

CHAPTER 1

The boy prayed for most of the day, ate and slept very little with the faith that one day the voice would reveal his destiny just like it had revealed the other secrets of the Universe, such as medicines made from plants and herbs, methods to heal the body and the mind, prayers for every living being, and prayers for his own soul.

He could feel his soul more alive than ever. He lived with the voice, shared and learnt from it, and served its orders with the utmost love and devotion.

Sometimes he did wonder why was he so connected to this voice which had transformed his life and his soul, from what it had been to a beautiful life of prayer and positivity. He never questioned it, he knew the voice was always privy to his thoughts and feelings. His home was on the outskirts of a small village and the village people often came to him for help and advice, thinking the young boy to be a sage of some kind, as he lived alone in prayer most of the time.

Many were helped by his medicines. No one knew about the voice. Problems were solved and advice and help given and the villagers were grateful. He was offered a house and many other services by the villagers, but he preferred to live the way the voice commanded him to, in his present home. One day while chanting his prayers, he saw a vision of a saint

wearing a white robe and a white cloth on his head, sitting under a tree, smiling at him with his old, wrinkled face. He continued praying and the vision disappeared.

The vision became more regular, occurring whenever he sat for his prayers. He knew that the voice knew. He waited for it to reveal the reason for these visions. From all his years living with the voice, he had learnt many things, one of which was waiting patiently for the answers to come to him at the right time without asking for or seeking them. He prayed, meditated and chanted the words given to him by the voice, ate what the villagers sent out of love, spent time working on the problems of these villagers and also on healing the sick from the village. The visions continued, became brighter, the face of the old man, clearer. One day the man said to him, 'Son, I have come.' He smiled, and vanished.

The boy couldn't understand the meaning of this, but this time the voice came again, asking the boy whether he recognised the voice from somewhere.

The boy smiled; he had seen the face of His voice, the face of his Maalik, of his companion. The Maalik smiled back at him. This vision in his mind's eye was his destiny, he felt. He was bursting with love for the old man, for the voice, his Maalik. From then on whenever the voice spoke, he got a vision of the voice's owner, his Maalik.

The instructions of his Maalik became more specific, clearer, louder, and more loving and compassionate. His work with the villagers increased; the old man guided him through everything, solving the problems, healing the sick and spreading the word of God through prayers and chanting to invoke His blessings.

The boy's popularity grew and even people from neighbouring villages started coming to seek help from the young lad whom they claimed to be a divine messenger. The boy was only too happy to serve, as he knew it would one day lead him to his destiny, to his Maalik – he did not know that he was already living his destiny.

From afar, people came to seek blessings as well as help. Droughts and famines were predicted, animals were protected with chants and prayers; diseases were cured and above all, prayers and God were the medium, as the boy always proclaimed.

Word spread about this divine messenger as he worked for his Maalik day and night. The dilapidated home became a Mecca for many. There was no one who was not helped. Many bestowed gifts and riches at this barren place, which in turn were distributed to the needy. The boy never took the gifts as he was only interested in serving his Master who had taught him to eat less and light. The unrest of the war was coming to an end and poverty was raising its ugly head instead. The voice of the Master predicted that there would be a huge calamity in the eastern side of the country and help would be needed by many. The boy decided to march to this place, as he knew this was what the Master had hinted at. Many of his faithful followers followed him on the journey.

The prediction came true and the boy and his followers continued to work hard for all those who were affected. Soon, news spread about this divine messenger, who along with his army of followers was able to create miracles of love and faith. Someone gifted a small house on the outskirts of the village to

the boy and he started dispensing help from there as per the instructions of his Master.

Days passed and the boy grew more famous. He forgot about his destiny, working day and night for his Maalik. One night, he had a dream. He was amongst angels, they were guiding him and protecting him. He saw an angel pointing towards an old man, who was his Maalik, indicating that He was the boy's destiny.

The boy woke up, chanted his prayers and asked his Maalik the meaning of his dreams. The old man just smiled and asked him to wait for the right time. The meaning would soon reveal itself, He said. The boy was now sought after by almost everyone, rich or poor. He gave solutions for problems relating to everything under the sun. Many questioned his powers, but none doubted his source of help which was as unique as the boy himself.

Soon, the boy attracted enemies, people who were jealous of his powers. One day, while he was sleeping, he was attacked by one of his enemies. He was not hurt as his Maalik protected him. The attackers could not harm him, for as soon as they saw him, they lost all memory, got confused and left, not remembering what they were there for.

News spread and there was even more devotion for the boy and his powers.

After a few months, while healing a disabled person, the boy felt a surge of energy racing through his body that passed on to the patient's body and the patient started walking. This was healing, but people defined this event as a miracle. There were now a large number of people coming to the

boy for healing and advice. The boy was 28 years of age now, but devoid of any characteristics of a young boy. For most of the night, he was in prayers, chanting God's name as per the instructions given by the Master, and his whole day was spent in helping and healing. His bodily needs were minimal and his attachment to the world was insignificant. Prayers and chanting gave him protection and powers. Maalik dispensed all the help, but this was a secret no one was to know. This was the reason the boy was called a sage, a divine messenger. Many disabled people were saved, many were helped with advice and predictions, and many were protected through his prayers and chants.

His popularity grew, but the boy could not understand where he was going with all this. Once again, that day, he felt the same urge he had felt when he was a small boy working in the fields, the day he had left his family and gone in search of his destiny. The day the voice, his Maalik, had instructed him to start walking towards his destiny. Maalik was privy to all his thoughts and states of mind as He was inside him, inside his very soul, separate from him but still within him.

The old man asked him to travel to a place, where he would not feel restless and would have a new mission to achieve, until he realised his destiny.

The boy once again started out, leaving everything as it had been offered to him, begging and labouring on his way to this new place which was beckoning him. He reached a forest, built himself a small hut and as instructed by his Master, started praying and chanting. He stopped eating, as it interfered with his practice of meditation. He spent 40 nights without eating,

only praying and chanting the Lord's name. The Master's voice was silent for all of the 40 days. On the 41st day, the voice spoke to him of his destiny.

CHAPTER 2

The purpose of his life, his destiny, stood in front of him in the form of his Master. His Maalik smiled at him and he knew now, his destiny was to bring a smile to his Master's lips.

He paid obeisance and they started talking as they had always done from the very beginning – friendly and humorous as they discussed the secrets of the Universe. His destiny was to serve his Master, this Master, the enlightened soul who had come back to help the less fortunate ones – the poor, the hungry, the souls who were stuck and could not move on.

There was a lot of work to be done, and the boy had very little time left of his earthly life.

This mission started with tackling his own karma first. Returning to his family, serving it, fulfilling his duties, now that he had learnt what his destiny was.

Soon, he joined his family. The father had died of old age and the mother and sister were his responsibility now. For the next few months, all his efforts went towards making sure they were taken care of and all their needs were fulfilled. He took up a job and at the same time served the people of his own village from his home. He was then allowed to accept gifts of a certain kind, donating a part to the needy and using the rest to keep his family comfortable.

Healing, predicting problems, feeding the poor and stray animals, became a part of his living as instructed by the Master.

The Master ceased to come to him and only visited him in his dreams occasionally, but not for a moment did the Master leave the boy, speaking to him whenever He was asked for any kind of advice or if guidance was needed.

The sister was married off and the mother lived well into her old age and died peacefully. The soul of the mother, his Master informed the boy, had come to Him as He received her when she had reached the spirit world.

Now the boy only had his own destiny to live out fully. His family duties discharged, he was now free to follow his destiny wherever it took him. He started travelling to different parts of the country, helping, healing and sharing his gift. He ate very little of what was offered and donated the rest to the poor. Dogs were his constant friends wherever he went, following him until he left the orbit of their lives.

The voice continued to speak. The secrets revealed made the boy kinder and the need to serve his Master's mission grew.

The life purpose of his soul was to serve the Master. He had taken on this life at the insistence of his Master to fulfil His wish, to serve His devotees, to feed His poor children, to look after the souls of His stray animals. He was an advanced soul, who had taken on the human body to fulfil his Master's wish.

Almost as soon as his life's journey had started, he had not ignored but followed the little voice inside him. This voice of his Master revealed all the secrets, all the solutions to the problems that mankind faced, all the healing techniques to heal the sick.

To him were revealed the power of prayers, of chanting one's Master's name, of the existence of astral souls, of a soul's journey, the spirit world, of reincarnation, of life after death. He dedicated his body, mind and soul to fulfilling his Master's wishes, which was the only purpose of his life.

Soon, he was instructed to stop his journey and build a house, to station himself there till the end of his days, and to continue his work from there. On a deserted spot outside a village, he built himself a small hut and continued with his chants and prayers. Once again, very soon the people from the village got to know about him and started coming to seek healing and guidance.

Now, the Master came to meet him every night in person, and not only in dreams, to impart more knowledge and more ways to fulfil His wish.

This was the destiny his soul carried over from his last lifetime, this service to his Master; helping and curing the world through his Master's energies. His Master was ever-present, working for humanity to bring it closer to God. He was the channel, the medium of his Master's love and kindness for this world.

Once again, his miraculous powers were sought by many. People came to his small hut, always alight with a *diya* (mud lamp) in front of his Master's painting which he had painted himself. Everyone asked about this painting and he always said it was God, who helped him help others.

The Master revealed to him along with healing techniques, the mystery of past lives and knowledge of the other worlds as well as the future of this world, and also the future of many who came to him for help.

The boy's divine destiny took a turn. He was able to forestall many accidents, he could cure life-threatening diseases, he could help the disabled, he could feed the poor, and do everything else that his Master wished. He could predict natural calamities – he predicted floods which helped save many people in his country. He also predicted the deaths of certain people, which catapulted him to fame throughout the country.

Soon, he was offered a bigger place by the government. His help to others continued day and night. He made medicines and distributed them among the poor, he also encouraged the rich to help the less fortunate. His fame made him humbler and he came even closer to the Master.

The Master asked for permission to be with him all the time so that He could do more work. He promised, He would not be seen by others and the boy could act as if there was no one but himself who was doing the helping and healing.

This was precisely what happened. The boy spent more and more time in helping and healing. People came from far and near. He spent the entire day in this work. In the nights, he slept for a little while and the rest of the time he chanted his Master's name, since it was no secret that it was his Master who was his destiny.

The future was still unclear to him – what his Master expected, where he was going, what his final destination was, and like with many of his earlier questions, he chose to wait patiently for the answers to these questions, too.

His favourite part of the day was dawn when his Master appeared before him in full form answering all his questions.

He could have the answers to everything as long as it did not pertain to the material world. He guided many with this information revealed to him to make humanity more aware, and more people came to him to ask deeper questions of karma, of other worlds, of destinies, of death.

These questions he presented to his Master and was rewarded with more and more knowledge every time. He knew this was his destiny, to spread this light, which was his Master's presence beside him.

Doctors came to understand his healing techniques, spiritualists came for answers not mentioned or lost or misunderstood in the religious texts and he answered every question, every doubt.

Soon, he was instructed by his Master to start an institution of service. This was his major work, the Master informed him. This institution was made to offer guidance, healing, help to the poor and to stray animals, and to dispense spiritual knowledge to one and all, rich or poor, healthy or sick and belonging to any caste or religion.

The boy toiled hard to make his Master's dream successful, but his health suffered; his body became weary and at the relatively young age of 43, his soul left his body to meet his Master in the other world.

The boy worked, followed his Master's orders and never had a selfish desire, but he lacked the foresight to introduce his Master to another living being for his mission to continue.

He was kind, honest, and sincere but not selfless enough to leave behind his gift of knowledge for others to benefit and learn from.

Yes, he fulfilled his destiny, loved his Master, served humanity as per His will, and discharged all his duties and responsibilities, but he never cared to see what kind of example he was setting for other souls to follow in future lifetimes. After leaving his body, he would not be there for the Master to carry out the help for His humanity. The gifts given to him by the Master had to be shared, so that the service to humanity by the Master continued through others, too. His death should not have been a full stop but a continuation through another form. Death, instead of being the final full stop, would have helped him continue his destiny of serving his Master even after leaving his body. Only if there were others initiated by him into the knowledge, could he have continued serving his Master in the same way.

As soon as his soul reached his Master, he acknowledged his folly and begged for forgiveness. Although born with an average intellect, he was taught in the body by the Master Himself about the soul and its journey, about its path. He had been granted knowledge of the whole Universe, but everything was buried along with his body; he had not learnt to share his very best gift with those whom he served, which was his life's purpose. His service was left incomplete as it was not rendered from humility but only out of fulfilling the purpose chosen. This service, the purpose of his lifetime, his destiny, was left unfinished at the very point of completion because it was not the action but the intention that had been the most important aspect.

He failed to leave the message of his destiny behind. True, he did follow his Master's wishes all his life, but it was his

intellect that was responsible for taking this decision, not his Master. The intellect was made strong by the knowledge and wisdom the Master showered on him, while he was in the body. It should have been the decision and will of the soul to love humanity. He loved his Master but failed to love humanity, whom the Master loved so much. Even though the boy served humanity, service without love for this same humanity made him commit the mistake of not sharing the gift with others – in order for the service to continue even after he left the body. Service and love go hand in hand. The one who is to be served is to be loved, too, so that the service is pure and complete in all respects. Loving the Master was not enough. Loving humanity and serving it, was equally important.

The boy's soul was made to visit all his previous lifetimes where he had committed the same mistake over and over again. This love for his Master and his efforts had increased and improved and were sincere in every lifetime, but the essence of oneness, of the love for humanity, the serving of which was his desire and life plan, was not accompanied with the love coming from his soul. It had been out of the love he felt for the Master.

The Master, in all His kindness, made him review all his pitfalls in these related lifetimes, explained to him his folly, made him aware of his strengths and again gave him the same lessons of oneness that the boy always seemed to be unaware of, while in the physical body, in each of the lifetimes.

The Master instructed his soul to rest and promised to take it on a journey which would awaken the soul to this reality of oneness, in a way which would not be cleared out or washed

out, because of the presence of the body that his soul would be wearing in the next lifetime.

The boy instantly went off to sleep, and after some moments awoke from his slumber. He saw surreal surroundings; they were seated on wavy clouds with the Master smoking His *chillum* (clay pipe). The boy, or rather the soul of the boy, was amused. He had never seen His Master smoking while he had been in the physical body. In an instant the Master, who could hear his thoughts replied, 'Physical is the body, eternal is the soul, the body and the soul come together to experience the physical, but the body has to go in order for the soul to understand its reality.

'The act of smoking in the physical world is not what it is here. I smoke to drive the world, to keep the consciousness of both the worlds with Me so that I can work in both the worlds simultaneously. This smoke is the haze which comes from Me and I am only with those whose love penetrates through this smoke; to all those whose love cannot penetrate through this smoke, I remain obscure.'

The boy smiled; he wished he could have known his Master better when he had been in the body, then he would not have had the material urges he sometimes had when in his physical body. Just knowing Him was enough to pale the attractions and lust of the body, he thought. Sitting there amidst those clouds, chatting with his smoking Master was the best death a body could experience. He had never thought death could be so beautiful.

His Master read his thoughts again and said, 'Son, your beautiful death corresponds to the beautiful karma you

reaped in your physical life. The beauty of a life is not in its living, but how it is of use to other souls occupying the bodies around you. It's how you touched their souls while in this body and made their life beautiful, which has made your death beautiful. Death is another part of reality, a phase in a soul's eternal journey. You are here with Me because you were with Me then, when you were in the body. Your connect with Me is from many lifetimes. Every lifetime, you have served and loved Me, and searched for Me while being in the body.

‘Do you know how many lifetimes you have spent serving Me, searching for Me, finding Me, but not understanding the real essence this Master of yours stands for?’

The boy knew the Master had read the question in his eyes.

‘It's been lakhs of lives and few thousands in this country itself where you spent your past lifetimes.

‘You have searched for Me without realising you were searching for yourself in the garb of searching for the answers which you thought were with Me. You lived your destiny while searching for it. You fulfilled your destiny without knowing so. Was it worth it then, son, to live your destiny without knowing that you were living it, to fulfil your divine purpose while seeking to understand the purpose of your life? The intention and the love are all there but is it complete if it's done without awareness?’

The boy found it comparatively difficult now to understand his Master's words, much more so than at the time when he was in his body. ‘Yes, I know it is difficult,’ smiled the Master. ‘The body, no matter how much it is criticised, is a very

important tool to realise the soul's divinity. I came to you to reveal all that is, as it was my promise to your soul. You understood it as you knew it already, not because I told you what it was. I just needed to tell you again, something which your soul already knew and you remembered it, and you understood. What I told you was only a memory revived.

‘What I am going to explain is, again, not new, your soul has experienced it, lived it but failed to understand it. So this time you will see, you will live, you will experience and you will understand the real essence of your Master, so that the next time you are ready to take on a body to serve Me, you understand the real essence of the service to be rendered.

‘I will take you to your previous lives, make you feel them and experience them – all the joys as well as the sorrows, all the lessons simultaneously so that you don't forget and so that you understand what all these lives were meant to teach you in continuity. The next time you take on a body will be a very crucial lifetime, one where you cannot afford to make any mistakes and one where all things will come together to help you move ahead, beyond this body and beyond the level of growth you have presently achieved. Living the life we want your soul to live in order to achieve your soul's objective will not be easy, so preparations and knowledge before entering the body are very important. You have to understand and experience the lessons through your very soul, so that even if you forget the instances the essence is still there in your soul, while you are living your life in a body.

‘So are you ready for the ride, *beta* (son)? You need not fasten your seat belt, you have to let your soul loose and feel free to understand what this old Maalik of yours wants you to understand. Before this, I would like to answer all your questions in your thoughts. ‘So, ask!’

The boy beamed. The Master was privy to all his thoughts, there was no need to communicate, the Master knew and felt everything the boy did. ‘Maalik, there are a few questions before going on this enlightening journey with You,’ the boy said.

The Master smiled, ‘Your first answer to a very innocent question; there are no rules, there are only paths and all these paths are intertwined, connected, to reach one Source. No matter what path you take to your ultimate destination, it will cross others, connect with others and then disconnect from others when the time is right.’

‘Have I answered your question now?’ ‘Yes,’ the boy smiled, thinking about the question which had not even been completely formed before the Master had heard it unsaid, as always, and given him the answer to the commonest question in the minds of all those who want to follow a path but don’t know which one to.

The next time the Master waited long enough for the question to be framed, in the boy’s mind. The boy asked, ‘Why is it that we cannot be in the body what we aspire to be here, when we are a soul? Why do we learn lessons through suffering and then forget them only to suffer more the next time?’

The Master smiled at the question. ‘The body helps you to have a mind and a soul, both. The soul is all knowing

and ever alive, not dependent on the mind. But the body, which encases the soul in a particular lifetime, is perishable – its identity is because of the soul present inside it. The body, as I said, comes along with a mind which is again impregnated with the impressions and the *sanskaras** of the past. So although the soul has the knowledge of what the true goal is, it chooses to be overshadowed by the mind. This mind is influenced by the world around it right from the moment it is pushed out from the womb and into the world. The soul needs to experience the truth; it knows the truth but to experience the truth it needs to live its truth. If it knew the truth whilst in the body, it would be difficult for it to experience it fully and thereby understand the essence of the truth. So when the soul comes down with certain expectations of lessons to be learnt, it chooses to forget or rather be overshadowed by the mind and the intelligence so that it can experience fully without the knowledge available when in the spirit. This is not to say it does not have an idea of where it should be going.

‘The main goal of every soul – of moving towards the light – is always encased in the soul and is very strong. Guides and guardian angels always try to protect and lead the soul to this reality whenever it chooses a path not favourable to this goal. So beta, in the end what matters is whether you live your truth, understand it, experience it fully, so that your soul feels complete and moves towards the light. Every lifetime is a small step towards the goal. Sometimes we may even take a step backwards if we don’t live

* Accumulated imprints of past experiences which determine one’s desires and actions in one’s present life.

our truth but choose to unlearn and get entangled in the web of the material world, which influences the mind strongly. So, we move one step backwards and two steps ahead and then a hop here and a jump there, all to reach Him, our Creator, the Light.’

The boy now had an idea where his destiny lay, what the journey was, and above all the role of his Master in all this. There could be only one way to move towards the light, to be guided lovingly, to be corrected and to be pushed, which a Master does out of love for all those who have awakened to the essential reality and who desire and deserve to be pushed towards their goal.

‘Beta, there is lot of time for your questions and answers but first I would like you to understand your journey so that you can take a step ahead.

‘I will take you to your previous lifetimes now, where you will live, learn, experience and understand all your lessons, your mistakes, your truth and above all My love for your soul and your love for Me. I will be taking you to different lifetimes so that you know your future lessons and how they can be learnt. I will be with you when you call out to Me and I will be with you whenever you need to walk your own path, always present by your side. Remember child, I never leave you. I am with you always.’