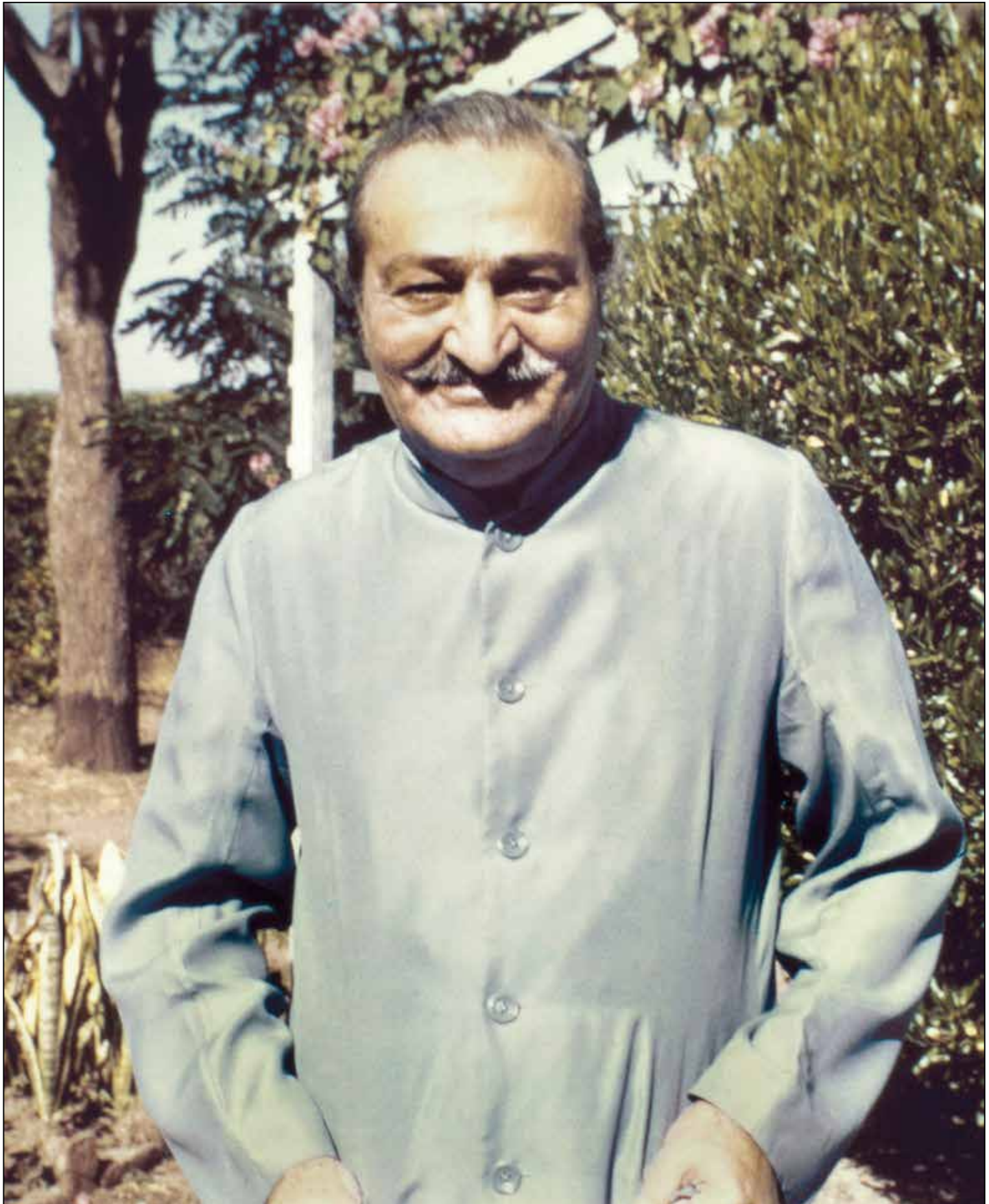


Meher Baba Australia

December 2019 – February 2020



Promoting harmony

Craig Ruff

By replacing our ordinary understanding of the external world with the spiritual understanding of the unity of all life, our responses to life naturally go through remarkable changes. For no longer do we unthinkingly accept the dictates of the separative self that rationalises our selfish reactions.

Instead, because we sense underlying oneness, our primary response is to uphold the Truth of inner unity with those around us. To do otherwise is to knowingly harm our own selves. Furthermore there is also the accompanying faith that the destiny of every soul is the same — to realise the Eternal Soul.

In approaching life this way, we fulfil Meher Baba's wish, as He stated, that "those who come into contact with me should develop true understanding of life." But Meher Baba also stated that He wishes us "to cultivate that type of service that does not cause complications."

Obviously, the type of service that does not cause complications is the one that promotes harmony.

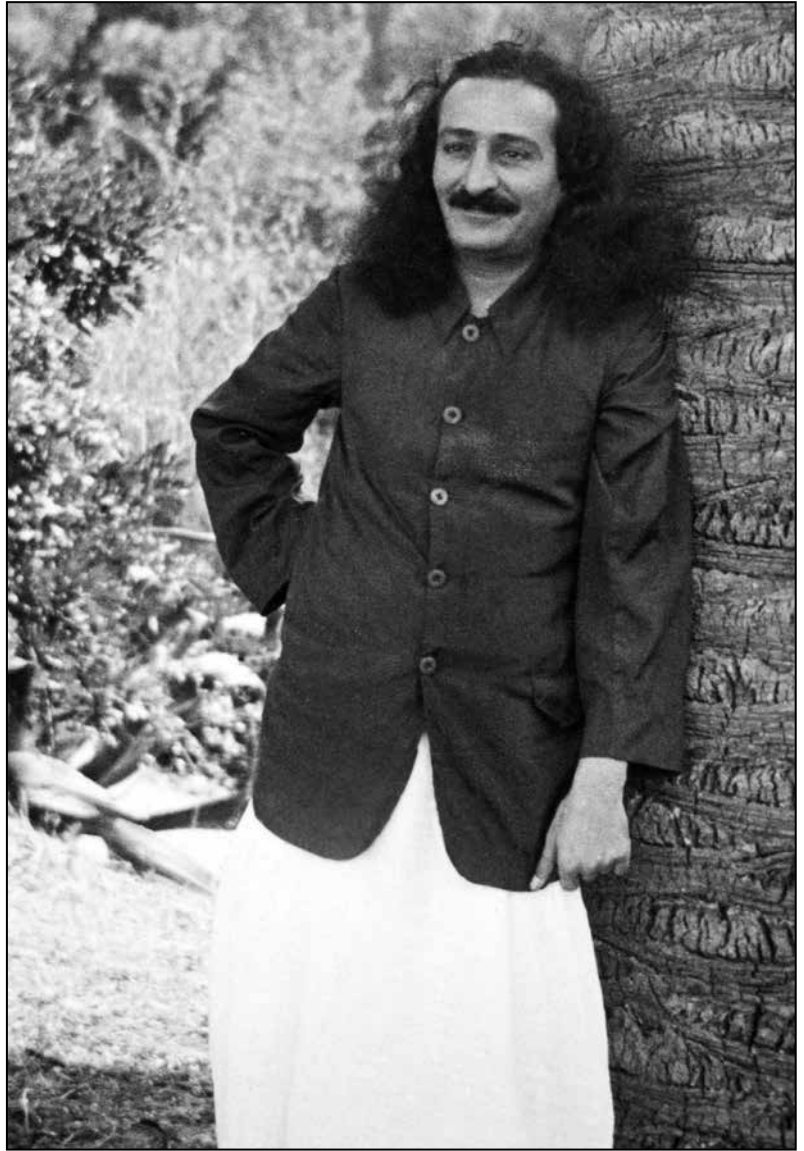
And we know from things the Mandali have said that Baba put a lot of emphasis on harmony. At one point He even said to them, "Everything is in My hands except one thing — harmony.

Harmony is in your hands. I cannot give you the blessings to live in harmony. Any and everything comes and goes. Know that I love you and give you My love. But that which would please Me most is for you all to live in harmony.

There may be differences but try not to incite differences. I beg you all to live in harmony and see that My love is spread among you all."

As we can see from what Meher Baba said, maintaining an atmosphere of harmony does not mean being in agreement with everyone about everything. It means that our acceptance of others is so fundamental that disagreements cannot disrupt it. It is through harmony that we best reflect the inner unity of the spirit. And this comes about naturally as we uphold the truth of inner oneness.

So now we know that according to Meher Baba, spiritual understanding must accompany our service. **Being selfless**



Meher Baba. Date, location and Photographer not known.
© Meher Nazar Publications.

alone is not enough! And by basing our actions on inner oneness, we develop a true understanding of life, which then naturally fosters a spirit of harmony, causing no complications in our service.

By putting these great truths into action, we will be better prepared to perform the highest service, imparting spiritual understanding to others so they can accept, have faith in and finally feel for themselves, the truth of inner oneness.

*Extract from ONENESS IN THE WORLD – Booklet 3.
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I do mind disharmony

Meher Baba – Nasik Ashram 1937



Standing: Rano, Mani, Mehera, Norina, Nadine, Helen, Irene, Hedi, servant. Seated: Kitty, Gaimai, Shireenmai, Baba, Gulmai, Soonamasi, Walu. Front: Manu & Mehera Jessawala, Khorshed, Mansari. August–December 1938, Upper Meherabad. Photographer: Elizabeth Patterson. © Meher Nazar Publications.

There are bound to be differences, but one or the other of you must give in. One of you must give in. That means all of you who stay must be prepared to give in.

I do not mind crises, I do not mind chaos, but ... *I do mind disharmony.*

At present, I have to spend my time patching up things, drawing both persons together on common ground, instead of spending it for the work and pushing you forward.

I tolerate everything. So, you must do the same. Be tolerant with everyone and when you feel like rising up in a fury and having an argument with your adversary, say: "I am here for Baba, and Baba wants above all else – harmony."

You will feel excited, jealous, proud at times – all of

these qualities are there. What I say is: Give in, in spite of them!

It is easier to go through fire than to give in. It is a more difficult task than creating the creation, to turn a selfish person into an unselfish one. To turn stubbornness into flexibility. What you answer is a sacred promise to me.

Baba asked each person, one by one, to give his or her answer. Each person said they were prepared and would do their best to live harmoniously together and to stay in India for five years or longer. This made Baba very happy.

*LORD MEHER Online version extract,
p. 1774. Copyright © .AMBPPCT.*

Moments with Baba

Guruprasad Garden 1963

Excerpts from Lord Meher Online



Meher Baba at Guruprasad, Poona. Date and photographer not known. © Meher Nazar Publications.

[p 4949 - 4950 Sunday 14th April]

Quoting a couplet of Hafiz, Baba remarked, “If you want the Beloved, remember Him always. Forget everything else. There is no need to be physically near the Beloved. Just remember Him with love.” ...

What a sublime state it is! One in a billion has such an experience of the Beyond state! From that state, I have come down and feel bound in you. This suffering

is terrible. In me, I am free. When I break my silence, a great push will be given to humanity. Even stones shall start dancing! After that, I shall be in bliss for 700 years.”

Hearing this, Francis, who was sitting next to Hoshang Bharucha, whispered to him, “Then we fellows do stand a chance!”



At about 9:30 AM, two American women arrived to see Baba. They had recently heard of him and had met Arnava. Baba met them graciously and motioned to Eruch to bring two chairs, as one of them was elderly and could not easily sit on the floor with everyone else. The other woman was named Ella. She was a dentist and an artist, a talented intellectual who had read a lot of philosophy. She was the type of person who had never felt the need for a Master.

After some time, Baba turned and gestured to Ella, “Do you want to ask me something? Is there something on your mind you wish to say? Anything you want to tell me?”

She said no. A few minutes later, Baba again turned to her and asked, “Is there something you would like to ask me? Something you would like to say to me?” Ella blushed and said, “Yes, Baba. You know I cannot accept you as God, but is it all right if I take you as my friend?”

Baba smiled broadly and replied, **“I am the best friend ever. I am Father, I am Mother, Brother, Child, Beloved – whatever you take me to be – and I am God.”**

If you cannot accept Baba as God, that should not worry you. Accept Baba as a true friend. I am God undoubtedly; but it is difficult for the Western mind to accept the concept of God in human form. Jesus was God Himself, but Judas could not accept Jesus as such. Even Peter denied him three times! So how can you accept me? I am the only Reality, while all else is false.”

Then Baba looked stern and added, **“But do not take me for anything in between. I am not just a guru, a saint or some other advanced soul. I am the Highest of the High.”**

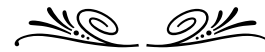


[p 4956 Sunday 21st April]

After settling in Guruprasad in March, Baba asked his nephew Sheroo to sing the prayer **“You Alone Exist”** (Tumi Tau Ho). Dictated mainly by Baba, but with some lines from Bhau, it was called “Bhau’s Prayer.” Since Sheroo could not read Hindi, the couplets were given to Mani and Eruch to arrange in sequence, and they wrote out the entire prayer-poem in English script.

At this time, Bhau was preoccupied upstairs in his room translating and rewriting *The Everything and The Nothing* into Hindi, while others were present with Baba and the visitors. Bhau did not know that Baba asked Sheroo to sing this prayer every day, and Baba did not inform anyone that he himself had composed it. Those present were under the false impression it was Bhau’s prayer alone. Sheroo sang the prayer very sweetly in Hindi.

Afterwards the discussion drifted to the workings of maya. At one point, Baba explained, **“Maya can be compared to ringworm on one’s skin. The more you scratch, the more you want to scratch and the more pained and miserable you become. In the same way, the more you indulge in maya, the more you want to get involved and one becomes all the more pained and miserable.”**



[p 4996]

At one point, Baba remarked, **“Highly placed individuals in society receive respect and honour in this gross world. However, such fellows would be kicked out from the subtle and mental worlds if they have no spiritual value.”** Then he said, **“I am the slave of those who love me.”**

[p 4997]

Baba stated: **I am so infinite that I myself cannot fathom my own Infinity. My shadow, the creation, is also so infinite that once I tried to count with my gross eyes all that had come out of me – all the universes – but I failed.***

* Regarding the counting of the universes, this incident occurred in 1921 when, as Merwan Seth, Meher Baba stayed for several months at Sakori with Upasni Maharaj.



[p 4999 Sunday 19th May]

Rhoda Dubash arrived with her son, Merwan. They embraced Baba, and Rhoda informed him how ill Merwan had been after she and Adi had returned home from the East-West Gathering.

His Senior Cambridge exam was to start shortly after Merwan returned to Karachi from the East-West Gathering, but on his return he became sick with a very strong attack of measles.

The Parsi community in Karachi criticised Adi and Rhoda for taking their son for Baba’s darshan when his exams were so near.

After missing the first three papers, Merwan’s doctor allowed him to appear for the rest of the exams, but all expected him to fail. The result astounded everyone as he was the only Parsi to pass First Class at the top of his class, despite having not appeared for the first three exams.



Meher Baba as Krishna at Toka, probably on 9 September 1928. Photographer: Shah or Deen. © Meher Nazar Publications.

Avatar Meher Baba and the *Bhagavad Gita*

Peter Rowan

Avatar Meher Baba, during His time with us, referred to the *Bhagavad Gita* on numerous occasions, and said it was a divinely inspired work.

The *Bhagavad Gita*, universally known simply as the *Gita*, has been translated into most major languages, with an abundance of English translations to choose from.

I have read several translations and prefer, mainly for reason of clarity of exposition and poetic beauty, the volume published by 'Faber and Faber' in the UK in 1935, titled, *THE GEETA the Gospel of the Lord Shree Krishna*. Put into English by Shree Purohit Swami.

Several editions have been printed by this publisher, including in paper-back, and should still be available.

I would also care to mention, that the preface for this publication was written by Sayajirao Gaekward the Maharajah of Baroda, the grandfather in-law of Baba's dear lover Maharani Shantadevi, who owned 'Guruprasad'.

The *Gita* is not a long work, as some may suppose, on the contrary, it is relatively short. In its entirety, without accompanying *Sanskrit* and commentary, it comprises only about eighty pages of easy open reading, as in the volume I have just mentioned.

Without attempting at this stage to expound or explicate, I must mention that the glorious *Gita* is in fact but a small section, 700 verses, of what is considered the longest poem in the world, the *Mahabharata*, with a length of 100,000 verses, about 220,000 lines in eighteen books, and which tells mainly of the great war of the Bharatas, through the major descending family branches of the *Kauravas* and *Pandavas*.

Tradition has it that the great *Rishi* of antiquity, *Vyasa*, was the compiler of the *Mahabharata*, and with it, the *Gita*. Another concept which has always prevailed is that the *Vedas*, from which the *Gita* and the *Mahabharata* were born, were not originally written or compiled by man, but were 'divinely revealed' to the sages of old.¹

"None other than an advanced soul could ever write such a divine masterpiece as the *Gita*", Avatar Meher Baba said, when speaking at one time with the mandali as to whether it was Krishna who gave the *Gita* to humanity long before it was written down.²

What the *Gita* is, and the knowledge it reflects, is

perfectly encapsulated by the following incident in 1930. Baba was reclining in a bus, when a man approached Him and asked point blank if Baba believed in the *Bhagavad Gita*, Beloved Baba's wonderful reply was, "I not only believe in it, I experience it every moment!"³

I have found, when reading the *Gita* with a fully concentrated awareness of its spiritual power to uplift the heart, a state of *rasa*⁴ may be experienced. This sublimely aesthetic experience may also be achieved when reading it aloud as a prayer or eulogy to the Beloved.

Avatar Meher Baba told His mandali in 1922, "When reading the *Gita*, the words are so arranged that when they are pronounced, the sound created comes very nearly in unison with the Universal Voice, and is a great help in influencing a person spiritually."⁵

The *Gita's* influence on the spiritual sensibilities of the West is inestimable, with the advent of modern communication the *Vedas* mainly due to the *Gita*, have attained a front-rank position of comparative study across the length and breadth of the world and has broadened interest in Hindu scriptures in general, which probably cannot be said of any other spiritual literature to the same extent.

When attempting to concentrate psychic energy into a format of cognisance of the 'worth' of the *Bhagavad Gita*, I find a certain reticence established with such ideas as commentaries and explanations, and feel that perhaps for lovers of Avatar Meher Baba, a more intuitive and less sanguinary approach is more appealing, after all we do have *God Speaks*, on which to base an assessment of the *Gita's* ultimate value.

What I consider the most valuable commentary on the value of the *Bhagavad Gita*, is the following definition by the world's greatest philosophic genius and Perfect Master of the 8th century, *Shankaracharya*, who advises us, "The *Gita* is the ultimate and unassailable essence of the meaning of all the *Vedas*".⁶

Avatar Meher Baba has accorded the highest honours to *Shankaracharya*, and the following incident with the *Gita* perhaps may be seen as wonderfully symbolic of Baba's great regard for this formidable Sadguru, who lived in a small village known as Mandla most of his life.

Continued on next page

Baba was on His way to Mandla from Jabalpur one morning in 1939, when five miles from the town, Elizabeth's car broke down and would not start again after developing a severe radiator problem. Baba's solution was to have the mandali read passages from the *Gita* out loud, and it would then start, but again and again continue to stall while they were on their way, with Baba continuously directing more readings from the *Gita*, until they arrived in Mandla.

The same procedure took place all the way back to Jabalpur. Baba then gave the *Gita* to a lover who had accompanied Him, instructing, "Don't give this *Gita* to anyone, or lose it. It is my prasad."⁷

The actual age of the *Gita* is problematic, as most researchers cannot find reference to it prior to the *Mahabharata*, and therefore conclude it was recorded around the same time, about 2,700 years ago, but in the tradition of ancient Hinduism the *Gita* was revealed more than five thousand years ago, and this is corroborated by Shree Purohit Swami in his *Gita* translation into English which I mentioned previously.⁸

This earlier time certainly complies more accurately with Avatar Meher Baba's indication that Krishna gave the *Gita* to humanity long before it was written down, and is more in line with Baba's pronouncements on the various ages of the Avataric Advent.

Perhaps one may get an idea of the depth of spiritual expression inherent in the *Bhagavad Gita* from the titles of the eighteen chapters alone, without analysis of its content:

1. The Despondency of Arjuna;
2. The Philosophy of Discrimination;
3. Karma-Yoga – The Path of Action;
4. Dnyana-Yoga – The path of Wisdom;
5. The Renunciation of Action;
6. Self-Control;
7. Knowledge and Experience;
8. The Life Everlasting;
9. The Science of Sciences and the Mystery of Mysteries;
10. The Divine Manifestations;
11. The Cosmic Vision;
12. Bhakti-Yoga – The Path of Love;
13. Spirit and Matter;
14. The Three Qualities;
15. The Lord-God;
16. Divine and Demoniatic Civilization;
17. The Threefold Faith;
18. The Spirit of Renunciation.⁹

The beauty of Krishna's sublime exposition is unsurpassed on every page of this so called 'spiritual philosophic treatise', there certainly cannot be another book that can approach its philosophic grandeur, yet one must hesitate in calling it philosophy!

In 1960, at Guruprasad, some banter was going back and forth with Baba over the word 'philosophy', Baba remarked, "Statements of facts and philosophy are not the same. Can you call the *Gita* a philosophy?" the retort from someone was, "It can be called so." Baba then replied, "Then here is my philosophy: I am in everything; I am everything; and I am beyond everything. To know me as I am, you must lose your all in me. I am the Ancient One. Also, remember well that this is not mere philosophy but a statement of fact based on Experience."¹⁰

Beloved Baba's clarity of exposition must then be taken as the yardstick by which we measure the inestimable value of the *Bhagavad Gita*.

Even though the *Gita* is told in the third person, one almost immediately forgets this, as the loving relationship between Lord Krishna and his devotee Arjuna unfolds. Arjuna's heart rending hesitation in killing hordes of his brethren in war, is the instant catalyst which sets in motion, a soliloquy by his Lord Shree Krishna who expounds not only the spiritual Path with all its ramifications, but the absolute essence of all spiritual endeavour, now and for always. Absolute and utter obedience to the Lord is the essential and unswerving necessity, which time and again Krishna impresses on Arjuna with such consummate compassion.

Beloved Baba, on one occasion when speaking of the *Gita*, expounded to the mandali the following, which I will give in precis, "When Krishna ordered Arjuna to kill the *Kauravas*, Arjuna hesitated, and in despair threw down his bow and refused. Krishna told him to obey, but he would not listen, Krishna then ordered Arjuna to look in to his open mouth, there Arjuna saw the whole of the universe with millions of his brothers and relatives, this convinced Arjuna of Krishna's omnipotent knowledge and he then plunged into battle. Krishna told Arjuna that if he had full faith in him he would never had doubted or asked questions", Baba concluded, "This demonstrates that implicit faith and obedience to the Master is necessary, and is the quickest way for attainment of God-realisation".¹¹

So often, would Baba have different portions of the *Gita* read to him, and under so many different circumstances, sometimes for relaxation, but it would generally appear to be more for specific purposes, dependent upon His work.



Arjuna and His Charioteer Krishna Confront Karna. The painting depicts the battle of Kurukshetra of the Mahabharata epic. On the left the Pandava hero Arjuna sits behind Krishna, his charioteer. On the right is Karna, commander of the Kaurava army. Artist/maker unknown, Indian, c. 1820. Philadelphia Museum.

When about to enter the New Life, just prior to October 16th 1949, Beloved Baba had members of the mandali read out extracts from the holy books of the different religions, and as always, the *Gita* was included. On this occasion Baba had all seven verses of the 10th chapter, ‘The Divine Manifestations’ read from the *Gita*.¹² I will give a small sample to demonstrate the beauty of this chapter:

‘To those who are always devout and who worship Me with love, I give the power of discrimination, which leads them to Me.’

‘By My grace, I live in their hearts; and I dispel the darkness of ignorance by the shining light of wisdom.’

‘I am Shri Krishna among the Vrishni-clan, and Arjuna among the Pandavas; of the saints I am Vyasa, and I am Shukracharya among the sages.’

‘I am the Seed of all being, O Arjuna! No creature moving or unmoving can live without Me.’

‘Whatever is glorious, excellent, beautiful and mighty, be assured that it comes from a fragment of My splendour.’¹³

The mighty and war-like Krishna of the *Mahabharata* and the *Gita*, is totally dissimilar to the lovingly amorous portrayals we are generally used to, and which have come to us through the later interpolations of the *Puranas*, where Krishna is shown in dalliance with the gopis of Vrindaban,

and in particular with his beloved gopi, Radha, and which I might add, is most perfectly exemplified in the supremely beautiful poem of the 12th century, *The Gita Govinda* of Jayadeva.¹⁴

According to the *Mahabharata*, Krishna’s name means ‘black’. Prior to Krishna’s birth, Lord Vishnu plucked out two of his hairs, one white, the other black. The white hair entered the womb of Krishna’s mother to become Krishna’s elder brother Bala-rama, the black hair, Krishna.

Krishna was born into the pastoral race of the Yadavas, in Mathura, close by to the village of Vrindaban on the River Jumna where he spent most of his early life, and his father through marriage was related to the *Pandavas* to which Arjuna belonged.

Krishna though born a cow-herder, according to the *Mahabharata* whilst growing up showed immense prowess with ‘force of arms’, and slew great numbers of foes of every shape and form. He triumphed over the gods, and won many divine awards from them with his god-like abilities, which they were powerless to combat.

As the story unfolds, one of the Pandava princes and brother to Arjuna, Yudhishtira, had lost their family kingdom of *Hastina-pura* to the *Kauravas* in a gambling bout, and the *Pandavas* went into exile. Krishna made his abode in Dwaraka, and was eventually joined there by

Continued on next page

Arjuna who aided Krishna in many more glorious exploits in which Krishna was always victorious, whether it be with gods or men.

Eventually plans were drawn up by the *Pandavas* to wrest back by force from the *Kauravas* their gambled away kingdom of *Hastina-pura*.

Krishna advised both parties to arrive at a peaceful settlement to avoid the great war which was imminent, but the *Kauravas* refused any form of conciliation, and so Krishna returned to Dwaraka followed by Arjuna and his brother Duryodhana.

Both brothers attempted to enlist Krishna's services in the inevitable war, but Krishna refused to take an active part. He instead gave them the choice of either his personal attendance, or of a great army supplied by him.

Arjuna chose without hesitation Krishna to accompany him as his companion, whereas Duryodhana joyfully accepted the army.

Hence, Krishna became Arjuna's charioteer but carried no arms, and on the eve of the battle between the *Pandavas* and the *Kauravas* on the plains of Kurekshetra, Krishna related to Arjuna the *Bhagavad Gita*, to instruct him in his duty and allay his misgivings about the carnage to follow.

Krishna's invaluable advice to Arjuna brought about a resounding victory for the *Pandavas*, and Krishna proceeded with the conquerors to their won back capital of *Hastina-pura*.

Krishna eventually returned to Dwaraka, and was killed by an arrow from a hunter who mistook him for a deer; Arjuna performed the funeral rites of Krishna, and a few days later, the *Mahabharata* tells us, Dwaraka was swallowed up by the sea.¹⁵

I have attempted to give only the briefest of summaries of this extensively loaded masterpiece the *Mahabharata*, much of which may be considered fact, fiction or allegory, nevertheless it is where the *Bhagavad Gita*, the greatest spiritual masterpiece the world has ever known takes its place, and to which Avatar Meher Baba has given full and unstinting praise.

It has been noted in *Lord Meher*, that even as a lad Merwan knew the whole of the *Gita* by heart.¹⁶ And all through His later life, Baba would quote examples and incidents from the *Gita*, to amplify and further explain the discourse He was giving. An example at Guruprasad in 1960 was when Beloved Baba quoted direct from the *Gita*, "I have placed myself under the veil of maya, and although I am the effulgence, few can see me as I am."¹⁷

There were many times in 1959 that Baba asked Deshmukh, Nana Kher or Bal Natu to recite some well-known verses from the *Gita*.¹⁸ At one time, after having Deshmukh recite a few verses, Beloved Baba was moved to comment, "I have descended from the *Paratpar-Parabrahma* state and come down to your level, in this state there is no binding there is absolute Freedom, absolute Existence".¹⁹

As I have previously mentioned, and it must now be obvious, Avatar Meher Baba not only had the highest regard for the *Gita*, but used it extensively to instruct one and all on His divine status as the Avatar.

The *Bhagavad Gita* is integral to the structure of the *Mahabharata*, and as the leading subject of the *Mahabharata* is the great war between the *Kauravas* and the *Pandavas*, the latter family to which Arjuna the warrior prince belonged, and whom Krishna instructed on the battlefield with the *Gita* during this epic struggle for supremacy over the *Kauravas*, we may therefore ask, did this war actually take place?

The ruins of the old city of *Hastina-pura*, central to the *Mahabharata* epic, have been found fifty-seven miles north-east of Delhi on an old river bed of the Ganges, but proof that a war took place has not been found.

Asking whether this epic battle took place or not, is perhaps not what our enquiry should be, but whether through the profundity of the *Bhagavad Gita*, we may see the war as a sublime allegory for the eternal conquest by the Avatar over the forces of Maya, would be a far more profitable avenue to consider?

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An escaped bull seeks refuge at Rumi's feet. From 'A Translation of Stars of the Legends'. Iraq, Baghdad 1590s.
Location: The Pierpont Morgan Library & Museum, New York USA.

Jalaluddin Rumi stories

Coleman Barks

Many stories have come down to us about Rumi and children, about Rumi and beggars, the rejected of society and especially about Rumi and animals. He was very in tune with the animal mind ...

Every year Rumi went to a place near Konya where there were hot springs. Near a large lake music festivals would be arranged and Rumi gave discourses.

One day the ducks that live on the lake were so vociferous that no one could hear the talk.

Rumi yelled at the ducks "Either you give this discourse, or let me!"

Complete Silence.

And during the remaining weeks Rumi was there, no duck made a noise. When it came time for Rumi to return to Konya, he went to the edge of the lake and gave the ducks permission to quack as much as they wanted, whereupon duck chatter resumed.

Coleman Barks tells another story he loves. "Some butchers purchased a heifer and were leading her to be

slaughtered. Suddenly she broke free and ran. The butchers shouted at her but that made her more crazed. No one could get near her. ... Rumi was walking the same road with his students and disciples some distance behind. When the heifer saw Rumi, she trotted over and stood beside him very still as though communing with his spirit. He rubbed and patted her neck.

When the butchers came to claim their property, Rumi pleaded for her life. His students joined in the discussion. Rumi used the situation: "If a simple animal being led to its death, can take such lovely refuge with me, how much more beautiful must it be when a human being puts heart and soul in the care of God?"

The entire group, dervishes and butchers alike, found such joy in these words that they began to play music, and danced and spontaneous poetry continued into the night.

Coleman Barks taught English and poetry at the University of Georgia for thirty years. Barks has visited Baba's Meher Spiritual Center several times.

Visiting Shirdi and Sakori in 1988

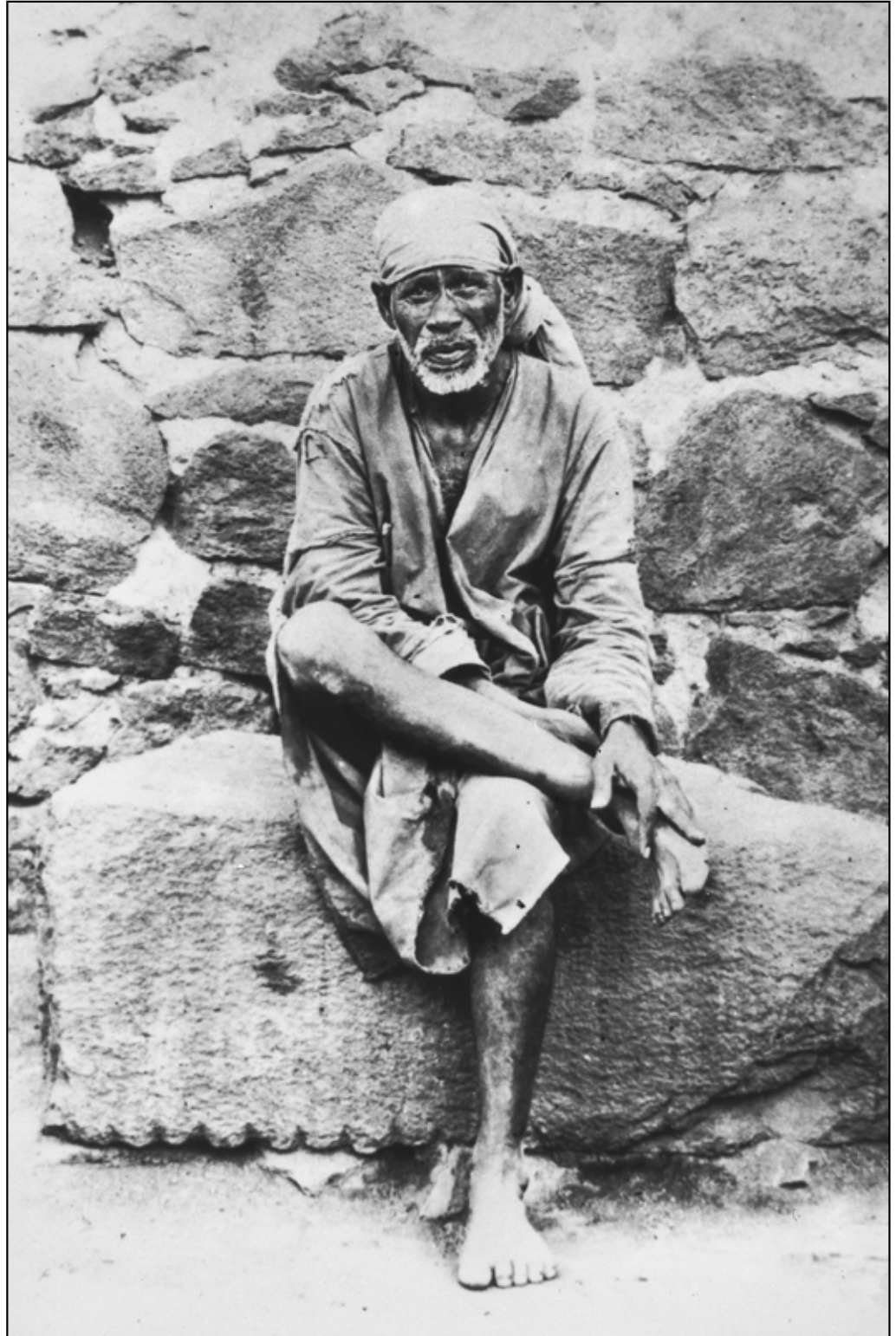
(A lesson in what it meant to be British in India)

Sarah McNeill

At the time of my very first visit to India in 1988 pilgrims were accommodated at Lower Meherabad in the beautiful, cloistered rooms designed around courtyard gardens full of flowering bougainvillea. Rooms for the women were located on one side and those for men on the other. It was in the days when water was measured out by the bucketful – no more than two buckets per person per day (and occasionally only one).

A lovely, spacious communal dining room served meals three times a day and an urn of delicious, hot early morning chai was always set out for those making their way up to the Samadhi soon after sunrise. A total of maybe twenty or thirty pilgrims made it seem to me like the place was full up. I was at one and the same time awestruck and overcome by feelings of familiarity and unexpectedness. Every day was wonderfully the same and yet each day always brought something new.

Three or four days into my stay, at breakfast one morning after Arti, I was sitting at a table of ten or so talkative companions from at least five different parts of the world, including a young woman (Alice) from Australia who sat with her two children discussing the day trip they had



Sai Baba at Shirdi. Date and photographer unknown.
© Meher Nazar Publications.

planned. As soon as they finished it was time for them to go. Their transport waited out front. However, five minutes later Alice reappeared to say there was a spare place in the mini-van and why not grab my things and join them.

Without any time to think I slung my shabby pink tote-bag containing all essentials, over my shoulder and joined them, squeezing into the back of the van, bringing the passenger count up to the required number and off we went.

Alice with her husband and two kids made up half the group and then there were three other pilgrims, American and Canadian I gathered, with the party completed by myself plus our guide for the day, one of Baba's mandali by the name of Minoo Bharucha.

Minoo Bharucha, I learned later, lived in a small room near the Pilgrim Centre at Lower Meherabad. He'd told me the previous day he was the site electrician and I'd asked him to fix a faulty light switch in the room I'd been allocated! I was an unprepared newcomer, impervious to Minoo's wry sense of humour – but I would begin to wise up later that day...

The route we took led first to Shirdi and then on to Sakori, a round-trip of about two hundred miles. I'd never heard of Sai Baba or Upasni Maharaj so went in ignorance and tried to pick up as much as I could along the way. Minoo talked almost non-stop in a compelling and amusing way that held my attention in spite of a noisy, bumpy ride in the back, and I can still recall now the sound of his friendly voice and his laughter although I remember little of what he was telling us. All the pilgrims were pitching in with questions and I just had to take on board as much as I could – mainly that we were visiting the shrines of two of the Perfect Masters instrumental in awakening the Avatar of the Age.

In trying to follow what Minoo was saying during the drive, I paid scant attention to the surrounding countryside until our first stop, at Shirdi, which was actually the first Indian town I'd set foot in. Immersed immediately in the dust and noise and colour of a local market where we'd parked, everything I saw around me was unexpected, fascinating and completely irrelevant to the purpose of our visit and I'd have happily spent the next hour wandering around taking everything in and marvelling at the chance which had brought me to this place.

The shrine of Sai Baba was, however, the reason for our stop at Shirdi. With a following of millions in India alone for over a century, Sai Baba's presence at Shirdi had made



Sai Baba's statue in Shirdi. Date and photographer not known.
© Meher Nazar Publications.

the location an important place of pilgrimage. His picture was everywhere. To a certain extent, the external splendour of his shrine reflected that eminence although the simple interior preserved a more impressive atmosphere of sacred reverence. Shrine attendants wearing plain white robes spoke little and simply motioned us to keep moving around the narrow space of the tomb.

Had I known more about our itinerary on that day before we set off, I'd have made sure to wear something slightly tidier than a baggy pair of jeans! At least I had a covering for my head, plain cotton and drab by comparison with the saris of Indian ladies in front of me but I'd pulled it out of the tote bag and tied it in place as a scant token of respect for the formalities. Such was the extent of my awareness of the significance of this occasion!

As we exited the shrine, male attendants waited to make it clear our contributions to funds were expected and we dutifully complied. My lack of devotional functionality in terms of bowed gesture and respectful bearing may have been noticed but, alas, my sensitivity to the sacred aspect of the place was dormant!

Continued on next page

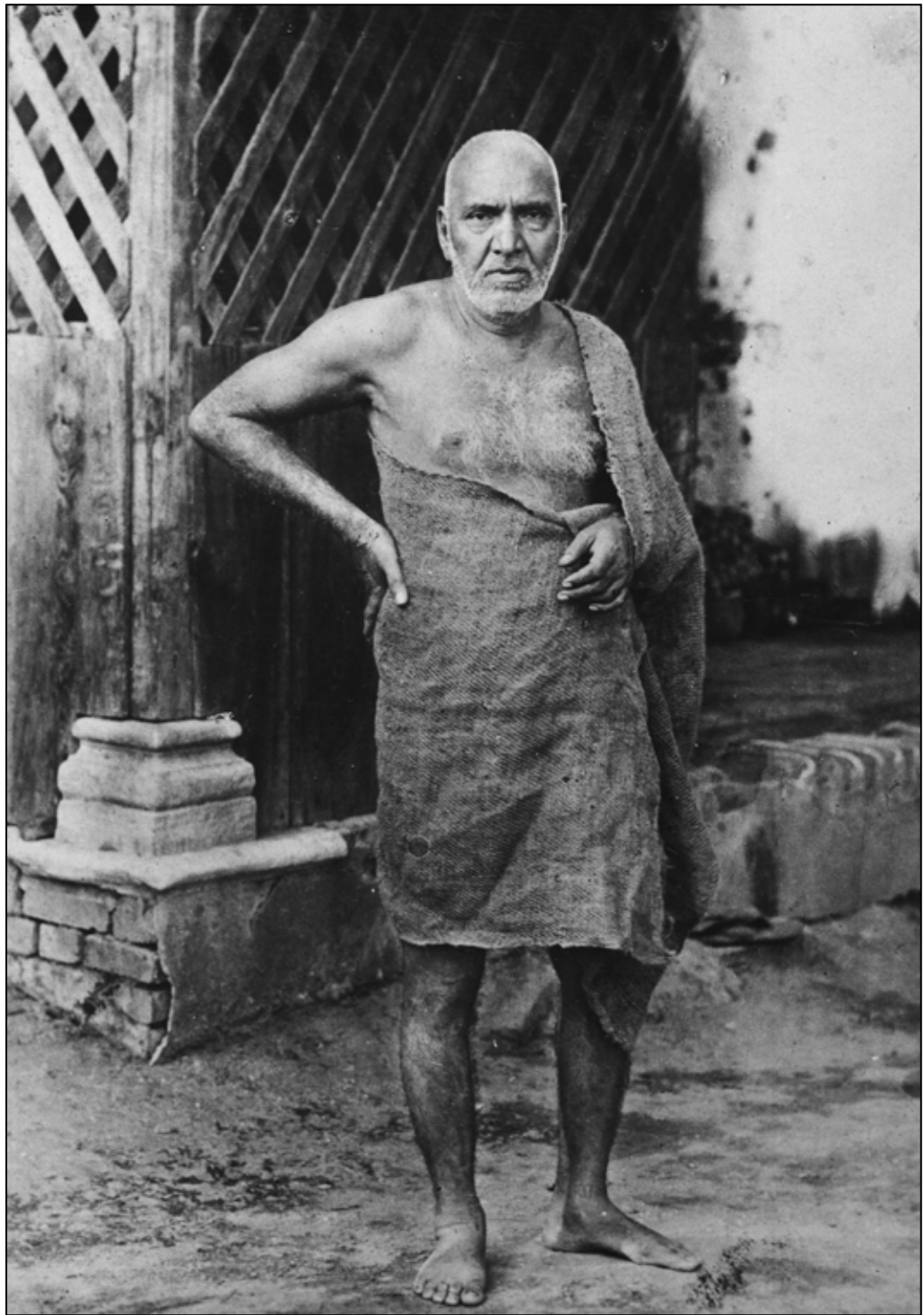
Next up, Sakori, which appeared to me as larger, louder and more touristy than Shirdi. Sakori had on show a thriving population of trinket-sellers, purveyors of food and drinks, sellers of brightly coloured scarves and stall-holders displaying all kinds of shining brass statuettes, trinkets and bangles, images, decorative lamps and prayer banners. Even cricket bats were on sale here and large vats with who-knows-what steaming delicacy on offer.

As for the shrine of Upasni Maharaj – well to me it seemed to excel anything I'd ever seen in garish magnificence and drama. Rather large attendants appeared to stand on guard, naked from the waist up, with well-oiled torsos and rather fierce expressions. Our group of Westerners, led by Minoo, entered single file into a larger tomb shrine than the one at Shirdi and we were allowed to circulate supervised at every turn by even more of the strong guys.

There must have been tourists arriving each day from many parts of the world so surely a degree of watchful and somewhat intimidating supervision was required and maybe my sense of their disapproval was imagined, but I had yet to learn anything about the life of the phenomenal Upasni Maharaj and so the benefit from such a visit was alas lost on

this scruffy English person. However, I was to discover on that day that the English had left an indelible imprint on the minds of the locals in these rural parts of Maharashtra.

Led by Minoo, we walked up a grassy slope in a fairly wooded area just outside a village. Maybe we were being taken to the remains of the temple at Khandoba where Upasni Maharaj had lived before making Sakori his permanent location. My memory doesn't serve me well



Upasni Maharaj at Sakori. Date and photographer not known.
© Meher Nazar Publications.

regarding the detail of this happening – only the awareness I had of our small group attracting the attention of a fairly large number of local lads who followed at a distance. Telling us to wait, Minoo walked down to the group and spent a few minutes in what seemed like earnest discussion with them. Then, chuckling to himself all the way back he motioned us to carry on walking. But the group of locals now seemed to spread out, peering at us curiously



Meher Baba with Godavri Mai (seated right next to Baba), the kanyas and Yeshwant Rao Boravke (seated left by Baba), his wife (seated on floor), Gulmai (seated right). September 1954 at Sakori. Photographer: Meelan. © Meher Nazar Publications.

from various angles. The Australian/American/Canadian companions were clamouring for information. “What do they want?” “What did they say?” “What did you tell them?”

Minoo stopped and looked at us and with a straight face carefully explained: “They were asking me about your tails. They wanted to know where you hid your tails. They heard us all speaking English and it is believed around here that the English are descended from monkeys, so they wanted to see your tails.”

Blank looks of astonishment from the group. So Minoo said, “I told them you tucked them down into your trouser legs,” and he broke out laughing. Loud exclamations of outrage came from all the indignant pilgrims protesting they were not English! But nothing it seemed could diminish Minoo’s enjoyment of the situation. And as the only true Brit/monkey in the mini-van, I felt I had to bear the weight of their hurt feelings (as well as the Brits’ historic legacy) all the way back to Meherabad. JAI BABA!

Meherabad morning (1988)

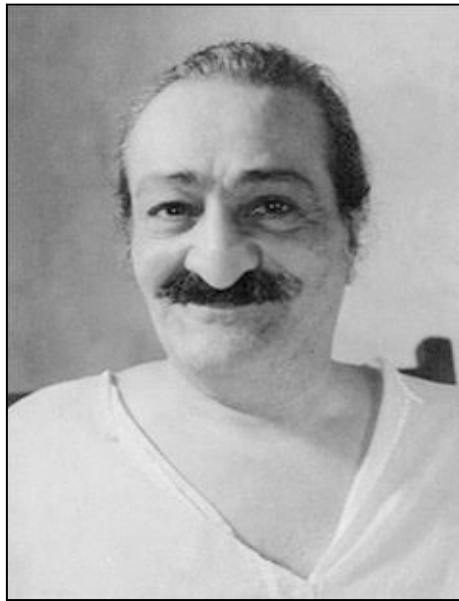
Hot chai steaming in
An aluminium beaker,
Metal, scoured, smooth.
Hot chai
Almost too hot to hold
In the cold pre-dawn.

Early-risers
Wrapped in scarves
Shuffle softly to the waiting urn
And stand in line
Taking turns,
Moving to sit down.

Half-awake and
Hunched around a table
Hands cupped
Lips pursed
Sipping, tasting, warming.
Mumbled voices
Murmur greetings
And scent the brew;
Tasting, swallowing,
Sensing a pervading
Expansion of awareness
As cups are drained;
And then movement
Chairs vacated noisily.
The dining room clears.

Time at last for the longed-for walk
Through chill air, early light,
Across the road,
Over the tracks,
Along the path marked by stones
And imprinted by brand names
From the soles of trainers.

An urgent momentum now
Up, up the hill,
Eager to reach the turn
See the tomb-shrine come into
view,
And then
To discard our footwear
Take a place in the line
And be there
For the main event.



Meher Baba

On Pilgrimage at Meherabad

A bird was banging against the window
captivated by its own reflection.
I looked up from the kitchen table
to see if I could see it in the gap
between the curtains.

Instead I saw Meher's smiling face
in a photograph on the wall.
He was sneaking a glimpse at me
at the same time
as I was looking for the bird.

I was momentarily caught
in His gaze.
It seemed like a ploy
on His behalf to get me
to look up and see Him.

I felt like the bird
lost in its own reflection
but mine was of an unknown self
shining forth from the eyes
of my Beloved.

Ross Keating

Meherazad

Meherazad is the purest of homes
as Mehera is the purest of souls.
It has the heart of a lover
who is beloved of God.
Once its trees spread out
their branches to comfort Meher
and the flowers gave of their colour
and fragrance to lighten His burden.
Now as I sit on Mehera's porch
I can hear the falling shadows
whispering His name
as they move across its walls
just like Mehera when her fingers
would softly caress His photograph.

Ross Keating

The Singing at Morning Arti

The painted figures of pilgrims awoke
from the walls of the *Samadhi's* mural.
To the rhythm of calypso line dancing
they descended to the ancient marble.

As they circled and turned in unison
squirrels wearing Mexican sombreros
assembled outside of the threshold
playing guitars and six-string banjos.

Meher's Image in the sky of the dome
came alive as He gently came down
with maracas He joined in the music
and praise filled the cosmos with sound.

The *Samadhi* was a festive Tavern
His divine presence an open door.
In the spell-binding joy of His lovers
the world of sorrow existed no more.

Ross Keating

Forgive and forget

Meher Baba

People ask God for forgiveness. But since God is everything and everyone, who is there for Him to forgive? Forgiveness of the created was already there in the act of creation.

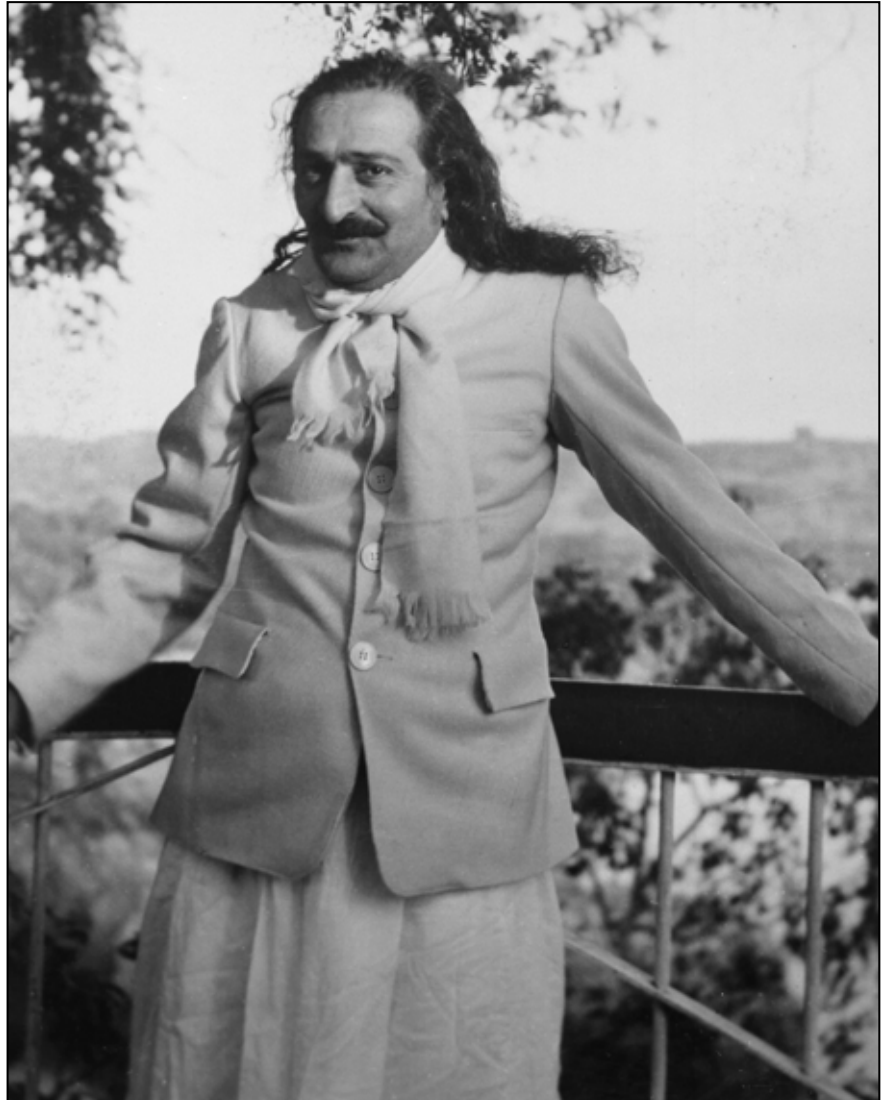
But it is impossible for men to forget their wrong-doings and the wrongs done to them by others. And since they cannot forget, they find it hard to forgive. But forgiveness is the best charity. (It is easier to give the poor money and goods when one has plenty, but to forgive is hard; but it is the best thing if one can do it.)

Instead of men trying to forgive one another they fight. Once they fought with their hands and with clubs. Then with spears and bows and arrows. Then with guns and cannons. Then they invented bombs and carriers for them. Now they have developed missiles that can destroy millions of other men thousands of miles away, and they are prepared to use them. The weapons used change, but the aggressive pattern of man remains the same.

Now men are planning to go to the moon. And the first to get there will plant his nation's flag on it, and that nation will say, It is mine. But another nation will dispute the claim and they will fight here on this earth for possession of that moon. And whoever goes there, what will he find? Nothing but himself. And if people go on to Venus they will still find nothing but themselves.

Whether men soar to outer space or dive to the bottom of the deepest ocean they will find themselves as they are, unchanged, because they will not have forgotten themselves nor remembered to exercise the charity of forgiveness.

Supremacy over others will never cause a man to find a change in himself: the greater his conquests the stronger is his confirmation of what his mind tells him — that there is no God other than his own power. And he remains separate from God, the Absolute Power.



Meher Baba is wearing a white woolen coat made by Irene Billo. December 1938, Marble Rocks. Photographer: Hedi Mertens. © Meher Nazar Publications.

But when the same mind tells him that there is something which may be called God, and, further, when it prompts him to search for God that he may see Him face to face, he begins to forget himself and to forgive others for whatever he has suffered from them.

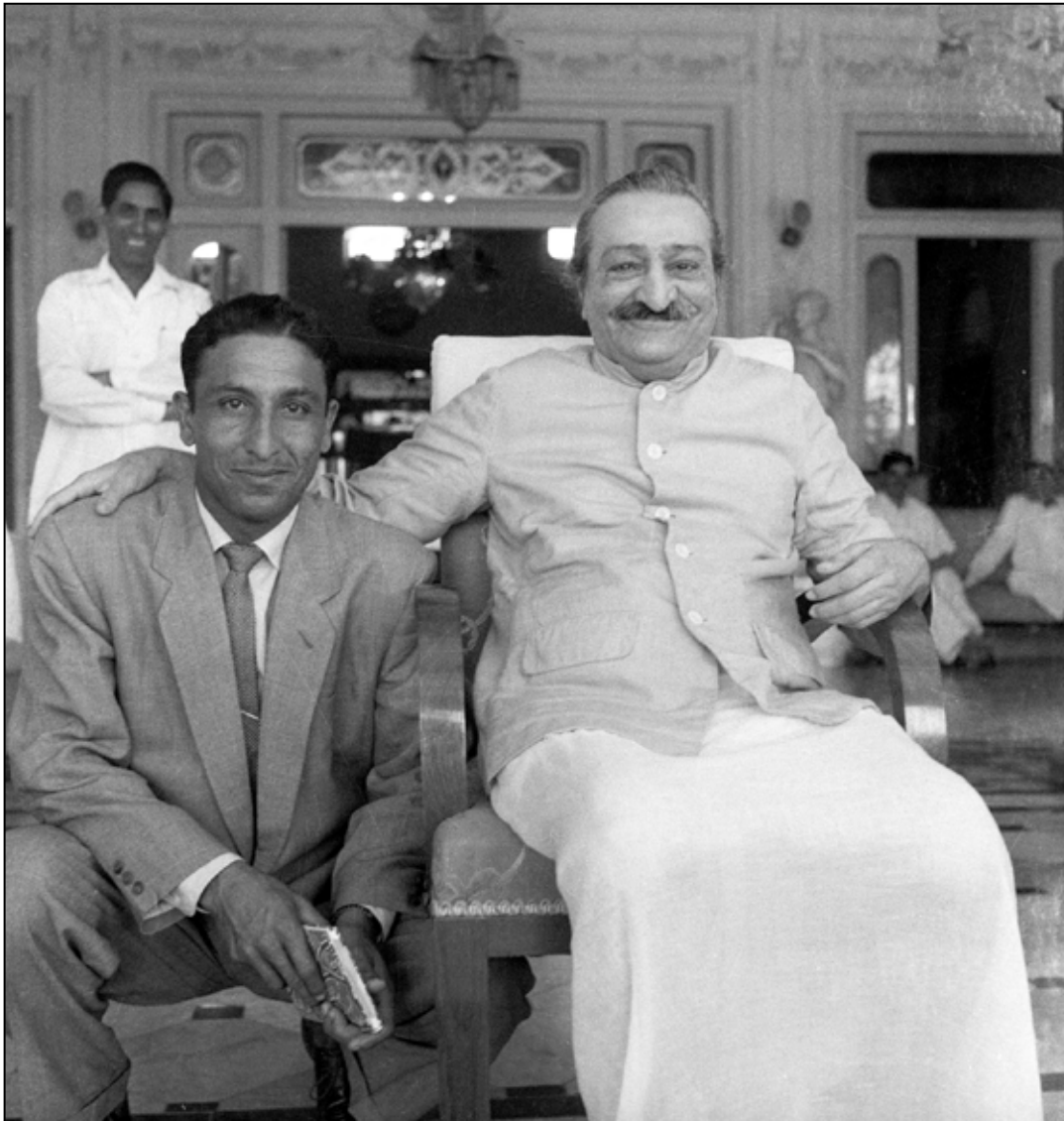
And when he has forgiven everyone and has completely forgotten himself, he finds that God has forgiven him everything, and he remembers Who, in reality, he is.

*THE MOVING FINGER WRITES, Part 2, pp. 85-86.
1967 © Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust*

“Go In For Bright Cricket”

Guruprasad Garden 1963

Excerpts from Lord Meher Online



Meher Baba with Nari Contractor, captain of the Indian cricket team. 2 April 1959, Guruprasad, Poona.
Photographer: Meelan. © Meher Nazar Publications.

[p 4992]

The secretary of the Poona District Cricket Association, Sadashiv G. Palsule, and the photographer D. D. Rege, who was an avid cricket fan, came to Guruprasad that day. They requested that Baba distribute prizes to several cricket teams affiliated with the Poona association. Both of them

knew that Baba loved cricket, and they pointed out that the cricket players would be happy to meet him.

Baba consented to distribute the prizes on the 26th, between 2 and 3:00 PM. He commented, ***“I do not play cricket now — but I do play the universal divine game, which includes cricket.”***

[p 5008]

After lunch, Baba sat on the veranda surrounded by his lovers. The main hall was completely vacated, as Baba had agreed to distribute trophies that day to several teams of the Poona District Cricket Association. The different teams collected in the hall about 1:45 PM. Many local people were also invited. Baba sat on his usual divan, with the trophies and certificates on a table to his left. Several newspaper reporters and photographers were there to cover the event. Baba stated:

This is the first time I have taken part in such a function. There are two reasons for it. The first, that I was born in Poona, Maharashtra. The other is that from my childhood I have been very fond of cricket. Spiritually, I am the Universal Being. I always

like to watch cricket matches, but people do not allow me to do so in peace.

Once, I was invited by the mayor of Ahmednagar to witness a good match. It was one of the Ranji Trophy matches. When I reached there, the mayor was waiting for me with a garland and behind him was his whole

entourage, who had my darshan one after another. People began to crowd around me and finally I had to leave without having seen the match.

At 2:00 PM, Sadashiv Palsule, the secretary of the Poona District Cricket Association, garlanded Baba, introduced him to the members of the executive committee and gave a short speech. He said the winners would not only be receiving trophies, but also the blessings of the Avatar, Meher Baba. After his speech, Baba distributed trophy cups, shields and merit certificates to the captains of the teams. Eruch read out Baba's message to the cricket players:

I am happy to present these trophies today. When I was a boy in school and college, I played cricket. Now I play my divine Universal Game which includes cricket, and so I am still fond of that game.

It is good to excel in whatever one takes up, so long as there is a feeling of humility with this excellence, for this leads to love of God, and to love God as He should be loved is the best excellence. I give you my blessing that one day each of you may have this love.

[p 5009]

Baba then continued, relating an incident from his own youth:

Play cricket for the sake of playing the game. Don't think of victory or defeat, but, like a real sportsman, give pleasure to the spectators. If you play with all your heart to make the spectators



St Vincent's School, Poona, cricket team. Standing: Kadam, Joe Dias, Isaac Shalom, Mistry, Aga Chotimiya, Rodrigues. Seated: Robert Noronna, Mickey Nazareth, John Zuzarte, Jacob Mordicai. On Floor: Merwan, James Viegas [Louis Vagus], Nadir Shah, circa 1911. Photographer: F. B. Dinshaw. © Meher Nazar Publications.

happy, it is a great work done by you. But if you play with the thought of not getting out, you will make the spectators unhappy and you will have wasted their money. Do not make things boring for the spectators. After all, they come with the hope of seeing some bright and good cricket. I give my blessings so that you may play the game for itself.

Once when I was a student at St. Vincent's High School, we had a match with New High School. I was a good wicket-keeper as well as a good batsman. In that match, I was the opening batsman. I came back from the field 'not out while my whole team was out' and I had scored only 33 runs. When I came back to the pavilion, all the boys and spectators jeered and hooted at me. I had played steadily, but the spectators were unhappy. So play the game in such a way that the spectators feel happy.

In his teenage years, as a cricket

player, Baba was an outstanding athlete and leader of his high school team. He was usually a high-scorer, but not in that particular match, when he played too defensively.

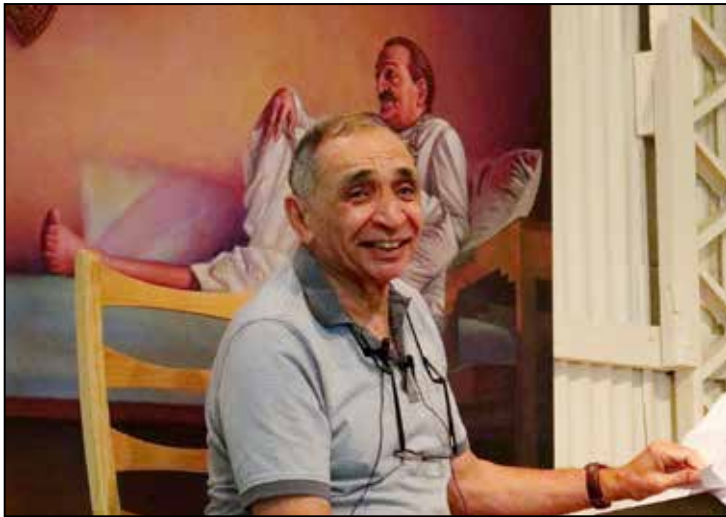
A few bhajans were sung, followed by arti, after which the cricket players departed. Lovers and devotees again filled the hall and heard Deshpande sing until 4:30 PM. Those who had not embraced Baba that day came to him for a parting embrace after the program was over.

The next day, the *Times of India* printed an article on their sports page with the headline: "Go In For Bright Cricket, Says Meher Baba." The *Indian Express* also carried a story of the unique event, and one newspaper reported: "Meher Baba has a big following of cricketers, prominent among whom are India's captain Nari Contractor, Polly Umrigar, Khandu Rangnekar and others."

Avatar's Abode Spring Sahavas

Sunday 6th – Monday 7th October 2019

Spring Sahavas photos by George Fricker



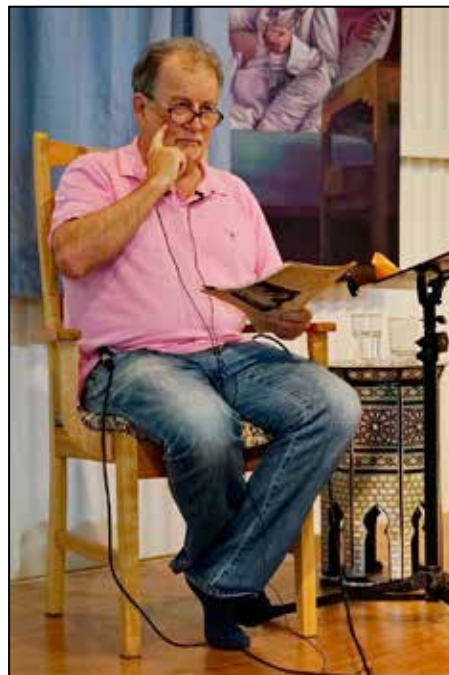
Merwan Dubash



Roy Hayes, Jo-Anne Bruford, Ros Hayes.



Daniel Stone.



George McGahey.



Dina Snow-Gibson.

Avatar Meher Baba Trust Master Plan Engagement Opportunity Meeting Saturday 5th October 2019

At the Avatar Meher Baba Trust Master Plan sessions, the foundations of the Master Plan were presented along with maps that showed how the Meherabad, Meherazad and Meher Nazar properties will evolve over time.

Following opportunities for questions, all participants

were invited to gather in small groups to offer feedback and suggestions that will be gathered for later use by the planning committee in finalising the Master Plan.

The sessions concluded with a brief sharing of feedback that emerged from the smaller group discussions.



Meher Baba.

Merwan Dubash Spring Sahavas Talks: My Life with Meher Baba

Merwan gave three one-hour talks during the Spring Sahavas which related to his and his parents' experiences with Baba.

Merwan's first "meeting" with Baba was as a nineteen month old infant in 1948. When crawling around on the floor in front of Baba, Merwan suddenly sat up, and looking straight at Baba shouted, "Baba!" On His alphabet board Baba spelled out, "Out of the many on the waiting list, I have selected him".

As a child in the 1950s Merwan again had two brief opportunities to be in Baba's presence, and then as a teenager in the 1960s he had three lengthy stays with Baba during Baba's summer stays at Guruprasad in Pune. This is also when Merwan first met Baba's twins nephews Rustom and Sohrab Irani, and Meherwan Mistry. The four of them used to create quite a racket at Guruprasad, so much so that Baba directed them to maintain silence between twelve and two so as not to disturb His mandali Pendu's afternoon nap.



Meher Baba's Room at Avatar's Abode.



Meher Baba's House at Avatar's Abode.



Blackboard café-style entertainment on the outdoor stage.

Daniel Stone Spring Sahavas Presentations

Daniel gave two presentations during the Spring Sahavas:
My Baba Story – Daniel's story included the establishment of a Baba Centre in Washington DC under the watchful eye of Kitty Davy.

Creating Real Harmony – Daniel has worked with different Baba groups around the US in mapping out the natural stages that Baba groups go through as they mature – included a Q & A session.

The antidote to worry

Meher Baba

Duality signifies separateness. Separateness implies fear. Fear causes worry.

The way of Oneness is the way to happiness. The way of manyness leads to worries. I am the only One without a second; so I am eternally happy. You are separate from your Self; so you always worry. To you, what you see is absolutely real; to me it is absolutely false. I alone am real and my Will governs the cosmic Illusion.

It is the truth when I say that the waves do not roll or the leaves do not move without my will. The moment the intensity of your faith in my will reaches the apex, you bid adieu to worry for good. Then, all that you suffered and enjoyed in the past, together with all that you may experience in the future, will be to you the most loving and spontaneous expression of my will; and, as the lover places the will of the Beloved above all else, there is nothing which can cause worry.

Live more and more in the present which is ever beautiful and which really stretches far beyond the limits of the past and the future. If at all you want to worry, let your only worry be: how to remember me constantly. This is worth worrying about, because it is the antidote for worry.

Think of me more and more, and all your worries will dwindle into nothing, for they are really nothing, and my will works out to awaken this in you and in all.

THE PATH OF LOVE, Meher Baba. 1986 © Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust.

Everything will be forgiven

Meher Baba

On the 3rd day of the [1955] sahasas, a middle aged man rose from the group and asked permission to recite some Sanskrit verses. Baba gave him permission and he recited the verses so lovingly that he could not contain himself. He cried out "Avatar Meher Baba ki jai," broke into tears and asked forgiveness for his sins.

Baba called the man to him, embraced him warmly, stroked his back, patted his cheeks and held him to his breast. "Don't be afraid," he said. "You need not tell me any more. If I am the Avatar then I know everything, and everything will be forgiven. If I am not the Avatar, what good will it do you to tell me anything, and what use would it be to ask forgiveness?"

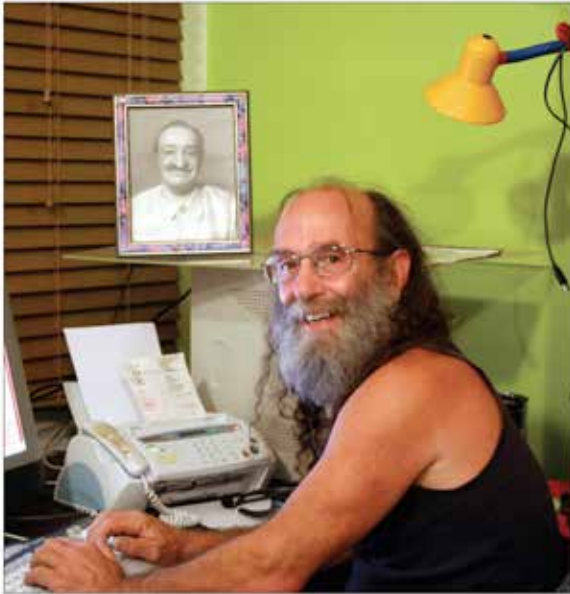
"I can forgive; I have come to forgive. Forgiveness is the highest thing for those who are forgiven. It is not a great thing for me to forgive. In fact, in reality, there is nothing to be forgiven, for there is really nothing like good and bad. You find them so and they are there in duality due to your own bindings in duality ..."

THE BELOVED, p. 80, Naosherwan Anzar. 1983. © Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust.

There is greater valour in conquering the heart of a single enemy than in gaining victory over the bodies of thousands of enemies. The mind is capable of turning the bitterest enemy into the sweetest friend by constantly thinking well of him.

Never think you are obliging anybody by rendering any kind of help or giving anything in charity to him. On the contrary, believe that the recipient of your generosity gives you a chance to serve yourself.

AWAKENER MAGAZINE, Vol 1, No 3, p 36.



Jim Migdoll

Inside this Archive room there are four steel cabinets labelled “**The Jim Migdoll Publications Collection**”.

Jim gathered together this unique collection, over many decades.

It preserves the most important publications that document the life, work and teaching of Avatar Meher Baba.

Jim generously donated the collection to the Avatar’s Abode Trust and in the last two years of his life, he and his wife Tricia lovingly catalogued, organised, and cared for the collection on site in a way that serves as an enduring example of how to preserve and protect Baba’s books and artefacts for future generations.

A formal acknowledgment of Jim Migdoll’s donation of his extensive archival publications collection to Avatar’s Abode took place in the Francis Brabazon Library in the Reception Centre at Avatar’s Abode at 11.45am Saturday 5th October 2019.

Meher Baba Australia

Steven Hein, MBA Editor

What is ‘Meher Baba Australia’?

It is a volunteer run, non-profit initiative. We publish a newsletter that aims to connect the community of lovers of Beloved Meher Baba.

Interested in assisting with production? Contact Steven Hein, Editor. stevenhein101@gmail.com.

Frequency - four issues a year

March, June, September, December.

Cost?

There is no charge as such. We do however ask readers to subscribe, to actively choose to receive / keep receiving the journal.

How do we cover printing & postage costs?

We welcome donations. Occasionally, if costs go up and funds run low, we even invite and encourage donations.

Actual costs of a hardcopy issue?

To produce, print and post within Australia, each issue costs us approx \$7.50 AU. For the 4 issues that’s about \$30 AU a year. International postage costs a bit more.

The digital email PDF version?

We also have the low cost PDF version we distribute by email. Many of our subscribers choose to subscribe to receive both email and hardcopy versions.

How do we ask you to renew each year?

It will be an email request or a coloured slip inside your MBA hardcopy. Your response helps us keep your (confidential) info and address on our mailing list up to date.

Editorial policy

The MBA editorial policy is pretty simple – MBA will not publish any content that is divisive, political, disruptive or disrespectful. The editors reserve the right to accept or decline any submitted articles. Editors also reserve the right to edit any or all accepted articles for length and content prior to publication.

MBA contacts

Editor: stevenhein101@gmail.com

Mailing List / Subscriptions: David Bowling
meherbabaustralia@gmail.com



Avatar Meher Baba, 1954 Andhra, India.

Donations can be made via PayPal at
avatarsabode.com.au/donations.html

Or by direct bank deposit or Electronic Funds Transfer to

Account name: Meher Baba Australia
BSB: 064424

Account number: 10379525

Please include your initial and last name for reference.

Suggested annual donation

\$8 AU Email PDF (Global) – 1 year, 4 issues.

\$30 AU Hardcopy (Australia) – 1 year, 4 issues.

\$40 AU Hardcopy (Overseas) – 1 year, 4 issues.

Meher Baba Australia

December 2019 – February 2020

Editor: Steven Hein

Design, Layout and Digital Image Cleanup: Liz Gaskin

Proof Reading: Steven Hein. Contact editor if you can help too stevenhein101@gmail.com.

Mailing List and Subscriptions: David Bowling. Email meherbabaustralia@gmail.com for information.

Next Issue: Please email submissions for the next *Meher Baba Australia* to stevenhein101@gmail.com or mail to MBA, PO Box 335, Woombye, QLD 4559, Australia.

Photos to be minimum of 1MB, preferably over 2MB. PLEASE NOTE that the editor reserves the right to edit all published articles for length and content prior to publication.

Deadline Next Issue:
NO LATER THAN 15th January 2020.

Cover This Issue: Meher Baba at Meherazad, 1966-67. Photographer not known. © Meher Nazar Publications.

Sydney Meher Baba Community

Dates and details below are subject to change, however all effort will be made to ensure late-breaking updates are provided by email and/or Facebook.

Monthly Meetings at Meher House

Last Sunday of every month. Prayers and Arti, open discussions about Baba, occasional guests, vegetarian potluck meal. Contact; Ross Keating M: 0416 883 373
E: ross-keating@hotmail.com.

Monday Night Discourse Meetings

Most Mondays at the home of Kris Wyld. Occasional special guests. Contact Kris Wyld M 0407 481 323.

The Meher Baba Sydney community is always searching for volunteers to serve in Baba's cause and love and in a variety of ways. For further information contact Kevin Mossberger on 0412 559 402.

Melbourne Regular Baba Meetings

Mid-Month Brunch

In Camberwell. Ring Cynthia on 0409 880 005 for information.

Last Sunday of the Month

Avondale Heights, 1pm. Lunch provided. Ring Jasmine 0438 300 193.

WA Meher Baba Gatherings

Phone Paul Morris 0429 310 169 or Julie Lee-Morris 0428 250 294.

New Zealand

Contact Jill Hobbs, 19 Brassey Road, Wanganui. Phone: (06) 347 2974, Email: jillhobbs1954@gmail.com

Meher Baba Australia is a non-profit publication independent of the Avatar's Abode Trust. The views expressed in articles in Meher Baba Australia are solely those of the authors.

What's on at Avatar's Abode

Mehera's Birthday

Sunday 22 December 2019

3pm–5pm Afternoon tea at the Meeting Hall followed by Songs and Stories. Please bring your favourite Mehera stories and songs and a plate to share. Co-ordinators Wilma Pearson 0404 775 789, Leigh Rowan 0419 775 893.

Christmas Day

Wednesday 25 December 2019

1pm Arti. Followed by Christmas Lunch in Kitchen. All welcome! Bring Christmas food to share. Co-ordinators Jethro Hitchens 0407 589 442, Daniel & Carolyn Montague 0488 455 253.

Amartithi

Friday 31 January 2020

Noon Silence. 12.15pm Arti. Co-ordinator George McGahey 0401 108 466.

Saturday 1 February 2020

5pm Pot luck dinner to share in Kitchen. 6.30pm Evening program Baba's House. Co-ordinator Ray Kerkhove 0417 192 169. *Avatar Meher Baba dropped His physical form 31 January 1969.*

Avatar Meher Baba's Birthday

Sunday 23 February 2020

2pm Program and Film in Baba's House. 3pm afternoon tea in the Kitchen. Co-ordinator Kris Hines 0408 226 353 or 5442 3676.

Tuesday 25 February 2020

5am Arti and singing in Baba's House. 5.30am Light breakfast in the Kitchen. Breakfast contributions welcomed. Morning Co-ordinator Bernard Bruford 5442 1487. *Avatar Meher Baba was born at 5am 25th February 1894.*

Womens' Sahavas

Saturday 27 to Monday 30 March 2020

See website for details & registration womenssahavas.com
Co-ordinators Emily Chantiri 0412 418 396, Sage Andreasen 0401 456 839. womensahavas@gmail.com

Monday Mornings

10am–11.30am in the Meeting Hall. Information: Lorraine 5446 8005 or babakalyan55@gmail.com. All are welcome to join with stories, readings, poetry, songs and a cuppa.

Tuesday Mornings

You are most welcome to join us in the Bookstore, 11am–12pm. Geoff Gunther (07) 5442 2467.

Wednesdays Reading Group

4.30pm–5.30pm in the Bookstore. Contact Wilma Pearson phone 0404 775 789 or (07) 5473 9947, email wilmapearson@aapt.net.au.

Saturday Film Nights

First Saturday of the month 7pm. Contact: David & Glenda Hobson (07) 5442 1220 or Jim Frisino 0417 112 668.