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#### SUMMARY MEDITATION

**We have a meditation we should do. Are you ready. Okay. Sit down properly as yogis. It is a very funny meditation. You will like it.**

Somebody told me that Sikh Dharma should be proud our Siri Dharma Kaur is coming very well dressed up today, and I have to take her out for a dinner. But I will take her to dinner any way she looks, it doesn't matter- - lost her cloths to the laundry. It is nice, anyway.



**Sit properly and keep your spine straight. I will request you to cover your head because this can put you in a great headache. It is a kind of a Tantric Kriya too, but... Please cover your heads in case. I don't want to spoil your hair do, but I don't want to run the risk. Cover your sun chakra so that... This is the left hand. Take the sun finger and make the sun kriya just like that, and put it on the side and right hand nostril goes with the index finger. Take these three fingers and put them on these three mounts and close them in and lock them with this. Tighten it as much as you can and put this and lock your left nostril. Breathe in and out powerfully through your left nostril.**

**11 minutes:** Now breathe through the left nostril and play that "Sat Nam Ji" of Singh Kaur's, and move the navel and the left nostril with that. Play it loud.

Oh! You are here Hari Kaur! Yesterday was your birthday. I was waiting for the cookies. (music is played) (27) **Go! rhythmically! In each beat there are three breaths to go. Go by the beat, the beat is of the navel. Navel**



**and the breath must move my dear.** Today! Experience! But it depends upon your heart. Breathe, breathe, breathe! Beat and the rhythm is totally... it should be one. Happiest breath of fire will give you something. Left nostril must become like a fire pipe. That is what breath of fire has to do. Interchange is cooling effect to a heat. The body shall be cured on the spot. Experience will be received, the work you have to do. Babaji, it is the best chemotherapy. It works with bacteria and viruses of the future. Hit the navel! Make your day. If you won't put in, you won't get out. Let us see whether you put in or you get out or not. That's the question. Answer it yourself. Be aware of the steel of the sun. It is on your hand may slip. Be careful. Bravo, bravo, come up, don't slow down. Rise, rise, rise as the experience goes on. Let us see if what they write in the books is for real. To whom we worship and bow called Holy Scriptures. (#204B) Don't show your weakness. Normally it happens, but use your strength and will. (#274B)



**(39,55) Inhale deep. Take your hands and lock them like this and hold the breath.** Hold! Hold, lock them and try to break the lock without letting the lock be broken. Pull out. Pull outward. There will be a tremendous pressure on the fingers. It will exalt all the five and ten parts of the brain. Try to break it without letting it break. Put all your force! Exhale, not enough. Inhale deep! DEEP! Pull out! PULL OUT!! Exhale. (40,48) Inhale again, pull deep. Pull!!! Pull!!!! The hidden talents, pull!!!! bring them to the surface. It is your birth right. Let it go. Bless you.

#### LECTURE

Ah ha, who wrote this poem? (taps the microphone) This doesn't work? Hun? Now it is working. Good for it. Oh Guruka Singh Ji Maharaj. Author and poet, read it. And do you have that white steel, that poem? You have it. Bring it over. Why don't we share good things. You are inviting me to Los Vegas? Hun. You ask one person and I send a cavalry, but I didn't come. That's a fun. There is a poem which I wrote which is called Chittaa Loaa. When you heat an iron and heat it beyond what it can take, it becomes white. It creates its ash. It's the maximum heat it can stand. Symbolically it is the sign of the purity. Pure steel, actually that should be adding what (??? #24A) chittaa loaa, and we call it white hot steel. And Guruka Singh has translated that into English poetry. If I speak in Punjabi, in the language it is written, it is so beautiful that the highest poet of the highest caliber will

fall in love with it. Its rhythm and its naad is perfect in eighteen meter score, which is most excellent. But I do not know how much justice he has done in English. I'll let him do it, I don't take the responsibility.

GURUKA SINGH: Someone once said that translating a poem out of the language it was written was like kissing someone through a handkerchief.

YOGI BHAJAN: He knows the romance. He looks very simple, but he is an extremely complicated person. Good.

GURUKA SINGH: Chittaa Loaa, White Hot Steel.

I am white, hot steel.

My touch burns deep.

No one can bear it.

My heart throbs anguished,

I take no notice of it.

There is nothing to say.

High thoughts awakening, vibrating in ecstasy, unexplainable.

This vibrating joy through the many tests of life never lets me fall.

The destination is far--many nights spent traveling.

Licked by the flame of God's light,

I have become that radiance and that absolute strength.

Many lonely nights I remain in my high thoughts,

Swallowing my loneliness--no one sees through me.

Inventing slander and telling lies,

They are trying to stop me.

But from the moment it started, I have been an arrow of white, hot steel.

No one else could have endured it.

In union with God watching the riot of countless colors,

Today, I found my beloved.

The dreams of night offer refuge from the sweat of the day.

Awakening, though my body heals crooked with age, still I answer the call.

My fire burns forever.

Death cannot touch it.

Dazzling, radiant self.

Sheet of pure white flame ever remains today, tomorrow, forever.

My heart beats in union with God.

Awake oh sleeping soul, swallowed in darkness.

Light illuminates instantly.

The centuries fall away.

The Karma dissolves.

The bonds are broken.

Today be filled with the light of God.

Slander is meaningless.

God ever remembers his son of white hot steel.

As the Universe is vast, so deep is my mark.

It remains forever.

Etched in the stars, endless, unspeakable melody.

These are Thy pure, white signs in heaven.

White hawk of Guru Gobind Singh,  
Infinite naad of Guru Arjan,  
These are Thy pure white signs on earth.  
Enchanting symbols of humanity's freedom.

Bondage is ended; the dead awaken.  
Young warriors rise and stretch their limbs.  
The Khalsa nation returns to carry the spirit beyond all burdens.  
They bear the indelible mark of white, hot steel.

Look, in the sky a white hawk is flying.  
Humanity's call to freedom.

YOGI BHAJAN: The other one.

GURUKA SINGH: This poem is requested by the Siri Singh Sahib about what he taught to us yesterday.

YOGI BHAJAN: Go ahead, go ahead, go ahead. I am enjoying it with closed eyes. Keep up.

GURUKA SINGH: (GM #91A)

Vechora di memo. Song of Death.

Born from the fiery forge of God,  
Out of the white, white hole,  
Caught in the swift, swift current- - impossible to control.  
Millions of creatures pouring, head- long through their lives,  
Saints and sages, yogis, seers, all are born to die.  
And death is the sacred altar- - the meaning of our days.  
So lay your head down carefully and utter words of praise.  
For faith is the only True death and Destiny is the life.  
So choose your death quite consciously, and know that it is right.

In the sweet web of corruption, many spend their days.  
Sweet, soft taste of self indulgence.  
Who do you think will pay?

Sucked into that black, black hole,  
You can't stop that head- long flight,  
It doesn't matter who you know when the sun goes down it's night.  
And death it is the altar and the meaning of our days,  
So lay your head down carefully and utter words of praise.  
For faith is the only True death and Destiny is the life.  
So choose your death quite consciously, and know that it is right.

Born through many lifetimes,  
Four holy lambs of God.  
Born to die together, dying was their job.  
Every time they came back to show us how it's done,  
And laid down their heads together at the setting of the sun.  
And death it is the altar and the meaning of our days,  
So lay your head down carefully and utter words of praise.  
For faith is the only True Death and Destiny is the life.  
So choose your death quite consciously, and know that it is right.

All you careful planners listen to this song,

Plan your death and not your life, you know you won't live long.  
But your memory may linger a shining, guiding star,  
If you feel yourself with the Holy Nam and remember who you are.

YOGI BHAJAN: Is that four right?

GURUKA SINGH: Yes, sir.

YOGI BHAJAN: There are over 108 poems which I wrote in about ten days. They have been sitting waiting to be translated. Finally we have translated them into English. Now we are translating them into poetry. These poems do contain all that one has to know from nothing to everything. And out of those one he has already recited, three more he is going to recite for you.

GURUKA SINGH: (GM #139A)

Sahej Yog. Perfect Balance.

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Keeping the seed locked, go within.

Merge with the shabad in perfect balance.

Chant, Har, Har, Har, Har.

Become unknown, unseen, formless.

Let your actions be one with the Guru's Rehet. Sitting in the realm of Truth, meditate on shabad in the realm of God.

Enlightened in the realm of Action let the Gurmantra be your worship.

Holding still, become filled with the power of God.

Khalsa.

Khalsa holds the Divine knowledge of our Akal.

Focusing at the Aganee chakra, prana flows from the navel.

Kundalini rises, Enlightened.

Disease of ego and false pride depart.

Seated on the throne of Raj Yoga the Unknown becomes Known.

By the Order of God, Rishi Dushtdameen, transformed through time and space, became Gobind.

His great gift to the Khalsa is Wahe Guru.

Chant it and be free.

Hans - - Swans

By the kindness of the True Guru we became swans.

Freed from death and ill omens, Death itself has died.

Chanting Har, Har, you are carried across.

Hearts filled with Har, Har, we become Hari.

Meditating on God's Name, God meditates on us.

The True Doer takes care of everything.

The Primal Khalsa is formed.

The Great Destiny manifests.

Singing God's praises, we become as God.

The slanderer destroy themselves.

Practicing the King of Yogas, the yogi becomes king.

Braahm Khaalaa - - Divine Power

Chant the Gurmantra and see God.

Rare is the one who knows how to do it.  
Filled with light, nectar flows.  
The man of God living rehet, lives free.  
Without the Gurmantra life is hell- - doubting and forgetting.  
Wahe Guru is the Gurmantra, the Will of the True Guru.  
Sat Nam is the Guru's jaap, chant it every day.  
Oh yogi, in this union, divine hour awakens.

YOGI BHAJAN: Good. So you are going to complete it by Summer Solstice?

GURUKA SINGH: Yes.

YOGI BHAJAN: Okay. It is good to work for better things than funny. (Looks at a gift) Gracious. It is nice.

Today we are talking to you about the face and the speed which makes us to deal with the cycle of life. Confronting the life is not necessary. It will create friction. Flowing with the life is a serious mistake without knowing the direction and the destination. Being in the life and not enjoying it is a blunder because it is a waste of the most beautiful opportunity. Life in itself is nothing but God. Searching God around it is a foolish man's paradise, and it is a false glittering gold which has nothing to do with reality. As we live, we live by the Will of God. As we act, we falsify the Will of God by our own egos. And we create a cumbersomeness around us under which weight we give ourselves and our surroundings pain. It is so impure to have the pure joy of life, and feel even for a chance or imagination that we can hurt somebody. We, who have been kicked out of the heavens just to go back home, how can we avoid tying down ourselves with the bundle of dirt and dust? Have we not seen that people who bring dirt into the living rooms of their best friends are not welcomed? We can ask, take things, in friendship people will go because they trust us. Then when not know there is mismanagement of the things given in trust, once they are damaged, not only the use of things is stopped, but our trust is gone. Anybody and everybody in the flow of life knows the touch of God. Touch of God is not a graduation, it comes through the test of life. When you see the enemies and relate to the souls and its friendship, when you see the weak and extend to uplift them, when you see the poor and share your wealth to make their day, when you get the opportunity and refuse to exploit it, when you advise others as you would do to yourself, and as you walk with pride that you are really the son or daughter of God, don't you understand that without this nobody knows what God is? The realism which we follow and which we face should not be based on our built- up wisdom but we should give the flow of God's wisdom to flow through us. Because the understanding is right within our hearts that God is everywhere and wherever we go. Nothing is matter to us and nothing will go to us. Everything is nothing but a false mirage except our own reality. When we learn to carry ourselves into safest conclusion that we are walking home and meeting the most beautiful beloved divine, and we want to sit under the shadow and shelter of the Infinite God... Don't we know the purpose of life is to give back the chance to our soul the pride of the prostitution and the persecution of the time and space, reach it back intact to its own holy home, the realm of God, the Kingdom of Divine and to the city of the Raj Yog. In essence we are essentially a part of that divine game and play. Do we not have to play to grace humor and harmony so that our lives can be lived as a memory for those who follow us? Do we have to leave behind a stinking snobbish memory of our ugliness which we do carry for the sake of our egos? Can we not avoid clashes, wars? Why do we play the game of death when it is the beautiful altar on which we have to surrender our egos. And beyond that God shall take us everywhere on the most beautiful red carpet in welcome and a majestic ground to show us what a bountiful and beautiful spring is. Where everything grows in colors and creates the joy for us. The rainbow of that solidity which happens on the sky so we can see it above us. It happens on the earth; we can feel it and live with it. It happens under the sea in the colorful things which we can not even believe exist. Look at the tropical fish; it tells you that there is no ugliness. Look at the birds flying high; they tell you height has all the meanings to it. Look at yourself; who are the conquerors of consciousness, but who cannot even relate to it.

... Let us understand once and for all that in our own flame of life is the purity and the blueness, and in the center of us is the darkness which is the symbol and significance with us that even the darkness has a place of grace with us. Let us pick the lowly and give them the openness of our hearts. Warmth, our beat of heart, to make it a music and fun for them and let us give the pulse as the song of the Divine so that each one who has no place to go has a place to go, who has nothing to eat, have the choicest foods to eat. Who has no respect and trust, finds you as vast as God is. So that you can live to the Third Guru's word, (GM #23B) Nathania nethaa(n), neotaa neot, neasaa.... dhan, dhan Guru Amar Das. We will be come the shelter of the shelterless, a place for those who have no place. Comfort for those who do not know that they can even dream of it. And grace for those who are hurt, injured, exploited and abused. Isn't all this for you? And life is nothing but just a chance to fulfill this dream in reality and action to let God know God is everywhere but lives in you. Sat Nam.

Go home and think about it.

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**11 minutes: Now breathe through the left nostril and play that "Sat Nam Ji" of Singh Kaur's, and move the navel and the left nostril with that. Play it loud.**

Oh! You are here Hari Kaur! Yesterday was your birthday. I was waiting for the cookies. (music is played) (27) **Go! rhythmically! In each beat there are three breaths to go. Go by the beat, the beat is of the navel. Navel**

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**Does anybody know Spanish? Oh, yes, you come. Read this, it is something in Spanish.**

You feel okay? Oh, good.

STUDENT: (Translating to English)

YOGI BHAJAN: Now speak in Spanish. You can't speak in English.(41,17)

STUDENT: In Spanish? (Student reads in Spanish) And this is your card, sir. Your "carnet" they call it. And you keep this in your pocket to show people that you are a Maestro...

YOGI BHAJAN: Read this.

STUDENT: It says, "In love and gratitude to you, sir, for the horizons that you have opened up to me. Humbly your daughter, Guru Dass Kaur Khalsa.

YOGI BHAJAN: Good. Now read this.

STUDENT: I know you love me, I know you care, I thank you for always being there. Happy birthday. Lungar at Guru Ram Das Ashram after class, Humbly, Daya Kaur.

YOGI BHAJAN: You can't sing Happy Birthday. (class sings) And in honor of that a most beloved, very sweet little thing who has suffered with me, who has lived with me, who has gone through the slander and the joy and the praise and the guard and the demons, whatever, will now sing a beautiful. I'll ask by her own right, Narinjin Kaur Khalsa to sing the song, "Oh Mean, Mean

whatever she sings. That is nice. I feel like... After that a song will be followed by the blackest, charcoal, over burnt and bleach seasoned Krishna, the Empress, regal of my heart, so I am going to do that and something else I have reserved. (End of tape)