

The Cult of the
SEVEN SAGES



The Cult of the Seven Sages

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“The Unattainable is Attained by its Unattainment”

— *Nicholas of Cusa*

In each Manvantara there appears Seven Sages who help guide humanity. Each reside at a different geographic region across the globe, but their exact location is a closely guarded secret.



There is a disputed Hindu legend that exists which claims that if anyone can discover the real names of these Rishis and where they presently reside, then the seeker will be immediately enlightened.





In early September 1659, Princess Jahanara at the bequest of her brother Dara Shikoh, before he was beheaded, instructed a group of devout Sadhus then living near her palace in Agra to search for clues concerning these all-powerful Rishis.





Nothing came of it.

कुछ नहीं





However, a fanatical clan grew out of this search that still survives to this day.

They are known as
"The Cult of the Seven Sages."





Its current leader and founder is Jasbir Kashani, a Hindu-Muslim mystic, who after 7 months of continuous meditation has just emerged from his solitary cave in the Himalayan mountains.



ॐ

This is his story about the quest to find the name
and location of the first of the Saptarishi.





A strange vision forced Kashani to halt his long sadhana. It was of a young boy holding a cat surrounded by a Tibetan mandala with snow covered mountains.



"Perhaps," he reflected to himself, "it is the sign that I have been seeking for so many years. But why a boy with a cat? Why a Buddhist mandala?"

The juxtaposition of the two images so jolted Jasbir that he determined to find out the meaning of such a pregnant sign.





Kashani reasoned that in order to unravel the mystery of his Buddhist inspired vision, it would be best to travel to the Nyingma lamasery that was situated deep in the valley of the peela moon.





But on his trek, he was sidetracked in a small Tibetan village.





There was a series of unusual shops that caught his eye. One was filled with Buddhist statues, flags and other curios.



Yet another contained small pictures, little icons of Buddha, and other Tibetan figures.



Jasbir then came upon a shopkeeper who was immersed in reading a small manuscript.



He thought that maybe one of these books or folios could explain the significance of his strange vision.

"Yes," the proprietor responded. "We have a few rare tomes that contain paintings of what you describe. I will open a few to see if I can retrieve it for you."



To Kashani's surprise, there were three distinct paintings which contained elements that he was looking for -- a young boy, a cat, and a mandala. "What could it mean," he asked more to himself than to the bookseller.



The second painting was surreal, as the cat had a sign on his forehead that seemed to indicate some sort of mystic symbol, but Kashani was not sure.



But the third painting intrigued Kashani the most since the Asian boy was opening up a manuscript with what appeared to be some sort of cipher or explanation pointing to the artist's intention.





Jasbir asked more questions about the mysterious characters, but the Tibetan looked away and said, "I have limited expertise in this area. You should consult my son, Chödrön, whose shop is just down the street."





When he arrived, Chödrön greeted him and pulled out a rare book that indicated Kashani's vision was some sort of prophecy, but of what the text didn't say.



Encouraged, but still without a resolution, Kashani decided to continue his pilgrimage to the lamasery.

THE LEGEND OF SAPTARISHI

सप्तर्षि



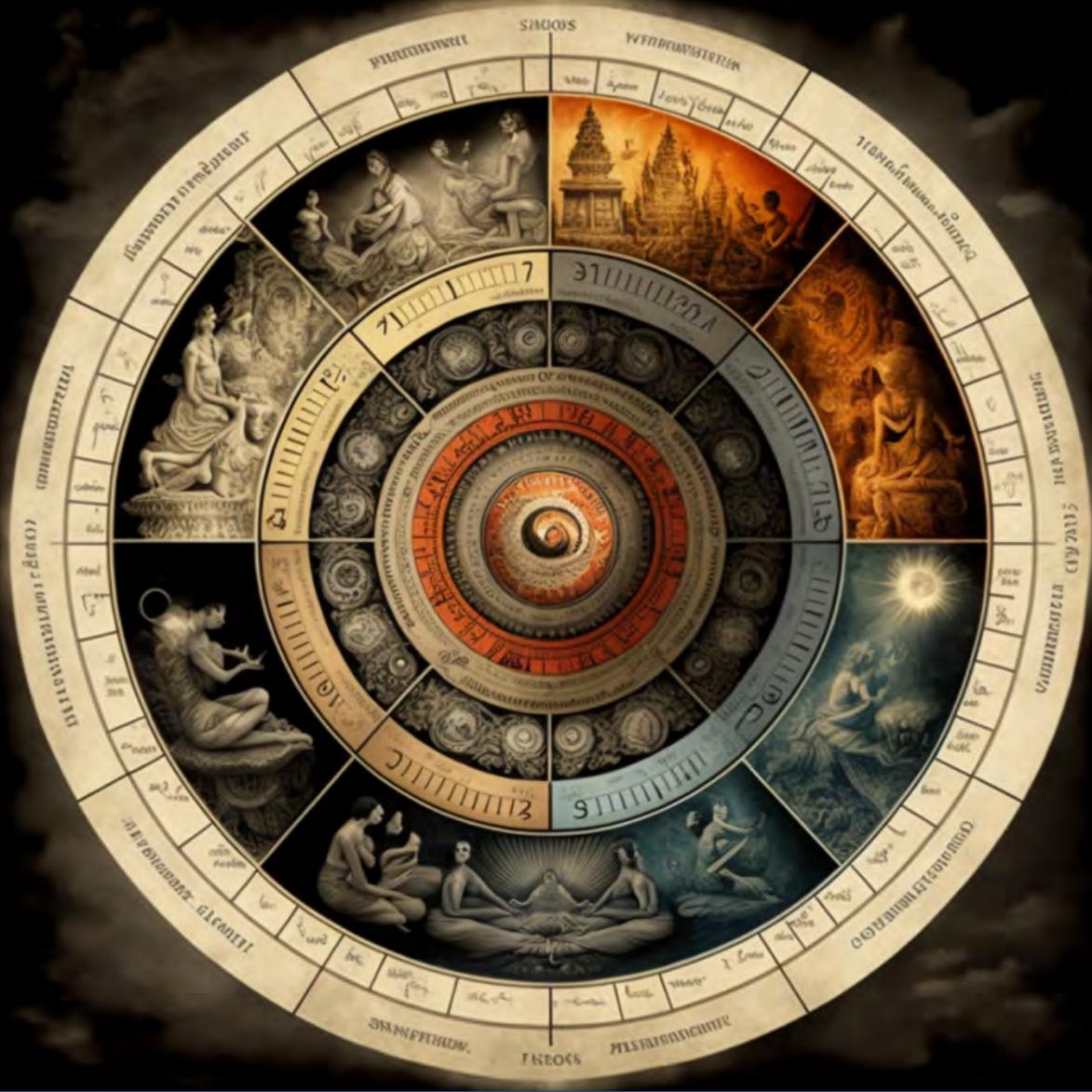
VEDIC SAGES LAID THE FOUNDATION FOR SPIRITUAL DHARMA

धर्म





These enlightened beings were personally instructed by Lord Shiva, who taught them esoteric yogic practices on how to master the subtlest of astral and physical forces.



The Seven Sages were birthed by Brahma and they manifest in each of the four Yugas: Satya, Treta, Dvapara, and Kali.



Having crossed several mountain ranges, Jasbir came to a small enclave, where a Tibetan was sitting near a fire and who shouted out, "Come near, and warm yourself."





They drank some butter tea together and the Tibetan asked about Jasbir's plans. "I am going to the lamasery in the next valley." The Tibetan looked quizzically at Jasbir, but said nothing.





The first sign that Kashani was near his destination was a Buddhist Stupa in the foreground.



As Jasbir reached the Buddhist compound it appeared empty. But after he went inside he was pleasantly surprised.





There was a large food market with all sorts of exotic delicacies. Local villagers from nearby towns had come to shop. The sights and smells were intoxicating.





Kashani then climbed a set of stairs to the second floor. After walking for a few minutes he then looked down and saw 12 Tibetan lamas eating their noonday meal.



He then decided that perhaps he too could secure some food, especially after such a long sojourn. But the lamas ignored him and went on eating.



Jasbir then entered an adjacent room which was full of monks eating on a long rectangle table. Here he was invited to join them.



After finishing his meal, Kashani was led to one of the special libraries in the monastery which housed their collection of Pali and Sanskrit scriptures, papers, and manuscripts.



Several lamas, both young and old, were intrigued by Kashani's vision and pored through several old scrolls to see if they could identify what it exactly prophesized.



One bespectacled scholar identified a passage in an obscure variation of the Diamond Sutra that suggested any vision of a cat with a boy was a good omen. But what it portended ultimately the text didn't indicate.





An older lama, reading a different Pali text, gestured to Jasbir and said, "We have woodblocks from centuries past. They have pictures that usually contain descriptions. Let us look and see."





After much rummaging, and with great excitement, the appropriate woodblock was found and it contained a striking rendition of a young boy, a cat-like figure, encircled within a colorful mandala.





The next woodblock of the cat and boy revealed its meaning: "The future is certain and the outcome not without obstacles. The Dharma must be fulfilled in the land of five rivers."

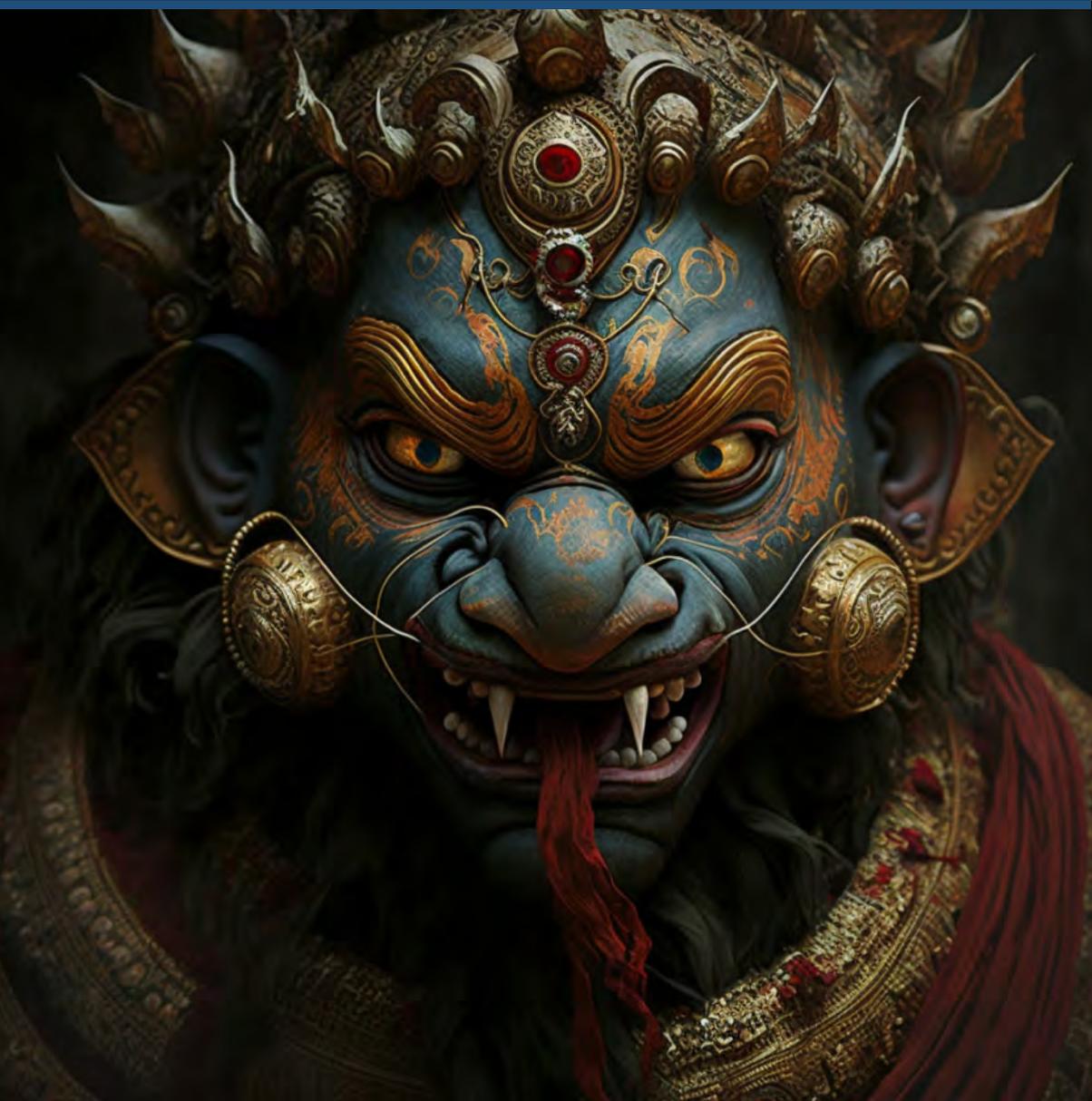
ཞི་མི།



RAKSHASA

THE OBSTACLE

राक्षस



Rakshasa is usually depicted in Hindu mythology as a wrathful deity -- scary and monstrous. But his more dangerous and beguiling form is human. He can adopt almost any guise, even as a holy man. But he is a force, like gravity, that pushes against anyone who wishes to restore the goodness of Dharma.





Kashani immediately knew that the land of the five rivers was the Punjab, since he was born in Saharanpur. But the map, partial as it was, confused him.



"Where in the land of five rivers was his fated destiny?" He pondered, even speaking his words aloud so the Tibetan lamas could hear him.



One of the senior monks, who was closely scrutinizing a parchment, suggested that Jasbir needed to consult Kelsang, the oracle, one who is god-seized (Mo). "He will give you guidance."



A small group watched as Kelsang used a small orb that magically lit up as he entered into a trance. The illumination grew brighter and within it appeared an astrological mandala.



Kelsang divined that the appearance of the chart could only mean one thing. It was both welcoming and foreboding. Jasbir must travel to the ancestral home of his mother. There he will find the young boy he envisioned.



THE LINEAGE

THE ORIGINS OF THE CULT

Dara Shikoh and The Confluence of Two Oceans



DARA'S NOTE TO HIS SISTER PRINCESS JAHANARA

THE PROPHECY OF THE HIDDEN RISHI





Jasbir Kashani was enamored with Sufism since he was a young boy. At the age of seventeen he visited Akhund Mullah Shah Masjid, a mosque that Dara Shikoh had built in honor of his spiritual master.





It was there he came upon a letter the Prince had written to his eldest sister, Jahanara, speaking of Seven Sages that guide humanity. This so intrigued Kashani that he joined a cult to find out more about these supernatural beings.





But over the years only very few stayed devoted to the cause. One by one they left, frustrated by their lack of progress. Because of this Kashani found a Himalayan cave so he could meditate day and night in hope of securing some sort of message.





Kashani's mother was born on June 1, 1922 in the sacred Sikh city of Amritsar, most famous for the Sri Harimandir Sahib, also known as the Golden Temple. Her name was Nirmal, "the pure one."





Nirmal would daily visit the Golden Temple at night and be enchanted by the pathis reciting from the Sri Guru Granth Sahib. Often she would go into a state of samadhi and lose all consciousness of her surroundings.





Each Tuesday, Nirmal would work as a sevadar at the langar (free kitchen) making chapattis for the visitors to the Sri Harmandir Sahib.



Nirmal introduced her beloved son, Jasbir, to her spiritual guide and mentor, Deepinder. He taught the young boy to read Guru Nanak's Sri Japji Sahib in its original script. Jasbir eventually memorized each word.





It was from the Sikh scriptures that Kashani learned of Baba Farid. This sparked his interest in Sufism . One night he saw Deepinder sitting quite still next to a small stream with radiant lights all around.





As Kashani continued staring at the old man, everything turned into a surreal picture. Kashani felt his body go numb and he was overwhelmed by a surge of indescribable bliss. He was transfixed.



Then, as if in a dream, the radiant light vanished. At sunrise, Kashani inquired of Deepinder about his spiritual practices. He explained that he had been taught the practice of Sultan-ul-Azkar from a Sufi Pir in Lahore.



Jasbir later learned how to practice Sultanul-Azkar from a beautifully bound book that his mother, Nirmal, gave him as a sacred heirloom shortly before she died at the young age of 48. It became his most treasured possession.





Many memories flooded Jasbir as he took a crowded train from Dehra Dun to Amritsar. Now in 60s with no family of his own, what would he find in this most holy city in the Punjab? He pondered, "Where should I search for such a young boy?"





Then, as Kashani was lost in thought, a young boy came scurrying through the bunched up passengers, calling out in Punjabi for his missing cat, "Bhrigu, Bhrigu."



After a few chaotic moments, the boy found his cat, which was perched on a window sill. Kashani was wonderstruck. Almost overjoyed with emotion, Kashani reflected, "It is not the boy or the cat that I was fated to meet. Rather, the name, the name"



THE BHRIGU SAMHITA

THE WORLD'S OLDEST
ASTROLOGICAL RECORD



The sage Bhrigu was one of the seven Saptarishi during the Vedic period. He wrote an enormous astrological compendium which contained precise predictions about future events. Out of a sea of mercy and kindness Bhrigu attempted to guide humanity to its better nature.





The original Bhrigu Samhita library, which is said to contain the sacred prophecies of future times, no longer exists. But there are other Hindu temples that contain partial elements of the original writings from the very hand of Bhrigu.





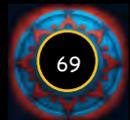
Jasbir Kashani was familiar with the myths surrounding Bhrigu and his works of astrology and prophecy. He also knew there were many fraudulent libraries that claimed to have portions of the divine Sanskrit leaves.



“Could it be possible that Bhrigu foretold of his own reincarnation in this Kali Yuga? Is Bhrigu now in human form? Where does he reside? Is he the first of the Seven Sages that I seek?” Questions swirled without answers in Kashani’s mind.



But what Jasbir didn't know yet was that Rakshasa, the counter charge, had stolen the parchment that revealed the true identity of the first god-like Sage. Anyone who wanted to ascertain such liberating knowledge must pass through him first.





Rakshasa's temple was a programmed hallucination, only seen by those who could access the astral plane by lucid dreaming or deep meditation.

GANESHA'S MILK

ENTERING INTO THE CEREBRAL TEMPLE





As Jasbir was disembarking from the train at Amritsar, he was surprised to run into a dear childhood friend, Bhavanjot, who he knew from his schoolboy days.





Kashani was overjoyed to see Bhavanjot. It had been years since they had met.

"Where are you headed, my dear Jasbir?"

"To the Sri Durga temple. There is an astrologer in residence that I need to consult."





Jasbir and his friend were met by the astrologer, Sajan, who welcomed the visitors as if he were expecting them.



Jasbir inquired about finding the authentic Bhrigu Samhita leaves. But Sajan was emphatic: "Those libraries that claim to have them are fake. Be warned. The real Akashic records are only found on the astral plane. You must go within to find them."



THE INNER QUEST

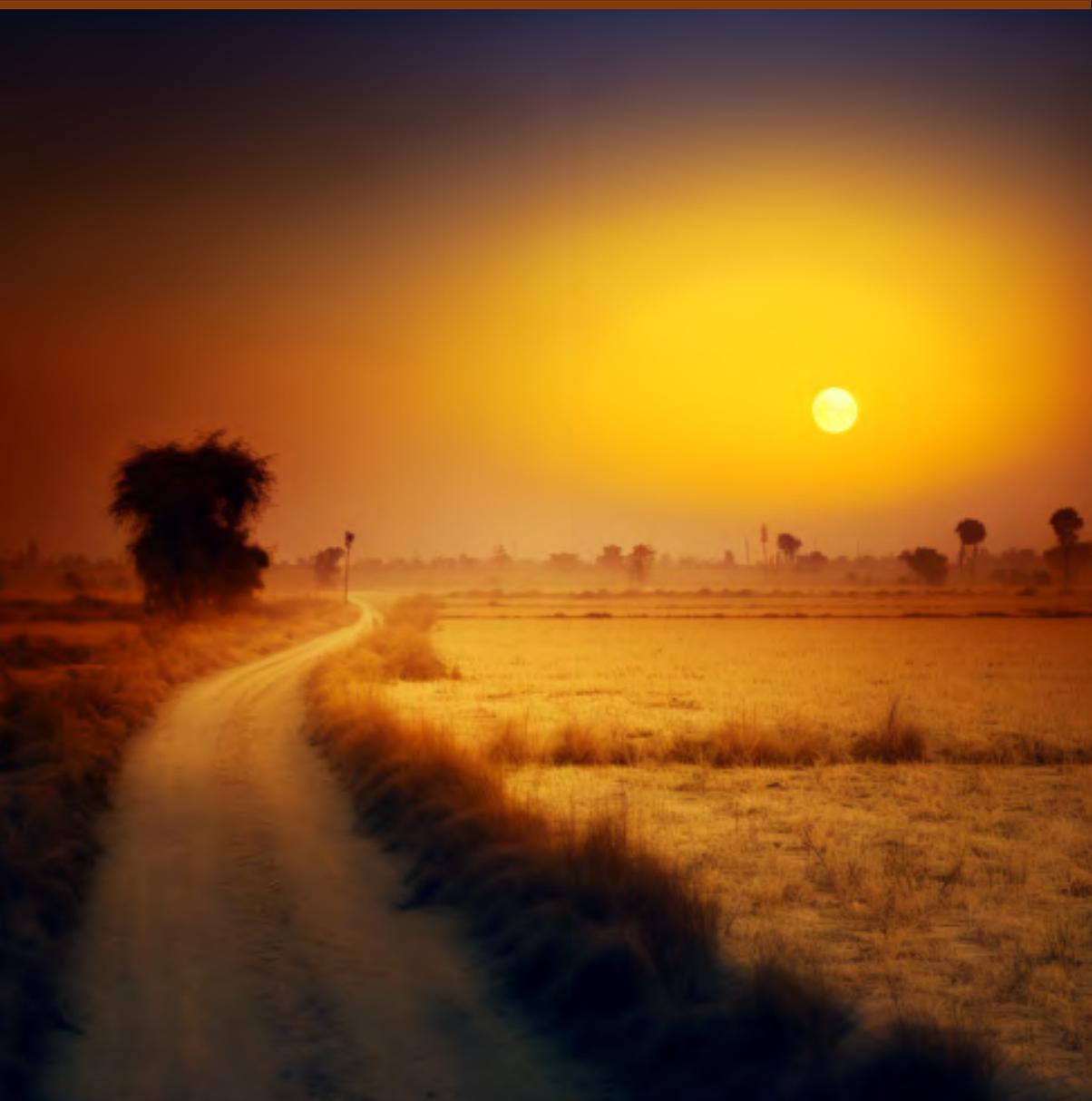
A VOYAGE TO
THE AKASHIC RECORDS



Bhavanjot seemed to realize the dilemma better than his friend.

"Jasbir, let us go to a quiet field and meditate together. As that great scientist Einstein once opined, 'The Lord is subtle but not malicious.'"

And to Bhavanjot's rural farm they went.





Together the two friends sat quietly. Jasbir happy to be with his friend, but unsure what his meditation would bring forth.

"I have searched so long and with such intensity," Kashani explained to Bhavanjot.





The first vision that Kashani received was of a hallway filled with Hindu gods and goddesses. It looked too real to be merely a hallucination.

"Where does this lead"?





Then Jasbir beheld Lord Krishna with his flute. The darshan was mesmerizing and he felt waves of bliss overtaking every pore of his body.



But in a flash Krishna disappeared and Rakshasa manifested with a terrifying grin holding an illuminated text.



Rakshasa then changed form and appeared as a goddess benevolent and welcoming, asking
"Who is it that you seek?"



Kashani responded, "Has Bhrigu descended to the earth plane?" Just as he posed his question, the goddess became two, with a small face protruding from the top of her crown.





But no response came to his query and the goddess turned more human-like but with red piercing eyes. Jasbir became frightened and began repeating his sacred mantra that was given him years prior by Deepinder.





To Kashani's relief, a new vision emerged.
Ganesha, the gift giver, appeared and
bellowed, "What you seek is already here.
The Sage will find you. Be ready."



Jasbir awoke from his meditation and found himself not in a golden field with his friend but back in his Himalayan cave. Startled beyond belief he ruminated, "What happened? How did I get here?"





He then realized the truth. He had never left the cave. Everything he had experienced were simulations upon simulations. Trajectories of what was possible. Coincidences beyond measure. It was a cycle, an endless cycle.





This he, understood, was Samsara magnified.
The wheel of existence of infinite
permutations, betraying their real origination
and beguiling all in a web spun by the goddess
of illusion, Maya.





Jasbir Kashani felt as if his search for the first Sage was in fact a hall of endless mirrors, each reflecting back to himself.

“What could this possibly mean?”





Then everything became crystal clear, transparent, obvious, and yet foreboding. "It cannot possibly be true, and yet I know for certainty it is." Kashani had come face to face with his fate.





Kashani remembered who he was in his previous incarnation. All three faces reflected only himself as he was and as he would be.



Jasbir Kashani was the very Sage he was seeking, He was the first Saptarishi. He was Bhrigu born anew. He awakened to his real self, that which was eternal and ever present.





And from this awakening, Kashani knew precisely what he was ordained to accomplish. As the first of the Saptarishi he carried the greatest of all responsibilities.



Jasbir Kashani became enlightened so he could find the other Six Sages and awaken them. Thus the Vedic Dharma could be restored and there could be an end to the horrors of the Kali Yuga.





From the recesses of his Himalayan cave, Jasbir Kashani emerged. He would now venture forth through the towns, villages, and cities around the world in search of the remaining Saptarishi.





THUS CONCLUDES BOOK ONE CONCERNING
THE CULT OF THE SEVEN SAGES

