
SEARCH FOR GOD STORY

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5:39

ERUCH: I have a story based on this very fact you see. It so happened that this man who was supposed to be a very dutiful husband and having a very dutiful wife you see. Both lived together happily for years together. And all of a sudden he gets an urge that, after hearing discourses and going to congregations and all that he gets an urge that all this is illusion, it's a dream. And that he has been living in a dream. And that he should be in the world of reality. And to go to the world of reality he has to brush aside all his dreaming you see and go out and approach reality.

So one day he leaves his wife and he goes. He roams, he wanders from place to place taking darshan of this Master and that Master and he's the Perfect Master and he's a Saint and he's a Wali and he's a Pir and he's a mast and he's a saintly person and he's a person who was with the Perfect Master. And here is a group you see where he goes in contact with the people who were with the God-Man and so forth and so on. He goes on and on spending his years in search of reality.

He's now nearly 78. Hardly, barely he's able to walk long distances or any distance now. Because of his life that he has led you see. And he comes to a village to rest you see. He's so tired. He's so hungry. And he just falls down so to say in front of the entrance to a hut you see. And he reclines there and he's completely exhausted. When he could recover he just turns back, turns his head

there towards the hut there and peeps inside you see and sees an old woman there. Says, 'Lady, will you be able to give me some food? I'm so hungry.' Says, 'I'm so old myself. How do you expect me to go begging for you? I am hungry myself.' 'Oh right, we can both share. I have got something you see. When I went around begging so I have got some grain with me.' So out of his satchel two handfuls of rice is doled out to the woman to help cooking the rice. To help cook the rice. 'Well how do you expect me to cook? I am an old woman, very poor, neglected. I have no vessels to cook.' So out comes from the satchel a pot to cook the rice you see. Says, 'I've got a pot. Please cook it for me.' 'Right, I will do that. But how do you expect me to cook? Do you want me to cut my limbs there and use as faggots to light a fire?' Says, 'No, don't do that. You're a kind woman. I have got some faggots too you see.'

No then, then the faggots come out you see. He says, 'That's right.' He says, 'I've got also a wee bit of salt and pepper and', what do you call? What is that thing they use it you see. Yeah, 'Some butter to cook.' 'That's right,' she said, 'It's good that you have got all that.' Say's, 'I've got also lentils. Will you be able to cook that or you feel it will be difficult for you to?' Says, 'No, if you can, if you want me to cook a meal for you and me, I'm prepared to do that.' So he says, 'I've got lentils too and some chili and vegetables. Everything is there.'

[Bell rings]

So then she picks up one of the faggots you see and gets up and says, 'Do you recognise me?' And with a faggot in her hand you see she comes out. Says, 'Do you recognise me? Who I am?' He says, 'No.' 'I am the same woman. You left me behind. You could carry the whole world on your shoulder. You could carry the rice and the lentils and the pots and the pans and even the faggots. But you couldn't allow your wife to accompany you on your journey to God? What have you gained by leaving me behind you see? What have you gained? Nothing but a whole burden of household affects you see on your shoulders. And hunger as before. And somebody to help you to cook food for you. You have wasted your years. This is not the way to realise God or to go in search of God.'

So then she taught him the ways of how he should go and contact a Perfect Master whom she had known and then the Perfect Master blessed him and then he got emancipation through her. Through his wife whom he had left in search of God you see. And she remained at home and she had advanced far more than he had advanced through his wanderings you see. He was lucky you see because he had a very loving wife. Otherwise had there been some other woman he would have been thrashed with the same faggot you see [General laughter].

If he had a wife like Socrates had.

PILGRIM 1: Socrates?

ERUCH: Yeah.