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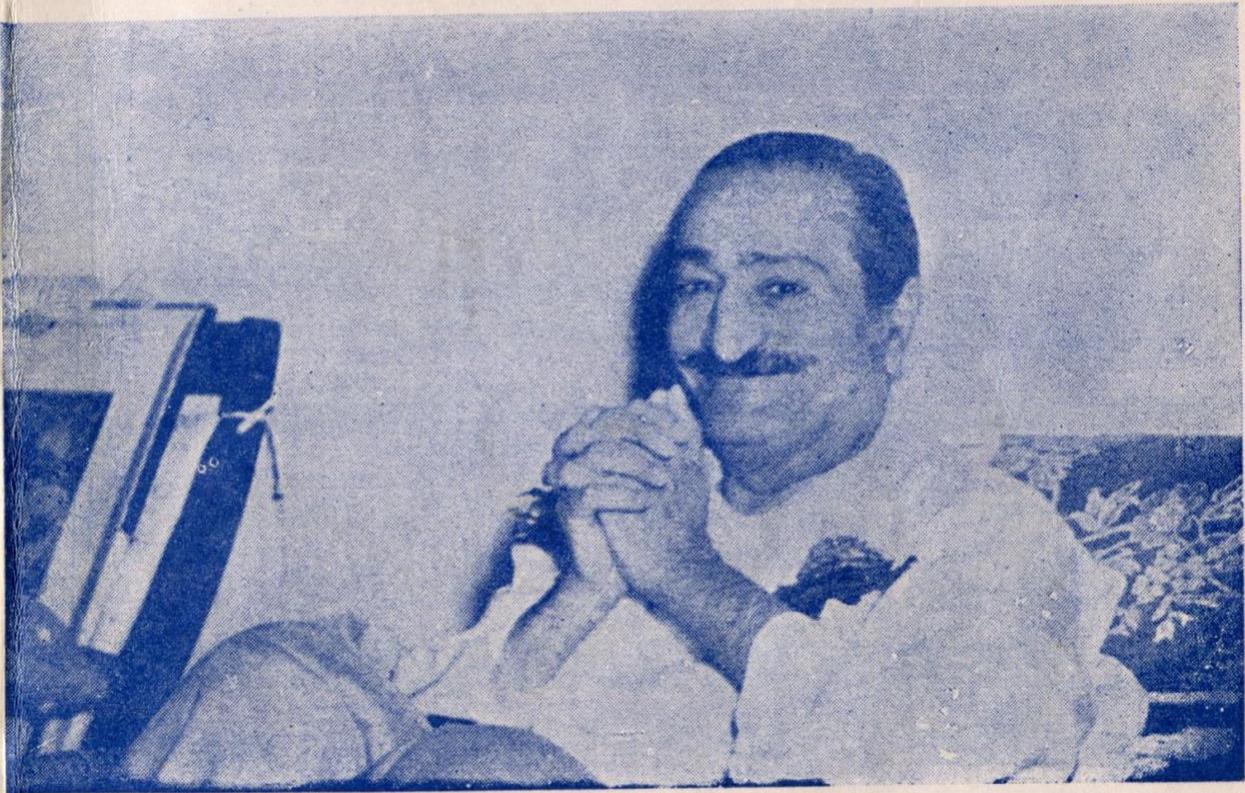
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(DIVINE VOICE)



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EDITOR
SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN

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CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
1. Editorial	... 3
2. Glimpses of the God-Man by Bal Natu	... 6
3. Talk given at Meher House Beacon Hill	... 21
4. My Awakening by Jean Adriel	... 26
5. Meher Baba's Accidents by Charles Purdom	... 29
6. Letter Received by Elizabeth Patterson	... 33
7. Third Letter Received from Meher Baba's Sister	... 37
8. Avatar Meher Spiritual Academy	... 40
9. Avatar Meher Baba Challapalli Centre	... 43

Editorial :

FROM GOD TO MAN AND MAN TO GOD

Man's life is a changing flux in duality

The amazing advances he made in the field of his knowledge of the external world or of the nature which environs him has made him presumptuous to the point of believing himself to be capable of knowing anything and everything when he can lay his hands on the same in terms of rational approach and rational understanding. He is able to control time and distance as well and his latest adventures of flight into space and to the moon as well as his excursions into the genital mechanisms of living things in the lower orders have imparted confidence that in fulness of time he will pierce through all mysteries which have not thus far come within his grasp.

These achievements belong to one aspect of his personality namely the power to discriminate, analyze, and rebuild conceptually how things work out in the world around him, They are undoubtedly spectacular but they are not revelations of the full personality of Man and what pertains to it in its totality or fullness.

His emotional susceptibilities or his participation in external activities to achieve fulfilment of his inner wants or urges or longings remain outside the pale of the intellectual aspect of his being. His emotional responses to situation as they take shape in life or to things or persons may be on a low key or a high key or they may take the form of wonder, fear, hope, admiration, interest, love, repulsion and so on and his activities in the line of finding fulfilment of wants and desires may be strongly powered or weakly depending upon the strength of his character and the driving power of his motivation.

The man's being is thus a complex one and its functioning gets expressed in three different ways—at the emotional level—at the level of knowledge and intelligence which in essence are covered by the power of discrimination and at the level of external action or effort motivated by desires or wants.

There is this other fact that man is in constant search of happiness—his surging desires for this, that and every other

make him restless for fulfilment in which he believes he is made happy. It is a struggle with his environment in which he now rides the crest of success and during the next period finds himself hopelessly down and out against impediments and opposition which out rival his capacities to hold the line. His life with his environment, and the environment includes things living and non-living in fact every one and every thing which makes an impact on him—involves continuous action and reaction between himself at one end and the environment at the other. It is a living in duality and such living produces opposites of states, feelings and reactions. Basically and humanly speaking a love and hate relationship between him and others develop in this continuous battle in his search for conquests which he believes promote his happiness. He succeeds as much as he fails; indeed his successes are conditioned by failures and they must of necessity go together as he cannot know success without a recurrent failure. In duality therefore he can never realize enduring happiness and he is the victim of perpetual tension in his inner being. That is man in essence whatever station he occupies in life as an individual or a social being belonging to an aggregate—a nation, a religious group or a tribal community.

The tragedy which besets him is that the conflicts which centre round him, he accepts as natural and inevitable to life which he as a human being must accept as his lot to live and he does not know any other way of life. His consciousness functions round himself and is constantly fed by the sense of 'I' and 'Mine' as distinguished from that which is not 'I' and 'Mine'. He is thus in thought, feeling, word and deed weighted down by ego, the sense of 'I' and 'Mine'. It is this sense which becomes the source of all evil, his lusts, passions, greed, jealousy. This is true of Man in his individual life as much as his life as a member of a Social collectiveness which is contaminated by the same envelopment of an egoistic or separatist consciousness.

When consciousness is redeemed from its roots in the ego, it invests the being and its outlook with a sense of universality—that is God consciousness. One has no where to go in search of it. He finds it in himself. He has to undergo a process of self-Transcendence. Such self-transcendence from a state of self-imprisonment in the life of the sense-world is the whole

sum and substance of life of godliness. It is not an external change but an inner transformation through which the focus of the being shifts from ego-centredness to God-centredness where God expresses the totality of life or being containing every life and every being. Such a change is against the whole trend of the evolutionary process—the end product of which is the emergence of man with his gross senses experiencing the gross world. One is so much tied to this life wallowing in it as it were; it never strikes—it defies the imagination ever to form a concept of it—a life in the senses but living above it and beyond it—a life in the mind but living above it and beyond it.

One can be stirred into a mood of renunciation by disappointment in worldly hopes and worldly joys. Such a mood does not last—one is sucked back into the current of life as it is lived in the world with its hopes, fears and aspirations.

The Godliness which is found with common-place, humanity with its market-place mentalities is an effervescence of a self-stricken egoistic being. The redeeming experience of love, enthusiasm, inspiration or expansiveness are completely absent. It is just part of the commerce in which the beings have become inextricably bound but it is commerce not with the world but with God who is accepted as the power behind the unfolding life destinies of people to sustain them against the assaults of misfortunes and sufferings. Godliness is resorted to as a panacea to run down the haunting fear of what sorrows, and sufferings life might bring. The Human mind is too commonly subject to the repression of fears and misgivings because of the obsessions of the ego.

The emancipation of the human mind from its thralldom to the ego is the key to the entrance of the being to genuine Godliness or what Christ calls 'the Kingdom of heaven'. Unless one but have taste of it, one cannot long for it and unless one longs for it, one cannot realize it. How to create the taste and how to generate the longing? There are sages and saints who get committed to austere ways of life to achieve the goal. Where such commitment is genuine and real, it is certainly entitled to our esteem because shying away from the joys of flesh is a step and an integral step in the unfoldment of the life of the spirit. But such sages and saints who are engaged

in their own effort to attain liberation cannot be the means of deliverance of other lives who are struck up in the world and struggle with its ignorance. The choice spirits who have successfully made the conquest and who dwell in the world without being affected by it are the masters of life who can and do exercise the power to redeem and indeed redeem. But they act only on a few and not all. Their capacity to transform is limited and when crisis overtake human affairs by the clashes of manyness exiled from the unifying power of love, then God manifests in human form to give a fresh dispensation of the eternal Truth that all life is one,—so uncompromisingly and indivisibly one that alienation from it spells calamities, suffering and decadence. It was such a crisis in human affairs which precipitated the Avataric advent of Meher Baba. His advent was not just to produce a detente in the warring postures of divided nations but to impart an awakening so that man rises to a consciousness of the basic truth of existence, namely unconditional love which binds together all existences into an oneness of being which is called God. Baba in a human form became so precious because He lived the truth in silence and communed with others with the same truth and love in silent splendour. The experience of His silent impact on His lovers was so overwhelming that no earthly delight could approach anywhere near it. To live in Baba consciousness became the creed of His lovers because it meant an unending bliss.

He came on the human scene to awaken this new consciousness away from the bondage of worldly joys and sorrows so that humanity functions with a sense of direction and fuller life and a sense of harmony and understanding of the ultimate truth of life. To His lovers, a life lived in obedience to the unfolding light of the eternal self is rewarding and they reject the lures and tinsel of external enjoyments which are fleeting and illusory. These lovers who are daily growing in numbers represent the torch-bearers of the New Humanity which is the emerging product of the latest Avataric Advent of God in the form of Meher Baba.

Avatar Meher Baba Ki Jai !

(E.L.R.)

Glimpses of the God-Man

M E H E R B A B A

To The Girnar Hills In Gujerat

1948 — Part VIII

—by Bal Natu

God To Man And Man To God

There were no *mast-tours* in October, 1948 though by the beginning of November a plan was getting ready to visit Gujerat. Delia and Jean were to leave for the West by the close of October. Delia writes in her notes, * "When the last day of our departure arrived, Baba said we were not even to shed a tear, as we would be seeing him again whatever happened. So Jean and I left after a three-months' stay, happy with Baba's promise and ready to do the task allotted to us. Having gained an added insight into Baba's working and his technique of changing plans and of building and destroying (the "scaffolding") when the work is finished, we returned to the west, strengthened and recharged with Baba's unflinching love." With the help of the Baba-group in England, Delia was asked by Baba to establish a Center in Great Britain. "It was to be run in conjunction with the parent league in America." On 27th November such an institution was established and the following persons were the office bearers: C.B. Purdom, Chairman; Delia De Leon, Vice Chairman; William Backett, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer.

This was the period when Baba had kept the *mandali* at Meherazad and Meherabad busy in participating in His work of "activity" and "inactivity." The external life of intense activities and the quiet stays of immense inactivity are the two aspects of the indivisible, awake-Life of the God-Man, ever at work—giving as God and living as Man. Those who stayed near Him were trained to lead a life as wished by Him. We find a passing reference to this phase in one of Baba's messages, sent about

* The Awakener Vol, VI No. 2.

this time to one of His dear ones in the United States. Baba stated, "God is very natural, I would say very human and one who finds God as He really is, becomes as natural as God Himself. To achieve that:

- 1) Amongst the complete activity shall always be a period of complete inactivity.
- 2) One must reach a state beyond desire; when one does not want anything, he has every thing"

Meher Baba's Discourses, Volumes I to V, were already printed and published in India. On 25th October a meeting was held to discuss the subject of reprinting them in the West. C.B. Purdom was asked to edit the Discourses. He was allowed to make the linguistic changes in order to make the original Discourses more readable to the westerners, without excluding the stories, similes and examples. He was to write an introduction to this edition. Norina, Elizabeth, Dr. Deshmukh, Dr. Ghani, Adi Sr. and Ramjoo freely discussed this matter in the presence of Baba. It was during this meeting that Meher Baba suggested a new title for all the Discourses which were to be compiled in one book, "God To Man And Man To God".

This book was published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. London in 1955. Meher Baba's Discourses will ever be of great help to the sincere seekers of Truth. Purdom at the close of the Introduction wrote, "These discourses cover a wide field but they begin and end with the reader himself, This, therefore, is not a book for those who do not want to be disturbed and who propose to go on living as they have always done Baba invites those who listen to him to do the impossible because only the impossible has divine meaning. He invites us to be different, looking at each other with different eyes, taking up our work each day, with a different impetus and vision from what we have hitherto known, so that we can say as once was said in the world, 'The Father who dwelleth in me, he doeth the works'. Baba's awakening power is to enable us to experience that our true human being is divine." Thus Baba's Discourses provide an opportunity to the readers to gain much by way of clarity that is so essential in this enigmatic world. The under-

standing of Baba's articles develops an ability to take things as they are in their natural course, with ease and a sense of humour too. One, thus begins to understand one's part in this grand Game of God.

Besides the content of the Discourses, the very title of the book holds profound significance. Some years ago during my stay in Poona, in the company of my friend, I happened to visit coincidentally one of the saintly persons. I found him sitting calmly and devotedly before the life-size picture of his Master. I was introduced to him as one of the Baba-people. By the way he asked me to relate to him, in a nutshell Baba's Philosophy. I quoted Baba's words, "A simple thing made difficult is philosophy!" As he heard this he heartily laughed. I added, "Sir, what you ask me to state is beyond me. I, however, feel that the title of one of His books represents the crux of Philosophy, the Way of Life." "What's that?" he enquired eagerly. I replied, "God To Man And Man To God." "Marvellous. How true!" he exclaimed. Baba with all simplicity always maintained the profundity of spiritual truth!

Infants Are The Epitomes Of Purity.

In the last week of October, 1948 Baba consented to bless a function connected with the opening of Babawadi. The word Baba in vernacular means a father, as well as a baby. Babawadi means a school for the babes. One of the founders of this institution was Goma Ganesh, a post-graduate Baba-devotee. He had met Baba first in July, 1925 a few days prior to the commencement of Baba's silence. He had not conversed with Baba but had heard Him speaking with Arjun, one of the intimate *mandali*. He was specially intent on hearing it seriously because he knew that Baba was to begin observing silence soon. He recalls that Baba's voice was exceptionally mellow and deep-toned. This early period of contact with Baba inspired him to write a small booklet in Marathi named Satsamagam. It was a short biographical Baba-brochure. It was published on Baba's birthday in 1926. Goma Ganesh served as a teacher for some months in the school at Meherabad. He composed some stanzas in Marathi in praise of Baba and these were recited by the boys in Meher Ashram. Perhaps this love for teaching and coaching

children continued and blossomed in him as he joined hands, in starting Babawadi in Ahmednagar. Incidentally at the time, Baba was not engaged in any of the *mast-tours*, so He accepted the cordial invitation extended by Goma Ganesh and agreed to be present at the time of inauguration of Babawadi. The date fixed was 25th October morning. The following message from Baba was read out at the function:

"..... Selfless work, as you all know, has many aspects in the social and political field. Each aspect thereof, though tinged by particular cultural background, has its own merit and consequential reward.

But the work relating to the welfare of babies is in a class by itself. Babies and infants, everywhere in the world, are the very epitomes of God's purity and innocence. They are guileless and helpless—and yet they desire and expect nothing. Why do men see and recognise the enemy and the criminal outside? Because the so-called enemy and the criminal are already within them. Babies have no criminal or enemy within and therefore, see none outside.

I am also called Baba which endearingly means a baby; and in fact, all God-realised souls are unsophisticated like babies. I, therefore, see and enjoy my purity and colourlessness in the unself-conscious ones, the babies.

This is what is real self-less service, when you are serving the little self-less ones and this tantamounts to rendering service directly unto God. The Biblical statement, "And whose shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth Me" bears out what I have said

The above message brings to my mind one more incident of the same kind that took place some years earlier. Meher Baba's love for the little ones was strikingly sublime. The work connected with the nursing and education of the babes evoked a special response from Baba. One of His followers named Dixit was pioneer in the educational field at Kolhapur. He was one of the founders of a reputed institution, the premises of which were

known as Tapovan, the forest school where boys were expected to practise *tap* (penance) of learning. As early as 1930 while visiting the southern part of India, Baba stayed thrice in Tapovan. The news of His second visit was received in advance. So, He was accorded a rousing welcome by the pupils and teachers alike. Baba stayed there for two days with Chanji, Vishnu and a few other *mandali* members. He freely mixed with the boys and played cricket and hockey with them. He spared time to give a "talk" to the boys of course through the alphabet board, on the importance of daily meditation. To the teachers, He later discoursed on the subject of "I and the Creation." In honour of this visit the staff and the boys arranged to plant a mango sapling in front of the seat occupied by Baba.

Tapovan later also known by the name of Vidyapeeth, had only the primary and secondary classes. In 1942, Dixit with his other associates, was successful in receiving a special grant and in addition a gift, in the form of a building from the city Municipality, to start a Montessori School. He conveyed this happy news to Meher Baba and implored Him to be present at the opening ceremony. The mango tree planted in 1930 had borne good fruit! The work connected with the welfare of the babes was dear to Baba's heart but at this particular time He was engaged in His work with the Babes of another type—the *masts*. Are not the *masts* though man-grown fairly childlike? So on Baba's behalf Adi Sr. was sent to Kolhapur with a special message which was read out on 18th September, 1942. It is given below:

"One can render unselfish service in the domain of culture. The form of service that a Montessori School takes, has a practical value. It deals with infants' nature in the prime of its development. Their care-free hearts reflect qualities that are divine by their restless pranks and blissful for their innocence. It is to see how far you can make use of this "Divinity" in man, expressed through the child-God. A little patience, a little kindness, infinite (great) understanding and sweet love are the only things by which the teachers can repay for having received the usefulness (opportunity) of human service at its purest"

The God-Man Remains Wakeful In Sleep.

At the beginning of November, 1948 Baba set out on a *mast*-tour in Saurashtra, a part of Gujerat. Baidul, Kaka, Gustadji and Eruch, the regular *mast*-team accompanied Baba. During this visit, in addition to this group Baba also asked Adi Sr., Nariman, Meherji and Chhagan to go with Him. On 2nd November by night the party reached Junagadha which is one of the famous towns in Saurashtra. Behind this township stands the reputed Datar Hill. Baba had an intention to stay on this Hill in seclusion for two days. For the night halt the party decided to camp in one of the shrines in Junagadha. It was dark and the *mandali* cleaned a small room, with the help of a tiny broom and a dim-lit lamp. This was to be Baba's bedroom. Outside, there was a bench of concrete. The *mandali* thought that it could well be used by those on the night watch. They had reached the shrine after hours of tiring train journey and felt fatigued. A good supper and rest was the need of the time. Baba assigned the timings for which the disciples had to attend Him in turns at night.

Gustadji, the silent disciple of the Silent Master, was to attend Baba from 3 a.m. onwards. As he joined the duty it was pretty dark and cloudy. He leisurely took his seat on the bench. After some time he wished to urinate. He was entirely new to the place. So, instead of groping here and there and also to be close enough to hear Baba's call—a clap, he thought of moving a little away to the rear side of the bench to pass urine. He got up, unbuttoned his long coat, untied the cord of his trousers and was about to get behind the bench, being confident that he would not be needed as Baba was snoring. Just then he heard Baba's clap, a signal to call in the one on night watch. Hurriedly Gustadji rearranged his trousers, buttoned up the coat and went inside.

Baba enquired as to why he did not come at once. Gustadji had to explain through gestures the reason of his late arrival. Baba gestured back, "All right. For the present, I do not want anything. But be seated on the bench, I may call you any time." As the *mandali* were trained to the life of obedience to Baba, poor Gustadji had to curb the urge to empty the bladder and sit quietly on that cold, concrete bench. After an hour or so, Baba

clapped and Gustadji instantly opened the door and stepped in. The Master looked pleased and gestured, "Happy with your promptness. You can now ease yourself if you want to." By this time the sky looked fair and clear. Gustadji looked carefully behind the bench and to his amazement he saw the reflection of the stars. "Is there water or land?" he wondered. In fact there was a lake by the side of the shrine. A few hours earlier Gustadji, in the darkness of the night did not suspect its existence. Had not Baba clapped in the nick of time, Gustadji would have fallen in water and seriously wounded. Being silent he would not have been able to call out loudly for help. But the God-Man's omnipresent attention saved him from this mishap.

There are a few instances when the *mandali* had noticed Baba snoring and it was surprising for them to find that in spite of this, He was in the know of what was going around Him. The sleep of the God-Man cannot overlap His real state of everlasting Wakefulness. In His so-called sleep, He just rests His body. In the course of time, He drops the body but His ever luminous Wakefulness of itself continues to watch and guide those who love Him and are working in His Cause.

Greatness Of The Girnar Hills.

The next day on 3rd November, Baba contacted two *masts* in Junagadha. Jina Sain was in *majzooob*-like state. It was reported that few years ago he used to stand all night in water and meditate. Now, he was found lying unconcernedly under a tree. The other *mast*, Munga Sain, was experiencing a deeper state of *majzooobiat*. He rarely spoke and had to be fed by others. He just looked at Baba with all the tenderness of his heart, a unique communication where words dare not disturb the dignity of silence. Baba liked Munga Sain and wished to keep him near, during the period of seclusion on the Datar Hill a part of the Girnar Ranges. On the top of this Hill there is a *samadhi* * of a God-realised soul named Bapuzamil Shah Datar, It is also said that he once entered one of the caves on this Hill and disappeared. People believe that his spiritual presence is still

*Lit. A state of complete absorption of thought into the object of meditation; also a place where the body of a saint or a Master is interred.

felt and that he guides the sincere aspirants in their internal journey to God.

Baba and the *mandall* trudged hundreds of steps to reach this *samadhi* on the summit. Munga Sain, the *mast* was carried up in a sedan chair. During the two days' seclusion, Baba sat alone with this mute *mast*, in the silent conferences! Baba was observing fast but he regularly fed Munga Sain with His own hands. At the close of the seclusion-period the poor, living near about this Hill were called in this shrine and Baba offered some money to each as *Prasad*. Perhaps it was a pretext under which Baba established a spiritual contact with these forlorn souls, that would guide them on their Way back to Him. On Datar Hill the Baba-party also came across a band of sincere aspirants and Baba praised their life of "exemplary simplicity."

By 6th November, Baba was back to Junagadha. The following day, the party scaled another summit of the Girnar Hills. There, Baba sat alone for hours in one of the caves named after the sage-king Bhartruhari. With reference to the spiritual atmosphere on the Girnar Hills, Baba stated that every *Avatar*, born in India, had visited this area. In favour of the surcharged atmosphere, a tale is carried to this day that in olden days from one of the high crags, some aspirants would fling themselves deep down the dale below. This was not undertaken out of despair or depression. This precedence was carried out as "the climax of a most solemn and splendid ceremony." And down the cliff in no time their bodies would be devoured by lions for which these jungles are still famous.

Silent Emanation Of Spiritual Perfume

In addition to the Girnar area, Meher Baba has mentioned two more places in India that abound in spiritual atmosphere. They are Rishikesh and Benares. In summer 1941 Baba's significant statement about Rishikesh was, "Of all the places of pilgrimage in India I like Rishikesh It is one of the best places in the world for its spiritual atmosphere." About Benares (Kashi) the following is the gist of what Baba conveyed to the *mandali*: "Since times of old, there have been many saints and sages who lived here and practised penance and meditation. Some *Sadgurus* (Perfect Masters) stayed here. It

is due to these advanced souls and the Perfect Masters that this place is surcharged with spiritual vibrations. True sanctity does not lie in the dead walls of brick and stone or the waters but it is due to the great spiritual personalities who stayed here and filled the environment with the fire of their love and in the great spiritual forces released by the Master. The *Avatars*—Ram, Krishna, and even Jesus had been at Benares during certain periods of their Life."

After recharging the spiritual atmosphere of all the important places in India, *Avatar* Meher Baba, at present, silently but powerfully emanates an all-inclusive spiritual perfume from the Tomb on the Meherabad Hill. Hundreds who visit the Tomb bear out testimony to this supernal occurrence.

" How Can I Let The God - Man Go? "

By 11th November Meher Baba was at Delhi and contacted two *masts* and two *mastanis*. One of the *masts* who was quite old, always preferred to keep his whole body covered with a blanket. The only bait that induced him to uncover his face was to offer him a *pan*. The old *mastani* lived in such a tiny hut that one wondered, how she could manage to get in and out of it. The next day Baba visited two centenarian *sadhus* who had undergone severe austerities. This day, however, was regarded as one of the eventful days because of Baba's contact with a remarkable *mast* named Amanullah Kabuli. He was a type by himself. He had in him, a mixture of *jalali* and *jamali* qualities of the *masts*. His responses alternately changed from *salik*-like to *majzooob*-like states.

Baba felt pleased to have a secluded contact with this rare type of God-intoxicated soul. At the close of the meeting the *mast* enquired of the Baba party as to where it was proceeding. Baidul told him that they were bound for Ajmer, whereupon the *mast* expressed a desire to accompany them. It was one of Baba's ways that He expected a happy parting from the *masts*. Through Baidul He gave Amanullah a ten-rupee note and asked him to make his own arrangements and happily allow the party to take leave. When Baidul cordially pressed the *mast* for such an oral permission, he gave Baba a pleading look and replied, "When the God-Man is standing in front of me how can I let Him go?"

Baidul, however, tried again to seek his consent. The mellowed heart of the mast got filled to the brim with love and he spoke, "All right. May He go but I will send Him (Baba) such love-cables that will drag Him to me." Hearing this Baba gestured. "In that case I am sure to come." With these words of assurance the *mast* felt overjoyed and began to quote some lines from the Urdu and Persian couplets, all in praise of Baba, the God-Man. At the end, the *mast* held Baba's hand with great fervour and was seen almost in tears. Baba's divine glance had touched the tender chord of his consciousness, sure. It was a touching farewell. Meher Baba's relationship with the *masts* and their love for Him is a subject beyond description, in fact beyond words!

The Master Fed By The Mast

On 14th November, Baba was at Ajmer (Rajasthan). The next day He paid a special visit to the illustrious shrine of Khwajasaheb, to contact Chacha, resting majestically in his hovel! Chacha as Baba had explained was the Real *Majzoob* who was conscious of nothing except Himself as God. From Ajmer the party moved on to Baroda. The purpose of visiting this city was to renew the link with Chambu Shah, a typical *mast* of the fifth plane. The peculiarity of this *mast* was that at every contact, he asked Baba for the new clothes and gave Him his torn, dirty clothes, with a request to wear them. And Baba invariably complied with this. Later, all these clothes were carefully packed and preserved in nice tin cans at Meherazad. From Baroda, Baba made a special trip to Khambat to visit two God-intoxicated persons. One had several cats and dogs as pets. The other *mast* was seen most of the time circumambulating the fortress wall, a strange restlessness that kept him roaming and roving, mumbling and singing, perhaps till his last breath! How could the fire of love allow a *mast* either to work or rest? Viramgaon lay to the north-west of Khambat. The *mast* of this place. Haji Ahmed, regularly visited a pond at night and sported in water. He remained naked, day and night. A man-grown child!

Baba, still in Saurashtra moved on to Morvi; it is a beautiful town situated on the banks of the river Macchu, Here lived an eminent *mast* named Ali Shah Majzoob. He should not

be confused with Ali Shah, the loving and quiet *mast* of Ahmednagar. This Majzoob of Morvi was a short, fat figure. Immersed in the state of *majzoobiat*, he sat looking nowhere, yet waiting with somewhat aloofness, for what God knows! Perhaps it was for his meeting with the God-Man. He seldom spoke unless spoken to. At times, after warbling a word or two he would slip in to a strange remoteness, off the world, in a domain of delightful ecstasy. With a cluster of long hair and beard, he seemed to have an aristocratic bearing. Sometimes he would open a tap which was by his seat and enjoy the flow of water ceaselessly rushing out. His face failed to hide his restlessness. While sitting or eating, the same temperament would manifest itself. At the time of lunch or supper he would mix all the dishes in one hash. He ate a little but distributed the rest among those present near him.

When Baba visited this stately spiritual personality, it was about midnight. On seeing Him at a distance, the *mast* exclaimed in loud voice, "The Real *Faqir*." *Faqir* generally means a poor mendicant but in Sufi terminology the term Real *Faqir* means a Perfect Master. By this time, the *mast* had just finished his meals and so whatever was left over he commenced giving it to Baba and Baidul. At the end he offered even water to Baba. Chatri Baba was the only *mast* who bathed Baba and Ali Shah of Morvi was the only *majzoob* who fed Baba. With all the compliance, Baba did not find the *mast* in a good mood for a quiet contact. All of a sudden, the *mast* started walking to and fro in the room. It ended by 1 a.m. He then told the visitors, excepting the Baba-party to leave the room. Then he asked Baba for dates worth a pice. Baba who was exceptionally particular in catering to the wishes of the *mast*, prior to the contact, sent one of the *mandali* to fetch the dates. In the dead of night the dates were purchased and given to the *mast*. Ali Shah Majzoob felt satisfied and Baba happily sat with him for a secluded contact. The nature of such work Baba alone knew. But it must have been an amiable affair because Baba left Morvi, with His men in merry mood.

On way back at Rajkot, Baba asked the *mandali* to invite 150 poor persons and He offered *prasad* to all, very lovingly. At Ahmedabad He contacted over a hundred *sadhus*, in the Ashram

of Jagannath Maharaj. In addition, a few *masts* and *yogis* were also blessed with Baba's physical touch. The *mast* named Majnu was grey-haired and had closeted himself in a shrine for about thirty years! A *yogi* named Harihar Maharaj was standing for years on one leg. He generally kept his face covered to ward off inquisitors. It seemed that he had mastered the art of taking rest and sleep, in the standing posture! From Ahmedabad the party left for Bombay. The *mandali* felt tired for want of good food and rest. They had no time to wash and put on clean clothes. But such thoughts would occur to them only when they commenced the return journey!

" Where Is That Dumb Fellow? "

While journeying back to Bombay an unusual gale with great velocity hit the land. The trees were uprooted and few fell flat on the roads and on the railway track. The heavy rain that followed dislocated the railway traffic and created breaches on the railway tracks. The train that was carrying the Baba party towards Bombay had to stop by a jungle near Nadiad; and it was declared indefinitely late. The *mandali* with Baba had accommodated themselves in a small III Class coupe, generally reserved for the servants of those travelling in the I Class compartment. This composite bogie was the first from the engine. The driver was a Parsi gentleman. Baba wished to have tea. So Eruch approached the driver and asked him in Gujerati if he could spare some good water to which he replied, "Very gladly." The Baba-party had tea and the *mandali* commenced playing cards, a game of 'La-risk' with Baba. The driver heard this respectable group of Parsis speaking in Gujerati and felt drawn. He peeped in and as a gesture of friendliness joined them in the game of cards. Baba had put on a coat and also a cap that covered His long hair. He played the game with such ease and grace that the driver had not the slightest hint or sign that Baba was observing silence. But he did detect the silence of Gustadji and would refer to him as a *muga*—a dumb fellow. After the game, Eruch prepared rice and *dhal* for Baba on a mini-stove that the party used to carry in such trips.

The repairing of rails continued throughout the night. Gustadji from his early age was leading a simple life, in the

company of the Perfect Master like Sai Baba, Upasani Maharaj and now *Avatar* Meher Baba. He was not used to the ways of the civilized world, which out of necessity demands considerable haste. The next day by early morning, as per the custom in Indian villages, Gustadji with a tumbler filled with water proceeded for a nearby jungle, to ease his bowels. About this time the "All Well" signal was received by the driver. The engine whistled to warn the passengers to get into the compartments. The driver learnt that Gustadji had gone out. Hence he whistled and whistled at intervals. But Gustadji had no idea about this. Again and again the driver leaned out from his seat to enquire of Eruch, peeping from the next window, "Where is that *muga*—the dumb fellow? Has he come? Is he deaf too?" After some time Gustadji appeared on the scene walking leisurely but finding no passengers standing out of any compartment, somehow realised the situation. As he hurried, he lifted and waved the tin-tumbler at the driver as a signal to wait a while. The driver felt much amused at this gesture and particularly the expression on Gustadji's face that reminded him of an innocent child, about to miss a bus. Eventually he got into, as many eyes from the many windows were focussed on him, and on moved the train. It goes without saying that Baba immensely enjoyed the fun.

I have specially recorded this incident in detail to show that the driver who freely mixed with the *mandali* detected Gustadji's silence but he did not even guess that Baba too, with whom he participated in the game of cards was observing silence. One could be with Baba for hours without any impression that He was observing silence. This reminds me of another incident where Baba's silence was detected but it evoked an unexpected response. This also took place in a railway journey. Baba was on one of His *mast*-tours. The compartment in which the Baba party was travelling was not crowded. Two elderly ladies were sitting on the other side of the bench. During the journey they saw Baba using gestures to convey some instructions. The conversation was either in Gujarati or English. Baba's personality naturally arrested the attention of the two ladies and they closely, though not directly, watched Baba's gestures. One of the old venerable ladies with motherly affection conveyed to her companion, "How proud would have been the mother to have

such a robust and handsome son! But what an ill-luck he is dumb!" Some of the *mandali* overheard this remark spoke softly in Hindi. When they told this to Baba He had a lively laugh.

Returning to the account of the tour in Gujerat, the train left Nadiad by sunrise. But, as it neared Bombay it was detained again at Bassien. A part of the railway track was submerged in water. Once more they had to wait long. Baba reached Nariman's flat—Ashiana in Bombay, 24 hours late! From Bombay the party proceeded straight for Meherazad by car. The *mandali* looked quite tired but Baba appeared fresh and cheerful; for, any 'expedition' of contacting good *masts* was the work He loved most.

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(To be Contd.)

Talk given at Meher House, Beacon Hill, on the 13th Anniversary August 1969 of Meher Baba's stay there on his first visit to Australia in August, 1956.

I have come back to Australia after living with Meher Baba the beloved God-Man for 10 years; and I have brought no message which you have not already received – for the only message that beloved Baba ever gave was: *I am the Ancient One who is your eternal Beloved.* And I have nothing to teach anyone—for the only teaching our Beloved gave was: *Love me. And when your loving becomes complete and perfect you will know me as I really am; and as I really am, you ultimately will be.*

All I can do is to tell you about the Beloved I know – the same Beloved which each of you knows. But my experience of him is different to yours—it is different in each one. The picture of him each has is the same—Eternal-belovedness—but in a different frame; the jewel each keeps in his heart is the same—Ever-lovingness—in a different setting. To talk about the Beloved to other lovers of his, to sing his praise, drives out the strangers we have allowed to infest the rooms of our hearts, making a clean, empty house for him to live in. These strangers sustain themselves on unlove and separateness and cannot endure the sound of his Name. But the Beloved on his daily walk down Love Street, when he passes a house from which his name is being sweetly sung says to himself, there is a door on which I must soon knock; there is a lover nearly ready to receive the Word of my Glance.

And so I go on talking about him and singing songs of his Name, knowing that one day in some life he will stop and knock on my door, and I will run quickly and open it and bring him in.

Beloved Baba, God-Man Meher Baba, is what each one of us ever was, what each is now at this moment and what each will ever be—the unique Self of each. But in us as we are consciously he is both knowledge and ignorance, free and

imprisoned, fulfilled and prevented; the seeker and the seeking and the sought.

Because he is all these things he is an easy Beloved to love but an impossible Beloved to please. He says, Love me, —And when you answer, But I do love you, replies, Love *me*, not what you think I am.—He entices you to take a certain step, and when you take it says, Where are you going? That is not the way to me.

He has been with you for millions of lives—as your life, as your breath, as your intelligence, as your loving, but you have not known him because you covered him with your longing for him. And if he had allowed but a ray of his glory to shine in you, you would have become ash—and not as ash is your date with the Beloved, but as a song without selfness, a smokeless flame of his flame singing his eternal belovedness.

So he kept you shielded from destruction and shone in you only as your love and your longing; and by these he lit your way and gave you inexhaustible energy to pursue it. So you were able to break out of stone binding and plant and worm and fish and bird and animal bindings and become a human being—image of his Imagelessness, And his light shining as your love and longing has now brought you to knowledge of him; and there is nowhere further for you to go and nothing more for you to do except array yourselves in the jewels of dust and await his knock on your door. And the inexhaustible energy which drove you on and up and across the kingdoms of evolution will enable you to endure the waiting.

This is my telling you about the Beloved, beloved God-Man Meher Baba. Others can give you the honey of occasions when he said this, when he did that: of the time when his stride reflected his unconquerableness, when his voice charmed every listener, when his glances were as terrible as lightnings and his smile as tender as a spring sun. They can tell you of the Great Mast Journeys, the journeys, with a few chosen disciples to find the mad-after-God and the lost-in-God to re-align their sights on him the eternal, ancient, shining Beloved, and how he kept his God-manness covered and had the disciples refer to him only as their elder brother; and how he pursued the poor who are

proud and do not accept charity, and devised ways of helping them without their knowing who had helped.

But I came late and have no honey-hoard of stories of the early and middle years. And the general occasions and incidents of the last years, the years of my stay with him, have escaped me—as though the Beloved had punched the bucket of my memory full of holes; and all the personal occasions of that stay have resolved themselves into one continuous occasion of his unbounded love, immense patience and unutterable loving-kindness. From the cream of separate occasions the divine Churner has extracted the butter of unending occurrence. That beloved Baba allowed me to sit at his feet for ten years is alone proof that his love and patience are infinite. And as for his kindness, he would allow me to see that much of his God-manness and that much of my not-manhood that I could not bear the burden of it another moment; and then he would press my hand, and the pressure said, Bear, bear and yet bear—causing tears, God knows from where, to run out of my stone eyes.

This is the Beloved I know and am telling you about. His real life story has not yet been told, and never will be—for his message is in his love which is unfathomable, and his life was according to our need which is bound up with the whole sweep of the creation which was contained in his First Question, Who am I? which the sun-stars tumbling out of God's mouth were the first syllables of answer.

The real story of the Beloved is in our response each time to his call. It is all the stories of individual lovers, which have no completion until the lover merges with the Beloved forever—and then can never be told.

The Beloved is who he is; and even the perfect saints who see nothing but him do not know fully what that is. Whatever has been said about him by lovers all through the ages was nothing but his own Self-song limited by the notation of form; and whatever will be said by lovers to come will be the same thing. Nothing new is possible; yet in every lover the song is entirely new, for the Ancient One is born every moment from his original breath on which the universes of stars and the seed-image of Man floated like the banners of a beautiful army.

How incalculable is the past and how immeasurable is the future and how immense is now—this living moment of the Beloved's name. If we do not carry that Name on our breath, of what use is it to breathe? Everything in nature breathes in its present self-state towards its next stage. Rock breathes towards plant, plant towards worm, worm towards fish, fish towards bird, bird towards animal and animal towards Man. If we breathe only to sustain our daily lives of work and leisure we are less than animals.

The real story of Meher Baba is in his Name which he has put into our hearts to love and breathe and sing wherever we are and whatever we are doing, and in the Brotherhood which he has established for us in his Name—a brotherhood in which his lovers will be free to serve, to pursue, and to entertain the Beloved.

Not for thousands of years has this freedom (the only real freedom) existed. Always have the lover's attentions to the Beloved been circumscribed by the laws of despots and his life threatened by tyrants and dictators. We have had enough of saintship through martyrdom, what is due in the world now is saintship in joy.

The full fruiting of this brotherhood will be the New Humanity in which we will not need to converse with God by signs and symbols so that the agents of oppression shall not overhear us; we will talk to the Beloved in our own tongue. We will not have new libraries of wisdom literature and fresh hordes of scholars to interpret it, or new dogmas upon which priests can grow fat; and most of all we will not have God in an image—whatever image—made by someone else, but in the image we will create by our loving and serving. At present the image of the Beloved in our hearts is smudged and distorted by so many prohibitions and licenses. We will have to invent a new entertainment for the Beloved—for he quickly gets bored with mere silent adoration—and that will require a new syntax of love which cannot be strangled by rules and a new concept of devotion which flows freely and cannot be harnessed to manifestos.

The establishment of the New Humanity will be the one grand miracle which God-Man Meher Baba has promised us he

will perform. Already his Word has gone out as thousands of missiles each pin-pointed to a heart craving for union with it. And his stockpile of the Word is inexhaustible. Even those not eager for destruction will not escape altogether. Reserved for them are tiny missiles which will cause strange heart pains and provoke longing for beyond themselves—dreams of possibilities and visions of things to be.

Man ever prides himself on his inventiveness; he does not know that each thing he invents was already there in the mind of God. Men are able to make missiles because God has already made them; theirs are to destroy cities, his are to demolish the seats of power in the heart. Men will only fire their missiles so that they will be on earth as they are in heaven.

We are the servants of the Word of the New Humanity. We have rejected the God who lives in great institutions and organisations because he is dead in the heart, and we have chosen for our God the divine Beloved whose body we interred at Meherabad but whose breath is the life of our bodies and whose love is the soul of our loving; who goes before us and remains at our side; whose glances are lightnings and whose smile is a spring morning: the Beloved whose doctrine is, *Love me*,— and whose message is, *Serve me in one another*.

We know that we are facing an immense journey, a journey that begins beyond the swing of the universe, a journey from flesh to dust, from separation to union with God the divine Beloved. But the work of each day and his being with us is sufficient for each day; and tomorrow was already taken care of when he spoke the First Word and strung the suns on his breath as a necklace for his beautiful throat.

JAI BABA.

MY AWAKENING *

—Jeanne Adriel

In a cheerfully-lighted bookshop in New York City, men and women are standing about, conversing in small groups. Perhaps it is the night of a lecture by Paul Richard,—formerly associated with Shri Aurobindo Ghosh,—or may be it is the Indian, Swami Paramananda, or the pundit Dr. J.C. Chatterji, for these and many more found an interested and intelligent public in the clientele of the North Node Bookshop.

Or perhaps it is a later period, when lectures have been abandoned in favour of "The New Life Experiment," in which those participating sought to discover for themselves, without the aid of teachers, the secret of harmonious living.

Though never followers of J. Krishnamurti,—whom we knew and greatly admired,—we were in agreement with him that each individual must stand in his own strength and unlock for himself the door that leads to liberation.

It was in this frame of mind that we first heard of Meher Baba. We were not, as you may see, consciously seeking an incarnate Master. In fact, we had hundreds of times advised our bookshop friends to look within themselves for guidance, that each was his own Master.

We were, however, deeply aware of our own insufficiencies. If, as we believed, the power to lift us to the mountain-top lay within ourselves, we did not demonstrate the fact to our own satisfaction. The gulf between what we were and what we knew we should be, was a wide one. We were seeking help whether or not we chose to admit it.

As this inner intensity of soul was reaching a crisis, the bookshop failed. Though strong in spirit, its economic body had always been frail. In the most materialistic city of the world, a bookshop aiming at the dissemination of spiritual truth rather

(* By Courtesy of 'The Glow')

than at financial gain, could scarcely be expected to live to a ripe old age.

But, as we see it now, it was a profitable "failure," for it freed us to follow Baba, wherever he might lead; and through tests and vicissitudes he finally led us to India.

Because today there is such wide-spread emphasis placed upon self-effort in spiritual attainment, I want briefly to indicate what part I believe this effort plays in following a Perfect Master.

As I have already mentioned, my husband and I were not seeking a Master. We were seeking greater wisdom and understanding, which we knew we needed to carry out our ideals of service. We wanted desperately to see the God in others as well as in ourselves. We longed to be able to quicken spiritual response in others, not merely, to talk about it.

When, therefore, a letter was placed in our hands which spoke of Baba and his work, we felt profoundly stirred and sensed at once the call of his spirit. Here, we felt, was one who had that understanding, that love we yearned for, and who, even through the medium of a third person, was able to quicken the souls of others.

At length we met him and the flame of his great love consumed our little points of view. By a process which far transcends the rational mind, we found ourselves willing, nay, eager to relinquish our long-cherished prejudice against the master-disciple relationship.

We saw then how certain stumbling blocks along the way cannot be surmounted without the aid of one who has travelled the path before us. The most obvious illustration is that of Pride. The more effort one puts forth to overcome pride, the more is one overcome by it; and the further one advances on the path the more is pride likely to develop. The very sense of attainment is itself a stumbling block unless the sense of "I" has also been eradicated, and this can only be achieved through the grace of one who is himself free from the "I".

Effort we must of course make, but it is chiefly the effort of submitting to the will of the Master. Obedience is the name

by which we know it, the most difficult thing in the world to practice and the most profitable, spiritually. If there are those who think this requires no self effort, or that it is the path for weaklings or mental incompetents, I would suggest they try it!

Probably in every age there have been adventurous souls whose pride of attainment has led them to declare that man needs no guide but himself. But also there have been those supermen whose names and lives can never be effaced from man's memory, who have declared the opposite. With the authority of the highest attainment, with the certainty of perfect knowledge, they maintain that for the ultimate liberation of the soul, one must have the assistance of a Perfect Master. The injunction of Jesus and Mohamed was to "follow me;" of Buddha to "follow my instructions;" of Krishna and Baba to "love me;"—all aspects of the one law that "no man cometh to Father except through me."

If one has a malignant growth one goes to the best surgeon available to have it removed. One doesn't say, if one is wise, "I must do it all myself!"

The ego, with its million cords of karmic binding, is just such a growth and we need the skillful touch of a surgeon of souls to root it out. We need the deep insight, the infinite power and the healing love of a Perfect Master to bring the patient, the soul, through the operation into greater life, instead of into physical death or mental deformity.

In Baba we have such a surgeon of souls. We do not believe, we know from first-hand experience his perfect mastery of life; his skill in removing whatever impedes the greater life; and his beneficent love, which pours like healing balm upon the wounded soul.

MEHER BABA'S ACCIDENTS

Accident In America April 1952

In April 1952 Meher Baba sent Dr. William Donkin to help with preparations for a party to visit the Myrtle Beach Centre from India. They arrived in New York by air on April 20, where they were greeted by many American devotees. Those who accompanied Baba were Adi K. Irani, Sarosh Irani, Meherjee Karkaria, Gustadji, and Dr. Nilu with four women disciples:

Mehera, Mani, Mehru and Goher. Kitty Davy and Rano Gayley who had been staying at Pimpalgaon. Baba was weak following the man-o-nash period of work, and there were no interviews. Dr. Donkin and Elizabeth Patterson met them, and after resting for one night the party went by train to Florence, and by cars to Myrtle Beach. Norina Matchabelli was waiting at Baba's house, for she had been unable to travel owing to a heart condition which had developed the month before. Baba embraced her and said how much he liked the house, and the view of the lake and ocean.

As usual he allocated the accommodation in the various cabins and houses for those staying at the Centre. He also regulated the meals, which at first were vegetarian; but he stated, **'I allow vegetarians to follow their own diet and non-vegetarians to eat meat; I do not interfere with any custom or religion. When faced with love for God these matters have no value. Love for God is self-denial, mental control, and ego annihilation.'** Francis Brabazon came from Australia, expecting to return with Baba to India, but Baba saw him for two days, then sent him home.

Baba usually rose at 5 a.m. and walked to the central dining-room by 7 a.m., not eating but paying attention to all present. Then with the women he would go for a walk along the lake path to the ocean. Thereafter he went into seclusion. After the first phase he started to give interviews in the morning from 9.30 onwards, which would continue into the afternoon. He would play games, there was boating on the lake, and in the evening they gathered at the guest house for readings and stories.

He would leave early and walk back to his house. Everyone had to be present and available all day. There was one open day, when people came from many parts of the country and Baba met them individually or in small groups in the Barn. One of his remarks was, 'Bring me lovers of God and I will bow down to them. Otherwise I shall bow down to myself.' He told Elizabeth that the Centre was to be devoted to the following purpose: a spiritual academy; a house of advanced souls; an abode of the saints; a 'mad' institute; as solitary quarters for meditation; a resting place for the afflicted.

DISASTER

On May 20, Baba sent some of the mandali ahead to make arrangements for his arrival at Meher Mount, Ojai, California, where he was to stay. He followed, with the rest of those who were to go with him, the next day, in two cars. Meher Mount is a small estate, a lovely and secluded spot. But they were never to reach their destination.

Before they left, Baba asked Elizabeth Patterson, in whose car he was to travel, with Mehera, Mani and Mehru, if she had her insurance policy with her. She had not, so he made her stop at her house in Myrtle Beach to collect it. The second car, driven by Sarosh, contained Kitty Davy, Rano Gayley, Dr. Goher and Delia de Leon. They spent the first night at Columbia, S.C., the next at Murphy, Tennessee and enroute visited the waterfalls at Rock City. Baba said that was to be their last sightseeing. They stayed at Pond Crest in the Ozark hills the next night. The following morning before they left He seemed preoccupied and not in his usual haste to be off. He told Sarosh in the other car not to let him out of sight as they went along. On the way, he stopped the car, got out and walked ahead for a time. Then they went on, travelling on Route 64. It had rained the night before and the road was slippery. It was not a wide road, and as they came over the crest of a small hill they met an approaching car on the wrong side of the road. Elizabeth slowed up, expecting the driver of the other car to see them and move over, but he did not, instead he came on at great speed, seeing their car at the last moment, when it was too late to avoid a collision. Baba was thrown out, his head bleeding, his arm and

leg fractured. Mehera and Mehru were also thrown out and hurt. Elizabeth at the wheel of the car was badly hurt with fractured arms and wrists and broken ribs. Mani who had been sleeping, seemed unhurt. Baba was the only one who lost blood. He had previously said that he would shed blood on American soil, and there he was bleeding freely into the ground! Had the ditch on to which they were thrown not been unusually soft, there might have been fatal results. The driver of the other car was a veteran of the Korean war, a double amputee, driving a car specially made for his disability for the first time that day. Neither he nor his two companions were injured.

The party's own second car was not in sight. The first car to come along was a man driving in into Prague, Oklahoma, seven miles distant, taking his wife to the clinic to have a baby; he summoned two ambulances to come out, into which Baba and the injured ones were put and brought to the town's hospital. While that was happening Sarosh arrived with the second car. As the day was very hot they had stopped on the way for a drink; how troubled they were at disobeying Baba's order to keep close behind can be imagined.

Baba's fractured arm and leg were set, Elizabeth and the others were attended to; they had to be kept in the hospital thirteen days. Then they were taken by ambulance fifteen hundred miles to Elizabeth's home at Myrtle Beach. Baba and the others slowly recovered. He said that his suffering was all the greater because of the injury to Mehera. On 13 June he dictated the following message:

The personal disaster for some years foretold by me has at last happened while crossing the American continent, causing me through facial injuries, a broken leg and arm, much mental and physical suffering. It was necessary that it should happen in America. God willed it so.

It brings to fruition the first part of the circular which said that until July 10th (in the Complicated Free Life,) weakness would dominate strength and bindings would dominate freedom; but from July 10th, in Full Free Life, strength would dominate weakness and freedom would dominate binding; and then, from

15 November, in my Fiery Free Life, both strength and weakness, freedom and bindings, would be consumed in the fire of Divine Love.

The reference to America is significant. Baba had always paid much attention to that continent, and his most substantial following outside India is there. It seems that to him the cauldron of American life into which everything is thrown, the characteristic life of today, provides in its dire churning-up a central point in human existence, out of which new life will come. He has not said this in so many words, but it seems to be so. A few days later he made the following statement:

Meher Baba is equally connected with Islam and its Sufism, Christianity and its Mysticism, the Orient and its Vedantism, Buddhism, Zorostrianism, Jainism and many other 'isms' which all speak the same divine truth and lead to the same divine goal. Meher Baba is also detached and above all these divine paths. He has to awaken the followers of these paths to the real meaning of these isms in their true spirit by reorienting these isms, and in this capacity he has reoriented Sufism in the charter to be universally adopted.

SUFI CHARTER

Towards the end of June he took Mehera, with Mani, his sister, to visit the Center, saying how beautiful it was and that he would return some day. Many visitors came and from time to time he saw them. He left for New York in the middle of July when Mrs. Kate Ferris offered him her house in Scarsdale, where he stayed with his mandali, and meetings were arranged at Mrs. Ivy Duce's apartment in New York. There he gave many personal interviews and a discourse. He also gave special instructions to the sufi group saying that he would make a new charter for them, which he would send from India in November, entrusting the American Sufi work, reoriented, to Ivy Duce.

Baba left New York by air on 31 July for London where he and his party stayed at the Rubens Hotel for six days, the women mandali remaining in seclusion.

From 'The God-Man'
By Charles Purdom

Letter Received by Elizabeth Patterson, December 13, 1956
at Myrtle Beach, S.C. From Meher Baba's Sister Mani

"For all Concerned in the U.S.A."

Satara, India
5th December, 1956

Dear Family,

The first impact on the minds of Baba-lovers as they read the following news, or have already heard of it, must naturally be the recollection of Baba's recent words given in 'The Message from Avatar Meher Baba in His Seclusion' received last July, 1956, referring to the personal tragedy that was to occur again. To those at Grafton, Baba said, as recently as three days before the accident, that the month or so before the termination of His Seclusion on 15th February, 1957 would hold greater and concentrated suffering for Himself in which a number of His close ones would also share.

In the course of His present seclusion, Baba has travelled for His work over 10,000 miles (in India) by car, driven by Eruch who has proved himself to be an excellent and careful driver. Baba's recent mast tour to the north of India was another trip of particular significance in connection with His seclusion, from which He returned to Satara on the 23rd of November. On Sunday, the 2nd of December, Baba went to Poona for a day accompanied by Eruch, Pendu, Vishnu and Dr. Nilkanth (better known as Nilu). At around 4:45 of the same evening, while returning to Satara, the accident occurred—about 12 miles outside of Satara. The car was running normally and at moderate speed, when it seemed suddenly and inexplicably to go completely out of control and dashed against a stone culvert landing eventually in the ditch on the other side of it. Baba and the men were heavily injured, the most serious being Nilu. The road was deserted of traffic and pedestrians, until three minutes later a man going to Poona sighted the wreckage and lifted Baba (and Vishnu who was the least one hurt of the occupants) into his car, retracing his journey to leave them at Grafton. A truck not long after picked up the remaining ones and brought them to Rosewood, the mandali's place. They were badly injured and immediately hospitalized, except Nilu

who died without regaining consciousness. The condition of the others is not serious.

In the auto accident of 1952 in the U.S.A., Baba sustained injuries to His face and leg and arm. This time too Baba received similar facial injuries, though not as severe as at that previous time. As all concerned will be anxious to know the details of Baba's injuries, I cannot do better than give the following extracts from a hurried report by Dr. Donkin, giving us a general idea of their extent and location:

- "1) Minor abrasions and subcutaneous contusions of forehead, nose and cheeks all healing well.
- 2) A tear of the upper and lower surfaces of the tongue sutured a few hours after the accident. Cuts under the chin, sutured at the same time. Wounds are clean, normal after injury swelling already subsiding, and the pain diminishing daily—thus allowing the intake of fluids and liquid food with less discomfort. The function of the mouth and tongue are affected only temporarily, and expected very soon to be perfectly normal.
- 3) Surgically attention is now concentrated on the treatment of the hip injury. The top end of the thigh bone (the femoral head) fits into the cup-shaped depression in the pelvis, known as the acetabulum. The upper rim of the acetabulum has been fractured, the broken chip of the bone being slightly displaced. Although this is very painful, there is most fortunately no fracture of the parts of the upper end of the thigh bone (eg., the femoral neck) so often sustained in motor crashes.

A plaster cast or some type of immobilization is essential, and the complete healing of the fracture will take the usual length of time. Every effort will continue to be made to give freedom from pain and to restore the hip to ultimate normality."

Baba is at Grafton, under the loving care of the two ashram doctors and of Mehera and the other women and men mandali.

On reading the circular 'A Message from Avatar Meher Baba in His Seclusion' issued in India July 1956 and received in the U.S.A. at the same time, someone asked Baba why these things should be and why could He not avert it. Baba's reply was, "What the Divine Will has decreed must and will happen, and if I am the Divine Personification you believe me to be, then the last thing I would do is to avert or avoid it." To the query in our minds as to why Baba should personally go through such suffering, comes the answer in His previous words, "People suffer for their karma. A few suffer for others. Perfect Masters suffer for the universe." For those of us who can grasp even a mite of the significance of these words comes the assurance not only of His greatness that He manifests through 'littleness,' but of the 'littleness' He assumes in His greatness—and most of all of His eternal love for us all whom He knows and experiences as His divided selves in ignorance.

Those who were present at Poona in November 1955 soon after Nozer's death, cannot help recalling Baba's remark that in about a year's time five more near ones (in the East and West) would leave their bodies and that two of them would be very close ones. After this accident Baba said, "Nilu was particularly fortunate to have breathed his last in my physical proximity and it is as he would have wanted it." According to Baba's wishes much loved, gentle Nilu was taken to Meherabad for cremation, and his ashes will grace the beloved place where he spent many years with the Beloved.

Baba's silence is rarely felt in His abstention from vocal speech which He has observed these last 31 years, but the deep silence in His suffering is a profoundly felt experience. The morning after the accident in the midst of tremendous pain He was undergoing from His injuries, Baba said something that revealed a fresh glimpse of the depth of His compassion. He said (with gestures of course), purely from the point of man's suffering and irrespective of political or world situations, "The Hungarians suffered much in their recent struggle. Many were lying wounded and helpless on the roads, away from their loved ones and from care or relief from pain; at least I am lying on a bed, with the care of good doctors and the love of all my lovers present and absent." A few days before He had said, "Nobody suffers in vain, for true freedom is spiritual freedom and suffer-

ing is a ladder towards it. Man unknowingly suffers for God and God knowingly suffers for man."

We cannot need a better explanation of why the Avatar allows suffering to His human body that He assumes, from time to time, for our truth-blinded sakes. He loves us as He ought to be loved by us—our only question is are we worthy of it?—and may our only prayer be that we too may love Him as He ought to be loved.

Baba wishes all concerned to be informed of the accident and expressly wishes me to say that this does not in any way affect the Congregation of Easterners and Westerners to be held in India in November 1957; that it will *not* affect the coming Sahavas, but on the contrary will help towards it. Baba wishes all concerned in the West and East to renew their efforts with greater strength towards their coming next year, as this congregation has to take place and must take place. Baba's love to all His lovers.

(signed) MANI

P.S.: Baba did not wish the news of the accident to be sent by cable and the above circular is being sent by letter to all concerned as soon as it was possible to do so.

6th December, 1956

When I informed Baba the news was typed and ready to be sent to the West, He gave this personal message for you all: "Do not worry; be happy. All will be well. Faithfully carry out the instructions given by me."

* * * *

Please note: Those of you who have not yet written the direct letter to Baba and therefore will no doubt *soon* do so, must not in that letter refer to His accident or injuries.

Letters received by me cannot be replied to. *Nor* should anyone expect reply to cables. If short cable answer is required (in which I could not give details anyway) please note carefully that it must be sent with "Reply Paid" form. *Not* "collect" for this collecting at other end system is not possible between foreign countries.

(signed) MANI

Third Letter Received From Meher Baba' s Sister, Mani, By
Elizabeth Patterson at Myrtle Beach, S.C. January 2nd, 1957

For Those Concerned in the U.S.A.

*Poona, India,
25th December 1956*

"Dear Family,

"BABA'S LOVE TO ALL,

"Baba is looking and feeling better—such a lovely Xmas gift for us all. He has been moved to the new bed since three days and it gives Him much more comfort. Don (Dr. Donkin) brought in a very good doctor (of the military Orthopaedic Hospital), a most capable and nice man whom Baba likes very much. He had more X-rays taken, and had the traction removed, putting Baba's leg in a splint of some kind. Two days later he had that removed also, and Baba's leg is now free from encumbrances, which gives Him much relief. Since yesterday morning the pain in the leg has diminished considerably, though there are still the other usual pains and discomforts such as an occasional low fever, and the doctor had Baba propped up in a semi-reclining position which He can manage for a few minutes at a time. The crucial week was over on 22nd midnight and our sigh of relief and thanks must have mingled with yours. The doctor has promised to have Baba begin to walk on crutches in six or seven weeks time, and exercises in bed will be begun quite some time before that. I shall be better able to tell you about that in next week's letter.

"And now to some of the experience and incidents of interest I promised and which you dear ones will want to share.

"By the way, it happened just opposite the grounds under the mango trees where Baba and a number of close disciples (some of them called expressly from Bombay, Poona, Ahmednagar etc., for the occasion) had played cricket a short time before Baba left for the West in July '56. This was most unexpected as Baba was in seclusion, but it was His express wish; and the day and time and spot were chosen accordingly. Meherji tell us the game was played unusually seriously (for a

game with Baba) leaving the players with stiff and aching muscles for days. There were 10 players on each side, and Baba (the 11th) played on both sides—the score was equal. After that every time Baba passed the spot He would point it out and ask the others if they remembered how they had played cricket there. That again happened on the 2nd of December as they were returning from Poona, and it was the last thing they were talking about before the accident occurred.

"Now a little experience of mine which occurred before we knew Baba was hurt, and which in a way ties up with Vishnu's wonderful one he told us later. We were expecting Baba's car to return to Grafton, Satara, at about five o'clock that evening, but it was nearer to quarter to six when it came. I was with Peter my dog, by Sheba's stable, when the car came in, a strange one, but we thought the other had broken down perhaps, and this one had to be hired. As I was hurrying towards the house, the driver of the car, a curly headed boy got down, and as I looked up at him I stopped in my tracks struck by the strangest feeling. I have often jokingly deplored the fact that I am not psychic in any way, or imaginative in that sense, but as I looked at the boy my thought was 'why, he looks like an angel.' And he did. I had the impression somehow of wings and a halo, yet could not now for the life of me describe what the boy actually looked like. I also vaguely missed the absence of Eruch in place of this driver. Then we heard Vishnu's voice calling out for Goher, and then Mehera and the others rushed out, and then

"Now Vishnu's experience. He had face injuries and broken rib, and was the least hurt of the lot. He says the whole thing happened in the flash of an eye, and when he came to, he found himself the only one in the back of the car. He got down and went to the front to see how Baba was and saw Him reclining in the front seat, with blood on His clothes and face. Vishnu told us, 'through it I saw Baba and never in my life have I see such utter radiance and lustre as was on Baba's face then! He was like a King, a victorious King who had won a great battle. Lord Krishna must have looked like that in His chariot on the victorious battle field. The radiance was blinding. I could see nothing else, not the car nor the surroundings, only Baba's Face

in glorious triumph.' After some moments (or eternity) of that, he came to earth and asked Baba if He was much hurt. Baba nodded, pointing to His mouth and leg, but gestured to Vishnu to first see how the others were (the three had been thrown out). Nilu was unconscious, Pendu in agony, and Eruch managed with superhuman effort to stand up and lean against the car and talk to Baba. Then the car (with my 'angel') came along, and brought Baba and Vishnu to Grafton. Soon after, an open truck going by brought the others to Rosewood. Before they were taken to hospital Baba's permission was obtained about their being allowed to drink water etc., as on that day the men were on a complete fast

"During the drive to Satara, Baba had changed places with Nilu and only about 15 minutes before the accident Baba changed places again, sitting once more in His original seat by Eruch. We remember Nilu remarking more than once, that when it was his turn to die he would want it to be instantaneous and Baba would tease him about it but smilingly nod. So it was as Nilu wanted it, and in the company of his Beloved.

"Some days before the accident, Baba smilingly told the mandali, 'we may all die in a few days.'" Then turning to Nilu, He said "Don't worry about anything. Keep thinking of me constantly. I am the only One that exists, the only One that matters".

"Bhau came from Satara this Sunday and said the first improvement in Pendu is noticeable, and now there is every hope the improvement will continue quicker. Eruch is progressing well but not yet discharged from hospital."

With most loving thoughts for this Xmas and the coming year and LOVE to you each as ever.

Till next time,

(Signed) MANI.

AVATAR MEHER SPIRITUAL ACADEMY

AVATAR MEHER BABA MARGA, GOKULPETH, NAGPUR-10

(By Dr. Chakradhar D. Deshmukh – *Director,*)

§ Meher Spiritual Academy expresses deep sense of bereavement for departure from earthly scene of two important Trustees—Bro. Sarosh K. Irani and Bro. T.S. Kutumb Shastry. We shall all miss their familiar faces. Condolence is offered to their near and dear ones. May the Beloved Avatar give them His loving Grace, Proximity and eternal Peace !

§ We congratulate Bro. Shri Bhau Kalchuri for being taken up as a Trustee on the Avatar Meher Baba Trust.

§ On 25th Feb. 1973, the Avatar's Birth-Day-Anniversary, in the morning, Meher Construction Society of Shri L.T. Joshi organised a delightful function of Bhoomi Poojan, at the hands of Smt. Indumati Deshmukh under the presidentship of the commissioner Shri P.G. Gawai. Dr. Chakradhar Deshmukh Director of the Meher Academy was the main speaker. Shri Joshi asked Dr. Deshmukh to get the public utility educational institutions in the proposed colony to be taken up under the guidance of the Meher Spiritual Academy. The commissioner announced that the colony will be known as Meher Vihar Colony (Wardha Rd).

Early in the morning there were celebrations at Shri Lokhande's Meher Niwas and Smt. Indutai Naik. In the afternoon a Baba-photo-procession stopped at the Meher Academy to have the Darshana of the Beloved Avatar's Kafni given in the charge of Dr. Deshmukh. And there was prasad-distribution to all those who had Darshan, When the Procession started again an announcement was made that the Nagpur Municipal Corporation had in their open session decided to name this street in front of Dr. Deshmukh's residence in Gokulpeth as *Avatar Meher Baba Marga*.

In the evening, Dr. Deshmukh introduced the main speaker Dr. A.N. Deshpande, Head of the Dept. of Marathi in

Nagpur University, in the function at the Meher Bhawan of Dr. Kher, held under the presidentship of Justice Masodkar.

Subsequent Baba-Birth-Day functions (1973) included Acharya Puransing's Talk in M. Academy under the presidentship of Maharshi Y.M. Pathak, Dr. Kher's talk at Lokhande's, Dr. Deshpande A.N.S. talk in Vanjarinagar, Dr. Deshmukh's talks at Shri Meher Dhanwantari Kankaria's Meher Clinic and Shri Panditrao Deshpande, Shri B.N. Saoji's talk at Shri Garge's, Bhajans at Nimaje Itwari Centre, and Dr. Deshmukh's talk at Narayanrao Deshmukh, Ravinagar.

Chichbhawar Preeti - Bhoj to Meher-Lovers and Poor persons was given by Maharshi Pophali D.H.

§ *Amara Tithi*: 31st Jan. 1973: Enroute to Meherabad via Bombay, Dr. Deshmukh visited AMB centres of Shri Nene at Vile Parle and the Meher Hall Bombay AMBC and also gave a welcome to Irwin Luck at the Air Port. On 31st Bro. Adiji presided over the functions of Silence and Bhajans at the Immortal Shrine of the Beloved Avatar. It was a pleasure to meet among Western Baba-Lovers Miss Sheila Krynsky, who has taken out a delightful edition of Sparks of the Truth from Dissertations of Meher Baba (version by Dr. C.D. Deshmukh). Among the Australians we were happy to welcome our Dear Bro. Francis Brabazon, accompanied by Bill Page, Hay and others. Dr. Deshmukh visited and spoke at Ahmednagar Centre.

§ 8th April: Bro. Sudhakar Deshpande gave Bhajans and Prasad-meals at his residence. In the afternoon, at the residence of Dr. Chakradhar Deshmukh, a special meeting was taken up under the presidentship of Corporator Shri Kanoujia to welcome the name *Avatar Meher Baba Marga*, given by the corporation of Nagpur to the street in front of this residence. After Bhajans, Dr. Kher and Kanoujia headed a procession of Bhajans organised to garland both St. name-plates of the corporation (installed on that day publicising their decision to call the street Avatar Meher Baba Marga. The Beloved Avatar had come by this street for inaugurating the Meher Prayer-Cellar of Dr. Deshmukh in 1953 on Jan. 2nd and distributed prasad with both hands.

Nagpur Corporation is congratulated for this great lead given to others.

Sooner: On 8th April night, at Saoner, Dr. C.D. Deshmukh inaugurated the new place of the Meher Clinic of Dr. Kuthe after garlanding the huge Baba-painting, in the large gathering, and gave a brief speech expressing good wishes for the clinic. The main speaker of the occasion was Shri B.N. Saoji, editor of Chawhata. Aarati was given by Shriram Pophali and the guests from Nagpur had their meals at the residence of Shri Pophali before leaving for Nagpur.

* * *

Dear brother/sister in Baba,

With the enclosed booklet we are endeavouring to start a Periodical in the form of a pamphlet with the object of making the MESSAGES OF MEHER BABA, unfolding the true values of life, available to those who are receptive and also making it as intelligible as possible to the average man.

Most of the books in the name of Meher Baba are published in foreign countries and hence costly and beyond the reach of average man in India. Even in the countries of publication common people find it difficult to buy them. Besides the conditions of life prevailing everywhere do not permit man time to study big volumes dealing with spiritual subjects. Our effort will be to explain the significance of MEHER BABA as the Avatar of the Age, his life and work on this earth, and the Messages of Love & Truth, he gave. This will be done as far as possible and practical, in the sequence of time and place that they were given as this undoubtedly has its significance. These pamphlets, we expect to issue on the occasions of Beloved Baba's birthday (25th February) the Day Meher Baba opened the Avatar Meher Baba Poona Centre Hall (1st May), his Silence Day (10th July) and on his Sermons Day (16th October).

This pamphlet along with the other informations/circulars/messages we send out from time to time, will reach every person on our Centre mailing list—i.e., those who contribute towards the activities of Avatar Meher Baba Poona Centre an amount

not less than Rs. 10/- every year. Copies of this pamphlet will also be given at the cost price plus packing and postage. This booklet is priced at Rs. 0-25 p.

Those who have not renewed their membership of the centre are requested to send in an amount not less than Rs. 10/-. Those who cannot afford to contribute, but are sincerely keen to keep their names in our mailing list may let us know. Whenever your addresses are changed please drop a card to let us know. This will save funds going waste on postage. We struggle hard to maintain this atmosphere of love Meher Baba had created in Poona, the sacred town of his birth and to continue the work as expressly desired by him.

You can also share in our efforts for the Cause of Truth by circulating this pamphlet amongst members of your family and friends and thus spreading the WORD of his name and messages of his love & truth.

In Beloved Baba's Love & Truth

K.K. Ramakrishnan,

Secretary

AVATAR MEHER BABA POONA CENTRE.

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Avatar Meher Baba Challapalli Centre, Challapalli, Krishna Dist.

The General Body Meeting of Avatar Meher Baba Andhra Centre, Kakinada was held at Challapalli Centre in Sri Kanyaka Parameswari Choultry, on Sunday, 29th April, 1973.

In the morning, a lovers' gathering was held from 9-00 A.M. to 12-00 noon, presided over by Dr. Thota Dhanapathi Rao Naidu garu, President of the Andhra Centre. After sweet Bhajan songs and prayer, Sri G.V. Subba Rao (Inspector, Central Excise) of Challapalli Centre requested the members to introduce themselves, one after another to the audience and speak of their experiences with Beloved Baba. At first the President spoke a few words explaining the greatness of the Avatar and the power of his name to help us to purify ourselves

and realise our divinity. Then Sri Ch. Subba Rao, Sri K. Satyanarayana, Sri B. Venkateswarlu, Sri Editha Sathiraju of Kakinada, and Sri K. Venkateswarao of Gudlavalleru, Sri K. Pullaiah, Sri T. Basavaiah of Machilipatnam Centre and many others spoke of their experiences with Baba. Sri S.R.Y. Ramakrishna Prasad, president of Challapalli Centre, described his experiences with great Baba lovers of America. Sri G.V. Brahmayya Naidu and Sri Doredla Venkataratnam (Machilipatnam), Sri S. Chandrasekhara Rao (Gudivada), Sri K. Ramarao (Kowtaram) and many other Baba-lovers from Challapalli and neighbouring villages, Ramudupalam, Yarla-gadda, Mangalapuram etc. were present.

At about 3-30 P.M., the General Body meeting of the Andhra Centre, Kakinada, was held. The secretary's report was read. Sri K. Satyanarayana spoke of "Avatar Meher" Telugu journal and appealed to all to join as subscribers, life-members or patrons and help the continued publication of the journal successfully by Baba's grace.

After melodious songs in praise of Beloved Baba by the orchestra of Machilipatnam Centre, a public meeting was held in the evening from 6-30 to 9-00 P.M., presided over by Sri S.R.Y. Rama Krishna Prasad. In his welcome address, he thanked all Baba-lovers from Kakinada and other distant places for having accepted their invitation to hold the meetings at Challapalli, though a small centre. Dr. T. Dhanapathi Rao Naidu and other speakers from different places stressed the importance of repetition of Baba's name and linking ourselves to the Ocean of Love, Avatar Meher Baba, the universal Paramatma, and draw divine power to realise our infinite divine power, to realise our infinite divine reality and everlasting bliss.

The lovers recorded their deep sense of sorrow at the demise of Sri T.S. Kutumba Sastry, the first Chairman of Avatar Meher Baba Trust, Ahmednagar, and paid tributes to his sincere and noble services to Beloved Baba's Cause.

JAI BABA,

CHALLAPALLI
Dt. 25-5-'73

N. Nagabhusan
Secretary

MEHER VIHAR TRUST

Publications ready for Sale:

<i>English Publications</i>	<i>Inland</i>	<i>Foreign Sea Mail</i>
1. The New Life of Avatar Meher Baba and His Companions – Calico Binding.	Rs. 9-00	\$ 1.50
2. The Life Circulars of Avatar Meher Baba. (67 Circulars)	Rs. 4-00	\$ 0-75
3. Heed My Call	Rs. 1-25	\$ 0-35
4. <i>Divya Vani</i> – Back Issues (From April 62 to April 72) Each Copy	Rs. 1-25	\$ 0-50

- N.B. (i) All the prices are inclusive of Postage by Book Post.
(ii) All Foreign orders to accompany cheques drawn in favour of "Meher Vihar Trust".

Telugu Publications: (Excluding Postage) –

1. Batasarulu	(Part I)	Rs. 3-00
2. Avatar Meher Baba	(Part I)	Rs. 3-00
3. Do Do	(Part II)	Rs. 3-00
4. Do Do	(Part III)	Rs. 3-50
5. Do Do	(Part IV)	Rs. 4-00
6. A. M. B. Western Lover's Experiences		Rs. 1-50
7. Meher Sankharavam		Re. 1-00
8. Avatar Meher Baba Sthavam (Part I)		0-25
9. Do Do	(Part II)	0-25



1. I belong to no religion. Every religion belongs to me. My religion is love.
2. I am the divine beloved that loves you more than you can ever love yourself.
3. I am the Lord of love and Servant of My lover.
4. Let *Principle* in work and *honesty* in life prevail.
5. One penny extracted, in My name, without true basis is dishonesty and will be the cause of *millions of births*.
6. Think well of those who think ill of you.
7. If you truly and in all faith accept your Baba as the Highest of the High, it behooves you to lay down your life at His feet.

Print Edition Text	Online Edition Text	Page Number	Paragraph No.	Line Number
fulness	fullness	3	2	6
thralldom	thralldom	5	4	1
conciuousness	consciousness	6	1	17
similies	similes	8	3	7
way	ways	15	4	6
spiritul	spiritual	17	2	1
licences	licenses	24	4	11
Note	Node	26	1	7
beneficient	beneficent	28	5	4
accompained	accompanied	33	2	8
may	my	35	2	6
as	a	37	3	8
happned	happened	38	1	6
ocured	occurred	38	2	1
anouncement	announcement	40	4	7
Muncipal	Municipal	40	4	8
from	form	42	3	2
very	every	42	5	2