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A gale was blowing full force. The ship creaked as it was tossed about. Makhan Shah Lubana, merchant trader, on a return trip from Deccan, was sailing, loaded with trade goods, North, up the coast of India towards the Gulf of Khambhat. It was the worst weather he'd ever encountered. He was deck top at the helm, the situation seemed near to hopeless. The wheel had been tied fast, so the rudder would steer a straight course, something that seemed nearly futile and impossible, yet absolutely necessary if he was not to lose this ship. The fury of the storm mounted. A wave broke over the deck, and the ship rolled dangerously in the choppy sea. Everything that wasn't fastened down was tossed about. Another larger wave broke, washing fully over him. He nearly lost his footing. The force of it tore at his dastaar, flinging it loose.

Drenched with seawater, it hung heavily flapping wildly about. He unwound it, with hands clumsy from the cold, removing and lashing himself to the helm with it, just as another wave broke over him, knocking him from his feet, threatening to drag him overboard, as he fell, stumbling, to his knees. Groping about, he found the wheel again, and clung to it, gripping it tightly, his knuckles scraped and bleeding from his fall.

His joora had come down completely. His long wet kesh were blowing about like heavy ropes in the gale force winds, blinding him. Raindrops were pelting his face like tiny needles, and salt spray was stinging his eyes. The sky was black with clouds. No guiding star, nor any point of light, was visible at all.

Wave after wave washed over the craft, beating and hammering it relentlessly. It rolled wildly, creaking and groaning as though it would split at the seams. A box broke loose from where it had been secured on deck and was washed over board. The crews frightened voices, calling to each other, could be heard above the howling winds, as they struggled to lower the sails.

Lightening struck, lighting up the dark sky with flash, and crash of thunder, when suddenly the mainsail split with an unearthly rent. The force of it nearly snapped the mast. The ship dropped sharply from the impact, then shot up again, bobbing crazily. The bonds, holding fast the wheel at the helm, broke loose from the stress of the violent motion. The wheel began turning freely with the rudder, as the craft was dashed wildly about in the churning sea.

Makhan Shah was taking a beating tied to it, he surely couldn't take much more. His chest and shoulders were bruised and aching, yet without being bound there, he would already have been washed over, and drowned in the black, boiling sea.

Fearfully, the tiny ship was buffeted about mercilessly in the vast, huge, angry, ocean. Large, dark, menacing, rocks loomed perilously close, along the jagged coastline. Threateningly, like teeth in the cavernous jaw, of the horrible witch maya, who eats up the world, they waited hungrily, to break and smash the ship to bits. Wave after wave broke, washing over the boat. Each enormous swell seemed like a giant mouth about to swallow the sinking ship into its dark unforgiving depths forever.

Another wave broke over the deck, tearing his clothing away, leaving him clad only in tatters. The sails were hanging in shreds. The crippled ship was taking on water. The end seemed inevitable. Salty tears sprang to his eyes, spilling, mingling, with the salty water of the sea, pouring over his face, filling his nose and mouth.

"Baba jee" he prayed desperately, "Please save my ship and my men... I have 500 gold mohars tied in this belt at my waist, which will soon be at the bottom of the sea. Please accept them as my humble offering. They represent the tenth part of my entire profit. The only True profit is in remembering Your Holy Name Waheguru. O Guru Nanak Dev jee, Jot that shines in every heart. Please have compassion and mercy on Your Sikhs. Please deliver us, For without Thee we perish. Please give us the shelter of Thy Embrace. Please make it possible for me to return to Guru, a small part of what is given by Guru, what is already belonging to Guru. As soon I set foot safely on shore, I will come directly and present these 500 gold mohars personally. Our safety lies in Thy hand. Please uplift us and carry us across this dreadful sea. We are surely lost without Thee. Thou art the True Captain, Thy Gurbani, the True Lifeboat. Please save us now," he wept.

He felt a tremendous heave, the sinking ship was lifted up. Miraculously the winds died down, and the wild seas calmed. Safely secure, in the very centre of the storm, the ship was carried past the dangerous rocks, and guided without further harm, through the treacherous waters, into the nearest harbour, the Port of Surat. The men collapsed in relief. As soon as humanly possible, Makhan Shah Lubana readied himself and set out in search of Guru Sahib.



elder brother, a grandson of Guru Hargobind.

He soon learned that [Guru Har Krishan jee](#) had recently left his earthly abode. On March 30th 1664, Calling for a coconut and five paise, waving His hands three times in the air, His final words had been "Guroo Baba Bakale," indicating the Guruship would be taken up by one residing in village Bakala near Amritsar. Setting out for Punjab immediately, Makhan Shah made haste for Bakala. Upon reaching there, he discovered that several Sodhis, relatives of Guru HarKrishan, were now residing in Bakala claiming to be Guru. One of these was Dhir Mal, Gur HarKrishans

Makhan Shah decided on a plan. He would visit each of them, and give a small offering of not more than 5 gold mohars. Surely the True Guru would know the actual amount of his intended offering and claim the full five hundred. In this way he hoped to discover the rightful Guru. The One to whom he had made his promise, the One who had carried his ship to safety through the frightful storm. Only One would know what had transpired during his dreadful ordeal. Only One would understand what was in his heart.

He visited each of the impostors by turn. Each self-made guru welcomed him readily, delighted with his offer of one or two gold mohars. Each one of them sang his own praise, declaring himself to be the one and only true guru, denouncing the others as pretenders. Not one of them mentioned the full offering of 500 gold mohars he had promised. Makhan Shah concluded that none of them was the True Guru.

He inquired further, "Is there any one else belonging to Guru Sahibs family, any other Sodhi? Perhaps one I have not yet met?" He came to know of one other Sodhi called Tegha, Tegh Bahadur, the son of Guru Hargobind. One who lived in the silence of contemplation, away from the world, making no claim to Guruship.

On October 9th 1664, Makhan Shah came to house of Tegha. He met with Tegh Bahadurs Mother, Mata Nanaki Jee, requesting an interview with her son. She replied that her son spent his time in prayer and worship, alone, and undisturbed, not liking interruptions. Finally, after much persuasion, she agreed to ask if He would receive a visitor.

Born April 1, 1621, Guru Tegh Bahadur was the 5<sup>th</sup> son of Guru Hargobind. Following instructions from His Father, He shifted from Kiratpur to Bakala, not long before Guru Hargobind left His earthly abode, March 3,1644, entrusting the Guru ship to His grandson, Har Rai.

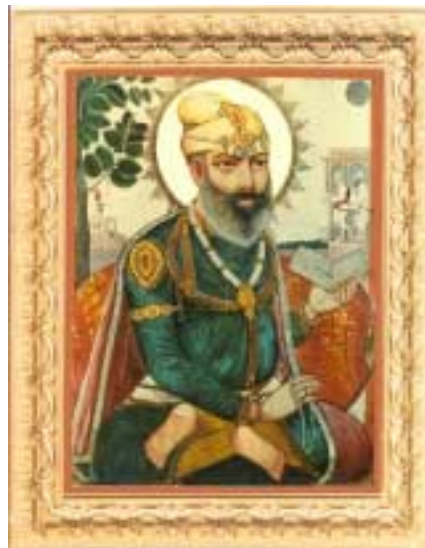
While residing in Bakala, Tegh Bahadur, now 41 years of age, lived quietly retired, in the home of His mothers parents. He had lived simply most of His life, 26 years, 7 months, were spent immersed in deep meditation. He had no wish to take up duties in the outside world. Yet when Makhan Shah came to Him, He realized the time had come to reveal Himself, and assume the responsibilities assigned Him by Guru Har Krisan. Makhan Shah had faithfully tested all the pretenders, If he did not find the True Guru, he would go away disappointed and discouraged. The Sikhs confused and exploited by the many impostors would be lost without their true Guide. So, He permitted Makhan Shah to come before Him.

Guru Tegh Bahdur was sitting alone, eyes closed, quietly absorbed. Makhan Shah came close to Him and bowed before Him respectfully, placing an offering of just a few gold mohars in front of Him. Opening his eyes Guru Sahib looked at the gold mohars, then looked directly at Makhan Shah. Guru Tegh Bahadur inquired, "Where are the Five hundred gold mohars you promised when your ship was sinking, in the storm, and your life in danger? Now you bring only these

few? Why are you breaking your promise now that you are safe? Have you given all, in your search for me?"

Guru Tegh Bahadur Jee uncovered His shoulder. Several scars were there. He showed them to Makhan Shah saying, "These scars are from that awful night you were tied to wheel of the helm, when your ship nearly sank during the storm near the Port of Surat. You cried out to Guru Naanak for Rakho SarNaanee. Honouring your plea, with this shoulder I pushed your ship up, when it was sinking, and forward to safety. In doing so, I received these wounds." They were very much like the scars on Makhan Shahs own body where he had been injured while lashed to the wheel.

Prostrating himself, Makhan Shah grasped Guru Sahibs Feet with both hands. Overcome, he wept, wordlessly. Finding his voice, he managed, head bowed, to rise part way to his knees,. "Guru Sahib jee," he attempted helplessly, his voice trembling with emotion. "Words are inadequate to express the depths of my most sincere gratitude." He continued in this manner, thanking Guru Sahib profusely, for protecting and saving him along with his men and their sinking ship. For not only had he himself been uplifted from utter despair in his darkest most hour, but Guru jee had lifted and carried his entire ship on His Own Shoulder, sheltering and giving protection to the endangered ones. Now, Guru jee once again, kindly, gathered him up, lovingly, into the comforting caress, of the priceless treasure, of His Own, all encompassing, infinitely compassionate, Embrace.



**Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib Ji**

Regaining his composure, Makhan Shah withdrew the five hundred mohars still tied, concealed, at his waist. In deep gratitude and undying love, he placed them at Guru Sahibs feet. He spoke reverently saying, "My wonderful, compassionate, kind, generous, life giving, Guru, I have been searching so long, and have found You at last. Guru Sahib jee, Please, accept my humble offering. Please accept what is already Yours, what rightfully belongs to You. THESE are the five hundred gold mohars I promised You. They have not been touched. They are for You only, no other. Please count them and see that all are here, everyone!"

Joyously Makhan Shah climbed to the rooftop of the house. Waving a flag he shouted out declaring, "I have found HIM! I have found Him at last, after searching and searching, I have found my TRUE GURU, Guru Tegh Bahadur jee! He has been right here within, all the while. Come His Sikhs, Come and join me in joyous celebration, for I have found The ONE TRUE GURU, the light of Guru Naanak. Come, and together let us beseech Him to come forward now, and lead us."



**Makhan Shah' s joy at finding GuruTegh Bahadur Ji**

## Part Two

Dhir Mal was not happy. It wasn't fair. He had been passed over in the succession of Guru too many times. After all his father Gurditta the elder brother of Guru Tegh Bahdur was the eldest son of Guru Hargobind. He himself was Guru Harkrishans elder brother. He'd schemed many times before to obtain the Guruship.. He was not about to give up now. Not when there were so many revenues, gifts and dasvand being presented to Guru Tegh Bahadur. He felt entitled to the position of Guru. It was only right. Some how he had to come up with a plan to be rid of his competition once and for all. Some how he had to remove that usurper, that upstart Tegh Bahadur. Things had been going just fine until He entered the picture. So there had been some others acting as Guru, in time all would have come to him only, they would have recognized him as the all powerful Guru. But now every one was fawning over Guru Tegh Bahadur thanks to that troublemaker Makhan Shah. Well sooner or later, he would have to leave Guru sahibs camp and go back to trading. Then he would make his move. He'd be ready, for as long as Guru Tegh Bahadur was alive, Dhir Mal didn't stand a chance.

Hearing this cry, Sikhs came running, and on evidence of this tale, convinced Guru Tegh Bahadur jee to claim His authentic rightful place, in humble service of His faithful Sikhs, as their very own One and only, True Guru, seated on the Throne of Guru Naanaks Gaddi

Masands were those Sikhs who collected revenue for Guru sahib. One known as Shihan, was sympathetic to Dhir Mal. Together they conspired against Guru Tegh Bahadur. Immediately upon receiving a tip that Makhan Shah had left Guru Tegh Bahadurs Camp, Dhir Mal and Shihan Masand took 25 men and stormed the household of Guru Tegh Bahadur. Breaking in, Shihan Masand took aim and fired at Guru Tegh Bahadur. The bullet grazed Guru Sahib's head and drew blood. Dhir Mal approached Guru Sahib. Guru Tegh Bahadur's Mother, Mata Nanaki Jee reproached Dhir Mal, "You should have convinced the faithful to follow you if you had the ability to do so, violence will do no good for your reputation." DhirMal was further annoyed and felt insulted at hearing the truth of these words. He and his fellow conspirators then looted Guru Sahibs Camp and carried off what ever they could.

Hearing gunshots Makhan shah and his men returned To Guru Tegh Bahadur House. Mata Nanaki Jee told them of Dhir Mal's attempt on Guru Tegh Bahdur life, and of the looting of His Camp. Makhan Shah then took his men straight to Dhir Mal's Camp. On seeing Makhan Shah and his men. Dhir Mal's co-conspirators fled his Camp. Makhan Shah's men collected the looted goods, as well as some of Dhir Mal's own property including The Granth Sahib, and carried this back to Guru Tegh Bahdur. Makhan Shah made Dhir Mal to walk barefooted, and presented him to Guru Tegh Bahdur along with Shihan Masand, bound hand and foot.

Guru Tegh Bahdur humbly requested Makhan Shah to release DhirMal and Shihan Masand, and to return all looted valuables with them to Dhir Mal's Camp. Explaining all wrong doings were done in anger because of greed and egos attachment to position, and desire for wealth and comfort. These doings instead caused only suffering and shame.

Seeing His own men still angry with the others Guru sahib begged them to forgive the wrong doers and rid their own hearts of anger. Anger is the number one enemy, causing one to go mad and lose judgment, making one liable to commit the worst and most foul deeds. One who lives in anger lives in the worst condition. However by forgiving, showing mercy, and never thinking of revenge, one lives forever in a blessed state of peace and calm.

Guru Tegh Bahadur soon shifted his Camp and set off for Kiratapur. Accompanying Him were His family and a large number of Sikhs. When they reached near the river Beas, Guru Tegh Bahadur noticed some of the men carrying the Granth Sahib. Inquiring, He learned that his orders to return Dhir Mal property were not fully followed and a decision had been made to keep the Granth Sahib, thinking it rightfully belonged with Guru Sahib. Guru Tegh Bahadur stating that it had been with Dhir Mals family during the reign of Gur Har Gobind, Guru Har Rai, And Guru Har Krisan, belonged to Dhir Mal and must be returned. Word was sent to Dhir Mal to retrieve it. The Granth Sahib was set in a safe place in the dry riverbed, where it was retrieved by Dhir Mal. It has since that time to present been with Dhir Mals Family in Karatpur Jallundur.

**THIRD MEHL:** Attachment to **Maya is an ocean of darkness; neither this shore nor the one beyond can be seen.** The ignorant, self-willed manmukhs suffer in terrible pain; **they forget the Lord's Name and drown.** || Panna 89

**GAUREE BAIRAAGAN, FOURTH MEHL:** O Master, You are my Banker. I receive only that capital which You give me. I would purchase the Lord's Name with love, if You Yourself, in Your Mercy, would sell it to me. || 1 || **I am the merchant, the peddler of the Lord. I trade in the merchandise and capital of the Lord's Name.** || 1 || Pause || **I have earned the profit, the wealth of devotional worship of the Lord.** I have become pleasing to the Mind of the Lord, the True Banker. **I chant and meditate on the Lord, loading the merchandise of the Lord's Name.** The Messenger of Death, the tax collector, does not even approach me. || 2 || **Those traders who trade in other merchandise, are caught up in the endless waves of the pain of Maya.** According to the business in which the Lord has placed them, so are the rewards they obtain. || 3 || **People trade in the Name of the Lord, Har, Har, when the God shows His Mercy and bestows it.** Servant Nanak serves the Lord, the Banker; he shall never again be called to render his account. || 4 Panna165

**GAUREE, THIRD MEHL:** The sea of Maya is agitated and turbulent; how can anyone cross over this terrifying world-ocean? **Make the Lord's Name your boat, and install the Word of the Shabad as the boatman. With the Shabad installed as the boatman, the Lord Himself shall take you across. In this way, the difficult ocean is crossed.** || Panna 245

**My Sovereign Lord King, You are Fearless; You are the Carrier to carry us across, O my Lord King.** || 1 || Pause || Panna 339

**While I was drowning in the pitch black well, I was saved, O my Siblings of Destiny.** || 1 || Pause || **The Guru is the boat to cross over the totally unfathomable ocean of fire; He is treasure of jewels.** || 2 || **This ocean of Maya is dark and treacherous. The Perfect Guru has revealed the way to cross over it.** || 3 || Panna 377

**AASAA, FIFTH MEHL, DU-PADAS:** You have been blessed with this human body. This is your chance to meet the Lord of the Universe. **Other efforts are of no use to you. Joining the Saadh Sangat, the Company of the Holy, vibrate and meditate on the Naam, the Name of the Lord.** || 1 || **Make the effort, and cross over the terrifying world ocean.** This human life is passing away in vain, in the love of Maya. || 1|| Panna 378

**God is the boat to carry you across the terrifying world-ocean;** He is the Fulfiller of the mind's desires. You have not centered your mind on Him, even for an instant. || 1 || Panna 970

**Attachment to Maya is terribly treacherous. How can one cross over the difficult world-ocean? The True Lord bestows the boat of the True Guru; meditating on the Lord, Har, Har, one is carried across.** || 4 || Panna 998



**Gurdwara Baba Bakala Sahib**

**bachitr naTak**

**Tiik janyoo raakhaa prabh takaa keeno baD kaloo meh sakaa  
zsadhan hayt itee kin karee sees deaaa par see na ucharee||13||**

**Dharam hayt saakaa kin keaaa sees deaaa par sirar na deaa  
NaaTak chayTak keeae kukaajaa prabh logan keh avat laajaa ||14||**

**dohraa**

**THeekar for dilees sir prabh pur kee-aa payaan  
tegh bahaadar see kriaa karee na kinahoo(n) aan||15||**

**tegh bahaadar kae chalat bhayo jagat ko sok  
Hai hai hai sabh jag bhauyo jai jai jai sur lok ||16||**

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**In Loving Memory of Guru Tegh Bahadur Sahib Jee**