

**I**n the City of Tulamba of Multan there lived a wealthy man by the name of Shaykh who called himself Sajjan (meaning friend). He had a large compound surrounding a grand house. Inside his courtyard he had built both a Mandir or Hindu temple and a Muslim Mosque and rooms for weary passersby to stopover and take rest for the night. Anyone who stopped by was given not only a place to sleep, but food to eat free of charge.

Sajjan sat outside reading his prayers while his labourers toiled nearby in his fields. It appeared to all that he was an industrious and pious man. But when evening fell and the tired travelers were sleeping soundly, Sajjan became a thug robbing and killing, the innocent and unsuspecting souls. Taking their belongings and keeping them for himself he would throw their broken bodies down an abandoned well.

## Sajjan the Thief

Traveling on foot Guru Nanak dev Ji and Bhai Mardana happened to be coming from Pakpattan when they reached this seemingly lovely and inviting spot. Sajjan, who was sitting at his prayers, greeted them kindly. Believing them to be wealthy, he invited them to stay as his guests. He brought them a tasty meal, then showed them a cozy room suggesting that they rest for the night, all the while treacherously plotting their demise within his evil heart.

Accepting his offer of a room, Guru ji asked his name

"I am Sajjan, your friend." He replied smiling, then pointed to the bed, indicating that they should sleep. Guru ji, however requested Sajjan, to join them saying they would sleep later after first doing some meditation together. Sitting down, Mardana tuned his Rabab (a musical instrument he carried), plucking the strings, his head down, eyes closed and his ears intent on the sound. Guru ji picked up the tune and carrying it with his clear strong voice uplifted, he began to sing a Shabad he composed,

*"Ujal kehan chilkana..."*

*"A brass pot appears to brightly shine but blackens the hand when rubbed*

*Washing removes not this characteristic though one hundred times being polished and scrubbed*

*Friends are those who have traveled with me where ever I have been.*

*And in the end when my account is shown, At my side they will still be seen.*

*Though Houses, Mansions, and Towers maybe decorated all around.*

*They are hollow and remain so, until they have fallen down.*

*Adorned and Arrayed in white feathers the heron in a sacred pond abides.*

*But tearing and rending and devouring the unfortunate, his true colour he cannot hide.*



*The human body is full of false promises like a simal tree.  
Beholding it, the unfortunate mortals are mistaken in what they see*

*Fruits which serve no purpose  
Are like one who has not virtues*

*One who is blind and carries a heavy load has to climb a long and difficult trail.  
When eyes may see, but find not the way, climbing is of no avail*

*What use is the cleverness and service when the way is not found  
O Nanak, reciting Gods Name in meditation is the only way to break the bond.  
P 729 SGGS*

When Sajjan heard these words they struck his heart like an arrow of love, piercing it deeply. He could not help but compare himself. How like he was to the brass pot. Outwardly he shone, but all who came in contact with him were touched by his black deeds which could not be undone.



What sort of friend had he been, how many souls would stand with him before Dharm Raj when his account was called at the end of his life? Surely there would be those he had supposedly befriended, with trickery only to shed their blood while they slept.

How hollow he was inside, though he decorated himself outwardly after the fashion of a holy man. He was without any true virtue and even worse was treacherous and brought only ruin. Like the heron he slashed and tore feeding off his victims, how transparent was his treachery through his disguise. How false his promises, that he used to lure the

unsuspecting.

He was like a spiritually blind man. Yes he had eyes, but ones that had been unable to see the evilness that rotted in his heart. He felt the burden of his heavy load of sins, and repented. He understood that he was in the presence of some one extraordinary who could see in to the depths of his heart and fell at Guru Sahibs feet begging forgiveness for his evil ways.

Guru ji admonished him, "Though your name means friend, you have been a friend to no one, rather you have been cruel and deceiving." Guru ji advised him to give away all his ill gotten gain, change his ways and finish out his life for charity. So Sajjan distributed his belongings and spent the remainder of his life in making an honest living in the service of others and he became the true friend of all, sharing what ever he had.

*To find out more please come to the workshop every Sunday 12.30 –2.00 at Hounslow Singh Sabha Gurdwara.*