਰ, ਬਚਨ ਕਹਾ ਸਿਰ ਨਿਆਇ।
ਪੰਥ ਚਲੈ ਤਬ ਜਗਤ ਮੈ, ਜਬ ਤੁਮ ਕਰਹੁ ਸਹਾਇ। ਬਚਿੱਤਰ ਨਾਟਕ**

Guru, the great king, while telling the world about his objective, proclaims that I have been sent in the world for this very purpose; I have no enmity towards anyone; I love all; don't think that I come assuming the airs of God in the world. That Primal Lord is unreachable, unknowable. He is in the form of unity and I am a slave of His. Therefore, do not commit a mistake by just taking me for God because God is unreachable, unknowable, unique; nobody can know His limits. He exists in His fullness in all; He exists as ever-burning flame in everyone. I am His slave. Let no doubt enter your minds. Just think that I have put on a human form in order to carry out the order of That Primal Lord. I am to watch the drama of the world and my task lies in victory of truth and defeat of falsehood. He proclaims -

*On this account God sent me
Then I took birth and came into the world;
As He spoke to me so I speak to men.
I bear no enmity towards anyone.
All who call me Supreme Being
Shall fall into the pit of hell, crying.
Recognize me as God's servant only.
Have no doubt whatever of this, really
I am the slave of the Supreme Being.
And have come to watch the world drama playing.
I tell the world what God told me,
And through fear of mortals not silent be.*

**ਚੋਪਈ। ਇਹ ਕਾਰਨਿ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਮੋਹਿ ਪਠਾਯੋ।
ਤਬ ਮੈ ਜਗਤ ਜਨਮ ਧਰਿ ਆਯੋ।
ਜਿਮ ਤਿਨ ਕਹੀ ਤਿਨੈ ਤਿਮ ਕਹਿ ਹੋ।
ਅਉਰ ਕਿਸੂ ਤੇ ਬੈਰ ਨ ਗਹਿ ਹੋ।੩੧।
ਜੋ ਹਮ ਕੋ ਪਰਮੇਸਰ ਉਚਰਿ ਹੈ।
ਤੇ ਸਭ ਨਰਕ ਕੁੰਡ ਮਹਿ ਪਰਿ ਹੈ।**

ਮੈਂ ਕੌਂ ਦਾਸ ਤਵਨ ਕਾ ਜਾਨੈਂ।
 ਯਾ ਮੈਂ ਭੇਦ ਨ ਰੰਚ ਪਛਾਨੈਂ।੩੧।
 ਮੈਂ ਹੋ ਪਰਮ ਪੁਰਖ ਕੌਂ ਦਾਸਾ।
 ਦੇਖਨ ਆਯੋਂ ਜਗਤ ਤਮਾਸਾ।੩੨।
 ਜੋ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਜਗਤਿ ਕਹਾ ਸੋ ਕਹਿ ਹੋਂ।
 ਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਲੋਕ ਤੇ ਮੌਨ ਨ ਰਹਿ ਹੋਂ।੩੩।

ਬਚਿੱਤਰ ਨਾਟਕ

Thus in order to do this task I have assumed a human form. My mission will proceed in two ways. With love and affection, teaching detachment, meditation and knowledge, I'll end the darkness from the mind of man and he will be made aware that he is not body, he is not mind, he is not intellect, he is not consciousness, nor is he just a creature, he is a unit of God; he is the ever-burning flame of the self same soul. In short, man will be taught the spiritual recognition of the self. The body which has got the incurable disease of ignorance and evils and which is in the grip of deep darkness of ignorance, will be made to fight on the world stage and sent to assume a new body.

So do not think that I will do something inspired by the example of some previous religion. Keeping myself above all sects and creeds, I will accomplish the task assigned to me by God impartially. Telling about himself he proclaims -

*I do not hesitate in any way,
 The message of God to convey.
 Without bowing to any garb or creed
 Of God's Name on this earth, I sow the seed.
 Neither idol worship nor wearing holy garb do I expound.
 Through attaining the highest Truth, and singing God's glory
 will be found.
 I will neither grow long knots of hair
 Nor any religious marks on my arms bear.
 A life devoted to serving God is all for which I long.
 I remember His Name, my only Eternal Friend;
 No other do I repeat, nor any other law do I defend,
 In Your Name permanently dyed
 I will remain free from vanity and pride.
 In Your meditation by being absorbed
 Immumberable sins will be washed.
 With Your true nature now being one
 I will not expect any other gifts given.
 All pain and misery go away
 Remembering Your Name all the way.*

ਕਹਿਓ ਪ੍ਰਭੂ ਸੁ ਭਾਖਿ ਹੋਂ। ਕਿਸੁ ਨ ਕਾਨ ਰਾਖਿ ਹੋਂ।
 ਕਿਸੁ ਨ ਭੇਖ ਭੀਜਿ ਹੋਂ। ਅਲੇਖ ਬੀਜਿ ਬੀਜਿ ਹੋਂ।੩੪।
 ਪਖਾਣ ਪੂਜਿ ਹੋਂ ਨਹੀਂ। ਨ ਭੇਖ ਭੀਜਿ ਹੋਂ ਕਹੀਂ।
 ਅਨੰਤ ਨਾਮੁ ਗਾਇ ਹੋਂ। ਪਰਮ ਪੁਰਖ ਪਾਇ ਹੋਂ।੩੫।
 ਜਟਾ ਨ ਸੀਸ ਧਾਰਿ ਹੋਂ। ਨ ਮੁੰਦ੍ਰਕਾ ਸੁਧਾਰਿ ਹੋਂ।

ਨ ਕਾਨ ਕਾਹੂ ਕੀ ਧਰੋਂ। ਕਹਿਓ ਪ੍ਰਭੂ ਸੋ ਮੈ ਕਰੋਂ॥੩੬॥
 ਭਜੋਂ ਸੁ ਏਕ ਨਾਮਯੋਂ। ਜੁ ਕਾਮ ਸਰਬ ਨਾਮਯੋਂ।
 ਨ ਜਾਪ ਆਨ ਕੋ ਜਪੋਂ। ਨ ਅਉਰਿ ਬਾਪਨਾ ਬਪੋਂ॥੩੭॥
 ਬਿਆਂਤ ਨਾਮ ਧਿਆਇ ਹੋਂ। ਪਰਮ ਜੋਤਿ ਪਾਇ ਹੋਂ।
 ਨ ਧਿਆਨ ਆਨ ਕੋ ਧਰੋਂ। ਨ ਨਾਮ ਆਨ ਉਚਰੋਂ॥੩੮॥
 ਤਵੱਕ ਨਾਮ ਰੱਤਿਯੋਂ। ਨ ਆਨ ਮਾਨ ਮੱਤਿਯੋਂ।
 ਪਰੱਮ ਧਿਆਨ ਧਾਰਯੋਂ। ਅਨੰਤ ਪਾਪ ਟਾਰੀਯੋਂ। ੩੯ ।
 ਤੁਮੇਵ ਰੂਪ ਰਾਚਿਯੋਂ। ਨ ਆਨ ਦਾਨ ਮਾਚਿਯੋਂ।
 ਤਵੱਕ ਨਾਮ ਉਚਾਰਿਯੋਂ। ਅਨੰਤ ਦੁਖ ਟਾਰਿਯੋਂ। ੪੦ ।ਬਚਿੱਤਰ ਨਾਟਕ

Catching hold of the wicked and the vicious, I'll scatter them, too; I'll make them follow the path of righteousness also; and I will tear up wickedness which has its roots in darkness.

In this way accepting a very big responsibility, Respected Guru Gobind Singh Ji, the great king, appeared in the world.

If we look at his life carefully, we can easily understand all the things mentioned above. He gave shape and form to such a society in the world which is pure through and through. It did not mislead, it was unadulterated. He said that to enjoy the essence of the spiritual self after having recognized it, to melt one's existence in that spiritual self and to live a life of truth, this will constitute the visible form of the pure life (life of the Khalsa Panth) and so great will its glory be that even gods and goddesses will not be able to know it. The chief gods of Heaven will long for the company of the Khalsa.

*Their way of life the sole Name of God.
 They find peace in singing praises of the Lord.
 To them friends and enemies are alike, brother,
 And other than their God they know not another.
 Millions upon millions of sins they wash.
 They are removers of sufferings, givers of life.
 Heroic warriors, men of their word,
 Even Maya (illusion) by saints was deceived.
 The gods and angels long for their company.
 Their blessed glimpse never fruitless be.
 Serving them always bears fruit.
 Nanak with hands folded prays,
 O Lord, storehouse of virtues, bless me with saints' service.*

**ਵਰਤਣਿ ਜਾ ਕੈ ਕੇਵਲ ਨਾਮ॥ ਅਨਦ ਰੂਪ ਕੀਰਤਨੁ ਬਿਸ੍ਰਾਮ॥
 ਮਿਤ੍ਰੁ ਸਤ੍ਰੁ ਜਾ ਕੈ ਏਕ ਸਮਾਨੈ॥ ਪ੍ਰਭੁ ਅਪੁਨੇ ਬਿਨੁ ਅਵਗੁ ਨ ਜਾਨੈ॥
 ਕੋਟਿ ਕੋਟਿ ਅਘ ਕਾਟਨਹਾਰਾ॥ ਦੁਖ ਦੂਰਿ ਕਰਨ ਜੀਅ ਕੇ ਦਾਤਾਰਾ॥
 ਸੂਰਬੀਰ ਬਚਨ ਕੇ ਬਲੀ॥ ਕਉਲਾ ਬਪੁਰੀ ਸੰਤੀ ਛਲੀ॥
 ਤਾ ਕਾ ਸੰਗੁ ਬਾਛਹਿ ਸੁਰਦੇਵ॥ ਅਮੋਘ ਦਰਸੁ ਸਫਲ ਜਾ ਕੀ ਸੇਵ॥
 ਕਰ ਜੋਤਿ ਨਾਨਕੁ ਕਰੇ ਅਰਦਾਸਿ॥ ਮੋਹਿ ਸੰਤਹ ਟਹਲ ਦੀਜੈ
 ਗੁਣਤਾਸਿ॥**

*The glory of a saint belongs to him, not to any other.
Says Nanak, no difference between God and his saint, brother.*

**ਸਾਧ ਕੀ ਸੋਭਾ ਸਾਧ ਬਨਿ ਆਈ॥
ਨਾਨਕ ਸਾਧ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਭੇਦੁ ਨ ਭਾਈ॥**

P. 272

And proclaims he, the great Guru -

*He alone is the godly Khalsa pure
Who has tasted the soul essence.
God, me and him are just one,
Without even a little bit of difference.*

**ਆਤਮ ਰਸ ਜਿਹ ਜਾਨਹੀ ਸੋ ਹੈ ਖ਼ਾਲਸ ਦੇਵ॥
ਪ੍ਰਭ ਮਹਿ ਮੋ ਮਹਿ ਤਾਸ ਮਹਿ ਰੰਚਕ ਨਾਹਨ ਭੇਵ॥**

Sarb Loh Granth

The life of the Respected Tenth Guru is a life of great struggle because on the one hand, it was very difficult to awaken people petrified by deep darkness who had become unconscious; on the other hand the forces of unrighteousness were eager to choke the voice of righteousness. Any further commentary on this will make the explanation very lengthy. To cut short, at that time the different orders in the sphere of religion were at daggers drawn with each other and dogmatism ruled to such an extent that, a person with convictions contrary to one's own, was not even considered a human being. He would be killed, his household would be looted, his women folk were molested, and his children were made slaves which was considered a good deed. Those who caused this darkness were the Emperors, their Prime Ministers and other ministers, *quazis*, (the judges of Muslim religious code), *mullahs*, (the Muslim priests), who had come from the west of India. They had adapted the definition of religion in accordance with their interests and called them doers of good deeds by calling every sin a good deed. No matter whether they ruled in the hills in the Hindu guise or whether they ruled from the throne of Delhi in the Muslim garb, the narrow minded rulers and the political power were eager to crush the loud voice raised for righteousness and peace by the Tenth Master. Guru, the emperor, proclaimed that I have no enmity towards anyone; I am only paving the way of the Religion of humanity. This voice of the Guru greatly pricked the kings because they were afraid of the daring of their subjects who were becoming religious and who were getting to know their rights. The Guru emperor says that the hills chiefs banded against him when he was putting up at Paunta Sahib and Fateh Chand the ruler of that area along with all the hill chiefs attacked him without any provocation from his side.

At that time in the light of spiritualism he was producing a lot of literature on all the religions in a pure form. Says he -

**Fateh Shah, the king then became angry
For no reason he took up arms against me.**

**ਫਤੇ ਸਾਹ ਕੋਪਾ ਤਬਿ ਰਾਜਾ।
ਲੋਹ ਪਰਾ ਹਮ ਸੋ ਬਿਨੁ ਕਾਜਾ।**

*Bachittar Natak
(Autobiography of the Tenth Guru)*

the battle was imposed on me. I never wanted that anyone should be attacked and his territory be snatched from him. I had no alternative left because my father (Guru Teg Bahadur) and grandfather (Guru Arjun Dev) who had gone to the greatest lengths putting up with tortures peacefully, had already borne so disgusting tortures; to get martyred at the hands of those tyrants without lifting a finger had no importance because non-violence had been practiced to the farthest extreme. Those tortures were wearing down the patience of the great Gurus. Although they were masters of the occult powers, yet remaining within human limits, they sacrificed themselves in an attempt to open the eyes of the tyrant. No one wants wars. All want to live in peace and happiness. But when no course is left, it is rightful to take up arms against arms for self protection; and to gather people with the same views to wipe out wickedness. Rather religion demands that it is no use getting yourself beheaded like cowards. Lay down your lives like the brave people. Sikhism, the Guru's path, wishing the well-being of the entire world, prays, O Wondrous God! Save the burning world; by whichever way it can be delivered, deliver it. The religion in which so vast a philosophy is found, hostility to anyone is out of the question.

*Farid, do good for evil,
In your heart keep no anger.
Thus shall your body be free from disease
And you shall obtain everything.*

**ਫਰੀਦਾ ਬੁਰੇ ਦਾ ਭਲਾ ਕਰਿ ਗੁਸਾ ਮਨਿ ਨ ਹਢਾਇ॥
ਦੇਹੀ ਰੋਗੁ ਨ ਲਗਈ ਪਲੈ ਸਭੁ ਕਿਛੁ ਪਾਇ॥**

P. 1391

In this way the entire life of Guru Gobind Singh, the great king, was passing correcting wickedness and trying to spread the light of truth. He had kept 52 poets and 50 writers in his court to transcribe the entire ancient literature. The Poet Mangal was given Rs. 60,000 of those times for translating a chapter of the Mahabharata; and he was given so many gifts that the Guru sent 200 soldiers, with still more gifts, to carry them home to the poet.

About fourteen times attacks were launched on Guru, the emperor. The warriors, who had risen in the form of the Khalsa in defence of truth and righteousness always fought off these attacks. Those who launched these attacks had untold number of soldiers in their armies, their weapons of war, also, were too numerous to learn to use. With limited resources at their disposal the beloved disciples of Guru, the emperor, strengthening themselves with truth, continued to fight a determined battle with Aurangzeb and the chiefs of 22 hill ranges. At last the political power of the whole of India



comprising the armies of the chiefs of 22 hill states, untold millions of Aurangzeb's army and misled by participation in a crusade, the dacoits (whose heads were turned) joined hands in this battle, the total number of the armies roughly being put at 10 lakhs. On the other side the Guru had neither great supplies of food, nor a big store house of weapons. It was a most unequal battle but Guru, the emperor's words were, that -

I'll make sparrows tear hawks,

I'll make one fight against a lakh and a quarter.

ਚਿੜੀਓਂ ਸੇ ਮੈਂ ਬਾਜ਼ ਤੁੜਾਓਂ। ਸਵਾ ਲਾਖ ਸੇ ਏਕ ਲੜਾਓਂ।

This miracle could now be clearly seen taking place. The siege lasted six or more months. In the forts of the Guru, the emperor, the storehouse of food and weapons fell to a very limited level. The Khalsa army boiled the leaves of the trees and drank the water. They mixed the barks of the trees in the flour and ate it up. Because the siege lasted long even the besiegers were upset. They tried to convince the Guru by placing the letter bearing Aurangzeb's signature along with the Quran on a plate. The Hindu hill chiefs placed the sacred Gita on a plate and in the same plate they placed a cow modelled by them and promised that swearing to protect the honour of the Gita and the cow, they reveal truth in their hearts that if you evacuate the fort, you can live wherever you please. Similarly those owing allegiance to the Quran took an oath on the Quran and offering the sacred Quran as guarantor said that we the followers of Prophet Mohammad's sacred text request you to evacuate the fort. You leave Anandpur Sahib, and go wherever you please, no inconvenience will be caused to you. Guru, the king of kings, knew that these treacherous people neither believe in God nor are they righteous. They are just striking at the root of their

religion for their selfish interests. Therefore the offering of the Gita by the hill chiefs as guarantor and the swearing on the Quran by those who owe allegiance to the Quran is a deception. It is their sheer shamelessness. Listening to the requests of the disciples, Guru the emperor, made up his mind to evacuate the fort; although he knew that these so-called believers (of Islam) and goddess worshippers are completely hollow from within. Their belief in the Quran and the others' belief in gods and goddesses is playing a trick for their own interests. In this way Guru, the emperor, taught that no doubt the whole world respects the scriptures of their own faith but it is also the duty of the saints to respect the religious symbols of others. Setting a precedent of respect for the symbols of other faiths, Guru, the emperor, evacuated the fort on December 20, 1704, (in the Samvat era six Posh 1761) on Wednesday after midnight. Great is Guru Gobind Singh, the emperor, who by respecting the scriptures of other faiths to the greatest extent, showed that the word of God whether it is in Arabic or in Sanskrit or in any other language is worthy of the fullest respect. To have faith in that word of God is greatest. No sooner was the fort evacuated than the cunning rulers, paying heed neither to the sacredness of the Quran nor to the Gita and the cow, set all their armies on a handful of disciples of the Guru and ordered that all should be surrounded and done to death. Let no person be allowed to escape alongwith Guru Gobind Singh. From Anandpur Sahib to the banks of the Sirsa river a fierce battle was fought.

Here another miraculous event will not be out of place to mention.

The Respected Guru, in order not to let the ambrosial time of the morning of 7 Poh go waste, began the singing of the Ode in the Asa measure (As Di Vaar). On one side a fierce battle is raging, and on the other the great soul essence of the love of God is being enjoyed by concentrating the mental eddies of the mind. To body he preferred the singing of hymns being done in order to remember God. Here the Sirsa river flows through a wide trough. Owing to rain in the hilly areas, it became really very cold and foggy. The Sirsa river is overflowing its banks and it seems that today, the river Sirsa, too, committed a mistake of stopping the of way of Guru, the emperor, by obstructing the sacred task of his by becoming a hurdle in his way. That's why Gursikhs, desciples of the Guru, to this day, express their protest by giving five shoe blows to its running waters. A pitched battle was fought here. Guru, the king of kings, had been sleepless for four days and he was badly exhausted. A great literary loss was suffered here which can never be made good because the untiring labours of 20-22 years of Guru, the emperor, the result of his intellectual churning, was claimed by the Sirsa as if by way of an offering in a moment. But great was Guru, the emperor, who bore everything as the will of God.

Leaving this place Guru, the king of kings, entered the mud fortress of Chamkaur Sahib which was a big house (a haveli) but situated on a high place, on December 22 in the morning. Early in the morning an army consisting of countless soldiers came and laid siege to the fortress. In that fortress 40 Ever-ready-to-die disciples, *marjiwaras*, of his and two of his sons, the princes, were with Guru, the Emperor. Right in the morning began the battle. The whole day long 25 Sikhs, emerging one by one from the fortress, exemplified the desire of the Guru of one Sikh fighting a lakh and a quarter.

No one showed any signs of fear. From the fortress for miles around a vast militia could be seen. It appeared as if a flood of armies had come. One more than the other, all were eager to reach the fortress. 25 Singhs fought till noon. As the heat of the sun began to decline, they sacrificed themselves, being cut to ribbons. But it was wonderful to watch that no one showed any sign of discouragement nor did anyone throw down his arms. They wielded weapons till the very last breath. After this his eldest son, Prince Ajit Singh, who was aged about 18, asked permission from Guru, the emperor, saying, King of Kings, kindly allow me, too, to make my body successful by fighting in a determined way in this *yagna* of a battle being waged for the protection of humanity. Cheerfully Guru, the king of kings, allowed him to do so. With his own blessed hands, he adorned him with the weapons. The prince rode his horse and accompanied by five singhs entered this surging host of the enemy. Writing of that time, the love gushing poet, Yogi Allah Yaar Khan, says thus -

*Out comes the beloved son of Gobind from the fortress
Look there; out comes the king from the fortress.
Out comes he riding a horse from the fortress.
Out comes he, sword in hand, from the fortress
Of that sword what praise can be sung
With this sword of the tongue
Out that came from the sheath.
No song this sword tongue of mine could breathe.*

**ਗੋਬਿੰਦ ਕੇ ਦਿੱਲਦਾਰ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਸੇ ਨਿਕਲ ਆਏ।
ਵਹੁ ਦੇਖੀਏ ਸਰਕਾਰ ਕਿਲੇ ਸੇ ਨਿਕਲ ਆਏ।
ਘੋੜੇ ਪੈ ਹੋ ਅਸਵਾਰ ਕਿਲੇ ਸੇ ਨਿਕਲ ਆਏ।
ਲੇ ਹਾਥ ਮੇਂ ਤਲਵਾਰ ਕਿਲ੍ਹੇ ਸੇ ਨਿਕਲ ਆਏ।
ਕਿਆ ਵਸਫ ਹੋ ਉਸ ਤੇਗ ਕਾ ਇਸ ਤੇਗੇ ਜੁਬਾਨ ਸੇ।
ਵਹੁ ਮਿਆਨ ਸੇ ਨਿਕਲੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਨਿਕਲੀ ਯੇਹ ਵਹਾਂ ਸੇ।**

ਸਫਰਨਾਮਾਂ ਤੇ ਜ਼ਫਰਨਾਮਾ, ਗਿਆਨੀ ਈਸ਼ਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ ਨਾਰਾ

Seeing the skill of Respected Ajit Singh in using weapons, even the enemy cried, "Brave, brave" because so fast was the sword moving and cutting that even the eyes could not follow its movement. The speed of his moving sword was no less than the speed of lightning. About his weapons, too, the same poet writes

Like any other that sword was a sword,
 But was that a sword, O my Lord!
 We don't know that that was a sword.
 It was bloody, it was blood-hungry.
 It was a calamity, it was a catastrophe.
 Was it of water, steel or lightning flash made.
 That sword was the mother of Death's Lord.
 The god of death stood in attendance,
 Highly busy in his special amusement.

‘ਤਲਵਾਰ ਸੀ, ਤਲਵਾਰ ਬੀ ਕਿਆ ਜਾਨੀਏ ਕਿਆ ਬੀ।
 ਖੂੰਖਾਰ ਬੀ, ਖੂੰਨ ਬਾਜ਼ ਬੀ ਆਫਤ ਬੀ ਬਲਾ ਬੀ।
 ਬੀ ਆਬ ਯਾ ਫੌਲਾਦ ਪੈ ਬਿਜਲੀ ਕੀ ਜੱਲਾ ਬੀ।
 ‘ਯਮ ਰਾਜ’ ਕੀ ਅੰਮਾਂ ਬੀ ਵਹੁ ਸ਼ਮਸ਼ੇਰ ਕੱਜਾ ਬੀ।
 ਅਰਦਲ ਮੈਂ ਬਿਚਾਰੇ ‘ਮਲਕੱਲ ਮੌਤ’ ਖੜੇ ਬੇ
 ਅਪਨੇ ਸੁਗਲੇ ਖਾਸ ਮੈਂ ਮਥੱਗੂਲ ਬੜੇ ਬੇ। ਸ਼ੇਅਰ ੮੮ ਸਫਰਨਾਮਾ

These very five Singhs fought away for many hours. But in the beginning it so happened that the generals of the armies of the hill chiefs, the Nawab and the Moghuls ordered to watch the art of fighting of the Prince. They are six Singhs and against them only one-to-one fight should be fought. Thanking God, cowards among the enemies retreated. But those with pride in their bravery came forward, one by one, to face them. History tells us that the six of



these delivered 150 soldiers of the tyrants to eternal sleep with the touch of their swords. Then breaking all the rules, the soldiers of the wicked armies fell on them. Prince Ajit Singh, fighting alone, had gone a long way off. At last, he is trapped in a great siege just

as Abhimanyu in the battle in Mahabharata got stuck up in the defensive works of the fort when he went to break the circular formation (Chakarvyuh) and could not get out. The sword of Prince Ajit Singh broke. And he plunged his small spear into an armoured Moghul soldier, which piercing the armour, got stuck up in the bones; disarmed thus, he became a martyr. Having sacrificed his pure body, he entered the Deathless City of God. His fight gave a lot of zeal to the remaining Singhs in the fortress. Among the remaining Singhs was included Prince Jujhar Singh, aged 14, who was the second beloved son of the Tenth Master. He came forward and said, "Dear Father, my elder brother has attained martyrdom. I'll not lag behind from him. Although physically my age is small yet because of the strength granted by you, immeasurable force has entered me. Allow me to fight." Guru, the king of kings, patted him on the back. Small sized arms were sported in his belt. Giving the small sized sword and bow, the Guru showered parental love on him. Making him ride a horse, he gave five Singhs to accompany him and said, "My dear son, today justice is fighting against injustice. This fight will not end with our martyrdom. It's a long battle. Unrighteousness is to be conquered. Go! you, too, make an offering of your body in this great task."

Friends, what a moving sight which, not to speak of seeing, we can't even listen to a description of! Just to remove the sufferings of the afflicted and to bring justice in the world, a dear father, who was not to annexe any territory nor was he to snatch any other kingdom, staked all his comforts. Today his dear son aged 14 is about to enter the great war. There are no tears in the father's eyes. Being pleased, he is patting his back. Taking him in his arms, he lifted him and showered love on him. He kissed the forehead, patted his back and said, "You also make your offering in this struggle for freedom. One who is born in the world is sure to die. You attain to that state where great celibates, yogis, alms-givers can't reach. Giving expression to all that incident, Yogi Allah Yaar clothed it in words thus -

In a voice emotion-charged spoke Guru Gobind Singh.

I have brought you up with love spoke Guru Gobind Singh.

From the beginning I never checked you spoke Guru Gobind Singh.

To this little brave warrior spoke Guru Gobind Singh.

Come let me adorn your pure body with weapons.

Let me adorn your pure body with a little bow and a small sword.

‘ਭਰਾਈ ਸੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਮੈਂ ਬੋਲੇ ਗੁਰੂ ਗੋਬਿੰਦ ਸਿੰਘ।

ਪਾਲਾ ਹੈ ਤੁਮੇਂ ਨਾਜ਼ ਸੇ ਬੋਲੇ ਗੁਰੂ ਗੋਬਿੰਦ ਸਿੰਘ।

ਰੋਕਾ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਗਾਜ਼ ਸੇ ਬੋਲੇ ਗੁਰੂ ਗੋਬਿੰਦ ਸਿੰਘ।

ਇਸ ਨੰਨ੍ਹੇ ਸੇ ਜਾਨ ਬਾਜ਼ ਸੇ ਬੋਲੇ ਗੁਰੂ ਗੋਬਿੰਦ ਸਿੰਘ।

ਲੈਂ! ਆਉ ਤੋਂਨ ਪਾਕ ਪੈ ਹਥਿਆਰ ਸਜਾ ਦੇਂ।

ਛੋਟੀ ਸੀ, ਕਮਾਂ-ਨੰਨ੍ਹੀ ਸੀ ਤਲਵਾਰ ਸਜਾ ਦੇ। (Couplet No. 104)

*Lo! go find your goal to the Creator I hand you over.
Either die or kill, to the Creator I hand you over.
Don't forget God! to the Creator I hand you over.
Make Sikhism prosper! to the Creator I hand you over.
May the Wondrous God grant you courage to fight.
If thirsty, God grant you the cup of martyrdom bright.*

**ਲੋ! ਜਾਉ ਸਿਧਾਰੋ ਤੁਮੇ ਕਰਤਾਰ ਕੋ ਸੌਂਪਾ।
ਮਰ ਜਾਉ-ਯਾ-ਮਾਰੋ! ਤੁਮੇ ਕਰਤਾਰ ਕੋ ਸੌਂਪਾ।
ਰੱਬ ਕੋ ਨ ਬਿਸਾਰੋ! ਤੁਮੇ ਕਰਤਾਰ ਕੋ ਸੌਂਪਾ।
ਸਿੱਖੀ ਕੋ ਉਭਾਰੋ! ਤੁਮੇ ਕਰਤਾਰ ਕੋ ਸੌਂਪਾ।
ਵਾਹਿਗੁਰੂ ਅੱਥ ਜੰਗ ਕੀ ਤੁਮੇ ਹਿੰਮਤ ਬਖਸ਼ੇ।
ਪਿਆਸੇ ਹਰ ਜਾਤ ਜਾਮੇ ਬਹਾਦਤ ਤੁਮੇ ਬਖਸ਼ੇ।**

ਬੇਅਰ 106, ਸਫਰਨਾਮਾ

Till the setting of the sun this little being did such wonders that they will be praised for centuries to come. I do not make comparisons but it would not be out of place to say that in the Sri Lankan War of Sri Rama Chander, Laxman became unconscious. Sri Ram was bound to be moved at that time but with the picture painted of the pathos of Sri Ram at that time in the Ramayana a flood of tears starts even in the eyes of the reader. Similarly when Abhimanyu died in the battle, the five Pandavas wept like children even after being consoled by Lord Krishna. Respected Vashisht who was the spiritual Guru of Sri Ram could not bear the shock of separation from one hundred sons by their death and came to the Satluj river to end his life. But the river began to flow in one hundred streams which gave it the name of Shatdrav - the river of one hundred waters. But great was Guru Gobind Singh Ji, the king of kings. Describing his condition at that time, the same poet writes



*Separation from Joseph moved Jacob to misery.
 Is such an example found in the prophets of yore?
 That he shed not a tear on the death of sons four.
 Whom he got cut to pieces.
 Thus Guru Gobind Singh raised the status of sages, rishis.*

**ਯਾਕੂਬ ਕੋ ਯੂਸਫ ਕੇ ਬਿਛੜਨੇ ਨੇ ਕੁਲਾਇਆ,
 ਸਾਬਰ ਕੋਈ ਕੰਮ ਐਸਾ ਰਸੂਲੁ ਮੈ ਹੈ ਆਇਆ।
 ਕਟਵਾ ਕੇ ਪਿਸਰ ਚਾਰ ਇਕ ਆਂਸੂ ਨ ਗਿਰਾਇਆ,
 ਰੁਤਬਾ ਗੁਰੂ ਗੋਬਿੰਦ ਸਿੰਘ ਨੇ ਰਿਸ਼ੀਓ ਕਾ ਬੜਾਇਆ। ਸਫਰਨਾਮਾ**

Another friend, the editor of Sher-e-Punjab, Amar Singh makes a mention of this incident in his poem thus -

Sacrificing their youths in bloom *they left.*

Suppressing their desires in hearts *they left.*

*Not getting a drop of water at Chamkaur
 Drinking their life blood* *they left.*

*Hungry since night the sons of Lord of two worlds.
 What a desire! satisfying hunger with arrows* *they left.*

*Look! before the very eyes of the father
 getting beheaded* *both youths left.*

*O heavens! who they were, come into the world.
 Carrying the load of cruelties on heads* *they left.*

*Thousands are the ambitions of youth in bloom.
 Returning to dust themselves* *they left.*

*The marriage party of the angels awaiting
 Having been decked with grooms' head garlands* *the strong warriors left.*

*Setting the hearts on such a fire
 Not to be put out by oceans* *they left.*

*Sacrificing in spearheading the task of
 Putting an end to sufferings
 Fulfilling the promises of kindness with loyalty* *they left.*

*The lion-hearted son of Sundari, Ajit Singh
 Turning many warriors on the back* *he left.*

They enjoyed the kindness of Providence *O Mansur,*

ਉਠਤੀ ਜਵਾਨੀਉਂ ਕੋ ਲੁੱਟਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ,
ਸੀਨੇ ਮੈਂ ਆਰਜ਼ੂਏਂ ਦਬਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਚਮਕੌਰ ਮੈਂ ਨਾ ਬੁੱਢ ਬੀ ਪਾਣੀ ਕੀ ਮਿਲ ਸਕੀ,
ਖੁੰਨੇ ਜਿਗਰ ਸੇ ਪਿਆਸ ਬੁਝਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਭੂਖੇ ਥੇ ਰਾਤ ਕੇ, ਬਾਹਾ ਹਰ ਦੋ ਜਹਾਂ ਕੇ ਲਾਲ,
ਵਾਹ ਹਸਰਤਾਂ ਕਿ ਤੀਰ ਹੀ ਖਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਫਰਿਆਦ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਬਾਪ ਕੀ ਆਖੋਂ ਕੇ ਸਾਹਮਨੇ,
ਦੋਨੋਂ ਜਵਾਂ ਸਿਰ ਅਪਨਾ ਕਟਵਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਐ ਆਸਮਾਂ! ਵਹੁ ਕੱਣ ਥੇ? ਆ ਕਰ ਜੋ ਧਰ ਮੈਂ,
ਬਾਰੇ ਸਿਤਮ ਸਿਰੋਂ ਪਰ ਉਠਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਉਠਤੀ ਜਵਾਨੀਉਂ ਕੀ ਉਮੰਗੋਂ ਹਜ਼ਾਰ ਹਾ,
ਮਿੱਟੀ ਮੈਂ ਆਪ ਹੀ ਵਹੁ ਮਿਲਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਬੀ ਮੁਨਤਜ਼ਿਰ ਬਰਾਤ ਫਰਿਸ਼ਤੋਂ ਕੀ ਅਰਸ਼ ਪਰ,
ਜ਼ੋਰਾਵਰ ਜੋ ਸਿਹਰੇ ਬੰਧਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਸਾਤੋਂ ਸਮੁੰਦਰੋਂ ਸੇ ਬੁਝਾਈ ਨ ਜਾ ਸਕੇ,
ਐਸੀ ਦਿਲੋਂ ਮੈਂ ਆਗ ਲਗਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਆਏ ਥੇ ਕਾਰੇ ਜ਼ਾਰ ਮੁਬੱਬਤ ਮੈਂ ਦੇ ਕੇ ਜਾਨ,
ਮਿਹਰੋ ਵਫਾ ਕਾ ਐਹਦ ਨਿਭਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਸੁੰਦਰੀ ਕੇ ਲਾਲ ਸ਼ੇਰੇ ਦਿਲਵਾਰ ਅਜੀਤ ਸਿੰਘ,
ਕੁਸ਼ਤੁੰ ਕੇ ਪੁਸ਼ਤੇ ਰੱਨ ਮੈਂ ਲਗਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।
ਮਨਸੂਰ ਇਨ ਪੇ ਰਹਿਮਤੇ ਪਰਵਰਦਗਾਰ ਕੀ,
ਉਜੜਾ ਹੁਆ ਵਤਨ ਜੋ ਬਸਾ ਕਰ ਚਲੇ ਗਏ।

ਸ. ਅਮਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਜੀ ਐਡੀਟਰ ਸ਼ੇਰੀ ਸਫਰਨਾਮਾ ਪੰਨਾ 196

The battle came to a standstill. Eleven brave Sikhs were left with Guru, the emperor, twenty nine having attained martyrdom. According to the philosophical thought of the Guru, death must come; the numbered breaths having been drawn, a living being departs from the world casting off the body. It says in the Guru



*Fixed is the number of days and breaths
That to each by the Creator are given.
Says Nanak they are fools strong,
Who gripped by doubt and attachment want life to prolong.*

**ਫਿਣਿ ਘਾਲੇ ਸਭ ਦਿਵਸ ਸਾਸ ਨਹ ਬਚਨ ਘਟਨ ਤਿਲੁ ਸਾਰ॥
ਜੀਵਨ ਲੋਰਹਿ ਭਰਮ ਮੋਹ ਨਾਨਕ ਤੇਉ ਗਵਾਰ॥** P. 254

*If by running from death one could save oneself
Then one can run in directions four.
But he finds death sword in hand ahead
That cuts him from which he had fled.
No one ever reached such a door
Where one saved oneself from its strike, for sure.
Fool, why not laughing take shelter
From which there is no escape anywhere?*

**ਜੋ ਕਹੂੰ ਕਾਲ ਤੇ ਭਾਜ ਕੈ ਬਾਚਯਤ ਤੋ ਚਹੁ ਕੁੰਟ ਬਿਖੇ ਭਜ ਜੱਯੈ।
ਆਗੇ ਹੂੰ ਕਾਲ ਧਰੇ ਅਸਿ ਗਾਜਤ ਛਾਜਤ ਹੈ ਜਿਹਤੋ ਨਸ ਅਯੈ।
ਐਸੋ ਨ ਕੈ ਗਯੋ ਕੋ ਉਸੁ ਦਾਵਰੇ ਜਾਹਿ ਉਪਾਵ ਸੋ ਘਾਵ ਬਚਯੈ।
ਜਾਤੇ ਨ ਛੁਟੀਐ ਮੂੜ ਕਹੂੰ ਹਸ ਤਾਕੀ ਨ ਕਿਉਂ ਸਰਨਾਗਤ ਪੱਯੈ।
ਤਵਾਰੀਖ ਖਾਲਸਾ, ਪੰਨਾ - 982**

The besiegers whose bravery was recognized through the length and breadth of India were the leaders including Nahar Khan, Haibat Khan, Ismael Khan, Usman Khan, Sultan Khan, Khwaja Khijjar Khan, Jahan Khan, Najib Khan, Mian Khan, Dilawar Khan, Said Khan, Jabardast Khan, Wajid Khan, Gulbeg Khan etc. The great warriors of Guru, the emperor, were Atam Singh, Man Singh, Daya Singh, Mohkam Singh etc one surpassing all the others. Night had fallen. The singhs after a careful thought resolved that in the form of Five Beloveds a request must be made to Guru, the emperor, that, whether using occult power or whether using human power, he must escape from the battle and remake the Panth. On repeated requests, he accepted the proposal which was in the form of a Hukamnama (a letter of order).

Guru, the king of kings, made Bhai Sangat Singh who resembled the Guru in every feature of the face, sit on his seat and gave him his dress. Then he uttered the holy words that Five Singhs, the teacher of teachers, the very image of the Guru, will always remain undifferentiated from him. Till downfall from the lofty principles does not set in, I will look after the Khalsa Panth-

*The Panth Khalsa (The Path Pure) is
The crop sown by me
And I'll look after it, surely.*

ਪੰਥ ਖਾਲਸਾ ਖੇਤੀ ਮੇਰੀ। ਕਰਹੂੰ ਸੰਭਾਲ ਮੈ ਤਿਸ ਕੇਰੀ।

ਸਰਬ ਲੋਹ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ



At that time Guru, the emperor, gave his bow and many hundreds of arrows to Brother Sangat Singh and said, "Sitting here, go on slowly shooting the arrows. Making the four of Bhai Ram Singh, Kehar Singh, Santokh Singh, and Deva Singh sit in the four towers, he ordered them to slowly fire the musket shots; and he ordered Jiwan Singh Mazabi and Katha Singh Ravidasia to strike the kettledrum, the *Naqara*. After fully arming the three of Bhai Daya Singh, Dharam Singh and Man Singh, the Guru emerged from the small door of the fortress to enter the royal army. At that time Guru, the emperor, thought it not at all well to escape by stealth. Upholding the principles of bravery and the lofty principles of humanity, he cried out in a loud voice that the teacher (pir) of India is going (*Pir-e-Hind meravid*). The night was dark. Pitch darkness enveloped the place. The visibility being very low, the army fought among themselves to death.

Guru, the emperor, reaches Machhiwara, from where seated on a cot, he escapes as pir (teacher) of Uch.

But he was surrounded by five thousand strong army, who, doubting lest this *pir* should be Guru Gobind Singh, stopped his way. Next day Qazi Pir Mohammad of Saloh who had taught Persian to Guru, the Emperor, was sent for. Sayad Inayat Ali of Nurpur and Sayad Hassan Ali of Mothu Majra were also sent for. They said that the teacher of teachers (*piran-pir*) is travelling, and you have committed a grave mistake. By holding him up, you have shown disrespect to a Perfect Teacher (*Kamal Pir*) which will not be forgiven even in the court of *Allah*, God. Gani Khan and Nabi Khan were also with him, then. That army officer who had detained the Guru bowed low, and the cot of Guru, the Emperor, was put down only more than five miles ahead. Travelling in this manner, he reached



Rai Kala at Rai Kot. When Rai Kala heard the story of the Guru, he was immensely moved. Guru, the emperor, sent Mahi to Sirhind to bring the news of the younger princes, his very young sons. On return from Sirhind, he wept and wept, telling the whole story. Hearing of the martyrdom of the younger princes and the mother, such a flood of tears flowed from the eyes of Rai Kala and others who sat at the feet of the Guru, that it would not stop. This is the will of God, said the Guru, which we call inevitability, whatever is to happen must come to pass. Whether one is a child, or a grown-up inevitability must come to pass. Mahi said, "O True king, your servant, Gangu of Kheri, turned dishonest and stole whatever money the mother had. He did not stop at that. He informed the police at Morinda and had the princes arrested. Speaking in front of all the listeners, Mahi said that, without giving any blanket or sheet and with whatever clothes they were wearing, they were imprisoned in the cold tower where there was no protection from the cold wind.

In the lap of their grandmother, the princes whose ages are said to be 5 & 7 years are lying. And they are talking with the grandmother, "Grannie, how is father, the Guru, doing? Where are our brothers? Where have we come here?" The mother (who in

reality was a grandmother to them) read out the Sukhmani Sahib (The Psalm of Peace) to them saying, "Sons, the greatest thing in the world is to remain faithful to one's religion. All must depart from this world but to sacrifice one's life for the sake of one's religion falls to the lot of a great man. The character-sheet of your father is unblemished. It does not seem likely to me that they will release us from here, it's possible that they will ask us to convert to Islam. You should not stain the character sheet of your father.

Prince Zorawar Singh said, Grannie, the Primal Lord is just one, He Himself manifests Himself, as you have just read -

*Owner of all places is the Being Supreme
Wherever He lives gets named in this dream.
Our power to act comes from Him;
What pleases the Lord some day must happen.
Endlessly manifesting as waves of creation
Is God, His ways not subject to interpretation.
Only known by the light He gives
The Almighty ever lives.
Always, always, always merciful, kind
Remember, remember Him joy to find.*

ਪਾਰਬ੍ਰਹਮ ਕੇ ਸਗਲੇ ਠਾਉ ॥
ਜਿਤੁ ਜਿਤੁ ਘਰਿ ਰਾਖੇ ਤੈਸਾ ਤਿਨ ਨਾਉ ॥
ਆਪੇ ਕਰਨ ਕਰਾਵਨ ਜੋਗੁ ॥
ਪ੍ਰਭ ਭਾਵੈ ਸੋਈ ਫੁਨਿ ਹੋਗੁ ॥
ਪਸਰਿਓ ਆਪਿ ਹੋਇ ਅਨਤ ਤਰੰਗ ॥
ਲਖੇ ਨ ਜਾਹਿ ਪਾਰਬ੍ਰਹਮ ਕੇ ਰੰਗ ॥
ਜੈਸੀ ਮਤਿ ਦੇਇ ਤੈਸਾ ਪਰਗਾਸ ॥
ਪਾਰਬ੍ਰਹਮੁ ਕਰਤਾ ਅਬਿਨਾਸ ॥
ਸਦਾ ਸਦਾ ਸਦਾ ਦਇਆਲ ॥
ਸਿਮਰਿ ਸਿਮਰਿ ਨਾਨਕ ਭਏ ਨਿਹਾਲ ॥

P. 275



Owing to ignorance, being gripped by ego-disease, being separated from God, the Wondrous, and acquiring the status of a mere being, man is suffering. All religions teach this very truth that after getting enlightened through an All-capable Guru, this world for a man becomes the very image of God. Islam, Aryan religion & Sikhism are all one, then why on the pain of death are forcible conversions made or tensions created between them.

Said the Mother, "Dear children, this is the very thing that Sikhism clarifies. The father of Prahlad, forcibly, turned him away from the meditation of God on the pain of death, but Prahalad's divine eyes, being open, he saw God in everybody and in everything. God protected him. Dear children this world is the expansion of only one soul and at every place there is the same Primal element. Your father has said like this -

Being one image, He appears in many forms.

He himself has assumed many forms.

Playing many games,

Yet He plays none,

In the end becomes one.

ਏਕ ਮੂਰਤਿ ਅਨੇਕ ਦਰਸਨ ਕੀਨ ਰੂਪ ਅਨੇਕ ॥

ਖੇਲ ਖੇਲ ਅਖੇਲ ਖੇਲਨ ਅੰਤ ਕੋ ਫਿਰ ਏਕ ॥

(Jaap Sahib)

In this world nothing is born and nothing dies. Everywhere the light of the Formless God is playing the game in different forms. As -

In the earth, in the sky

There pervades a light in all.

It can't be added to,



*Nothing can be subtracted from it
Nor can we cut it.*

**ਜਿਸੀ ਜਮਾਨ ਕੇ ਬਿਧੇ ਸਮੱਸਤਿ ਏਕ ਜੋਤ ਹੈ ॥
ਨ ਘਾਟ ਹੈ ਨ ਬਾਢ ਹੈ ਨ ਘਾਟਿ ਬਾਢਿ ਹੋਤ ਹੈ ॥**

Akal Ustat (In Praise of the Timeless)

A life of indiscipline which lacks restraint is death, only a namer lives because ignorance has vanished from his mind. These people live in greatest darkness. They say, giving up your faith, adopt our religion. This is their greatest mistake. They hold up fear of death to people. Enlightened persons know that soul always, always lives; no death can be found in the soul. They live life in accordance with their principles and they never hesitate in laying down their lives. Your grandfather Guru, protecting the forehead mark and sacred thread of the Hindus, did an epoch-making exploit. He gave his head but did not give up his principles. The grandfather of your grandfather was boiled in water in a cauldron. Instead of cursing, he cheerfully did the will of God and made a great sacrifice. Dear children, every sacrifice brings light and strength into a society which has gone dead. Therefore don't be afraid, if the head is cut, let it be cut but never give up the true faith under fear or tempted by greed. Your grandfather is coming to take you, all are bound for the city of Immortal God. Your father is playing a wonderful drama, he is all-armed, all capable; with one thought wave he can destroy all, everything. But here in this world one *Waheguru* exists in His fullness, therefore, whom to curse? Therefore, putting up with great personal inconvenience, he is highlighting the great subtle qualities. Making an ideal man between whom and God there exists no difference, assume the Khalsa ideal, he fashioned an extremely great man in the form of the Khalsa. The immense greatness of your father is not to be interpreted born out of fear of death. Rather death is to be embraced with smiles like a beloved. The immortal life will issue from this death.

Next day the younger princes are produced in the court of the Nawab of Sirhind. At that time, all the low ranking and high ranking generals were present in the court. The princes were in a fearless state, their innocence and looks of love showed no fear. Their faces were beaming. Seeing them, many were reminded of their own children and many in their heart of hearts were saying how they are to blame in order to punish them. Then the Nawab said, your father has been killed yesterday, your brothers, too, have died in the battle at Chamkaur. Now you are innocent, your aged grandmother is with you. I am moved to pity for you. We want that you, leaving the faith of the infidels, adopt great Islam. At that very moment both the brothers exchanged glances and wearing the looks of self respect on the faces, said -

Respected Guru of Truth who is our father,

Who in the world can kill him?

**ਸ੍ਰੀ ਸਤਿਗੁਰ ਜੋ ਪਿਤਾ ਹਮਾਰਾ ॥
ਜਗ ਮਹਿ ਕੌਨ ਸਕਹਿ ਤਿਹ ਮਾਰਾ ॥**

Suraj Parkash Granth, P. 5952

He is capable of all arts and all things. None in the world is born who can kill him. Who can kill the sky? Can anyone stop a storm even if one tried? Who can get the mountain moving? Who can stop the race of the sun or the moon? Our father appeared in this world to start true religion and to end every trace of unwisdom. Listening to these words of the princes, all the men in the court were wonder-struck. At that time the Qazi said, "Children don't use the Sikh way of greeting in the court; as against this make seven bows" and he illustrated it by bending. At that time both looked at each other and said that we know whom to bow to. If we come across a beloved of the Primal God, or of Allah, we long for his feetdust, let alone bowing to him. We know whom to respect. By bowing to those beloveds of Allah, we get the grace of Allah. Our heads are holy and pure because Allah has made our bodies His home. That's the reason why we can bow to the beloveds of Gods. To brutes, dacoits, liars & infidels our heads can never bow. Remember, in the Tenth door, God lives. There His flame burns with full force. You are devoid of love for God, you are empty dead bodies. The current of life does not pass through you, therefore, why should we bow to you?

Then a voice said, "These children have no fear at all. Why?"



The children replied, "Only he is afraid who has committed a crime, who has sinned against the will of Allah. We wish the well-being of all. Our father also says so. You come attacking, you try to take away the right to live. If we fight back, you consider it a crime. How is it a crime?"

God always sees and hears everything, O my life.

It is he who commits sins who fears.

Whoever bears a pure heart within, O my life

That devotee has cast out all fears.

ਹਰਿ ਵੇਖੈ ਸੁਣੈ ਨਿਤ ਸਭੁ ਕਿਛੁ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਿੰਦੁੜੀਏ

ਸੋ ਡਰੈ ਜਿਨਿ ਪਾਪ ਕਮਤੇ ਰਾਮ॥

ਜਿਸੁ ਅੰਤਰੁ ਹਿਰਦਾ ਸੁਧੁ ਹੈ ਮੇਰੀ ਜਿੰਦੁੜੀਏ

ਤਿਨਿ ਜਨਿ ਸਭਿ ਡਰ ਸੁਟਿ ਘਤੇ ਰਾਮ॥

P. 540

At that time an inflamed Finance Minister of the name of Sucha Nand Khatri sat in the court. Turning a blind eye to the decorum appropriate to his high office, he spoke, "Look, be wise, the offspring of snakes can never throw out nectar from their mouths. They too, are the offspring of snakes. Happiness of Allah, the Pure, can be obtained by finishing off these baby snakes." The Nawab listened to him carefully, and addressing the children said, "children, you do not know about the royal way of life. But we wish that you give up the faith of the infidels and adopting Islam, obey its *shariat*, the fundamental code of Islamic conduct. Full arrangements will be made to bring you up. You will be married to the daughters of Nawabs and we'll respect you as our *pirs* (teachers)."

Right then both the princes said, "Our religion is complete. Adoption of a religion means intention to meet Allah, the pure. It means to have a glimpse of God, it means complete absorption in God. No one ever lives in the world, all who come here must depart. One who has attained to God, his coming into this world is a success. The path preached by Guru Nanak is the spiritual Path in which there is no hostility to anyone, all are called partners. The enclosing wall of the world is so common that the whole world can be taken in an embrace. What Islam are you talking of? Do you obey the teachings of Islam? If you say yes, it's wrong. You do not recognize any goodness, you do not follow any religion. You are infidels not faithfuls. Offering the Quran as a guarantor to our father, you had said, evacuate the fort, we'll do no harm to you. The hill chiefs did the same, offering the Gita and the cow as guarantors. You threw the sacredness of the Quran to the winds, who is a greater infidel than you, who, offering the scripture as a guarantor did not stick to the pledge? Trying to include us too in this group of such infidels and making us obey the *shariat*! Remember that one who did not obey the word of *Allah* relayed through the Prophet, that infidel will not get any place in the court of God. He will be thrown into hells and he will have to bear pain -

Says Farid, death is visible just as the opposite bank of the river.

Beyond the hell burns loud, cries echo and quiver.

ਫਰੀਦਾ ਮਉਤੈ ਦਾ ਬੰਨਾ ਏਵੈ ਦਿਸੈ ਜਿਉ ਦਰੀਆਵੈ ਢਾਹਾ ॥

ਅਗੈ ਦੌਜਬੁ ਤਪਿਆ ਸੁਣੀਐ ਹੁਲ ਪਵੈ ਕਾਹਾਹਾ ॥

P. 1383

No one lived for ever in the world. If you look at your own history carefully, you will wonder where your forefathers have gone; Akbar had a great name, he was religious-minded. Our father told us that, freeing himself from illusions, he came to Guru Amardass for blessings and he took common kitchen meals sitting in a row with others like an ordinary visitor. In his empire Hindus, Muslims, infidels etc. all were considered human beings. No one was discriminated against. You are trying to put out the burning flame which says that man is just man, he can't be divided on the basis of creeds. Whether one is a Hindu, whether one is a Muslim all long to live with self-respect. After a very long time independent life has been obtained. If man's freedom be snatched from him, how angry Allah can be will be known when you reach the court of God, when you will undergo punishments. There you will not get anything other than weeping and wailing. You could not understand our father. He says whether one is a *Rafzi*, whether one is a hermit, whether one is a *yogi*, or a *pir*, a scholar, a theologian or whatever, he is man first. Bodies of all have been made by the five elements, the eyes through which men see are the same, their ears are also similar, their words are also similar. Similar is the composition of their bodies. The natures of men are also similar. Some have more vice; some try to keep themselves free from it. The shapes of all men are the same. How can man be separated from man? Our father calls it ignorance to divide man from man by shutting him up in creeds. Our father gives as much respect to the Hindu temples, to the Shiva temple and to the other temples as to the mosque. One *Waheguru*, the Wondrous God, is same for all. Some call him Allah, some call him *Ram*, some call him *Rahim* (the merciful), all love the self same one God. All meditate on the one same God. The same one form of God exists in fullness in all the world. The same Light by giving power to all is making them work. Just tell us by making us follow shariat what kind of chasm can you put between us and other man? We get up in the ambrosial morning, clean our bodies with water, then we contemplate God, the Provider; we repeat His Name, we love the world as the form of God because we have been given the sagacity that all this world was born of One Light. The Gurbani, the Song Celestial, again & again teaches us lest we should forget that God is in the people and people are in God. He lives in His fullness in every good & in every bad person. He lives in all in the Tenth door. Just look, the potter makes so many pots of the same clay, different kinds of things are stored in the pots, exactly the same thing can be taken out as was stored in them, but the clay was the

same, wasn't it? To cut short we believe that the same light of Allah pervades you as well as us all. We acknowledge that whatever is happening is happening according to His Will. One who has understood His will, can be called a man. Till one gets attached to a Perfect Guru through initiation, the pure eye which can see Allah does not open. We fail to understand which shariat you are talking of. You obey neither the teachings of the Quran nor the directions given in it. What kind is your law which is bent on killing the innocent? Just tell us what wrong our father, our mothers, our brothers had done. Having thrown us in the prison, you are talking nonsense. We can't see a single person in this assembly who can speak the truth. All liars have gathered here. You are bent on doing injustice. You ask us to bow to salute. Respected Nawab! Truth can be bowed to; no one bows to falsehood. The real bowing is from the heart. Our Gurus proclaim that bowing the head serves no purpose till the mind does not bow. All these ideas are embodied in the writing of Guru, the emperor -

*One man shaving his head is accepted as a hermit.
Another as a yogi, a celibate, a third as a continent.
Some men are Hindus and others Muslims;
Among the latter are Imams, shafais and Rafzis.
Know that all men are of the same caste-humanity.
The Creator and the beneficent are the same.
The Provider and the Merciful are the same;
Let no man even by mistake suppose there is a difference.
Worship the one God who is the one divine Guru for all;
Know that His Form is one and that,
He is the one light diffused in all.*

**ਕੌਊ ਭਇਓ ਮੁੰਡੀਆ ਸੰਨਿਆਸੀ, ਕੌਊ ਜੋਗੀ ਭਇਓ
ਕੌਈ ਬ੍ਰਹਮਚਾਰੀ ਕੌਊ ਜਤੀਅਨੁ ਮਾਨਬੋ ॥
ਹਿੰਦੂ ਤੁਰਕ ਕੌਊ ਰਾਫਜੀ ਇਮਾਮ ਸ਼ਾਫੀ,
ਮਾਨਸ ਕੀ ਜਾਤ ਸਬੈ ਏਕੈ ਪਹਚਾਨਬੋ ॥
ਕਰਤਾ ਕਰੀਮ ਸੌਈ ਰਾਜਕ ਰਹੀਮ ਓਈ,
ਦੁਸਰੋ ਨ ਭੇਦ ਕੌਈ ਭੂਲ ਭ੍ਰਮ ਮਾਨਬੋ ॥**

**ਏਕ ਹੀ ਕੀ ਸੇਵ ਸਭ ਹੀ ਕੋ ਗੁਰਦੇਵ ਏਕ,
ਏਕ ਹੀ ਸਰੂਪ ਸਬੈ ਏਕੈ ਜੋਤ ਜਾਨਬੋ ॥
ਦੇਹਰਾ ਮਸੀਤ ਸੌਈ ਪੂਜਾ ਔ ਨਿਵਾਜ ਓਈ,
ਮਾਨਸ ਸਬੈ ਏਕ ਪੈ ਅਨੇਕ ਕੋ ਭ੍ਰਮਾਉ ਹੈ ॥
ਦੇਵਤਾ ਅਦੇਵ ਜੱਛ ਗੰਧੁਬ ਤੁਰਕ ਹਿੰਦੂ,
ਨਿਆਰੇ ਨਿਆਰੇ ਦੇਸਨ ਕੇ ਭੇਸ ਕੋ ਪ੍ਰਭਾਉ ਹੈ ॥
ਏਕੈ ਨੈਨ ਏਕੈ ਕਾਨ ਏਕੈ ਦੇਹ ਏਕੈ ਬਾਨ,
ਖਾਕ ਬਾਦ ਆਤਸ ਔ ਆਬ ਕੋ ਰਲਾਉ ਹੈ ॥
ਅਲਹ ਅਭੇਖ ਸੌਈ ਪੁਰਾਨ ਔ ਕੁਰਾਨ ਓਈ,
ਏਕ ਹੀ ਸਰੂਪ ਸਬੈ ਏਕ ਹੀ ਬਨਾਉ ਹੈ ॥**

*Akal Ustat (In Praise of the Timeless)
By The Tenth Master*

*God first created Light; all else to His power subject.
 Since from one Light is the whole world created,
 Who is noble, who is inferior?
 Folks, brethren! be not lost in illusion.
 The Creator is in the creation; in the creation lives the Creator.
 Pervasive everywhere
 One clay has the Creator shaped in innumerable forms;
 Neither is the clay vessel defective nor the Potter
 The holy One in all lives; all happens as by Him Willed.
 Whoever His order realizes and know him to be sole,
 Alone deserves to be called God's servant.*

**ਅਵਲਿ ਅਲਹ ਨੂਰੁ ਉਪਾਇਆ ਕੁਦਰਤਿ ਕੇ ਸਭ ਬੰਦੇ ॥
 ਏਕ ਨੂਰ ਤੇ ਸਭੁ ਜਗੁ ਉਪਜਿਆ ਕਉਨ ਭਲੇ ਕੋ ਮੰਦੇ ॥
 ਲੋਗਾ ਭਰਮਿ ਨ ਭੁਲਹੁ ਭਾਈ ॥
 ਖਾਲਿਕੁ ਖਲਕ ਖਲਕ ਮਹਿ ਖਾਲਿਕੁ ਪੁਰਿ ਰਹਿਓ ਸੁਖ ਠਾਂਈ ॥
 ਮਾਟੀ ਏਕ ਅਨੇਕ ਭਾਂਤਿ ਕਰਿ ਸਾਜੀ ਸਾਜਨਹਾਰੈ ॥
 ਨਾ ਕਛੁ ਪੋਚ ਮਾਟੀ ਕੇ ਭਾਂਡੇ ਨ ਕਛੁ ਪੋਚ ਕੁੰਭਾਰੈ ॥
 ਸਭ ਮਹਿ ਸਚਾ ਏਕੋ ਸੋਈ ਤਿਸ ਕਾ ਕੀਆ ਸਭੁ ਕਛੁ ਹੋਈ ॥
 ਹੁਕਮੁ ਪਛਾਨੈ ਸੁ ਏਕੋ ਜਾਨੈ ਬੰਦਾ ਕਹੀਐ ਸੋਈ ॥**

P. 1350

The Nawab could match no answer to this reply and the wicked band too, could, match no answer to it. They were given a sweet but true talking to by the young princes. Their inner trembled somewhat. But having sinned repeatedly their minds had hardened, petrified so much that a little light could not awake them from sleep. They were incurable cases; the only remedy likely to be effective in their cases was that their soul should be released from the body and to finish the filthy body. If one is infected by cancer, the doctors excise the flesh upto long distance upto where they suspect the roots have spread. The whole court was amazed. Many kinds of words were said. Many questions were asked. At last they were sent back to Mother Gujri. Later it was resolved that as long as they are with the Mother, she would continue to give them a lesson in courage and steadfastness. The Princes Zorawar Singh and Fateh Singh were going up the stairs of the cold tower. Already the Mother was waiting for them. She took both the children in her arms and pressed them to her heart. She said, my dear sons, you look cheerful, you are perfected *yogis*, who look at profit and loss, happiness and sadness, praise and blame, hope and despair with the same eyes. Your father has granted you spiritual wisdom. To me it appears they (the rulers) must have maltreated you but you, maintaining your mental equilibrium, have transcended happiness and sadness. My dear sons, just tell me what happened in the Nawab's court. Then taking turns sometimes Fateh Singh spoke and sometimes Zorawar spoke saying, Grannie, they wanted us to observe *shariat* by adopting *Islam*. The replies given above were repeated. The Mother was very happy and said, "Sons, this body is perishable. What is born is to die. But truth will always go with man. To change one's faith, being afraid of death, is cowardice. Their memory endures who earn a

name in this world. Becoming a light-house to the helpless and to those who have strayed from the path, it shows the way."

No food was served to them, but the children did not complain; but a well wisher did bring some milk by stealth. Both the princes had a sip each. They thanked Waheguru, the Wondrous God, as a giver to all, as -

*He the giver of all mankind
Lest He should slip from my mind.*

ਸਭਨਾ ਜੀਆ ਕਾ ਇਕੁ ਦਾਤਾ ਸੌ ਮੈ ਵਿਸਰਿ ਨ ਜਾਈ॥ P. 2

The Princes told the Mother that they say that your father has been martyred. They also told the mother that they say their armies have cut them to ribbons in the battlefield. We said that upholding the conduct of the warrior class, they have gone to live in the realm of God - the region of truth. Don't you say they have been killed. Only the wicked and the vicious die; saints always live. They have known their real spiritual self. The soul is not born, nor does it die; it does not come from anywhere nor does it go anywhere. It's just a game of God playing.

The Mother also heard from the Princes that Prince Ajit Singh and Jujhar Singh had attained martyrdom. Many times the idea crossed her mind that had we not asked Guru, the emperor, to evacuate the fort, they would not have been put to this trouble and not made to undergo worst kind of distress. The talk was still in progress when the soldiers came and they separated the Princes from Mother Gujri. When they were leaving, the Mother said to them, "You, remember the martyrdom of your great grandfather Guru Arjun, the emperor, and always remember the story of what happened in Delhi to your grandfather. This is the practice in our family that if the head goes, let it go but do not stain the name of your family. Get martyred but do not bring dishonour to the mother who gave birth to you. Let not even one spot of ink be seen on the character sheet of your father."

The soldiers lead the Princes away. On the second day they are again produced in the court. There is a great crowd today and a lot of public has come to hear the decision of the court with regard to these children. Many cry in their heart of hearts, but do not let the feelings come on their faces. Today again the order to bow and salute was given. They said we can touch our foreheads with the feetdust of those dyed in the love of God. We long for the feetdust of such friends. Not to speak of bowing, we even do not want to look at the liars. Our father knew that, by placing the Gita and the cow in one plate and the Quran in the other, you were deceiving us, you were cheating us. But our father demonstrated that, if we do not protect the honour of the sacred Quran and the sacred Gita, then, who will? What a great importance he gave to your religion!

But you are liars.

The question asked earlier was repeated and the Princes again expressed their view. Today in the court sat Moghuls, Pathans, ministers, warriors and generals. Outside a great crowd had gathered. In this assembly were present Hindus, the Khattris, the banias (the traders) and other inhabitants of the city. The Pathans of Morinda also sat there. Many were seated, many were standing on their feet. Among them was present the Finance Minister of the Nawab, named Suchanand, the Khatri, who being inflamed, scowled at the children. He was a descendant of the family of Chandu, the Finance Minister. Said the Nawab, "Children, yesterday, too, we tried to reason with you, that you should adopt the Muslim shariat. You will be accorded great honour. You will be brought up like the children of the rich people and you will be given many villages as fife to support yourself. When you grow up you will own horses, chariots etc and you will possess a lot of wealth. You will be made the generals of the army."

At that time a kind of anger appeared on the face of Zorawar Singh, the shine of redness suffused his lovely face and a look at his eyes indicated that there is a great protest in his mind. At that moment Fateh Singh said, "Brother just as our forefathers held fast to their faith and earned the greatest praises of the world, the three worlds are ringing with their praises - it becomes us to sacrifice ourselves in a similar manner -



Me and you their
sacrifice becomes,
To uproot them, to
give heads to the
Muslims.

Hinduism again will
awakened be

The bodies are
perishable, you just
see,

To bring him into
the Islamic fold

To grandfather they
offered much wealth,
gold,

L o f t i e s t
r i g h t e o u s n e s s ,

patience he assumed,
With a kick of foot
he spurned,

Down all these offers he turned.



ਹਮ ਤੁਮ ਕੋ ਤਿਮ ਕੀ ਬਨਿ ਆਵੈ ॥ ਸਿਰ ਦਿਹੁ ਤੁਰਕਨਿ ਮੂਲ
ਗਵਾਵੈ* ।

ਹਿੰਦੂ ਧਰਮ ਜਾਗ ਹੇ ਫੇਰ। ਤਨ ਸਭਿ ਨਾਸਵੰਤ ਹੀ ਹੇਰਿ ॥੩੬॥

ਦੀਨ ਬਿਖੈ ਲਜਾਵਨ ਕੇ ਹੇਤ। ਕਹਯੋ ਪਿਤਾਮੇ ਕੋ ਬਹੁ ਦੇਤਿ।

ਧਰਮ ਧੁਰੰਧਰ ਧੀਰਜ ਧਾਰੀ। ਇਨ ਕਹਿਨੇ ਪਰ ਪਨਹੀ ਮਾਰੀ ॥੩੭॥

ਗੁਰਪ੍ਰਤਾਪ ਸੂਰਜ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ

Again they began, he performed the righteous exploit, he gave his head but held fast to his decision. Similarly let us perform this exploit with firm determination in the world. Our family, having the mark of prime purity of Respected Mother Sita and Shri Ram Chander, the king of kings, derives from them. The *Bedis* and the *Sodhis* are the branches of the self same great purity of the family. Just as the roots of a tree remain in the earth, but it's branches, leaves, flowers, fruits are visible outside - let's recognize our proud heritage and lay down our lives with fullest determination.

To show the world, greatest exploit undertake.

Keep your mind fixed, stable

Don't let it waver or shake.

Greatest of all our family be,

Protect its honour with generosity.

ਤਿਮ ਸ਼ਾਕਾ ਜਗ ਤੁਮ ਦਿਖਰਾਵੈ।

ਮਨ ਕੋ ਬਿਰ ਕਰਿ ਨਹੀ ਡੁਲਾਵੈ।

ਸਰਬ ਸ਼ਿਰੋਮਣਿ ਬੰਸ ਹਮਾਰਾ।

ਰਾਖਹੁ ਤਿਸ ਕੀ ਲਾਜ ਉਦਾਰਾ ॥੩੮॥

(Sri Guru Pratap Suraj Granth, P. 5952)

When the elder brother heard this reply of the younger brother then, he said, we reject the shariat of such liars. We can not at all pollute our religion and said that a practice runs in our family, we sacrifice our heads but we do not renounce our faith. Brother Fateh Singh, these sinners are out to commit the stonehard sin; every drop of our blood will uproot their empire.

*The sinner in order to kill,
Sin itself is strong enough still.*

ਪਾਪੀ ਕੇ ਮਾਰਨੇ ਕੋ ਪਾਪ ਮਹਾਂ ਬਲੀ।

*Elder, patient words from the younger heard.
With anger in his eyes, Jujhar Singh said.
The shariat with a kick spurn we,
To defile our religion we won't agree.
In our family a practice runs down the way,
Not faith but to give our heads away.
Your roots in order to tear,
To give our heads we'll not fear.*

**ਸੁਨੇ ਅਨੁਜ ਤੇ ਧੀਰਜ ਬੈਨ।
ਕਹਯੋ ਬੋਰਾਵਰ ਸਿੰਘ ਰਿਸ ਨੈਨ -
ਬਰਾ ਸੀਸ ਹਮ ਪਨਹੀ ਮਾਰੈ।
ਧਰਮ ਆਪਨੋ ਨਹੀਂ ਬਿਗਾਰੈ॥੩੯॥
ਹਮਰੇ ਬੰਸ ਰੀਤਿ ਇਮ ਆਈ।
ਸੀਸ ਦੇਤਿ ਪਰ ਧਰਮ ਨ ਜਾਈ।
ਤੁਮਰੀ ਜਰਾਂ ਉਖਾਰਨਿ ਹੇਤ।
ਹਮ ਨਹਿ ਡਰਪਹਿਰੀ ਸਿਰ ਦੇਤਿ॥੪੦॥**

(Suraj Parkash Granth, P. 5952)

Began they, how can you mislead us? You try to mislead us by holding out false allurements. They are to be left in the world itself. Very great men came into the world, they had their ways, and in the end, were reduced to a handful of dust. Just leave them aside, very great incarnations of God (*avatars*), religious teachers (*pirs*), Muslim saints (*aulias*) and ascetics, no one lives forever in the world.

*One Shiva was born, one died and another was born again.
There have been many incarnations of Ram Chander and Krishan.*

How many Brahmas and Vishnus have been there.

How many Vedas and Puranas, how many collections of Simritis have been and gone.

How many preachers and Madars, how many castors and Polluxes.

How many part incarnations have succumbed to death.

How many priests and prophets have been there.

They are so many that they can't be counted.

From dust they sprang and to dust they returned.

ਏਕ ਸਿਵ ਭਏ ਏਕ ਗਏ ਏਕ ਫੇਰ ਭਏ,

ਰਾਮ ਚੰਦ੍ਰ ਕ੍ਰਿਸ਼ਨ ਕੇ ਅਵਤਾਰ ਭੀ ਅਨੇਕ ਹੈਂ॥
ਬ੍ਰਹਮਾ ਅਰੁ ਬਿਸ਼ਨ ਕੇਤੇ ਬੇਦ ਔ ਪੁਰਾਨ ਕੇਤੇ,
ਸਿੰਮ੍ਰਿਤਿ ਸਮੁਹਨ ਕੇ ਹੁਇ ਹੁਇ ਬਿਤਾਏ ਹੈਂ॥
ਮੌਨਦੀ ਮਦਾਰ ਕੇਤੇ ਅਸੁਨੀ ਕੁਮਾਰ ਕੇਤੇ,
ਅੰਸਾ ਅਵਤਾਰ ਕੇਤੇ ਕਾਲ ਬਸ ਡਏ ਹੈਂ॥
ਪੀਰ ਔ ਪਿਕਾਬਰ ਕੇਤੇ ਗਨੇ ਨ ਪਰਤ ਏਤੇ,
ਭੂਮ ਹੀ ਤੇ ਹੁਇਕੈ ਫੇਰ ਭੂਮ ਹੀ ਮਿਲਏ ਹੈਂ॥

Akal Ustat

*Yogis, continents, celibates, and very great kings,
The shadows of whose umbrellas extended for many miles.
Who wandered subduing kingdoms and crushing the pride of
very great kings.
Sovereigns like Maan and lords of the umbrella like Dilip
Great kings who prided themselves on the strength of their
arms.
Proud men like Darius, like the Delhi kings and like
Duryodhana,
Having enjoyed the earth in their turn at last were blended
with it.*

ਜੋਗੀ ਜਤੀ ਬ੍ਰਹਮਚਾਰੀ ਬਡੇ ਬਡੇ ਛਤ੍ਰਧਾਰੀ
ਛਤ੍ਰੁ ਹੀ ਕੀ ਛਾਇਆ ਕਈ ਕੌਸ ਲੋ ਚਲਤ ਹੈਂ॥
ਬਡੇ ਬਡੇ ਰਾਜਨ ਕੇ ਦਾਬਤ ਫਿਰਤਿ ਦੇਸ
ਬਡੇ ਬਡੇ ਭੂਪਨ ਕੇ ਦ੍ਰੁਪ ਕੋ ਦਲਤੁ ਹੈਂ॥
ਮਾਨ ਸੇ ਮਹੀਪ ਔ ਦਿਲੀਪ ਕੇ ਸੇ ਛਤ੍ਰਧਾਰੀ,
ਬਡੇ ਅਭਿਮਾਨ ਭੁਜ ਦੰਡ ਕੋ ਕਰਤ ਹੈਂ॥
ਦਾਰਾ ਸੇ ਦਿਲੀਸਰ ਦ੍ਰੁਜੋਧਨ ਸੇ ਮਾਨਧਾਰੀ,
ਭੋਗ ਭੋਗ ਭੂਮ ਅੰਤ ਭੂਮ ਮੇ ਮਿਲਤ ਹੈਂ॥

Akal Ustat

These materials will be left right here in this world. From out of you came a Mahmood who plundered India, perpetrated many cruelties, looted lots of wealth; did he take it to the next world? Our first Guru gave a lesson to Karoon, saying -

*Money belongs to one who spends to live comfortably
Who gives and makes others give as God's will be.
One who doesn't keep back, who doesn't eat hidden,
You know the hearts, truly, he goes to heaven.*

ਦਮੜਾ ਤਿਸੀ ਕਾ ਜੋ ਖਰਚੈ ਅਰ ਖਾਇ॥
ਦੇਵੈ ਦਿਲਾਵੈ ਰਜਾਵੈ ਖੁਦਾਇ॥
ਹੋਤਾ ਨ ਰਾਖੈ ਅਕੇਲਾ ਨ ਖਾਇ॥
ਤਹਕੀਕ ਦਿਲਦਾਨੀ ਵਹੀ ਭਿਸ਼ਤ ਜਾਇ॥

ਨਸੀਹਤ ਨਾਮਾ

Friends, why do you err, your righteousness alone will go to God's court? Who is that fool who attaches himself to the petty materials of the world in order to hang his head in shame in God's court. Bear it in mind, "We'll sacrifice ourselves. You don't know how terrible a tempest will blow! It will shake you to the roots. You are going to commit that crime which no law of any legal code allows."



Then in great anger Sucha Nand began to speak, "I also come from the Khatri clan. Look, I, too, am with them. We get along well together. I occupy such a big position. Children, don't talk rot. At that time Prince Jujhar Singh said, "You are a fallen Khatri; our forefathers have said -

*"The Khattris have renounced their true duty.
They have adopted the language of foreigners firmly.
The whole earth reduced to caste of doers of wrong doers.
The fervour for religion is gone.*

**ਖੜੀਆ ਤ ਧਰਮੁ ਛੋਡਿਆ ਮਲੇਛ ਭਾਖਿਆ ਗਹੀ ॥
ਸਿ੍ਸਟਿ ਸਭ ਇਕ ਵਰਨ ਹੋਈ ਧਰਮ ਕੀ ਗਤਿ ਰਹੀ ॥**

P. 663

Your duty was the protection of the country. The foreigners came and dishonoured the country; they molested the womenfolk. You should die of the shock of this dishonour because the real Khatri is one -

*One brave in good deeds is a Khatri,
And who employs his body in charity.
He searches out the battlefield,
To sow seeds of sacrifice in it
Such a Khatri is approved in God's court.*

**ਖੜੀ ਸੌ ਜੁ ਕਰਮਾ ਕਾ ਸੂਰੁ ॥ ਪੁੰਨ ਦਾਨ ਕਾ ਕਰੈ ਸਗੀਰੁ ॥
ਖੇਤੁ ਪਛਾਣੈ ਬੀਜੈ ਦਾਨੁ ॥ ਸੌ ਖੜੀ ਦਰਗਹ ਪਰਵਾਣੁ ॥**

P. 1411

We are fully ready to sacrifice ourselves, we'll not renounce our faith. At that time that Suchanand, better styled Liar Nand (the name Suchanand means son of purity, truth. In Sikhism for his dastardly role in getting the younger princes executed, he is called

Jhutha Nand - son of lies or Liar Nand, opposite of Suchanand - contemptuously) looked at the Nawab who was in serious thought; a ray of compassion and justice was about to bring light to his mind. But Suchanand said, "Respected Nawab, these children are not milk drinking infants, they are not afraid at all. If they grow up, they will be much more dangerous than even their father. It's better these baby snakes are crushed right now."

Death sentence by bricking them up alive was passed. The description of Mahi was later given the following words of poetry by an Urdu poet -

<i>Sentences to take life were passed</i>	<i>on one side,</i>
<i>Zeal to sacrifice implanted in the heart</i>	<i>on the other side.</i>
<i>Parents placed stones on hearts</i>	<i>on one side,</i>
<i>Stonehearts were throwing stones</i>	<i>on rubies</i>
<i>Brickbats on a delicate body fell</i>	<i>on the other side.</i>
<i>The gods were raining flowers</i>	<i>on the one side,</i>
<i>The sentences of Qazis</i>	<i>on the other side.</i>
<i>There were Princes of the Guru</i>	<i>on the one side,</i>
<i>Brickbats and stones</i>	<i>on the other side.</i>
<i>Iron determination</i>	<i>on the one side,</i>
<i>The preparation to die</i>	<i>on the other side.</i>
<i>The joys of the world</i>	<i>on the one side,</i>
<i>The faith of religion</i>	<i>on the other side.</i>
<i>The emperor's power</i>	<i>on one side,</i>
<i>The satisfying morning</i>	<i>on the other side.</i>
<i>The ignorant evening</i>	<i>on the one side,</i>
<i>Shining stars</i>	<i>on the other side.</i>
<i>The dark clouds</i>	<i>on one side,</i>
	<i>on the other side.</i>





The delicate bodies *on one side,*
Killer's sword *on the other side.*
Face with looks of good men *on the one side,*
The bloody looks of men *on the other side.*
The shouts of glee *on one side,*
The sighs of people *on the other side.*
The innocent children *on one side,*
The whole world *on the other side.*
Don't be discouraged, friends
The Great Hearted is *on one side.*

ਜਾਨ ਲੇ ਲੇਨੇ ਕੇ ਫਤਵੇ ਲਗ ਰਹੇ ਥੇ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ,
 ਸ਼ੌਕ ਥੇ ਪ੍ਰਵਾਹ ਕੇ ਡੇਰੇ ਲਗ ਰਹੇ ਥੇ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ,
 ਰੱਖ ਲੀਏ ਮਾਂ ਬਾਪ ਨੇ ਸੀਨੇ ਪੈ ਪੱਥਰ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ,
 ਚੁੰਨ ਰਹੇ ਥੇ ਸੰਗ ਦਿਲ ਲਾਲੋ ਪੈ ਪਥਰ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ।
 ਥਾ ਤਨੇ ਨਾਜ਼ਕ ਪੈ ਗਿਰਤਾ ਈਂਟ ਪੱਥਰ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ,
 ਕਰ ਰਹੇ ਥੇ ਦੇਵਤਾ ਫੂਲੋ ਕੀ ਬਰਖਾ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ।
 ਇਕ ਤਰਫ ਕਾਜ਼ੀ ਕੇ ਫਤਵੇ, ਸਾਹਜ਼ਾਦੇ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ,
 ਈਂਟ ਪੱਥਰ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ, ਆਹਨੀ ਇਰਾਦੇ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ।
 ਜਿੰਦਗਾਨੀ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ, ਮਰਨੇ ਕੇ ਸਾਮਾਨ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ,

ਇਕ ਤਰਫ ਆਲਮ ਕੀ ਖੁਸ਼ੀਆਂ ਔਰ ਈਮਾਨ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ।
 ਧਰਮ ਈਮਾਨ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ, ਰੁਹਲਤ ਹਕੂਮਤ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ।
 ਸੁਬਾਹ ਸਾਦਕ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ, ਬਾਮੇ ਜਹਾਲਤ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ।
 ਮਾਹੇ ਪਾਰੇ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ, ਤਾਰੀਕ ਬਾਦਲ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ,
 ਜਿਸਮ ਨਾਜਕ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ, ਸਮਸ਼ੀਰ ਕਾਤਲ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ।
 ਰੁਏ ਇਨਸਾਨ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ, ਖੁੰਨੀ ਨਿਗਾਹੇਂ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ,
 ਇਕ ਤਰਫ ਥੇ ਕੁਹਕੇ, ਲੋਗੋਂ ਕੀ ਆਹੇਂ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ।
 ਇਕ ਤਰਫ ਮਾਸੂਮ ਬੱਚੇ ਔਰ ਜ਼ਮਾਨਾਨ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ,
 ਦਿਲ ਕੋਂ ਬੇਗਾਨਾਨ ਨ ਕਰਨਾ, ਐਹਲੇ ਦਿਲ ਕਾ ਇਕ ਤਰਫ।

ਸਫਰਨਾਮਾ ਤੇ ਜਫਰਨਾਮਾ, ਪੰਨਾ - 233

The Princes were bricked up in the wall but the wall declined to give space to them; the heart of the wall burst; bricks scattered; the children who had fainted due to cold fell on the ground. Meanwhile two executioners came; they placed their knees on the chests of the children and beheaded them. This is that tragic story which is difficult to listen to and to narrate.

When the mother came to know about it, she thanked God that her grandsons fought a determined battle like brave men. They gave their heads but did not renounce their faith. The mother was a perfected yogi because when Respected Guru Teg Bahadur (her husband) was engaged in austerity of meditation at Baba Bakala, she practiced a variety of ascetic ways, sitting outside the underground cell of the Guru. Just as Mother Jito Ji had, at will, cast out her life-breath, in the same way Mother Gujri contemplated the lotusfeet of God. The memory of Respected Guru Teg Bahadur (her husband) came before her eyes, she cast out her life breath by opening the brahm randhra (The Tenth door of the body). The proclamation of the Guru runs -

A gurmukh comes and goes as he pleases.

ਗੁਰਮੁਖਿ ਆਵੈ ਜਾਇ ਨਿਸੰਗੁ ॥

P. 932

In the house of the Guru there are many examples when Guru's disciples cast off their body at will and having done so again entered the body at will.

The Tenth Master listened very patiently to the narration of the martyrdom of the younger Princes from Mahi who had been sent to Sirhind to get the news. Guru, the Emperor, was spontaneously removing the soil with his small sword from round a reed (Saccharam spontaneum). All of sudden, His Holiness, the Guru pulled himself together, and saw that from the eyes of all the listeners, who sat together round him, a flood of tears streamed down. Nobody was left with strength enough to speak. Their throats were choked; Rai Kala, too, sat silent amidst a flood of tears. Suddenly breaking this silence, Guru, the King of Kings, said, "Mahi tell me one thing that, when this sentence of the greatest distress of bricking the Princes up alive was passed, wasn't there even one person in the whole assembly who protested against it and raised

the voice of dissent?" At that time Mahi said, "O Emperor, when death sentence was passed, then, the Nawab said to the *Malerkotlians*, "Here, I hand over the sons of your enemy to you. You take revenge of your brother who was killed by Guru Gobind Singh in the battle at Chamkaur. Take full revenge by beheading these children with a sword."

At that time the Malerkotla brothers stood up from their seats and began to say, "Respected Nawab, you ask us to kill these milk-taking tots who do not even know which thing goes in their favour and which goes against. Can't you see your own children are the same age? What crime have these children committed? At their age a father carrying them on his shoulders takes them round a fair. Respected Nawab! you broke pledges, we kept silent. But now cruelty has exceeded all bounds. You have thrown the teachings of the sacred Quran down the drain into a dark well. And in the darkness of dirty mind, you are sentencing these milk-taking tots to death, to bricking them up alive in a wall. How innocent these children are! What lofty thoughts they have! From not even one thing connected with them does it become clear that they are enemies of anyone. They are the ones who see Allah's light in everyone. Won't the earth burst when such innocents will be killed? We refuse to join you in this disgusting drama filled with cruelty. Invoking Allah, we stop you from this saying, if you want to take revenge, take it from Guru Gobind Singh, the lion, by challenging him, who has escaped from the clutches of all.

To take revenge by killing innocent children is a task which befits cowards. From the depths of our heart, we give vent to our disagreement with this proposal of yours. Raising our objections to it, we walk out of this drama of sin and this assembly of wickedness." So saying, they walked out of the court.

Mahi began to say, "Lord! Listening to these words, once a pall of silence fell on the whole court. The Nawab, too, became thoughtful. But that wicked Khatri named Suchanand, but the fiend should be named Juthanand (Liarnand), said in great anger, "We don't agree with any thing said by the Malerkotla group. The sentence of death will push the heart of the enemy fully into the depths of depression. Even if we fail to lay hands on him, yet the profound grief of the deaths of his sons will eat into the vitals of his heart. These children should not at all be set free nor should their grandmother be pardoned. The Nawab has decided to get them bricked up alive in a wall and I am in 100 % agreement with him."

Mahi said, "Emperor! listening to the poisonous words of that evil-minded person, the atmosphere of the whole court changed. No other person protested; rather they expressed agreement with the Nawab. Crying bitterly, Mahi told all these details. Guru, the Emperor, consoled him. On this side the narration comes to an end.

On the other Guru, the Emperor, uprooted a reed plant and, taking it in his hand, he sat straight. Throwing it some distance away, he said, "Where such violent outrage is perpetrated, Allah brings down divine punishment there. This cruelty has uprooted the Moghul empire." So saying, he uprooted the reed plant and threw it away. Then Rai Kala who was of Muslim faith said, "Emperor, I, too, am a Muslim. I have not committed any outrage. Shower your grace on my family." Then giving the small sword of his sacred belt, he said, "You have done an act of goodness. Your family roots will stay green, till you continue to respect this sword. The day your descendents wear it in their belt after you, your roots, too, will dry up. But the Malerkotlian who inspired by values of humanity, recognizing the presence of Khuda, God, raised a voice of dissent, have protected the roots of their offspring. They will rule here. On account of the words appropriate to human values which they used for the Princes at that time, our brave warriors will do no harm to them.

Turning his blessed head to face all the listeners, Guru, the Emperor said, "No one lived for ever in the world. In accordance with the order from God's court, man comes here, then goes; all are allotted numbered breaths, when the last breath is drawn, a being leaves this world. It is foolish to hope for attachment in the numbered breaths -

*Fixed is the number of days and breaths
That to each by the Creator are given
Says Nanak they are fools strong
Gripped by doubt and attachment who want life to prolong.*

ਫਿਕਿ ਘਾਲੇ ਸਭ ਦਿਵਸ ਸਾਸ ਨਹ ਬਚਨ ਘਟਨ ਤਿਲੁ ਸਾਰ ॥



This month of Poh (December-January) is a month of sacrifices for the Khalsa fraternity, in which starting from Anandpur Sahib, thousands of Singhs laid down their lives. The Princes got martyred. Their fearlessness and their wisdom to fight a determined battle with death and fervour for protection of their religion sent a wave of life current in millions of cowards and many made up their mind for ending this sin-laden rule.

It is very difficult to understand the acts of the Tenth Guru. He did not give even a bit of thought to his own self. If he did think, he thought that India, turning away from religion has hit the lowest level of degeneration. In a way she died while still living. To put life into these dejected shelterless people, he gave the great gift of Nectar. A tidal wave surged forwards. Just a little after Guru, the Emperor, merged in the Divine Light, the able leadership of Banda Bahadur shook this oppressive rule to the roots. Punishing the oppressors and the wicked in a just manner, he showed to the world that righteousness always wins and unrighteousness leads to destruction. Being inspired by these sacrifices, the Singhs started such a movement whose every step was a step to "Chardi Kala" (Ever High Spirits). Breaking on the wheels, being carded like cotton, getting the scalps removed, getting cut up limb by limb, dying by being burnt with cotton tied round the body, all this inspired these Ever-ready-to-die Singhs, *marjiwaras*, that feeling of self-respect that they were never ready to put up with living a life ruled by others. The determined sacrifice of the Princes dispelled all fear from the hearts of Indians. Their self respect awakened and they finished oppression.

Today you are reading the story of lofty deeds. Friends, learn that the source of all power is the Name of Waheguru and the knowledge of Waheguru. For a Singh of the Guru death has no meaning. It is just like taking off old clothes and putting on new ones. The real thing that we should keep in mind is this that we raise our life to such a level from where our fountain of love should rain nectar on all. No one should consider you a stranger, rather every one should own you as his. This is possible only if you have the firm feeling that Waheguru lives in all. We all have sprung up from the same one Light and all are one as a unit.

The Tenth Master was common to all humanity. He wanted to bring truthful conduct in the world which in the Golden Age was, found in man in all spontaneity. The man of the Golden Age saw Waheguru everywhere. As against this the man of the Iron Age has fully fallen from human nature and being at the level of a sprite is creating boisterous uproar. In the Silver and Bronze Ages man was at the level of human beings. But due to ego in them, the degree of ignorance had increased in them. And they had started being

deprived of the glimpse of God existing in His fullness everywhere. The ideals of the Tenth Guru are of that man whom he has termed Khalsa (The Pure) who suffers from no religious illusions, in whom the storm of the material illusions has changed to light, whose servants like Bhai Ghanaya have lost the feeling that in this world any enemy exists. It is evident from their life -

*Put away from my mind is others' envy
 Ever since I attained the saints' company.
 No one my enemy, no one a stranger to me
 I have become a friend to all.
 What God does, with that I pleased be,
 From the saints I got this wisdom.
 One God pervades everything, everybody
 I see and see Him to be in bloom fully.*

**ਬਿਸਰਿ ਗਈ ਸਭ ਤਾਤਿ ਪਰਾਈ ॥
 ਜਬ ਤੇ ਸਾਧਸੰਗਤਿ ਮੋਹਿ ਪਾਈ ॥
 ਨਾ ਕੋ ਬੈਰੀ ਨਹੀ ਬਿਗਾਨਾ
 ਸਗਲ ਸੰਗਿ ਹਮ ਕਉ ਬਨਿ ਆਈ ॥
 ਜੋ ਪ੍ਰਭ ਕੀਨੋ ਸੋ ਭਲ ਮਾਨਿਓ
 ਏਹ ਸੁਮਤਿ ਸਾਧੂ ਤੇ ਪਾਈ ॥
 ਸਭ ਮਹਿ ਰਵਿ ਰਹਿਆ ਪ੍ਰਭੁ ਏਕੈ
 ਪੇਖਿ ਪੇਖਿ ਨਾਨਕ ਬਿਗਸਾਈ ॥**

P. 1299

He himself lived the *bani* (the Song Celestial) of the Guru Granth Sahib. Like rubbish he swept away and threw out from life enmity towards anyone, revenge, meanness, the vile act of dishonouring women. With the scissors of truth, the roots of envy, calumny, backbiting, fear and violence the ugliness he swept out from life and threw it out. Today the world stands in need of such a man who with regard to his enemy can say, "Bhai Ghanaya your eyes are perfectly O.K. You see the right thing, no doubt about it. The will of one God is doing in this world. Now you, don't just serve water to the so-called enemies....."

Giving ointment and bandages, he says, "You serve water to the injured; also apply ointment to the wounds and dress them so that he gets well fast."

Lifting man from his meanness, I had fashioned a complete man whom I named the Khalsa (The Pure) who came into being as per the will of God.

God is always Kind, Merciful, Forgiving. A beloved friend of His should also acquire all these qualities of the nature of God and should save the whole world from darkness by becoming a light-house. It does not become us to use force. But when all courses of action are finished, then, it is not a sin but a human right to end that brute with arms after challenging him because one who takes away the lives of others is a barbarian (*malechha*) and one who gives

life is a *Khalsa*, an angel.

"I have come to make the men of this world angels. I will go after handing over this work to my tested *Khalsa*. My *Khalsa* will be 'the contemplated' of the world and it will be the leader. With his blessed words, with his actions, with his thinking, with his spiritual power, always longing for the good of the world, it would really say from the depths of its heart -

*Says Nanak with the Name of God
The Chardi Kala (elation of spirits) comes
O God, let by Your will good be done to all.*

**ਨਾਨਕ ਨਾਮ ਚੜ੍ਹਦੀ ਕਲਾ
ਤੇਰੇ ਭਾਣੇ ਸਰਬੰਤ ਕਾ ਭਲਾ।**

The martyrdom of the tiny tots will always inspire all to do good. These lights are always, ever, immortal and immortal they will ever remain.