



# GURU NANAK'S SAKHIS

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# 01

## DUNI CHAND AND THE NEEDLE

Guru Nanak, Bala and Mardana traveled to many different parts of the world. While on their travels they came to a beautiful shady location along the River Ravi, near Lahore, and set up camp.

Mardana tuned his instrument and Guru Nanak began singing. The spiritual atmosphere and heavenly sounds attracted many people including the wealthy banker: Duni Chand. Noticing that people had brought offerings to the Guru, Duni Chand rushed to speak with Guru Nanak, “This meal that the townspeople have brought you is simple peasant food,” Duni Chand noted, “Please come with me to my house where I will serve you and your companions on golden plates.”

Guru Nanak, replied, “I’m quite happy to be sitting here by the cool river, my needs are simple and the divine provider gives me all that I require and more. There is no reason for you to go to so much trouble.”

Duni Chand insisted it would be no trouble as he had many servants to prepare the food and tend to all the Guru’s desires.

Guru Ji replied that he had no desire, other than to worship the Creator. Still,



## WHAT IF YOU NEVER BECOME HAPPY BECAUSE SOMEONE ELSE IS ALWAYS WEALTHIER THAN YOU? THINK ABOUT WHAT IT MIGHT FEEL LIKE TO BE SATISFIED WITH WHAT YOU ALREADY HAVE?

Duni Chand pressed and continued to pester him. Duni Chand begged, “Dearest Guru Ji, please grace my home with your presence. Today I am holding a feast to honor my father’s death. I am feeding one hundred saintly people in his name and wish for you and your companion to be among them.”

Guru Ji finally relented and accompanied Duni Chand. Along the way to his house, The Guru asked Duni Chand to tell him more about the festivities. Duni Chand replied, “Today is my father’s Sraadh, the anniversary of his death. I have prepared a feast for 100 Brahmins. I have given them each clothing, and enough money to last all year until his next Sraadh. This way my father will have enough food, clothing and money to last him the entire year. He will want for nothing in the afterlife.”

Guru Nanak told Duni Chand, “The food you fed the Brahmins has not reached your father. He is hungry and has not eaten for two days. On the day of his death, as he took his final breath, your father smelled the aroma of roasting meat and wished to taste it. Consequently, in his next life, he took birth as a wolf.”

“Where is he now?” asked Duni Chand, wringing his hands with concern.

Guru Ji replied, “He is hunting for his next meal in that distant grove of trees. He will eat soon.”



“Thank you, Guru Ji, for sharing your wisdom,” Duni Chan bowed his head in respect.

As they approached Duni Chand’s mansion, the Guru noticed many banners fluttering above the roof, with seven prominent flags flying at the highest point. “Why do you fly so many flags and banners? What are these for? What do they mean?” Guru Ji asked.

Duni Chand answered proudly, “These flags and banners represent my wealth. The largest flags each represent 10 million gold coins, while the smaller banners each represent a thousand.”

Guru Ji remarked, “With your magnificent estate, and enormous wealth you must be the happiest of men!”

Duni Chand hung his head and looked downcast, “Oh no, there are still people who have more than I. My only desire is to be the wealthiest man in Lahore. Until that day comes, my happiness will not

## YOU CAN MAKE A GREAT DIFFERENCE IN THEIR LIFE BY SHARING WHAT YOU HAVE, RATHER THAN HOARDING IT.

be complete.”

Guru Ji appeared puzzled. “Are not the other wealthy people also trying to become richer? What if you never become happy because someone else is always wealthier than you? Think about what it might feel like to be satisfied with what you already have?”

Duni Chand shook his head plaintively, “I have no time for thinking about such things, I spend every moment of every day strategizing to increase my wealth.”

As they entered the grand estate, Guru Ji asked gently, “Would you spare a moment for me? I have a small request.”

“Gladly! Ask me anything!” Duni Chand replied eagerly.

“Please accept this tiny needle and keep it with you until we meet again in the afterlife,” Guru withdrew a silver needle and passed it over to Duni Chand. “Guard it carefully, so that it does not get lost.”

Duni Chand, replied, “Not to worry! My wife will put this in her safe,” and rushed off to another room to request his wife, “Please put this needle away safely, I have promised to return it to Guru Nanak when we meet in the afterlife. We must not lose it!”

“Oh God help us you silly man,” she replied, “You can not bring physical things to the spirit world! How can you take this needle to the next world? Return it to the holy man at once, otherwise you will be burdened with a

promise that is impossible to keep!”

Duni Chand realized his wife had sound reasoning and he sheepishly returned the needle to Guru Nanak musing, “I don’t think I can accept this needle... it can’t follow me to the afterlife can it? No, I don’t think it can...”

“If a mere needle cannot follow you to the afterlife, do you think your heaps of wealth and gold will!?” Duni Chand was humbled, “You speak the truth...”

Then Guru Nanak taught him, “You waste all your time running after wealth. Instead, use your time doing good actions which will go with you to the hereafter. Your mind is fixated on endless ambitions. Instead, fixate your mind on the Naam of Parmesar.”

Like a warrior surrounded and disarmed, the proud Duni Chand surrendered on his knees, his mind empty, begging for more guidance.

“Do some good with your wealth while you still have breath left to breath. Help the poor who go hungry. Clothe those who have only dingy rags to wear. You can make a great difference in their life by sharing what you have, rather than hoarding it. The wealth of good deeds is the only investment that is deposited in the bank of the hereafter.”

Duni Chand realized the truth of Guru Nanak’s words. He pledged to help others with his wealth and promised to establish a charity center in Lahore funded from his savings. His worldly mind blossomed with devotion to the Naam.

## GURU NANAK CELEBRATED THE AWAKENING OF DUNI CHAND'S AWARENESS AND SANG:

ਕੂੜੁ ਰਾਜਾ ਕੂੜੁ ਪਰਜਾ ਕੂੜੁ ਸਭੁ ਸੰਸਾਰੁ ॥

False are kings, false their subjects, false the entire world.

ਕੂੜੁ ਮੰਡਪ ਕੂੜੁ ਮਾੜੀ ਕੂੜੁ ਬੈਸਣਹਾਰੁ ॥

False are mansions, false are palaces, false they who live in them.

ਕੂੜੁ ਸੁਇਨਾ ਕੂੜੁ ਰੁਪਾ ਕੂੜੁ ਪੈਨ ਣਹਾਰੁ ॥

False is gold, false is silver, false are they who wear them.

ਕੂੜੁ ਕਾਇਆ ਕੂੜੁ ਕਪੜੁ ਕੂੜੁ ਰੂਪੁ ਅਪਾਰੁ ॥

False is the body, false are the clothes; false is beauty incomparable.

ਕੂੜੁ ਮੀਆ ਕੂੜੁ ਬੀਬੀ ਖਪਿ ਹੋਏ ਖਾਰੁ ॥

False is the husband, false is the wife; they mourn and waste away.

ਕੂੜਿ ਕੂੜੈ ਨੇਹੁ ਲਗਾ ਵਿਸਰਿਆ ਕਰਤਾਰੁ ॥

The false ones love what is false and forget their Creator.

ਕਿਸੁ ਨਾਲਿ ਕੀਚੈ ਦੋਸਤੀ ਸਭੁ ਜਗੁ ਚਲਣਹਾਰੁ ॥

With whom should I become friends if all the world shall pass away?

ਕੂੜੁ ਮਿਠਾ ਕੂੜੁ ਮਾਖਿਉ ਕੂੜੁ ਡੋਬੇ ਪੂਰੁ ॥

False is sweetness, false is honey, through falsehood shiploads of men  
are drowned.

ਨਾਨਕੁ ਵਖਾਣੈ ਬੇਨਤੀ ਤੁਧੁ ਬਾਝੁ ਕੂੜੋ ਕੂੜੁ ॥੧॥

Nanak humbly speaks this prayer – Excepting You O Lord, everything  
else is false.

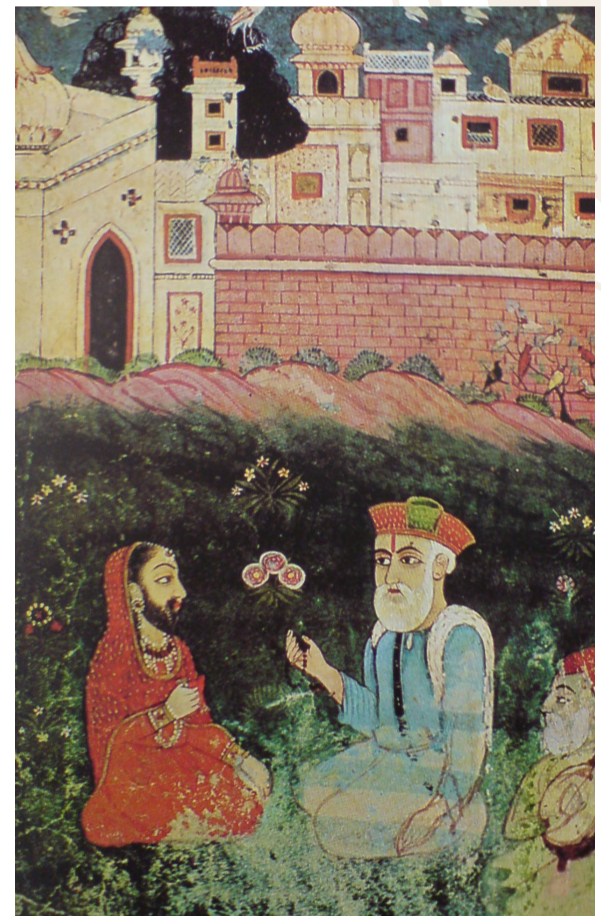
# 02

## TRANSFORMATION OF SAJJAN THUG TO TRUE FRIEND

On the outskirts of Tulamba, a man called Sajjan, meaning “friend”, had constructed both a temple and a mosque in the courtyard of his inn. He displayed symbols of both faiths, Muslim prayer beads, and a Hindu mark on his forehead. Wearing simple white clothing, and bowing low, Sajjan welcomed the weary travelers to rest and worship at his accommodations. He offered his guests food, drink and comfortable beds. Only when everyone had settled, and slept soundly, did Sajjan also retire.

In the privacy of his room, Sajan removed his white robes and changed into clothing as dark as the depths of his shriveled heart to carry out even darker deeds.

At first, Sajjan had kept only things that travelers had forgotten. As time passed, he began relieving his guests of their belongings while they slept. Eventually, to get rid of the evidence of his thieving, he resorted to killing his victims and disposing of their bodies in an abandoned well.



While on their travels Guru Nanak and Mardana stopped at the inn of Sajjan Thug. The thug rushed to greet the holy travelers bowing low and saying, “Sajjan at your service”. He offered them a room, and a sumptuous meal, slyly slipping a sleeping concoction into their drinks.

Guru Ji sat in a reflective meditative pose. He looked deeply into Sajjan's eyes, thanking the thug for his kindness, but refused the food, insisting, “Let us sing together and praise our divine provider before eating.” Maradana tuned his instrument and began to play upon the strings while Guru Nanak sang. Sajjan the thug listened to the Guru's voice with his ears, while his mind remained on high alert.

ਉਜਲੁ ਕੈਹਾ ਚਿਲਕਣਾ ਘੋਟਿਮ ਕਾਲੜੀ ਮਸੁ ॥  
ਧੋਤਿਆ ਜੂਠਿ ਨ ਉਤਰੈ ਜੇ ਸਉ ਧੋਵਾ ਤਿਸੁ ॥੧॥

Polished bronze appears shiny yet blackens when touched. It retains this impure characteristic however much it is washed. ||1||

ਸਜਣ ਸੇਈ ਨਾਲਿ ਮੈ ਚਲਦਿਆ ਨਾਲਿ ਚਲੰਨਿ ॥  
ਜਿਥੈ ਲੇਖਾ ਮੰਗੀਐ ਤਿਥੈ ਖੜੇ ਦਿਸੰਨਿ ॥੧॥ ਰਹਾਉ ॥

My only sajjan, my only friend, is the one who travels along with me. To the place where my account is called to reckoning and is seen to stand there with me.  
||1||Pause||

**As the words penetrated his conscience,  
he became aware of the heinous nature of his crimes.**

ਬਗਾ ਬਗੇ ਕਪੜੇ ਤੀਰਥ ਮੰਝਿ ਵਸੰਨਿ ॥  
ਘੁਟਿ ਘੁਟਿ ਜੀਆ ਖਾਵਣੇ ਬਗੇ ਨਾ ਕਹੀਅੰਨਿ ॥੩॥

Houses, mansions, and tall buildings may be decorated all around. Yet remain empty within, and useless until they fall down. ||2||

ਬਗਾ ਬਗੇ ਕਪੜੇ ਤੀਰਥ ਮੰਝਿ ਵਸੰਨਿ ॥  
ਘੁਟਿ ਘੁਟਿ ਜੀਆ ਖਾਵਣੇ ਬਗੇ ਨਾ ਕਹੀਅੰਨਿ ॥੩॥

Hérons arrayed in white feathers dwell in bathing places of sacred rite. Rending and devouring the living, they can no longer be called white.

ਸਿੰਮਲ ਰੁਖੁ ਸਰੀਰੁ ਮੈ ਮੈ ਜਨ ਦੇਖਿ ਭੁਲੰਨਿ ॥  
ਸੇ ਫਲ ਕੰਮਿ ਨ ਆਵਨੀ ਤੇ ਗੁਣ ਮੈ ਤਨਿ ਹੰਨਿ ॥੪॥

Like the Simmal tree is my body, those beholding it are mistaken. Like its useless fruit is my body, with qualities forsaken. ||4||

**He felt that Guru Ji could see the black stains on his soul resulting from his evil  
deeds. The hard shell of his heart softened and gave way to remorse.**

ਅੰਧੁਲੈ ਭਾਰੁ ਉਠਾਇਆ ਡੂਗਰ ਵਾਟ ਬਹੁਤੁ ॥  
ਅਖੀ ਲੋੜੀ ਨਾ ਲਹਾ ਹਉ ਚੜਿ ਲੰਘਾ ਕਿਤੁ ॥੫॥

A blind man carries his load heavily up a steep hill whose path is exceedingly long. How can he with eyes which see but find not the way, climb up and cross over? ||5||

ਚਾਕਰੀਆ ਚੰਗਿਆਈਆ ਅਵਰ ਸਿਆਣਪ ਕਿਤੁ ॥  
ਨਾਨਕ ਨਾਮੁ ਸਮਾਲਿ ਤੂੰ ਬਧਾ ਛੁਟਹਿ ਜਿਤੁ ॥੬॥੧॥੩॥

Of what service avails the deeds of cunning and clever gains? O Nanak, contemplate the Name and sever your fettered chains." ||6||1||3||

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## TO BE REDEEMED YOU MUST COMPLETELY RID YOURSELF OF WRONG THINKING AND WRONGDOING

Dismayed and overwhelmed, his crimes seemed insurmountable. Sajjan the thug began to weep. Feeling both completely exposed and yet cared for he sobbed uncontrollably and prostrated himself at Guru Nanak's feet. His desperate mind begged for absolution.

Guru Nanak stretched out his hand and uplifted Sajjan. "Wearing white, counting prayer beads, and placing a Tilak on your forehead are empty rituals without true devotion. Representing oneself as holy while plundering those who seek sanctuary after losing their way, is no different than the stork standing in sacred waters to spear & devour innocent creatures. Neither the man nor the stork can be called a devotee. No matter how many holy shrines one builds, or enters, the wearing of beads, white garments, and holy marks, and putting on a show of virtuous qualities is useless, if one continues living and doing wrong. No one is above the need for God's help to live righteously.

You have been a sajjan, a friend, to no one. Rather you have treacherously acted as a contemptuous thug. To be redeemed you must completely rid yourself of wrong thinking and wrongdoing. Give up your ill-gotten gains and bestow all you have plundered to charity. Share whatever you have to help those in need. Put others before yourself and in this way, Sajjan Thug may be transformed into a true friend."

From that day forward, Sajjan acted on the Guru's advice and lived a life of repentance and atonement, thereby reaping the true wealth of charitable and righteous living.



# MARDANA AND THE PRICELESS STONE WITH SALIS RAJ

Guru Nanak and Bala lived off the air and didn't need food. But Mardana would get hungry on their long journeys where, for many days, they'd go without eating. On one long journey Mardana couldn't keep up. He protested about how tired and hungry he was. Guru Nanak assured him that there is a town nearby. Sure enough after a few miles they came to a small river where they could see a town on the other side, "There you can get food."



Mardana was not in a good mood, "But Guru ji, I have no money to buy food!" As Mardana was protesting Guru Nanak's foot found a red stone on the ground. He picked it up and gave it to Mardana, "You can sell this. Go to town, which is called Bishambarpur, and bring it to a jeweler. Then return and tell me the value."

Mardana was now dreaming of the food he'd buy and mustered the energy to go to the town. He found a jeweler on the street who looked at the stone with wide eyes. So, Mardana asked, "What is it?" The jeweler replied, "Ahem, oh uh... nothing. This is nothing special. I'll give you 3 copper coins for it". While this was enough to get a bit of food Mardana thought the jeweler was hiding something, "This stone must be worth much more..." So he returned and reported his finding to Guru Nanak, "He said it's worth 3 copper... but I think it could be worth more..." Guru ji instructed him, "Go back to town and find a jeweler named Salis Rai."

## THE REAL JEWEL IS THE JEWEL OF NAAM... THIS WAS THE MESSAGE THAT MARDANA WAS BEING TAUGHT WITH THIS UNFORGETTABLE DRAMA!

Mardana returned and found the house of a wealthy and righteous jeweler named Salis Rai. When he knocked, Salis Rai's servant asked, "Who's there?" Mardana replied, "I am a traveler and I've come to trade a stone. First I need to know just how valuable it is." The servant gave the message to his master, Salis Rai, who welcomed Mardana and inspected the stone, "This is really a wonder. I've never seen a gem this valuable before!" Mardana was very happy to hear this, "What is it worth?" The wealthy Salis Rai replied, "Worth? It's worth more than my storehouse of jewels, more than my entire estate... Oh... and what's this written here on the gem... Hmmm." Mardana was surprised and confused as the rich jeweler gave him a bunch of gold and said, "I cannot buy this gem, but these 100 gold coins are for my privilege to hold on to it, and look at it, while you are in town. When you leave you can take this marvelous gem back with you."

For a bit Mardana almost forgot how tired he was, but as he went back and forth between Salis Rai and Guru Nanak he certainly remembered. The Guru would say, "Tell Salis Rai that we can not accept his money unless we do a mutual exchange and make a proper sale. Give the gold back to him." And Salis Rai would say, "I do not have enough to actually purchase this gem. But I am duty bound to give the gold coins for the privilege to look at it, I insist that you must take this gold to your master."

Neither Salis Rai or the Guru would change their stance. After several round

trips in and out of town relaying these messages, Mardana was collapsing with exhaustion. Finally he just threw the gold towards the jeweler's house and returned to his Guru. Salis Rai realized that these guests were pure of heart, "This man's master must be a saint. It is only fitting if I can honor him with a different offering." So he, along with his trusty servant, brought some delicious food outside the city. Guru Nanak told him, "Sir, we can not make a trade with no exchange. We will not take your money." Salis Rai touched his feet and said, "Great one, I am duty bound to give you this gold. When I inspected this gem I found a small inscription. It says 'Whoever reads this owes the owner 100 gold coins'. You are the owner and I owe you the gold. I accept this as my duty and I promised myself I will fulfill it and give you 100 coins. Please, help me. Keep this money so I can keep my Dharma and fulfill my promise."

As Salis Rai spoke he was more and more enchanted by the majesty of the Guru's light. He felt compelled to bow to the Guru's feet and said, "What is a gem? You great Nanak, you are the real gem!"

Guru Nanak looked at Mardana and then looked back at Salis Rai, "The real jewel is the jewel of... Naam." This was the message that Mardana was being taught with this unforgettable drama!

Guru ji then sang a shabd which further enchanted the righteous rich jeweler and his noble servant. Salis Rai then made a final statement about the gold,

## WHAT IF YOU NEVER BECOME HAPPY BECAUSE SOMEONE ELSE IS ALWAYS WEALTHIER THAN YOU? THINK ABOUT WHAT IT MIGHT FEEL LIKE TO BE SATISFIED WITH WHAT YOU ALREADY HAVE?"

"Master, if you don't accept this gold, then I will not eat." Mardana heard this and thought, "Speaking of eating: Salis Rai and his servant have brought all this food. I hope they will finish talking soon and Guru will give me permission to eat!"

Guru Nanak sang another shabd. Salis Rai's heart opened with a desire to be liberated. He fully prostrated himself on the ground below the Guru. His servant was also stricken with the devotional environment as his heart also blossomed with love of Guru. As this spiritual romance deepened praise flowed from them: "Nanak Nirankari" "God on earth" "The savior of the time" "All compassionate one" and he said, "Master, you liberate souls."

Guru Nanak replied, "If you want liberation then obey this dictate: Grab the feet of your servant and hold him in the highest regard." Most powerful men wouldn't consider submitting to their subordinates but Salis Rai didn't hesitate to fall at the feet of his servant, "Oh great servant, you have a pure heart and are full of wisdom." Guru was very pleased and spoke to these new Sikhs of his, "Salis Rai, you have less than 3 years to live. Dedicate yourself to spreading Guru's teachings. In the end give your authority and position to no one else



besides this servant of yours." He bowed in deep acceptance.

The virtuous jeweler was being prepared for liberation. This was a great spiritual event unfolding by the Guru's grace. Many angels gathered to sing.... but Mardana wasn't able to fully appreciate this momentous moment as his stomach was wringing in pain and his body ached. Guru ji instructed Bala, "It is time to feed him." So Bala gave the food to Mardana who became very happy and fully satisfied. Guru Nanak took the invitation to stay in the town for some days teaching people how to live as a spiritual family chanting the Naam. Salis Rai lived his few years as a local spiritual teacher. He never let go of the Guru's jewel from his heart. He carried the jewel of the Naam to the afterlife as a free soul.

# MOOLA KHATRI PURCHASING TRUTH REVISION

Guru Nanak and Mardana visited the town of Sialkot. While walking along the streets, the Guru stopped at a shop selling grain and looked closely at the weights and measures. People had gathered around and watched as He picked up the smallest weight, held it in the palm of his hand, and remarked, “This small weight has the capability of being a big blessing.”

“How is that?” the people asked looking around at each other.



Though its size is small, it serves day in and day out to measure grain bought by the poorest and most humble folk,” replied the Guru. “They are blessed who have not got the means of self-indulgence, for their minds are occupied with God,” replied Guru Ji.

The grain merchant bowed low before the Guru and requested him to visit his home. Perhaps one day when your grains are not tainted with false dealing,” replied the Guru. “Grain sustains life, as does the one who buys and sells grain honestly. When you become a dealer in truth, then I shall visit your home.”

Guru Nanak left the town and made camp away from the townspeople. Mardana asked him, “Why do you want to stay out here away from town and people?”

Guru Ji replied, “Here the air is pure. In the town, the air is polluted with falsehood and wrong ways of dealing.”

## **“WE CANNOT BECOME SAINTS UNTIL WE CAN LIVE TRUTHFULLY WHILE FULFILLING OUR DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES...”**

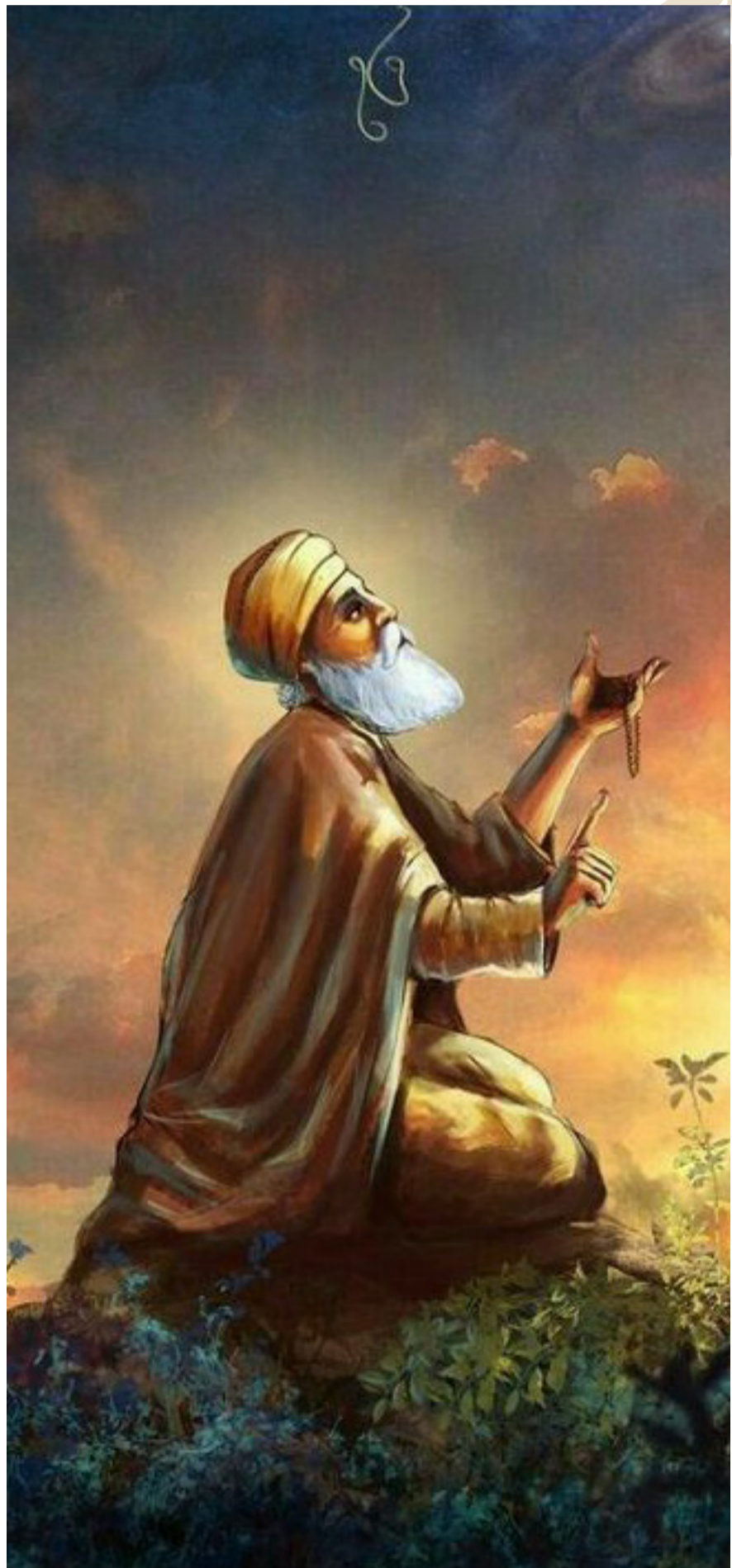
Mardana asked, “What are we to eat? I am unable to live on air, my body requires food.”

Guru Ji told Mardana, “Go into town and visit all of the shopkeepers, both those who are rich and those who are poor. Show them this coin and tell them your Guru wishes you to spend it on that which has two halves, one which is false and the other which is true. Whoever gives you an answer is the one who shall feed you.”

Mardana made his way into town and stopped at each of the shops. “Stop pestering me with such nonsense, I am busy with customers,” said one. Another just laughed and shook his head. Some ignored him completely. At last, Mardana came to the shop of Moola Khatri the baker who replied, “Life is false but death is true.” When Mardana had eaten, Moola Khatri asked to be taken to see Guru Nanak. When he met the Guru, Moola Khatri bowed before him and requested, “Guru Ji, please show me the way to truthful living.”

Guru Nanak replied, “You must seek to find the truth, but it is lost in talking and discussion.”

Impressed by the wisdom of Guru Nanak, Moola Khatri followed him wherever he went. After many days had passed, Guru Nanak told Moola Khatri that he should return home. “But Guru Ji, I wish to renounce the world and become a holy man,” replied Moola Khatri.





## MOOLA KHATRI HELD FAST TO FALSEHOOD WHILE LIVING, BUT THE TRUTH FOUND HIM IN DEATH."

"We cannot become saints until we can live truthfully while fulfilling our duties and responsibilities," Guru Ji told him.

"Then why do people leave their homes to find God?"

"Some people are sincere seekers of truth, but others seek to escape their responsibilities," replied the Guru. "My mission is to show sincere seekers of truth the way to fulfill their search is by keeping God's name on their lips, and remembering God in their hearts and minds while carrying out their daily tasks. Renunciation is done with deeds, denying what is false while living the truth. Forsake chatter, deny conflict. Purify the mind with the light of God to deny the darkness of the soul. When our actions are done in service of the Divine, we escape the darkness of spiritual ignorance and achieve enlightenment." Guru Nanak recited Japji Sahib Sahib and instructed Moola Khatri to meditate on Mool Mantar.

Moola Khatri returned to his home and shop and took a wife. After some time had passed Guru Nanak and Mardana visited Sialkot. Moola Khatri's wife heard of their coming and became worried that her husband would leave again. She went to his shop and begged him to come home with her. "If you follow the Guru out into the wilderness where there are snakes, something could happen to you and I would be all alone with no one to care for me."

Moola Khatri left his shop and went home with his wife. Guru Nanak sent Mardana to the shop. When Mardana

found Moola gone, he went to his house. Meanwhile, Moola hid in the woodshed and when Mardana arrived, his wife took a long time before answering the door. "He is not here," she explained, "Sorry that you missed him."

Mardana returned and told Guru Nanak he had been unable to find Moola Khatri anywhere. Guru Nanak remarked, "Moola Khatri had been once aware that there is truth in death, but has become confused about the falsehood of life."

Not long after they learned that Moola Khatri had been bitten by a snake while hiding in the dark woodshed and had died there. Guru Ji shook his head and remarked, "Moola Khatri held fast to falsehood while living, but the truth found him in death."

# ANGRY RICH MAN BLINDED BY PRIDE – KARORHIYA

Wherever Guru Nanak traveled, people of every religion, and walks of life, came to see him. He attracted many followers in the city of Lahore. People compared the Guru to a lotus blossom and his followers to bees who buzzed around its sweet essence.

A wealthy landowner of the Islamic faith was angered when he heard a wandering group of sadhus singing shabads composed by Guru Nanak. He considered what he heard as a blasphemous and unholy mixture of Hindu and Islamic theologies. He was further enraged to hear of the Guru's increasing popularity, "Someone has to put an end to this chaos!" He told anyone who would listen, "Following these concocted teachings of this Baba will undermine the religious fabric of society!"

This millionaire of the Khatri clan learned that the Guru had set up camp on his land. The rich man became increasingly resentful and jealousy. He had trouble sleeping. His chest hurt and his eyes burned. Finally, he decided, "Instead of convincing the unwashed masses to not follow him, I should take matters into my own hands. I will stop his hypocrisy and if that doesn't work, I'll arrest him."

So, he gathered his men and had his horse readied. As he mounted his horse, it reared up, leaped forward, and threw the millionaire on the ground. As he crashed down his turban rolled across the courtyard. Embarrassed he postponed his crusade,



## YOU MUST REFORM YOUR THOUGHTS AND INSTEAD PRAY FOR FORGIVENESS FROM THE HOLY BABA NANAK.

"I just need to rest, I will take care of this faker tomorrow" He said seething as he retired to his room. But rest he could not, as his own fire consumed him with malice.

In the morning the Karohryia mounted his horse and gathered his servants. He set off accompanied by a troupe of followers determined to oust the Guru. As he passed through his gate his eyes began watering and his vision blurred. His eyesight dimmed and he lost all sense of direction, "What is happening...?" Disoriented he slowed his horse as he heard others also crying out, "I can't see!" "My sight is gone too!" He halted his horse wondering at his dilemma in dismay.

One brave soul, who still had some vision, explained, "Baba Nanak is a humble saint, you have not shown him the proper respect. You set out to kick him from your land, but the Almighty Divine had you kicked to the ground instead. Not hearing the voice of the Divine you again set yourself to cross a holy man, but God is the protector of His beloveds and has again stopped you." Unable to use his sight these words landed deeply in the Karorihya's mind, "Could it be true... am I truly that wrong..? What should I do?"

"You must reform your thoughts and instead pray for forgiveness from the holy Baba Nanak."

"I am a fool. By God's Grace may I meet Baba Ji to beg for forgiveness..." Even as his servant helped guide his horse his eyes were dim, "I still can not see!



Blessed Nanak, please have mercy on me, please let me see!"

That brave soul again offered his wisdom, "Kahorhiya, you have been blinded by your pride in your high position and wealth. You ride through life on your high horse thinking you are better than everyone. Even as you speak humble words you continue to carry yourself as higher. You must get off your horse. In order to meet a saint you have to be poor in your heart. Soften your heart. Walk with humility. Dedicate every thought to selfless prayer." Gentle hands helped the repentant rich man dismount. When his feet touched the ground, a layer of haze cleared from his vision.

An indescribable feeling welled up in the rich man as though some force wished



## GURU NANAK WORKED THE FIELDS ALONGSIDE THESE SOULS WHO LIVED WITH A MOST BLESSED ROUTINE WITH THE GREATEST GUIDE.

to escape his being. He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out except an agonizing groan. He stuttered and staggered. Then stammering, he murmured, “F-f-forgive m-me.” His voice still scratchy, he uttered again, “F-forgive me.” Then he spoke clearly, “Forgive me. Forgive me. I have been filled with pride. Even my prayers were selfish. I spoke like an arrogant mosquito promenading before the king of birds. I wish to humble my heart and mind. I am but a speck compared to a mighty mountain.”

Another layer cleared and he could now see enough of the road to walk. He he breathed humble prayers with every step people in the crowd were saying, “I can see again” “It is a miracle!” Someone in the began singing. Instead of shoving to be first, the people in the procession helped each other find their way. Slowly they made their way along the road towards Guru Nanak.

Absorbed in prayer he didn’t know if he’d walked for minutes or days when he found himself looking at the lotus feet of the Guru. He immediately laid his body on the ground in a full prostration and cried, “I am a lowlife criminal. Please master, reduce my sentence! I have only one desire, that is to be a Sikh of yours. I am no one, I am nothing. But if I can be yours it will be bliss.”

The Kahohriya refused to raise his head or look up without permission. He continued to pray at the Guru’s feet. Seeing his sincerity the House Of Kindness touched his head and said, “You may rise. Clear your mind and open

your eyes.” As he stood up his vision was fully restored and he saw the pure aura The Knower of Hearts, “Great Nanak, I only request that you leave a small space for me at your feet. This land we are on, please have it and establish as your place.”

Accepting it as the Will of the Divine Guru Nanak granted his requisition, “If this is in your heart then no one will stop you. This will be a resting place for the Sat Sangat where all will chant the Naam.”

Guru Nanak stayed there and eventually sent for his wife, Mata Sulakhni, and two sons, Baba Siri Chand and Baba Lakhmi Das to live there as well.

After many days, the Kahorhiya returned home with Guru Ji’s blessings. The rich man had reaped the inestimable profit of selfless service. The village he had constructed became known as Kartarpur and became home to Guru Nanak, his wife Mata Sulakhni, and their sons Siri Chand and Lakhmi Das. Many of the Guru’s disciples joined him and settled there as well.

This place became known as Kartarpur, a growing sanctuary, where Guru Nanak retired. The residents were always engrossed in raising their families, Simran, Naam Jap, hard work and hosting visitors. Langar was always available. Guru Nanak worked the fields alongside these souls who lived with a most blessed routine with the greatest guide.