

being the Jagat Guru, belongs to all, the whole universe. The love and mercy of a Prophet, a Messiah, a Jagat Guru is impartial, it knows no difference. It showers like rain on all alike. When Pandits of Kashmir, subjected to untold persecution and tyranny, approached Sri Guru Teg Bahadur Sahib for protection, the most compassionate Sri Guru had shown an unexampled mercy characteristic of the House of Guru Nanak. "Whosoever seeks the shelter of the Lord, Lord clasps him to his bosom. That is the unique way, the great attribute of the Lord." Sri Guru Teg Bahadur Sahib at that time said, "Supreme Sacrifice by a 'Mahan Pursh' was the need of the hour". The Divine Child (Guru Gobind Singh) had then said, "There is no greater 'Mahan Pursh' than Sri Guru Teg Bahadur Sahib." It is out of compassion, out of love for suffering humanity that God Himself incarnates in the world. The intensity of this compassion, the uniqueness of this Love-force flowing from the Saviour to His suffering children, was witnessed, with awe and reverence, by suffering humanity, in the form of Sri Guru Teg Bahadur Sahib. Real feeling of love means total sacrifice for the sake of the beloved. Love of God expresses itself in taking upon him self the sufferings of His Children, His Creation. God is love and Love is God. Note: Photo on inner page Gurdwara Sis Ganj Sahib Delhi Top Photo - Gurdwara Rakab Ganj Sahib Delhi

### Shahid Baba Deep Singhji (Baba Ji's Shahidi Diwas is on 13<sup>th</sup> November)



On hearing about the desecration of Harmandir Sahib by Jahan Khan, 80 years old Baba Deep Singh, decided to free the Harmandir Sahib. Many brave Sikhs responded to his call and joined him at Damdama Sahib. Baba Deep Singh drew a line with his Khanda, and addressed the Sikhs, "Only those should cross this line who are prepared to die and not turn their backs in the battlefield." 500 Sikhs crossed over and marched towards Amritsar under Baba Ji's command. Many more joined them on the way and by the time they reached Taran Taran Sahib, their number had swelled to 5,000. Five miles from Amritsar, Jahan Khan

commanding an army of 20,000 soldiers confronted Sikhs. The Sikhs fought with such bravery that Jahan Khan's army ran for their lives. After this victory, the Sikh forces arrived at Ramsar. There Amman Khan a Mughal General surged forward to attack Baba Deep Singh, but Baba Ji felled him to ground with a single blow of his 'Khanda'. However Amman Khan also managed to inflict a severe cut on Baba Ji's neck. On being reminded of his resolve to lay down his life at Harimandir Sahib, Baba Ji held his severed head with one hand and continued to fight. Finally Baba Ji breathed his last at the edge of the sacred tank.

### Guru Nanak Dev Ji's Parkash Purab Celebration

Arambh Akhand Path	5.00am	27.11.2015
Bhog Akhand Path	8.00am Keertan till 12.00 pm & langar	29.11.2015

### GURPURABS & PROGRAMME November 2014

Bandi Chod Diwas (Evening prog. 6.30 to 8.30pm)	11-11-2015
Parkash Guru Nanak Dev Ji	25-11-2015
Gurgaddi Guru Gobind Singh Ji (Sunday Prog. 24 Nov.)	24-11-2015
Shahidi Guru Teg Bahadur Ji (Sunday Prog. 24 Nov.)	24-11-2015

**Bhai Lakhwinder Singh Ji (Hazoori Ragi Sri Darbar Sahib)** is visiting Perth from 11<sup>th</sup> Nov. 2015 for 2 weeks. Kindly note details from the prog. posters displayed at both Gurdwara Sahibs

### Monthly Youth Programme

On first Friday of every month a Youth Kirtan Programme is held at Gurdwara Sahib from 6 -8 PM.



# Nit Chardi Kala

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## Greetings on the Parkash Purab of Guru Nanak Dev Ji

Sikh history originates from Nankana Sahib. Guru Nanak Devji, was born here in 1469. The name of the place at that time was Rai Bhoi di Talwandi. The landlord contemporary of Guru Nanak Dev was Rai Bular, who himself became a devotee of the Guru. It was renamed Nankana after Guruji. It is located about 75 kilometers west-southwest of Lahore. There are several shrines connected with the memory of Guruji's childhood and early youth here. Later Guru Arjan Devji and Guru Hargobind Sahib also visited Nankana Sahib and a Gurdwara was also raised subsequently in their honor. Gurdwara Sahib had to be abandoned in the aftermath of the Partition in 1947. These are now looked after by the Government of Pakistan.

**United Sikh Volunteers Australia - Sikh Sewaks Australia**

## Huge blessing in small virtues

**Maj Gen SPS Narang (Retd)** -The Dehradun-based writer teaches at a university post-retirement

Like a large percentage of secular Indians, I am deeply anguished at the lynching of Akhlaq in front of his family in Dadri recently. The murderers, probably with political patronage or following the diktats of some



fundamentalist organisation, shred the secular fibre of our country. It is against this backdrop that I have an incident to share which may awaken the conscience of some of my fellow men. The incident goes back to nearly a year, and even now evokes poignancy in my heart. Last November, I was driving back to Dehradun from Chandigarh — a fascinating four-hour journey, with the added attraction of visiting Paonta Sahib Gurdwara. I had to break on the

way to give myself and my car some rest. And what better than entering the abode of the Guru. Besides the soothing kirtan, it is the langar that one savours, seated on the floor among a multitude of people from all walks of life. Some partake of all meals as they have no means to satiate their hunger. Breaking bread with them gives an indescribable spiritual high, and to experience this, one doesn't have to belong to any one religion. I, too, enjoyed the langar and came out to get on with my journey. I stopped to buy some knick-knacks from a kiosk outside the gurdwara. Just then, I spotted a family of Gujjars (Muslims nomads who rear cattle in semi mountains and sell milk), in an intent discussion in front of a tea vendor. The family comprised an elderly couple, two middle-aged couples and four children. Three women were partially veiled. They seemed poor as the eldest gentleman (probably the father) counted coins and some crumpled notes. Undoubtedly, the issue was how much they could afford to buy. They asked for three cups of tea and four samosas (popular Indian snack). Gathering courage, I asked him, "Kya aap sab khana khayenge?" (would you all like to have food!!) They looked at one another with a mix of surprise, apprehension and a hurt self-respect. There was silence. Sometimes, silence can be loud. The innocent eyes of the kids were filled with hope. "Hum kha ke aaaye hain," (we have eaten already) he responded. There was an instant retort, "Kahan khayaa hai subeh se kuch bhi, Abba?" (we have not eaten anything since morning, Papa!!). Hearing that, a dull ache in my chest caught me by surprise. The stern look in the eyes of the three men and the pleading moist eyes of the women said it all. I insisted that they come with me. They agreed, reluctantly. We entered the gurdwara (Sikh Temple of God). A good feeling descended over me as I deposited their shoes at the jora ghar (Shoe deposit room in all Gurdwaras). The elders were awed by the architectural marvel. However, there was fear in their eyes, which was understandable. They were entering a non-Islamic place of worship for the first time. But the children couldn't care less, their innocent faces single-mindedly focused on food. Some onlookers flashed strange looks from the corner of their eyes. But then I followed the children, adopting their easy attitude as they excitedly chose head wraps of different colours. (everyone is supposed to cover their heads inside a Gurdwara). Except for the eldest member, all accompanied me inside, and emulating me, bowed their heads and touched their forehead to the floor. Many others must have noticed, as I did, that these children went through this ritual with utmost reverence. They took Parshad (offering) from the Bhajji (The Priest) who asked them if they needed more. The children gladly nodded. We entered the Langar Hall and I took the kids along to collect thalis (plates). They did it with joy, like only kids would. Seated opposite us was a newly-married couple. The bride, with red bangles accentuating her charm, asked the children to sit beside her, and two of them sat between them. The way she was looking after them, I could tell she would

make a loving mother. Langar was served, and though I had already eaten, I ate a little to make my guests comfortable. One had to see to believe how they relished it. The initial apprehension had vanished and they ate to their fill. I have no words to describe the joy I experienced. We had nearly finished when an elderly Sikh and a youth with flowing beard (perhaps the head granthi and sewadar-helper) sought me out. I was overcome by fear, and more than me, my guests were scared. I walked up to them with folded hands. He enquired, "Inhaan nu tusi le ke aaye ho? (Have you brought them in?)." I nodded. The next question had me baffled, "Tusi har din path karde ho? (Do you say prayers every day?)." I almost blurted "yes", but it would have been a lie. So, with utmost humility I said "no". Expecting an admonishment, he surprised me, "Tuhaanu tha koi lorh hi nahin. Aj tuhaanu sab kuch mil gaya hai ji (You don't need to. Today you have got everything)." I was flabbergasted. Was it advice or sarcasm? He added, "Inha nu Babbe de ghar lya ke te langar shaka ke tusi sab kuch paa laya. Tuhaada dhanwad. Assi dhan ho gaye (By bringing them to the Guru's abode for langar, you've got everything from God. Thank you. We are blessed)." Then, with folded hands, he walked up to the elderly couple and requested them, "Aap jad bhi idhar aao to langar kha ke jaaiye. Yeh to uparwale da diya hai ji (Whenever you happen to pass through here, please come and have food. It is God's gift)." I escorted my guests out of the Langar Hall. Just as we were about to pick our footwear, one of the children said, "Humme aur halwa do naa." (Get us some more sweet offering). We five went in to get more parshad. Finally, as they were about to depart, the elderly lady whispered to her husband. I enquired, "Koi baat, Miyaji?" (is there any problem, Mian Ji!! Almost pleadingly, he said, "Yeh keh rahin ki, kya aap ke sar par haath rakh sakti hain? (She is saying, can she keep my hand on my head)!! I bowed as she blessed me with tears in her eyes. A wave of emotions swept over me. Is it my imagination, or for real, that I often feel the beautiful hand of a Muslim lady, wrapped in purity and love, on my head?

### **Martyrdom of Sri Guru Teg Bahadur Sahib (24<sup>th</sup> Nov.)**

*O Lord, the world is on fire, save it by showering your grace. Save it by whichever way it can be saved."* This is Sri Guru Amar Das Ji's prayer to the Lord for the deliverance of the world and means:

Guru means Enlightener and Jagat Guru means the Enlightener of the world. Whenever Jagat Guru incarnates, the purpose is two-fold, to establish the Glory of God and to restore the Glory of Man. Jagat



Guru prays for the redemption of the whole of mankind. His prayer is not confined to a single community, a nation or a country. It knows no man-made barriers of colour, caste, and creed and geographical limitations. It is universal and all-embracing. The Third Nanak, Sri Guru Amar Das Ji beseeches the Almighty to save the World on Fire. Then the Fifth Nanak, in the Form of Guru Arjan Sits On Fire And Through His Grace Saves The World. Then again arose a holy demand of a supreme sacrifice by a great Maha Purash. And the Divine Child (Guru Gobind Singh) the Tenth Nanak says:

**"There is no Greater Maha Purash Than Guru Teg Bahadur"** And so Nanak The Ninth sets out for the Greatest "sacrifice" of All Times. *When the Almighty manifests himself in human form, he takes the whole human race in His loving Embrace. This God like warmth of the Divine Incarnate flows out to the whole creation and yearns for universal welfare and redemption. This Nectar of Grace and Love flowed from the Beneficent, All Loving Guru Teg Bahadur (Guru Nanak - The Ninth) to 500 Pandits of Kashmir and through them to a whole religion, a whole nation. Sri Guru Teg Bahadur Sahib's sacrifice for the pandits of Kashmir has to be viewed in this context. He,*