

The Way and the Goal

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June 25, 1970

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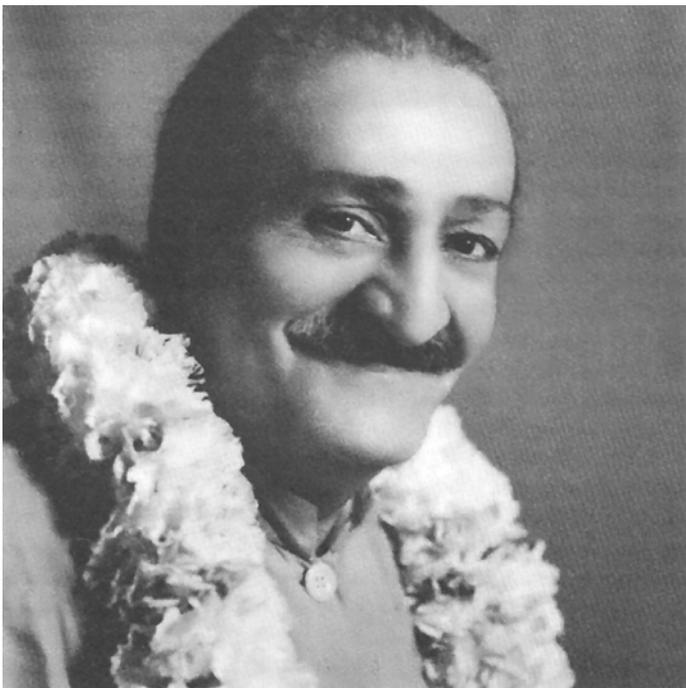
Avatar Meher Baba

The Way and the Goal

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If you are not caught by the Oneliness of God, you will be lost to the loneliness of Maya.

Dr. H. L. Kenmore

What is a Baba Lover Part 2.

Be a Baba Lover—Not a Babble Lover By Dr.
Harry Kenmore

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In the previous article we discussed the question "What is a Baba lover?" and we found that a Baba lover is not one who goes about babbling about his love for Baba—succeeding only in making you conscious of his babbling rather than of his love for Baba.

This conduct of over-vocalization is usually the enthusiastic behavior of the fledgling aspirant on discovering in his world of need, the Advent of Meher Baba. However should these effusive laryngeal histrionics continue without a deepening growth of his

attitude about Meher Baba then his childish prattle is only a babble about his love for Meher Baba.

We learned that among the fast growing numbers of Meher Baba followers there are Baba inquirers and readers—those who scan print about the life, works, messages and declarations of Meher Baba. Those who attend meetings to hear discourse readings of Meher Baba are just Baba listeners, and if they generate a lot of excited feeling about what they hear, they become Baba enthusiasts. Should they stroll from one sectarian group to another, returning full circle to a Baba meeting—still undecided about the particular credo they will follow as the central motif of their life—they are Baba shoppers. It is evident that there are different kinds of aspirants who are interested in and follow the Spiritual Awakener, but how many can be aptly designated as *lovers* of Meher Baba?

This is the first and only time in the history of our Cosmos that the Avatar has appeared and appealed to humanity directly and revealed to us that the secret of all life is not only to love God, but to become actually and personally involved with Him as His lover—a lover of God. In this Advent He has smashed this eternal and perennial fairy tale that God is some guy up there, out beyond, or down below. Nor is He a long bearded guy occupying a hunk of sky somewhere. He's no person, place nor thing. God is your *real* Beloved. To gain everlasting Union with our *real* Beloved (who indeed is our real self) we must surrender all our possessions. And what are these "possessions"? Initiates labor under the misleading notion that their possessions are their property, stocks and bonds, bank deposits, hi-fi equipment, wife, husband, sweetheart, children etc. Surrendering our real possessions means to abandon our habit patterns of desire-thoughts, want-cravings, the whole of our illusion-perpetuating ego—all of our impression-ridden mind.

In the past, humanity was told "We should love God with all our heart, all our strength, all our mind", but it was a Commandment whose significance was wholly lost on its listeners. At our end of the time spectrum, today's Avatar tells us that we should be real lovers of God and to become this we must first *fall in love* with Him. Please remember, this is an ego-liquidating

romance that happens *inside* an individual. Now God is where He's always been and always will be—invisible, silent, and fast asleep within us. This is the God, the Divine Beloved, with whom we must fall in love. Meher Baba, the living Personification of the Divine Beloved, has come to awaken us, to awaken our hearts, to the Presence of His Divine Residence in us. When we constantly think of Him, silently calling out His Name again and again, He will be compelled to stir, to awaken, to rise up in response to our persistent call.

Modern psychology avers that one of the reasons why mankind has gone wild, flying off on a tangent, is that it suffers from the absence of the giving and receiving of love. Now, actually, the only one you can ever love is yourself. You don't love another person—you can *express* love, you can *beam* love, you can *radiate* love, but you don't love anybody *in particular*. Anyone who comes within the personal orbit of this radiation, however meagre or bright it may be, will feel what you *are* and then the response will be automatic. If an individual truly loves you, it is because you already experience and reflect Love.

Love begets love. But what makes us able to love?

First we let God Love us because He is the Source of Love Itself. Love is only an abstraction when we think of it as being a part of God, but when we think of the person of Meher Baba who is literally the Incarnation of Divine Love, ah, then we have personal contact with Love. Then we can feel this Love generated from Him to us and we feel His beneficent Love inside us. This is a real experience—not the sort of love we are able to conjure up with our imagination. It's an actual happening and all of this takes place inside of us.

And what does this Love do? It ignites the Divine or Love-Spark hidden in us, blasting it into flame. When it begins to burn after an unbroken and continuous response accompanied by the feeling of an abysmal gap of separation from our Beloved, then we know what it is to fall in love with our adored Beloved. Those who are on drugs don't know what a real burn is because they've never experienced the igniting of this Love-Spark by the Incarnation of Love, God Himself—in the person of Meher Baba. How could it be possible to experience this Love by taking an outside agent inside of you? All you get with the ingestion, puff or needle is the hallucinatory by-product of irritated and toxic body tissues. This Love is something that is gathered within yourself by yourself as the result of your own tenacious effort.

What Meher Baba has to give is open to everybody; but the fact is that only very few are capable of receiving it. Why? Because only a few are able to make a full commitment to surrender their lives to the Incarnation of Love. You won't get the All until you give and surrender all. That's the Law. It is interesting to note that the anatomical heart of a person functions according to the "all or none" law. All muscle fibers of the heart musculature contract simultaneously as a single unit. Similarly, the heart (that feeling portion of the mind) must be surrendered in total commitment to the Lord of Love, Meher Baba.

Only His Love will save us, save humanity, from all of its ills. And this resplendent Love makes its abode in us when we let it flow into our hearts. Selfishness and self-interest and its attendant ills and shortcomings will be dispelled, displaced and discarded. There will be a lessened tendency to anger, hatred, jealousy and resent-

ment in our reaction to irritation and strain. Certainly, these impressions will not only be mitigated, but they will become nil under the action of Love's influence for as we become Love's ally our whole existence is transformed by this Love. This overpowering feeling cannot be shared with anything that's less than itself or antagonistic to it. It dominates everything in us, and everything around us. It is this Love that gives us that calm, that poise, and the feeling of absolutely belonging not only to God, but to ourSelf. As Meher Baba has often said, the search for God is silent, sublime. It isn't even a search—there's really nothing to find—because He is already there within us, but we must open the heart to receive Him and then He becomes *known*.

We grow up physically to full height and we say we're a man or woman—but are we really? The emotional infant in a mature physical frame is hardly a fit candidate for the give and take of God's Love. Let's always bear in mind that Meher Baba has issued His Call to maturity. Only a mature heart can accept His Love. Someone once wrote that when a man says he loves you because he needs you, he's immature, but when he says I need you because I love you, that's the beginning of maturity. Let's recognize that we need His Love; it isn't something we want, we must have it because this Love is something that is a part of the very matrix and fiber of our makeup. Without it there isn't any reason for existence—there's really no existence at all without the fulfillment of this need—this need for Meher Baba's Love.

In time there must come a deep yearning, a longing, and we'll let it long, and we'll let it torture us. The Beloved is not a candy pop or a popsicle that we suck—something that's going to give us sweetness and little droplets of "happineses." Should we feel this way, then we aren't loving the *real* Beloved. The Beloved—and this is the secret—is going to be very cruel, testing us every step of the Way. Difficulties and hardships will be the rule rather than the exception, but if we have our hearts set on the realization of our real Need for His liberating Wine* of Love, and if we crave continuously for this Wine from the Beloved who's Almighty God Himself, Meher Baba, then we won't let up being conscious of, and desiring fulfillment of this Need until our Cup* is full and we've drunk it down, every drop. And in this test, when going on seems almost unbearable and almost impossible, God will give us a sip of His Wine. He'll give us His Love that gives us the courage, strength and stamina to go on, but our going on is gotten from where? From inside. We get it as the result of our own steadfastness, our own unremitting effort. This tenacity is what pays off. This is what becomes cumulative and never lets us down.

God never lets down a real lover. He becomes absolutely responsible for His real lovers. This quality of complete responsibility and absolute honesty is what always intrigued me about Perfect Masters (Sadgurus). Just think of it. When the world's degradation makes it ripe for the descent of the Avatar, it is the absolute honesty of the Perfect Masters that brings Him down. This tamasha is not their Divine cup of tea. They know that the Universe—His Creation—belongs to Him—the Eternal Commuter to this earth sphere! And they know also that He is the One who is responsible for initiating the modus operandi which made them Perfect Masters.

*Wine - Symbol denoting Divine Love.

*Cup - Symbolizes the heart

Similarly, God is absolutely honest with each real lover. His Love-Call is issued to all, but only a few hear and *respond* to His Call. Why? For the simple reason that only a few of us can be wholeheartedly genuine—sincere—in wholly dedicating and committing ourselves to the attainment of this I AM GOD state—Union with the *real* Beloved.

When Baba listened to the Qawalis (Baba was a perennial fan of these spiritual love songs) He used to tell the Mandali "Oh, if you could only comprehend the real depth of these words." I fondly recall how Baba would gather His Mandali in His living room, usually in the morning, and crank up the ancient gramophone to spin the old 78 r.p.m.'s. And Baba would be drumming with His fingers on the rim of an ordinary metal water basin; His fingernail flipping accompaniment was extraordinary and unique. After hearing a verse or two He'd signal to stop the music. Then He'd gesture the real meaning behind the verse instructing the Mandali how they, His real lovers, should continue to parallel the conduct of the lover in the Qawali.

These Love songs would say, "Beware you who want to become a lover of God—if you only knew what you were letting yourself in for. Don't cry out for this Wine, because once you do, your life will become nothing but turmoil" Now, remember, this Wine that we get doesn't deteriorate us, it integrates us more and more. It strengthens us, makes us more firm and dedicated and gives us power and forbearance. Above all, there's that tremendous sense of integration—completeness.

The only madness we feel is madness for the Beloved. But, of course, we're not mad. If we become really mad after the Beloved we become a *Mast*. We lose consciousness of ourself and of the world, yet still our body, our character, and our purpose will suffer no deterioration. We can go on for decades until God gets a whim to release us from this trapped state of God-Intoxication, God-Absorption.

As real lovers we've set ourselves on an uncharted sea and no one's at the helm but one Captain and that's God—Meher Baba. Let Him also be the Compass pointing in Realization's direction, for He is the only Way and the only Goal. Now God's Love is something that grows gradually in us. It builds up slowly and then one day, when we least expect it, it'll take hold, and it's going to scorch us inside. That longing and that yearning will sear the inside of us from head to foot. Then all we'll want is Union with this *real* Beloved, and we'll know that nothing has meaning in life except the winning and harboring of His Love.

But, remember, the whole of this beautiful experience happens inside of us. When Love really enters the lover it seals his lips. He talks to no one about it. There's a smile on his face, but the tears are there inside. To the one who really loves, to the one who cries for God, there comes a moistening of the eyeballs. And those tears are like pearls—they don't roll down the cheeks. Those that roll down the cheeks are the hot tears of self-pity, but the tears of Love for God are cool and are retained in the eyes.

Birth in this body has been taken by us for solely one reason—to become a real lover of God, who is our *real* Beloved. And there will be no patience exercised and there'll be nothing tolerated in this world until our quest

for Union is fulfilled. When that happens we'll know that the One we've been seeking inside all the time, was simply our Self. In the heart is enacted the drama of lover, Beloved and Love. That is the real Trinity of Existence. As Hafiz once said, "Lift yourself aside. It is you, Hafiz, that stands between Love and the *real* Beloved." Then let us remove ourself so this merging can take place. Let's dedicate ourselves to becoming *real* lovers of Meher Baba, and then Meher Baba will really give to us and exercise within us the Beauty and the Power of His Divine Love.

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Stories of the God-Man

In June 1954 I returned to India after three years in England. I had saved up enough money to indulge in my childhood ambition of owning a car and, with the consent of other family members, we bought a second-hand machine.

Beloved Baba and His Mandali were at Satara, India that year, and He also approved of the idea to purchase the car. He ordered us to have the car thoroughly overhauled as He would need it for His coming *Mast* tour. The car was taken to a service station in Poona where it soon developed that the machine needed a real going over. In India, things proceed at their own leisurely pace, and I found that I was spending a substantial part of my six months leave at the garage rather than with my dear ones. However, the day arrived when the car was ready. Beloved Baba ordered me to bring it to Satara, leave it there for His use, and return to Poona the same evening.

During the drive from Poona to Satara the thought came to my mind that the car had been a real headache to me and now, thank God-Baba, it would soon be His problem including oil and gas. The driver and I reached Satara about ten A.M. and had Beloved Baba's Darshan. He was quite happy with the car; He had a short ride in it and appeared satisfied with its performance.

That same afternoon when He returned to the men Mandali, Beloved Baba suddenly put His hands in the pockets of His pink jacket and turned them inside out. He told me, "You have brought the car for My use, but as you see, I have no money to run it. So, you had better hand over to Eruch whatever money you have—enough for the driver, for my return to Poona, and enough to make sure that all future running expenses are met with." Then I remembered the mean thought that had come to me on my way to Satara. Thus Beloved Baba made me realize my mistake.

Song of the New Life of Meher Baba
and His Companions

I

Listen to the silent words of Meher Baba;
The life-story of all lovers (of God) is based on the
practice of these words.

If you are serious about living this *New Life*,
Then whole-heartedly renounce this ephemeral
existence.

II

We have taken to this life in which we rely only on God:
In this, our will (to do or die) is strengthened by the oath
taken;

We are merrily singing the song of hopelessness.
We are inviting all calamities and difficulties.

III

We neither wail over lost hopes, nor complain about
(broken) promises;
We neither covet honour, nor shun disgrace; Back-
biting we know not, nor do we fear anyone; This is
now the colour of our New Life.

IV

No confusion in the mind, now, nor any ties left;
Pride, anger, lust and greed we know not.
We have no religion, nor care for physical and mental
fads.
The Sheikh and the Brahmin—typifying all castes and
creeds—are now sailing in the same boat.

V

There is no small or great now for us all;
The questions of disciple—Master or Godhood, no longer
arise;
Brotherliness or fellow-feeling is the link that exists, And
this contributes to our present enjoyment of suffering.

VI

This world or the next, hell or heaven, we no longer bother
about.
Shaktis and Siddhis, occultism and miracles, we no longer
think of;
All these false impressions (thoughts) for us have been
purged from the mind.
What has value and importance for us now is to live in the
active present.

VII

Dear ones, take seriously the words of Baba when he
says,
Although now I am on the same level with you all,
Yet all orders from me, good, bad, extraordinary,
You should all carry out immediately, leaving the result to
God.

VIII

Even if the heavens fall,
Do not let go the hand of Truth.
Let despair and disappointment ravage and destroy the
garden (of your life),
You beautify it once again by the seedlings of
contentment and self-sufficiency.

IX

Even if your heart is cut to bits, let there be a smile on
your lips.
Here I divulge to you a point worth noting:
Hidden in your penniless hands is treasure untold; Your
beggary life will be the envy of kings (of the
world).

X

God exists indeed and true are the Prophets;
Every Cycle has an Avatar and every moment has a
Wali.
For us, however, it is only hopelessness and
helplessness.
How else should I tell you what our New Life is! *

This song was composed, with the help of Beloved
Baba, by Dr. Abdul Ghani Munsiff and it was sung almost
every day by the whole party of the New Life.

Since Meher Baba was our companion, equal to all of
us, we had accepted the ruling that He would sweep His
own room and wash His own plates and utensils just as
we had to do. We had to be genuinely honest, humble,
considerate and kind and Baba was also bound by these
instructions. Should He commit an infraction of the rules,
we should immediately bring this to His attention.

There was an incident which occurred not far from
Meherazad during the last leg of our New Life. It was late
at night and time to retire so we scouted around for a
place to sleep. In the pitch dark and without any lamps or
flashlights we stumbled upon a dilapidated building—the
ruins of an old temple.

Dr. D. searched the building to make sure it was fit for
Baba's use and found it was very dirty. Luckily I had a
broom with me and I swept the place. I also spread out
what little bedding I had, for Baba would sleep on the cold
ground even as we did.

After Baba was settled each of us found a place to lie
for the night—except for myself. I was given the duty of
night watch. Sometime later, Baba clapped loudly. I
hurriedly entered the room and struck a match in order to
read Baba's gestures. Baba was vehement. "Why is it so
noisy in here? It's very disturbing!" I stood quietly in the
silence of the night and I heard a sound like the whirring
of wings. Striking another match, I noticed doves nesting
in a wall and I informed Baba of this news. Baba
snapped, "Throw them out! Get rid of them. They're
disturbing Me."

As it's written in the Song of the New Life, we had to
immediately carry out every one of Baba's orders—good,
bad, or extraordinary—leaving the result to God. This
meant I should keep quiet, and follow His order. On the
other hand, I knew very well Baba expected us to point
out His slips. Stand up and sit down at the same time—
that was our New Life. Just as I stepped forward to catch
the birds, Baba clapped again and I turned. "It's *you* who
have slipped. Why didn't you remind Me of the slip?
Enough of this for tonight, but tomorrow will be judgement
day for us all."

The next morning we were lined up before Baba, and I
was the culprit. Baba upbraided me, "Why didn't you
remind me? That would have been unkind—to throw the
birds out of their nests." I sheepishly answered, "Yes,
Baba. I forgot to remind you for a moment, but then I
didn't say anything because you didn't argue about it."
Baba looked sternly at me. "There shouldn't be any
argument about this or anything else." I bit my tongue and
kept quiet. Baba continued, "The only thing that can
rectify this slip of mine (remember that Baba said this as
a New Life companion) is that there should be some
punishment given Me." All I could say was, "As you wish,
Baba." Baba removed His sadra and said, "Each of you
remove your sandal and give Baba a hard slap with it."

He was our companion, He was our friend, He was our
God, He was our Beloved, He was everything to us, and
yet we had to obey His command. Each of us took the
stand and slapped Him once—hard—and then Baba
pinched His own ears. Finally, Baba reminded all of us
that we should always remember to be kind.

Baba took this punishment upon Himself, not for His own good, but to set an example for humanity. He lives amongst us in the world, during His various Advents, so that we can gauge our life with respect to the life He lived. We knew there were many things to be learned, but our impression-ridden mind prevented us from carrying out what Baba wished us to perform. Nevertheless, after Manonash, ** the mind does not exist. There is only One Beloved, and you realize that you are what He is.***

*Meher Publications, King's Road, Ahmednagar, India. English translation from the Hindu original.

**Manonash - The annihilation of the mind.

***Talk delivered by Eruch Jessawala to the Western men gathered at the Guruprasad, Poona, India, June 6, 1970.

Letter Drop

Meherazad, September 9, 1970

My dear Dr. H. L. Kenmore,

Jai Baba! Thanks for your very, very good article about Baba-lovers which appeared in your precious Baba journal, volume 1, number 5, issued on the 25th of May 1970.

Dear Dr. Kenmore really it touches my heart. It is a sublime article useful for all-everywhere in the world. I appreciate this article along with your other talks and articles. Really you are blessed, and God, Meher Baba, has kindly gifted you with such profound knowledge and understanding.

Dear Harry, this Baba journal of the Society for Avatar Meher Baba called *The Way and the Goal*, under your care, is like a torch that shines in the darkness, guiding and leading shining just like the sun on all the hearts of the seekers of the Truth in the East as well as in the West. May Avatar Meher Baba make it lasting for many, many years. Amen. Now dear Dr. Kenmore,

If possible please send one copy of each issue for me in care of Eruch at Meherazad. I want to translate and send it to Iran for the benefit of Baba-seekers there. May Avatar Meher Baba help you in many ways in your work for Him. My Jai Baba to your Annarosa and those who help you in Baba-work there.

Yours Lovingly,
ALOPA



How to Love God

"To love God in the most practical way is to love our fellow beings. If we feel for others in the same way as we feel for our own dear ones, we love God.

If, instead of seeing faults in others, we look within ourselves, we are loving God.

If, instead of robbing others to help ourselves, we rob ourselves to help others, we are loving God.

If, we suffer in the sufferings of others and feel happy in the happiness of others, we are loving God.

If, instead of worrying over our own misfortunes, we think of ourselves more fortunate than many many others, we are loving God.

If, we endure our lot with patience and contentment, accepting it as His Will, we are loving God.

If, we understand and feel that the greatest act of devotion and worship to God is not to hurt or harm any of His beings, we are loving God.

To love God as He ought to be loved, we must live for God and die for God, knowing that the goal of life is to Love God, and find Him as our own self."

MEHER BABA

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