

Meher Baba

Australia

Feb-March 1999

# ABOUT MEHER BABA

## First Visit to the West

During the first ten years of His ministry, except for brief visits to Persia in 1924 and 1929, Meher Baba travelled only in India, with several journeys to the far north and south of the continent, and also changing His headquarters from time to time.

Then in July 1931 He sent a cable to Meredith Starr in Devonshire, England: 'Make all preparations for my coming. Love is calling Me to the West.' Baba had ceased writing in 1927, but the British authorities consistently refused to issue His passport without a signature. Eventually on 25th August Baba unwillingly signed, but before doing so remarked that this would be the end of the British Empire. (*Lord Meher Vol 4 p. 1378/9*)

Taking with Him only Chanji, Rustom, and Agha Ali (a Prem Ashram boy), Baba sailed in the Rajputana on 29th August. Mahatma Gandhi was also on board, bound for the Round Table Conference in London concerning India's independence from the British. Baba told His mandali 'Gandhi is a good man. ...' They had several long discussions in Baba's cabin and He gave advice to Gandhi on many subjects. (*p. 1388-1403*)

Landing at Marseilles on 11th September, Baba and His men were met by Meredith Starr and Herbert Davy. All travelled by train to Paris, reaching Victoria Station in London the next afternoon. A huge crowd was waiting to welcome Gandhi — but only a few came with deep longing to meet Meher Baba, and were overwhelmed with His love as He embraced them. Kitty Davy was one of these, and drove with Him to her parents' home in Kensington where she had arranged for Baba and all the men to stay. Margaret Craske who had waited in the house opened the front door to them, and saw 'The most appealing figure that one could ever hope to see. No sign of power. Just a vision of gentleness, grace and love that touched the heart immeasurably.' Later Baba told Margaret 'It was your love that brought me here.' (*p. 1405-10*)

Baba saw many people individually, and mentioned briefly that Herbert was to work in China under His direct orders, and Meredith Starr was to establish a centre for Him at the Coombe Martin retreat. Baba and most of the group drove to this 85-acre property the next day, arriving late afternoon. Several were awaiting Him including Charles Ross, Milo Shattuc, Margaret Starr, Tom Sharpley, Charles Purdom, Enid Corfe, also the American scientist Thomas Watson who had felt compelled to make the long journey with his wife in order to meet Baba, and immediately responded to His love. Unknown to all, Baba was planning to go to America from England, and this elderly devotee was the one destined to make all the necessary arrangements. (*p. 1411-20*)

During the first days Baba spent more time with Herbert Davy, telling him to proceed immediately to China to take up his new job as Professor of English Literature under the League of Nations, and gave him clear instructions about his lifestyle there as well as particular work Baba wanted him to do.

From the outset Meredith Starr insisted that all at the retreat should observe his rule of four-hour meditation periods every day. Baba did not change this, but continued to work in His own way, giving interviews, spending much time with certain ones, taking groups for walks, playing cricket and other games, sitting with them under the stars. Margaret Craske with her ballet-school partner Mabel Ryan danced for Him. One day Baba spoke about His mission for the world, and revealed for the very first time that He was the Avatar — yet in India all were still referring to Him as a Sadguru or Perfect Master. On receiving a cable from Vishnu that Babajan had dropped her body on 21st September, Baba commented 'Numerous difficulties will crop up and circumstances will soon change.' (*p. 1419-26*)

Baba returned to London by train on 24th September and again stayed at the Davy's home. He enjoyed subway rides to visit the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Zoo, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey; went to Margaret's dance studio; saw plays in various theatres; and at the request of Kitty's mother went with her to visit a home for elderly needy people. Many new people came to see Baba including scientists, poets, editors, politicians, musicians, actors, playwrights and others. Among them were Quentin Todd, Kim Tolhurst, some members of Kitty's family, Delia De Leon and her sister Minta, all of whom immediately became devotees, and like those who had already become His in the earlier weeks, were destined to love and serve Him for the rest of their lives. On 30th September some superb and now well-known photographs of Baba were taken by the Japanese photographer Imai. (*p. 1428-42*)

As promised, Baba saw Gandhi again on 2nd October. The next morning, accompanied by Chanji, Rustom, Agha Ali and Meredith Starr, Baba left London for Istanbul, Turkey, staying from 6th to 14th October for His work there. Then He sent Rustom back to India through Egypt on certain work, and went with the other three men to Milan for some days. They reached Genoa on 27th October and boarded the *S.S. Roma* bound for New York and Baba's first visit to America. (*p. 1446-59*)

[To be continued]

— Judith Garbett

## His Silence is a Backdrop to our Play

This time in India, during late December and early January, I didn't keep much of a journal but just jotted down a few things which caught my attention, mainly personal thoughts. I have been going to India since 1973 and what amazes me is that every time I arrive back in Australia I feel and tell everyone that it was my best trip ever. What has also been a pattern is that with each trip I've gained a greater awareness of Baba's humanity. In 1973, after reading a lot of Baba-literature, which gave me a sense of his divine authority, I was moved to tears when I made my first trip up the hill to Baba's Samadhi and saw that Baba had buried His pets near His own Tomb Shrine; each with its own head stone and name: Chummy, Peter, Mastani etc. I couldn't believe it: here was the tomb of the King of Kings and here were His pets! Then seeing the simplicity of His bedroom at Meherabad again moved me to tears. During this recent trip I wasn't moved to tears but felt my inner contact with Baba had become more natural and human, less devotional.

There is no tangible threshold which you pass over when you enter into Baba's heartland — which is Meherabad and Meherazad — you just gradually, unknowingly, pass into a state of awareness in which Baba's atmosphere is an open, fully-accepting embrace. You can see proof of this embrace in the photographs of people taken at these two places; their faces are invariably happy and expressive. When I first arrived at Meherabad with the family we were all tired and exhausted and just wanted to rest. I did not feel like doing anything, except sing after Arti which I enjoy. However, I started to feel anxious about singing, which is always the case when I haven't sung for awhile, and on the first night I found I couldn't rest. In my journal I noted: "...so I struggled with this anxiety and then the thought came, as I was lying awake in bed, 'sing your song *Beloved God Help Us All* and read Francis' poem *In the Manner of God*' (a poem which I love and had a copy of)". Straight after this thought, when I resigned myself to fulfill it in action, I relaxed and fell asleep. It was like I had been given a

"ticket" and all I had to do was watch and enjoy His performance in me. At Arti the next morning, I sang my song and read the poem — the "ticket" was taken at the door and the performance was delivered. Reflecting upon this little episode I wrote: "Baba's way is to push us onto a tightrope blindfolded, without a safety net, and have us totally depend on His instruction. By taking us close to the edge of our insecurity Baba has an opportunity to show His hand; it is His way of letting us know that He is present with us — how else can He do it?"

Some of my journal entries are odd bits and pieces, like stones I've found on the ground, liked the look of, and then put in my pocket. As I re-read them I'm not sure



*Ross Keating (back row 6<sup>th</sup> from l) with friends and family – Meherabad, January 1999*

where I picked them up. Take these bits of rock for instance: "Souls have wings — you can't cage them. If you try to, then you have to spend all of your time making sure the cage door is shut and that's not way to spend a life"; and here's a little gem from Brendan Houlihan (no prize for guessing his nationality) whom I spent some time with at Meherabad, "God has no grandchildren"; and another — one of those sideways glances which catch your eye — "looking out of the bus window as we pass over the bridge into Ahmednagar even the polluted water below sparkles with sunlight"; finally, here's a Zen koan which was secretly passed around on the men's side of the Pilgrim Centre amongst those who were keen to make rapid progress on the spiritual path; it was easy to spot those who stayed up all night grappling with this conundrum for they would stumble into the dining hall for morning tea distraught and full of angst, here it is: "If a man was all alone in a forest without any women present, and he said something, would he still be wrong".

This trip I was able to spend some time with Arnavaaz and listen to some of her comments on living with Baba. (Because I recorded these later they may not

be word for word accurate.) Anyway, here is what I have managed to recall of Arnavaz's words: 1) "Baba said, 'I have come down to your level, but never bring Me down to your level'". About this statement, Arnavaz explained that Baba never wanted those around Him to forget the fact that He is God in human form. 2) "Baba said, 'Forget the past, but learn from the experience of the past'". Arnavaz added that we should live more and more in the present moment, and not worry about the future, that "this is a great secret". For her personally, she added, living totally in the present is now what sustains her. 3) "Baba said, 'Know fully well, that where you are is where I have placed you. Your task is to totally accept it, and deal with it'". Also, Baba said (according to Arnavaz), "If you worry, it is because you don't entirely leave everything to Me".

Eruch was in fine form in the Mandali Hall, talking to everyone as he has done for close to thirty years. Someone asked him what his New Year's resolution would be. Eruch looked half perplexed, half thoughtful, then answered, "New Year's resolution! everyday! is a new life for me brother, a new start, to love and serve the Lord". Everyone just sat quiet, there was nothing else to be said. Then he went on to add that "we must all do our duty to tell as many people as possible about Baba", and he recalled something which Baba had said, "Your job is to get My Name to the ear (of people) and My job is to get it from the ear to the heart". A recurring theme in Eruch's free-flowing sessions is that of harmony; every time I have gone to India, Eruch has said something about it. On previous trips he has stressed the fact that Baba was displeased to hear of disharmony amongst his followers; that the task of achieving and sustaining some workable form of harmony with others was a way of pleasing Baba. On this trip, Eruch gave an example which Baba told him about how to act harmoniously: "If someone honestly says to you, 'you are acting stupid', say to them in response, 'thank you for pointing that out' — don't react by saying 'who the hell are you calling me stupid!'".

For a while, at the beginning of my stay, I was in a state of mental suspension, not knowing how to appreciate my pilgrimage, or how to fit in with it. I was expecting to be somehow "taken-up" by some feeling or mood, but it never happened. As my stay lengthened, this particular desire simply evaporated out of my mind and nothing replaced it. From this point onwards, I was left to be my natural self without affectation: it was a kind of freedom and yet as a backdrop, always constant, was Baba's presence, silent and sublime. Then when I was leaving, travelling by car from Ahmednagar to Bombay to catch my flight home, I became aware that I had once more passed over that mysterious threshold which surrounds Baba's heartland. Although I was saddened by this realisation, I also felt ready to leave, for Baba had filled my heart-cup to overflowing with the delight of being allowed to come closer to Him, and had filled my mind with the comforting thought that my life and work in Australia was the means to enlarge the capacity of my heart-cup so He can fill it up even more; which is what He wants to do with all of us. And the victory is always His.

Ross Keating

## MEHERABAD MEMORIES

by Judith Garbett

### Part 3 - Amartithi in the 1970s

With the ever-increasing crowds coming every year for Amartithi changes had to happen from time to time, so perhaps some details of early celebrations as I remember them would be of interest.

About 1970 or '71 the old meditation cells and the stone platform in front of them were removed to give more space between the Samadhi and Baba's Cabin. When our small Australian groups arrived in late January for two weeks each year from 1973 to 1979 we were joined by many more lovers from America, as well as the very large numbers of Indian lovers who came by trainload and busload from all over the country. Altogether about 5000 or 6000 gathered on Meherabad Hill, and one year the total rose to about 8000. These seemed big crowds to me then!

Now during the 1990s I have heard reports of up to 30,000 attending, with queues as far down the Hill as the railway line which sometimes took nearly eight hours to reach the Samadhi. More recently the introduction of guiding lanes with some seating and shelter, and controlling the numbers queuing at any one time, has reduced the long hours of standing and physical fatigue.

Looking back to the '70s I marvel at how fortunate we were in those days. Our longest queue did not extend beyond the beginning of the pandal-covered area! Quite often it was less than that, and I recall being able to go into the Samadhi several times each day to bow down and spend a few minutes there with Beloved Baba after only a brief wait in the line.

\* \* \* \* \*

Depending on the restricted supply of water available for the use of all the pilgrims coming, Amartithi celebrations during the 1970s lasted two, three, or occasionally four days each year. Hardy pilgrims could stay in huge tents at Lower Meherabad in crowded and somewhat primitive conditions, but a number of Westerners, including myself, preferred to stay at the hotel in Ahmednagar and travel out by bus or rickshaw each day.

The men mandali were accommodated in Lower Meherabad. But Mehera, Mani and all the women mandali always stayed for the whole period in the East Room and Library in the Meher Retreat building. After Mansari had cleaned the Samadhi by herself at 3:00 AM, the women mandali would come for Baba's darshan about 4:00 AM and be alone with Him there. Pilgrims could go in after Mehera had left.

At two Amartithis I stayed up without sleep all night on the Hill over the 30th/31st January as one of a handful of pilgrims who sat just outside Baba's Cabin with Eruch, listening hour after hour to his enthralling stories. And so I was among the very few who went into the Samadhi just





*Judith Garbett (centre) with Australian singers – Amartithi, India, 1974*

before 5:00 AM after Mehera, Mani and the others had gone back to the East Room.

It was especially heart-touching being with Beloved Baba at that hour in the dimly-lit fragrant warmth and quietness. I remember coming outside again into the cold winter morning and seeing a glorious full moon, brilliant in the clear sky behind the Samadhi. Dawn broke gradually, then the sunrise began, but the moon still glowed. Watching this incredible beauty I was moved to tears, and thought it must have looked just like this in the early evening of 31st January 1969, when the sun and the moon were both in the sky at the time Beloved Baba's body was brought to Meherabad and carried on the stretcher into His Cabin.

\* \* \* \* \*

During Amartithi days the men mandali used to sit in different places among the crowds, or on the ledge around Baba's Cabin, or they moved about talking to people. Mehera and all the women mandali usually stayed together, sitting at first in two rows of armchairs near the cabin-end of the mandap stage, but they always stood up to greet each of the hundreds of Eastern women who came in long lines wanting to embrace them. Later in the morning, in order to see the programmes better, Mehera and the others used to sit on thick rugs at that end of the stage. From time to time they would call other women to sit there with them, and occasionally I was one of the lucky ones.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another vivid memory of early Amartithi mornings in the 1970s is waiting at the Dhuni at Lower Meherabad for the runners who carried the torch in relay all the way from Meherazad where it had been lit. There were usually five or six men, and sometimes one or two women also, in the relay team. It was well before 7:00 AM, still fairly dark

and quite cold as we stood there, and then glimpsed far down the road the last member of the team holding the torch high and running easily towards us. The night-sky darkness thinned as he reached the Dhuni platform, the flaring torch creating a flickering pool of warm light around him, and illuminating the faces and figures of all of us crowded around the Dhuni pit with the rest of the team who had been progressively picked up by vehicle.

Then Padri called out loudly, 'Come on! We'll light the Dhuni' and the torch was handed to him. Facing Meherabad Hill, he quickly turned it downward into the dry kindling and small logs set ready in the round pit, and immediately the flames leaped up. It was a wonderful, most exhilarating moment – a perfect salute to

Beloved Baba in the clear new morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

I specially remember one year when Mehera, with the women mandali grouped around her, had quietly walked down the Hill to see all this. When it was over they moved to the edge of the crowd near the road. It so happened that I was standing nearby, and to my surprise was suddenly called and asked to walk up the Hill close behind Mehera with two or three other Western women, to help protect her in the growing crowds. Mehera began walking quickly, and all I remember is just concentrating on her, only glancing round momentarily whenever people came past to make sure there were no men too near her, and walking fast myself to keep very close to her all the way up the Hill. I still have vivid recollections of feeling a little tense and nervous about this very real responsibility so unexpectedly given to me of helping to look after Mehera for a short time on that Amartithi morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Each year after the Dhuni had been lit with the torch, everyone's thoughts naturally turned to the Hill. In the glowing fresh morning light people began to walk up the road towards the Samadhi in twos and threes or small groups, accompanied all the way by a number of men from Arangaon Village performing a rhythmic dance to the beat of a drum.

The day's long programmes to entertain Beloved Baba usually began about 8:30, and Adi Senior, sitting opposite the Samadhi on the mandap stage and wrapped in his large cream-coloured shawl against the cold, would keep his eye on the big clock hung facing him on one of the pillars so that all performers, Eastern and Western, could have their allotted time. There was always such a variety of items,

even dances and recitations given by small Indian children which were delightful to watch.

The Westerners mainly contributed instrumental music and singing, with many very talented performances. On a couple of occasions our Australian group sang some Baba songs which we had practised together before leaving home. I haven't a very good voice, but from my place in the back row on the stage I somehow gained confidence and strength so that it was wonderful to take part, and I still remember looking out across the heads of the crowd to the Samadhi and feeling happy that I really was singing directly to Baba there.

At midday, the 15-minute Silence was almost indescribable in its intensity. The thoughts of the thousands present under the big pandal were concentrated on their Beloved, and the whole area was filled with His beautiful Presence.

The programmes continued through the afternoon and evening with breaks for meals provided at Lower Meherabad. I remember one evening when the New York Society for Avatar Meher Baba showed a special film they had produced, and each year they also sang as a group.

Amartithi was always such a wonderful, unforgettable, happy and fulfilling experience. I was most fortunate to go every year from 1973 to 1979 with an Australian group, and for the last time by myself in 1980. Each celebration had its own atmosphere, its own significance, and in 1976 there was the added excitement and challenge of making our Amartithi documentary film 'God-Man'. This meant very hard work and long hours for our film crew, but they did a wonderful job. Now, more than 20 years later, people continue to enjoy watching it, for although it is interesting, even intriguing, as a kind of 'history in the making,' yet the unchanging essence of Amartithi, the Eternal Day, clearly and strongly shines through it.

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## Amartithi Build-Up

Date: Fri, 29 Jan 1999 23:19:40 +0530

The pandal (bright colored tent), covering nearly 4 acres, is up for the 30th Amartithi, and even though it doesn't officially start until tomorrow, I haven't been able to get inside the Samadhi for Arti darshan in two days. My usual technique is to wait until everyone either goes down for breakfast, or leaves the hill at night, and a line longer than 3 people inspires me to linger a bit more for the inevitable lull. But that's not the case around Amartithi, it never slows down, and even at 8 PM, there was still a half hour queue.

Yesterday the volunteers started arriving, and this year Jal is managing a small army of around 700, which was about the size of my first Amartithi in 1972. It sort of boggles the brain to see all of these people descend on Meherabad in one day, spring into immediate action, then just disappear 4 days later. Quite a feat of organization and patience. The total number of people registered for staying at Lower

Meherabad on the 30th night is expected to hit 12,000 this year, a continuance of the 10-15% annual Amartithi crowd growth rate. This is the 30th Amartithi, the last one before the new century, and we have enough water to keep the heavy traffic dust wet.

Even though the crowds get larger and larger, every year the work and organization seem to flow smoother and smoother; it is still a very charged atmosphere, although the intensity is definitely waning. Today, as I delivered mattresses to the medical tent on the hill, a group of Indian boys in their upper teens, whom I didn't know, asked me for my autograph. Sheesh... autograph? The program is longer this year, the crowd more, and the Mandali will stay even less than before, the result of old age and poor health. I wonder if anyone ever asks them for an autograph, and what they would do if someone did. The only thing that comes to mind is the result of Erico asking Mohammed the Mast for his autograph. That resulted in various spiral sketches, each of which is now something of a collector's item.

Jaibaba,  
James Cox

## Seventy Years Ago

Kevin Mossberger

Some years ago, I stumbled upon a stack of old magazines from the 1920's at a flea market in California. The title caught my eye: "The Occult Review", and intuitively I scanned through them in search of Baba's name on one of the covers. I did not see Baba's name, but I did see Meredith Starr's name and opened the magazine. Sure enough, I found a poem dedicated to Baba and then a letter to the editor. There was another magazine with Baba's name mentioned only once – unfortunately I did not buy it. So, as one can also conclude after reading the letter to the editor below, there are at least two more of these magazines from the 1920's that mention Baba, for someone else to discover.

Although Meredith Starr later "left" Baba, Baba did indicate that he had a role to play in establishing Baba's link to the West. For the Baba scholar, one cannot help but wonder if this poem and letter helped forge that link. (As a note, this magazine has been donated to the Trust in India for posterity.)

From **THE OCCULT REVIEW**  
November, 1929:

### IN PRAISE OF THE BELOVED

By MEREDITH STARR

(To Shri Meher Baba)

*From age to age and birth to birth  
I do his pleasure on the earth,  
And live the simple life of men  
Who live and die and live again.*

*So sweet and innocent is He  
That only little children see  
How beautiful He really is;  
And even they, for very bliss,  
Can hardly grasp one fragment of  
His unimaginable love –  
Can hardly realise the truth  
He is, or penetrate His ruth.*

*So beautiful is He, that stones  
Cry out to kiss His passing feet.  
Beholding Him, the wild-rose moans,  
"Oh, stay with me and be my sweet!"  
And flowers in His footprints rise,  
Drawn by His love from Paradise.*

*Stars cannot bear His gentle eyes,  
But turn away their heads in shame.  
Because of Him the world's life dies,  
Dissolves, and is reborn again.  
My life is His, and His alone;  
My heart, the dust beneath His throne;  
My love, a gift from Him, I bear  
To lift the world's so great despair,  
That men may turn to Him again  
And find relief from all their pain.*

*The bright and Morning Star is He,  
Who calls to man, "Arise, be free I"  
Oh, wilt thou turn thy night to day?  
Then, brother, come with me, I pray,  
And I will lead thee to His feet  
That rest upon the Mercy-Seat,  
And leave thee there for Him to tend,  
And all thy woes shall have an end.*

SHRI SADGURU MEHER BABA.

*To the Editor of THE OCCULT REVIEW.*

Sir, – Allow me, in the interests of your readers, to state some facts in connection with Mr. Dastur's article, *His Holiness Sadguru Meher Baba* in which my name is mentioned.

It was my inestimable privilege to spend nearly six months in the Ashram, or retreat, of this Holy Master, in constant meditation under his supervision.

Before meeting the Master, for nearly twenty years I had sought with unabated ardour for the secret of life. During this period many remarkable experiences were vouchsafed me; including states of cosmic consciousness lasting for several months.

Yet, on meeting Shri Meher Baba, I realised that during the whole of my previous life I had been like a man stumbling about the desert in a starless night with only a rushlight for guidance.

He accepted me as his disciple and promised to make me spiritually perfect.

I devoted myself heart and soul to following his instructions, and in a few weeks lost all sense of the passage of time. I became conscious of a love so immeasurably vast, and so ineffably tender, that tears of rapture and longing flowed constantly from my eyes for

about three months. The universe vanished like a gust of flame blown off by the wind, and I was alone with the Beloved in eternity.

The Master had kindled the flame of Divine Love in my heart. What I had hitherto rewarded as "myself" dissolved like a thin mist before the rising sun of this tremendous consciousness of illimitable life, light, and love.

I asked for nothing better than to be allowed to remain with Shri Meher Baba and to love Him for the rest of my life.

But He wished me to return to Europe last January, and to carry on his work in the West.

He promised, soon after my return, to elevate me to His own plane of consciousness, and to give me the power of raising the consciousness of others, and of helping them as He had helped me.

Needless to relate, He has kept his promise, and I have established a retreat in the South-West of England where all sincere and earnest aspirants are welcome, irrespective of class or creed. No charges are made except for board, though voluntary donations are accepted.

A number of persons have already visited the retreat and in almost every case the visitor has received a new lease of spiritual life – thanks to the grace of my Beloved Master, Shri Sadguru Baba, to whom alone be the glory.

MEREDITH STARR.

(November 1929)

NOVEMBER, 1929. THIRTY CENTS.

# THE OCCULT REVIEW

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## Just neon on the river tonight...

Just neon on the river tonight...  
yet the scent of sweet herbage;  
The perfection of nature  
leaves no room for 'stinking garbage'.

To our great shame we pollute her waters,  
and cause Earth pain  
But Inari's streams flow clear  
even after heavy rain.

We dedicate shrines and mountains  
to the gods of nature  
But to show true devotion  
we must love and care for her.

Everything was fine before 'scientific' education...  
In the beginning did God see beyond evolution?

Primeval man discovered leverage  
and fashioned a club for his hand,  
And lost his innocence,  
and spilled his blood on the land.

It was natural for man to acquire knowledge...  
of music and fishing nets,  
But self-interest and greed cannot cope  
with chemistry and atom-splits.

Just neon on the river tonight...  
and oil slick  
But the real filth is in the head  
of a humanity, sick.

Richard Lockwood

Jack McTamney <meherjack@AOL.COM>

## Silence - a letter from Eruch

*One day I was on break in work reading some Baba related article. I forget who was actually discussing it but in the article that person stated (as I've seen many times elsewhere) that Baba never physically broke his silence. This confused me as it always does when someone says that because I was sure I had read in THE GLOW somewhere that Baba HAD uttered an audible sound before He dropped His body. I read that Eruch and Francis Brabazon were there. I decided I would clear this up for myself. In my infinite arrogance, I decided to go right to the source...I would write to Eruch and ask him directly. After a few weeks I received a letter from India. After gently and lovingly chiding me for making an 83 yr old man with poor eyesight respond to my frivolous questioning mind, Eruch in detail answered my question. This letter means so much to me (especially the chiding)*

*that I want to share it with you all. I hope Eruch doesn't mind...*

Our dear Jack McTamney, Jai Meher Baba!

I have just received your letter of 10th July 1997 and have noted the contents.

Dear Jack, you may not be aware of my motto: A friend is he, a friend is she, who keeps the Mandali correspondence free! Please lovingly understand that due to the limitations of old age - 83 years- as well as very poor eyesight and old age health problems coupled with the intense schedule of Baba work here, I can no longer answer personal letters. However I am making an exception in your case, as you seem sincere in your desire to understand and love Beloved Avatar Meher Baba... But let me first say that Baba has warned His lovers time and again, that as long as man has a mind, there can be no end to questions; Baba states, "Just love Me. Don't try to understand me." What you read in THE GLOW is similar to what I must have expressed in Mandali Hall, Meherazad, on that particular day, while describing the last days of Beloved Avatar Meher Baba's Advent as God in Human Form. But as is often the case, the written word is different from the oral expression in context. Although to my ears, I did hear a sound akin to OOMM.. emanating from Baba, what Baba has said regarding the breaking of his silence is as follows:

**"When the Word of My Love breaks out of its Silence and speaks in your hearts, telling you who I really am, you will know that that is the Real Word you have always been longing to hear."**

Baba further clarified this point in telling us that:

**"The moment I started observing Silence, I started simultaneously breaking My Silence in the hearts of those who are ready to receive my love."**

So, dear Jack, take for example yourself; You say you are His lover. How can that follow unless and until He has broken His Silence in your heart? We look forward to the day Beloved Baba makes it possible for you to cross His Threshold and lay your head and heart at His Feet in Meherabad at His Samadhi and at His Home, Meherazad. Until such time, dear Jack, continue to remember Him in any and every way, even through the incessant questioning of the mind. But keep in the back of your mind, that all the questions and all the answers will inevitably lead you to more questions and more seeking of answers without bringing you any closer to your Beloved Lord. So long to love Him more and more and still yet more so that one day all your questions will dissolve in the ocean of His love. May Beloved Avatar Meher Baba's Love-Blessings be on you evermore.

Yours brotherly  
Eruch

*I feel like I put my pathetic two-cents of a question in the spiritual slot machine and hit the jack-pot!*

In His Love,  
Jack



## Reflections

Sometime ago I was reading some back copies of Meher Baba Australia and I came across an article by Ray Kerkhove which referred to a lady ballet dancer, a student of Margaret Craske's, who had returned to Australia and to whom the western women mandali sent a parcel of books. Ray had not been able to discover her name, but the reference reminded me of a most meaningful meeting I had in Sydney sometime between 1968 and 1970, in a house leased by Paul Wylde's late brother Wally. I was staying there for a week or so (Paul may also have been staying there) and I always took with me a large photograph of Baba (taken on the verandah of Guruprasad in 1960) which had been given to me by Clarice Adams in 1966.

One evening a strange, nervous and exceptionally tall young man came to visit. Unlike the musicians and workers who usually frequented the house, this man wore suit, tie and (to us) old fashioned hat. He relaxed when he saw the photo of Baba and confided in me that his mother was a Baba-lover, and at one stage in her life had been very unhappy and had "prayed" to Baba to relieve her of her suffering. Ultimately she received a letter (I assume from Margaret) telling her that Baba (in India) had reported to the women that in His All-seeing He constantly saw this woman's tear-streaked face confronting him through the photograph. Her sorrow distressed Him and He wanted her to know that He loved her and would help her inwardly.

This in turn reminded me of something that St Francis of Assisi wanted inserted into canon law; that wherever the name of God was written or any depiction of Him was made it should be preserved in perpetuity because God was actually present in the Name and Picture; in other words, the Curtain was momentarily rent. It was to me a deep joy to hear this Truism manifesting through the present incarnation ...

*Adrian Rawlins*

### POEM FROM A NEW BABA LOVER

BABA, WHERE ARE YOU?  
AND WHERE AM I IN ALL THIS?  
IS IT BECAUSE I LIKE YOUR BOOKS,  
AND BECAUSE IT IS ALL NEW AND  
EXCITING  
THAT I AM STUMBLING AFTER YOU?  
NO. MY HEART WAS WAITING FOR  
YOU.  
YOU FILLED MY SOUL THAT HAD BEEN  
EMPTY FOR A LONG TIME.

*Wendy Cooper*

## MASTERY IN SERVITUDE - THE CHALLENGE FOR MEN

A small group of men are meeting monthly on Avatar's Abode to explore how, as men, we can participate in Beloved Baba's Cause in Australia. If you would like to join us please phone Ivan Duerinckx on the Sunshine Coast on 0754 500700 or David Bowling in Brisbane on 07 38440650. Our next meeting will be Feb 19th. We are currently planning a three day camp in South East Queensland from 9-11th April for men and boys 7 years and over. Contact us if you would like to attend.



Full-colour prints on canvas of oil paintings of Avatar Meher Baba by Diana Le Page are now available. Write to her for a brochure at Meher Studio, 73 Merimist Way, Kiel Mountain, Qld. 4559, Australia

## AVATAR'S ABODE BOOKSTORE

Just Arrived -- Don't Miss Out!

**DREAMING OF THE BELOVED** by Mani  
This beautiful collection of her dreams of Meher Baba was written in the last months of Mani's life. She stated that they are important because Baba once said that dreams of Him contain His Presence. Despite severe illness she spared no effort to complete the book so that future generations could catch these precious glimpses of the Beloved.  
Hard cover, large format, 24 full-colour illustrations by Wodin. \$30.00 plus \$7 postage.

### INTIMATE CONVERSATIONS WITH THE AWAKENER by Bal Natu

Here is Bal's latest book, the third of his 'Conversations' series, again written in his delightful poetic style. Paperback \$17.50 plus \$3 postage.

#### Special Offer

John Grant's **PRACTICAL SPIRITUALITY** plus  
Bill Le Page's **THE TURNING OF THE KEY**  
Both Paper back. The two for \$25.00 plus \$10 postage.

### EVOLUTION CHART

Do you have this very popular Evolution, Reincarnation, Involution and Realisation Chart, drawn by Rano Gayley as directed by Meher Baba. Full colour, small size (10"x8"). \$5.00 plus \$3 postage.

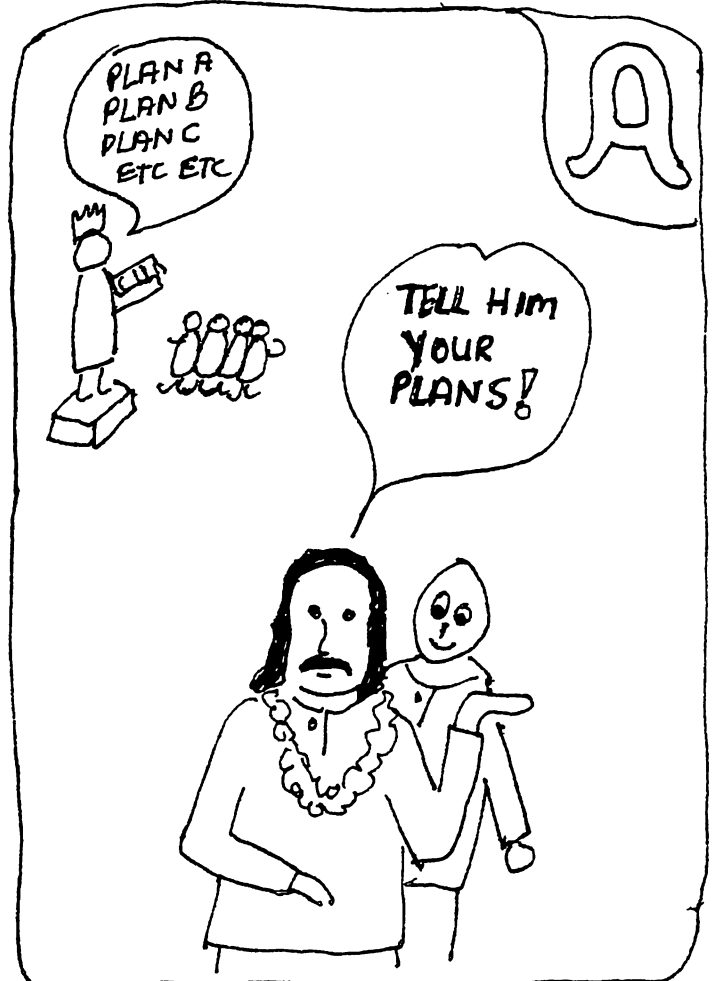
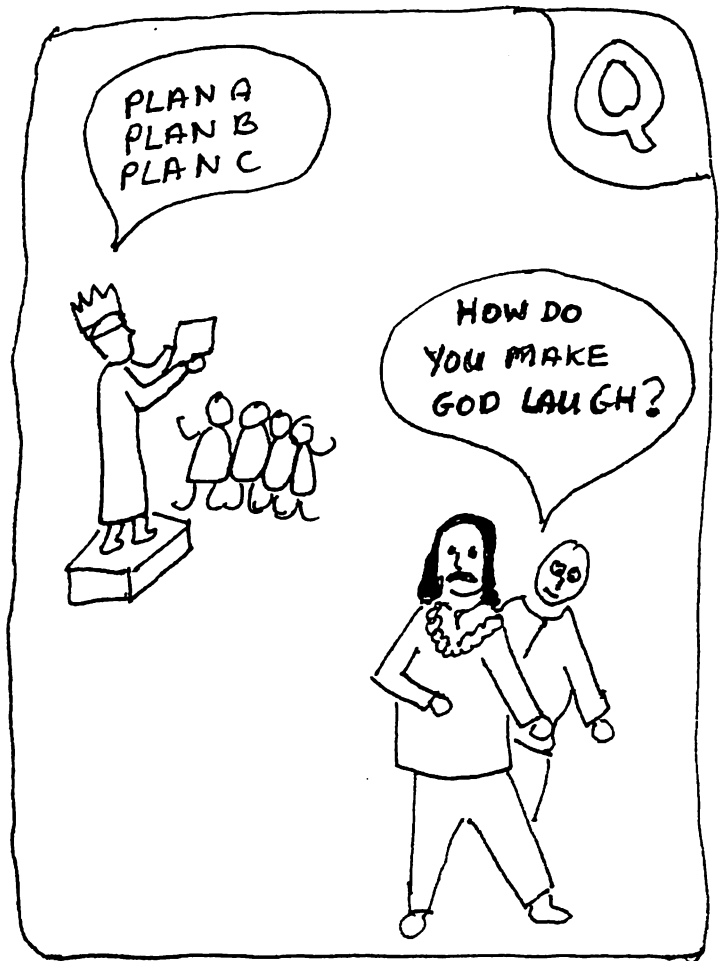
**BABA CALENDARS** for 1999 -- Please note these have all been sold.

Please send orders with cheque or money order to  
**MEHER BABA FOUNDATION AUSTRALIA**  
PO Box 22 Woombye Qld 4559

## Avatar's Abode Anniversary

The anniversary of Baba's 1958 stay at Avatar's Abode will be celebrated this year over four days from Friday June 11 till Monday June 14. This Monday is an Australian public holiday for the Queen's Birthday. Bhau Kalchuri from India has accepted an invitation from the Avatar's Abode Trust to attend as a special guest. Anyone seeking to know of places where accommodation can be booked in the surrounding area are invited to contact Maria Oakhill on (07) 5442 2548. A similar registration procedure to 1998 will be continued with a suggested donation of a \$10 a day for each adult plus nominal meal charges. Full details and registration form in next newsletter.

*Bernard Bruford for the 1999 Anniversary Committee.*



*Cartoon by Leigh Rowan*

# Love Child

## Meher Baba Youth Page

Welcome to the first of a regular page for, by and about young Baba lovers. The idea is to open up a space in the newsletter where young people can express their ideas, creativity and share their own unique love for Baba. This page is open for any young person who wishes to contribute, be it a story, poem, drawing or article. Basically anything you would like to communicate about or for Meher Baba.

This is also an opportunity to bounce around ideas for gatherings of young Baba lovers and suggestions for events specifically for Baba youth.

I would like to say also that this page is both for the very young as well as teenagers and even early twenties. If you feel you have something to contribute please send it in by post or else email me. Even if you don't want to be published but like or dislike something about 'Love Child' let me know, and of course any suggestions will be received with great appreciation.

The 1999 Anniversary is rapidly approaching and again this year I feel it would be great to organize some specific teenager oriented programs. A close filmmaker friend of mine is enthusiastic about a youth project of filming a documentary on the Anniversary. If this idea appeals please let me know ASAP, as if we get enough interest we will start the preparation and raising of funds to support this project.

Anyway, enough of me, look forward to hearing from you

JAI BABA

Meherose xxx

Please send any submissions to: Meherose Borthwick c/o Meher Baba Australia, P.O Box 110 Annandale, N.S.W 2038 or email me at: [meherose@hotmail.com](mailto:meherose@hotmail.com)

“True love is unconquerable and irresistible.

It goes on gathering power and spreading itself until eventually it transforms everyone it touches” MEHER BABA

# What's Happening?

## India Pilgrim Schedule 1999

**Meherazad:** Please note that from 1<sup>st</sup> March 1999 through 30<sup>th</sup> June 1999 pilgrims will not be able to visit Meherazad and the mandali will not be available. Meherazad will be open on and from 1<sup>st</sup> July, 1999.

**Meherabad:** Accommodations at Meherabad will not be available from 15<sup>th</sup> March, 1999 to 14<sup>th</sup> June 1999. From 15<sup>th</sup> June onwards the usual accommodations at Meherabad will be available for stay of Meher Pilgrims.

V. S. Kalchuri (Bhau)

## Avatar's Abode

### Baba Film Nights

Saturday February 6<sup>th</sup> and March 6<sup>th</sup>, and the first Saturday of every month, Baba Films in Baba's House at 7:30 pm. Please bring supper to share.

### Avatar's Abode Ground Working Bees

These are held on the first Sunday of each month: Feb 7<sup>th</sup>, Mar 7<sup>th</sup>, Apr 4<sup>th</sup>. With the wet summer the weeds are growing aplenty. We need your help to keep Avatar's Abode looking good, even if only for a couple of hours. We start early and finish around 12 noon. Jai Baba.

### Baba's Birthday Celebration Avatar's Abode

This will be held on Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> Feb between 11am and 3pm. Please make this a special opportunity to invite friends who would like to know more about Meher Baba and Avatar's Abode. Please bring a plate to share. Contact Richard Thompson – 07-54421091

## Brisbane

**Brisbane Baba meetings during 1999** 2nd Saturday in the month.

Saturday Feb 13<sup>th</sup> 7.30 pm at the home of Wendy Lauman, 27 Tralee St Manly West ph 33935685. 6.30pm for a shared meal. Bring a plate.

Sunday March 14<sup>th</sup> and Sunday April 11<sup>th</sup> 7.30 pm at the home of David Bowling & Gusi Carpenter. 26 Dornoch Tce Highgate Hill ph 38440650. 6.30pm for a shared meal. Bring a plate.

## Melbourne

### February & March Gatherings

Second and fourth Saturdays of the month at 2:30pm, 9 Kerrie Crescent, Eltham. Please bring afternoon tea to share after arti. Phone Betty Hall on 9439 9619 for details. Program: 13<sup>th</sup> February: Discussion Topic - The Master's Prayer.

27<sup>th</sup> February Videotape - "Lord of Love"  
13<sup>th</sup> March Discussion Topic - The planes of consciousness  
27<sup>th</sup> March Videotape - "Journey with God"

### Baba's Birthday Gathering

Thursday, 25 February at 6p.m., 9 Kerrie Crescent, Eltham. Please bring a contribution towards a shared supper. Phone Betty Hall on 9439 9619 for more information.

### Working Bees

Our meeting place needs some loving attention. Please come help with light gardening. First Saturday of the month (6 March and 3 April), 9am to 3pm at 9 Kerrie Crescent, Eltham. Lunch will be provided. RSVP. Craig Woodford (Ph: 9435 0115) is coordinating.

### Discourses Discussion

Informal group, meeting for arti and to discuss Baba's Discourses, on the Sunday after the third Saturday of the month - 20 February and 20 March - 2:30 to 4:00 p.m., 17 Andromeda Way, Lower Templestowe. Afternoon tea to follow. Phone Tracey Mays on 9848-4910 for details and to arrange a ride from the local bus or train station.

## Sydney

**Monthly meetings** at Meher House – last Saturday of each month from 5 pm. Pizza at 5.30 pm. (RSVP if coming late) Meeting 7 pm for 7.30 pm start. Ph Ross or Jenny Keating 99383737.

### Baba's Birthday Celebration Sydney

25<sup>th</sup> Feb Thursday, Meher House  
5 am Prayers, Arti, Singing, tea and toast.  
7. pm Birthday cake followed by entertainment programme and supper.  
Please bring a joke for the share-a-joke session.

### Bhau's Sydney Visit

Trust Chairman Bhau Kalchuri will be visiting Sydney from 29<sup>th</sup> May till 2<sup>nd</sup> June this year. Please come to a meeting on Friday 19<sup>th</sup> March to help plan his programme, as he wants this to be a "very active" visit.  
7.30 pm, 41 Johnston St Annandale Ph 95194209 John or Wendy Borthwick.

### Meher Baba Australia

P O Box 110, Annandale, NSW, 2038, Australia

Editor: Wendy Borthwick

Layout & production this issue: John Borthwick, Alison Spark

Deadline next issue: Jan 15<sup>th</sup> 1999

If possible, please send submissions on IBM compatible disc, or email to

[johnborthwick@hotmail.com](mailto:johnborthwick@hotmail.com)

However, typed or handwritten items, artwork etc are welcome!