

The Religion of ♥ *Love*

LOST ILLUSIONS

The Teachings of Mother Rytasha



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.





Last Illusions



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Thank you
for the help with this book to:

Hassan Ali

Timothy Joseph





Lost Illusions

*The Teachings of Mother Rytasha
The Angel of Bengal*

Produced

by

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Last Illusions

One winter's day, when the sun, a silver disc hung in a milk white sky, a disciple came to the spiritual master, the one the people call the Angel of Bengal, and sitting on the floor at her feet spoke of suffering.





“Even as a child,” began the disciple to the master, “I never felt at ease in the world. And no matter how hard I tried, and I did try, somehow I never really fit in.” “Because,” said the master to the disciple, “you were as a duck born into a world of chickens,” explaining, “It is common custom in the East to take a ducks egg and put it under a chicken to hatch. Now when the duckling is hatched, the hen takes the duckling as one of her own. So the duck grows up among chickens, thinking it’s a chicken, and does whatever chickens do, until one

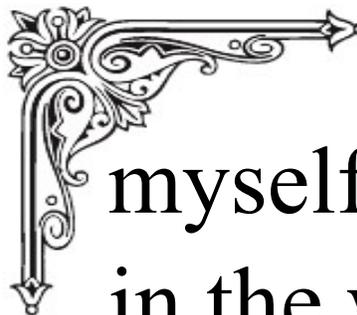




day, as the chickens all walk along the bank of a pond, the duck has an irresistible urge, and running towards the water, jumps in. The chickens on the bank do everything they can to stop him, for it is well known that chickens can't swim. For the first time in its life, though, the duck feels at home, and happily paddles in the pond. Soon the duck meets another duck and will realize who he truly is, and in time the duck will fly high into the sky. “

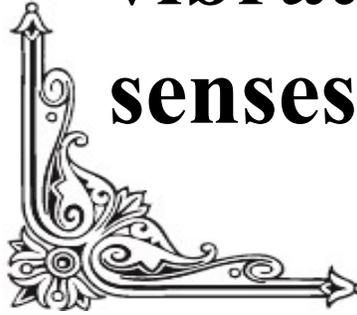
“Yes!” said the disciple to the master, “How perfectly do you explain





myself to me. I also never felt at ease in the world until meeting the devotees, and entering spiritual life. It was only in the reading of the holy books of The Religion of Love that all my questions were answered, and in becoming your disciple did I find my life's true purpose.”

So it was that I rose early each morning before the world wakes, and struggling to control my mind, I practiced mantra meditation, for **in the hearing of the spiritual sound vibration of God's Holy Name, the senses become purified and my vi-**





sion of the world clarified, so that soon I saw that the world and worldly pleasures, being both limited and temporary, were worthless to me.

Because of this, have I lost all ambition for name and fame, all desire for anything of this world. So now I suffer, for I am as one who has died alive, yet still walks in the land of the living.”

“It is not you who have died,” said the master to the disciple, **“It is your illusions that have died.”** And to reassure him that the loss of illusions was indeed a sign of progress on the

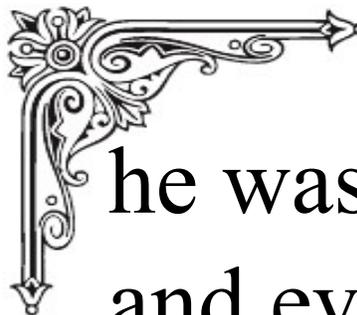




path to God, said, “**the Caterpillar in the dark of the cocoon sees death. The one in wisdom sees the becoming of a butterfly.** Then did the master tell this story of the emperor and the holy man.

“Long, long, long ago, in a far, far, far away land,” began the master, “there lived an emperor who’s empire was so vast, it covered not only countries, but continents. And though this emperor was powerful, and with wealth beyond imagining, he, like most, searched for happiness. Being so rich, and so powerful,





he was able to indulge in anything and everything the world had to offer. But after many years the emperor grew frustrated in his search for happiness, for he found that nothing brought him a happiness that lasted. One day when speaking with the wisest of his counselors, the emperor voiced his frustration, asking, “Is there nothing in this world that can give me a happiness that lasts, that is unlimited, and ever increasing?”

“Sire, what you seek,” said the counselor to the emperor, “is not to be found in this world. Only in the spir-



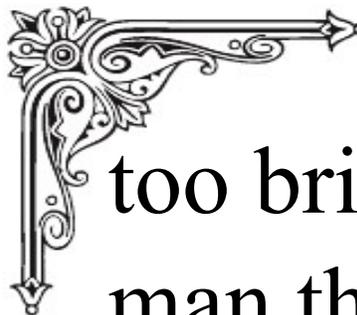


itual world will your desire be fulfilled. And only with God.”

It was just at that time that a holy man of great renown was said to be passing by the palace, and the emperor hearing of this, commanded he be brought before him.

This being done, the emperor asked of the holy man, “can you show God to me?” “I can show you how to see God,” replied the holy man. “Let it be done,” commanded the emperor. The holy man then told the emperor to stare at the sun. The emperor tried, but quickly said, “I cannot. It is





too bright. It blinds me.” The holy man then taught, “if you cannot look upon the sun, which is only a tiny spark of the splendor of the Lord, how can you expect to look upon the Lord. **Only one with vision freed from illusion by spiritual practices may see what the eye cannot see and so look upon the Lord in Love.**”

Then did the master to the disciple say, “It is your false illusions that are dying. You are not dying, but being born.” And the disciple reassured and the problem of the loss of illu-





sions solved for him, then did the disciple speak of another problem, but before he began and before he would finish, the master had understanding, and so said, “You who are traveling on The Path Made Straight to come again to God are being tested because of your suffering. There is a crossing before you, and you must choose which one of three paths you will now take.” And the disciple asked of the master to tell of these, that he might choose in knowledge. “The first,” said the master to the disciple, “Leads back





into the world, the giving up of all your spiritual practices to try to enjoy the life of the world.”

“Impossible!” said the disciple to the master, “I have traveled too far from life’s illusions to live as the duck who pretends to be a chicken!” Then asked the disciple of another path, and was told, “This path is **for those who take religion as a profession that they may gain power, wealth, and worship, for themselves. Being far from God, they are far from Love.**” “Never!” said the disciple, “these have been the ruin of religion!”



That, I cannot do!” “Your last choice then,” said the master to the disciple, “is to continue **going forward on the path to God, as many saints have done before you, to know what the mind cannot know, to see what the eye cannot see.**” “Yes!” exclaimed the disciple to the master, “This path, for me, though difficult, is the way of my heart, though I know not why it so attracts me, nor could I explain it to anyone else.” So the master explained it for him, saying simply, **“as a duck is attracted to the water, so too is the soul at-**



tracted to the spiritual and cannot rest until it rests again with God.”

Then this, the one last question, did the disciple ask the master. “If all things are possible with God, and I believe it to be so, why must we struggle in the darkness? Why does not God just lift us to the light?” And the master answered in this way.

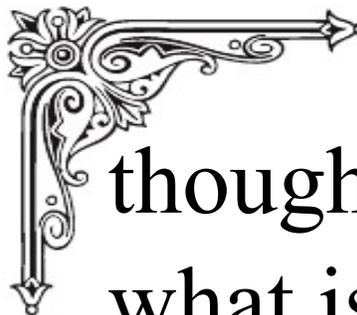
“There was a science class,” said the master to the disciple, “and one day the teacher brought in a cocoon, and laying it on the table, the teacher had the children gather round. “Some time before a caterpillar entered this





cocoon,” said the teacher to the children, “to be transformed into a beautiful butterfly. Now the time has come for the butterfly to emerge from the dark of the cocoon into the light.” Just then the teacher was called away, but before leaving, gave instruction to the children, that they might watch, but not to touch the cocoon. So the children watched the cocoon and could see by the pushing movements on its outer surface, that the butterfly inside was struggling to get free. Now the children being soft hearted, as children often are,





thought, ‘the butterfly is struggling, what is the harm if we give it some help.’ And so, they very carefully opened the cocoon and gently took out the butterfly and laid it on the table, expecting to see it fly. The butterfly tried, but could not fly. It was then the teacher returning and seeing what the children had done, sadly explained, “it is in the struggle to get out of the cocoon that the butterfly develops the muscles by which it can fly. This butterfly will not fly, but die.



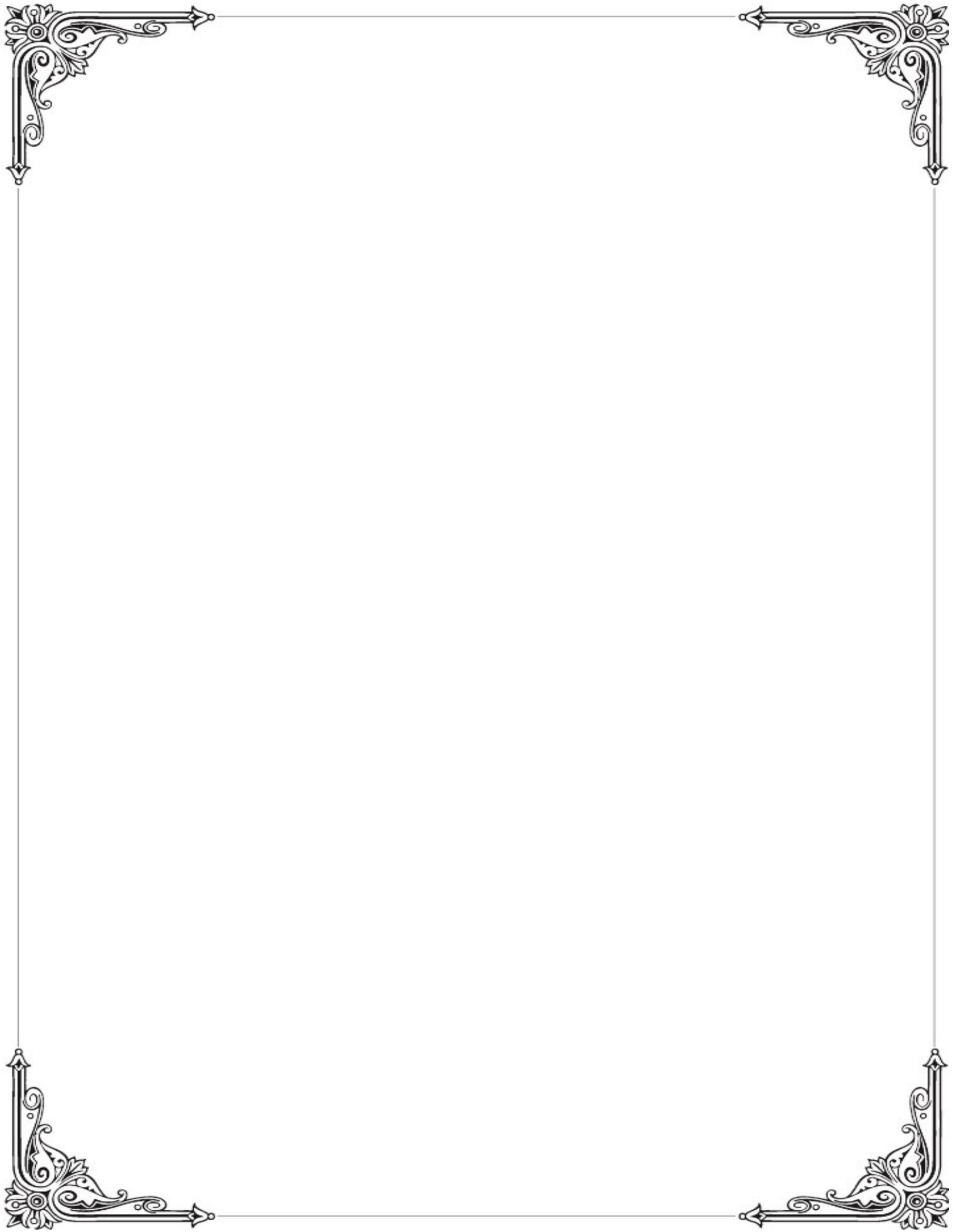


Night drawing down, the lamps lit, and as all the questions had the disciple asked of the master had the master now answered, the disciple, taking his leave, bowed down before the master, and said, “by your words am I made whole and my heart healed. By your wisdom is the darkness dispelled, so that I, having regained my composure, am now fully fixed in my determination to continue on the path to God.” “Then know this,” said the master to the disciple,



“that you who go to God do not go alone, but that God goes with those who go to God.” And the master blessed the disciple, saying softly, “go now with God.”





LOST ILLUSIONS



Razaque Khan