

# Meher Baba Australia

September – November 2014



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

# Flag-raising talk at Avatar's Abode Anniversary 2014

*Michael Le Page*

Here is an unpublished poem by our Francis Brabazon, whose vision led to the creation of this sacred place, Avatar's Abode.

4-47-77

*From Sleep to Sleep  
(For Michael)*

*I go from sleep to sleep looking for a hand that fits my own,  
Searching for a face in that place I call my heart I have always known.*

*I wait from sleep to sleep for that one who is looking for me –  
Who I have known from the beginning of eternity.*

*I used to cry at flowers opening their petals in summer rain,  
I used to look at your eyes in the stars and know you'd come again.*

*All that was long ago. Now I look for a hand that will fit my own  
And search for the face of that one I have always known.*

*Francis*

As we watch the flag rise up the flagpole, may we feel  
Baba's hand in ours.  
As we remember our dear Robert Rouse, may we sense his  
hand in Baba's hand.  
As we bow at Baba's bed in his room, may we feel our hand  
in his.  
As we join voices in his sacred prayers, may we feel our  
hands in his.  
As we join voices in sacred and celebratory songs, may we  
feel our hands in his.  
As we greet new and old friends from near and far, may we  
feel our hands in his.  
As we enjoy the entertainment for him, may we feel his  
hand in ours.  
As we break communal bread with thankfulness, may we  
feel his hand in ours.  
As we wander over this sacred ground, may we feel his hand  
in ours.

Jai Baba



*Michael Le Page having a 'rest' with Francis Brabazon at Meher House in the mid 1950's. Photo courtesy of Michael Le Page.*



*The flag flying high during the Anniversary. Photo by Bernard Bruford.*



# Avatar's Abode Welcome Talk given by Bernard Bruford

Welcome to the 56th Avatar's Abode Anniversary.

The Home of God-Man –Avatar's Abode – named by Meher Baba during his four day stay here 56 years ago. Baba had proclaimed that he is the manifestation of God – the God-Man – the Avatar. It was his wish to name this property – he was not asked to do so. The original property of 83 acres was selected by Francis Brabazon who accepted the role of hosting Baba and his four accompanying disciples. Subsequently a donation of adjoining land of 16 acres was accepted by Baba as part of Avatar's Abode, now 99 acres – 40 hectares.

In 1967 Baba wished that a Trust be formed to administer Avatar's Abode.

So, on behalf of the Trust and the Avatar's Abode Anniversary Planning Committee – we extend to all a very big welcome to the home of God. We particularly welcome our specially invited guests – Meherwan Merchant from India and Caris Arkin from America. Our gathering is further enriched by other overseas participants, Heather and Pat from India, Raine and Renee from America, Ernest from England and Marama from New Zealand. And perhaps an even greater welcome would be our lovingly greeting each other over the four days. With such an atmosphere the Avatar will surely feel at home at his Abode.

The Trust's governing constitution has as one of its primary objects, 'to facilitate the celebration annually in the month of June the Anniversary of Avatar Meher Baba's visit to Avatar's Abode.' There is a very wide range of ideas on the appropriate way to do this. These opinions range from a program being entirely Meher Baba focussed to allowing a free expression by participants contributing their own heartfelt offering. Francis once said, 'Baba loves nothing better than good singing or dancing or a play to lighten his burden.' This year's program is again very diverse and hopefully caters for varying viewpoints.

For the first anniversary Francis wrote to Robert Rouse strongly suggesting that the two resident families have a day off work and eat their dinner at Baba's House. So we prepared a meal and had a kerosene lamp lit meal together and Robert sang a few songs. For the second anniversary we performed Francis's play *The Bridge*. The cast numbered



ABOVE: Meherwan Merchant.

BELOW: Caris Arkin. Both photographs by Leander Bruford.

five and the audience was nine. In correspondence with Francis in India in the 1960s he would always want details of what was being planned for the anniversary and with encouragement for quality entertainment. In one letter he stressed the importance of entertainment and said how he

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*Heather Nadel telling stories of living at Meherabad. Photo by Leander Bruford.*



*Joanna Bruford, Pat Sumner and Gusi Carpenter discussing the spiritual subject of scrub itch. Photo by Bernard Bruford.*



*Singing after arti. From right are Raine Gannett, T'ian Gunther, Meherwan Merchant and Roy Hayes. Photo by David Bowling.*

was not dismissing the possibility of Baba again visiting Australia. He was determined that there would not be a repeat of 1958 when the nearly 60 sahavasees had nothing prepared when Baba out of the blue asked to be entertained.

The venue for anniversary events has changed over the years. Before this building [the Shed] we hired marquees, and before that all programs were held in Baba's House. At the back of Baba's House there was tiered seating and a low stage the width of the building in front of Baba's room.

So today is the first of four days to celebrate Meher Baba's visit here 56 years ago. Many of us love him and try to serve him. For some this is very private and personal. Others, as part of their love, endeavour to please and serve him by offering something of themselves in the company of others. Through our four day program, some of these offerings will be shared in the form of music, song, dance, talks, discussion groups, and various art forms.

My offering at this anniversary is to share with you some impressions and memories of my visit here to Avatar's Abode as a 15 year old in May and June of 1958.

I was very raw in my ability to absorb the concept of a God-Man visiting us. Yes, if asked I would say I loved him, and would have sincerely been able to say I believed him to be God in human form. (Actually, two years earlier in Sydney, Baba asked some of the younger ones who he was, and my answer was "The greatest man on earth", which I remember pleased him). But in retrospect the concept was well beyond me. It was not till 11 years later, in 1969 at The Great Darshan, when bowing down to his empty chair that I had my first real meeting – my first real heart to heart – not in 1956 or 58 in Australia, or 1962 in India when I was so fortunate to have his physical proximity. My personal experience leads me to say emphatically that Baba is here now for times of intimacy and sharing his presence.

On looking back, my first lesson from Francis, not appreciated at the time, was that hosting Baba also involved hosting all the other people. For the Bruford family driving from Melbourne, Francis had said to phone him when we got to Landsborough. We met half an hour later at the service station opposite the Woombye State School, on what was then the main northern highway. On Kiel Mountain Road he stopped his car and got out to point to this property on the summit. We came up Meher Road, then unnamed with just two car tracks amongst the grass for most of the way and with no houses, and he stopped again at a wooden cattle grid to announce we were entering the



property. There was no hint yet of how busy he really was. A few warm introductions and then Francis was back at work, after clarifying some specific jobs for when we were ready to start – there was certainly an urgency just three weeks or so before Baba was due, but not a panic.

It certainly looked to me like an impossible task, but Francis seemed reasonably satisfied with the situation. In Baba's House the floor was only about one quarter down, walls not complete, other walls were being painted, two walls of Baba's Room were not built, the Meeting Hall had just eight blocks of foundation concrete in the ground and the whole place looked a mess. Truck loads of river gravel and large piles of cinders were yet to be spread by hand on the roads. My first visit upstairs in the farm house was a memorable sight. People were making bunk beds, chicken wire being cut for the base of each bed, people making mattresses out of hessian and wood wool which was scattered everywhere, and in the corner a pile of mattresses to the ceiling. This small two bedroom house was where all the cooking was done and the women had their bunk beds. Under the house bench tables were made for meals with planks on four gallon kerosene drums for seating. The men were accommodated in three tents pitched adjoining in a line where the Bruford house was later built. Baba did go into every room of the farm house and walked through the tents.

One of my father's jobs was to help Francis tint the paint for the final coat to Baba's House. I considered it strange that with so much urgency in the air so much discussion was going into colour tinting, how warm to make it and how much different it would be when it was dry. Painting Baba's House took more than just paint. It was a similar story with the wooden turpentine boards on the walls in Baba's room. Rather than just putting them up, Francis was heavily involved discussing which piece looked best beside another to provide the best matching tones. This task assumed critical importance. At the time I could not appreciate the priorities.

Francis from the start made it clear that my prime job was carting water from a spring – two buckets at a time – the 200 metres to the farm house. Apart from the kitchen the water was required for the women's ablutions. Francis insisted that the little water that was in the house tank could only be used during the gathering. Although this daily task went on and on, shared by Lorna Rouse's brother Ken, I today still don't know how they survived on so little water, although

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*Ernest (aka Alfred) Saunders visited from London. He is talking with Miles Rowan. Photo by Bernard Bruford.*



*The farmhouse photographed after it was relocated in 1958.*



*The men's tents during Baba's stay.*



*The Meeting Hall with hessian walls photographed shortly after Baba's visit in 1958. Bottom three photos by Bernard Bruford.*





Filla helping Paria make a special Iranian date and walnut sweet. Photo by David Bowling.



Rose, Merwan and Amelie with those popular hula hoops. Photo by Leander Bruford.



Boys and arrows. They were about to go on an adventure exploring one of the caves on the property. Photo by David Bowling.

at the time Ken and I had some very different thoughts on the matter. On delivery of each lot of four buckets we were often met by women in line awaiting our arrival. At times the cooking could not wait and water was taken from the tank – and I suspect at times in secret for non-cooking purposes. During the preparation the men had different arrangements for bathing. After five o'clock knock off time the guys would gather near the spring waiting for a bucket and wash naked in the fading light and the company of mosquitoes. At least there was no shortage of water at the spring. The number one rule was no soapy water near the spring – a boarded small square at ground level.

My number two job was working with two of the three paid workers that Francis had employed. The job was road making with hand tools – not just the private road but also along the government entrance road. Not only was this very hard work but a real let down. I was relegated out of sight from the hive of activity round Baba's House and my thoughts were that the road was good enough to get cars in and out. It was certainly very important to Francis and he was the boss. I suspect I was more interested in pleasing him than thinking of how we could in some small way ease the physical pain of our God-Man with a body broken from two car accidents. As I said before, I was young and raw. 11 am was always slow coming – that was when I could have a break from the road work and instead go and cart more water before 12 o'clock lunch. One rebuke from Francis was quite severe. Someone after lunch suggested to me that there was time for a quick lie down at the tents before one o'clock work resumption. I can't remember if I went to sleep but it was barely three past one when Francis came into the tent and asked me what was the point of coming all the way from Melbourne if I was going to sleep once I got here.

An earlier rebuke from Francis also hurt me – this time with hurricane lights. There were lots of them, and each morning they had to be filled with kerosene – another of my jobs. Soon after I had finished for the first time, Francis got very annoyed that I had not done the lights. I tried to protest, but he made clear that any fool should have known that the job also included cleaning the glass. The fact that I had never seen the glass being removed from a light made no difference.

Anyway things improved for me – I was reassigned to help on Baba's House. Perhaps this coincided with the unexpected news that Baba was now coming a week earlier.





*Painting of Meher Baba by Robert Rouse on display during the Anniversary*

I was asked to start nailing floor boards in Baba's House. After some tuition I was busy with this job following my instructions – two nails per board into each joist. Again Francis appeared on the scene and for a change the rebuke was relatively minor. He made it clear that we only had time for one nail – the second one could be done later. Later never came – you can still see where I changed from two to just one nail. A real urgency prevailed in the last week. People were ending their lunch break as soon as they had finished eating – in fact some towards the end had their lunch taken to them. It was a matter of days before Baba's arrival that Francis decided that the construction of the Meeting Hall would proceed. The five o'clock knock off had been abandoned and some of the assembly and construction proceeded in the evenings with illumination coming from a series of cars shining their head lights with engines running to keep the batteries alive.

On the last day of preparations Francis appeared all spruced up, having to go and meet Baba in Brisbane. Baba

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*The following letter was sent to 'Avatar Abiders' – the Bruford and Rouse families and May Lundquist – in 1960 using Francis' unique dating system. Ed*

### For Avatar Abiders only

Dearest Ones,

The second Anniversary of beloved Baba's Visit to Keil Mtn and His establishment of it as His Abode – the 3rd day, 15th week, Meher Year 66. (4th June, 1960.)

We cannot at this stage grasp how fortunate we are that God-in-Form came to Australia at all, let alone asked us to acquire a Place for Him to permanently dwell in.

This Place will never become a Home for Nice People, a Cosy Colony of Saved Souls, but will always be a place at which to practise service to one another and devotion to the one Truth and God.

We must always remember that we have never yet met Baba: we have seen only a hint of Light, as one waking in the early morning and seeing a promise of dawn through a chink in the wall or the door ajar; or a Vastness, as one standing on the seashore gazing through a mist at the fringe of ocean. We will only see Baba when ourselves have forever disappeared – and this can only come abt. [about] through love and through service. So it will be that others will come along who didn't have the fortune of meeting Baba physically, but will have the natural blessing of a greater capacity for love and service than we have and so will meet Baba in His Reality before we do.

Our daily work is at once our opportunity to serve one another and at the same time provide a Place where others can practise service and devotion.

We should always remember that our fellowship and sharing is Baba's relief from His burden and that our unkindness and selfishness is His continued crucifixion. One might ask, for what did we come together if not to share in our devotion and enthusiasm and work in and for Him? Surely not because we had merely become tired of city living and wanted to 'go back to the country' and live 'nearer to nature'. We could have done this anywhere and without Baba. And surely we did not come together to live separately.

By working together, by sharing one another's enthusiasm in Baba and hope of pleasing Him, we destroy the ignorance of separation and overcome the inherent loneliness of our ea. [each] Self.

In sharing, what is an opinion worth? One has opinion so long as one is alone in ignorance, but as soon as one feels fellowship of knowledge, opinion has no worth. We have knowledge – the knowledge that Baba is Love and loves us. There is no higher knowledge than that, except the final knowledge that we are, each one, that Lord and that God.

We have a single Beloved and a common purpose in work. What fools we would be if we came together to remain apart. 'Fellowship is heaven, and lack of fellowship is hell; fellowship is life and lack of fellowship is death.' John Ball, a 14th century English friar, to the peasants in their bid for freedom from tyranny.

This letter has been read to beloved Baba. He sends you His love in the following words:

**'If only you knew how dear Avatar Abiders are to Him, you would try your utmost to live together for Him and die together for Him.'**

With my own dearest love to you all,

Francis

Baba tells me to also tell you that from July 1st to end of year the mandali will be with Him at Meherazad and will not be allowed off the Place. I can receive and write letters, but no problem in any letter may be brought to Him. So, He says, you are not to expect me back before end of year.



# Silence Day at Meherabad – 2014

Lorraine Brown

## MEHER BABA'S SILENCE

On 10 July 1925, Avatar Meher Baba began his silence that lasted for 44 years until he dropped his body on 31 January 1969. Meher Baba communicated by writing on a slate board. After that he used an alphabet board to spell out words. Later he used a series of hand gestures that were interpreted by his close mandali.

Baba said his silence was not undertaken as a spiritual exercise, but solely in connection with his universal work.

*'Man's inability to live God's words makes the Avatar's teaching a mockery. Instead of practicing the compassion He taught, man has waged wars in His name. Instead of living the humility, purity, and truth of His words, man has given way to hatred, greed, and violence.*

*Because man has been deaf to the principles and precepts laid down by God in the past, in this present Avatavic form, I observe silence. You have asked for and been given enough words— it is now time to live them.'*

*From 'The Universal Message*

This year I was privileged to be at Meherabad for Silence Day.

The Meher Pilgrim Retreat (MPR) prepared for those who would come for over a week – extra beds in rooms and reading rooms; housekeeping very busy cleaning and getting everything spic and span for his many, many lovers who would come from all over India, with a handful from the West. The residents here call it 'the mini-Amartithi'. And it had the feeling of preparing for Amartithi. Down the hill, Hostel D and some of the Hostels used for Amartithi were also being prepared.

Ninth July and many people arrived in the MPR. At 9.15 the small bus took the volunteers out to Meherazad to help direct and look after the busloads of visitors who, coming only for a few days to be at Meherabad for Silence Day, would take the opportunity to visit Meherazad. Meherazad opens during this week on 9 and 11 July to allow those who come just for the few days around Silence Day, often from far distant parts of India (a lot seem to come from South India), the opportunity to visit Meherazad while they are on pilgrimage.

I had volunteered for both days and ended up being on the Seclusion Hill team, composed of Yohann Noble, a Meherabad resident who had some experience with climbing and mountain climbing and was leading the team, Karthik, from Bangalore who was there for a bit longer around Silence Day, and myself, the least fit, but the only one who had been up Seclusion Hill with Eruch.

I also realized this is the only volunteer job at Meherazad where one could actually lose his lovers or allow them to be injured if one was not alert. I ended up telling people who were standing worryingly near the edge of the crumbling rock sides and backing up towards the edges while taking photos that it would not please Baba, I do not think, to have any of his lovers fall off his Seclusion Hill! Most of our visitors seemed to speak Telegu, so how much they understand of my entreaties was a moot point. Fortunately, some people did speak English and took more care and told the others.

Yohann told stories of rash youngsters getting stuck trying to take shortcuts up or down Seclusion Hill whom he has had to rescue in previous years. On Wednesday we only had about 40 visitors on the hill. We cleared Seclusion Hill at 11.45 to ensure that everyone got on the buses to go back to Meherabad. On Friday after Silence Day, we had many more people, quite possibly over 100, but I was too busy trying to keep an eye on people with young toddlers and keeping crowds moving to be counting. We did manage not to lose any of Baba's lovers off Seclusion Hill!

Silence Day itself dawned in a hush of quietness. After the hubbub of a very full women's side in the MPR (the men's side was not quite so full) the night before, the hush was noticeable. Alan Wagner had reorganized the Dining Hall to take the vast increase in numbers. There was no cleaning by volunteers of Baba's Tomb this

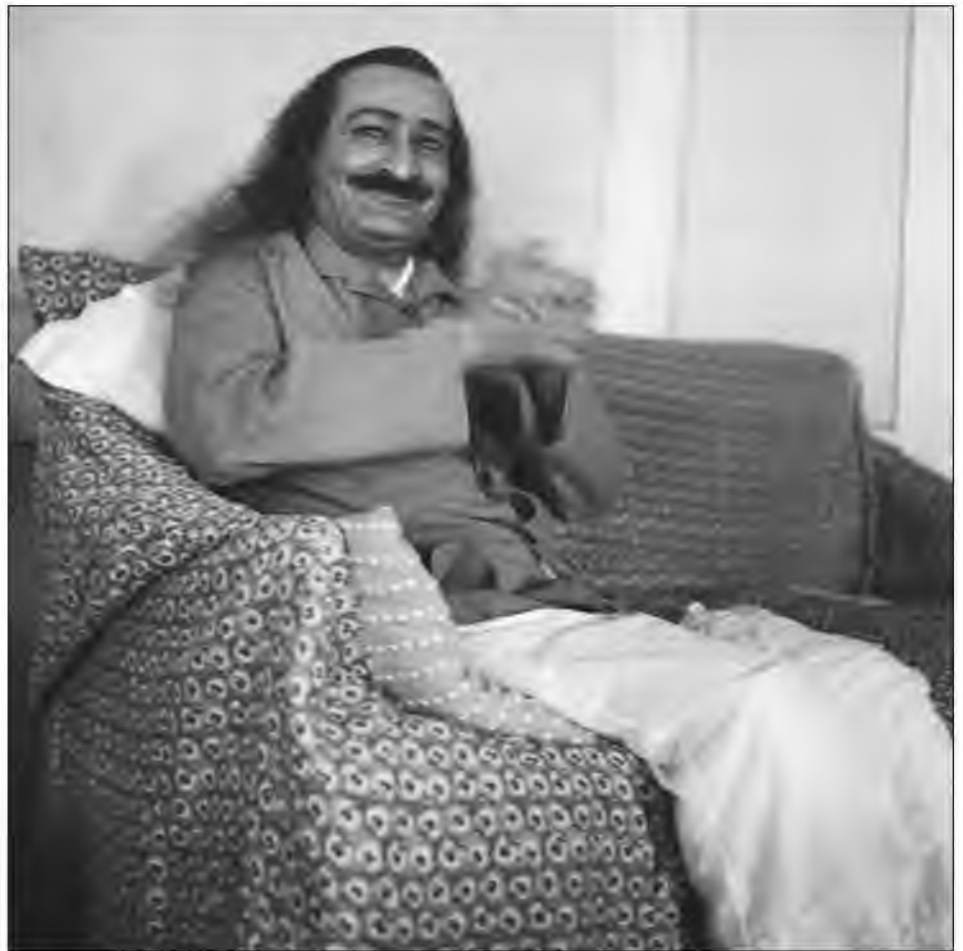


morning. Amrit Irani told me that a team of the people who supervise the cleaning goes very early to the Tomb and does the cleaning on Silence Day. There were messages around the MPR in English and Telugu (and I imagine the Hostels too) that told people no-one was to be at Baba's Samadhi before six o'clock that morning.

I walked over to the Samadhi, towards the dawning sun, and there were people streaming towards the Samadhi and not a soul speaking, not even the children. By the time I arrived, not long after 6 o'clock, there was already a long queue for darshan four zig-zags long, which I joined. There were naturally no prayers or artis or singing on this day. The darshan line had been brought in from the mandap or East side, rather than the tiled side where we usually queued, because more people can be zig-zag queued and then extended down the hill if need be on that side. There were volunteers, in silence and with gestures, keeping the queues organized.

There was an incredible feeling of deep peace and quiet around Baba's Samadhi. It took over an hour for me to reach Baba's Samadhi for darshan, but it didn't seem like that long. While I was waiting, people were streaming up from down at lower Meherabad and others, though not in the same numbers, from the MPR side.

Our Lord does have a delicious sense of humour, though. There had been a Hindu religious celebration going on the previous few days and Arangaon village temple was celebrating it with loud-speakered enthusiasm. Somnath, my rickshaw driver who lives in Arangaon, had explained to me that the celebration,



*25 December, 1950, Mehera's birthday was celebrated in Mahabaleshwar. Baba invited the Poona bhajan group for the occasion. © MSI Collection*

or mala, was in honour of Vithoba and is celebrated throughout Maharashtra State. Somnath, who is a Baba lover, added that 'our Vithoba is here' – pointing towards Baba's Tomb. The 9 July was a fast day holiday, all schools and public offices closed, and the 10 July was the feasting and celebration day, which included a fair with ferris wheel and stalls.

So, as Baba's many lovers (I think the number mentioned was over 1200) streamed up to his tomb and waited in silence to take his darshan, from down in the village came the sounds of celebrations and bhajans being sung with amplified enthusiasm. Somehow though, the sounds seemed to be absorbed into Baba's Silence and not disturbing to it at all. The Silence seemed to run underneath the sounds

– something vast.

Just highlights from the rest of the day – the incredible sight and feeling of hundreds of people queuing for meals, all in silence. Eating in silence – alone, quite natural – but with a group of people. At lunch, Suzie Timura, our Aussie resident who is a receptionist at the MPR, a young American girl, Jaime, Rosie, a New Yorker who has retired from being a court recorder for 44 years and myself had lunch together. We ended up signing to each other to try to communicate and it was quite hilarious, like an on-going game of charades.

Buses went down to lower Meherabad from the MPR to take people to movies in different language groups – the fun of it was, the movies

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# Documenting Meher Book Publications

Tony Zois

I have been collecting information on all Meher Baba books ever published. The current number is 1,200 titles with 180 books without a cover image on my 'Meher Baba Travels' website under the 'Books' folder: <http://www.meherbabatravels.com/books/books>

It wasn't only naming the books that was my mission, it was also to photograph every cover as well. Management at the Myrtle Beach Centre gave me permission last year to photograph their whole Baba book collection, as well as all the various music mediums used, in their library. I also did the same at Sheriar Books as well. Some individuals showed me their private collections and some gems were found.

Soon after I returned to Melbourne from my recent visit, I completed the big book list and associated smaller



ones. I notified and sent to Debbie Nordeen, who is associated with the India Trust Archives, the list as I had promised and she then to my great surprise wrote a letter which was distributed around the world. We both knew that there were missing items from this list and that I needed help from the worldwide Meher Baba community at large.

Basically, I'm asking fellow Baba followers to check the contents of their Baba book collections using the book list on the website and to do a stock take of their books. It's only then will they know whether they have something that doesn't appear on the list, that's where my request is, (they don't have to disclose their identity) let me know what new title they have or missing information so we can add it to this book list. An image of a new book title is very essential, or they might have a book cover that I have listed but I'm missing a cover.

Please contact me on [zois.anthony7@gmail.com](mailto:zois.anthony7@gmail.com) or 0412 099 890 or (+61 3) 9417 7474.



Above are some of the unique books at the Myrtle Beach Centre. Images provided by Tony Zois.

*Cease the mental tension. Train your mind to pass over thoughts. Do not give countenance to them until such time that you can surrender the mind itself. No one is doing it. When the mind is surrendered, there is no question of happiness or unhappiness. Because of the thoughts of the past lives, sanskaras are spent away. They come and go. Pay no attention to them. Mind is like a wound-up alarm clock. It will ring at the appointed time, but only so long as the winding is there. Let it ring and run its course, but take care not to mind it again by indulging in bad actions.*

Meher Baba

— Lord Meher Revised  
Online Edition p 1576



# Avatar's Abode Spring Sahavas

Saturday 4 – Monday 6 October 2014 (Labour Day long weekend)

Our guest speaker will be Dr Allan Cohen paying the Abode a long overdue return visit. Allan had the privilege of visiting Avatar's Abode when Francis Brabazon was in residence and has come to admire greatly the work of Baba's Australian lovers. His presentations at the Spring Sahavas will feature perspectives on the psychological and experiential challenges of Meher Baba's path and the practical implications of the New Humanity, all with a touch of humour, classic stories, the encouragement of controversial questions and lots of interactive discussion.

For those curious about his credentials here is a bit of biographical information:

Allan has had two parallel 'careers', both sparked directly by Meher Baba. As a new Baba-lover in the mid-1960's, Allan was just finishing his Ph.D. in Clinical Psychology at Harvard when Baba asked him, Robert Dreyfuss, Rick Chapman and other young Baba-lovers to let America know that drug use was not an authentic path to spirituality. While carrying out Baba's directives, along with teaching and counselling at the University of California, Berkeley, the anti-drug work propelled him into professional work involving substance abuse prevention.

On the 'surface track', Allan began a four decade career in drug abuse prevention and intervention. As a researcher-evaluator, clinical psychologist, university professor, media spokesman, administrator, editor, and theoretician, he has applied innovative principles and techniques to



Dr Allan Cohen

the field of prevention. He pioneered the 'alternative to drugs' concept, illustrating it for parents in the groundbreaking book (written with Peter Marin, Harper & Row), *Understanding Drug Use: An Adult's Guide to Drugs and the Young*. He and a colleague established the Pacific Institute for Research & Evaluation (PIRE), a non-profit organization that grew to a staff of 500 and remains nationally respected in the field of public health research and consultation. His professional work has been recognized with a lifetime career achievement award from the National Association of State Drug and Alcohol Directors (NASADAD).

He has served as consultant and adviser to over 200 national and international institutions and governments, including the Indian Army Armored Command at

Ahmednagar. Along with his work at PIRE, he currently serves on the Editorial Board for the *Journal of Primary Prevention*, Board Vice-Chair for the Foundation for Autism Training and Support, and as a psychotherapist and life coach for Baba-lovers and others.

On the deeper track, Allan learned of Meher Baba in 1964 as a member of an LSD exploration group led by Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert (now *Baba Ram Dass*). After an initial letter to Kitty Davy, he was in direct communication with Baba from 1965 through 1968. Encouraged to spread Baba's message of love and truth, Allan delivered over 1,000 lectures and media appearances across America, Europe, Asia and Australia. Allan began to compile and edit a book for persons new to Meher Baba,

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# Obedience

*Eve Plant*

*Eve shared extracts from The God-Man by Charles Purdom with one of the groups that meets at Avatar's Abode as detailed below. The full text can be found on pp 425 – 428. Ed*

'By obedience Baba means, of course, obedience to conscience.'

It was this statement that somehow dispelled confusion around my understanding of OBEDIENCE.

Throughout life I have felt a connection with, and a love of God, and that my CONSCIENCE was something to do with God (or my Dad).

For me, Baba's teaching here elucidates why some of the teachings/learnings from our childhood did not feel quite right or true.

'Obey' seemed to mean that I needed to be told or that I was not able to be trusted.

One of my most upsetting times was if I was not believed or trusted, even though I would sometimes recognise that it was a misunderstanding or that the other person didn't trust himself, or was looking for someone to blame.

It seems that I have always felt that something in me KNOWS very deeply and all I need to do is recognise or hear its voice. It is a place of 'TRUST' and LOVE. It is a place where God lives and as any confusion or ignorance in life is dispelled, the greater is the JOY, and the more I am able to live in, and come from, that place.

JAI BABA

From *The God-Man*:

The practical application of Baba's teaching is to put obedience first, because union with God is an act of the will as the Christian mystical writers without exception taught, as well as the learned St Thomas. By obedience Baba means, of course obedience to conscience: to make it easier he says, 'Obey me'. The 'me' that Baba refers to is Meher Baba, the God-Man Himself.

The obedience of which Baba speaks depends upon intelligent conviction, for, without intelligence, conviction is equivalent to the idolatry I have just mentioned, the greatest danger in all devotion. To accept anything literally is to be idolatrous. To banish reason is to deny intelligence and to close the door to Reality – for without reason one is at the mercy of one's 'feelings', which becomes mistaken for 'thought', so that we are in great danger of deceiving ourselves; so fanatics are born. ...

Obedience as the free devotion of the will has nothing in common with authoritarian subservience, the subjection to exterior orders or to an external absolute. Indeed, it contains the essence of intellectual independence, for full obedience is possible only to the intellectually courageous. Such obedience is the seat of love, which is purity of heart, the capacity to reflect God's love without distortion. Such love is far from mere sentimental feeling, a pleasant

sensation, and because obedience involves the mind and will, when the heart reflects, it receives and gives. That receiving and giving love is a disposition of the will. Recognition of the factor of will is of the highest importance; for, as I have pointed out, the progress of the soul is not inevitable, and the sleeping soul cannot will: it is subject so long as it sleeps to natural development, which is decay. Without will, that is to say, a turning or disposition, what is called 'repentance', there is no awakening. Thus responsibility is placed upon the human soul, which is the ground for the dignity and worth of man. Alone in creation he has responsibility, which is his greatness and uniqueness.

...

Thus Baba's practical 'teaching' is action springing from inner conviction, and while he addresses the reasoning mind in his metaphysics, he is constantly warning us against too rigid dependence upon conceptual, logical thinking, for the reasoning mind is tied to the brain, when the brain goes, reason goes. Baba addresses himself to the creative intelligence, the intellect that uses the brain and its reasoning abilities, but is also in the heart and in every cell of the body, the divine core, not afflicted with mortality. The distinction between 'reason' and 'intellect' is important.



# Chain Reaction - the late 1960s in Australia

Leigh Roman

I heard about Meher Baba in 1966 from my friends Joy, Steve and Noddy when they came from Melbourne to Sydney to visit me, Lindsay and Adele at our house in Barcom Avenue, Darlinghurst. We did not know that there were any Baba lovers in Sydney so all our messages, orders and communications from Baba came via the Melbourne Baba Group. Baba had instructed that Dr Denis O'Brien be the main co-coordinator there. Baba, even though he was in seclusion, frequently sent out, via his secretary Adi K Irani, cables, Life Circulars and orders. Baba's sister Mani wrote regular Family Letters that painted a vivid picture of Baba's current life and work.

My diary entries from early 1967 reveal that I knew that Baba was silent and was in seclusion, but loved us and asked us not to contact him or attempt to see him. He warned us not to take drugs and to do his work by spreading his message of Love and Truth and to let people know that he was Avatar.

I knew that there had been a Darshan program intended for December 1965, but that Baba had called it off. I thought it was because of Baba's ill health. I knew that Baba could call us to Darshan again but not till after November 1967. My notes show that my friends and I read *God Speaks*, *Discourses*, and other Baba material such as Allen Cohen's *God In A Pill*, an important message about drugs. All the books came from Paul Smith's bookstore in Melbourne.

It was quite clear from reading Mani's compilation of *Family Letters* about the period from 1965 to 1969 that one of the features of Baba's work was a speeding up of a chain reaction of Baba's Love from heart to heart and that this was a world-wide phenomenon. Mani quotes an example from a letter sent by Allan Cohen from USA to Baba and the mandali:

'Interest and familiarity with Baba's Name has been rising at a rapid rate. Unquestionably, Baba's tempo in the USA is speeding up spectacularly ... word of the Beloved has quickened the hearts of many who have been yearning for they knew not what. He seems to be reaping a harvest of ripe souls with the ancient tools of love and inspiration. And even the infinitesimal part of his management of the "Love Farm" which I see, leaves me in wonderment and awe of His seemingly incredible Mastery of its technology, administration and most minute detail! Jai Baba !'" (*Family Letters*: p 274). And in another letter dated 10 September 1966 Mani concludes; 'The more we see Baba withdrawing from outward activity, the more Baba activity is evident wherever we turn. The more the veil of seclusion hides Him from the eyes of His lovers, the more He is revealed in the hearts of those unaware of Him.' (Ibid. p 260).

If I consider this bigger global picture, I can literally see how my coming to Baba was part of a chain reaction that began ironically when

a young Boston College student Robert Dreyfuss heard about Baba in 1965, and wanted to learn more about him. To this end he visited his friend Allan Cohen, an undergraduate at Harvard. In his book, *Inner Travel to Sacred Places* Robert describes this portentous meeting. After this Robert and another Harvard University friend Frederick 'Rick' Chapman developed a burning interest and love for the Beloved. In 1965 when Baba announced the Westerners' Darshan for December, friends Allan, Rick and Robert were anxious to go. Robert decided to go early and take a few months to travel overland. Saying good bye to his friends he said, 'See you in Ahmednagar!' But when Robert arrived in Poona in November 1965, he did not know that the December Westerners' Darshan had been cancelled. On being told Robert was stunned but felt he must see Baba. He describes this meeting in his book.

Baba gave Robert a message and a mission: 'Go back to the USA, spread my Love among others, particularly among the young and persuade them to desist from taking drugs, for they are harmful – physically, mentally and spiritually.' (The full transcripts of this message can be found in Robert's book. Please note that many messages were given by Baba about drugs. A number of them can be read in the *Family Letters* by Mani Irani, *Lord Meher VIII* by Bhau Kalchuri and *God in a Pill* by Allan Cohen, just to name a few.)

*Continued on page 21*



*I first read an abbreviated version of this story in the Meher Mount News. It took place when Baba was visiting Meher Mount in 1956. Ed*

## I Don't Love Everybody...

Baba remarked, 'No one can understand my ways. I am beyond your understanding. Only Perfect Masters can know me and my ways.'

'Another point,' Baba continued. 'As you all become more intimate with me, with opportunities to come closer to me, all that is good and all that is bad within you comes out in sparks, as it were.' ...

... Baba had spoken of 'sparks flying', and one incident occurred during the visit to Meher Mount. Agnes was about to leave her guests and go to Baba, when Ivy Duce asked for something. Agnes was in such a hurry to leave she did not fulfill Ivy's request, causing her to make some disparaging comment about Agnes. Fuming, Agnes came to Baba and said, 'I don't love everybody – what am I going to do about it?'

Baba looked at her, and Adi interjected, 'Agnes you love everybody you just don't *like* everyone!'

In the car while returning to Los Angeles, Baba sat next to Agnes in the front seat. She said, 'Baba, you know what Ivy Duce said about me ... I don't believe it, but if it is true what am I going to do about it?'

Baba slapped her on the shoulder and chuckled, 'I like you the way you are. I like your spirit!'

From: <http://www.lordmeher.org/rev/index.jsp?pageBase=page.jsp&nextPage=4068>



*Agnes Baron with Baba at Meher Mount, California in 1956. © Meher Nagar Publications*

## Aubrey Rouse's photo of Baba

*From recorded conversations with Robert Rouse, August 2013. Ed*

1956 and Baba was going from Sydney to Melbourne. Baba got out of the car and my father said to me, 'Will I take a photograph of Baba now?' and I said, 'No we won't disturb Baba.' Baba was starting to walk away and he swung round and gestured to my father – he turned his finger round like a film. He had one hand in his pocket. Baba couldn't have heard me but he swung round to my father then he looked at Lorna, put his other hand in his pocket and he smiled. When Mani saw the photo she asked for a copy so I sent her a 10 x 8 colour photograph. She was stunned and she put it where it was the first thing she saw when she woke up, Baba smiling at Lorna.

*See front cover – Ed.*



# Getting things done for Baba

*From recorded conversations with Robert Rouse, August 2013. Ed*

Baba's going to Melbourne. They didn't take any heavy luggage. What the four Indian mandali had was dilly bags of various sorts, paper or knitted bags, stuff like that. They had four each with all things for Baba, nothing for themselves. They were being told, 'Oh you can't put them on the plane, that's too much, you can't take all that on the plane. No no no.' Meherjee was the businessman (Baba would always take a businessman to handle things) and he was trying to argue with the officials. Now my father saw what was going on while he was standing over to the side. Baba was over the other side next to Joan le Page, then Lorna. So my father went over to see what the problem was and started arguing with the staff and as he argued he got louder and louder. And Lorna said, 'Oh God! Aubrey's started.' She felt a dig in the ribs and Joan le Page gestured to Baba. Baba was doing a little two-step jig as if to say this is all good fun! We were flying by ANA which was a private company, not TAA, the government company as has previously been recorded. In those days my father would not have gone with TAA. He flew regularly to Melbourne and Brisbane and because he had gemstones in a wooden box he had a letter from a bloke called Bond, a manager, giving him permission to carry the box on board. He produced



*Baba playing with the dog Chum at Upper Meherabad, 1935. © MSI Collection*

this letter, his voice raising. He said he wanted to see the manager from ANA and that he had a letter from him saying he could carry his goods on board. His loudness intimidated the staff and they allowed the paper bags on board. If they had gone in the luggage they would have all got crushed. My father turned around and started to walk back and Baba smiled at him and nodded his thanks. Dad was chuffed! He never knew how lucky he was being able to do something for Baba. He did it with a trait that people regard as a bad trait, aggressiveness. But of course little bureaucrats were meat and two vegies for my father!

*When the goal of life is attained, one achieves the reparation of all wrongs, the healing of all wounds, the righting of all failures, the sweetening of all sufferings, the relaxation of all strivings, the harmonizing of all strife, the unravelling of all enigmas, and the real and full meaning of all life – past, present and future.*

*Life At Its Best p 59*



# For myself, I am just a moth that has seen a great Light and struggles around it.

*Excerpt from a letter from Elizabeth Patterson to her father (Simeon Chapin) dated December 31, 1940, written from India and quoted by Kitty Davy in her autobiography, Love Alone Prevails, pp 369-70.*



*This photo of Baba with Norina and Elizabeth was taken in Raburi, probably in January 1937. The cabin was Baba's sleeping quarters and was later moved to Lower Meherabad. at the Raburi mast ashram either in late December, 1936 or early January, 1937. There was a meeting of the Meher Maintenance committee and Elizabeth and Norina had their first tour of the Raburi Ashram. This photo was taken by Padri. © MSI Collection*

Baba's training for his disciples is Christ's precept: 'Be ye in the world but not of it.' His example is so radiant and compelling that it is rare to find except in the spiritual history of great leaders. Baba trains us in this through his example....

One cannot take the part of Christ's sayings which suits one's purpose and eschew the other part. In my experience I find that to be out of the world is easy. But this constant moving around as we have done practically since I have come to India (for spiritual purposes of Baba's work) is far less easy. [This was during the time of the Blue Bus 'Tours.] In fact, if it were not for His example and inspiration we could not have done it at all. But in this work for the spiritual upliftment of mankind, Baba makes himself available in many ways. No one or any circumstances can stand in the way of his work and, as followers, we must follow. No matter the hour, how tired one is, how hungry one may feel, no extraneous fact important to one's own ego shall impede the onward march....

'The spiritual life, to be lasting, is essentially voluntary. Otherwise when the restraints are lifted, one gravitates back to the easy way of life. Yet with all the good will in the world, and the voluntary spirit, one cannot become truly spiritual quickly. For myself, I am just a moth that has seen a great

*Continued on next page*



*Continued from previous page*

Light and struggles around it. But no one can gainsay that I have seen the Light. It is still a long way off and only through the grace of God can one ever become the Light....

Perhaps I can say I inherited the aptitude to spiritual things, though they were unmanifest until I received the awakening impulse from Baba to do something about it, not merely thinking of doing it.

Don't think I am always going to be in India, although my preliminary training is here. It is not study, it is training in the school of life—and not such an easy school at that! There are no vacations when, hourly, one is tested. Fortunately with Baba every failure is turned to constructive good and one's efforts renewed. Also, in this community life one leads, everyone's success or step forward is your own. Underlying everything in life itself is an undertone of joy engendered through Baba. No heavy sombreness or misty mysticism or pious sanctimony. These shadows are quickly dispelled if a disciple has these inclinations. Baba sees life as a whole and truly is able to impart a clear vision to others. God becomes something to be desired.



*Drawing of Baba by Lola Bell*

## From *God-Brother: Stories from my Childhood with Meher Baba* by Mani S Irani

*p 61*

Years ago I met a man who remembered playing as a child outside my father's toddy shop in Poona. And he especially recalled "Merwanji", as Baba was politely addressed by outsiders.

"What was Merwanji doing in the toddy shop?" I asked him.

"Merwanji was sitting behind the cash box," he replied. "In the afternoons all these fakirs would come round. Then Merwanji would put his hand in the cash box and bring out fistfuls of silver coins. He'd fling the coins far out onto the road, and all the fakirs would run after them."

"Oh, my poor mother!" I groaned, "having a dervish for a husband and God for a son – *and* having to raise a big family!"



# ‘The Love Song of John Kerry’ Part 1

## (Anselm Instalment 10)

Ross Keating

I arrived early at Anselm’s little flat under the house. He was sitting outside on a bench beside the door. He seemed to be meditating with his eyes closed and *Stay With God* on his lap. I didn’t want to disturb him so I walked down the backyard to lie on the grass under the poinciana tree. It was a still day and as I lay there half-asleep and listened to the birds singing it wasn’t hard to picture them flying around in the open sky of my consciousness and not in some imaginary space outside of me.

‘Hey Ross!’ Anselm called out, ‘are you dead or just lying still?’ ‘Dead!’ I shouted without moving, ‘but not yet departed.’ ‘Sounds like you could do with a cup of my revivifying tea,’ he replied, ‘let’s go inside and I’ll make a brew.’

Soon Philomena and Thomas arrived and the scene was set for our discussion to begin: four droplet-souls in the boat of Anselm’s study sipping tea on the Ocean of infinite Existence.

Before we got talking about ‘*The Love Song of John Kerry*,’ I mentioned that I once asked Francis, what writer I should start with if I wanted to study Australian literature. He replied, ‘Start with me.’ ‘I didn’t feel,’ I continued, ‘he was being egotistical. For he had been through the mill with Baba as a disciple-poet, and Baba enjoyed his writing and, as he would say, Baba even “commissioned” him to write certain works (Francis always thought that great art came out of commissions; his patron just happened to be the Avatar of the Age), and so it makes sense to start with him.’

‘After having read *Stay With God* a couple of times now,’ added Philomena, ‘I’ve had this thought that just as Baba has said that He intends “to bring together all religions and cults like beads on one string and revitalize them for individual and collective needs,” I would suggest that through *Stay With God*, which Baba asked – or commissioned – Francis to write, Baba has given us an incisive and poetic guide to help *revitalize* the meaning and purpose of art “for individual and collective needs.” And so to start with Francis makes absolute sense to me; for he is truly the beginning of a fresh start in literature, Australian or otherwise.’

‘I agree,’ Anselm joined in, ‘*Stay With God* could be seen as a kind of manual for a new wave of serious artists who have the perfumed scent of God in their nostrils. There are passages all through the book that point to this idea, like this one:

*So the artist, if he is to sing or write or paint  
or play in truth, in praise of love, may not  
of himself, but first  
find the golden Thread by which he moves,  
the lovely Note  
from which he has continuous becoming.  
Then find the Holder of the thread,  
the lovely Singer, and offer Him his body,  
speech and mind  
in service, not asking in return the gift of  
art or anything . . . (p 126)*

‘And in a way,’ said Thomas, “‘*The Love Song of John Kerry*’ is an account of how Francis himself came to offer

Baba “his body, speech and mind in service.”’

‘Although it is the shortest “Book” in *Stay With God*,’ I began, ‘it is perhaps the most powerful because its content is so intimate; of all the Books in *Stay With God* it was the one that moved Baba the most. Francis said that Baba kept asking him “Who is John Kerry?”’

‘Well, that’s a good question – who is he?’ asked Anselm, ‘Is he real or out of Francis’s imagination?’

‘Adrian Rawlins,’ I responded, ‘once told me that Ozzie Hall, one of Francis’s early artist friends from Melbourne and a Baba lover, lived in a Kerrie Street in Eltham in a house which Baba visited in 1956, and that Francis got the name from there. But as for the question, is John Kerry real or out of Francis’s imagination, I think he is a very thin persona which Francis uses to speak through and even abandons at one part in the poem. In the beginning of the work, Francis narrates the heart-opening experiences of John Kerry and then the poem flips, in a sleight-of-hand way, and it’s Francis writing in the first person about his own experiences, but then in the last verse he returns to third-person narration: “Thus was John Kerry complaining . . .”’

‘This seems to be an odd way of structuring the poem,’ said Thomas, ‘I wonder why Francis didn’t just talk directly about his own experience, all the way through – wouldn’t that have been more real, more appropriate for a “love song”?’

‘Oh, I think this is beautifully



crafted,' said Philomena, 'it adds greatly to the intensity of the poem, for when Francis begins talking in the first person it is as if a veil has suddenly been lifted and we see the real John Kerry exposed and it's Francis himself without a cover to hide behind. If Francis had just talked about himself from the beginning of the poem, he wouldn't have been able to achieve this dramatic turn.' 'Can you read that part Philomena, where this happens,' asked Thomas. 'Sure,' said Philomena, 'here's the last verse in which Francis narrates the poem in the third-person:

*Turn in yourself, John – bring back your eyes fond man  
from restless visioning. What is it to you  
that an eye is furtive,  
a lip derisive, that speech is ruined and no eyes' lightning  
indites the pages of books in lovely verse?  
Become in your seeing, blind;  
in your hearing, deaf – or ever the lovely  
tide of spring will find you  
lip-linging to a clod of earth and your eyes  
stretched in an empty sky.*

And at the start of the next verse is the change:

*Only a deep Cloud of a Man can rain  
rains over a parched earth.  
My [there's the change] gods are  
diminishing . . .*

'But what is really happening here?' asked Thomas.

'I think,' Philomena continued slowly, 'that John Kerry is actually Francis's ego, which is his ultimate persona, as it is with all of us. And it is Francis's real Self – that is, Baba in him – who is narrating and providing guidance to him: "bring back your eyes

fond man / from restless visioning . . . Becoming in your seeing blind; / in your hearing deaf . . ."' For it is ultimately Baba who wants to disengage Himself from being caught up in Francis's ego and its attachment to the values of the world.'

'This reminds me,' said Anselm, 'of something we discussed at the beginning of our study, how it is that the Self gets Itself inextricably bound up with our selves (our bag of impressions called the mind) – this in a sense is the folly of the Self: the Self gets Itself in trouble so to speak. Here is the passage from the "Foundation" (p 9) that explains this: "Self identifies itself with a particular race and people and period and culture, as being a man or woman having strength or weakness, beauty or plain-ness, industry or laziness, success or failure. It [Self] indulges in psychological subterfuge at all levels in order to augment or diminish its own impressions or its particular identifications and it views all forms and conditions in the light of these particularized impressions."'

'And here,' said Thomas, 'is how this idea is plainly but strikingly expressed in the poem of John Kerry:

*Become unstuck, God, in your  
entrancement in this which is called me  
so that your own love for yourself may be  
released in a clear stream.  
Why do you allow yourself to fall into  
error, attaching yourself  
to everything you see through these eyes?  
You are the ever-free  
blissful One – I am the veil between  
yourself and you. Tear this veil  
which is between us – but if you cannot,  
ask BABA to do it for you. (p 60)*

'To be continued

## Matches



Elischa Isaacs-Young and Ira Hodgkins were married on 17 May on the Village Green at Woodfordia.

## Hatches



Jaime Kohleis and Owen Bowling with baby Sophie, born on 12 May.



Avatar Meher Baba Ki Jail to Beloved Baba for Peter Meher Rowan. Born 1am. 2nd August 2014 at Nambour Hospital.



# Tiny and 'Insignificant'

*Ray Kerkhove*

Let's face it. At 500 followers in a population of 23 million, Baba lovers in Australia are nothing. We wouldn't fill a 'born again' church (many seat 1000). The situation is no different overseas – excepting India.

So where is the long-awaited day when the 'whole world' will turn to Baba? How much has changed since the 1960s – 50 years ago?

I try to remind people that it took Buddhism and Christianity 300 years to become the 'state' religion of some empire or other. But that is small comfort when one is continually told 'Baba who? Never heard of him!'

Today, people aren't even inclined to politely enquire about your Baba photos and Baba books. They pretend they're invisible. But don't worry, you seem nice enough to them, so they will 'overlook' this 'insult' and 'forgive' you!

You end up feeling embarrassed. You offer excuses: 'Oh he's an Indian teacher' (of what? the photo screams GURU – and you don't want to go there!). It comes to the point where it seems better not to bring up the topic at all. Better that than endure someone so precious being misunderstood, ridiculed and pigeon-holed.

Partly we can blame public disgust on fundamentalists (Christian, Muslim, whatever). Their extremes have created immense disapproval of religious expression. I'm sure that this is what Baba had planned. After all, he came to do away with religion. He even said his work wouldn't be complete till all the cathedrals, mosques and mandirs had crumbled away.

But I wonder if we have also misunderstood his advent. When he came as Krishna or Rama, did the world know? Did anyone outside of India know even a thousand years later?

It is easy to confuse Baba's spirit with the forms and structures we build around him. One day, probably many centuries into the future, the Baba movement will be as big as Christianity, but would that be a victory? Has any religion, when it expands to that point, been incorruptible? I notice that in no advent did the Avatar draw largely from followers of his most recent advent. Instead, he developed a hotchpotch from every mode of spirituality he encountered, including individuals who followed nothing at all. Also in each advent, he does not seem to have physically visited his home of the previous advent. Baba took no interest in visiting Jerusalem or Mecca, despite these being so central to his most recent advents. Instead, he visited the comparatively neglected centres of his even earlier advents as Krishna, Ram and Buddha. So how important will 'Baba-ism' be to him when he comes again?

All around me, as the decades wear on, I increasingly find 'ordinary people' who declare no particular spiritual affinity saying things and doing things that seem 'Baba-like'. Sometimes the resemblance is uncanny – approaching a direct quote from Baba!

Sure, there's a lot of misery in the world today too, but with the

understanding that this world will always be a very flawed place (MAYA), let's take a wider view. Remember the horrors the world was enmeshed in when the Avatar was physically present 1894 – 1969: global wars, deep-seated discrimination, threat of nuclear annihilation, rampant industrialisation, massive pollution, and institutionalized oppression? At the beginning of Baba's advent, all this was rife, and by the 1930s – 1950s it was peaking – dictatorships were everywhere.

By the end of Baba's advent (c 1967–1969), black rights, decolonisation, Indian rights, feminism, animal rights, environmentalism, land rights, workers' rights and much more had sprung into existence. Granted, all these have had an uphill battle ever since, but notice how they have gone from being marginal to mainstream concerns? In the 1960s environmentalism was the cry of ratbag hippies. Now it is government policy. Even the intensity of war had dwindled. A few score or few hundred casualties (as in the war of terror) is now considered unforgivable. Compare this to the scores of millions who perished in the 1930s – 1940s wars.

'I HAD to come, and I have come...'

So perhaps the 'growth' of the Baba movement is not at all what Baba meant by changing the world? Perhaps he changed the world anyway? Unknown – silently – 'like a thief in the night'? Regardless of what it thought (and thinks) of him, he gave the world the 'push' it needed.

*Continued on next page*



**Tiny and 'Insignificant'**  
*Continued from previous page*

'Today it seems to me that the world is full of people who have 'caught the gist' of what Baba wanted us to be and do. Perhaps it doesn't really matter whether they are 'Baba lovers' or not? They have been born into the change he envisaged, and soak up the

atmosphere he created – whether they realize it or not.

Baba once told a Christian lady that he would help her. She replied, 'But I don't believe in you. He gestured: 'It doesn't matter. I will help you anyway.'

**Chain Reaction - the late 1960s in Australia**  
*Continued from page 13*

On returning to America Robert teamed up again with his friends Rick and Allan, doing Baba's work including the important 'no drugs' work. Individually they wrote detailed letters about the work to Baba and the mandali. They were affectionately referred to as the 'Boston Boys'.

Either individually or as a team they spearheaded many projects in America.

Mani writes in *Family Letters* pp 260-261 'We have been ... following the public activities of the band of newly blossomed Baba-lovers who have launched an anti-LSD project in the U.S.A. since the last few months-- Baba's "Boston Force" as we refer to them. With their academic qualifications and their previous intensive experience with psychedelic drugs, these young men and women are the perfect means to the anti-LSD end.

... Already their efforts have reaped spectacular results, and Baba's message and Name have penetrated to masses thru various openings: lectures; interviews; radio shows; talks at Harvard University, at LSD Conferences, to large audiences and to small groups; brochures mailed

individually to thousands; letters to college newspapers throughout U.S.A.; letters and articles published by magazines and newspapers printed in America and round the world. Such as *Time*, *Newsweek*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Globe*, *Colorado Daily*, *New Society*, and *The Christian Science Monitor*. Baba's statements on LSD appeared with dynamic prominence in last month's August 7 issue of the *Boston Sunday GLOBE Magazine*.

... in an article entitled "God and LSD" by Allan Cohen, one of the Boston Baba-boys propelling the project, Allan writes to Adi K Irani: "It is joyfully obvious that Baba does everything. We would have been incredulous! ... We can only once again marvel at the way Baba works, and makes it possible the improbable spread of His Divine Message."

To return to the question of how Robert Dreyfuss learning about Baba has significance for me I need to mention that Robert returned to the USA after meeting Baba in November 1965, by ship where he met Paul Smith [from Melbourne at that time] and told him about Baba.

To be continued

**CARNAL  
 CRAVINGS**

*Eruch Jessanvala*

*In reply to a Baba-lover who asked about 'carnal cravings'...*

1978

*My dear, coming to the point of your letter, Beloved Baba has given us to understand that our carnal cravings are the legacy derived from our animal ancestry; as such these cravings are inherent. If abstinence cannot be fully exercised to overcome them, at least exercise continence.*

*To exercise continence is not repression. Repression is through fear and begets the experience of misery, while continence is through strength and results in giving confidence and joy.*

*Clean habits in life help keep a clean mind. Frequent remembrance of Beloved Meher Baba guards the mind and helps to "phase out" undesirable addictions. Eventually, as one ages, one gains more useful experiences and tires of the experiences of youth, and even ridicules them in one's old age.*

*At this stage it is best for us to leave everything in His Compassionate Hand and to always dedicate our weaknesses and our strength to our Beloved Avatar Meher Baba and to remember Him constantly.*

*We should strive not to let Him down through our way of life, but to uphold the trust He has reposed in His lovers. It is up to us to try. While one cannot observe total 'fast' (over lust, anger, greed, etc.) one must observe 'strict diet'! Wishing you all the best,*

*Eruch*

LETTERS FROM THE  
 MANDALI OF AVATAR  
 MEHER BABA, p 64,  
 ed Jim Mistry 1981

## Avatar's Abode Welcome Talk given by Bernard Bruford

*Continued from page 7*

would be spending the night there at the Bellevue Hotel. Unfinished work was still progressing. I remember Francis being apprehensive about leaving and he said to us that he knew we would all do the best we could. Then as a final farewell he got back out of the car and pointed out that all the empty cement bags could be gathered up and burnt. He instructed that on this day all work was to cease at five o'clock. However, special dispensation was given to three or four of the ladies to continue making cushions for Baba's chair and feet and this task continued in Baba's House into the early hours.

While we were gathered with Baba, he asked Francis details of the preparation of the property, and Baba expressed both delight and surprise about just what, and how much, had been done for his visit. Back in India, Baba recounted to his close ones details of this property and its preparation for him, and said to them about Francis, 'What daring!'

Looking back to being in Baba's company I now see him, amongst other things, as being a master composer and conductor – in relatively short periods of time the atmosphere could naturally and seamlessly change between being light and happy to deadly serious and then back again. When Baba was discoursing on obedience I was one of the gathering to be singled out and was asked if I would be prepared to go to school naked. I was in emotional overload – absolute panic – and then I saw what could be light at the end of a very dark tunnel. I thought I could get away with a sneaky answer and answered, 'It would be difficult Baba.' He let the topic rest.

Also looking back I find it incredible that at each gathering one always quickly felt that Baba knew you were present and welcome. Others have spoken and written about this – not a skill that can be learnt to such perfection.

A retrospect theory I have developed is the incredible double act performance from Baba as he spoke through Eruch. As Eruch spoke, Baba's body language was almost always in perfect synchronisation with the words of Baba that Eruch spoke out – so much so that it would be easy to forget that Eruch was there. But I have since realised that not only was Baba synchronising with Eruch's voice – he was also first having through sign language to get his message and words across to Eruch. Perhaps this would not be so remarkable if there were breaks after every phrase – but no – Eruch could often speak for Baba without noticeable pauses. Perhaps Eruch was more attuned to what Baba would want to say than I have ever realised.

When we individually received a farewell embrace from Baba, I received quite a shock. Of course I knew that Baba was keeping silence. What I did not know was that silence did not exclude all noises. It was such a loving embrace, but his physical condition was again revealed to me by what I can only recall as a sigh of discomfort. It was too late to try harder for a smoother road for him to travel on.

So let us now continue the program as we in different ways endeavour to entertain and praise our Beloved in celebrating his stay at this, his Australian Abode.

## Avatar's Abode Spring Sahavas

*Continued from page 11*

approved by Baba in 1966 and finally published in 1977 as 'The Mastery of Consciousness'. He was able to attend the first Amartithi in early February of 1969, the only Westerner in attendance who never met Meher Baba in person. Now living in Washington DC, Allan has continued his work with Baba groups and individuals. He has also been involved intensively with the archival and creative work of Sufism Reoriented.

We are looking forward to welcoming Allan and learning aspects of successfully serving Baba in day to day living. Some of the sessions Allan is planning include: **Adventures of a Clueless Aspirant: Lessons Learned** (*early stories of discovery, Baba-work and personal humiliation*); **Implications of The New Humanity and Descendent Spirituality** (practical implications for Baba-lovers and Baba-work); **Handling 'Psychological' Challenges on Meher Baba's Path** (personal and interpersonal conflicts, spiritual experience and spiritual growth); **Meher Baba's 'Practical Mysticism'** (applying divine principles to everyday life, reducing the ego while functioning in the world). Come prepared for a very interactive Sahavas!

Allan will also be visiting the Baba families in Sydney, Melbourne and New Zealand.

*The Spring Sahavas Committee*



## Silence Day at Meherabad - 2014

*Continued from page 9*

were played without soundtracks – so language groups didn't really matter. I went down to visit Baba's Jophdi, which is only opened now on Silence Day and during tours of Lower Meherabad and to watch one movie session. It was amazing how different an experience it was watching a movie with no sound track whatsoever. I found myself focussing more on Baba's form and movements.

Many people were just moving around lower Meherabad in silence. I had a small group of young Indian Baba lovers gesture to me to take a photo of them with me – and one young girl in trying to get her friend to stand where she wanted her to, let slip a word and immediately covered her mouth while everyone giggled silently. That was the only time I saw or heard someone break their silence that day, other than a lady loudly talking on her mobile phone in the afternoon. I actually managed to get through to the afternoon before accidentally letting slip the word, 'cleaning?' when finding the loo locked. But that was my only slip-up. The sense of silence was such, it just seemed natural to be silent.

Finally I would like to finish by sharing one delightful thing that happened in the afternoon. The night before Silence Day, at dinner, this 16 year old Indian girl, Siri, who was rather serious, came over to inform our table (Jamie was there and had given her a guitar lesson and she had formed a friendship with her) that she would most likely be keeping to her room the following day during Silence Day and just focusing on Baba's name to the beat of her heart – or to her breath, I'm not sure now which. But

she was very clear that she would spend the entire day in silence taking Baba's name silently.

Silence Day, after lunch when Rosie, Jamie and I were sitting on the veranda overlooking the central garden on the women's side, Siri came up to us with her headphones on, listening to her music, and sat with us. Rosie was reading from the fifth volume of Rustom Falahati's book, *The Real Treasure*.

I had shown Rosie a thought I had written down that had come into my mind earlier in the day – *How fortunate we are that Baba gives us the opportunity to share in his silence*. As we were sitting there, young Siri and Jamie were getting a little antsy, and when I saw them signing over watching an ant climb the post in front of us, I decided I might write the thought out in bubble print and give a copy to each of them and put my packet of colour pencils there for them to colour the sentence. I proceeded to do this and gave one each to Siri, Jamie and Rosie (she was quite happily reading) but I didn't want her to feel left out and she accepted it very enthusiastically and all three set about colouring in the sentence.

The colouring in worked a treat to settle the two young ones and it certainly made time pass quickly leading to up to dinner time. We seemed to be in lovely surround of silence shared with the different birds calling so sweetly as a musical backdrop to the deep silent stillness.

I read a part in Rustom's book that Rosie directed my attention to about what Eruch said about Baba lovers keeping silent on Silence Day – that it was more than something done in memory and respect of Baba's

observing silence – it was Baba's direct order to his lovers, in perpetuity, to keep silence on Silence Day. And Eruch noted how Baba had given so few orders for his lovers to continue for those who came to him after he dropped his body – 'no drugs except under medical advice' being the other that comes to mind. Eruch certainly seemed to value *all* lovers keeping silence on 10 July, no matter their circumstances.

This incredible silence was suddenly shattered by an Indian lady on the upper veranda speaking very loudly over her mobile phone. I sat for a while, but then, as it continued, I went upstairs to just signal to please be quiet – which I did and she proceeded to tone her talking down to a whisper at least.

Upon coming back, I was met with the sight of three backs bent forward from their chairs, close-up, due to sharing the colour pencils, with their sentences on the parapet, all totally engrossed in their colouring in. The delightful and encompassing silence returned again and continued till dusk came and we left our veranda sitting.

Being in Meherabad for Silence Day was very special. I cannot truly do justice with words to the feeling of being there. There was something restorative and nurturing in my own experience of it. After Silence Day, we were discussing it and wondered if Silence Day would become, in the future, the most important of Baba's celebratory days. After all, the Avatar is always born; the Avatar always drops his body; but the Avatar does not always observe Silence. Whether this happens or not, only time will tell, but Silence Day will certainly always be very special to me after my experience of it in Meherabad.

# Meher Baba Australia

September to November 2014

Editor: Gusi Carpenter

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**Mailing List and Subscriptions:** David Bowling. Email – mbaust@westnet.com.au for more information.

Please email submissions for the next newsletter to stevenhein101@gmail.com or mail to MBA, PO Box 335, Woombye, QLD 4559

Photos to be minimum of 500KB, preferably 1MB.

*PLEASE NOTE that the editor reserves the right to edit all published articles for length and content prior to publication.*

**Front Cover:** Baba at Mascot Airport, Sydney in 1956.

Photograph by Aubrey Rouse. See the story on p 14.

The quote is from *Life At Its Best* p 49.

**Deadline next issue:** 1 November 2014.

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## Activities in Sydney

**Monthly meetings** are held at Meher House, 12 Kalianna Cresc, Beacon Hill, on the last Saturday of each month, starting at 7.30 pm. Emails will be sent to people on the Sydney Baba group email list. If you would like to be added to this list, please contact Michael le Page on

m\_lepage@tpg.com.au, ph 02 9971 2486, or Ross and Jenny Keating on jkeating@tpg.com.au, ph 02 9938 3737.

**Monday Night Study Group** every Monday unless otherwise advised, 6.15 for 6.30 pm start.

Venue: Home of Kris Wyld, 224 Nelson St, Annandale. Reading is followed by pot luck meal. This is an informal evening and all are welcome to attend. For more information contact Kris Wyld at truestories@ozemail.com.au or Jennifer Keating on jkeating@tpg.com.au.

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## Melbourne Meetings

Meetings are held at 6.30 pm on the **last Thursday of the month**, at 55 Brunswick Street, Fitzroy. Please call Tony Zoís for more information on 0421 099 890.

Tony Zoís has also developed a website with information about meetings and other Baba related things. The address is: <http://mehermelb.jimdo.com>

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## Baba Gatherings in WA

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

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## What's on at Avatar's Abode

**Spring Sahavas 4 – 6 October.**

**Special guest is Dr Allan Cohen**

**Monday morning meetings at Avatar's Abode:**

10 – 11.30 am in the Meeting Hall. For more information contact Lorraine on 07 5446 8005 or [lorraine.brown6@bigpond.com](mailto:lorraine.brown6@bigpond.com). All are welcome to join with stories, readings, poetry, songs and a cuppa.

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

**Meher Baba's Discourses Reading Group** continues to meet on Tuesday evenings 6.30 pm in the bookshop at Avatar's Abode. For more information call Geoff and Tian on 07 5442 2467.

**On Friday mornings at 10.30 am in the Francis**

**Brabazon Library** the explorers of God's words are continuing to study and discuss Baba's revelations of who and what we all are. In a few weeks we will have finished *Infinite Intelligence* and will start on Baba's *Discourses*. For more information contact Geoff and Tian Gunther: 07 5442 2467.

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## New Zealand

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

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## Meher Baba Australia Subscriptions

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