

## Sant Kirpal Singh's military life

By Sant Kirpal Singh, February 13, 1971, morning darsha at Dehra Dun



Sant Kirpal Singh, Dehra Dun

I was once attached as an accounts officer to the military service unit. The regiment was ordered to proceed to a field of action. Orders were issued: "Tomorrow morning at such and such time – start!" That place to where we had to move was about thirty miles distance. I said to the adjutant in charge of the conveyance sector, the quartermaster, "I am a civilian attached to the military; this is only an attached position; I am given a corresponding rank for convenience's sake. Will you please arrange for my con-

veyance to the lines?" They were very petrified of me I tell you. Why? Because I am very honest. I ordered all they wanted. "All right you may have rations from here, but, I am getting my rations and milk from outside stores." (Sant Kirpal Singh arranged for his own supplies, paying for them himself.)

The day before we had to move, I asked the quartermaster whether he had arranged for my conveyance. He said, "Did you ask the command-

ing officer?" I went to him. "As you know, we are civilians attached to the military, at your orders. So whatever rank we are given is given only for convenience's sake. Because we are not accustomed to this hardship of military life, please arrange for conveyance" But he also said, "No, no. I will go on foot." He was the Colonel in charge. "I will go on foot! All others will go on foot! Why can't you go on foot?" Well I told him, "If you want to inquire from my office in Delhi about this you can phone and ask them. I am not asking any favor from you." "No. No. No. All will go on foot." This was the commanding officer, "I order!" "Well dear friend," I replied, "If you can't arrange for my conveyance, I will have to do so myself." All were shocked, "Oh my Lord! He is replying to the Colonel like that! What will happen to him now?" The military are very strict; they were probably thinking that I would be court-martialed! But later the Colonel came around to my quarters where I was taking food. He knocked and said, "I have arranged for your conveyance." "All right, thank you," I said.

I had that assignment for about nine months. For three months of that time we were at the firing line. There was one military line; all were ordered not to transcend, because beyond it was the enemy. During the day, I would leave the border and cross it and go there for my meditation. That was about in 1921. I was reported, "A military man is crossing the border without permission and the enemy doesn't harm him." I meditated for three months like that at the firing line: bombs falling, cannons booming, machine guns going just like wheat being roasted in sand, popping everywhere: I was unharmed. There were sometimes old men who brought their families and saw me: "Very strange man. He is an accounts

officer," they would whisper.

Once it so happened, there was a man who was reading the Scriptures in the quarters, a very harmless thing. But the man in charge over there said, "Well, look here, you cannot read the Scriptures in here." That man came up to me quietly, "Should I report him? .... No, no – there may be something said in the military law about this." So military law is very strict, you see. When anybody orders, "Fire." Fire! You are not to question the order; what can you do? It is the job of the officer to give the orders. If he says, "Fire!"; you have to fire. Why are you afraid of death? If death has to come, it has to come. Why are you afraid of it.

In the regiment, there was a dacoit; very dreadful, I tell you. He liked me and sometimes followed me as my bodyguard. He said he was afraid of me. I told him, "Everybody is afraid of you and you say you are afraid of me?" He said, "When I look at you I start trembling; my past sins come to life." I asked him, "Why? What happened?" He said, "I have tormented so many people. Killed them, like that. How many I killed, the exact number, I don't remember. Is there any hope for me?" "Yes, there is hope for everybody. There is hope for even the worst sinner. Repent. Pray. Do no more."

So you see, in my time, military life was generally a very hard life. There was so much hard training going on.