

A Prayer of Gratitude

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You sent us Guru Tegh Bahadur
A chosen son of Yours
Who made the supreme sacrifice of his life
For the great principle of freedom of worship.
You are infinite, O Father and Mother of the universe!
And there are infinite ways Your children worship You.
You through your chosen Son the great Tegh Bahadur spoke loud and clear
For everyone's right to worship the way they choose.
We thank you, O Lord, our God Waheguru,
The Father and Mother of the Universe
For giving us a large hearted
Acceptance and respect of those
That choose different ways of worshipping you.
Let us never be intolerant in our thoughts or our deeds.

As if this was not enough
You sent us the King of Kings
A prophet par excellence,
Poet so supreme -
Our Tenth great Guru, Guru Gobind Singh!
He bestowed upon a downtrodden people
The spirit of life
To face adversity with courage
And to be fearless at all times
He made the 'sparrows fight the hawks'
And the meek take up swords
To crush tyranny,
On the great day of Baisakhi,
Through the gift of Amrit
He brought about the reversal of our fortune
Turning us into human lions
Who are compassionate at heart,
He according to Your will
Created the Khalsa
And proclaimed each one
Will be as worthy as 125,000 -
The supreme man or woman
Unfailing in courage,
High in integrity,
Steeped in divinity,
Unparalleled in valor,
Undaunted by challenges.

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Bhai Nand Lall's Spiritual Adonis

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Guru Gobind Singh the icon of "Khalsa Beauty"
One can see only through the eyes of Bhai Nand Lall,
By reading his Persian verse of musicality
That still lacked which was beyond his sweetest call!

Who at last found his spiritual Adonis
God-oriented, so masculine, vibrant,
O to choose the perfect man was his wondrous gnosis
The Guru became his sweetest bewilderment!

When he wrote "How can I bear the light so bright
Shed by the piercing holy glance of his love,
To enable and enlight my life dark as night
Which a glimpse of the Beloved did remove".

An aristocrat from Ghazni, wise in worldly affair
Secretary of Bahadur Shah, the Moghul King,
Was hooked by charm of Govind's single curled hair
And wrote in praise of "Badshah Darvesh" - of fakir king.

And for long lived in Anandpur incognito
From all angles the young Guru he studied hard,
Though he himself was a sage like Plato
Yet needed a true spiritual Master for his guard.

And his public kitchen was the best serving all
Which never closed its door, even open ever ready,
And once the disguised Guru at the place did call
At midnight and found well served were the needy.

And from the Guru his verse book got a new name
"When his goblet was filled with water of life,
'*Bandgi Nama*' became '*Zindgi Nama*', Life's *Numina* Game,
And in the Golden Temple his songs are sung so alive.