

# MEHER BABA *Australia*



*"The end of every affair was in its beginning --- do not give up:  
The conclusion of your journey is in your singing."*

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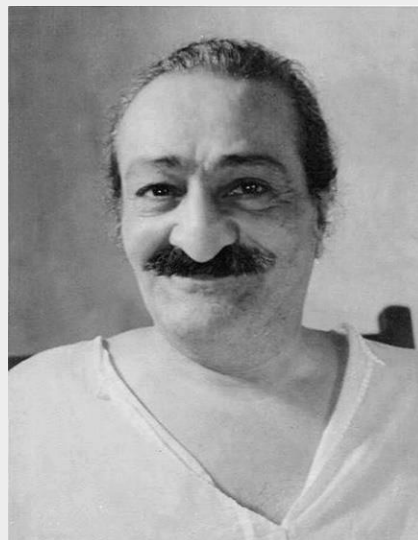
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Jai Baba



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## Meher Baba Australia

**Editorial:** Jacob & Elizabeth Horsey

**Front Cover:** "Baba's Samadhi" © with permission Susan White:

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Accompanying quote: Francis Brabazon, In Dust I Sing

**Inside Cover:** Baba's House

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# Thinking of Meherabad

(Presented at the Centenary Programme of Beloved Baba's First visit to Meherabad in 1923)

**Ross Keating**

In 1954 when Francis Brabazon first went to Meherabad it reminded him of an "Australian outback station with its... long, low buildings and out-buildings, and its coming and going of people." Francis was comparing it to Elsie Station a property where he worked as a roustabout for a sheering company in the nineteen twenties in far West New South Wales. But it wasn't the buildings at Elsie Station that drew his attention so much as the wind that relentlessly

swept through the place. It was also near here in the midst of this same wind that the great Australian explorers Burke and Wills died, about seventy years earlier, trying to discover the inland secrets of this strange country.

Francis was also a kind of explorer, or better still a spiritual seeker searching the unknown land of his own interior landscape. In his poetic autobiography, *The Wind of the Word*, he opens with a



Meherabad Hill: © [Susan White - Gallery \(susanwhiteart.com\)](http://susanwhiteart.com)

dramatic picture of this wind that sweeps in from the interior covering everything in dust. He saw the wind as

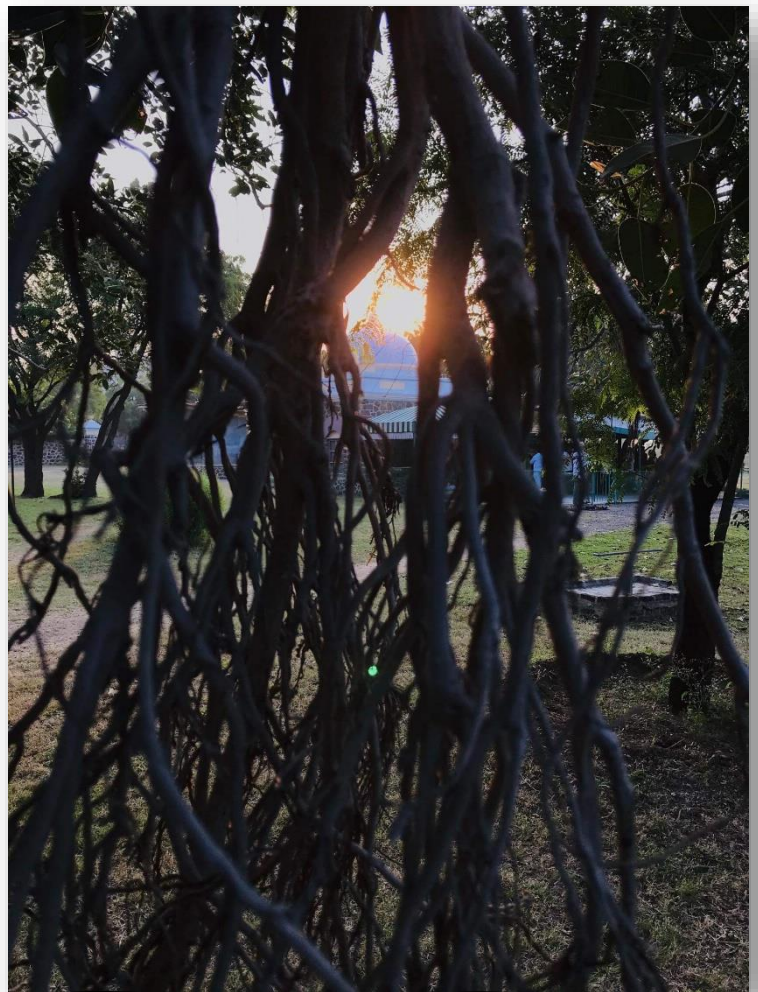
a restless, captive spirit, and he felt mysteriously carried along with it. He writes:

*And it raced on. And I went with it.  
For it was the Wind's time to explore all places,  
sound all things that would sound -- seeking a throat  
through which it could utter the Song  
locked in a Continent since the First Dreaming.*

Since his teenage years, Francis had always been affected by the majesty and beauty of nature and wrote poetry that attempted to capture it, but this all-encompassing wind penetrated him more deeply than anything else. And as it whistled past his ear, he felt a kind of mysterious calling to become its poet.

About thirty years later at Meherabad, Francis found the source of this wind to be his divine Beloved Meher Baba. It was as if Baba's hand movements, His gestures, His striding across Meherabad set a new wind in motion. A universal wind, the same wind that was present in the biblical account of creation. It was as Francis described it "the wind of the Word." And it reached into all the corners of the world and into every heart, including his.

During his 1955 visit to Meherabad, Francis discovered that what began as a vague inkling that sounded in the wind in outback Australia now spoke



Sunlight on Baba's Samadhi: Photo taken by Atmaraj

directly (yet still silently) to Him through his beloved Meher Baba. For it was during this '55 visit that Meher Baba asked Francis to write *Stay with God*. It was as if the outback wind that he had felt so profoundly years before

had actually been his Master's servant initially calling him to this moment.

Francis never wrote a poem about Meherabad but he did write down

some beginning lines that also conjured up something of the landscape of the Australian outback:

*At Meherabad rain is ashamed  
to pour its water,  
for there the Grace of God-Man is ever-flowing.*

*At Meherabad the earth is barren  
because the god of fertility  
has taken the dust of the Beloved's feet.*

*At Meherabad God-Man commissioned me  
to write the book which He named Stay with God.*

I first arrived at Meherabad fifty years ago and found this same dry, desolate landscape. Arriving at Meherabad was the end of a non-stop journey from Brisbane, through Singapore, Mumbai, Pune to the door of the *Samadhi*. I was drawn to Meherabad after being summoned by the wind of His word that sounded in Baba's *Discourses* and other messages. I had also met Francis and was struck by the unshakeable conviction and depth of his surrender to Meher Baba that is expressed in *Stay with God*.

Arriving at Meherabad for the first time I was utterly exhausted and reeling from the shock of the other-worldliness that was India. I entered the *Samadhi* and placed my head at Baba's feet and waited quietly . . . but

felt nothing. I then went outside and got myself a drink of water. And still I felt nothing and was ready to walk back down the hill. Then I noticed under a nearby tree what looked like little tombstones. And I went over to see what they were or who they belonged to.

As I walked around them, I read their names out loud: Chum, Moti, Warrior, Foundy, Kippy, and Cracker. Then I realised that these were some of Baba's pets and I started to weep and couldn't stop. I wondered, "Who is this man who buries His pets beside Him?" And I thought that their resting place in years to come will be the envy of many.

What this experience at Meherabad revealed to me was that Meher Baba

was not only fully God but also, as Francis described Him, "the Perfect Man." Reading Baba's discourses and messages in Australia gave me a sense of Meher Baba's divinity but these little insignificant tombstones at Meherabad gave me a sense of His humanity, a glimpse of what a totally lovable a person He is. Instead of *Stay with God*,

Baba imprinted in my heart the title *Stay with the God-Man*.

The *Samadhi* at Meherabad is the pivot around which the world rotates. And like any axis, a sense of stillness is felt just around its turning point. This is what I have tried to convey in this poem which I would like to finish with. It is called "Midday at the Samadhi":



The hot sun  
evaporates  
time's shadow.

Silence dozes  
around the  
blue stones.

A lone dog  
circles in  
the dust.

Mind's matches  
go soggy  
as noon's dead-

weight pulls  
all life to  
a stand still.

Baba's pets' tombs: Photos from Ross Keating



# The Challenge of Holding His Daaman

Bill Le Page

(Taken from June, 2004 MBA Newsletter)

*“That to me is the challenge, to make Beloved Baba our living companion throughout our life in all circumstances and under all conditions - much more than a passing thought and much more than a memory.”*

Amartithi 2004. Once again January 31<sup>st</sup> set me thinking of the challenge that Beloved Baba had given us all in dropping His physical cloak and residing where He always is - in every heart. What is the challenge He has given us?

Yes, there were of course little challenges in our life (although we may have seen them as large) before Beloved Baba dropped His outer cloak. We sought to carry out the little orders He had given us; we endeavoured to maintain our tolerance and passion for Him in the face of cynicism and rejection, and we sometimes went without in order to have money to go to Him if He called. Our focus was awareness of His physical presence on earth and our longing to be with Him physically again. Perhaps it could be said that we touched in a most minute way these words of the New Life:

*“Even if the heaven should fall, do not let go the hand of Truth. Let despair and disappointment ravage and destroy the garden of your life. You beautify it once again, by the seedlings of contentment and self-sufficiency. Even if your heart is cut to bits, let there be a smile on your lips.*



[Bill Le Page - How I came to Meher Baba - YouTube](#) – Filmed by Francis Thompson

*Here I divulge to you a point worth noting. Your beggarly life will be the envy of kings.”*

But there are many stories from the lives of those close to Baba that exemplify this Song of the New Life, and one comes particularly to mind...

There lived in Ahmednagar a Parsi family named Satha, on a large property known as Akbar Press. There were five brothers and four sisters, and they all became devoted to Baba. Homi was one of the two Satha brothers who first had contact with Baba in the early 1920s. He was a locomotive driver on long runs such as Bombay to Delhi, and it is recorded that people would set their clocks by his departures and

arrivals so meticulous was he in his duties.

He married and although both parents were apparently healthy, their first three children developed terminal illness by the age of seven. Then, when the fourth and last child was five years old, the mother died. Left with four children and three severely crippled, Homi retired with a retirement fund sufficient to give a monthly pension covering his expenses. This was in 1942. In 1947, his entire retirement fund was lost when the Moslem company holding the money, moved to Pakistan with the partition of India into two nations.



Baba in the Baron's triumph at Mascot Airport, Sydney on 9 August 1956. Bill Le Page is in the driver's seat, Baba next to him. Francis is in the back seat. John Grant is driving the car behind with number plate BAB421. Photographer. Not known. © Avatar's Abode Trust Archives, Photographer. Not known. From the Robert Rouse collection

At that point Beloved Baba called Homi to Meherazad and while he was taking off his boots to go into Mandali Hall, he heard Baba say to the Mandali 'Homi has won, and I have lost.' Homi was shocked and hurriedly came in and exclaimed, 'Baba, why are You saying that to me?! If I have done something wrong, please forgive me.'

Baba assured him that he had done nothing wrong but repeated what He had said first. Then He went on, 'See, I took away your very young wife, and you did not complain to Me. I gave you three crippled children, and you did not complain to Me, and now I have taken all your money, and you have four

children still to care for. Still, you do not complain to Me. Now you have nothing - so what will you do?'

'Baba, I always felt in my heart that all belongs to You. You have given, and You have taken away. I know You will never let me down, and that You will provide us all with whatever is necessary.' Baba then turned to Sarosh, who was sitting under the window where Eruch sat for so many years, 'You have a big business. From tomorrow Homi will work for you, and you will pay him 150 Rs. (This was the sum that Homi had been receiving from his retirement fund.) He is a most honest man and will take good care of your business.' Homi

began work for Sarosh accordingly, leaving the house at 7 am and returned at 6 pm.

So, what is our challenge? Eruch said, 'Baba was our companion during His years on earth, now it is up to us to be His companion.' That to me is the challenge, to make Beloved Baba our living companion throughout our life in all circumstances and under all conditions - much more than a passing thought and much more than a memory. To make Him a real companion in our daily lives – that to me seems to be the challenge for all of us - those who were with Him whilst he was in the body, and those who came after.

# Remembering Bill

**Jacob Horsey**

Without a car I would try and convince friends to take me to Avatar's Abode. It was always empty when I arrived– not a soul in sight. One afternoon I came and was sure that someone was following me in the bushes. I'd go for walks, and I'd think about how it would make a lovely place to pitch a tent or build a little cabin in the bush and dedicate my time to God while forgetting about the world.

One day I arrived, and Bill was there. I wanted books and he grinned and said, "Oooh you want to read about Baba?" As if to say, "Let me know what He is on about when you are done." He took me through the old bookstore- there were termites in the walls and books had been chewed through. It was wonderful – very Queenslandish. Bill was familiar, like an old friend.

We'd sit in his old office and Bill would share stories – tales of his time with Baba and from over the years in the Baba family. He had a beautiful view that swept up from his porch to Baba's House. He'd sometimes notice it and express his good fortune. At the time he wasn't living on the property but in

Merrimist Way. I loved his focus on Baba and his love for spiritual culture.

Weeks would pass and I'd arrive again, we'd chat, sometimes I'd bring a friend. I was studying biomedical science at the time. At the end of each term, I'd be telling Bill about all the flaws with science and that I would prefer to renounce the world and focus on God. Bill would coax me on with my studies.

I wanted to work for Baba, and Bill would let me weed his garden or mow the lawn. In my last term of university, I was once again telling Bill about my boredom with science and its apparent meaninglessness in the scheme of spirituality. Bill told me that it would be worth finishing my degree just so that it was finished in my mind. Without that advice I would never have finished. Having studied and completed a bachelor's in biomedical science has given me many opportunities with work, particularly now in education. I am thankful to Bill for his foresight and encouragement.

Bernard caught me once trying to mow the lawn with a mower from the tool shed, and no

indemnity form, no induction, and no trust permission! When he heard that Bill had let me mow – he was very disgruntled about the whole matter. Such was my innocence and ignorance that I thought that I could simply turn up and mow the lawn for Baba. Bill and I were still working under the old convention-less social pact of blind trust in the universe, and mechanical contraptions. Bill was characteristically pleased with the whole episode.

I ended up bringing a girlfriend to the abode, and Bill, understanding my conflict about relationships and what Baba explains in the discourses, would share stories about other would-be-renunciates in the Baba family. He was very aware of my ascetic attitude and cold detachment. Once while chatting with Bill, he very casually told me that if Dianna offers him a slice of cake, he accepts her gesture of kindness and love.

Greg and I would also visit, we both wanted God realisation. I suggested we fix the bookstore – Greg and I chatted with Bill about it. We told Bill that we'd pay for it – I had \$600, and Greg was happy to pay the rest.

Greg thought it might cost \$10,000ish – it seemed like a fair split of the costs. Bill thought it a marvellous idea, however he didn't want us to pay for it and so he sought assistance from some more seasoned friends of his. I told Tony Foley about our plan, and he said, "Maybe if you were retired and a millionaire!"

Anyway, the job was on and just as with the mowing incident, we began knocking down walls, de-nailing timber, and planning construction without consultation with the Trust. I bought the front doors to the bookstore on eBay – they were \$600 thus rendering me penniless. Greg was able to salvage materials from his father's job sites and we kept the costs down. Everything would turn up precisely when we needed it. At one point we caved and purchased roof trusses a little impetuously. As it turned out if we had waited a little longer somebody in Woombye offered up roof trusses that would suit the job perfectly- and for free! It was a little lesson about patience.

Bill was very happy with the process, and we would continue to share stories and enjoy the synchronicity of the whole project. We'd say the prayers before work. Kaelin, Emma, and Amir got involved, as well as others.

The Trust had a little fit with us – we had no plan to get council permission. It was just good old getting the job done from our point of view. Bill wasn't happy about the Trust getting involved (nor were we at the time). Bill walked off the job... Not far though since his house was less than 10 metres away. While Bill and I processed our emotions, we continued working on the bookstore, with Greg guiding its construction.

Greg and I became caught between the trust and Bill, between the logic of just doing the job for Baba and the logic of surrendering to the Trust's obligations for safety and convention. The middle ground from my point of view was just continuing the job regardless of both. Which we did.

Bill was very engaged with the whole process. He was deeply supportive and happy with it – though it felt like I was caught between a rock and a hard place. In many ways – he was too. He had a real soft spot for people that wanted to do something Baba, and for Avatar's Abode. When we finished building the bookstore and getting it council approved (which was a synch – especially since it was just another storage shed) – they (the trust) took the key to the front door. We were locked out(ish). In some strange way, I sensed Bill was handing

over the bookstore to Baba... and the Trust. Tony Foley commended the job once it was done.

We began working on Bill's house and for a time we lived in it while we worked on it. I moved into the Pilgrim's quarters as part of an agreement with the trust that I'd do some grounds and building work. We also worked on the Pilgrims Quarters. Bill and Dianna moved back up to Avatar's Abode. Bill told me that he felt it was time to return to living on the property again. Our friendship had been part of this – Bill's love for Baba was at the core of it, along with his sense of duty towards Avatar's Abode.

I became a director on the Board of Trustees, and it was certain that my complicity in a more cooperative engagement with the Trust was not always to Bill's liking.

I didn't take it too seriously. I began pulling the weeds off the tool shed and planning for it to be rebuilt. Bill also began planning its demise. There was concern that working on the building would need council approval before commencement – however I argued that the building was already beyond council approval in its current state anyway- it was a hazard. Luckily

Greg and some others committed to the project which eventually became the Kitchen (another storage shed from the council's point of view). Bill and I both stayed involved and uninformed in the project the whole way depending on our mood and disposition.

It was clear to me that somewhere along Bill's journey he'd developed a love for Baba that was unstinting. He would talk about working for Baba – and saw other people as potential means of getting stuff done for Baba. He was sneaky and mischievous like that. He would tell me that he loved Judith Garbett's hands because of the work they'd do for Baba. Sometimes his approach seemed a bit dehumanising, and it rubbed me the wrong way.

Nonetheless, I'd forgive him and accept him for his own approach and capacity to stay absorbed in Baba's remembrance. I'm glad that I did. I would notice how focussed and dedicated he was to Baba's work and mission. It was ever present.

I disconnected from Bill as my life changed. Bill's focus and commitment to Avatar's Abode wasn't always in sync with my own journey with God. As I got older, I'd visit Bill and notice a similar situation happening with

others he'd involve himself with.

He was always disciplined with sleep, food, and conversation. He kept an eye on everything at Avatar's Abode and was deeply immersed in Baba's orders regarding looking after the place. While on the trust Bill would avoid most meetings and shrug them off as a waste of time... To be honest, many of the meetings were tedious and God forsaken boring. Members of the community complaining about banal stuff or projecting their personal problems onto the trust, and then hours discussing maintenance stuff that nobody really had the skill-set to solve, teetering money supplies, and the false sense that you have some special duty when really it is just admin work. I think Bill loved adventures, big money, change and activity... Avatar's Abode community felt a little sapless at the time, the quarry was slow and unforgiving. Bill just liked getting things done – there was a charm to it, Baba is the king of throwing a spanner in the metaphysical works though.

He would at times express genuine regret and remorse for his past deeds – his long history of falling outs, knowing that living up to Baba's ideals is not for the faint hearted. He once told me how when he was younger there was a moment

when he had been with Francis Brabazon where he abruptly became aware of how much was at stake on the spiritual path. He said that Francis' commitment to Baba at that time had scared him. Bill had once said that he still had work to do with Francis and that he would continue next lifetime.

Bill would at times focus on money and was often concerned that I needed to pursue something more stable than music. I felt like he didn't understand the beauty of poverty – perhaps I was just naive. It felt like he measured success monetarily. He once told me that Francis moved back from India wanting to retire at Avatar's Abode – it seemed like an oversimplification, but he would make comments sometimes about Francis that weren't positive. He was always playing at something. On the other hand, he had great respect for Francis. He said that Australia owed a massive debt to Francis for his work in bringing Baba to Australia. Sometimes he was just simply prodding. People would turn up and he would give some advice and they'd get bent out of shape a bit, or Bill would shake his head as they walked off. He had a knack for stirring the pot.

Bill encouraged my move to Western Australia - perhaps he

was happy to see me off. More likely he wanted me to do something professionally oriented. He would often talk about the people close to him and how well they had made something of their lives. He appreciated success, but also, he liked people stepping off onto adventures. He was a real Bilbo Baggins in that sense. In some ways he loved adventures, almost to the point where (like Bilbo) he couldn't resist the temptation of the ring and would attempt to take over one's journey. He once told me that he had travelled to India more than 80 times! He also said that he never took the vaccines to travel. When I mentioned allergies once, he dismissed them as psychosomatic.

After I'd lived in Western Australia for some years I returned and told Bill that WA needed a centre focussed on Baba. He told me that Baba had signed several copies of God Speaks for Australia and he always felt that the extra copies were for future centres in Australia. He said that he'd felt that Baba coming to Australia was for all of Australia and that Baba had indeed paid a visit to the whole country. He was sure

that Western Australia would need a centre – in fact Bill had organised the very first Baba meeting in Western Australia decades earlier.

When I saw him last, he said to me that he was sorry that a rift had grown between us and that something had happened along the way. He said that he was sorry for whatever it was. I said that there was nothing to worry about and that I didn't have any grudge. He was a little tearful but ever focussed on Baba.

We continued talking about life and he was as ready as ever to offer gentle advice. His company reminded me of the many years earlier when I had first visited his office to talk.

There was always a warm glow in that room from the sunshine

that filtered through the leaves and the trees outside.

Even though the office was renovated and completely new, he still had an old picture of Baba that I remembered from many years before. It was a little touch of the past. I remembered sitting in his office years earlier and settling my gaze on that picture many times while he talked. It was a little fragment of his immense adventure with the Beloved. It was something so simple but tangible. It was a little fragment of my own journey with Baba. An image of the Beloved in the office of Australia's very own Bilbo Baggins – *the key bearer down under.*

*Jai Baba Bill and thanks!*



**Greg, Bill, and Jacob in Bill's converted Office**

# The Littlest Detail

by Mani S Irani

Baba used to come over from the women's side to Mandali Hall here, to be with the men. He would come on that lift chair, carried by four, or sometimes two, men or boys. It was in the morning and sometimes there was a wind blowing. Baba would have His shawl over His nose, so that you just saw a little of His face. With their swinging steps the men would be very quick in carrying Him across. They had to pass that oval where the flower beds and lawn are. Now along the edge new seeds had been planted and the little sprouts had come up; we could just see a little edge of green. I was standing here watching as Baba went by at that speed and with



Glimpses of Meher Baba at Meherazad 1966

that scarf on His nose, and He just turned around and said, "Nice flower!" in transit, fast-fast-fast, and went on. I was struck by Baba saying, "Nice flower." I looked and saw no flower. I went over and looked -- no flower! Then I bent down and looked, and sure enough, there was one little flower - the first in that little row of seedlings. And it hadn't fully come out, it was between the leaves. That's why I couldn't see it. I was amazed that Baba had noticed it.

It made me realise There is nothing too little for Baba's attention, for Baba's Love, for Baba to see. And if He could notice and not neglect a little flower, would He neglect things like His lovers? Or whatever was happening in each lover's life? If He's aware of that flower, He is aware of each one of us, of each thing that's happening to us, of what we're going through, or doing. He is totally aware ... He sees the littlest detail.

**Taken from THE AWAKENER, a journal devoted to Meher Baba, Volume XIX, NO. 2, p 17**

# What is the Spiritual Path?

*Excerpt from Eruch tapes*

During a short stay in Poona in 1959, Meher Baba granted an informal interview to a group of members of the local press. Meher Baba told them, "Our every life should be such as to be God's message of Truth in the world. If in our everyday life, we manifest Love-Service-Honesty, renunciation is achieved without renouncing the world."

One of them asked, "Meher Baba, what is the spiritual path, and what is the criteria for one being on the path?" Meher Baba smiled and explained. "When you begin to think of yourself as being on the Path, then you are not. The Path is not a defined direction set apart from yourself. It begins and

ends within yourself. It is not so much as the more of a path added, but so much the less of the veil of ignorance. In short, the Path is " I-WANT-NOTHING."

"But although this denotes a freedom from wanting anything, even this desire for nothing is a want and a bonding that ultimately has to be effaced before you reach the Goal and attain that total freedom from all want."

At this, one of the pressmen remarked, "Although one makes a determined beginning, one's enthusiasm slowly wanes when there seems nothing to show for the efforts, and this is followed by a feeling of mental depression." Meher Baba said, "Whatever the efforts

you make, whatever the failures that seem to result, whatever the despair that follows, all have their roots in the fact that you love yourself more than you love God. In loving yourself as wholeheartedly as you should have loved God, failures and despairs stand up prominently before you. This is quite natural.

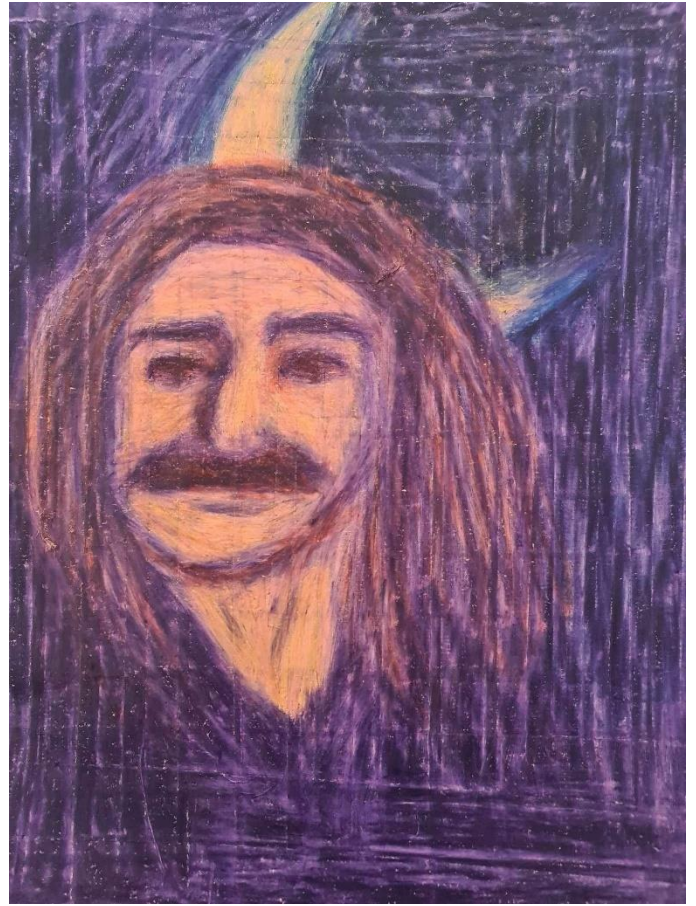
"Therefore, do not let the fact of your depression depress you. Have you given thought as to where this depression was prior to its appearance? It has emerged unmasked and as such it must vanish. Your forced efforts to overcome it will only imprint itself more on your mind and create further binding. So be completely indifferent to it and it will disappear.

*"The solution is to love God as He should be loved. Love for God alone counts."*

Taken from **THE AWAKENER**, A journal devoted to Meher Baba, Volume XIX, NO. 2, p54

The Awakener copyright 1981 by Universal Spiritual League of America, Inc.





Joshua Wolterding: God the Impersonal and God the Personal

# Little Snippets

**Josh Wolterding**

**Snippet 1:** *I must now shave for the rest of my life and get laser on my beard and mustache because I had a dream where Meher Baba gave me an order not to have a mustache.*

**Snippet 2:** *On the day that I moved into a new share-house with the lovely Paul and Therease (Baba lovers from Meherana) I was recalling how much I loved the smell of wattle flowers, something I haven't thought of in years. That evening I came home to find Therease had bought some wattle*

*flowers from the market to christen the house.*



**Snippet 3:** *One day I was thinking that perhaps one of the things I could do with my life was help people who have depression because I have experience with it and I think there is a lack of normal people offering very basic support – like chats in between the service of psychologists. That day I found out one of my old high school friends had passed away by suicide.*

# An Allegory about NOTHING!

From Chris Gillen

*EVERYTHING' as a concept is simple and easy enough to understand... at least logically. Although it may take many forms or states, just **one** entity exists, the all-inclusive ONENESS of the mystics, and nothing else at all exists outside it.*

NOTHING, on the other hand, is a complex beast revelling in entanglements and endless detail.

NOTHING is a subset of EVERYTHING in the sense of being its unconscious 'shadow' created by impulse.

NOTHING is the origin of all apparent movement, all virtual games, and all dualities.

The 'Head-Master' of the **School of NOTHING** is known as 'The Ancient One', being the first student to graduate unaided, eons ago when the school was being formed and when simplicity reigned. The students that make up the **School of NOTHING** are the zillions of drops of EVERYTHING that are encased in bubbles of

imagination which NOTHING has manufactured. Each bubble hides each drop's own reality as EVERYTHING. For each drop, the goal of the **School of NOTHING** is to experience a journey of limitation ... for the purpose of creating **consciousness**... so to ultimately appreciate its real nature as EVERYTHING.

When on vacation back home in EVERYTHING the HeadMaster enlists the help of 5 recent graduates of the **School of Nothing** to help administer the school. Such is the Head-Master's destiny as the first graduate, He returns periodically to personally fine tune the system to

fulfil His responsibilities. The system is by nature an illusory game, a virtual simulation, mostly automated by sets of algorithms (impressions) but requiring personal maintenance by the Administrators to achieve its goal.

The curriculum for each drop of EVERYTHING is divided into 14 grades. In the primary section the first 7 grades take each drop from the 'gas-like' pre-atom stage beginning with a single impression, gradually over eons of time evolving in complexity and taking the form of gas, stone, metal, the plant kingdom, the animal kingdom and finally a human being where the consciousness of the drop is fully

developed (but is still only conscious of NOTHING). This is the evolutionary stage of consciousness.

The high school completes the drop's education with another 7 grades (involution) whereby the bank account of duality stuff accumulated in primary school (impressions) gradually diminishes. The complications of the bubble of NOTHING start to dissolve and eventually the drop is reunited with the Ocean of EVERYTHING.

For more details about the **School of Nothing**, recommended reading is **God Speaks** by Meher Baba. The accompanying Summary Chart is a schematic attempt to map the major themes of this book and give a flowchart overview of the school's activities.

All students of the school should note that any

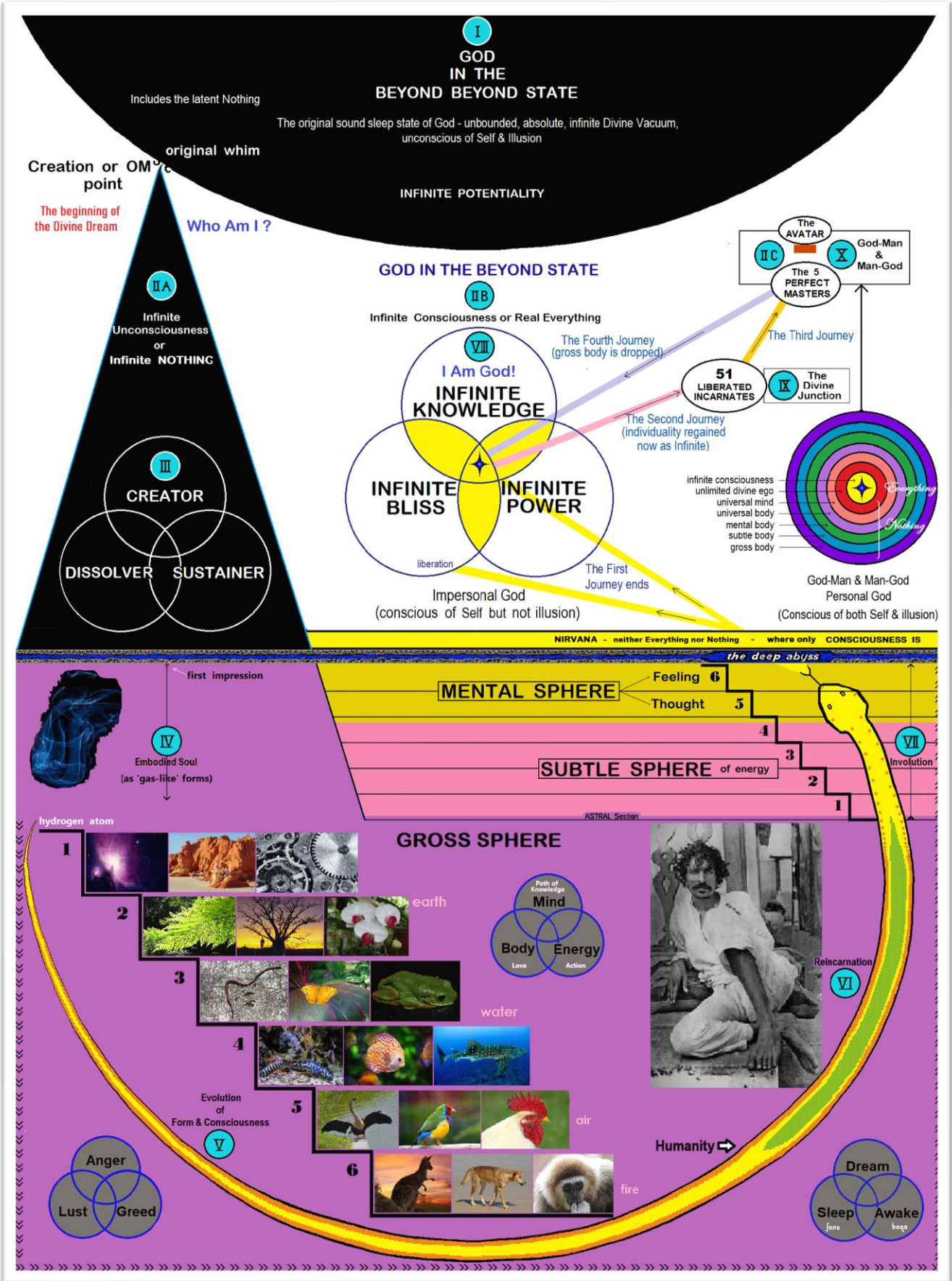
**intelligent service** offered to the school is not only greatly appreciated but is also personally beneficial to each student's progress. Eventually, each student is expected to resolve all differences with every other student. To achieve the school's goal, students from the upper grades are invited to delve more and more deeply into **consciousness** by the practice of observing themselves as the observer, to awaken to the false nature of NOTHING while beginning to grasp a bigger picture than can be seen from within the bubble. This leads to gradual one-at-a-time detachments from the attractions of NOTHING. Students are asked to use their imagination to step into the Head-Master's shoes because He personally experiences all of NOTHING as well as EVERYTHING. This ultimate obsession of going deeply within, to

dwell in the vast simplicity of **ALL** that resides there, eventually prepares each student for the final awakening to the true nature of themselves by the Head-Master or one of the Administration Team. Note also that any student of the school is free to take a temporary break from the challenges of the NOTHING by internally keeping company with the HeadMaster at any time.

LOVE is the Head-Master's perennial teaching method for completing the entire curriculum of the **School of NOTHING** across every grade. It causes NOTHING to gradually fade away to reveal EVERYTHING.

As the HeadMaster says, 'It is all so simple to grasp, but its very simplicity makes it infinitely difficult.' **(Lord Meher, p.3537)**

(SEE CHART BY CHRIS GILLEN ON NEXT PAGE)



# The King of Hopelessness

“Hope is pain.” – Buddha

**What is hope? What does it mean to hope?** We stand at the threshold of a new cycle of time. What hand will you hold as you step into the darkness? Is there a sliver of light one can hold on to? Would you dare take the hem of the King of Hopelessness? Would you chase Him into a new dawn, the hoofs of horses ablaze in the dark night? His majesty, wildly steering His cavalry of horsemen and women; drunk on the embers of the night sky, the dusty road, the forever plains of longing and searching, the penniless hands of light, truth, immortality, and deep hopelessness!

The gears are shifting, folk walk around saying trite stuff like,

“How are yah? Busy?”

“Can’t keep up mate.”

“World keeps changing!”

*Busy work* it’s called in the teaching profession. Stuff to keep children preoccupied. It can last a little, but not too long. Usually, some other troubles crop up. Give children a meaningless task and you end up with mayhem. It’s like trying to force a bee to spin a web!

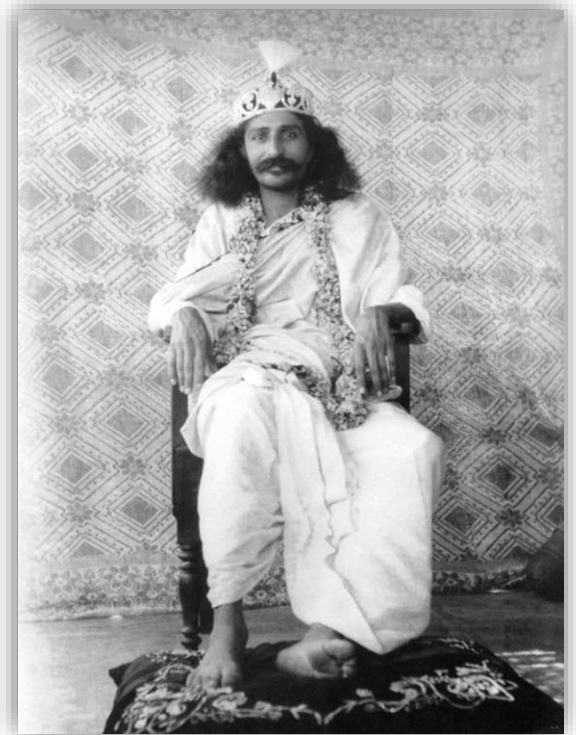
How many meaningless tasks have we fed the next generation? How many meaningless goals and aspirations have we swallowed? What busy work did we set for ourselves? What about the busy work that big government is setting us? Ah! but that is conspiracy! No brother!

**That is the world!**

**Nothing dressed as Everything... Samsara!**

The rational age is expanding in all directions. It swallowed the tribe and village, the healer, the mother and father, the old mythic traditions...the child. In a pharmacist’s jar! In reams of data stored in clouds of hope. Living memory? Or dead memory? Culture heaped up and ready to become manure for a New Age.

It was almost dawn, and the night waited pregnant - a beautiful darkness that we feared and longed for. Such was the Avataric Darkness that we filled the void with a new darkness – and in a clever twist of words we called it light. Music digitized, theater from a



date: probably on 9 September 1928  
location: Toka © Meher Nazar Publications.

luminescent screen, conversations in a pocket. Church from a gigantic monitor. Go to cathedral and find God in a great big concrete-panel-pop-up-religion. Or join our ever-expanding civic religion with eyes in your pockets, in the telly, on the sidewalk. Don’t forget to scan in and earn points. Undedicated labour... busy work? Work for expedience, the Nation-state, bureaucratized freedom. Lollies for the children. Hope for a better future – “in it together”. Ah but that is cynical! Judgmental! What’s your problem boy? Life is about compromise. Don’t throw out the sliver of light with the darkness! All these changes are

out of your control. Have some hope! Hope...

Bold hope! Like when Francis looked out over the Sydney lights and remarked, "Beautiful. It's a shame it all has to go."

**Speaking of light... There is strong evidence that we don't see objects.** That is an

interesting notion. Perception studies suggest that we see meaning firstly, and that recognising the object is a secondary neurological process. We see meaning... Meaning. What meaning do we see though? What meaning do we teach? How does one share meaning? How does one experience meaning? What is meaning? So, we have a perceptual sensitivity towards meaning in our environment. We are oriented to meaning on some fundamental level of our being. The en-vironment and in-vironment glisten with meaning.

Environment – "17<sup>th</sup> century: the act or state of being encircled". Encircled by meaning, projecting meaning, absorbing meaning, constructing meaning, perceiving meaning, sanskarically exchanging meaning.

Constructing meaning – that is an interesting idea, especially in a rational age that is clinking towards its climactic ultimate-

separateness-in-illusion-moment. As we strive for greater and greater dissociation and disembodied action, disembodied thinking, disembodied love, disembodied meaning, the peak of separateness in illusion looms like a specter over our cities – beckoning us to climb its mountain – "all in it together".

Disembodied but embodied. We sought to catalogue and embody soul's longing in a new abstract virtualism; a dissociative realism mocking true renunciation. Let's see what happens when we construct meaning with the intellect, divorced from the heart. Evidence based meaning we'll call it. Backed by data. But evidence that isn't affirmed by the heart isn't evidence at all. No brother. **That is the world! Ssshhamsara!!**

*The world of false values. The world of half-truths and half lies. Maya pulling the heart strings.*

"Perverted reason", Francis says. Reason uncoupled from Love. "Rational animality". We stepped out of the pre-rational epochs into a rational age, but it has eclipsed the heart. Reason that should aid the heart's voice, provide affirmation and faith in one's spiritual alignment, inform and refine one's perspective based on the updates in the environment and

in-vironment wants to govern the heart and soul, provide its own rule, provide its own golden formula to existence. Watch as it changes from week to week, feverishly hunting a new rule to live by. Hope's mistress- Paranoia, ever hopeful. Ever updating itself and changing costume, but never really updating its office, ever waiting the real update - the Age of Intuition and her return to Service of the Heart, Handmaiden of Light. Waiting to snap the cycle. Waiting to snap the Cycle.

The post modernists in the crowd of us would say that it is all relative, context dependent. There is no hierarchy of meaning in our lives. True in some sense. But why say it likes it's true? Is it not a performative contradiction to suggest that there is no underlying meaning/truth to our lives as if it is the truth? Does not the statement itself testify to the underlying hierarchy of truth and meaning that we are striving to realise?

Meaning is the breath of beauty. It brings the image into higher definition. When we glimpse the meaning that drenches the world of interconnections and unity that pervades all life, when there is a sense of meaning, purpose, and truth, beauty is always there waiting in her True regal garb...

denuded of the world.  
Shamsaralessness!  
Hopelessness – dare I say.

The tide is rising, and the Avatar takes a stand, regal as hell, in the dust of the world, the King of Hopelessness. What meaning does the Ancient One orient us towards? What New Life does He lay down? What pitch and mood did He set for the spiritual dance for the next 700 or so? Hopelessness and Helplessness. Utter ruin. Satyanashi. Shed of deceptive hopes and ambitions, worldly ties, and attachment to the ephemeral. No more expecting spiritual handouts or lining up in Shirdi for material boons. No more biblical prosperity.

How would you define the word "Satyanashi?"

**Eruch:** "I would say total annihilation of everything ephemeral. This is the word that symbolises the New Life — annihilation of everything; accepting at each step whatever comes one's way."

Why hopelessness? Why is hope pain as Buddha mischievously states? Well let's take a detour and explore hope in its seemingly positive aspects...

Here are 6 key aspects that help define hope:

1. **Optimism:** Hope is closely tied to optimism. It involves maintaining a positive outlook and anticipating favourable results, despite uncertainties or setbacks.
2. **Future orientation:** Hope is oriented towards the future. It stems from the belief that one's goals, aspirations, or desires can be fulfilled or achieved over time.
3. **Motivation:** Hope can be a powerful motivator. It energizes individuals to take action, persevere through obstacles, and work towards their desired outcomes.

4. **Emotional resilience:** Hope helps people cope with adversity and difficult circumstances. It provides emotional support and helps individuals maintain a sense of purpose, meaning, and well-being.
5. **Belief in possibilities:** Hope is rooted in the belief that positive change is possible. It involves having faith in one's abilities, the potential for growth, and the existence of opportunities.
6. **Individual and collective hope:** Hope can be experienced on both individual and collective levels. It can apply to personal goals, dreams, and aspirations, as well as broader societal or global issues.

Hope sounds healthy, stable, purposeful, respectable, meaningful, benevolent, spiritual... hopeful. Perhaps there is a slight lack of abandonment. To His New Life companions Baba said, "It will be a life of complete helplessness and

hopelessness. Hopelessness means renunciation of all hopes. Aimlessness means renunciation of all aims. Helplessness means renunciation of all help."

While the "new age" reframes Buddha's message from "hope is pain," to: "Pain is real. But so



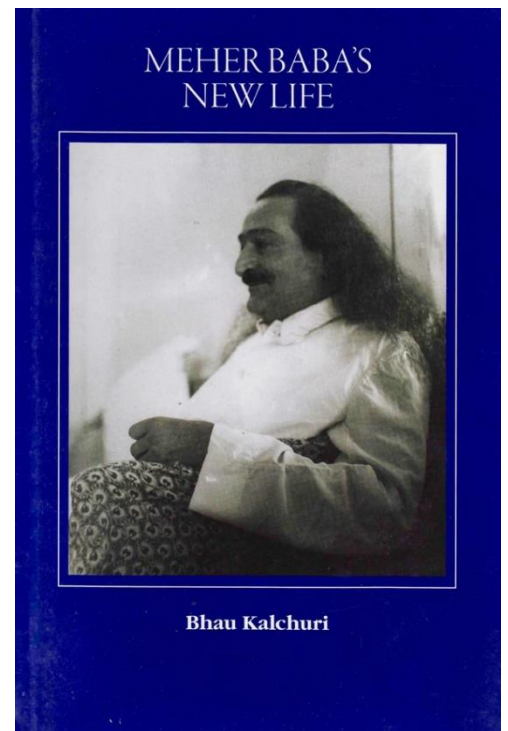
is hope.” The New Life contends with a life of *hopelessness and helplessness*.

To what end do we integrate hopelessness and helplessness into our own lives? Are they just concepts from Baba’s life relevant to His Mandali and His times, and no longer relevant to the here and now, (apart from perhaps in books and stories, newsletters and discussion groups)? This doesn’t seem to be the message from Baba’s close disciple Bhau, who encourages us to look upon Baba’s New Life as a “blueprint” for the spiritual path, and the unfolding spiritual culture. In my personal and limited understanding (and experience), I have found the principles and ideas, stories and examples, embedded in Baba’s New Life to be an antidote to much mental pain and exhaustion. In some unknown way I have found the pain, confusion, attachment, etc. as a helpful precursor or key to the New Life. A looming reminder of the garbage and friction of an old life psychology. There seems to be no remedy, no doorway out... the way out is in... Through the New Life door...

Perhaps, these questions are best left to the individual to ponder and integrate in a way

that reflects his/her own spiritual wisdom. As a collective – no individual interpretation can ever be imposed on the group – this would contradict the essence of the New Life. Thus, we can discuss and explore, disagree, and even argue to more or less avail, yet ultimately, we walk this road alone. When Baba broke the news of His impending New Life, He required His close ones to think hard about it and to make their own decisions about whether they wanted to join Him. Whether they said “yes” or “no”, Baba said He would be with them either way and would help them till the end. If they were vague and indefinite in their decisions Baba said that He would abandon them and have no connection to them.

The decisions we make in our own microcosmic New Life’s with Baba encourage us to take responsibility. No more, “Baba wants me to do this” or “Baba told me to do that”. As the New Life song goes, “No more confusion in the mind nor any ties left”. Hopeless and helpless we tread this spiritual line. That responsibility for one’s decisions entails a kind of abandonment and a stepping off into the darkness- just a golden cord between the



lover and the Beloved, and a great dark night.

“That is heaven which you do for your Beloved, and do well; What you do for yourself closes round you as a prison cell.” - In Dust I Sing.

“Our clarity is the “oath we took” – the New Life Song whispers. We are companions not because we belong to a religion, chosen cult, or spiritual order, rather because we took this path upon our own dear Selves and dared to tread upon it. Not because we are “in it together” – as the political slogans cajole. We are companions not through the busy work of a State, nor through our personal busyness, not in our ideological compatibilities, nor shared ties. We are companions in our hopelessness and



helplessness before the Beloved – brothers and sisters before Him – the King of Hopelessness. We are companions because we let go the big fist of unpurified rationality and allowed the Heart to speak, nay sing!

Consciously or unconsciously the New Life is eternal. It is the Perennial Way. We glimpse it from time to time when everything comes together, where meaning and beauty swing from each other's arms.

Where the thinking-mind humbles itself before the heart-mind - *chitta*.

The Beloved walked it as One of us to remind us of it. The One in us walks it eternally. Ever Homeward He wanders towards a door of no return. Our Oneness senses it in each "other". Reflected in the eyes of a stranger, the cheer and song of this New Life is ever present, ever meaningful, ever beautiful. It is beyond the reach of hope, beyond the

claws of Shamsara -it isn't limited to this world.

Perhaps it brushed by today on the bus, or on the street, or in the morning mist. Perhaps you haggled with it on the roadside or on a phone call, or in the private confines of your own thoughts where it whispers its pure song of hopeless love for Beloved God. Like an elder brother with His hand of light guiding us into a New Cycle of Endless and Eternal, NOW!



# A Love Inconceivable

**By Lorraine Brown**

How is it possible?  
That One can love each one  
With such love  
As You can?

You meet each shape of You,  
All forms flowing from Creation,  
Yet each one unique,  
And Your Love unique  
To that one.

How huge are You  
That You can pour love  
Into all heart vessels,  
Filling them to overflowing,  
And never even be diminished  
By one iota?

How is it possible?  
Time-bound we stand  
Over-awed and overwhelmed  
By Your Infinity.

And each small drop  
Of Oceanic Being  
Has its moment of meeting  
With Your Ocean  
Somehow, inconceivably,  
Shoreless within one's own  
True Self,  
Waiting for the joy  
Of reunion,  
With the One one has never really  
left.

Why do I bother trying  
To capture this Wonder  
Within a net of words?

All I can really say is,

Behold,  
Behold,  
Behold,

This Wonder we call Love.

## Today I Met God

Today I met God.  
All He had to do was smile and I cried.  
Then I turned and there again I saw Him.  
But how? I asked.  
All He said were three words:  
"GOD IS EVERYWHERE"

## The Endless Battle

Oh why, oh why does the world collide  
with God in an endless battle to repress  
Him.  
In the end He will make the world shake  
and rattle  
With only a word.

**By Brendan Montague**

# The Silence

**Lorraine Brown, 10.7.2019. Avatar's Abode.**

The Silence of the egg  
 Waiting to hatch.  
 The Roar of Silence as the Word  
 emerges  
 With heart-pervading tone  
 From its shell-bound womb.  
 It has been waiting, waiting, waiting,  
 For time and the tides of Maya  
 To be ready to receive its potent gift.  
 The patience of Silence  
 Waiting to hatch the Word –  
 The Word that will renew all languages  
 And re-awaken the True Story  
 The Mischievous Chicken created  
 With His whimsical love of adventure  
 And His all-creative curiosity.  
 The Mischievous One sought to sing  
 And Silence silvered into interstices  
 Of space and time  
 And enabled the Music to be born.  
 Now Silence has drawn Itself together  
 In the God-Man, the Avatar,  
 Drawn Itself together  
 Into a mighty Word  
 That can be carried on the Wind,  
 The Breath of that Mysterious One,  
 That Mischievous One.  
 This Silence will shatter the hard shells  
 That have calcified around hearts  
 Lost in intellects' crazy stories of  
 separation.  
 This patient and potent Silence

Will burst from It's own compassionate  
 shell,  
 Renewing the Word,  
 Reminding hearts of Love Divine,  
 Renewing all languages,  
 Re-awakening minds  
 To the True Story –  
 The story of a Mischievous Chicken  
 With universe-spawning creative  
 curiosity.  
 The Mischievous One  
 Born of the Great Mystery  
 Who fell in Love with the creation  
 That sprang from His Whim,  
 And ever returns,  
 Age after age, time immeasurable,  
 To hold in His Love  
 Each one of His seeming innumerable  
 beloveds  
 And bring each one  
 Home to Him, to the One, to THE  
 Beloved,  
 In His own good time.  
 He has come, pregnant with Silence,  
 To release the WORD,  
 To sing the song,  
 To dance to the tune of Silence  
 unbound,  
 To re-awaken in each being  
 The Great Story –  
 The Story of Divine Love.

## The Avatar of Languages

My Beloved is so great  
He descended  
into the world's languages  
and announced Himself  
as their Avatar.

He clothed Himself  
in the sound of their speech,  
in the form of their script,  
so His presence could be felt.

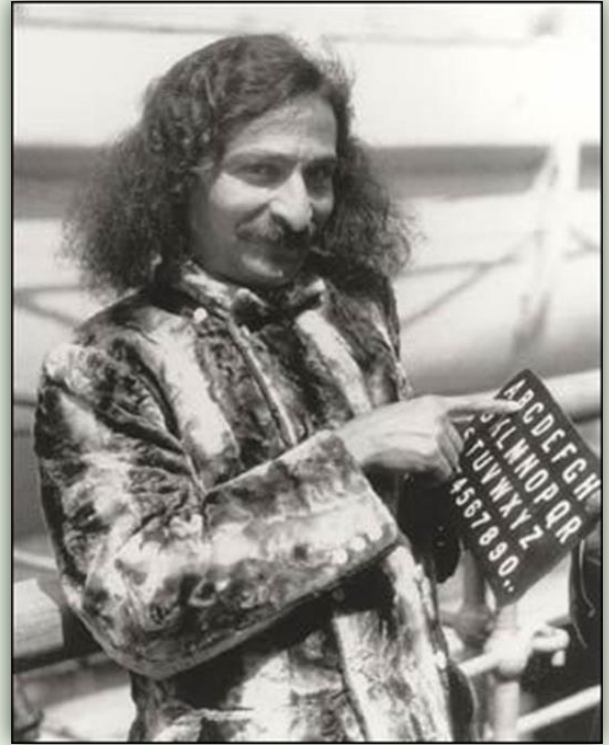
No languages were left out.

He reminded them that all sound  
and signification come from Him  
and ultimately return to Him.

That they were not many but One,  
that He was all languages  
that ever existed,  
and they had no existence  
apart from Him.

He told them they had a great role to play  
in revitalising the cultures who spoke them.

All the languages shouted for joy  
and felt elated with these words.  
In carrying out this work  
the Avatar first spoke



Original photo is Baba with Meredith Starr  
aboard the *S.S. Bremen*  
location: Toka © Meher Nazar Publications.

His Real Word into their hearts  
and they understood each other  
and re-entered, re-charged  
into the discourse of people.

### **Ross Keating**

from *The Beauty of a Room*

Wrapped in rusty chains from jails of disillusion, I came to you at midnight.

You felt my shackles, and though I came home bound,  
When I awoke, I held a key.

**By Dave Ellison**

# Margorie Donaldson

**Roy Hayes (with help from Ros Hayes)**

Marge met Meher Baba in 1956 at Meher House, Avatar's Abode in 1958, and India in 1962. Ros and I were introduced to Marge in 1969. At the time, she lived at Lovett Bay on Pittwater Sydney. One Sunday, we went with a large group of Sydney Baba Lovers to visit her and picnic by the water. We saw her in her lovely surroundings that were only reachable by ferry.

Not long after we met Marge, she fell and broke her wrist. The Le Pages looked after her at Beacon Hill. While there, she tripped and fell over their dog and broke her leg. She was too much for Bill and Joan to care for, so she came to stay with us at Neutral Bay as Ros was a registered nurse. Marge stayed with us until we left Sydney to live on the Sunshine Coast to be near Avatar's Abode; she then came with us. We had bought a ten-acre property at Montville, and Marge had enough money to build a small cabin on the property.

She lived there without electricity for many years.

In 1958 Francis had invited Marge and others to come to the property now known as Avatar's Abode to help prepare for Meher Baba's visit. She arrived five weeks before Baba came.

She was a lovely, gentle, and caring lady who had fallen in love with Meher Baba, who had said to her when she met him - *'when you pass, you will come to me.'*

In her later years, Marg moved down to a small cottage on Kiel's Mountain close to Avatar's Abode. In 1984 Marge was diagnosed with cancer. By the time her illness was discovered, she had a very short time to live. She was admitted to a nursing home in Buderim for those last weeks. Ros became the executor of her will.



During that time, our family was camping for a weekend. We knew that Marge was not doing well. While we were camping, I phoned the nursing home to check if she was ok and was advised that they thought she was close to passing. So, we packed up and went to the nursing home. When Ros, David, Arwen, and I entered her room, she said, 'Roy, I am scared.' I responded with, why don't we repeat Baba's name? So, we repeated His name together for probably 20-30 minutes, then her face beamed, and she said, *'I love you, Baba'* and died.

Meher Baba says if we have His name on our last breath, we will come to Him, and she certainly did have His name on her last breath.

# Review: Rosie Jackson's *Love Leans over the Table*

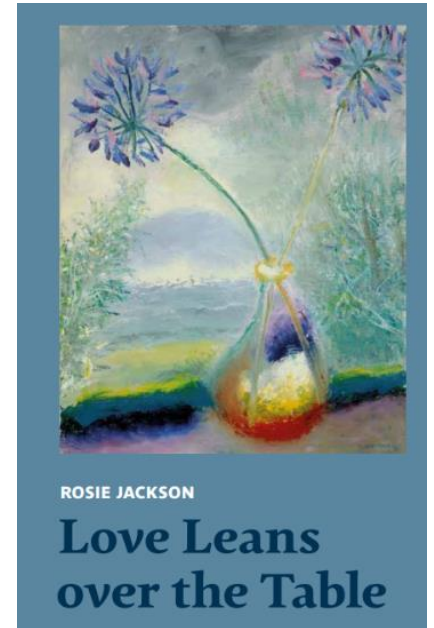
Ross Keating

Looking for guidance on how to write a review that would be pleasing to Baba, I re-read Bhau's *Introduction* to Mirek Popowicz's book of Baba poems, "In the Night Sky of My Soul." Here Bhau highlights reading with the heart: "Whatever Mirek has written, it depends on how one takes it. If one starts using the intellect many interpretations can be made and they are all meaningless! They have no substance. But if the heart is used one can drink at least a drop of wine from the ocean and the drop is so powerful that it can make the shadowy drop of the ocean quiet. But if the force of the shadowy drop is used one would see the shadowy drops in different forms and one cannot go towards the Truth, but one goes on following the shadow."

One contemporary American poet whom I read and admire is Tony Hoagland. In his last book of criticism, "The Art of Voice: Poetic Principles and Practice," he presents, what is for me, a way to read poetry with the heart. He writes: "When we hear a distinctive voice in a poem, our full attention is aroused and engaged, because we suspect that here, now, at last, we may learn how someone else does it – that is, how they live, breathe, think, feel and talk." And as the heart likes to be incognito it is as a kind of silent descant singing above the words of the poem that we sense its presence.

Hoagland's non-critical, humble attitude to a poem as an opportunity to "learn how" another person lives, picks up on Bhau's point and frees us from the crush of the intellect and bars us from using empty, dismissive platitudes to describe a poem like "amazing" or "awesome." It is in fact, a way to honour a poet's work. Even Baba said, "Where there is an experience of love, that is poetry!" And where there is love there is the heart.

Of all the fine poems in *Love Leans over the Table*, what moved me the most, what I learnt the most from, and where I felt a heart-connection were Rosie's poems in the first part of her collection entitled *Hearken, O Daughter*. These poems range across relationships, loss, parental entanglements, dreams, childbirth, grief, wishful thinking and dreaming – with a focus on Rosie's early life. They are the kind of poems which Rosie could read in the Mandali Hall as a response to Eruch's inevitable question to all first timers at Meherazad, "what brought you to Baba?" Through their lines you can sense the heart being



purified and shaped to accommodate  
 His image more fully.  
 I was particularly touched by “How Can  
 We Bear It?” which tells of Rosie’s  
 decision to become a full-time poet and

leave the academic life. Incidentally, the  
 poet she mentions, George Barker, was a  
 poet Francis Brabazon discovered and  
 liked when Francis stayed in New York  
 in 1952. Here is the poem:

*When we are ready, people are sent to help us surrender  
 to the un-knowing. I was sent George Barker,  
 T. S. Eliot’s protégé, who introduced me to a poet’s invisible  
 oceans and rills. I’d invited him to read to a group  
 of undergraduates, but only a handful turned up.  
 What did they care about an ageing, priapic poet,  
 who’d fathered fifteen children? It wasn’t for them he came,  
 singing of Blake and Yeats. It was to awaken me,  
 to make me see through his eyes the concrete wasteland  
 of a modern campus: windowless corridors, left-brain  
 questions on the wall. As soon as he came into my office,  
 he gestured around, looked me in the eye, asked,  
 ‘How can you bear it?’ That seed of a question levered me  
 out of my prestigious job, snaked me down the ladder  
 leading to a stout pension, changed me from a shoulder-padded  
 academic stalking the city into a poet in a short red dress,  
 heading west in search of her tribe. Folly, I see that now,  
 from a worldly point of view, to fall under the spell of words,  
 to live near the breadline. But I learned to love margins,  
 flotsam, weeds, wilds, fells. I learned to hear things in shells.*

This is a moving rite-of-passage poem  
 which speaks convincingly of that  
 moment in a person’s life when they are

faced with a choice to either die in a  
 stupefying job or to heed the call of the

heart and bravely step out and being to forge their own path through life.

The middle part of the book, *Better than Angels*, again has this heart quality.

What is moving for me are the poems about English women anchorites who lived in England between 1100 and 1539. As Rosie points out these “women were enclosed in tiny structures attached to the side of a church. They chose their imprisonment, from which they would

never be released.” What is striking is how Rosie is able to capture something of the experience of these women who freely chose such an extreme way of life. The poems show how these women “live, breathe, think, feel and talk.” Take these lines from “One Little Roome, Every Where,” where Rosie contrasts the devotion of such a woman with the officiating males in “albs and chasubles” in the church:

*The damp walls are closer than the stretch of her arm.  
There’s a stench of sea, of sea, and she floats alongside miracles  
of lobsters, crabs, creyish, who swim and crawl*

*in the ignorance of praise, not yet upright  
on the dry land of arrogance and doubt.  
Her cell clings like a barnacle to the church,*

*where men in albs and chasubles shout of hell,  
while she does the real work, heeds the small  
voice of God in the darkness ...*

Let me finish with some moving line from the poem “Rowing” which appears in the third and final part of the book, *Among Mortals*. These lines speak for themselves and have that surreal quality that marks a ghazal poet:

*How long is it since you did this, sat in a boat  
and studied the textures of darkness?  
You feel you have rowed into the centre of a tear.*

*You remember the Sufi saying that God sees  
a black ant on a black stone in the darkest night.  
The sky closes over you like an eyelid.*

Contact Rosie: [Rosie@rosiejackson.org.uk](mailto:Rosie@rosiejackson.org.uk)

Amazon: [Love Leans over the Table : Jackson, Rosie: Amazon.com.au: Books](https://www.amazon.com.au/Books)



# AROUND AVATAR'S ABODE

An update from the Avatar's Abode Trust  
July 2023

## Celebrating the 65th Anniversary

This year's Anniversary of Meher Baba's visit to Avatar's Abode was a delightful weekend in the company of The Beloved. The call out to volunteers was enthusiastically answered and the efforts of those who stepped up are much appreciated. Participants were generous with sharing their time, stories, songs, friendship, and love for Meher Baba. Program highlights included a panel discussion, gospel workshop, kids' talent show and talks by our special guest, Meherwan Irani. Other special moments were sharing delicious meals, the kid's cafe, the children's art creations, and the recycling station to compost or recycle all the food and kitchen waste. Meherwan and Jamshed Irani lowered the flag to close our weekend at Avatar's Abode.





**Finance Update**

The Anniversary is the major event held each year at Avatar's Abode to commemorate Meher Baba's visit in 1958. As part of the Board's commitment towards greater financial transparency, we have included a financial overview of running the event. We are happy to report that thanks to generous donations from volunteers and guests there will be a small surplus this year, once the GST has been claimed.

**The Anniversary Financial Report**

Expenses:

- Hire & Equipment - \$5335.95
- Food - \$4298.40
- Consumables and supplies - \$2585.80
- TOTAL: \$12 220.15 (GST \$712.25 claimable)**

Donations:

- General -\$4297.24
- Accommodation -\$750
- Food -\$7210.75
- TOTAL: \$12 257.99**
- There was a gross surplus of \$37.84 which will equate to **\$750.09** after the G.S.T. is claimed.

## Meeting Hall Project: Stage 2

The project to improve the longevity of the Meeting Hall has reached the next stage. The Meeting Hall was hastily constructed in preparation for Meher Baba's arrival in 1958 and the unfinished structure was used as a place to meet and spend time with him during the three-day visit. As one of the buildings blessed by Meher Baba's presence, the project aims to improve the Meeting Hall's structural integrity while taking care to ensure archival elements are retained. The first stage of the project focussed on drainage issues and building a retaining wall. The next phase will concentrate on the structure itself with attention to the look and feel of the building when Meher Baba visited. The windows will be replaced and rust on the exterior treated. The sliding glass door will be removed, and an entrance created at the front of the building in the location that Meher Baba entered in 1958. Care will be taken to maintain the corrugated iron cladding at the rear of the building that was in place during Meher Baba's visit. A roofing system will also be installed to provide a long lasting, insulated, and high-quality roof.

**Scheduled start date of the next phase of the project is October 2023.**



*Archival photo, at left, of the Meeting Hall in the early 1960s. Current image of the Meeting Hall, on the right, shows trees being removed to protect the slab and footings.*

## Kitchen Garden Project

The beautiful garden beds recently established beside the Kitchen are a youth-lead initiative. Primrose Hitchens proposed creating the garden as her final year major school project. The garden will provide herbs and vegetables that can be harvested as ingredients for community meals and events. Primrose envisages it as a space to bring together all age groups in maintaining the garden and learning about the importance of the earth as part of Meher Baba's creation.

- Donations towards the set-up costs can be made directly (in cash) at the Sunday coffee mornings.
- Ongoing donations of seedlings, plants, and mulch, as well as assistance with maintaining the garden, are also appreciated. Please speak to Jethro Hitchens at the Sunday coffee mornings.



## Baba's Carpet Project Completed

We are pleased to announce that the Baba's Carpet fundraiser organised by Kendra Keller has now wound up and the Persian Carpet has been officially gifted to Avatar's Abode. The high-quality carpet in shades of green and pink is a beautiful and long-lasting addition to Baba's Room. The entire \$6000 purchasing price was raised through loving donations from the Baba family. The final dollars were raised at the Anniversary, helped along by a silent auction for a triptych of paintings donated by Sally Moroney (pictured right).



## Supporting Avatar's Abode

We invite you to help support Avatar's Abode by making a donation. We are seeking financial support for the Meeting Hall project as well as for the ongoing costs of running and maintaining the property, archival projects, and putting on events.

- [Donations](#), big and small, are always very much welcomed and appreciated!

Making a bequest in your will is another way to support Avatar's Abode. If you would like information on making a bequest allowance, please contact us at [office@avatarsabode.com.au](mailto:office@avatarsabode.com.au).



## ABOUT THE AVATAR'S ABODE TRUST

The Avatar's Abode Trust is the board of directors that oversees Avatar's Abode. The current directors are: Meherose Borthwick, Denis Carmody, Jaya Foley, David Hobson, Sue Jamison, Delia Kennedy, Mehera Moroney (Chairperson), Greg Rimmelzwaan.

# Meher Baba places Australia:

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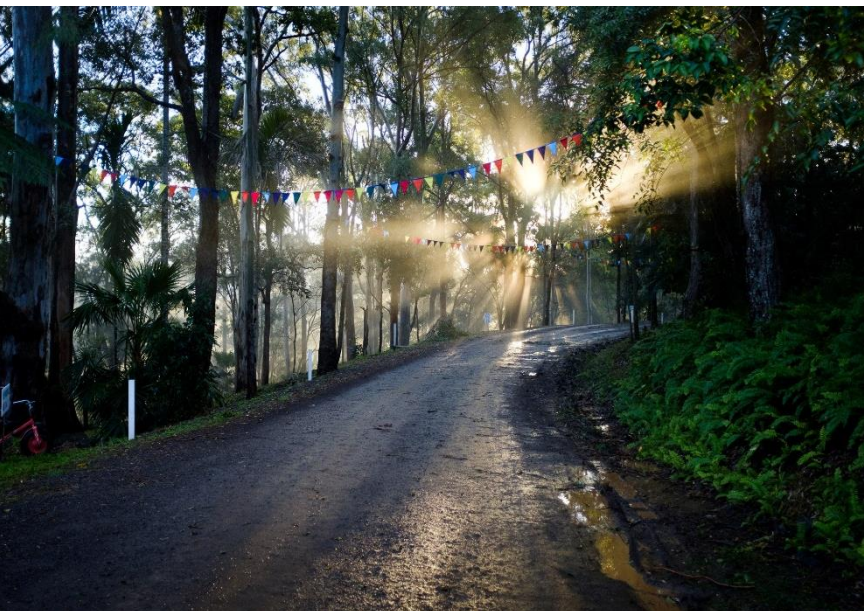
## Meher House – Beacon Hill

### Visiting Meher House

Meher Baba spent time at Meher House in 1956 and 1958. He said of Meher House “I love this place; I feel at home here” and later in correspondence: “nothing will destroy My Presence there”.

Individual or group visits to Meher House can be arranged on request. Please email or text on the contact details provided on our Contact page.

[Meher Baba Sydney](#)



## Avatar's Abode – Sunshine Coast

### Visiting Avatar's Abode

Meher Baba stayed at Avatar's Abode in 1958. During His stay Meher Baba stated that it would become a place of world pilgrimage. People interested in learning more about Avatar Meher Baba are welcome to visit the property during the hours of 9 am to 6 pm.

Apply to visit or stay at Avatar's Abode – phone (+61) 0437 511 362 or email [pilgrim@avatarsabode.com.au](mailto:pilgrim@avatarsabode.com.au) or via the [Booking Enquiries](#) online form.

## Generation X Y Z Virtual S a h a v a s

September 2, 2023

Contact Margi Connor: [margaret.connor1998@gmail.com](mailto:margaret.connor1998@gmail.com)

Follow Link to register:

[Generation XYZ Virtual Sahavas Registration \(google.com\)](https://www.google.com)



## Spring Sahavas 2023

When: September 30<sup>th</sup> to October 2<sup>nd</sup>, 2023

Where: Avatar's Abode

The Spring Sahavas at Avatar's Abode will run from Saturday 30th September – Monday 2nd October (King's Birthday holiday). Details to come.

[Spring Sahavas 2023 – Avatar's Abode \(avatarsabode.com.au\)](https://avatarsabode.com.au)



### WEEKEND AT AVATAR'S ABODE

Meher Baba, the great Indian mystic and leader of the Sufe religious sect has been dead for many years. However, he is still revered and remembered by people in all parts of the World, including a small group who maintain Avatar's Abode on Kiel Mountain just outside Maroochydore, as a spiritual centre. Situated atop a piece of the State's choicest real estate, the Abode was founded by Baba on one of his Australian visits and has for many years been under the care of poet Francis Brabazon, a Baba devotee. Last weekend, May 31st, June 1 & 2nd, was the 16th anniversary of Meher Baba's last visit to Australia. This event was celebrated by his followers with a series of playlets, songs and film shows. These mostly depicted the life of Meher Baba from early youth until his death a few years ago. All three evenings were well attended: the entertainment was first class and the audience was able to learn a great deal about the life of a truly remarkable man.

Weekend at Avatar's Abode, Noosa News, 6<sup>th</sup> June 1974, p.24 (shared by Ray Kerkhove)

### Avatar's Abode Trust Archives

"You have no idea what just one scrap of My sadra will mean to the world in the future." ~ Meher Baba

*The Avatar's Abode Trust Archives safeguard and preserve for posterity the precious articles and the archival records of Avatar Meher Baba's life and advent, especially His visit to Avatar's Abode in 1958, and shares these irreplaceable links to His human form with contemporary and future humanity.*

[About the Archives – Avatar's Abode \(avatarsabode.com.au\)](https://avatarsabode.com.au)



Photo: Coolum Mountain in the distance. Jim Frisino.

# More Anniversary Photos - 2023



**Top Left:** Tents outside the Rouse residence. **Top Right:** Lily the goat at the children's playground. **Middle Left:** Meher Road Possie (Sailor, Mira, Archer, Mai, Ena) **Middle Right:** Elischa and Kendra in the Kitchen. **Bottom Right:** Tina and Lily. **Next Page:** Meherwan Irani. Photo Credits: Jalal Thompson and Elizabeth Horsey.

