

# The Blessing of Ardas

by SS Guru Kirn Kaur Khalsa—Phoenix AZ

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*The Sixth Body, the Arc Line, is characterized as the Person at Prayer. According to Tantric Numerology as taught by Yogi Bhajan the arc line represents the balance between the physical and cosmic realms as embodied by Guru Hargobind Ji. SS Guru Kirn Kaur shares her experience with the Ardas, the Sikh prayer.*

For five summers during the 1980s, I worked as a guide at Khalsa Youth Camp. I also spent one summer at Ram Das Puri while I was pregnant. I felt deeply connected to that sacred land and wanted my children to experience that connection as well.

We gave the campers the experience of performing all parts of the Gurdwara service. The English translation of the Ardas was difficult for the children to recite and I thought I could write a poetic Ardas that would be simpler for them.



For many years, Siri Singh Sahib had encouraged many of us to write poetry. He described poetry as "the expression of ecstasy between man and God." Rhythm and rhyme condition the mind to receive the Divine. It was with this intent that I began the work of translating the Ardas into poetry.

For me, poetry has the unique ability to collapse the boundaries of time and space, creating a sense of timelessness. The historical events described in the Ardas became a living experience for me, as if they were happening in the present, rather than hundreds of years ago:

*Bless those who meditate upon His Name,  
Let us give our praise to the same,  
To all the masters, warriors, saints, and sages,  
To all those who sacrificed throughout the ages.*

That elasticity, where individual experience joins with universal experience, influenced several passages. My experience as a mother is reflected below:

*Remember those who were cut up limb by limb,  
Who offered their very lives to Him,  
And each woman who uttered no cry of complaint,  
As she quietly sacrificed her own small saint,  
Keeping all their hair to the very last breath,  
They gave life to Sikh Dharma with the power of their death.*

During the time, I read stories of the Gurus' lives in Macauliffe's *The Sikh Religion*, which I used to create felt board stories for the children. The story of Guru Amar Das and the Weaver is the basis for the last stanza before the open prayer:

*O Honor of those who are stained with shame,  
O Home of those who live in pain,  
O Hope of the hopeless to live again,  
O Guru, the shelter from sorrow's rain,  
We stand before Thee to offer our prayers,  
So that Thy divine love will ease our cares.*

In that story, Guru Angad declared that Amar Das would be the "Home of the homeless," giving us hope that even in the darkest hours we may yet experience chardi kala.

In the final stanza, I incorporated Siri Singh Sahib's prayer "Please bless this earth with peace:"

*Through Nanak may Thy Name forever increase,  
So that our spirits may finally gain their release,  
And this earth and mankind be blessed with peace.*

Siri Singh Sahib said poetry was "a state of mind in which the expression of the pure and conscious is infinite." Translating the Ardas into poetry was my effort to enter into that pure and conscious state of mind.

# Sikh Ardas

(poetically interpreted by SS Guru Kirn Kaur Khalsa)



Ek Ong Kar Siri Waheguru Ji Ki Fateh!

Sree bhagautee jee sahaa-i.

Vaar sree bhagautee jee kee paatishaahee Dasvee.

Prit'ham bhagautee simar kai, Gur Naanak la-ee dhi-aa-i.

Fir Angad Gur tay Amar Daas, Raam Daasai ho-ee sahaa-i.

Arjun Hargobind no, simaraao Sree Har Raa-i.

Sree Har Krishan dhi-aa-ee-ai, jis dit'hay sabh dukh jaa-i.

Tayg Bahaadar simari-ai, ghar nau nidh aavai dhaa-i.

Sabh t'haa-ee ho-i sahaa-i.

Dasvay Paatshaah Sree Guroo Gobind Singh Sahib jee,

Sabh t'haa-ee ho-i sahaa-i.

Dasaa Paatshaah-ee-aa dee jot, Sree Guroo Grant'h Saahib jee day,

Paat'h deedaar daa dhi-aan dhar kay,

*Khalsa Ji Sahib, Bolo Ji, Sat Nam, Siri Waheguru!*

May we remember the courage of Guru Gobind Singh's four sons,

Join in praise of the five beloved ones,

And the sacrifice of the forty liberated ones.

Praise be to the five holy thrones where the Guru knelt,

And to all the places where His presence is felt.

*Khalsa Ji Sahib, Bolo Ji, Sat Nam, Siri Waheguru!*

Bless those who meditate upon His Name,

Let us give our praise to the same,

To all the masters, warriors, saints, and sages,

To all those who sacrificed throughout the ages.

*Khalsa Ji Sahib, Bolo Ji, Sat Nam, Siri Waheguru!*

Remember those who were cut up limb by limb,

Who offered their very lives to Him,

And each woman who uttered no cry of complaint,

As she quietly sacrificed her own small saint,

Keeping all their hair to the very last breath,

They gave life to Sikh Dharma with the power of their death.

*Khalsa Ji Sahib, Bolo Ji, Sat Nam, Siri Waheguru!*

Now let the whole Khalsa remember the Name,

Let the whole Khalsa give praise to the same.

*Waheguru! Waheguru! Waheguru!*

May all bodies of the Khalsa be under His protection,

May we always surrender to His grace and perfection.

Let the Lord's glory prevail in the heavens and on earth,  
As we reflect His glory with our dignity and worth.

With Deg and Teg may we achieve victory,  
May God's Holy Sword make us forever free.

May the pure ones prevail throughout time and space,  
May the Khalsa light the way for the whole human race.

May the realm of justice come to all parts,  
May love reside in all of our hearts.

May we be humble, yet also wise,  
May we be humble, yet also wise,  
May the light of the True One shine in our eyes.  
*Khalsa Ji Sahib, Bolo Ji, Sat Nam, Siri Waheguru!*

Grant us the blessed gift of Sikh Dharma,  
To wash away the stain of karma,  
Grace us with Thy Word and Name,  
So that Thy breath and ours may be the same.

Grant us the gift of faith in Thee,  
So that our lives may be ever free.

May we bathe in the Harimandir's holy waters,  
To be reborn as the Guru's sons and daughters.

As we sing our songs with a sacred voice,  
In our homes everywhere, let us now rejoice.

May our flags fly high across this land,  
May our gurdwaras be blessed by His hand,  
By His will, may our takhts always stand.  
*Khalsa Ji Sahib, Bolo Ji, Sat Nam, Siri Waheguru!*

May we strike lust, anger, greed, pride, and attachment from within,  
May our true lives, at last, begin.

O Honor of those who are stained with shame,  
O Home to those who live in pain,  
O hope of the hopeless to live again,  
O Guru, the shelter from sorrow's rain,  
We stand before Thee to offer our prayers,  
So that Thy divine love will ease our cares.

(OPEN PRAYER)

Give us Thy divine light and clarity,  
So that we may know what pleases Thee.

We have heard Thy Word, O True King,

Of Thy infinite praises, we sing!

Bless the Guru ka Langar and Guruprashad placed at Thy feet,

May these holy vibrations make us strong and sweet.

Forgive us our straying from the Path of Dharma,

Help us to choose our Destiny over our karma.

Let Thy Holy Name prevail in each soul,

So that all men and women of love may become whole.

Through Nanak, may Thy Name forever increase,

So that our spirits may finally gain their release,

And this earth and mankind be blessed with peace.

*Nanak Nam Chardi Kala, Tere Bhane Sarbat Da Bala.*