

# *The Religion of Love* ♥ *Rebel!*

*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.

When still a child, I Razzaque Khan, was taken to a place the people called the house of God, and found not God, but only man made things. And in rebellion I rose up and left that place, in search of truth, never to return.

And many I met who knew of truth. And many more who talked of truth, but none I met did do the truth, till meeting one who was the truth, The Angel of Bengal.

And though I knew she knew me well, still, to her, did tell, how as a child not long gone from Heaven's home, could still remember right from wrong, so that all the children followed me to learn my Heaven's memories.

Then as a man, I found myself entangled in a net of worldly life, and struggled to get free. But no matter how far or fast I ran, the world still clung to me.

I spoke to her of nights when time was stretched to breaking point. And how I prayed to God, "**You whom I abandoned, do not abandon me.**"

All knowledge that a man may know, I knew. Yet still I knew not God, so asked of her, as asked I others many times before, "Where," I asked, "is God?" "Where?" she answered, "is God not! **The whole world is made of God, yet He stands apart, so that Love may exist.**" "Still, I see Him not," I said. "Light in light cannot be seen. Only in darkness is the light revealed." And I confused, did ask the meaning of her words. "I understand," I said, "the light to be the truth of God, but what is the darkness, in which that truth may be revealed?" "The darkness," she explained, "is the unknown, beyond the mind and thought. **For God cannot be known: only Loved.**"

And whether it was in the words she spoke, or by her very presence, I know not what. I only know that suddenly I saw what the eye cannot see, nor words describe, and so asked of her, that I might become a disciple. And was refused. "When you can no longer deny who you truly are," she said, "then, come to me."

And it would be two long years later that my desire would be finally fulfilled, and I, a disciple, a devotee of God, a missionary of The Religion of Love.

"Go," she said, "into every land, and in every language, proclaim the truth of The Religion of Love, so all may know that,

**NOW A NEW TIME IS COME,  
BRINGING LIGHT IN DARKNESS,  
THE PATH MADE STRAIGHT,  
AND RELIGION UNDIVIDED.**

**AS THERE IS ONE GOD,  
WITH UNLIMITED NAMES,  
SO TOO IS THERE  
BUT ONE RELIGION,  
AND THAT RELIGION,  
THE RELIGION OF LOVE.**

"And when they ask," she continued, "**by whose authority do you say these things, tell them, by the authority of the God of the Muslims, the Christians, the Hindus, and the Jews. By the one God spoken of in all religions.**"

And when she had spoken, a man who had heard from a distance disapproved, and so asked of her, "Do you mean to make a rebellion against all that is, and so destroy every religion which has come before?" And she answered him, saying, "Nothing and no one can destroy that which is of God."

And another, now spoke up, saying, "I am a scholar who has made my life's work the study of scripture, and so have come to the conclusion **that anyone who practices purely what God has given, whatever the religion, teaching, or tradition, is practicing, The Religion of Love.**" And all agreed.

Then one known to be a man of vision stood, and lifting his hands to the Heavens, cried out, "**Blessed are we, that in our time God is sending The Religion of Love, wherein is God uniting by Love, what man has divided by hate.**"

And soon after, at the time of departure, she would counsel us, saying, "And when you go among the people, do not just speak the words of The Religion of Love, but be The Religion of Love. **Love,**" she said, "**not for what is in another, but for what you are in yourself.**"

And again, before the leaving, she would warn us, saying, "Do not expect the world will welcome you." And so that all would be clear, as was her custom, she began, "There is a story told," she said, "of a great demigod who lived in lavish opulence on one of the Heavenly Planets. It seems that because he had committed some transgression he was cursed to live as a pig on the planet Earth. Now when the time came that the curse was lifted, a messenger was sent to tell the pig who he really was and that he was now free to return home to his heavenly abode. The pig refused to go! He had become so accustomed to being a pig that he now liked to live in mud and eat stool. The thought that he might have to give up these things infuriated the pig and he angrily attacked the messenger and drove him away."

"So too will it be with you," she said sadly, "as it has been with all the messengers of God."

And I went out into the world that I might give God's great gift, The Religion of Love. Hearing me, many wished to know of the master. But she did not wish to be known. "**The Message, not The Messenger,**" she would say. So that when the people pressed me repeatedly to know of her, then would I say, "The messengers of God are like lightning," and start a story she often told of two men who had wandered far into the forest. "Night fell. A storm threatened. The sky turned so black they could no longer see to find the path back home. Now, one man was wise, and the other foolish. But both were lost. Suddenly, lightning struck! The foolish man looked to the sky to marvel at the lightning. The wise one looked at what the lightning was illuminating - the path back home."

So it was that I went out into the world and in the world my eyes were opened, and I saw, as in a dream, the ancient prophecy fulfilled. Of civilizations' devastation, degradation, corruption, and destruction. I saw false leaders and fake followers. And I burning. For though myself I could change, the world I could not.

At iniquity my anger was kindled. At injustice I roared like a wounded beast. I was as a raging fire.

And the master said of this, "**Anger is like fire, and like fire, gives a lot of heat, but very little light.**" "Am I then to just ignore evil?" I asked. "For not to fight would make of me a traitor to myself."

The master did not reply. For the longest time she did not speak. And when at last she did, her response, and the passion of her response, astonished all. "Fight!" she said. "Rebel!" she said. "Make a revolution!!" "A revolution?" I asked, taken aback. "How is that possible? I am but one alone, having neither bombs nor guns." "Guns and bombs," she scoffed, "will not make the world a better place. In the past they have usually only replaced a bad thing with something worse. No," she said, "I speak of a real revolution."

Hearing the word revolution, a man at the back, shouted out, "Right! Fight!! Rebel!!! Fight fire with fire!!!" And shielding her eyes against the sun, she looked out into the crowd searching the shouting man, and finding him, said, "No, **you do not fight fire with fire. You fight fire with water.**"

Then turning back to me, she said, "You have spoken for all to hear, of the ancient prophecy, but told only the half."

"The half you have spoken, **the terrors we are now witness to are but the last gasp of a dying regime. The end times of the old order.**"

"Look now instead," she said, "at the second half of the prophecy, which we will see fulfilled. That **in this our time, there will be A Spiritual Revolution which will inundate the world with Love.** When I say the word revolution, it is of this that I speak."

And the word Love I could not bear, and so spoke my mind aloud. "In my experience of the world," I said, "to use the word Love is just another way to lie." "Good!" she said, "then you already **know the importance of saying what you mean and meaning what you say, and that what you hear is clear.** Or else," she said, "you could end up like the Hilsha fish." "The Hilsha fish?" "Yes," she said, "the Hilsha fish, who lived happily in the Bay of Bengal, till one day a fisherman cast his nets upon the water and he was caught."

"The Hilsha Fish struggled in the net trying to get free. All he could think of was how he might escape, till hearing the fisherman say, on seeing him, 'This is indeed my lucky day, for it is well known the king Loves the Hilsha fish.'"

"Now when the Hilsha fish heard the word Love, and that it was the king himself who Loved him, he stopped struggling and no longer wished to escape."

"The fisherman took a large clay pot and filling it with water, carefully placed the Hilsha fish inside. Then taking up the pot he set off for the palace."

"At the palace, the fisherman was stopped by the sentries, but when the fisherman explained that he came to give a gift of a Hilsha fish to the king, the sentries saluted smartly, saying that the king Loved the Hilsha fish, and opened the heavy gates that the fisherman might enter."

"Hearing what the sentries said, the Hilsha fish thought to himself, 'So, it really is true. The king does Love me!' And he swam happily inside the clay pot."

"The fisherman was lead into a magnificent hall whose floors and walls were made of marble inlaid with precious stones. Here the king sat in splendor high upon his throne. His robes were cloth of gold, and on his head a crown set with many colored jewels."

"The fisherman bowed low before the king. 'Majesty,' said the fisherman, 'I bring you a gift of a Hilsha fish, for it is well known that you Love the Hilsha fish.' 'Thank you,' said the king, graciously accepting the fisherman's gift. 'Indeed I do Love the Hilsha fish,' said the king. 'Fried!'"

And there were two women, sisters, stood aside, who hearing the story laughed out loud. And their laughter was bitter, so that the older of the sisters, explained, "How often have we women been fried by that villainous word Love." And many nodded in agreement, men and women both.

Then said the master to the disciples and to all who could hear, "**Words are as promises. And promises must be kept. Guard your words so that what you say is true and what you promise you do.**"

And so all would be clear, she said, "Know that,

**IN SPEAKING THE WORD LOVE,  
I DO NOT SPEAK OF FEELINGS.  
FEELINGS COME AND GO.  
I DO NOT SPEAK OF ROMANCE.  
ROMANCE COMES AND GOES.  
I DO NOT SPEAK OF DESIRE.  
DESIRE COMES AND GOES.  
I DO NOT SPEAK OF ANYTHING OF THIS WORLD.  
WORLDS COME AND GO.  
I SPEAK OF  
THE ETERNAL ECSTATIC SPIRITUAL.  
OF LOVE THAT GROWS.  
THAT DOES NOT COME.  
AND DOES NOT GO."**

Now in this time many came to the master seeking blessings. And what was asked of her was often received. Over this she claimed no power, saying repeatedly, "Blessings do not come from me, but from God alone." And still they came to her. And she warned them of their wanting, saying, "**Many blessing can you count, but blessings only bless when used to good account.**"

There came, one day, a delegation, sent to her by the people, to tell of how some having said they had seen her perform miracles and others saying they had heard of the miracles she performed, word had gone out to the people that the one they had long awaited was finally found. Because they had heard of miracles all now wished to become her disciples. And this she refused. When they tried to tempt her, promising name and fame, and fortunes, she laughed. And again, and again did she refuse them and soon sent them away that she would hear no more of it.

And it was not long after that an old woman came complaining, "When I was a child," she said, "how I longed to give my life to God, but my parents arranged my marriage when I was very young so I never had the chance. Then when I was married, I thought my life would be my own, but my husband was very demanding and of course came children, so that I never lived my own life, so busy was I with the lives of others. I thought, let me wait till the children are grown and have left home, then will I live my life for God. But now there are the grandchildren and so many social obligations I am bound to do. When will I ever be free?" she asked in desperation.

For her the master told how elephants are trained, saying, "When just a baby a strong iron chain is put around the elephant's leg and attached to a giant banyan tree. The baby elephant does not like to be tied down, so struggles to get free. The iron chain and strong tree hold fast. After a time the elephant realizes he cannot get free and struggles against his binds no more. As the elephant grows, the iron chain is replaced by a rope, but the elephant believing he cannot get free never again struggles against his binds. A huge elephant can then be held even with thin string, for he will never try to escape." And the spiritual master asked the old woman's grandson, a lad of fifteen, who had accompanied his grandmother, "What do you think really binds the elephant?" And the boy being intelligent, answered, "Certainly it is not the rope. It is his own belief that binds him." And the master said to the old woman, "**You are only as bound, or only as free, as you choose to believe yourself to be.**"

Then another said, "I have the same problem. I too would give my life to God. For me there is nothing more important! No! Nothing is more important to me, yet I never seem to be able to make the time. How can I become more disciplined with my time?" And the master said, "It is not about discipline, but about what is of real importance to you. **We are always able to make time for what is really important to us. If you want to know what is of real importance to you, not what you say is important, or think is important, then notice how you spend your time.**"

It was late in the day that a young man, well qualified by birth and education, came to her, saying, "Holy Mother, I wish to give my life to God, to preach The Religion of Love, to be one of your disciples." And all were impressed by him. But the master saw into his heart and so knew that he came not to serve God, but to use God. His secret desire was not for God, but for fame. And seeing this, she said, "You desire fame because you imagine fame is like being Loved. **Fame,**" she said, "**is not like being Loved, it is like being raped.**" Hearing her speak openly of what he thought well hidden, he was shocked to the bone. "I do not tell you this to judge or condemn you," she said gently, "but to warn you." And giving him instruction, she sent him away, saying to chant The Holy Name of God, to do no harm, and to come to her when she was next in the East.

Not long after, came a couple, married many years. And the woman was first to speak, saying, "When we were young my husband treated me unkindly, and gave me no respect. I tried and tried to win his approval but never succeeded. Now we are older and our circumstances are changed and my husband is very kind to me, but still I cannot let go of the past and my anger at it, so that I now treat my husband as he once treated me." "What is it you want of me?" asked the master. "For if you wish to go on punishing your husband, ruining your relationship, and your happiness, you do not need a spiritual master to tell you how to do that. I suspect you are already very expert at it."

And the husband who was yet to say a single word now nodded his head yes. "Oh no!" cried the woman, "I came to you for your help. I want to be free of the past, free of my anger." "Then," said the master, "stop the lying." "Lying!" exclaimed the woman, "I swear," she sputtered, "everything I told to you is true." The master then explained, "Except in your thoughts the past no longer exists." And the woman agreed. "And if by your thoughts you put what is past into the present and then react to the past instead of responding to the present, you live in illusion. This is why I said to stop the lying. And when you punish another with anger for something in the past pretending it is anger for something in the present, with anger out of all proportion for the least little thing, how honest is that." And the woman's eyes were filled with tears, and she lamenting, "Now I can see," she said, "how I have made my husband's life a hell, and mine as well."

And the master said, "**Heaven and Hell are not so much places as degrees of consciousness measuring how near to, or far from, we are to truth. Truth is only in the present. In the present is the mind stilled, making the past powerless.** Be vigilant to stay always awake and aware in the present, for only the present is real."

"And of forgetting?" asked the woman. "I now understand that to be fully in the present frees me from the phantoms of the past, but should we also forget?" And the master answered her, "To forget is not possible. The mind is a vast storehouse of everything from the past, where nothing is ever lost. When needed we can consciously go into our archives so that **lessons learnt in the past need not be repeated in the future.**"

Then the woman paid her obeisances before the spiritual master, who said, "**To be fully awake in the present is to enter into eternity. It is in that shimmering silent stillness that the voice of God is heard.**"

Then when the husband finally spoke, he first thanked the master, saying, "You who have helped my wife have also helped my life. But my wife is not the only one coming with questions. I also have something to ask. There is a teaching," he said, "much talked about today where it is said that what we focus on increases. We are also told that what we observe decreases." And he gave example, saying, "It is said, not to focus on anything negative, for that increases its power. And it is also said that if something negative comes up to observe it and its power will be decreased. My problem," he said, "is though the two words seem different they are basically descriptions of the same action: attention. So my question is how from doing basically the same thing, can we expect two different results?" And the spiritual master answered, "**It is the intention in the attention which determines the result.**" "So simple, so perfect," marveled the man.

"May I ask once again of a spiritual practice where we are told to stare into the flame of a candle till we become one with the flame and cease to exist. To tell the truth I have no desire to become a candle and even less desire to cease to exist, and yet I want badly to make advancement on the spiritual path." And the master calmed his fears, explaining, "You are eternal, so there is no question of you ever ceasing to exist. What could cease to exist would be your false identification with the material body as your self. It is the removing of illusion, so the real may be revealed."

"Ah, the real revealed," repeated another. "For me the most important question has always been, 'who am I?' I have searched every spiritual book, traveled to teachers, sat at the feet of the learned to listen, searching myself, for it is said, '*He who knows himself, knows God,*' and never finding the real me, the eternal authentic I, of which you speak, so still I ask, who am I?" And the master smiling, said, "Who is asking?" And the man was confused. And so that all might be made clear the master told this tale.

"One night, *the fool* coming home found his whole house in darkness. No light would work. Then, in the dark he dropped his key. 'What to do?' Glancing out the window he saw the street light was on and shining brightly. 'Ah ha,' said *the fool*, 'it is too dark in here to see anything, so I will never find my key. I'll go outside, for under the street light I will be able to see.' And so he did. There, in the light of the lamp *the fool* was looking for his key when along came a friend. 'What are you doing?' asked the friend. *The fool* then explained that he had lost his key and was searching for it. 'I'll gladly help,' said the friend, and joined *the fool* in his search for the key under the street lamp. After they had searched for some time, the friend asked *the fool*, 'Exactly where did you lose the key?' It was then that the fool explained, 'Oh, I dropped it in my house, but it was too dark in there to see, so I came outside, where there is light to try to find it.' Hearing this, the friend asked, '**Why do you search outside, for that which can only be found inside?**'"

And the man who had asked, who am I, and was searching for himself, burst into laughter and laughed and laughed and laughed. And speaking between laughing said, "Oh! Holy Mother! I thought your stories were always about others. But now I see your stories are not only for us, but about us. I am *the fool* searching outside for what is already inside." And he doubled up and shook with laughter.

"In this time," said the master, "many will come bringing spiritual gifts, that all might receive according to need. But **no book, teacher, nor teaching, can give you the experience of yourself enlightened that you seek. They can give you disciplines to practice, but the practices won't make you enlightened. For you are already and always enlightened. The practices are only used to remove that which clouds your consciousness and blocks you from experiencing yourself enlightened. And!**" the master added on, "**only if you use them.**"

"It is a common experience," commented a doctor who was visiting, "that often I will diagnose the disease of a patient, and prescribe the medicine which I know will cure it and that after some time the patient will come back complaining that he is not cured and when questioned will admit he never took the medicine."

The master then told, "of one who was invited to speak the sermon in the house of worship, and when the people were assembled gave a beautiful talk, so that he was invited back to speak again. The next week the people came excited to hear what he would say, but when he spoke he gave the exact same speech as he had the week before. And the people wondered at it, but still they had enjoyed the holy teaching and so they invited him back. And again, he gave the exact same talk! This was too much and so he was asked if he only knew the one talk. 'Oh no,' he replied, 'I know many more.' 'Well then,' he was asked, 'why not give a second one?' 'Oh,' he said, 'I was just waiting for you all to do the first one.' So it is with religion," said the master, "given over and over again, that hearing it again and again, we might one day actually do it."

Too soon the day came when the spiritual master was to take leave of the city, and many had come to say goodbye, bringing gifts of garlands and boxes of chocolates, so that the room was filled with the fragrance of flowers and the sweet smell of sugar. Then just as she was about to leave, there came a pounding on the door, and when it was opened a man rushed into the room. All could see he was distraught. And all recognized him as a prominent and well respected citizen of the city.

"Holy Mother," he said, and his breathing was jagged, for though he was an old man, he had run to catch her. "Holy Mother," he gasped, "please, hear me." And the master sat down to listen and a chair was brought and water offered to the man.

"Holy Mother," he said, "I, as all here know have been devout since birth, following faithfully what the leaders of my religion have taught. Now," he said, and despair was in his voice and his body sagged as if under a great weight, "now we are told we must make a holy war against the infidels, but I will never understand how killing can be called holy. Why even in the house of worship, which for me has always been a place of peace it is preached - kill the infidels, kill the infidels! And though I know the scriptures say the same, I always thought that was for a long time past, an early and lesser understanding and that in this time we would come to the highest, the pure spirituality of Love, for that is also in the scriptures. Help me to know what to do." And she answered him. "**Love,**" she said, "**for that is most pleasing to God.** But to come to Love, it will be first necessary to kill the infidels."

On hearing this there was such a sharp intake of breath by those there gathered that it was as if all the air had been sucked out of the room and everyone felt as if they were suffocating, so great was their shock on hearing the spiritual master say to kill.

**"Kill the infidels,"** repeated the master. **"They parrot the words of scripture, but have not understanding. The infidels are not others, but anything within ourselves that is unfaithful to the truth of God. The Holy War is not a fight of flesh and blood but the battle between the good of God and the evil of ignorance we fight within ourselves."** And hearing all were relieved for they had seen the truth and knew it to be true.

And the man who had asked, asked again, saying, "If all were to do this then this world would be the promised Paradise, but until that time how must a man live in this world of corruption?" And the master said, "Live as a rebel! Fight!" she said. "How?" he asked. So she gave some examples, saying, **"You rebel against injustice, by being always just. You rebel against dishonesty, by being always honest. You rebel against the darkness of ignorance, with the light of knowledge. Against hate, with Love."**

And hearing these few examples, all were given understanding. And that day a secret, sacred, rebellion rose up in their hearts and so was started The Spiritual Revolution.

And the last to speak that same day was the foremost scholar of the city. And he brought garlands of roses and flattering words to the spiritual master, saying, "You who found us in darkness, leave us in light." And he praised the disciples, some he knew by name: Timothy Joseph, and Cesar Augusto, Hassan Ali, Jaraneh, Carolina Itzel, and Gauri, and others, saying, "They have come among us as Apostles of The Religion of Love and so inspired a city." And he spoke on for a long time, as was his custom, about knowledge, for he held knowledge in the highest esteem. And the spiritual master agreed, and said also, "**That knowledge alone would be in vain if it did not lead to Love**, and was then asked if there was not one last story on this to tell before she left the city.

And for being asked told this story of a great pandit, much like the scholar who now sat at her feet, saying, "There was a scholar renowned, for he could recite the whole of scripture. Great volumes had he memorized so that the people marveled at his knowledge. It was in traveling to the very tip of the continent, where the land meets the sea that he came upon a young man sitting under a tree, surrounded by books. Recognizing the books to be the scriptures of all the different religions, curious, he came closer and saw that the young man was crying. 'What are you doing?' asked the scholar. The young man looked up and brushing the tears from his cheeks, explained, 'I have a spiritual master who instructed me to study all the holy books of God that I might gain knowledge and so become a knower of the message of God, but I am so simple and scripture so complicated that I cannot understand a single sentence.' 'Is that why you cry?' inquired the scholar. 'Oh no!' replied the young man. 'These are not tears of sadness, but of joy, for when I see how much the Lord Loves us so that over and over in every language, into every land, and for all, has the holy message been given, I who know nothing of scripture know the Love of God.' And the scholar who had never before paid his obeisances to anyone, bowed down before the young man. 'You! Not I,' said the scholar, 'are the true knower of the message of God.'"

So, I Razzaque Khan have written that all may know, as I know. And all may do as I do.

I, who as a boy of sixteen was a freedom fighter in The War of Liberation, and was soon to learn that the killing brought neither real freedom nor the promised liberation and now know that only by A Spiritual Revolution are we made free.

I do. And I say now to you,

**"COMFORT THE DISTURBED.  
AND DISTURB THE COMFORTABLE.  
AND AGAINST ALL THAT IS CORRUPT!  
AGAINST ALL IGNORANCE!  
AGAINST EVERY ILLUSION!  
REBEL!!!"**



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