

# *The Religion of ♥ Love*

## *Answers*

*The Teachings of Mother Rytasha*  
*The Angel of Bengal*



*Mother Rytasha*

RELIGION  
THE WORD RELIGION, AS USED IN,  
THE TEACHINGS OF MOTHER RYTASHA  
IS TO BE UNDERSTOOD  
IN ITS ORIGINAL MEANING,

RE - AGAIN  
LIGIO - TO LINK

RELIGION – THE PROCESS AND PRACTICES  
BY WHICH ONE CAN COME AGAIN TO GOD.

Now there came a time when The Religion of Love was much spoken of among the people. In every town and village was The Religion of Love known, so that the elders of the established religions of the land, said, "Let us hear of this new doctrine, that we may judge for ourselves." And they called her to them that they might question her. And willingly she went, for she knew no fear, as she accounted them to be men of God. And they too came with good will, for they wished only to understand.

And at the meeting every religion was represented by their leaders and elders, wise and learned men. And there was a multitude of on-lookers, all so crowded together that some climbed up into the trees and many sat upon the roofs of houses, that they might see the one the people call, The Angel of Bengal. And at the appointed hour she appeared, walking barefoot down the dusty path, with some few disciples, to stand humbly before those there assembled. And she did answer all on The Religion of Love.

And the first to speak was the senior most man, well known as a scholar of prodigious learning. "We have heard much of The Religion of Love," he said, "and studied in depth and detail that which you teach. Those who are enlightened," he continued, "have compared the different religions to rivers, saying, as all rivers reach their same goal in the same sea, so too do all religions reach their same goal in the same One God. So we ask of you. Is The Religion of Love to be as another river? And if not, what then are you?" And to this, their first question, she answered them, saying simply, "**If, as you say, religions are as rivers, then we are as water.**"

Then another came forward, and he too, a man much respected. And he had three questions. And these three questions had always tried much the minds of men and caused great dissent even among those there assembled. And the first question he asked of her was, "In The Religion of Love, it is said that there is One God with unlimited names. This, we fear, to be the cause of conflict and confusion, for the people are often led to believe that in having a different name for God, they have a different God. So now we ask of you, to tell to us, **which then is The One True Name of God.**" And she answered him, by asking him, "If your mother calls you son, and your wife calls you husband, and your child calls you father, I now ask of you, to tell to us which then is the one true name." And he answered, "All." And, "Yes," she said. "**All.**"

Then he asked the second of the three questions, saying, "In The Religion of Love, you teach, that there is One God, and still say that God is present everywhere. How are we to understand that The One can appear as many?" And she pointed at the moon, which was by now riding high in the sky, and said, "Tonight the sky is clear and the full moon bright. In every pond and puddle in this village will the moon appear. If the moon, which is nothing but a cold stone, suspended in the night sky, can be one, but appear as many, how much more is possible of The One who created the moon, the stars, and the sky."

And for last, the most difficult question, he asked of her, "Does God have form? Or is God formless? Is God masculine or feminine?" And no sooner had he asked, then heated arguments erupted among those there gathered. Until a voice was heard shouting sharply in the crowd, "Be quiet! Let her answer!" And she did answer, saying, "**God is complete. Having form and being formless. Masculine and feminine is God. God is experienced in the taste you most desire.**" And seeing their confusion she cautioned them, "**Do not think the mind can measure out God as material is measured out. God is not as a piece of cloth that can be cut to fit the mind of man.**"

And there was a politician in the crowd, who now wished to speak, and as he was powerful and popular with the people, it was allowed. "I am told," he said to her, "that you are known for the stories you tell. Is there a story that will bring peace to the world? For too many times has the world gone to war to achieve peace, yet peace is not accomplished." And she answered him, "**Peace will never be achieved by war.**" And to please him, told this story, that he might understand, that **we need not change the world, only ourselves, for peace to come,** saying, "A long time ago, in a far off land, lived a princess, a ruler, just and wise. Now this princess liked nothing better than to walk among the people, so that knowing the lives they lived, she might rule them well. As this princess had always lived in palaces and never walked on anything but the softest silk carpets her feet were very delicate. In those days, in that land, all went barefoot, so that when the princess went to walk among the people, the rough ground bruised her feet so badly, soon she could not go out at all."

"So she called her ministers, that they might solve this problem. And they thought and thought, till finally they came up with a solution. 'Simple!' they said. 'We will carpet the whole country!' Now when the princess heard this, she became furious. 'What!' she said. 'Is this how you plan to empty the treasury and waste the peoples' money?' 'There is another plan,' said The Prime Minister, the most intelligent of all. 'We could just cover the bottom of your feet with carpet. Then wherever you step will be soft.' And with this was the story finished. For the politician had found the lesson hidden in the tale. "Yes," repeated the politician thoughtfully. **"We need not change the world, only ourselves, for peace to come."**

And all sat in silence, thinking on this when suddenly a man burst through the crowd shouting insults at her. And his words were so rough and so rude, many on hearing became ashamed. And all were shocked and some tried to restrain him, but he would not be silenced. And she called him to come to her. Then the people feared for her life, for he was known to be a dangerous man, a religious fanatic, trained up in hatred, a killer of anything he could not understand. And he came up and stood close before her. And she looked at him with Love, and asked of him, "Tell me, what is it you desire?" And she placed her hand upon his heart. And at her touch, all the anger went out of him. "My desire," he began, and his voice choked with emotion, and leaning closer he whispered, "I have no desire but God." And she blessed him, saying, "Your desire is fulfilled." And she called him brother and he went into the disciples and was comforted.

Then came forward an elder of the congregation, a man much Loved for his kindness and compassion. "We have all read," he said, "Your teachings of **ONE GOD - ONE RELIGION** and all agree, if there is to be one religion, that religion will be The Religion of Love."

"Now we wish to ask you to speak on **The Messengers of God**. To every people," he said, "God has sent a messenger. And every religion honors its own messengers above all others. This has been the cause of great dissent and division in the world."

"The Religion of Love honors all the messengers of God," she said, "and also says, that **those who argue over The Messengers of God, have not understood The Message of God**. It is the teaching of The Religion of Love that all are meant to bring the message of God."

And when those there gathered heard these words, they were horrified, and asked each other, "Did she say all are as the messenger of God?" And one old man wagged a gnarled finger in her face, and sneered, "So you think any common man equal to a prophet! That anyone will be given the gift of the words only the angels and the prophets knew?" And she answered, "Why do you worry so on words? What a man is will speak more eloquently than any words." And another said, "Do you really mean to say anyone could bring the message of God?" "Not anyone," she answered, "everyone!"

And this was more than they could bear, for they thought she meant to insult their prophets. And a man who came only to stir up trouble took this opportunity and began shouting wildly, "She insults our prophets! She insults our God!" And his face twisted into itself. And he tried to incite all to violence, screaming, "She is a destroyer of religion! For this must she die!!" But she would not be drawn and said mildly, "I do not wish to insult anyone. Only those who wish to be insulted will be insulted." And still they raged against her. And some spat on her and some wanted to strike her. But the kindly old man stood between her and them and raised his arms, saying, "Brothers, brothers! Be calm. Let her explain." And he turned again to her that he might ask, "Do you mean to say, anyone? Anyone is equal to the prophets of God? That anyone could be the messenger of God?" "No," she said, "**not The Messenger of God. The Message of God.**"

And all were given to understand that in The Religion of Love there is no insult to any religion, or to any of the messengers of God. That all are respected and revered. And so peace was restored.

And the next question asked was of **austerities**, saying, "In all religions are there things that must be given up." And so they questioned her. "What do those who follow The Religion of Love give up?" And she answered them, "**What is given up is illusion. Our practice is Love, through the giving up of everything that is not of Love.**"

And there was a younger man who said, "You speak of giving up illusion as a practice of religion? It seems to me that religion is nothing but illusion. When we ask questions of those who preach religion, instead of facts, we are told to have faith. Are we to be made foolish, by being expected to believe in that which is clearly unbelievable! If there was a religion about truth and not illusion," he said, "That one would I follow with all of my heart!"

And she said, "Religion is about truth. But the truth can be so twisted, till it is turned into a lie." And she explained, by saying, "A sick man went to a Physician and he was skin and bones and shaking with weakness. And the Physician said to him, 'Eat and gain weight.' Later another man went to this same good Doctor and he was so fat his heart was strained. And the same Doctor said, 'Don't eat and lose weight.' Now if you are told only what the Doctor said, what would you think?" And this gave him understanding, and so he said, "It's no wonder I find no truth in what is said, for they preach in part, to make the scriptures say what they would have us hear!" "The fault then," she said, "is not in the teachings but in the teachers." And he agreed. "Then in whom is the truth to be found?" he asked. And she reassured him. "In you, will the truth be found," she said. "Just as you knew what was false, so too will you know what is true. **No one can teach the truth to you. They may only remind you of what you already know in your heart to be true.**"

Then a man, pious by reputation, asked that he might speak, and said to her, "Since childhood, I have been taught to follow faithfully the practices of my religion. And I have followed blindly in all the traditions as did my father and his father before him, never thinking at all. But today, in hearing you, for the first time I began to question all that I do. There are so many rules and regulations, and I don't always even know why we do the things we do. Please advise us. Is there a single simple rule, easy for all to understand on what things to give up and what things to take up, that a man may enter Paradise?" And she said, "The teaching is, **anything that helps you to enter into Paradise - take up! And anything that is an obstacle to Paradise - give up!**"

Next came a man known for his generosity to the poor. And he spoke these words. "You have said, '**Charity is God's Love made concrete.**' And we know of the wonderful work that is done for the poorest of the poor. And we too believe in the giving of **charity** as part of our religious duty." But one did not agree. "I have studied the law," he said, "And believe I have understanding. The law states quite clearly that if we do good, good will be returned to us. And if we do evil, the evil we do, will also be returned back to us. So it seems to me that the poor, and those who suffer, have committed some crime and are only getting the justice they deserve."

And hearing him, she said, "Your knowledge is correct, but incomplete. The law of which you speak is meant to judge, giving reward and punishment, as is deserved. But there is another, higher law." And he was puzzled, and so asked, "Of what do you speak?" "I speak of mercy," she said. And asked, "Do you not know the scriptures wherein every line and dot and mark tells us of the mercy of God?" And well he knew, and answered, "Yes, all know of the mercy of God, and all hope on it." "Then know this too," she said. "**That Charity, is as The Mercy of God, which is given unconditionally, not that we might judge another, but that we might Love each other.**"

And one said, "You teach that the greatest charity is the giving of spiritual knowledge, saying, '**Material help can only make the prisoner more comfortable in the prison. That in spiritual knowledge is the key which can set him free.**' Why then, give any material help at all?" And her answer was to him, "Even the criminal in the prison house is given food." Then he said, "We are also in the prison house, which I believe to be of our own making. I remember a story you once told of a bear named Maurice." And hearing this, a murmur went through the crowd. "Tell us the story," they said. So she sat down with them and told them the story that she had learned from Lalita.

"One day," it began, "Some of the children went to visit the zoo. It was a beautiful zoo, where the animals had extensive grounds to run and play, and were only separated from their visitors by a high wall. All the animals lived happily in their spacious parks."

"All, but one. A bear by the name of Maurice. Maurice didn't run and play. Maurice didn't swim in his stream, nor climb his trees. He only paced up and down in one small space. When the children asked the Zoo Keeper, what was wrong with Maurice the Bear, he explained, that when just a baby bear, Maurice had been captured and put into a small cage. All of his life he had been kept in a small cage. And though he was now free to run and play, he could not break his habit of thinking he was still in a small cage and so, still he paced up and down in one small space."

And when she had finished, one asked of her, "Is the meaning of the story, that **we are free and the only jail is in our mind?**" "Yes," she said. "**And have you come to set us free?**" asked another. "**Yes,**" she said. "**That is our Charity.**"

Then one said, "Speak to us of **prayer.**" And another said, "I pray for help when trouble comes." And one said, "I pray for wealth." "I prayed for a son." "And I for a wife." "And I for health." And one said, "I pray in a language I do not understand, so I do not even know what it is I pray for." And he laughed at his own foolishness. And all laughed with him. One after another they spoke of prayer, and what they had asked of God. Till the first to speak, turned to her, and asked, "In The Religion of Love, what is the practice and what is it you pray for?" "**Our practice,**" she answered, "**Is The Chanting of The Holy Names of God. In this way, do we call out to God and ask of Him, not for anything of this world, for God well knows our needs. We ask only for God Himself.**"

Then they said, "Speak more to us on prayer." And so she said, "**Prayer is speaking to God.**" And all agreed. "There are many ways to pray and many kinds of prayers. The prayer you have spoken of here is prayer in the knowledge that whatever we ask of God, God has the power to give to us." And all agreed again. And they asked, "Speak more deeply on this." So she said, "**It is not only the words you speak that God hears, but every thought you think. Our thoughts are not secret, but are messages sent out to the universe in search of God. Know this, that whatever is strongly in your mind is called to you, and will surely come to you.**"

And they asked of her, "Is there a story to teach on this?" And there was, and so she said, "There was a wise old man. And he had a small grandson whom he Loved very much. Every evening at sunset, the old man and the little boy would walk in the fields together. And as they walked, they would talk. One evening the child said to the old man, 'Grandfather, sometimes I feel as if there are two wolves fighting inside my head. One wolf is all my good thoughts. And the other wolf is all my bad thoughts.' 'Yes?' said the old man. 'And which one do you think will win?' 'The one I feed,' replied the child."

And there was a man, newly returned from a holy pilgrimage, who asked that she now speak on **the pilgrimage** of The Religion of Love. And she answered him. "We too are on a holy pilgrimage. Though **it is not in the going out,**" she said, "**but in the going within that our pilgrimage is made.**"

Then he also said, "On pilgrimage, we meet with those who are of the same religion, who pray as we pray and who believe as we believe. These we know to be as our brothers and sisters. We are connected because we are alike." Then she said also, "**In The Religion of Love, we know everyone to be as our brothers and sisters. For are we not all the children of the same One God? We are not connected because we are alike, but because we are in Love.**"

The last to speak was one who came only to hear. And this he said to her, "I have listened with care to all that has been said, and I, and all gathered, have found it most excellent. Truth has been spoken tonight for the benefit of all. We have heard of **The One God and The Messengers of God. Of Austerities and Charity, Prayer and The Pilgrimage. The very foundations of Religion.** And all the things here spoken of, I do. All that has been required of me by God, that have I done. Yet still do I wander in darkness, so that my soul cries out to God, how long O' Lord must I wait for You!" And he broke down and sobbed.

And seeing him so cast down, she took pity on him and said, "**Just as there is a time between seed and harvest, so too, is there a trial by time in the faith of man. But know that though nothing may appear to be happening, you are happening.** When the time is right," she promised him, "God will come."

And for him and for all who wait, she told this tale. And this, the story of The Courtesan and The Monk, was to be the last story that she would tell on that night, when all gathered together to hear of The Religion of Love.

"In a city," she said, "There lived a Courtesan and her beauty was so great, it was said that even the jewels she wore were jealous of her. She was kept in a mansion of ivory and onyx by the richest men in the area. One day, as she passed by the gates of the city, she came upon a young monk. There was a beauty in him and a purity, such as she had never before seen in any face. He was young and his limbs strong and straight. Simply in the seeing, did she desire him, and so invited him, saying, 'Come to me tonight.' And she so entreated him, until finally he agreed, promising, 'I will come to you, when the time is right.' But he did not come. And again and again, she sought him out, for great was her desire. And again and again he promised her, 'When the time is right I will come to you.' But he never did."

"Then was she caught by a terrible disease, that ravaged her body and ruined her beauty. The men who had once desired her, now shunned her, and they threw her out into the streets to wander like a dog, begging scraps of food. Ill and starving, she fell down dying onto the cold stone street. Then she felt strong arms around her and gentle hands soothing her body with a healing ointment. And for the first time in her life she knew what it had felt like to be Loved; and to Love. As it was in the dark night she could not see, and so asked of the one who held her, 'Who are you?' And a voice answered her, tenderly, 'I am the young monk, you met by the gates of the city. I, who always promised I would come to you when the time was right.

**The time is right."**



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