

Meher Baba Australia

September – November 2016



The Power of Love

Rustom Falahati

On one occasion I was upset with a resident who was constantly creating obstacles in my work. I tried reasoning with him but as he wouldn't listen, I lost my temper and blasted him.

Eruch happened to notice it from a distance but he didn't say anything. Later in the day, when I was having tea with him at the Trust Office, he asked me about it. When I explained the whole situation to him, Eruch asked me, "Why do you get so angry? When you get angry you speak rudely and say nasty things. Why do you have to speak in such a manner? Why can't you be firm and say the same thing lovingly? Why do you behave rudely?"

I justified my actions by saying, "I had warned him; I tried being loving and reasonable but he wouldn't listen, so I did what I did. Otherwise he was creating all kinds of obstacles in the work."

Eruch paused for a while and then said softly, "Remember one thing, there is no excuse for rudeness. Don't try to justify it." I started protesting by saying, "What else could I have done under the situation?" Eruch replied, "Look for solutions and you will find thousands; look for excuses, you will find thousands too. The choice is entirely yours as to what you are looking for." Somehow what Eruch said to me in that moment was so powerful that it penetrated my mind and heart.

Although I still lost my temper and talked rudely, I would immediately become aware of Eruch's statement, "There is no excuse for rudeness." As soon as I remembered these words, I would make a conscious effort to ask

the other person's forgiveness. Even if I was right, I would apologize by saying, "Please forgive me for I was rude." I noticed that this simple act of mine eliminated resentment, not only in my heart but also in the other person's heart. Feeling inspired by these small victories, I would pester Eruch to give me more guidance on such matters which I could put into practice at a practical level to change my inner aggressive being.

One day, when Eruch was relatively free he said to me, "Try to look for Baba within everyone. He is the Being of all beings, which means that at the Center of every being, every personality, you will find Baba. It is Baba who is surrounded and caught up in a mould of sanskaras which creates the bubble that we identify as the personality of a person.

The individual personality only does what the mould of the sanskaras pushes him to do. If you look at this personality and interact only at that level, the differences will arise and there are chances that you will get irritated and angry. Try to ignore this mould of sanskaras that is programmed to act in a certain way and look at Baba trapped within this mould.

"In reality, it is Baba trapped within everyone's mould of sanskaric impressions trying to break free. Try to see this. Develop the attitude and frame of mind which recognizes this and remember it. A time will come when you will begin to perceive it. When you begin to perceive it, all resentments will end. It is only this perception that will help you to ignore the personality and

love Baba within every heart.

"So, when you lose your temper, calm your mind with this knowledge. Try to see Baba within the personality that you just felt irritation for. It will not only help you to get rid of irritation, but you will be able to forgive, forget and then embrace that personality with love; for it is really Baba that you are embracing in that moment. Keep working on this. It is okay if you lose your temper, but take the corrective action afterwards which is, learn to forgive, forget and create love for Baba in that other person. Do not walk away with resentment and anger in your heart, for these situations will follow and catch up with you at a later date."

Eruch's solution appeared very simple and yet the inner blocks in my mind and heart and my own sanskaric patterns of aggression prevented me from applying this to resolve my relationship issues with various friends, family and residents. As Eruch said, "Unless you forgive and forget, you cannot create love for that person.

"All the hurts that caused me grief over the years were stored in my memory. I had not forgotten them, for I had not forgiven them from my heart, and after so many years of living at Meherabad, my relationship with my family was as bad as it always had been. It was time for me to walk the path, by acting upon Eruch's advice, if I wanted to achieve some inner peace.

Strangely enough, I did not use my human friends to experiment this on; rather I attempted this on dogs whom I loved. As a child, I would not only play with dogs, but also fight with them. If,

while playing with the dog, he got angry and tried to attack me, as soon as the dog would open his jaw to bite, I would push my hand right into the dog's mouth, grabbing its upper jaw with my right hand and clamping it from the top with my left. Using all my strength, I would press as hard as I could. This would incapacitate the dog and more often than not the dog would start whining. I would hold this grip as long as the dog continued with his aggression. If the dog was strong and resisted, I would floor it and pin it down with my own body weight, still holding his upper jaw in a tight grip. In a matter of minutes, the dog would give in and start whining. When I would release him, the dog would run away. After that, it would never attack me again.

I believed that aggression could be subdued only with greater aggression and when obstacles in life could not be removed with love and reason, aggression was the only option. In fact, it always got the job done and, that too, quickly. I would often get bitten in the process of fighting dogs, but I never had the fear of it.

I noticed that dogs picked up your feelings. If a person was afraid of dogs, they would sense it and attack that person. I often noticed that when stray dogs on the road came barking towards me, if I stood and faced that dog, ready to fight it, the dog would somehow sense the aggression and stop in its track and retreat. I reasoned that if a dog could sense fear and aggression, then it could even sense love, if I created it in that moment.

I decided to experiment with Eruch's advice on the dogs first. On the Meherabad road there was a ferocious dog belonging to one of the locals. When a bicycle or motor cycle passed



Meher Baba, 18 Sept 1933, Nasik. Photographer: Din & Hari Studio, colorized by Cherie Plumlee. © Meher Nazar Publications.

by, he would come charging. Often people fell down or got bitten by him. Others managed to outrun the dog. I would stop my motor cycle, get off it and face the dog. The dog would stop in his tracks, bark from a distance and then run away. I decided that I should change my strategy and create love in my heart for the dog, remembering the emphasis that Eruch had laid on the changes that one would experience in one's heart, body and mind when such a feeling arose in one's being.

He would say, "The love should be unconditional regardless of the other person's personality. You continue to love no matter what he does. Love him even when he is inflicting pain on you at that moment. Hold on to this love and do not react to the other person's aggression with fear. If you manage to do this, then you will subdue the

aggression with your love and you will win over the other person.

"Also, remember that when you create this love in your heart, if the feeling is genuine, your mind will experience happiness, your face will reflect that happiness with a joyful smile and your whole being will be relaxed. Create this feeling and hold on to this in the face of aggression and you will subdue it."

So the next time when, the dog came charging at me, I stood facing it, opening both my arms to welcome it. In my heart, body and whole being, I created love for the dog. I repeatedly kept saying, "Today I am going to love you no matter what you do. Even if you bite me I will continue to love you. The dog came charging at me. It opened its jaws and was ready to clamp down on my hands. I continued to shower

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it with love. What followed next was unbelievably strange; almost a miracle, and reveals the power of love.

The dog lowered its jaw but softly clamped my hands; it didn't bite. It withdrew and then started licking my hand. This was the most ferocious dog that everyone feared. I was overwhelmed by the whole experience.

I shared this with a few friends and while walking on roads if a stray dog came barking or charging, I would demonstrate to them the power of love. I tried it out on residents with whom I had resentments and found that it worked. Those who criticized me and created obstacles for me became my best friends.

Although I had success with my initial experiments, I was unable to resolve relationship issues with my own family. Forgiving and forgetting would have been easy, but they still continued to do those things that caused me hurt and grief. They still continued to pressurize me into giving up the life I was living with the Mandali and often taunted me about it. I kept my interaction with them to the minimum. Also my hectic life with the Mandali didn't permit me the luxury of interaction with my family. I kept my focus on Meher Baba and living the life with the Mandali, putting other issues aside and hoping that they would go away. It was not to be so.

True to Eruch's words, the unresolved issues caught up with me in the year 2000 when I was thrown back into the lap of my family because of my broken health. I had become completely dependent on them, for I couldn't accomplish the simplest of physical tasks without help. The daily taunts that I had to listen to from friends and family, who blamed my broken health

on my decision to live at Meherabad, caused me immense mental suffering. I tried returning to my life with the Mandali, even in such bad health, but it didn't help me. Things only got worse for me.

I opted for marriage, hoping that a Baba lover companion could help me through this bad phase. It was not to be so. When all the doors of my limited options were closed, I had only one option left and that was to walk the path of remembrance. Suffering from anxiety and depression, I was full of doubts whether it would really help resolve all these issues. For better or for worse it was the only option I had, for I had exhausted all others.

Eruch's words came to my mind, "The lane to Him is called the narrow lane. On this journey you can have no companions except Him. You have to leave all the baggage behind if you want to enter this lane. It's your journey and only yours to your Beloved. There can be no one else with you. Every soul has to make this journey individually." Turning more and more to remembrance and the messages that the Mandali had imparted to us over the years, I found that there was a definite inner change taking place within me which helped me deal with the situation without being overwhelmed by it. In fact, things got worse for me as time progressed, but then Baba's Presence in my life also increased manifold and helped me deal with it.

I would spend a major part of my day remembering Baba, conversing with Him in my heart and found that the answers came from within my being. I was still unable to resolve issues with my family and in desperation turned to this inner conversation for guidance. Always two messages were conveyed by

my heart on such occasions. One was of Baba wherein He says, "Do not try to change the world. Change yourself and the whole world will change with you." The other one was of Eruch – "Unconditional love means to love the person in spite of what he does to you. It can win over your bitterest enemy."

So, by putting aside my grief and hurt and my false ego, I got up one morning and went and embraced all my family members, creating that unconditional love in my heart, repeatedly saying in my heart and mind that I will love you today, no matter what you do or say. I did this every morning and within a matter of days I began to notice the difference. My heart finally began to heal. All the so called issues started resolving slowly.

Occasionally, flare-ups do happen but I take corrective action immediately along the lines the Mandali suggested. I found that it worked every time I did it with feeling.

Such was the power of love. It worked for me. It is also my conviction and belief that everyone who walks this path will find that it works – always.

The Mandali were not throwing idle words when giving advice as we presumed. They had lived and experienced the truth of Meher Baba's words. I did share this information with some of my Baba lover friends who had long-standing relationship issues. They called back within a few days to say that it worked like magic. I wasn't surprised for it had to work. It was, after all, the word of God and His promise to His children who walked the path.

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Joanna Bruford

16 March 1941 – 21 May 2016

Jo-Anne Bruford

Joanna grew up with her parents John and Joan and brother Bernard in Wattletree Road East Malvern. From a very early age she struggled with the asthma which was to dog her for most of her life. Back then there was very little effective treatment. Throughout her childhood and teenage years she was haunted by that struggle for breath, and she missed quite a lot of schooling. But she was a bright inquisitive child, and did well at school.

She very much enjoyed her schooling at Lauriston. She was a prefect, and in the school softball team. Her school friendship with Judy Furphy was maintained for the rest of her life. Judy married a

Roger Frankenberg, who must surely have had a family connection to Baron von Frankenberg, the leader of the Australian Sufi group.

John and Joan had a close friendship with Francis Brabazon which dated back to John's study of art at the Melbourne Gallery. Francis was a fellow art student, and also earned some money as a model for the life class. During the 1930s they were all students of Sufism. A Sufi group regularly met at the Bruford house. The Baron sometimes stayed at the house. On one occasion he gave Joanna and Bernard each a small torch with a note saying "when you light it



Joanna at Aidan and Fleur's wedding, Canberra, 29 January 2010. Cecily is behind Joanna.

in the dark remember Mister Uncle Momin who loves you very much."

Francis was to be a major influence in Joanna and Bernard's growing up, their Uncle Francis. It was not always the serious Sufi stuff. Bernard and Joanna often liked to recall the time he went to post a letter for Joan wearing a beanie with Joanna's plaits, which had recently been cut, artfully attached to the beanie.

By the late 1940s the Baron had received copies of Meher Baba's *Discourses* from Rabia Martin, the leader of the American Sufi group. He gave the *Discourses* to Francis, who was emerging as the probable

successor to the Baron as leader of the Australian group. The *Baba Discourses* were gradually integrated into the Sufi studies. Thus Bernard and Joanna had "Baba awareness" from an early age, although there was very little available in the way of photos or literature apart from the *Discourses*. The members of the Sufi group were given the choice of fully committing to Meher Baba, continuing with Sufism, or to be released from their Sufi vows altogether. The Bruford family followed Francis in fully committing to Baba.

After the Baron's death in 1950 Francis moved to Beacon Hill, where he started to build Meher House. It

was in 1956 at Meher House that Joanna met Meher Baba for the first time. She was 15 years old. Baba also travelled to Melbourne and visited the Brufords' house, going into each room, including Joanna's bedroom.

Baba indicated that for His 1958 Australian sahas His first preference was for a Queensland location. Francis drove to the Sunshine Coast in the January. He was shown a run-down pineapple farm at Kiel Mountain which he thought would be suitable. Baba approved, and Francis bought the property. Baba's visit was scheduled for

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L to R: Joanna Bruford, Joan Bruford, Francis Brabazon, Jo-Anne Bruford, Shakira, Bernard Bruford, at Bernard & Jo-Anne's wedding reception in the garden in front of Bruford house, Avatar's Abode, 3 May 1971.

could consider living in Sydney, but still not SE Queensland. Initially she lived at Meher House with the Le Page family, then in her own small flat at Elizabeth Bay. She got a clerical job at the health fund HCF. She thoroughly enjoyed the inner city life. She attended music concerts, and had classical guitar lessons. She did an evening technical college course in horticulture, and then worked in a nursery in Turrumurra. In 1962 Joan, Joanna and Bernard were among the group who

early June, so it was a huge job to get everything ready. The Brufords arrived in time to help with the completion of what is now called Baba's House. Joanna pitched in with the hard physical work, which included carting stones in a wheelbarrow and painting.

During these few days in Baba's company He asked John and Joan, and then Joanna and Bernard individually, if they would be prepared to live on the property, which He named Avatar's Abode. Robert and Lorna Rouse were also asked to live here. Perhaps the most memorable scene during these Sahavas, was when Baba asked those present whether they were willing to obey Him. In later years Joanna was able to recount her own deeply emotional response very evocatively.

Joanna was in her final year of school, and Bernard was in Year 10, so it was decided that they would finish the school year before making the move. John came ahead, and Joan, Joanna and Bernard arrived in

December 1958. Robert and Lorna, with 2 year old daughter Rada, were already living in the original farm house. As directed by Baba, the Brufords shared the house with the Rouses until their own house was ready about a year later.

Unfortunately the SE Queensland climate made Joanna's asthma a lot worse. By word of mouth the family were referred to a doctor who had had a lot of success in treating asthma. His strong advice was for her to move to a dry climate for 3 months, later extended to 2 years. So Joanna went out to a property near Longreach and worked as a housemaid. Quite a change from the Malvern scene I would guess. But she treated it as a big adventure. Her niece and nephews loved the story of how she got into trouble for dancing late one night with the cowboys dressed in her pyjamas!

After the recommended time out west the doctor suggested that the improvement was such that she

travelled over by ship to the East-West Gathering. John was recovering from a heart attack and unable to go.

In 1969 Joanna was working at the Turrumurra nursery when she received the news that Meher Baba had dropped His body. Later in 1969 Joanna had a serious accident riding her motor scooter, and sustained head injuries even though she was wearing a crash helmet. When she was sufficiently recovered, she came back to Avatar's Abode. This coincided with a serious decline in John's health. So she was back at home when he died in June 1970. He was only 57, and his passing affected Joanna deeply.

In 1970 Bernard and I met as teachers at Gympie High. Joanna and Joan welcomed me and Shakira into the family. Bernard and I married in 1971. In 1972 we moved to the Bruford house on Avatar's Abode. The house was extended to include a granny flat for Joan. Joanna moved to her own house at Kuluin where she

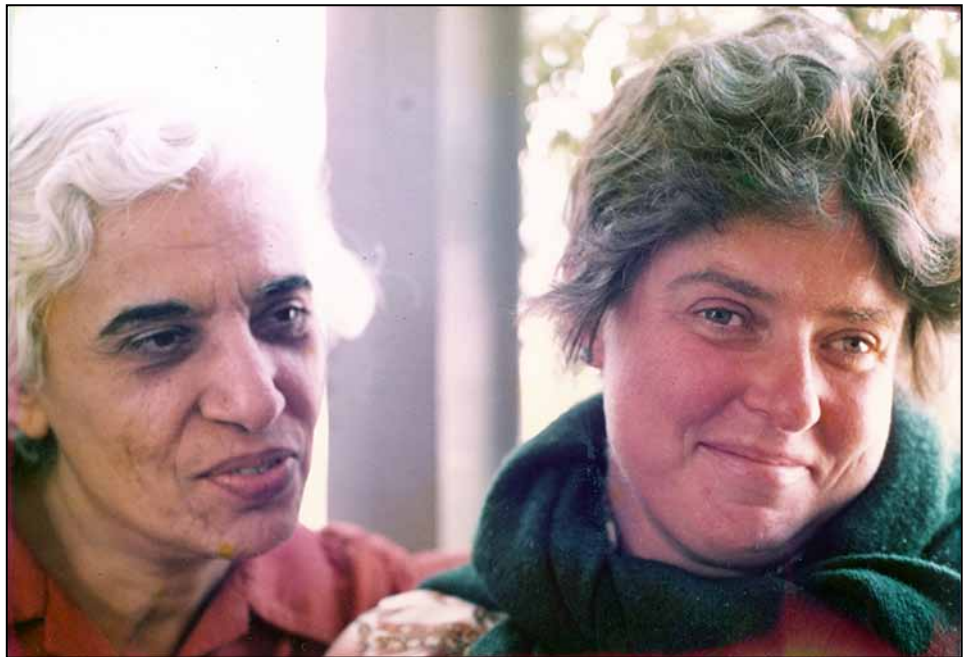
lived for the rest of her life.

Joanna was the most wonderful aunt to Shakira, and then Leander and Aidan. She maintained a lively interest in all aspects of their lives, particularly encouraging their love of music. She always gave an honest critique of their own efforts on violin, guitar or recorder. No blanket “that was lovely dear!” – they knew they really had been outstanding if she said so. She was always thinking of ways to broaden their knowledge and experience: music concerts, playing music with them, walks in the bush where every plant was identified by its correct Latin name, birds spotted and identified

When Shakira was young and playing the descant recorder Joanna started playing the treble, and then Bernard started on a tenor, and I got another descant. For a while we had regular family recorder get togethers. Joanna’s love of the recorder developed much further. For a time she played with an early music society in Brisbane. She also played with a group on the Sunshine Coast, and many of those friendships have been maintained over the years.

Until the mid 80s Joanna had her own garden design, landscaping, and maintenance business, mainly working around Buderim, but also in Brisbane. By about 1985 the asthma was an increasing constraint. She never reliably knew when or how much she could do, so she was no longer able to commit to paid work. But her horticultural legacy lives on at Avatar’s Abode. On her visits to India she did gardening work and also gave much appreciated horticultural advice.

Many of the younger generations have happy memories of Joanna from



Joanna (at right) with Dr Gober, Meherazad India, almost certainly January 1975.

when they were growing up. She talked with them about Baba and Avatar’s Abode. But she also had a warm interest in every detail of their lives. She formed an especially strong and mutually loving bond with her god daughter Katie Rose Foley.

Over the early years at Kuluin there were many families with young children. Joanna always welcomed them at her house. She always had interesting activities for them, books, toys and a selection of musical instruments. There were rules, but the children loved the rules. All part of the unique Joanna experience. They knew she hated it if anyone came up behind her without warning, and they would happily call out “coming Joanna!” as they ran down the hill to her house. They knew exactly where they were allowed to walk in the garden. They always cleared away after activities. For some of these children she was an inspiring mentor, encouraging their talents and aspirations, and talking over with them all their problems and crises, always emphasising the positives, always believing in them

when others did not. When Joanna’s dear friend Cecily Molloy came to live with her, she also became part of their lives.

Cecily came to live with Joanna in 1986. Cecily added another dimension to Joanna’s life. Here was someone who shared so many of Joanna’s interests and enthusiasms – going to concerts, going on native plant excursions, volunteering at Mary Cairncross Park, working at the new botanical gardens, going on car trips and camping. Joanna and Cecily worked together in many ways around Avatar’s Abode, cleaning, maintaining supplies in the accommodation, and of course gardening.

From the late 60s many Baba Lovers remember Joanna fondly as one of the most welcoming presences when they first visited Avatar’s Abode. For many years at Anniversary time it was Joanna or Cecily who welcomed visitors by meeting them at the airport. They often showed visitors around the Abode, and Joanna was able to tell them about Baba’s visit here. Her own

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Joanna and Cecily, 26 September 2004.

faith in Baba was uncompromising, but she always respected where the other person was coming from when she talked about Baba.

When Joanna was ill Cecily was a wonderful caring support, most notably when she had breast cancer. It was a great shock to us all when Cecily herself was diagnosed with a terminal illness, and passed away in May 2013. Joanna missed Cecily's loving companionable presence terribly.

The routine in recent years was for Joanna to come to our house for weekly dinner, and it was a great bonus for her if there was a visitor staying on the Abode who could be included.

Part of my routine was to visit Joanna for a cup of tea and a little bowl of Indian snack on my way home from church each week. She was always eager for all the news of family and friends, and could never be fobbed off with platitudes. She wanted the true picture. She didn't hesitate to ask the probing questions herself either, but people knew that she asked out of a completely sincere and loving interest in their lives. She was always ready for a lively exchange of ideas.

Joanna's love and remembrance of Meher Baba was total, but she was able to perfectly balance this love of God with a loving concern towards

everyone she came in contact with. Whenever she offered to help, she always offered the extra mile and made it seem that it was no bother, it was truly her pleasure.

Joanna had many more health challenges over the past 15 years. The blood disorder polycythaemia, recalcitrant painful leg ulcers, another breast cancer, shingles which left a heritage of extreme nerve pain around her face and head, and finally the leukaemia which was diagnosed only a few weeks ago. Through it all she maintained a relentless optimism, reiterating that she was "lucky" that there were others much worse off than her.

There were rays of sunshine for her. She loved to come up when she could to listen to the Avatar's Abode singers practise. It was a delightful surprise for her when just before Christmas Kris Hines led a group in singing carols under her window. Sometimes she could manage an hour or so in her garden with her friend Catherine. A particular delight over the past few months has been reading, and having read to her, Heather Nadel's wonderful book about Mani.

Her concern at the end, when she was in so much pain and every breath was a struggle, was that it would reflect badly on her beloved Meher Baba if she did not maintain a cheerful face. She was able to achieve this with remarkable fortitude, repeating Baba's name and focussing on the Baba pictures by her bed. We heard from the nurses who were with her during her final hours that she had been comfortable and peaceful. One of them had held her hand as she passed at around 3.30 a.m. on May 21.

Shakira's tribute to Joanna

When I remember Joanna, of course I think of her passion for gardens and for music but above all I remember her superabundance of love. Joanna did not regard love as a finite resource. She had a great talent for loving and she loved without constraints and without conditions. She had a clear eye and a blunt tongue when it came to recognising the flaws in those who she loved, but she never retracted her love on that basis. Once loved by her, you knew that you had a secure place in her heart forevermore.

Bringing Cecily into our lives was another one of her gifts to us. I am deeply honoured and blessed to have had these two remarkable women in my life. Both of them had had difficult lives because of their poor physical health and both of them were too frequently underestimated by their very wide circle of loved-ones – perhaps because their love was so readily bestowed that we overlooked how precious it was. Fortunately for us, their forgiveness was as abundant as their love. We did not deserve it and often failed to recognise the occasions when it had been called for, but it was nevertheless readily granted to us.

Having struggled with ill-health for most of her life, Joanna was a huge support to me when my own health started to decline. She was very familiar with the gulf that separates those who live with chronic illness or disability and those who do not and her capacity for love and forgiveness was an important resource for her in navigating it. Contrary to the usual perception that healthy people need to

draw upon all the patience at their disposal when dealing with the sick, she told me that sick people need to learn to be patient in order to deal with the healthy. Once when I described myself as having hurt feelings over this issue, she told me “Oh, don't be hurt, sweetie! Healthy people just don't have the experience to really imagine what it's like to be sick. They don't mean to be hurtful.” And of course, they do not – but they often were and she always forgave.

Joanna was often impatient with her own physical limitations, of course, and she loathed the thought of being a burden to others. In one of my final conversations with her, she described herself as “a bloody nuisance” and none of my reassurances about how much she was loved could talk her out of that perception until I provided more specific details. As I told her “You have always given far more than you received, Joanna. You've been a safe harbour for me and for so many others. I always knew that you would be there for me, I always knew that you would be kind to me, and I always knew that I could trust you.”

Joanna softened. “Oh – that's a lovely thing to hear. I'm so glad that someone can say that about me.” Then she returned to her usual brusque tone. “I just wish that I wasn't being such a bloody nuisance now.” Joanna was never “a bloody nuisance” and she will forever be missed.

Little Song

For Joanna Bruford

The children sang, standing beside the rose & the cyclamen, but mostly beside the lily-of-valley & the beds of geraniums.

And their song was that the Dawn had come into the garden, because the garden was of the Dawn, and the Dawn loved to come into her & delight in her beauty.

And the children sang and were very happy; because they stood in the Day.

*Francis
10.12.41*



Joanna was such a Person

Lucky for Joanna
Meher Baba gathered around him
People who were sincere and honest

Joanna was such a person.

Lucky for Joanna
Meher Baba gathered around him
People who were unpretentious

Joanna was such a person.

Lucky for Joanna
Meher Baba gathered around him
People who could endure suffering

Joanna was such a person.

Lucky for Joanna
Meher Baba gathered around him
People who lived to please Him

Joanna was such a person.

Lucky for us
Meher Baba gathered around him
People with loving and generous hearts

Joanna was such a person.

Ross Keating

Jesus in Kashmir

Peter Rowan

I was in Kashmir in April 1965, a month prior to having darshan of Avatar Meher Baba at the Easterners Darshan in Poona from the first to fifth of May 1965.

I had rented a houseboat on Dal Lake in Srinagar for a week and learnt from the owner about a precious relic of Prophet Muhammad, a strand of his hair, which was kept in a Mosque known as Hazratbal on the opposite side of Dal Lake.

At about 8pm one evening I arranged for a car and driver to take me to Hazratbal; on arrival and almost immediately, a very old bearded man opened the mosque door and kindly ushered me in to where one performs ablutions before venerating the holy relic. He then led me to a chamber in which a domed stone cupola stood containing a finely chased silver casket holding the precious hair from Prophet Muhammad's beard.

Not another soul was there, I prostrated before the relic and repeated the name of Avatar Meher Baba several times while the old saintly Muslim looked on, I then returned to the houseboat with my waiting driver.

I have mentioned the above incident first, as at the time of my visit in 1965 I was not fully aware of the implications of the details Beloved Avatar Meher Baba had revealed about Harvan in Kashmir where He said the body of Jesus is buried and I did not visit this sacred site.

I returned to Kashmir again in 2010, at this time now fully aware of Baba's disclosures about Harvan and Jesus, and as soon as I was settled in a hotel

near Dal Lake I hired an auto-rickshaw in an attempt to locate the hill at Harvan. I should mention that during my stay civil unrest was the norm and I along with the rest of the Srinagar population was under curfew for many days, nevertheless I made the journey to Harvan successfully!

One leaves Srinagar and travels north about 13 km on the main road which passes through the small town of Shalimar; Shalimar is very noteworthy for Meher Baba devotees who like to give detailed attention to our Beloved's numerous spiritual contacts so I will relate some details about this a little further on.

After passing through Shalimar, 3 km further on is the village of Harvan, and then travelling approximately another 3-4 km further, one is arrested by a high hill well off to the left of the road with cloud shrouding its peak, on enquiry I found that the hill's name is *Chakdara*, this is without doubt for me where Jesus is buried.

The atmosphere here is spiritually sublime, and if one stands facing *Chakdara* in concentrated reverence with the Beloved's name in one's mind/heart you will surely know that this hill is the one which Avatar Meher Baba has mentioned so many times as the site of Jesus' burial.

As early as 1925 Beloved Baba at Meherabad spoke of Jesus not dying during crucifixion, He said, "There is a secret about Jesus which generally Christians do not know, when Jesus was crucified he did not die, he entered the state of *Nirvikalp Samadhi*, the I am God state without bodily

consciousness, and after three days he again became conscious and then travelled with two of his apostles to India".¹

Again in 1928 Baba spoke about Jesus and his parables, and stated that after crucifixion he went to Kashmir and this is where he dropped his body.²

In 1929 Avatar Meher Baba went to Kashmir for the first time for seclusion work, one of the mandali asked Baba, "Will you show us the grave of Christ?", Baba replied that He would.³

Beloved Baba again went to Kashmir in 1933, with a few mandali and western devotees and showed them where He had fasted in seclusion in 1929 and told them once again, "Jesus did not die on the cross but came to India where he spent many years wandering from place to place doing his universal work, and eventually dropped his body here in Kashmir", then pointing to a hill near Harvan Baba said, "There is the place where Christ's disciples Bartholomew and Thaddeus buried his body after accompanying him from Palestine."⁴

And again in 1944 He took the women mandali with Him to Harvan and showed them the hill where Jesus was buried.⁵

One can see from the foregoing the insistence of the Beloved in revealing to the world His universal knowledge which He readily expounded to those that were there with Him to receive His words of truth about Jesus' final days.

I will break this narrative for a short time and tell a little about Jesus and another belief about the site of his

burial after his demise in Kashmir.

The following day after visiting Harvan, I went again to Hazratbal mosque in Srinagar which I had first visited in 1965, to bow to Avatar Meher Baba at this holy place of the relic of Muhammad, before doing so I visited an old Islamic dargah known as *Rosabal*, where for centuries it has been rumoured as the burial place of Jesus and has many adherents to this belief, I found it to be totally superfluous not only in atmosphere but quite devoid of any saintly feeling whatsoever, let alone connected with the burial of the Avatar as Jesus the Christ.

Kashmir is rich in the lore of Jesus having lived and died there; this was particularly propounded from the 14th century when Islam entered the Kashmir valley through saints of a very high Sufi order known as *Naqshbandi*, which traces its spiritual lineage directly to Muhammad⁶, they propagated an esoteric knowledge of Jesus through the *Quran*, wherein Jesus is mentioned numerous times, and is known invariably as *al-Masih*, the Messiah, or as *Isa' ibn Marya'm*, Jesus son of Mary.

Jesus is understood in Sufism to have been a precursor to Muhammad; it is recorded in the *Quran* that Jesus speaks of a messenger to appear after him named *Ahmad*.

It should be noted that Jesus is also venerated in Sufi cosmology through such great souls as the perfect master Ibn' Arabi who describes him as 'the seal of universal holiness';⁷ indeed our great, and most loved perfect master poet of Avatar Meher Baba, Hafiz of Shiraz, in many of his ghazals refers to Jesus not only by name, but constantly as the Messiah, i.e. "What wonder is



Delia, Minta, Meher Baba, Margaret, Mabel Ryan. circa April 1933, perhaps Kashmir. Photographer: probably Elizabeth Patterson. © Meher Nazar Publications.

there if catching the words of Hafiz, the song of the morning star sets the Messiah dancing",⁸ and "Go pure and naked like the Messiah to Heaven, from your lamp a hundred beams shall reach the sun".⁹

In the *Hadith*, the narrations of Muhammad, which are the only acceptable collection of Muhammad's life and oral teachings to the Islamic world, Muhammad talks about the visitation of Jesus to him many times and describes Jesus' physical looks and appearance.¹⁰

From the above one may get some understanding of the attributes that Islam places on Jesus' 'term of office', as *Sahab-e-Zaman*, head of the Spiritual Hierarchy, prior to the advent of Muhammad.

Kashmir has a long spiritual history dating well before the birth of Jesus; Emperor Asoka, in the 3rd century B.C, introduced Buddhism into Kashmir which already had a Brahmanic background, then in the 8th century after Jesus the worlds greatest philosophic genius and perfect master

Shankaracharya propagated Advaita-Vedanta in Kashmir; Avatar Meher Baba has advised us that He was in fact Shankaracharya in a minor avatic advent.¹¹

Today the valley of Kashmir is more than 90% Muslim and is a strife torn Shangri-la, but Sufi inspiration is still vital and active; Avatar Meher Baba more than confirmed its spiritual worth when in 1944 He contacted more than twenty masters in the Srinagar area alone, and sat with a wali of the 5th plane at the dargah of the 19th century Sufi saint Merak Shah at Shalimar.

During Baba's first visit to Kashmir in 1929 His supreme universal knowledge came to the fore when He told the mandali, "In Kashmir there is a balance between the powers of God and maya",¹³ and again in 1933, after taking His companions to Shalimar and then leaving Srinagar, He remarked, "There is no place in the world as ideal as these surroundings in Kashmir."¹⁴

Continued on the next page

References

1. LORD MEHER on-line p 611
2. Ibid p 914
3. Ibid p 1047
4. Ibid p 1513
5. Ibid p 2431
6. Naqshbandi / Wikipedia
7. Jesus in Islam / Wikipedia
8. HAFIZ OF SHIRAZ Avery & Stubbs. p 24
9. Ibid p 58
10. Jesus in Islam / Wikipedia
11. HOW A MASTER WORKS Ivy Duce p 437
12. LORD MEHER on-line p 2424
13. Ibid p 1056
14. Ibid p 1514



Real happiness lies in making others happy.

The real desire is that which leads you to become Perfect in order to make others Perfect.

The real aim is that which aims to make others become God by first attaining Godhood yourself.

*Meher Baba, January 1958,
LORD MEHER Online,*

Unity in the midst of duality

... Eruch Jessawala speaking with a pilgrim at Mandali Hall Meherazad – ED.

Really speaking, you are both right. Your father is right when he says we simply have to love Him and you are right when you say we have to obey Him. Obedience is very important. Meher Baba put great emphasis on it. But what will you obey? First and foremost, Baba left us with one standing order — to love Him as He should be loved.

So your father is right. But who of us can obey that? So, failing to obey Him in that, there is a second course open to us, and that is to obey Him in lesser things. And that's where the type of obedience that you're talking about comes in.

It is the same with the breaking of His silence. Remember our discussion yesterday? Those who say Baba's breaking of His silence will be a dramatic event like the bursting of a thousand atom bombs are right, because Baba said that His voice speaking in our hearts is the breaking of His silence, so that must also be right. Baba has said both, so they must both be right. I tell you brother, over and over again I tell you, whatever it is, it is true, it is part of the truth, but it is not the whole truth.

And that's the way this world is, everything you see or experience is part of illusion. Now, illusion means what? Illusion means it's in the realm of duality. So no matter what you say, the opposite will also be there. If you have hot, you also have to have cold. It cannot be helped, there is no way out of it, because that's the nature of duality, of illusion. But the truth, the whole truth, is beyond duality.

And that is why Baba stressed love. ***Because love is the experience of unity in the midst of duality.*** Do you know that quote of Muhammad's I like to say, are you familiar with it? ***"Harmony is the imprint of oneness upon multiplicity."*** ***Baba once said we should strive for union or real harmony, which is union in diversity.***

As long as we try to understand things with our minds, we are dealing in the realm of duality. But when the heart experiences love, we get a taste of the unity of life. Perhaps that is why Baba said understanding has no meaning and love does have meaning.

*THAT'S HOW IT WAS
pp. 51-52 .1995 © Eruch Jessawala*

Poise, perfect poise

Meher Baba

What is spirituality? It is the undoing of what you have been doing since ages. You always thought of selfish motives for eating, preserving your life, and attending to every need with zeal. All these lives you have made a habit of looking to yourself. If the slightest thing goes against your habit you are upset.

Now, to undo all these selfish bindings, you have to do what you have not been doing, or not do what you have been doing.

What you have been doing always is thinking of yourself, so now you must not think of yourself, but think of others.

This is what is called “love.” But it needs character, poise, perseverance. Poise – what is it? Only if you have poise can you help others, then only can you make others happy. That means love; thinking not of yourself but of others.

If you are in the Sahara, and for four days you have no water to drink and, all of a sudden, one bottle of water appears – how do you react? If you have poise, you will let your companion drink and not mind dying and letting her live. But if you fight and grab for it, you lack poise *and* spirituality. It is this poise that makes you sacrifice and makes others happy.

For example, I always say; “Make the best of everything.” Here you have food, swimming, boating. Make the most of them and feel happy. Do not say it is not spiritual to enjoy innocent pleasures.

But when we are driving on tour and there is dust and we feel hunger, thirst and feel sick, then feel as happy as you do now. This is poise. If you do not feel happy now, it is not easy to feel happy while travelling. Do not feel you are not spiritual in enjoying swimming, boating, et cetera. Is this clear? I do not mean making a show of being happy, but to really feel happy.

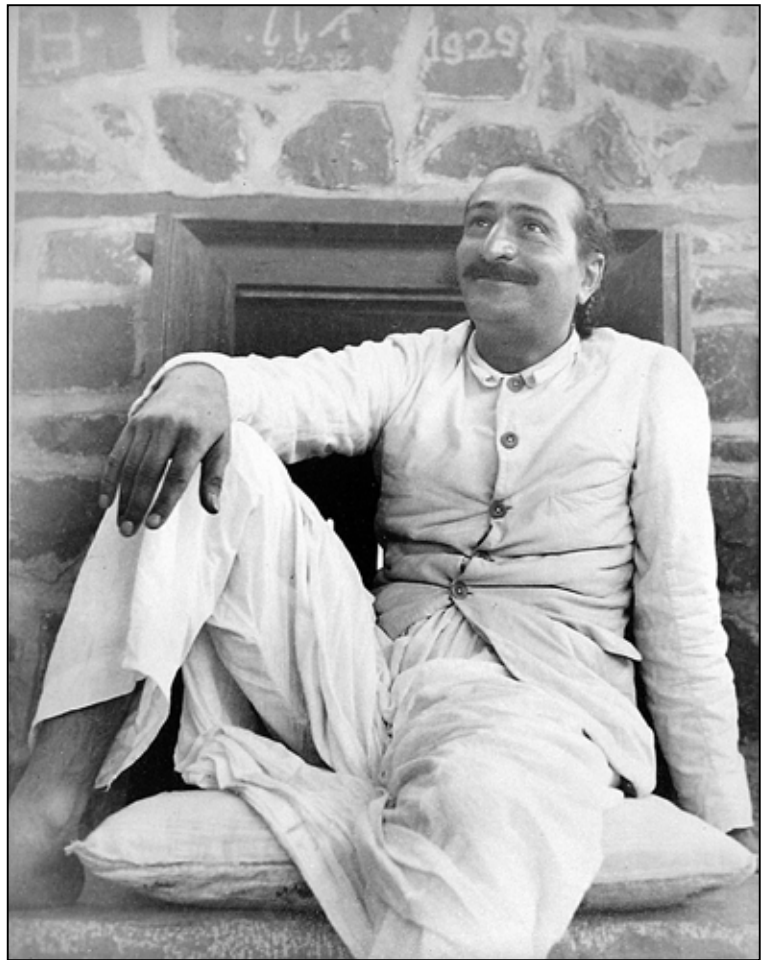
For my circle, it is all right. You live with me, leave all for me, so you are serving the universe. But for those who are not living near me, this poise is one hundred percent essential for spirituality.

Again, what is spirituality? Poise, perfect poise. Make the most of every situation. He who upsets no one is a good man. He who is upset by no one is a God-Man!

LORD MEHER ONLINE

p.p . 2095, 2096 – At Karwar, early April 1940.

<http://www.lordmeher.org/rev/index.jsp?pageBase=page.jsp&nextPage=2094>



Meher Baba seated outside what later became His tomb. On the stone in the background is carved MB, then Meher Baba in Urdu by some of the boys and 1929. Date: 1936-1938, Upper Meherabad. © Meher Nazar Publications.

These are real tests

August 1938, while building what became Beloved Baba’s tomb ... Pendu looked somewhat worried and Baba urged him, “Be brave! Don’t feel dejected or despondent with difficulties and inconveniences. Face it all — that’s manliness, that’s heroism.

I don’t like things to go smoothly or easily. There is no credit in doing things easily.

One must get resistance, difficulties and pass through awkward situations.

These are real tests and bring out the best and worst in men.

The more the opposition from Maya, the more you should resist and face it with fierce determination.

Don’t feel anxious. Do your best.”

LORD MEHER ONLINE p.p 1934.

<http://www.lordmeher.org/rev/index.jsp?pageBase=page.jsp&nextPage=1934>

A planting of Love

Margaret Craske

Near the close of His 1956 trip to America, Baba with some close disciples and many persons who loved Him and lived in the neighbourhood of San Francisco stayed in that city for a few days at a charming Holiday Inn. The building together with a high wall surrounded a garden which contained a small swimming pool, and it was an altogether delightful place.

From there Baba made short trips to visit the homes of many of His Sufi followers who lived in the neighbourhood, while other devotees came to the hotel to see Him and feel the warmth of His love.

One morning a woman came to a gate in the wall. She asked the first person she saw if it were possible for her to meet Meher Baba, adding that she felt strongly drawn to Him and it would mean much to her just to see Him.

The girl she spoke to asked rather officiously, "What group do you belong to?" She replied that she did not belong to any group, and was then told by this "know-it-all" that unless she was associated with some group it would not be possible for her to see Baba.

The woman seemed devastated and near tears. Fortunately one of Baba's mandali heard this curious interchange. He immediately stepped in and told her to wait, that he himself would tell Baba of her request to meet Him. This request Baba immediately granted.

After the meeting with Baba, a



Meher Baba washing the feet of the poor. Avatar's Abode Collection.

radiant-looking woman emerged from His room, glowing and happy from her few moments in His loving presence.

Baba then sent for some of His disciples and a few of the other people who were staying in the hotel. He proceeded to ask a somewhat startled Elizabeth if she belonged to a group. She replied firmly that she belonged to no group and saw no reason for so doing. Her only wish was to serve Baba in any way indicated by Him. He then asked Kitty, me and several others the same question, and received the same

kind of surprised answer.

Baba then seemed satisfied. He went on to make it clear to all that to find Him no organization was necessary but that love for Him and obedience to His slightest wish could draw one more quickly towards Him than any other way.

Baba at the first sign of a false idea poking its head out of the ground would so often quickly uproot it and replace it with a planting of Love.

*THE DANCE OF LOVE,
pp. 185-186*

Mastery in Servitude

Charles Haynes



Meher Baba and Charles Haynes in Meher Center, Myrtle Beach USA.

“According to Baba, God periodically brings about a forward movement of consciousness by personal participation in the world as the Avatar. His every action has a universal impact.

When, for example, Baba cared for the untouchable boys and cleaned their latrines, He indicated that He was working in human consciousness to break down the caste system. For Baba, His many hours bowing down to the feet of the poor and lepers, distributing cloth and grain, were not simply acts of charity benefiting a few; they were acts initiating inner changes that will eventually benefit the poor and helpless everywhere. Similarly, gathering disciples from many races and religions, and travels throughout the world, symbolize the inner transformations that characterize the Avatar’s universal work.

From this perspective, Baba’s simplest action could be interpreted to be of great import for the world. This can be illustrated by citing an incident that occurred during Baba’s 1952 visit to Meher Spiritual Center in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. On the day Baba opened the Center to the public, a large number of people came from the town to meet Him, entering the room individually or in family groups and then leaving by another door.

The mandali present noticed that whenever a black person or family entered the room, Baba, in an unusual gesture, stood and walked across the room to greet them. Baba did not explain this or similar gestures, but many around Him felt that this action was an outer sign of Baba’s inner work on behalf of American blacks, work that has been manifested in the American civil rights movement.”

When Charles Haynes met Meher Baba

John’s brother Charles, age nine, was brought the following afternoon. Charles recalled his initial reaction to Baba:

“This is someone whose presence I never want to leave! When I met Him, I didn’t know who I was going to meet before I went in — my mother was very Presbyterian. But when I saw Baba, there was a familiarity. You might say He was an old friend. I have considered Him my Master and father ever since.”

The boy was so enamoured of Baba that he never even noticed that Baba was silent!

*LORD MEHER Online
pp 4366*



*Real living is dying
for God.*

*Live less for yourself
and more for others.*

*One must die to
one’s own self to be
able to live in all
other selves.*

*One who dies for
God lives forever.*

*Meher Baba, January 1958,
LORD MEHER Online,*

All life is One and all divisions are imaginary

Meher Baba, Tuesday 14th November 1944 at Nagpur University



Meher Baba, circa 1945, Ahmednagar, photographer: Panday, © Meher Nazar Publications.

In the One undivided and indivisible Ocean of life, you have, through ignorance, created the pernicious divisions based upon sex, race, nationality, religion and community.

And, you allow these self-created divisions to poison your heart and obstruct your relationships.

Slowly but surely you must imbibe this truth at the feet of the Master of

Wisdom. Slowly but surely you must shed prejudices and get disentangled from the superficial distinctions.

Slowly but surely you must tread the path to the Formless and Nameless One.

When you enthrone the Nameless One in your mind-heart, you do not necessarily put an end to the game of duality. You have to play a role in

the drama of creation, without being caught up in duality.

The unity of life has to be experienced and expressed in the very midst of its diverse experiences. All life is One, and all divisions are imaginary.

Be ye established in this Eternal Truth I bring.

*LORD MEHER online.
Pp 2444 and 2445*

Become free in this very life

Meher Baba

In the material world, every *pie* [cent] of money counts.
 In the subtle world, every ounce of energy counts.
 In the mental world, every force of thought counts.
 In the Beyond state, only God counts, and in the realm of the God-Man,
 everything counts as nothing and nothing counts as everything.

God does not listen to the language of the tongue which consists of *jap*, *zikr* and *mantras*. He does not listen to the language of the mind which consists of thoughts about God through meditation and concentration.

He listens only to the language of the heart which is Love.

So love God and become free in this very life.

This love can be expressed in various ways, ultimately resulting in Union with God. The practical way for the common man to express this love, while attending to every-day life's duties, is to speak lovingly, think lovingly and act lovingly toward all mankind, irrespective of caste, creed and position, taking God to be present in each and everyone.

*GLIMPSES OF THE GOD-MAN,
 Vol. V, Bal Natu, p. 63
 Copyright 1987 AMBPPCT*



Love those whom you cannot love

Meher Baba, 1965

Be true to the Trust I repose in you and remember Me wholeheartedly.
 All talk about the Path and the Goal is a lantern carried by a blind man.
 A blind man needs a staff in his hand; the seeker needs his hand in God-Man's.

No sooner you begin to love those whom you cannot love, you begin to love Me as I should be loved.

To love those whom you could not hate, is natural, but to love those whom you cannot love, is to love me as I should be loved.

*MEHER BABA CALLING. edited by Jamshed. B. Mistry,
 © Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust*

A new sport

After one comes in contact with Meher Baba- not necessarily in person but when the "heart clicks" - a new sport awaits you.

Baba shakes you, your thoughts and feelings, perhaps violently, thus helping you to shed the peripheral view of life. The inside is revealed, the good and bad in you come out, and a thrilling romance with the Divine is ushered into your life.

Through triumphs and penalties you learn to express what you are, to do what you can, and to leave the rest to the God-Man.

In the end He awakens you to an understanding of your potentialities and limitations for service and the part you have to play in this world.

*Bal Natu,
 GLIMPSES OF THE GOD-MAN,
 MEHER BABA, Vol. 1, p. 238*



*Past and Future exist
 only because of the
 Present in which they
 are both embodied.*

*In the eternal Past,
 every second existed
 as the Present and
 every second of the
 eternal Future will
 exist as the Present.*

*Meher Baba, January 1958,
 LORD MEHER Online,*

The Truth of Illusion

Moths circle the lamp, hover and hurtle,
attracted to the flame but, also

driven from the midst
of its dark surroundings.

You reach God (they say)
when you come to the end of yourself.

You get wise. It's the truth of illusion
that shatters, that jades;

the truth of illusion that bores, sates,
disheartens, disenchant.

You rush toward God when God
outshines His surroundings.

When the dark has gobbled you up –
bones and blood,

you rush and flail
and hurl yourself toward the light;

seeing there's nothing of worth
in the darkness to leave behind.

O child of God, turn from illusion
toward the way, the truth, the light.

Brian Darnell



*Be angry with none but your
weakness.*

Hate none but your lustful self.

*Be greedy to own more and more
wealth of tolerance and justice.*

*Let your temptation be to tempt
me with your love in order to
receive my grace.*

*Wage war against your desires
and Godhood will be your
victory.*

Meher Baba, January 1958, LORD MEHER Online,

Mind is the parent miracle

Meher Baba

God does everything and in another sense does nothing. Although God does nothing, those who approach Him with love and surrender derive everything that matters in the spiritual realm, even though He does not do anything in particular towards them.

God may be compared to the sandalwood. It continually emits a sweet scent in all directions, though only those who take the trouble to go near it have the benefit of its charming fragrance. But we cannot say that the sandalwood has done anything in particular towards those who approach it, because emanation of its sweet scent is going on all the time and is not specifically directed towards any person or persons. It is available to each and all who care to come within its range. Thus the sandalwood gives in one sense; and in another sense it does not give.

Take another example. The river gives water to those who are thirsty in the sense that if thirsty persons approach the river and drink its waters, their thirst is quenched; but the river does nothing either to invite them to itself or to fill them with its waters.

These examples show how God does everything and at the same time does nothing. This naturally applies to the so-called miracles, which are minor happenings within the great miracle. Mind also can be called the great miracle of the universe, because it is out of the mind that the illusion of the universe arises.

Mind is a parent miracle; yet the fulfillment of its destiny lies in self-annihilation. It has not fulfilled its true purpose if it does not completely disappear. The temporary clay model often has to be destroyed in order to bring out a statue of permanent importance; the form of wooden planks is raised only to be replaced later by a slab of concrete; and the hen's egg has not fulfilled its destiny until it is broken from inside by the pecking of a hatching chicken.

In the same way, the mind-mould arises only in order that it may be shattered to pieces and that its bursting may make possible the unfoldment of true and unlimited understanding which is self-sustained. Thus the mind, which is the parent miracle, comes into existence only in order to vanish.

BEAMS FROM MEHER BABA, pp. 39-41

Good companion book to *God Speaks*. <http://www.ambppct.org/library.php> - Books by Meher Baba section

Moving directly under His Will

Mani Irani

Baba has made it clear that the process of evolution is the development of consciousness which becomes full when human form is attained.

Once full consciousness is attained there is nothing to prevent one from realising God, except the mountainous muck of sanskaras accumulated during the innumerable lives experienced in evolutionary forms; and one can be freed from that binding by binding oneself to loving and obeying the Perfect Master, or by trying to make it through the interminably long way of self-effort.

So you see, as a human being you do have a chance of a choice, particularly and immeasurably so when you have the rare good fortune to come into the Avataric orbit of the God-Man! When we are bound to Him, the Only Reality, we are freed from illusion. Doing what *we* want is enjoying liberty; doing what *He* wants is gaining freedom.

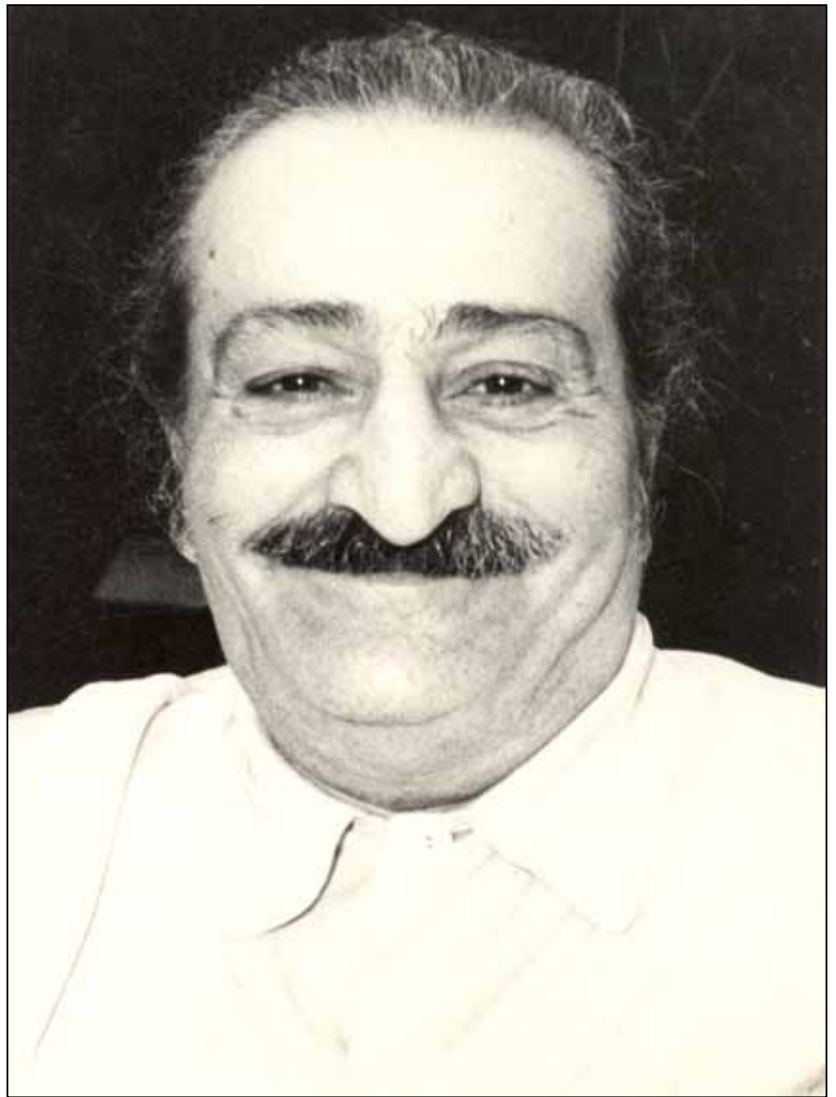
If you ask me, there is only God's Will – there is no such thing as our will, 'free' or otherwise; we can only have free 'want.' In the confinement of His all-pervading Will we are free to want to do better – if it were not so, Baba would have no need to give us discourses, no need to tell us repeatedly and emphatically, "Do your best, and leave to Me the rest."

Travelling through the vast maze of the Divine Plan in illusion, we come to certain points where we have the choice of taking this pathway or that road. We generally select what looks like the easier way, or the one that we are deluded into believing is the 'shortcut' by following after half-baked or imperfect guides.

But it is His Compassion that again and again we are given a chance, again and again He comes into illusion to show us the way.

One's present life is nothing but the screening of a sanskaric pattern one has developed in the past life; and while it runs its course we are developing another film for the next incarnation.

In as much as one's present life is concerned, one does



Meher Baba, 1964. Avatar's Abode Collection.

have the freedom to make a better job of it – else what use are the teachings given by the Great Ones? And then once in a long, long while comes the Producer Himself, God in Person, to direct the Passing Show in the light of Reality, to guide His creation with the Love that He alone can give as Creator. And He can change (edit) even the present lives (films) of those who are good-fortuned to come into His close connection.

Therefore once we come into the Avatar's Love-Orbit, and as long as we surrender our lives into His, giving and leaving all to Him, we are moving directly under His Will. We then have nothing to worry about, except to do our best and leave to Him the rest. And so, Baba tells us "Don't worry. Be happy."

*LETTERS FROM THE MANDALI,
pp. 32-34, ed. Jim Mistry.
Copyright 1981 AMBPPCT*

My lovers may be likened to one who is fond of lions and admires them so much that he keeps a lion in his own home.

But, feeling afraid of the lion, he puts it in a cage. The lion is always kept caged, even while he feeds it; he feeds the pet from a distance, standing outside the cage.

Baba is also treated like a lion by his lovers. There is love, there is admiration, there is an intense desire to see Baba comfortable and happy, and Baba is also frequently fed by the love of his lovers. But all this is done keeping Baba segregated from one's own self. What is wanted is that the lovers should open the "cage" and, through intense love for their Baba, throw themselves inside it to become food for the Lion of Love. The lover should permit himself to be totally consumed through his love for the Beloved.

Meher Baba, February 1958, LORD MEHER Online,



Standing in the Shower

Standing in
the shower
looking down
at what
I see:

chest
belly
hips

genitals
thighs
knees

it's hard
to believe
that what's
called me

came
out of
God's whim
to know

like it's hard
to believe
a cake
of soap

came
out of
an idea
to clean me
from head to toe.

The Solitary Diver

It was a breathless night.
I had only the stars for my companions
as I walked homeward across the bridge
leaving behind the heat of a sweltering city.

As I looked down over the edge
to the vacant aquatic centre below
I saw in the dim-light a lone figure slowly
ascending the steps to the high-diving board.

On reaching the top he paused for a moment
walked to the end, turned around
and balanced his full weight on his toes
with his arms outstretched to the side.

No cars passed by on the bridge,
only the stars were my witnesses
when suddenly he leapt backwards
and descended into the dark void.

With the skilful precision
of a master engraver he traced
through the still air the secret
inscription of my Beloved's Name.

Not a sound was heard
as he entered the water,
not a splash broke the water's seal,
not a star moved from its place.

I have forgotten this breathless night
and the heat of a sweltering city,
I shall not forget this solitary diver
who plunged into the cool waters of my heart.

*Ross Keating
2016*

*Ross Keating
2016*

Helen Dahm: Postscript

Peter Rowan

As a follow up to my article in June 2016 *Meher Baba Australia* on Helen Dahm it could be noted that Helen had painted a portrait of Baba on ply-wood which was placed in the window opening at the head of Baba's tomb. After Helen had returned to Switzerland in 1939 Baba had the portrait removed, as He did not care for it, and had Rano Gayley paint another portrait of himself over Helen's painting.

This painting by Rano was not placed in Baba's tomb either but can be seen in the museum at Meherabad.

Over the next thirty years, up until our Beloved dropped His body, there was rapid deterioration of Helen's paintings and the Trust in India felt that urgent measures should be taken to preserve them. Adi K. Irani in 1971 engaged Ahmednagar photographer Bhaiya Panday to repaint the murals and attempt to enliven them again to the best of his limited ability. What was seen for the next nineteen years was a considerably altered perspective of Helen's original work.

In 1990, Mani, as Chairman of the Trust, decided Helen's murals should be brought back as close as possible to the original. Mani's objective was to recapture the colour, lightness and style of Helen's painting, and so from original photographs and with intense research, Dot Lesnik and Rick Flinn with a small team painted over Bhaiya Panday's efforts and achieved a far more accurate rendering of Helen Dahm's work, and this is what we see now.



Pietà (Fresco Adliswil)

Helen Dahm

Above: *Pietà (detail), 1956, fresco on the wall, about 227 x 330 cm, Friedhofskapelle Adliswil ZH.*

Below: *Draft mural on the Abdankungskappelle in Adliswil.*

Helen Dahm has painted the design on a wall in the attic of her house in Oetwil am See.

1956 Helen Dahm was awarded the contract to design the exterior walls of Abdankungskappelle in Adliswil ZH. After lengthy preparatory work and several drafts, the physically demanding work was completed within a week. The theme for the central image composition burial and resurrection of Christ had been fixed. The right half shown here with the theme "The Entombment" shows Mary holding the body of Christ as a self-contained Pietà in front of a group of grieving women. The main measures 227 x 677 cm.

http://www.helen-dahm.ch/home/werk_show.asp?werktyp=werk&werk_id=226



CORRECTION: to photograph caption in *Helen Dahm* article, June 2016 issue MBA

It was incorrectly stated that the photograph was of the interior of Avatar Meher Baba's Tomb.

Most probably the photograph shown was taken in 1956 at the site of Helen Dahm's frescoes which she had painted on the walls of the chapel at the cemetery of Adliswil, about 8km from Zurich.

She had painted a *Pietà*: Madonna holding the body of her crucified son Jesus and grieving over him. Accompanying frescoes show the 'mountain of the resurrection', angels and grieving women. The fresco shown in the photo is most likely one these women.

Peter Rowan

The mirror of truth #2

(Anselm Instalment 17)

Ross Keating

About Anselm: The Anselm instalments are a creative approach for discussing themes and ideas from Francis Brabazon's *Stay With God*. All the characters are fictional.

After receiving the book, Beloved Baba dictated a cable for all involved: *Stay With God* has come to stay & My love to all those who helped to make it the perfect book that it is -- BABA).

When we arrived at Anselm's place we were all keen to continue our discussion on Francis's use of the mirror metaphor in *Stay With God*, which we had started last week. I began by reading one of Baba's messages, "God is in All," that I had found in *Life At its Best* that uses the metaphor of the mirror:

"Good" is like a clean mirror that reflects the image of God. When true knowledge is gained you realize that the reflection is the image of your own Self, the God that is in all and everything.

"Bad" is like the dusty particles that accumulate and hide the image of God, until the mirror presents only a distorted or blank surface. It cannot affect the object being reflected; it merely distorts your vision.

Love is the cleanser that wipes the mirror bright and enables you to behold with increasing clarity the indivisible Entity that permeates all life (p. 49).

"It is interesting to note," I added, "that Baba has avoided defining 'good' and 'bad' in hard and fast prescriptive terms as in an ethical code of some kind: thou shalt not do this or do that. Instead, He has situated this highly contentious issue of what is 'good' and what is 'bad' in the domain of love – 'love is the cleaner' to make your inner mirror clean and bright so it can reflect 'your own Self'.

"And this is how, I think, Francis sees 'good' art. Such art can only come from a mirror that is clean. For him all true art – which in his terms is just another name for right living – is an attempt to re-present, in some externalised form or another, 'the image of your own Self'. And because this image is 'the God that is in all and everything,' people positively respond to this kind of art because they

unconsciously recognise in the artwork the one same God who is in them too.

"For an aspiring Baba-artist – and here Francis is the prototype – the work of inner cleaning has to go on first before the brush or the pen can be lifted. Otherwise, only art of little consequence will be produced; art without the flavour of the Self. This, I think, is the high road of art which Francis has re-defined under Baba's inner guidance.

"To prove this point," I concluded, "let me read a part of a poem that Francis had published in 1959 in *The London Magazine* – a well-respected international poetry journal. It was entitled, "There was a Humming," and was included with other poems by other poets under the general heading 'New Poems from Australia':

It takes much patient labour to polish a piece of glass

To catch the light of a star –

It takes more to polish your heart till it

Reflects the light of God . . .

*It takes much time to fix the image of yourself
on a piece of canvas*

*It takes more to paint the image of the Beloved
in your flesh . . .*

"I think this is very revealing," said Philomena, "so now that we have a focus let's see if we can find lines, as we go through *Stay With God*, that pick up on this idea. And why don't we just inwardly meditate on them, rather than discuss them, as we normally do, so as to let their truth and beauty be reflected in our hearts?"

"I think that's how all poetry should be read," added Anselm, "not so much read as breathed in."

"I like this idea," affirmed Thomas who slowly read the first quote:

*Now, Tabriz is the name of the city where they lived, and
Shams in Persian*

*Is the name of the sun – which means this man was the glory
of that city*

*And as bright as anyone this side of Mohammed. As
Jelaluddin later wrote*

*“When the Sun of Tabriz showed His face, the sun of heaven
Hid his face for shame.” (See “Mathnawi” – a very Ocean
And a mirror to be avoided if you would not suffer drowning
Or sight of thy soul’s foulness) (p.28).*

From here, we all took it in turns to read the following
quotes:

*Master-builder! Master-builder! – the One
Who built this lousy little house builds also universes:
Spins suns in burning, hums earth
Around them in timelessness and orders the time
Of their ceasing from turning. Master-builder, Master-
builder –
Self the creator, Self the sustainer, Self the destroyer; Self
The Mirror-maker of Image of Himself. . . (p. 78)*

*

*. . . Drought-drag of flesh-chains;
while above Manasarowar by eternal Kailas
circles the divine Swan without movement in mirror-gazing
(p. 107).*

*

*Shave your head, and pour dust upon it and wait
until He calls, for any other mirror but Him will deceive you
and keep you ass plodding up the dusty road (p. 118).*

*

*Mind, which prompts us, “we are the doer”, is a mirror-house
of distorting in which Self is deluded by being imaged
as everything other than Self. . . (pp. 123-4).*

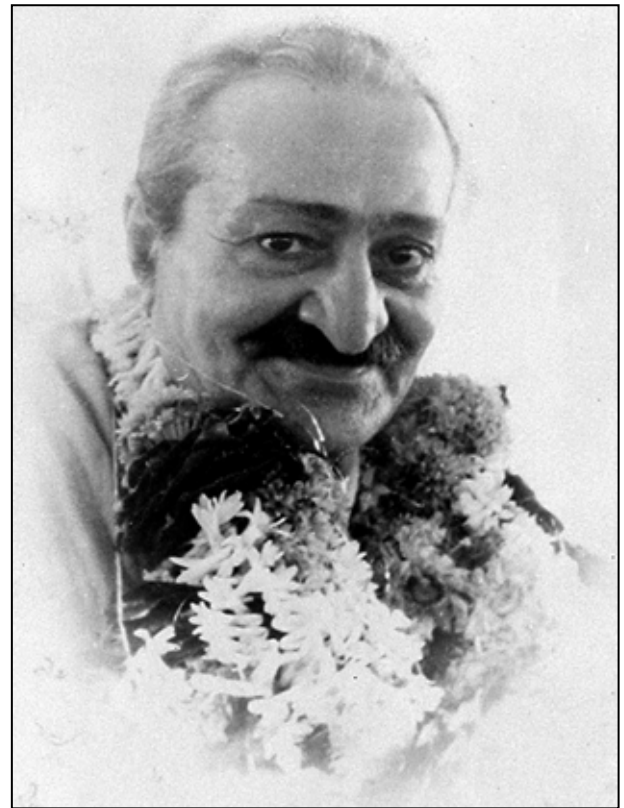
*

*. . . Then came the Humanists,
deluded that freedom was outside themselves – the beginning
of false democracy – who shouted horizons and taught us
to seek a new god, one greater than Mohammed and Jesus
who would not require of us via dolorosa and prayer to wipe
clean
the mirror for the Image. . . (p. 132).*

*

*The Bright Ones of God ever showed us the Way
to our Self, ever held up a mirror in which shone
our loveliness; . . . (pp. 132-4).*

*



© Meher Nazar Publications.

*Wave-CREATING and beating and 3 worlds-banner
planting
through 7 kingdoms to divine-shape-man and Self-knowledge
(answer to “Who am I?”) possible – the mirror fashioned,
and the Image, conceived of lovely Art, framed therein. . .
(p. 139).*

*

*Shatter
the distance-mirror which reflects
self in histrionic inconsequence –
art adolescent, burden on bread (p. 149).*

“I felt,” quietly spoke Philomena breaking the silence,
“that there was a kind of unity of experience in what we
shared in reading these lines, like we felt standing together
in the garden last week.”

“In a real way,” added Anselm, “it ‘proves’ the fact that at
the depth of being we are all one.”

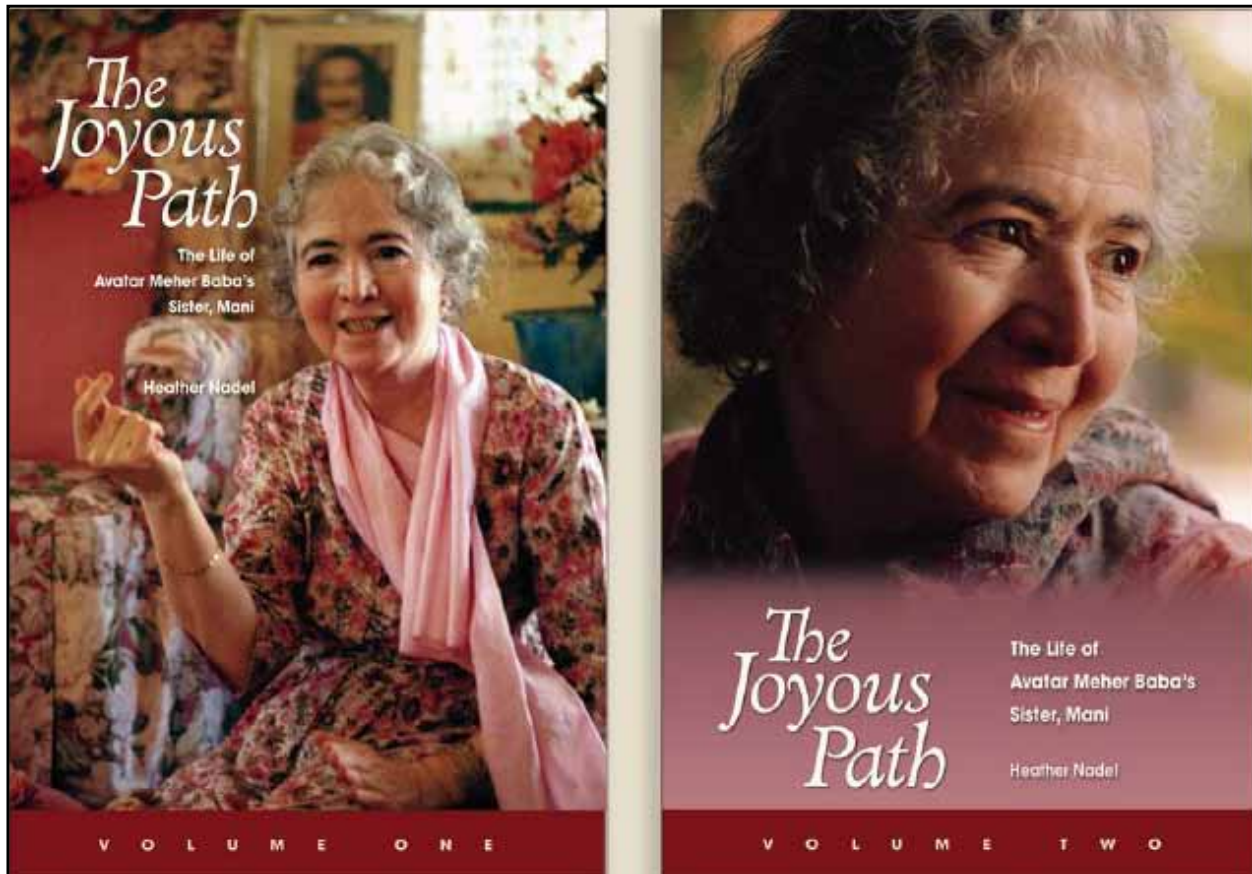
To finish our meeting, I read a couplet from *In Dust I Sing*
which in two lines beautifully distilled the theme we had
discussed in our last two meetings:

*The poverty which is wealth. The darkness full of light.
The mirror, itself nothing, contains love’s face so bright
(p. 81).*

The Joyous Path – by Heather Nadel

Published by Sheriar Press, 2015

Reviewed by Sarah McNeill



Of the top ten titles on your bookshelf, *'The Joyous Path'* should be among the top five. It is a hugely significant, two-volume work, painstakingly compiled by Heather Nadel over a period of sixteen years. Drawing on a complex archive of primary source material, Heather has pieced together this amazing tapestry, selecting from the treasure chests of cardboard boxes left behind by Baba's sister Mani. These contained notebooks, diaries, letters and post cards, beautiful drawings, amusing doodles, poetry and verses, umpteen fantastic stories, recordings and wonderful, wonderful photographs. Even jokes and recipes

were included along with knitting instructions and cartoons! The two books overflow with the riches of living a life of poverty with Baba, and welcome the reader into the private and personal inner circles of the Avatar's mandali.

The scope of the work is commensurate with Mani's experience of living as one of the Mandali. Her God-Brother, Meher Baba, already 22 when she was born, held His baby sister in His arms even before she was given to her mother. In her later years she said she didn't come to Baba, He came to her! Her childhood memories are recalled in exquisite detail, with

the focus of her early years already firmly fixed on Baba and on her single-minded wish to be with Him. It was a wish so strong it powered the unstoppable purpose manifest in Mani's determined obedience when, at the age of thirteen, she embraced the orders set out by Baba and joined the women mandali, first at the Nasik ashram, then at Meherabad during those very early times, becoming Mehera's close companion for life. All the writings and other materials in *'The Joyous Path'* illuminate what that meant in countless different ways. Together, Mani and her companions did the impossible! When pieced

together, all Mani's scraps, notes, letters and jottings build up a picture beyond our imagining, awesome and phenomenal, a forensic re-assembling of what life with the Avatar truly involved and felt like in terms of utter joy and fulfilment. All difficulties, hardship, discomfort and even acute pain were surmounted, overcome or simply disregarded by Mani as being insignificant by comparison with the reality of living in close proximity to her Beloved God-Brother. Maintaining calm in the midst of apparent chaos was part of that. Her diaries capture some such moments with characteristic flair – as in this early morning scene on a station during their travels with Baba:

Much fun over Kaity (Katie), Rano + 'the chaiwallas' (tea-sellers), who always ran out of tea and you perched yourself on the edge of a trunk, calmly trying to sip the beverage amidst flying cups, & knocks & shouts & digs & strong demands for empty cups, & closed your eyes & said, 'Um, marvellous tea.'

The abbreviated notes barely hide her aptitude for writing expressively (in English as well as several other languages), in an easy style that never falters. During the 1930s, the (for Mani and the other women mandali) enormously interesting arrival in India of the group of western ladies is reflected in her notes. Her observations are great fun to read as, for example, when Baba took them to Europe. They travelled by sea on a ship which had limited passenger amenities and Mani describes a scene concerning herself, the elegant Norina, and a chamber pot! Well worth the purchase of the book! The Blue Bus



Mani, 1970s, Meherazad. © Meher Nazar Publications.

Tours of the 1940s were also recorded by Mani in her diary-form of hastily made notes using the same kind of shorthand for greater speed. Over the years, increasing demands are made on her skills, not only as a scribe, but also as a typist for voluminous amounts of correspondence and for typing up texts for Baba.

The chapters at the end of the first volume of 'The Joyous Path' are about The New Life phase of Baba's

work. Mani and Mehera together with Meheru and Goher, were the four women mandali chosen to accompany the column of walkers on their arduous journey and Baba said of them, "...these four women, by working co-operatively like menials in doing work they have never done before, are faithfully living the New Life." ... The next day He told them, "The women also could not sleep for the same reason,

Continued on the next page



Rano serving Mani a piece of her birthday cake, 6 July 1975, Meherabad.
 Photographer: David Fenster. © Meher Nazar Publications.

(swarms of mosquitoes). Mani has a rash all over her face and body that looks like measles. But in spite of the damp room and mosquitoes, I was pleased to see the women in buoyant spirits, laughing and joking. They are busy building mud stoves; from the 1st of November they will start cooking.” The wealth of detail in Mani’s diaries covering this phase of

Baba’s work is truly a source of wonder, delight and amazement. Many years later in Mandali Hall, when she spoke to pilgrims gathered there, she talked of her own personal feelings about the significance and purpose of The New Life: “I’ve never been too keen on talking about the New Life. I could not (bear to) sing the New Life song even now, perhaps

because I have had a momentary glimpse of the depth, the awesome depth, of the New Life. How can I describe it to you? Well, say you are boating on a calm ocean, enjoying floating along, and suddenly you look over the edge of the boat and are granted a sight through the fathomless deep, right down to the ocean floor, and you exclaim, “Oh, My God, What depth!” It was so tremendous. Since being in the New Life, I’m always aware of its unfathomable depth.”

After the New Life phase of Baba’s work, the narrative of ‘The Joyous Path’ moves on into volume two of this book and the pace changes. Important events of the later years are recorded in greater depth and with thoughtful precision. Mani’s humour and warmth is ever present but now, their travels with Baba take them further afield to countries in Europe and to the United States, with wonderful descriptions of their first (and for herself and Mehera the only) visit to Baba’s new Home in the West at Myrtle Beach. But the idyllic break was short-lived when the following weeks pitched Baba and those close ones accompanying Him into the devastating crisis of His first motor accident. Mani’s carefully kept record of those days and weeks makes compulsive

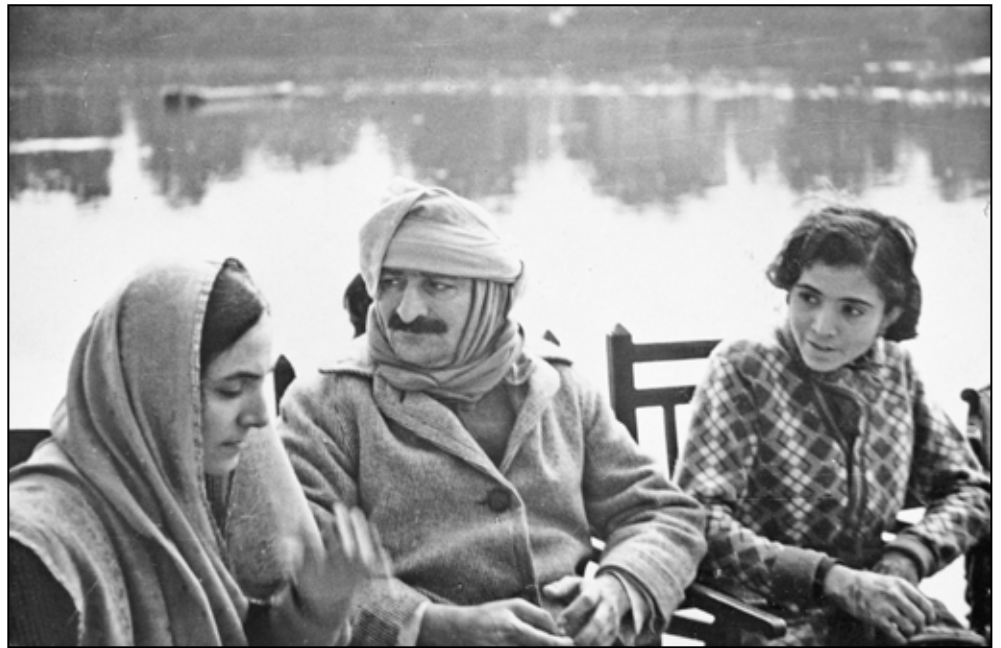
reading as the overwhelming events colour her personal accounts in tone and also in scope as the shared insights of others are included.

The compilation of texts and other archival material selected and incorporated into the second volume, takes the reader through the history of succeeding years from one significant

milestone to the next, covering the move back to Meherazad, life with Baba in different locations during His years of mast work and then the second automobile accident. From this point on, the new chapter of Baba's work embraces increasing numbers of visitors and who begin to arrive at Meherabad and Meherazad from different parts of the world. Baba's important Sahavas events now also include Guruprasad where Mani stayed on many occasions. Photographs from her personal collection provide fascinating glimpses of these times. Her companionship with Mehera, always close and protective, extends over their delight in the pet animals they cared for and shared occupations such as gardening. Photographs also testify to Mani's continuing ability as Master of Ceremonies (or Ring Master!) for entertainments performed at Baba's wish and for His amusement. Not only scenarios and dialogue but also masks, costumes and special effects were her department!

The soaring peaks of *'The Joyous Path'* are undoubtedly, the sudden watershed reached in all their lives when Baba dropped His body in 1969, and then, twenty year later, when Mehera, Beloved of the Beloved and Mani's much-loved sister and close companion, finally went to Him, leaving Mani bereft beyond words. These chapters of the book are sensitively written (the author herself having been intimately involved in the later event), and profoundly moving. 1969 marked the start of the series of *'Family Letters'* Mani began to write at regular intervals. Excerpts

Continued on the next page



*Rafting on the Narmada River, Mandla, with Mehera, Mani, 29 December 1938.
Photographer: Hedi Mertens. © Meher Nazar Publications.*



*Baba, Mehera, Mani, possibly 1 December 1960, Meherazad Garden.
Photographer: Joseph Harb. © Meher Nazar Publications.*

are selected for *'The Joyous Path'*. These letters, typed by Mani at her typewriter on the cottage verandah at Meherazad, were sent out to the growing worldwide family of Baba-lovers, many of whom were to become familiar faces. Some chose to go and live and work in and around Meherabad/Meherazad. Mani's role expanded to take on board the newcomers and

give them the benefit of her tutelage in their mastery of selfless service and self-effacement! Many memorable excerpts from her talks, packed with wisdom and humour, are included in this book as are most of the unforgettable stories Mani used to recount in Mandali Hall.

All of this and so much more makes *'The Joyous Path'* an incomparable

book, the portrait of a lifetime spanning seventy-eight years from birth until death in 1996, a book filled on every page with facts, images and hitherto unseen glimpses of avataric history. The work put into its production, hallmarked by flawless layout and design, was steered through several years of sustained effort by Sheriar supremo, Sheila Krynski, and

her team. Marvellous indexing, a Glossary, the comprehensive listing of Sources, a useful section of End Notes, plus an itemised list of all Mani's Stories, together with an opening Preface pointing out the title's link with Delia DeLeon, all combine to make *'The Joyous Path'* an invaluable reference book, one to be taken down from the shelf time and time again.

Right at the end, description of events occurring at the time of Mani's cremation leave a deep impression. One such incident, recounted by Eruch who was standing nearby, tells how, "... two sadhus approached him asking whose pyre was this? They had been passing by, and observed the smoke – but it was not the black smoke of the pyre of an ordinary person, it was the gray-blue smoke of the pyre of a saint. And so they had come to ask about this great soul and to pay their respects. The sister of Meher Baba? Ah, that explained it."

Sarah McNeill, June 2016

Sarah McNeill, is a writer who lives in UK. She met Mani on her first visit to India in 1988 and also visited Avatar's Abode in the same year. Sarah worked on the compilation of *Donkiri's Diaries*, published in 1911.— Ed.



Mehera, Heather Nadel, Mani, Janet Judson, Eric Nadel (foreground), 24 May 1977, Upper Meherabad. Photographer: David Fenster. © Meher Nazar Publications.



Mani waving goodbye at Meherazad. Rano, Arnavaz, Karyl Tych, Aloba, Pendu, Bhau, Eruch, 6 July 1975, Meherazad. Photographer: David Fenster. © Meher Nazar Publications.

Avatar's Abode 2016 Spring Sahavas

Saturday 1st – Monday 3rd October 2016

(Monday is a public holiday in QLD, NSW, ACT and SA)

It was between August 1956 and January 1969, when Meher Baba dropped His physical body, that most of His Australian followers had their close contact with Him. In August 1956 Baba visited Sydney and Melbourne, in June 1958 He visited Avatar's Abode, and then in November 1962 many of His lovers attended the East-West Gathering in Poona, India.

It was also during this period (December 1956 – August 1969) that Baba's sister Mani, under Baba's express directions, corresponded with His Western family of lovers through the *Family Letters*, in which many messages and directives from Baba were conveyed to His lovers.

At this year's Spring Sahavas, both through their personal stories of meeting Baba



Avatar's Abode June 1958. First Row: Eruch, Meher Baba & Francis; Second Row: Peter Baulch (son of Roy & Meryl Baulch), Nariman, John Bruford with Joan Bruford (just behind her husband John); Last Row are Joan Baulch (daughter of Roy & Meryl), two unknowns, Cynthia Adams in the blue checked dress, Jean Woodford (daughter of Ethel Woodford).

Photographer: Giff Alston. © Meher Nazar Publications.



The Australian group at the East-West Gathering, Poona, India, November 1962. © Avatar's Abode Collection.

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Avatar's Abode 2016 Spring Sahavas
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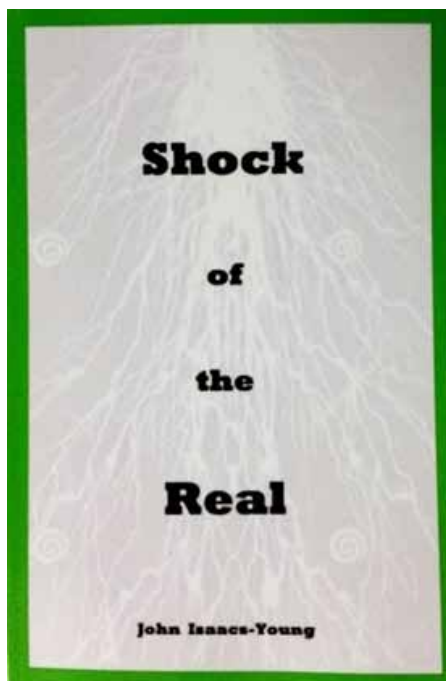
and through the messages and directives received through the *Family Letters*, we will examine the changing relationship between Baba and His Australian lovers.

We will also examine this period through the eyes and hearts of some of the young ones who, during the 1960s, came to accept Meher Baba as their spiritual Master and who were also receiving the *Family Letters*. Some of these young ones attended the Great Darshan in Poona in May 1969.

For more information about the Spring Sahavas visit www.AvatarsAbode.com.au.



Avatar's Abode, June 1958. Several women waiting outside Baba's house for the womens' session with Baba. Cynthia Adams on right, facing camera. Photographer: Colin Adams. © Meher Nazar Publications.



A book of poetry by John Isaacs-Young

Available now at Avatar's Abode Bookstore
\$10 Australian Dollars

John grows fine edibles, and is widely read. He loves poetry and also writes poetry that many consider to be as quirky as John himself is. Some of those who have read "Shock Of The Real" have described the work thus:
"Enigmatic and quirky."
"Challenges orthodoxy."
"John keeps rattling our assumptions..."
"His work showed me that criticism and dissent are the indispensable antidotes to major delusions."

Family news



Nadya Keating and Quentin Oakhill with their daughter Mae Evelyn Oakhill born on 12 July 2015.



Jaime Kohleis and Owen Bowling with Sophie and baby Oscar who was born on 18 May, 2016.

Meher Baba Australia

Steven Hein, MBA Editor

Meher Baba Australia Newsletter aims to connect the community of lovers of Beloved Meher Baba

Non – Profit

Meher Baba Australia is a volunteer operated, non-profit publication.

The work group that produces the journal consists of approximately 10 people, mostly part-time volunteers. Authors, researchers, designers, editors, poets, administrators, distribution ninjas, photo wranglers etc.

Would you like to be part of this work-group? You would be welcome. Contact editor Steven Hein: meherbabaaustralia@gmail.com and have a chat.

Frequency

Four issues a year. It is published quarterly – in March, June, September and December.

How much is it?

There is no charge as such. We do ask readers to subscribe each year (to choose to receive the MBA). The purpose for annually asking for subscription is purely for keeping the (secret and private) MBA mailing list up to date.

How do we cover printing and postage costs of hardcopy MBAs you ask?

Good point. Simple, we welcome donations. Occasionally, at low tide, we even *encourage* donations. By beloved Baba's grace and thru the

open-hearted generosity of reader donations we make ends meet ... mostly.

Actual costs of hardcopy MBAs

Each issue costs approximately \$3.80 Australian Dollars to put together and print. Then it costs another \$3.65 AUD approx. to post to each subscribed reader. Printed, enveloped and posted it costs us approx \$7.50 AUD for *each* issue. Four issues a year, mailed in Australia costs us about \$30 AUD. Mailing to India, Turkey, France, England, USA, Canada, Argentina costs more.

The digital version?

That is a PDF distributed by email. Low cost, it only incurs the cost of an email mailing service...

Why do we ask you to renew your sub each year?

We will ask you to renew your subscription once each year. It will be an email request or a coloured slip inside your MBA hardcopy. Please take a few minutes and respond. Reply to the email or complete the slip and post it back to the MBA address.

Subscribing each year is *essential* for only one reason. Your response helps us keep your (confidential) info on our mailing list up to date.

Editorial policy

This MBA editorial policy can be simply stated – MBA will not publish content that is divisive, political, lacking in harmony or is disrespectful. The editor reserves the right to edit all

articles submitted by authors for length and content prior to publication.

Contact for MBA editor and team

meherbabaaustralia@gmail.com

Meher Baba Australia subscriptions

Meher Baba Australia is published quarterly in March, June, September and December. **Annual subscriptions are due in July.**

There is no charge for a subscription however to help cover the cost of accessing photographs, printing and distribution we welcome donations.



Donations can be made via PayPal at

www.avatarsabode.com.au/donations.html

Or by direct bank deposit to

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Please include your initial and last name for reference.

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Hardcopy – Overseas AU\$40

Meher Baba Australia

September to November 2016

Editor: Steven Hein

Design and Layout: Liz Gaskin

Proof Reading: Steven Hein. Seeking additional volunteers. Contact Editor stevenhein101@gmail.com

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

Front Cover: From the far right: Vivienne Gieson, Christine McNaughton, Meher Baba, Norina Matchabelli looking away from the camera, Mabel Ryan in the white hat looking towards the camera. Possibly the woman behind Norina is Minta Toledano, Delia De Leon's sister. Photographer: ECPPA collection labels Elizabeth Patterson as the photographer. Meher Baba took His Eastern and Western disciples on a visit to Kashmir in 1933. This photograph is from the Elizabeth C. Patterson Photo Archives (ECPPA) © Wendy & Buz Connor.

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.

Deadline next issue: 15th October 2016

Photos to be minimum of 500KB, preferably 1MB. *PLEASE NOTE that the editor reserves the right to edit all published articles for length and content prior to publication.*

Sydney Meher Baba Community

Meetings at Meher House – are held on the last Sunday of every month, 10.30am for an 11am start. Prayers and Arti, open discussions about Baba, occasional guests, vegetarian potluck meal. Contact Jenny & Ross Keating jkeating@tpg.com.au. Home Phone: (02) 9938 3737. Mobile Jenny 0408 118 366, Ross: 0416 883 373.

Tuesday Nights Discourse Meetings – for enquiries please contact Kris Wyld, mobile 0407 481 323 or truestories@ozemail.com.au.

Melbourne Meetings

The Melbourne meetings are held on the last Sunday of every month from 1pm at 26 Afton St. Aberfeldie. Readings, Baba DVDs and enjoy lunch together. People can bring a plate of food but we always have more than enough.

Contacts: Matthew Plant 0405 562 905

Email Matthew at mplant2309@gmail.com

Jasmine Fricker 0438 300 193

David Dickens 0433 671 818

What's on at Avatar's Abode

Spring Sahavas 2016

Saturday 1st Sunday 2nd Monday 3rd October

(Monday is a public holiday in QLD, NSW, ACT & SA)

At this year's Spring Sahavas, we will examine the changing relationship between Baba and His Australian lovers, through the personal stories of those who met Meher Baba and through the messages and directives received through the *Family Letters*.

We will also examine this period through the eyes and hearts of some of the young ones who, during the 1960s, came to accept Meher Baba as their spiritual Master.

For more information visit www.AvatarsAbode.com.au.

Monday Morning Meetings at Avatar's Abode

10 – 11.30 am in the Meeting Hall. For more information contact Lorraine on 07 5446 8005 or babakalyan55@gmail.com. All are welcome to join with stories, readings, poetry, songs and a cuppa.

Saturday Nights at the Abode Film nights the first Saturday of the month at 7 pm. Contact: David and Glenda Hobson on 07 5442 1220 or Jim Frisino on 0417 112 668 for more information.

Meher Baba's Works Tuesday Reading Group

is currently in 'pause' mode. We will re-start again on Tuesday evening 21st June - 6.30-7.30 pm. Contact Wilma Pearson. Ph 0404 775 789 or 07 5473 9947, email: wilmapearson@aapt.net.au.

Friday Mornings 10:30 am in the Bookstore

The explorers of God's words continue to study and discuss Meher Baba's revelations of who and what we all are. The Bookstore is located behind the Reception Centre at Avatar's Abode. Coordinators are Geoff Gunther 07 5442 2467 or Steven Hein 0412 080 424.

Meher Baba Gatherings in WA

For information about meetings and social get togethers, phone Paul 0429 310 169 or Julie 0428 250 294.

New Zealand

Travellers to New Zealand who want to meet Baba lovers there are invited to contact Kelvin and Jill Hobbs, 19 Brassey Rd, Wanganui. Phone 06 347 2974, email: kelvinhobbs@clear.net.nz