

OM ॐ POINT

INTERNATIONAL CIRCULAR • ISSUE 17 • AUTUMN 2015





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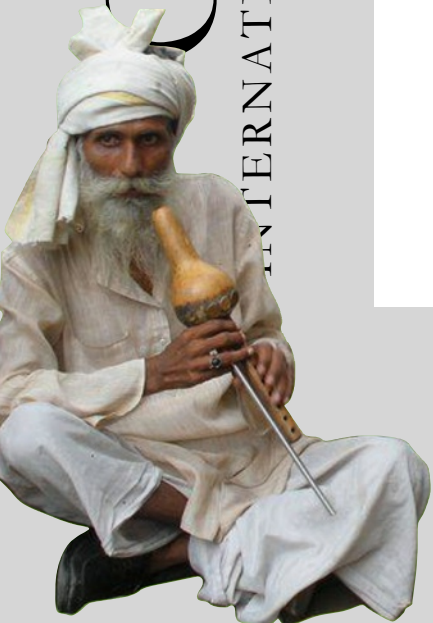
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Laurent Weichberger
Editor OmPoint International Circular
Ashland, Oregon
July 15, 2015

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Hi Laurent,

I just read your interview with Joe [OmPoint issue #15, January 2015: "Featured Artist Joe DiSabatino, interview by Laurent Weichberger"]^[1]. I found it of particular interest. I don't know him well, but I met him a couple of times when I was in India last. He struck me as quite a character.

It's a good article. I have some questions, obviously, having just been involved with the organizing and hosting of the Bell of Warning conference in Berkeley regarding intermediaries on the path to Meher Baba. It seems to me that this Sufi Path of spiritual healing Joe describes is becoming quite compelling to some Baba lovers. I think it's interesting that he mentions the post-Mandali era as presenting Baba's lovers more challenge in how to hold fast to Him. My question to him (and others) is, "If the Mandali were here now, would this path seem as attractive?" Joe mentions that this path and the Sufi Murshid bring him closer to Meher Baba. What makes him feel that he cannot be close to Baba without this, I wonder?

How does the message "Meher Baba's Last Warning"^[2] factor into this for him? Baba gave out numerous warnings during the course of His Advent regarding the dangers of following such saints and masters. Joe mentions checking in with Baba, and Baba giving him the "green light" to take what works and discard the rest. I can't argue with that. Who knows each one's path?

But I do think this need to replace the Mandali, the hand holding that he speaks of, needs to be addressed. Why do we imagine we cannot do this alone? Why do we imagine all that Baba has given us, and shown us, is not enough, that we have to look beyond that? I think it is important to question this – because I feel that there is a potential for us to fall asleep to the immense blessing we have been given to be in His orbit.

This is the time where – instead of looking outward for more hand holding, and assurances, we need to do the work. It is like Darwin Shaw said, "make the effort." We can quite easily, I am seeing, lose focus on the fact that we have been given the greatest treasure of all, the Avatar of the Age, Meher Baba. Where else, or what else is there to look at or find that

is of more interest than Him? That is more complete than He is? What use is any other path now that we have found Him? Furthermore, He warns us against it. Repeatedly tells us, as did the Mandali, to hold tight to His damaan with both hands, as the umbrella will begin to spin more and more rapidly. I feel the umbrella is spinning now in the post-Mandali era and it is up to each of us to heed His warnings and stick more tightly to Him, as our privileged place so close to His fold is not a guarantee we should ever take for granted.

These are my wonderings. I feel it is important to look at this direct path more closely now that the Mandali, who were embodiments of that path of surrender, are gone.

I recall in Robert's story of meeting Meher Baba – that his intention after meeting Baba was to go up to the Himalayas and seek out Rishis and Saints! Baba told him to go straight back to the states saying that – "Do not go to tombs or visit saints There is no need for this now that you have found Me. I am God and my word is Truth."

I think of this again now, because to me Robert's story is a metaphor for a whole generation (or two, or three) – a metaphor for the Spiritual Path laid out by Baba Himself. Baba made it so clear to Robert that now that his yearning and seeking had finally led him to the One, there was no more need for him to go to anyone else. This, I believe, is the metaphor that Baba gave to us all through Robert's journey to Him.

"I am God, my word is Truth."

How fortunate we are, how very fortunate indeed.

Jai Baba,

Alisa Genovese
Albany, CA.

Notes:

1. http://www.ompoint.com/OmPoint_Circular_15.pdf p. 23.

2. See: <http://www.avatarmeherbaba.org/erics/lastwarn.html>.

REPLY FROM THE EDITOR.

August 24, 2015

Hi Alisa,

Thank you for your thoughtful and heartfelt letter regarding the interview with Joe DiSabatino. You raise a number of extremely important points, and ask many questions so I will do my best to respond here, although I imagine that these subjects will be coming up (again and again) for the next seven hundred years until Beloved Baba returns to us once again to set it all straight.

You mention the Sufi path of spiritual healing that Joe (and other Baba lovers) have become involved with. Let me say that I first heard of that Sufi group from my friend Elaine Carter [See “An Interview with Elaine Najma Carter” in OmPoint Circular #8 (2012), p. 26]. At that time, I had no idea that any of the Baba-lovers were involved. Then I put a copy of OmPoint #8 at the Meher Spiritual Center (Refectory, Original Kitchen, and the Library). Suddenly I heard from Daniel Stone that he knew about the Sufi group mentioned in the interview with Elaine, and we discussed his experience of their spiritual healing path. That was the first time I heard mention of that group. It should be noted that there are many Sufi orders around the world, and they have no direct affiliation with Avatar Meher Baba, except the Sufism Reoriented group in Walnut Creek, CA (and Washington DC).

Then I did some research into that Shadhiliyya Sufi order in (also known as the Farm of Peace)[1] and their Murshid, Sidi Shaykh Muhammad al-Jamal, to better understand what they are up to and how they believe. I also rapidly found out that a number of American Baba-lovers are involved. One of them pointed me to the Live RUH Healing Process website[2] so I could get first hand understanding of the work they are doing. That is also where I recognized some of my Baba-lover friends of many years, as “Certified Practitioners” of the RUH method.

You ask, “If the Mandali were here now, would this path seem as attractive?” It is not surprising to me that some Baba-lovers are attracted to this Sufi group, or any group that provides them with what they may feel is missing, or lacking (for them) in the Meher Baba Community. I have long been telling people that after the Mandali pass away (or as you mention, the “post-Mandali era”) the Baba-lovers will all come out of their cages. The fact is, the Mandali are not here, and those people who felt they “needed” to rely on an external connection, or mentor, or guide to life with Baba, may in fact feel bereft and like they need that still.

What we are seeing, according to what Don Stevens told us, are the “Three Bridges” to God and what happens now.[3] The first bridge, Don said was the Avatar Himself. The next bridge was His Mandali.

And the third bridge, he felt, was Meher Baba’s Word. Now that the Mandali are gone, it really is up to us to find our Beloved Meher Baba within. But how?

That is the drama, that is the Leela, that is the divine romance. Who am I to say how anyone finds their Lord? But this much I know, these pulls from various different Ways of approaching Baba will not vanish, they will continue, just as there are so many lovers of Baba, there will be so many ways of dancing with Him.

Of my own personal path, I can say most definitely I am striving to find Beloved Baba within me, as my own real Self. And that means Love, Obedience, Surrender, more love – relying upon my intuition, and finding Baba as the Real One within all of my beloveds (my children, my spiritual companions, my life-partner, those who Baba brings into my life, and those he takes away). It is for me the journey of awakening from the Dream. How do I know how Baba will chose to awaken any of His Children from this dream? As you also say, “Who knows each one’s path?”

Those who can do this alone, without such supports as you have now found in the interview with Joe, will do it. Those who may wish to, or be able to, may experiment, or really find fulfillment in their choices. I choose to honor that. And I happen to agree with you, if it means that someone falls asleep (instead of being awake) that is a problem. I’m just not sure it is my problem, and I guess I am not certain what role I have in all that. This magazine is here to share Meher Baba’s message of Love and Truth, that is my effort.

And I agree with you that Avatar Meher Baba is the greatest Treasure of all Treasures. In fact, that word treasure doesn’t even begin to describe or define what Baba is to me. He is my ALL, so therefore, I did not choose to become involved in the RUH healing work, although I did find it interesting to see what was involved (from a distance, on the web).

I echo your encouraging word, to “Hold fast to Baba’s damaan until the very end,” through it all. I bow to your wisdom Alisa, and thank you again for having the courage to share all you have been sharing.

In Baba’s Real Love for us all,

Laurent Weichberger
Editor, OmPoint

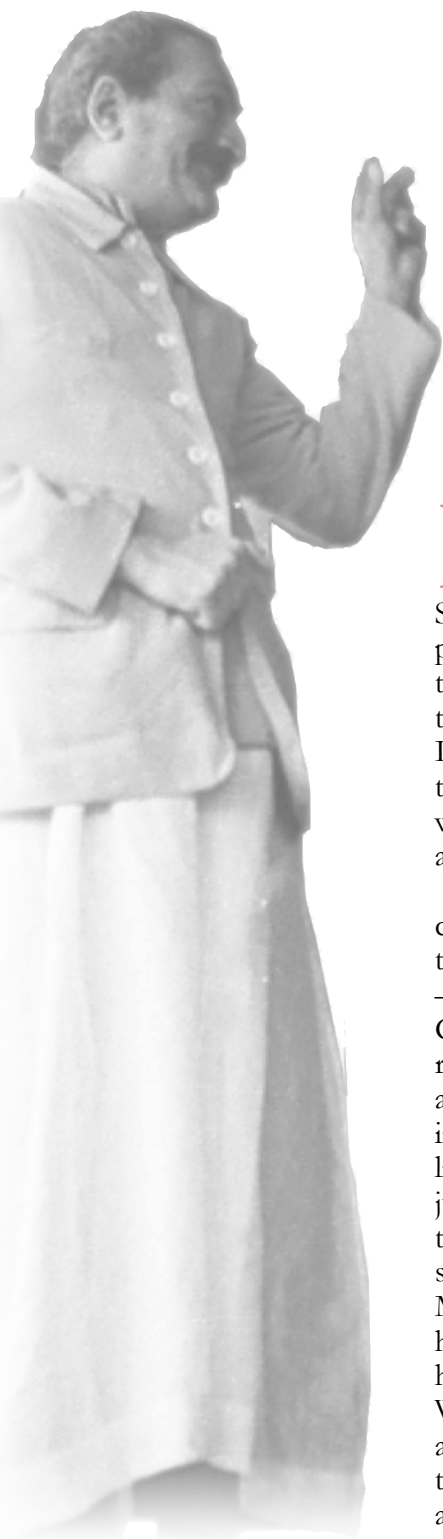
Notes:

1. See <http://www.farmofpeace.com>
2. See: <http://www.liveruh.com>
3. See: Meher Baba’s Word and His Three Bridges, by Don E. Stevens (London: Companion Books, 2003) here: <http://tinyurl.com/pp5du87>

I TELL YOU WITH DIVINE
AUTHORITY, THAT
CHANTING MY "ARTI,"
PERFORMING MY
"PUJA," ... IN THEMSELVES
MEAN ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING.

WHAT I WANT FROM ALL
MY LOVERS IS REAL,
UNADULTERATED LOVE,
AND FROM MY GENUINE
WORKERS I EXPECT REAL
WORK DONE.

Meher Baba at Rajahmundry, India, 1954



Coming to Meher Baba Tim Garvin

I first heard Meher Baba's name in 1967 on "The Joe Pyne Show." Joe Pyne was a television personality, and he was the insult host of the day. Rick Chapman and Allan Cohen, two young Americans, had just been to India to see Baba. They were now back in the United States, and their message to the world from Baba was "Don't take drugs," and Joe Pyne was interviewing them.

Every time "The Joe Pyne Show" came on, you'd stop to see if he was going to say something obnoxious. At the time—I was nineteen—I was not searching for God. I wasn't sure there was a God. I was reading philosophy, but I wasn't sure about God. But I was definitely interested in the inner being and what the truth of life was, so when I heard these guys had just come from a guy who may know what the truth is, I stopped and listened. They showed a picture of Meher Baba and gave his message about the harm that drugs can do. What was so interesting about that show (and I talked to Rick Chapman about it later) was that it was the only Joe Pyne show I ever saw that Joe didn't insult the guests. He was very respectful, and here you'd think

that these guys from India with a guru, someone other than Jesus, he's really going to hammer them. But he was very respectful. (Not long after Joe Pyne had a heart attack and died.)

That was the single biggest impression I took away from that show—he did not insult them. I met Rick Chapman later in India, and he said, "Yes, that was extraordinary." Anyway, I heard Baba's name before he dropped the body, and I have always been grateful for that.

Two years later, in 1969, I was in college at Louisiana State University, restless, taking philosophy classes. I was trying to understand my own life, grappling with philosophy to increase my understanding of myself and what it was to be in the moment and be a human being. It was difficult because philosophy is a historical conversation written by people who view life through a highly intellectual lens, and you have to be a real scholar to get anywhere, and even then, where are you?—lost in a forest of thought. And it was so tedious, since all I really wanted was to understand myself and life and know the truth, to get to the bottom of what life is, to know why are we here.

Here's how you
dress and
behave, and
here's the chant.
And here's how
to meditate.

I had the experience many times of being involved in some philosophical tussle like, for instance, the dilemma of determinism and free will, and I would browse bookstores, looking at titles, and reading at random almost. Then somehow I'd pick up a book and land exactly on somebody's explication of just the problem I had been deliberating. And I'd say, wow, this guy's saying just what I concluded myself, or near enough, and then suddenly I would experience an overwhelming ennui, almost despair. So that problem is solved and neatly dispatched, and still my heart aches, and the loneliness doesn't go away. I have to say, that was grippingly poignant for me as a young man without any guidance, without any mentor. None of us get that, really, when we're young unless you accept some religion or are just not interested. You just have to hack something out of the chaos. There's no teepee down by the river where you can go talk to the chief. Because nobody really knows anything.

But those days, the days of my youth, were full of egotism and girls and also some dabbling in drugs. Of course this was in the 60's, a wild time. I was not taking hard drugs, but I was taking grass and LSD occasionally. But then through LSD I became aware that there was a reality far beyond the reality of my surface world. So I really became interested in God and spirituality, and I began to read the testimonies of saints. And I stumbled onto the work Aurobindo Ghose. In fact Aurobindo Ghose is still a great part of my thinking. Though he is still mostly ignored I think he was the preeminent spiritual scholar-poet-critic of the 20th century. I don't know of anyone in the world of letters that I have a higher regard for than Aurobindo Ghose. I have his complete works. He's mentally brilliant and well-educated, but also a six plane saint, according to Baba, and his writing gives a structure to the world much the same as Baba's but with more analytic detail and excursions into politics, sociology, philosophy, literary criticism. It is said that Baba gave him realization after Aurobindo dropped the body. In any case, he helped purify my intellect and gave me a better ability to think about the human psyche. Also during that time, I read the Gita, M's biography of Ramakrishna—I just poured through that section of the LSU library.

At this point I had dropped out of college for a bit and was living on a farm in Gross Tet, Louisiana near Baton Rouge with a friend of mine, who later died of AIDS from shooting drugs. His wife died too. I was completely frustrated with my search for God. I was looking for a guru, dedicated to finding a guru. This

relates to my disgust with philosophy, and to a lot of what follows—because I thought I needed a personal master nearby who could say, “Here's how you dress and behave, and here's the chant. And here's how to meditate.” Whatever masters did. I didn't know what they did, but I knew they did something because all the books talked about masters. So I thought, “Well, that's what I need.” I went down to New Orleans once to look for this supposed master who was actually a complete fraud. It was funny really—I went to see her,

and she was gone, but her chief disciple allowed me to come into the French Quarter ashram they had there. We were sitting at a table, and I think he was nervous and didn't have a lot to say, and suddenly he burst out with a long, extremely loud “Om.” Right in my face. Funny now, but unnerving then.

Anyway, I was frustrated and full of restlessness that I couldn't find a master. It was like there was this big knot in my mind, and I couldn't find the end of the rope.

That's all we need is the end of the rope—and that's what Baba gives us. But I couldn't find the end of that rope. I was maddened by this inability to do anything. I meditated and had various experiences of a psychic nature, but in the end they were outside the knot and not useful, just as Baba tells us. So one morning I had an inspiration—and I went outside and picked up a log and carried it through the woods. An aspiration had welled up within me and was directed toward the Almighty whom I didn't know anything about, and whom I couldn't reach and get a grip on. So I carried the log and said, “This is all I can give you. I can't find the end to unravel this knot. Now you have to help me. I'm like an ox. I'm a beast of burden. I have nothing else. I'm out of ideas.” The next day I'd get up and go get the log and carry it back.

Then a friend of mine got a job as a camp counselor in Massachusetts, so I called the camp and also got a job there. On my way north, I stopped in Pittsburgh to visit my old friend, Carl Berreckman, my philosophy professor at LSU, who was now teaching at Duquesne. Carl had a buddy who was a psychology professor named Rolf, and we went over to Rolf's house to visit. And Rolf had a friend and protégé named Lawrence Reiter. He was living with Rolf. Lawrence and I talked, and he told me he was devoted to Meher Baba, a master who had just dropped his body in India. So we talked and talked, and he gave me a book called *The Everything and the Nothing*. But at the time it was just one of the many books I had. I had



(Ivy Duce) said, "Yes, you have to have a personal master." I said, "But I spoke to Adi about that, and he said you didn't. He said that Baba was the eternal master for all." She said, "You must have misunderstood him."

The Tibetan Book of the Dead, the Gita, Krishnamurti, The Autobiography of a Yogi—all those books that come your way. Besides, Meher Baba was dead, or so I thought. I didn't know it then, but the cry my heart had uttered when I was carrying the log had been answered.

So I left Pittsburgh and went to be a camp counselor for the summer—the summer of the moon landing. I read the book, and in my ignorance wondered what spiritual plane I was on. Maybe the third, maybe the second, except I couldn't do miracles. In any case, it was all in my head and not useful. And Baba was dead.

Skip ahead to the next winter, in December of 1970. I went back to Pittsburgh to visit, and again we went over to Rolf's house. And there was Lawrence again. Again we talked and talked, and Lawrence, who was a great fan of Poe's, read some poems. As I recall it, there was some ego involved on both sides, he and I, young men competing in ideas and attitudes. But he had just come from the Meher Center, and I think he was feeling rapturous, and at the end of that evening, something amazing happened, and this is on the dot the moment I became a Baba lover. We were standing in the hallway saying goodbye. Lawrence, with whom I had been intellectually arm-wrestling a moment before, embraced me and said very feelingly, "You should think about Meher Baba." And somehow the barriers were gone, and a pulse of love passed between us. Actually, it awakened me. It was a spiritual-psychic thing. I felt, "Oh! That's right!" I felt love enter my heart center. That's what I had been wanting all my life. Baba says about love that those who don't have it catch it from those who do, and in my case that's how it happened.

The next day I got on a bus to the Meher Center. Then I was on my honeymoon. I read the books, The Discourses, and everything you do when you first come. Bob Brown was there, and we became friends. He told me what sanskaras were. I was broke,

so I'd make a big pot of lentil stew, and leave it in the refrigerator for days and eat on it. Of course, I wasn't the only one who ate it. Lots of kitchen scavengers in those days! I stayed there for a couple of weeks, and then I was thrown off because I had drugs with me. I had told someone, and he told Jane Haynes, who was in charge of the Center while Kitty and Elizabeth were in India. Jane called me and said, "Do you have drugs?" and I said "Yes." I had hidden them in the woods. I had this tiny stash of drugs, either LSD or STP, which I had gotten in San Francisco months earlier. I was not taking drugs then, but I still had this little stash and had taken them to Pittsburgh in hopes of finding someone to sell them to. So Jane said I had to leave. And I'm in love with Meher Baba! It was as if life had opened my throat and was just pouring this information, this nectar of Divinity into me and slam, throat closed! I was actually hugging trees. I would experience a tree. I'd go off into the woods, and I would just feel.

So I left the Center, went back to Baton Rouge, and sold those drugs to somebody. I took the money I got, not much, but enough for a bus ticket, and a week later I was on a bus going back to the Center. I got to Atlanta and called Jane from a phone booth. I said, "This is Tim Garvin. Remember me? I'm the guy who had the drugs." She said "Yes, yes." I said, "Well, I'm on my way back." She said, "Elizabeth and Kitty are not here yet, and I have to consult them before I can permit you to return." I said, "Jane, I'm begging you. Meher Baba is everything to me now." And so she consented. I have always been grateful to her for the faith and courage she showed in permitting this unknown drug addict to return.

I went back to the Center, and I stayed a long time, a month or two. Various other people were there, but it was early days, and the Center was mostly empty. I had some interesting experiences, and as Baba says, these experiences served to confirm my faith and understanding, but are not something important in themselves. I



was out in the boathouse one night, and I saw this little image of Baba's face out in the distance, maybe 100 yards away. Everywhere I'd look there that picture would be there. Later on, I read Listen, Humanity and found that during the East-West Sahavas Baba told a gathering of men, "Some of you will see Me tonight. You will see a small image of me in the distance." That's what I had seen.

This was in 1971, and Kitty and Elizabeth returned from India where they had been visiting. We were introduced by Jane, and of course they inquired about the drugs and were satisfied that I was free of them. Shortly afterwards, Adi K. Irani came to the states and stayed at the Center. I had long discussions with him. I was still a student of Aurobindo, and I asked Adi, "Why do I need Meher Baba? Why not just God? How can Meher Baba help me?" And Adi said, "Oh brother, you don't need Baba. Don't believe in Baba if you don't want to." I said "No! no! I love Baba! I want to know how he can help." I remember John Bass, one of the old New York Baba lovers, finally said impatiently, "Tell him to read God Speaks. Has he read God Speaks?" But Adi defended me. It so happened that Adi too was interested in Aurobindo's writings. In fact he told me he once had a book of Aurobindo's and was carrying it around Meherabad one day, and Baba called him and took the book and said, "You don't need Aurobindo. You have Me." But the next day he gave it back to him. I had lots of questions for Adi, and he patiently tried to answer them. I recently found these talks on <http://mandalihal.org/>. One of them is PA-038-A.

But the interesting part of my story at that time is that though I loved Baba and everything he said, he had dropped his body. He was gone. So how can he be my master? But Adi said, "Baba is the eternal master and available everywhere for all time." I said, "Baba said that? Where does He say that? Show me where it is in the books." He couldn't, and Kitty couldn't either. She said, "I read it," and I said, "But where?" Somehow she couldn't say. Adi said, "He's always awake to the world. He drops the physical body, but His universal body never drops." I said, "Where does it say that?" I drove him crazy. I would say, "What's the use of Baba? What leverage can He provide to pry this ego away?" Finally, he said, "He can provide this. He comes and becomes the focal point of the universe. His name, His photograph. It all condenses into a focal point, and is a source of divine yoga yoga sanskaras which you can then imbibe. That's the use of Meher Baba in the world." I liked that explanation, and it has become a

commanding concept for me in explaining to myself and others why Baba is useful, why he's not just a body of thought or a religious figurehead. He's a living force of divine sanskaras within each of us. But still, in my restless youth, I was not completely at ease. After all, where in the writing did it say precisely that? Adi did his best, but there was still something in me which longed for more clarification.

**He (Eruch)
emphasized that
we should
remember Baba as
the sole focus of
our devotion...**

So then I heard about Murshid(a) Ivy Duce out in San Francisco. She had a group out there—Sufism Reoriented. And she was a living master! So I thought I would go out there and talk to her. Shortly after I got married in '71, my wife and I drove a Vespa motor scooter, packed with a tent, two sleeping bags, a duffle, and a guitar, 2000 miles to San Francisco. At first I spoke to the preceptors, Anice Hasseen and Lud Dimpl, and then finally got to see the Murshida. She invited me up to her apartment one evening. She opened the door, and since I didn't know what she looked like, I walked right past her, thinking she was the maid answering the door. Then I looked around and realized, "That's her!" So we sat down and talked. Among other things, she told me to get my astrology chart done by Sylvia DeLong. Murshida had written a book called What Am I Doing Here? and in it she had written a sentence which read, "Those who so blithely think they can follow the inner guide are deluding themselves." So I said, "What's this about a personal master? Is it really necessary?" And she said, "Yes, you have to have a personal master." I said, "But I spoke to Adi about that, and he said you didn't. He said that Baba was the eternal master for all." She said, "You must have misunderstood him." Crash! Here I am, with Baba for only about a year, and now I find the experts disagree. It was maddening. It was heartbreaking.

I went back to the Center shortly afterwards, and I talked to Kitty. I asked her again, "Do you have to have a personal master?" She said, "No. Baba is the avatar, and the avatar is the Eternal Master." Again I asked, "Where does it say that, Kitty? Can you find it in the writing?" Again she said, "I don't know," but she thought she had definitely read it. I said, "I went to see Murshida Duce, and she said a personal master in the flesh was definitely needed." Kitty was a bit dismayed by this announcement but continued to assert that a personal master was unnecessary once a soul had come into contact with the avatar.

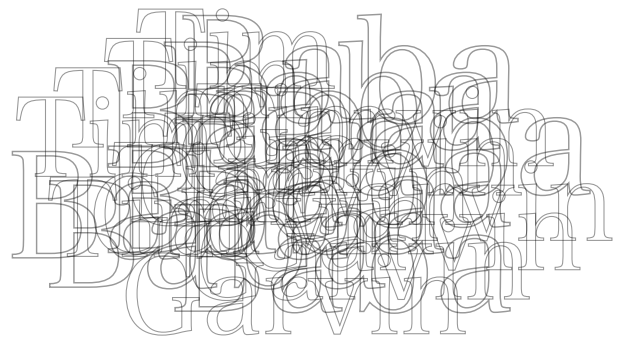
Jump forward to 1980 and my first trip to India. It was the year of the upheaval between Eruch and the Sufis. I was in mandali hall when Eruch first read out

his general letter to the Baba community in which he deplored the current focus on spiritualism and occultism, particularly in Sufism Reoriented and the Vedanta Society. He emphasized that we should remember Baba as the sole focus of our devotion and not get lost in or attracted to occultism. It created a lot of havoc and hurt feelings, and the Sufis came in a large group to defend themselves. But Eruch was firm and clear. And Eruch is our Peter, the rock on which our “church” will be founded. Those knew him and those who have seen him in video will remember his loving but manly selflessness. He was like the touchstone of all that is to be a true man, a human being. He was a saint no doubt. The scent of his body was saintly.

And of course, now that I had Baba’s great spokesman before me, I asked about the need for a personal master. And that, in essence, was what the whole blowup with the Sufis was about. If Baba is dead and out of touch, then we need these secondary people to advise and guide us, and they, being finite, naturally tend to get involved in inner details, and so arises spiritualism. So Eruch had Davana (I think it was Davana then, but I’m not sure) go to get a certain letter, and Eruch asked me and another man to me read it out loud in the hall. It was written by a Baba lover whose aunt had gone to Bombay to see the chargeman of Bombay, a high saint. When she walked up to him, he said, “Get out of here, you whore!” So she rushed away, and when she saw Baba, she said, “The chargeman of Bombay harangued me and called me a whore.” Baba said, “Go back to him. He’s a great soul.” So she went back, and as she drew near, she was of course full of fear. But the saint said, “Mother, come sit here.” And he stroked her hair and was kind to her. He said, “Now you have permission.” She went back to Baba, and Baba said, “You see?” And the young man writing the article went on to say, “When you come to Baba He is your master. We only need Baba.” And Eruch had me read that out in Mandali Hall to solidify my belief, to give me one more dose of the truth. But I still had doubt, because the article didn’t say what to do after Baba dies. But that was golden time with Eruch. We used to go on little walks with him. Beautiful. I am so grateful for that.

The next time I came to India was in ’83. On my first day in mandali hall, after the greetings, Eruch began the session with us by remarking to Davana, “Did you find that article?” She said, “Yes, I found it,” and handed him some papers. Eruch handed them to me and said, “Tim, you have a big strong voice. You read it.” I began to read it, and after a few sentences found it was the same article I had read out before. The discussion in the hall the previous day had led Eruch to think of the article for the first time in years, and he

had asked Davana to try to find it. Every time I tell this I get a little choked up. And I got a choked up then while reading it. After finishing the article, I told Eruch the whole story of my search, my doubt, and the first reading of the article years before. He said, “Brother, we have no idea how he works.” It is so true. We have no idea. The last vestige of doubt about whether I needed a personal master, about the Baba’s use to us after he drops his physical body, was gone. Baba has dropped His physical body but the body that counts He never drops. Looking back, I can see now that this concept was in the writing and in Baba’s many messages all along: “I never come, I never go.” “I am not this body you see.” And most fully in Meher Baba Manifesting, written by Bhau from notes Baba gave him. And on and on. But to get it into my hard head, it seems, he had to trouble Eruch.



At the 1955 Meherabad Sahavas, Baba warned, "Don't keep shouting 'Avatar Meher Baba ki jai! What is the use in doing that? Shout within your heart; it must be heard only by you, not by others."

[Lord Meher. p.3853]



FOUND ON FACEBOOK

**Zahir Khan**
12 hrs

Truth never gets a big audience. Most so called seekers really aren't interested in finding there true selves.

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**Colleran Vaheer** I'm just in it for the Siddhis.
6 hrs · [Like](#) ·  1

**Colleran Vaheer** ..and wallowing in unearned baraka.
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Some Thoughts on Inner Guidance

by Filis Frederick

So often Baba told us by His illimitable hand gestures, or perhaps in treasured letter or cable, "Remember -- I am always with you."

Naturally, it was a phrase that stirred up feelings of love, trust and hope -- He is always with us. But what does it mean? Especially now, that His physical presence is gone? Those who met Him, and those who did not, are "sailing in the same boat now," as the Song of the New Life so aptly puts it. No longer are there cables, letters, messages, circulars from India.

One thing is clear: Each one of us has to follow Him inwardly. We have to seek His inner guidance.

What form will it take?

I think it will differ for each of us. I think Baba will work with each individual differently just as He did when in the body. He is the Master Counselor, Friend, Psychologist. He understands our temperament as well as our needs. His Presence will be "not in the flesh but in the spirit," as St. John says. The New Testament calls this inner Presence the Holy Comforter -- the third part of the Trinity -- the Holy Ghost. ("Ghost" is a strange translation of the Latin spiritus.)

The essence is the same but each one feels it in a different way. Some feel it as an actual presence, touch, glance, even image. Others feel it as an overwhelming sense of love. Some get "hints" by the way things happen around them, to them, for them, showing the Master's love and care. A few may

WE HAVE TO SEEK HIS INNER GUIDANCE. WHAT FORM WILL IT TAKE?

actually see or hear Him. Some contact Him in significant dreams. Some feel His love coming to them from others, or they feel it in the way their own heart sprouts love. Many times it happens in communion, in groups. Did not Baba, like Jesus, say that where two or more are gathered together, there He would be? His sahavas is the give and take of love, and love flows always from heart to heart.

Most important, what are we going to do to rate His inner guidance? Why is it so often blocked? What are we doing so that we don't feel His presence, which He says is always there? The answer is simple, though no one likes to hear it.

WE ARE IN THE WAY.

We are in the way. We cast the shadow. Above all, our negative emotions shut off the communion. Fear, hate, greed, need, anger, depression, sometimes too much pain or loss, shut Him out.

The only remedy is not to cling to these negative emotions, but to cast them at His

feet. Such feelings will come, must come, but we have to surrender them to Him... trust Him to deal with them. Doubt is the worst. Baba says the mind always doubts, but not the heart. It is all a test... this seeking for His guidance through our own valley of shadows.

But intelligence and reason are not to be thrust aside. We must use discrimination. We must evaluate what we *think* is His guidance. Not every dream, not every vision, not every "Baba coincidence" is true. The possibility of self-delusion is always there. That is why Baba says we must balance head and heart. What breaks this dilemma? Sincere prayer. Sincere prayer for His guidance and the faith that He will respond.

Baba said, after all, that His position is so high that he must respond to the call of His devotee, no matter where or when. That is what discipleship is all about. Baba never said to follow Him is easy, but the reward is the greatest -- our way out of Maya.

In The Awakener, Vol. XXII, No. 1 (Ms. Filis Frederick, Editor)
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Meher Center—On the Trails

Come walk round Baba's holy place.
Past gnarled, twisted live oak boles and branches,
Step over lush, nubbly, green ground moss.

Elvish faces grin from fallen trees—Shapes on old pines and oaks worn down.
To heartwood.

Baba's faces are here too.

Flashes of brown eyes and white tails—"Hey deer!"
We aren't alone here. Sometimes a laughing snort is our reply.

[Note: When you walk Baba's woodlands, you become elvish.
You talk to deer, birds, turtles, gators, even mushrooms!]

We cross a simple bridge leading to a grove of elegant,
Cone-based cypresses.

Past them, a tall oak snag: "Hey, up there—mushroom!"
A huge lion's mane fungus hangs twenty feet high.

Eventually a peaceful flat greenness appears—Gator Lake.

Log shapes—some alive—often rest around it.

Once near here, we happened on a snapper.

Green-brown old mossback, big as a stump.

I asked him, "Do you remember Baba's footfalls from the fifties?"
But turtles take vows of silence.

Then the barn looms in sacred mystery
and beyond—

A trumpet glare of light. Long Lake heralds
The nestled Avalon of cabins and kitchens where God walked.

When we walk the trails at Meher Center,
Multiple shapes swirl around us.
How easy to imagine losing ego to become spirit here
In Baba's love.

Robert Phillips

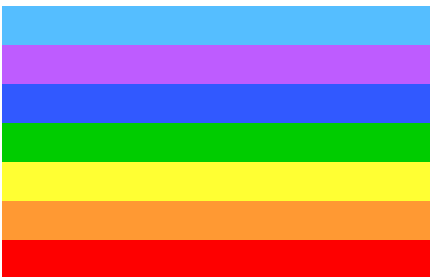


ON RAINBOW FLAGS

Laurent Weichberger
Ashland, Oregon

Since coming to Baba in 1986 I have been aware of Meher Baba's rainbow flag. When Baba first started working as a Spiritual Master at Meherabad, in India, he lived in an extremely small dwelling (just large enough for him to lay down inside) known as a Jhopdi[1]. This was in 1924, before Baba started keeping silence. According to Bhau Kalchuri, it was proposed that a flag be flown near the Jhopdi and, on April 23rd, a debate ensued about it. The Hindus said the color of the flag should be red, but Ramjoo objected, saying that red reflected only Vedant, and that green was better. Then the Hindus took objection, arguing that green was typically a Mohammedan color. The Parsis and Iranis disapproved of both colors, and to bring about accord, Baba proposed, "The flag should be of seven colors." Naval prepared a flag accordingly and, after it was sewn, it was hoisted near the Master's Jhopdi in the evening. As the flag stirred, Baba remarked, "Do you know why I suggested a seven colored flag? The seven colors represent the seven planes of consciousness."

Meher Baba had specified the positioning of two colors: "Red should be at the bottom of the flag and sky blue at the top. Arrangement of the other five colors is your decision." Meher Baba later added: "Besides representing the seven planes of consciousness, these colors also represent sanskaras—impressions. The colors in the flag signify man's rise from the grossest of impressions of lust and anger—



symbolized by red—to the culmination in the highest state of spirituality and oneness with God—symbolized by sky blue.”[2]

As a result, a rainbow flag was sewn according to Baba's wish, and it is still flown at Meherabad today. I recently purchased a Baba rainbow flag at the Meher Baba Trust bookstore in Ahmednagar, India, see the description below.

In November 2004, I took a road trip with my daughter, Aspen. Our travels took us through Massachusetts, and we visited Northampton, Amherst and Salem. Northampton is perhaps one of the lesbian capitals of America, and while we walked around that gorgeous and inspiring town, Aspen happened to be wearing a rainbow-flag-bag which she had purchased in India, which is based on Meher Baba's flag. This was her favorite bag to wear at the time. Then she saw all the rainbow flags hanging up in Northampton, on houses, in store windows, outside of stores on the streets. The gay pride rainbow flag has become ubiquitous. So she asked me immediately and with the naivety of a nine year old child, "Did they put up Baba's flag?"

Honestly, I didn't know what to say. I had heard stories through the years from my homosexual friends in the Meher Baba community of some connection between Meher Baba's rainbow flag, and the rainbow flag of the gay pride movement. But one hears so many stories, and many of them are Baba-urban-legends. So rather than answer Aspen's fine

question directly, I waited and instead entered a prominent gay bookstore I saw as we walked together. I asked a young lesbian woman who worked there if she knew where I could find out information about the gay pride rainbow flag. She took me straight to a book entitled, *Completely Queer, the Gay & Lesbian Encyclopedia*[3]. Upon researching the rainbow flag then and there, and taking notes in the bookshop, and then researching Meher Baba's rainbow flag for this piece, I found out some fascinating information about the contrast between these two flags. Namely, a rainbow flag was created by San Francisco artist Gilbert Baker for the June 25, 1978 Gay Freedom Day Parade.



That original flag for the parade had these colors with the following meanings assigned to them by him:[4] hot pink—sex, red—life, orange—healing, yellow—sun, green—serenity, turquoise—art, indigo—harmony, violet—spirit

When we see the two flags side by side, it is clear that they are essentially reversed. In Baba's flag there are only two colors that he specified the location: Red at the bottom, and sky blue at the top, as Baba wanted "the highest state of spirituality and oneness with God" to be raised above all else. In the gay pride flag, violet representing "spirit" is at the bottom of the flag.

Meher Baba

the highest state of spirituality and oneness with God
 plane of consciousness, sanskaras, impressions [5]
 plane of consciousness, etc...
 plane of consciousness...
 plane of consciousness...
 plane of consciousness...
 the grossest of impressions of lust and anger

Meher Baba was clear that red was representative of “the grossest impressions of lust and anger” and wanted them at the bottom of His flag. However, in the gay pride flag we see that two colors are given the highest place, pink and red, pink to symbolize “sex,” and red meaning “life.” Also, Baker created a rainbow flag of eight colors, and Baba was clear that there should be seven colors in His flag. Based on all of this research, I can see no way anyone can declare that these are the same rainbow flag, or that one is based upon the other. There are two completely different versions of the rainbow colored flag, with dramatically different inspirations. I understand that Gilbert Baker was asked by a homosexual Baba lover if there was any connection between his version of the rainbow flag created for the gay pride march, and the one created by Meher Baba decades earlier. He responded that there was no connection. All in all, this has been a valuable project for me personally. I believe the most important thing to remember regarding rainbow flags is simply that whatever version of the rainbow flag one is drawn to, it should be flown without fear, and with pride that one is a part of a special movement on this glorious planet, whether that is a gay pride movement, which I wholeheartedly value, or a Meher

Gilbert Baker

sex
 life
 healing
 sun
 serenity
 Art
 harmony
 spirit

Baba movement of which I am a part. One early morning at home, with my new son on my lap and contemplating all that I had discovered above (still not clear about what it all means) I turned to Master Rumi and stumbled upon the words of the poem below:

No Flag by Rumi

I used to want buyers for my words. Now I wish someone would buy me away from words.
 I've made a lot of charmingly profound images, scenes with Abraham, and Abraham's father, Azar, who was famous for icons.
 I'm so tired of what I've been doing.
 Then one image without form came, and I quit.
 Look for someone else to tend the shop. I'm out of the image making business.
 Finally I know the freedom of madness.
 A random image arrives, I scream, "Get out!"
 It disintegrates.
 Only love.
 Only the holder the flag fits into, and wind.
 No flag.

The original colors and meanings of the Gay Pride flag. At the time this was created, pink was a hard and expensive color to make, so it was dropped from the flag. The two blues were also combined to save production costs. Now there are seven colors in the Gay Pride flag. Sex and Life are still at the top.

This article originally appeared in the Love Street Lamppost.

- 1 This dwelling of Baba's is still present at Meherabad, and one of the most important points of significance for those visiting. It is right near the fire pit where Meher Baba ordered the Dhuni to be lit on the 12th day of each month.
- 2 From *Lord Meher* p.618 (Seven-Colored Flag)
- 3 *Completely Queer, the Gay & Lesbian Encyclopedia* by S. Hogan and L. Hudson (New York : Henry Holt & Co., 1998)
- 4 In 1979 the colors were changed to a rainbow flag used today by the gay pride movement.
- 5 For more about planes of consciousness, and sanskaras (impressions) see Meher Baba's seminal book, *God Speaks* (Walnut Creek, CA: Sufism Reoriented).



how lord rama gave justice to a dog

by Zo Newell, Myrtle Beach SC

Indian mythical tradition is filled with animals, some of which – cows, for instance – are respected and well-treated in daily life. Cows, monkeys, certain birds, and even rats appear in temple iconography and popular artwork. Dogs, not so much. Although dogs do appear in some Hindu and Parsi myths as guides or guardian figures, in everyday Indian life dogs are more often avoided as dirty scavengers. This is a story about Lord Rama, the king of Ayodhya, and his encounter with a very clever dog.

When Rama returned to Ayodhya, for a long time all was superlatively well in the kingdom. People were spontaneously kind and respectful of one another. Crops flourished. No one robbed or hurt anyone else. Everyone was safe, nourished, sheltered, content. No one came to the palace seeking justice or reparations, and the royal grievance room – which in Dasaratha's day was open to all comers, and frequently used – lay deserted.

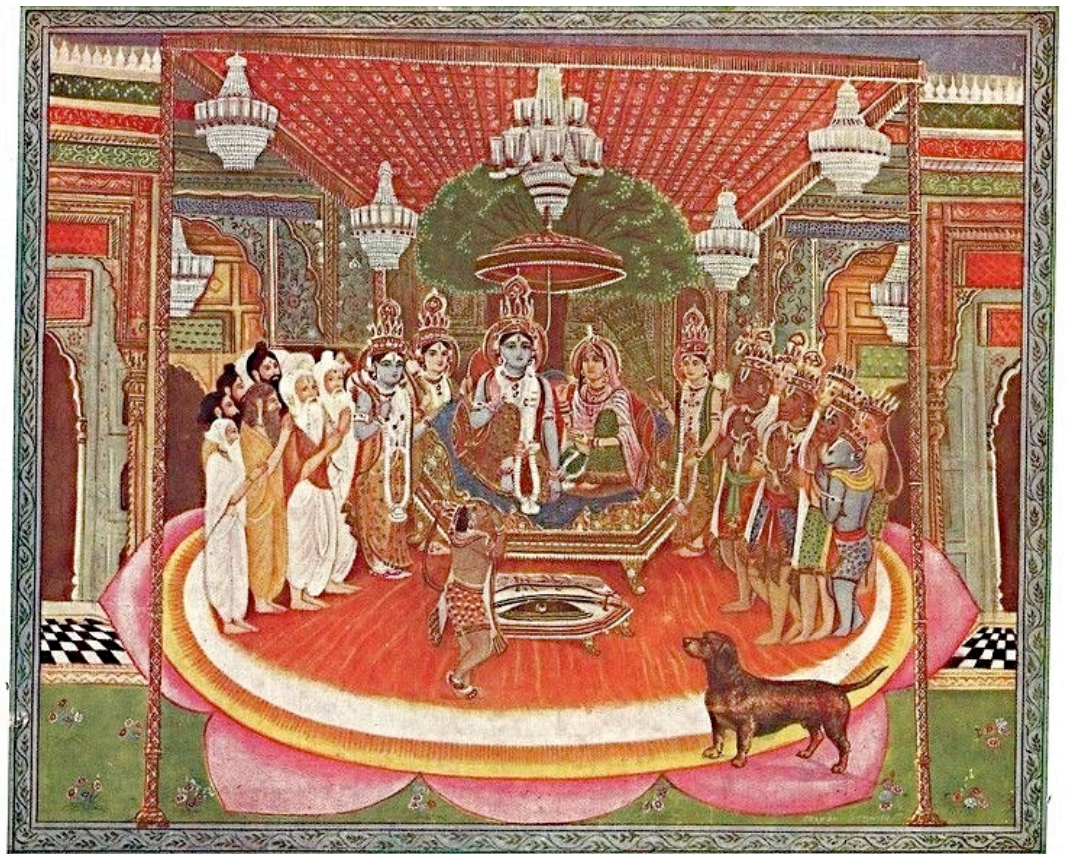
One day, Rama thought he heard someone crying outside the palace gates. Listening hard, at first he mistook the unaccustomed sound for a voice of peace and prosperity – the creaking of wooden wheels, say, or the groaning of a rope hauling water from the well. No. Someone was in distress. Someone needed justice. “Go,” he told Lakshman, “see who is here, needing my help but fearing to enter.”

A dog sat patiently, apologetically, outside the palace door: a yellow-furred dog with a curly tail, a sweet face, and sad, intelligent eyes. He looked mournfully at Lakshman and held up his paw. Lakshman went back inside. “There's no one there, only a dog.” “A dog is not no one, and I am responsible for all my subjects. Bring him in!”

“Sir, I can't go in,” said the dog. “I'm a dog, an unclean animal. My presence will pollute the palace and good fortune will fly away. Please tell Rama, though, that I seek justice from him.”

“This is no ordinary dog,” said Rama. “Bring him in, with all the respect due to a student of the dharma.” And, after a few formalities, the dog came in and sat politely before Rama.

“O King, live forever,” said the dog, courteously and somewhat formally. “Early this morning I was rolling in the dirt, in the road, in the sun, as we dogs like to do. Out of nowhere, a bad-tempered holy man came along and kicked me, hard, just for being in his way. He hurt my hip, Majesty, and I ask you for justice.”



Well, the rishi was brought to the court. He explained that he had been having a difficult time with begging his day's food; no one was in a generous mood, he was hungry, and hot, and tired, and he took out his frustration on the dog. "I was wrong, your Majesty," he said, "and I will accept whatever punishment you give me."

Rama said, "I think the dog should decide what reparation will satisfy him. Brother, what should we do with this rishi?" The dog said to the rishi: "You will be the chief priest at the rich temple on the outskirts of town." The court opened their eyes in surprise, and the rishi's angry, bitter face grew almost handsome with relief. "Thank you!" he gasped. "But this is no punishment, this is a great honor." And immediately, with great ceremony, they conducted the rishi to the temple and installed him as the chief priest.

On returning to the palace, Rama turned to the dog. "Brother, please enlighten us. Why did you choose this punishment?"

The dog smiled and wagged his tail. "Know," he said to those assembled, "that I was once the chief priest of a rich temple. When you are in such a position of power, it's easy to get greedy and to behave stupidly. Those who misuse the funds given to help widows and orphans, those who drive away the lowly from the temple doors, those who serve themselves at the expense of others, are reborn in animal form. I misused my position and now I am a dog. I want this rishi to experience exactly what I have been through, just to teach him a lesson."

In time, the rishi died and was reborn as a dog. But don't think that he died in Ayodhya; there is no rebirth for one who dies there. No, he was outside the town, as the clever dog had arranged. In time, the dog died too, and achieved liberation. By Rama's grace, he had come to live in the palace, and that lucky, lucky dog died at the Lord's own feet.



"Duality signifies
separateness.

Separateness implies fear.
Fear causes worry.

The way of Oneness is the way to happiness; the way of manyness is the way to worry. I am the One who has no second, so I am eternally happy. You are separate from your Self, so you always worry. To you, what you see is absolutely real; to me, it is absolutely false.

I alone am real, and my will governs the cosmic illusion. It is the truth when I say that the waves do not roll and the leaves do not move without my will. The moment the intensity of your faith in my will reaches its height, you say goodbye to worry forever. Then all that you suffered and enjoyed in the past, together with all that you may experience in the future, will be to you the most loving and spontaneous expression of my will; and nothing will ever be able to cause you worry again.

Live more and more in the Present, which is ever beautiful and stretches away beyond the limits of the past and the future.

If you must worry at all, let your only worry be how to remember me constantly. This is worthwhile worry because it will bring about the end of worry.

Think of me more and more, and all your worries will disappear into the nothing they really are. My will works out to awaken you to this."

~ Avatar Meher Baba

In, Lord Meher, by V.S. "Bhau" Kalchuri (p. 4372 & 4373)

<http://tinyurl.com/ohf437b>





You with your begging bowl
ready to receive
The spittle of God
could nourish you
for a thousand years

A petal from My garland
could be your boat
and take you all the way to Me

Climb into the crook of My arm
and I will crack the walnut shell of
you
to show you the sweet nutmeat
within

The essence of sandalwood
that surrounds us
seems ephemeral
yet it is your dance floor

Come closer
and even closer still

MARLA FAITH

Adele Wolkin was born in Brooklyn, NY on April 9, 1918. She said when she was born people were still waving flags in the street for the end of World War I. She was the fourth child. In 1910 her parents had a son, and a year later, twin boys. Seven years later, Adele was born. Her father was a pharmacist in Harlem. Many people would call him 'Doc,' because in those days, a lot of people were too poor to go to a real doctor. All the children used to work in their father's drug store. He would let them eat all the chocolate that got old and white, which Adele said cured her of being too fond of chocolate. When the boys got older and it was time to send them to college, they moved to Iowa because her father had relatives there and the tuition was cheaper. All three of Adele's brothers went on to become doctors, a radiologist, an osteopathic doctor, a brain surgeon, and Adele became a nurse.

When Adele started school in Iowa and the teacher introduced her, saying this is Adele from New York, one boy raised his hand and asked Adele, "Are you white?" And that sort of epitomized Adele's opinion of Iowa. Adele's mother opened a boarding house there. Adele remembers taking care of the corn and tomatoes in their garden. Her father stayed behind in New York to finish up some business and her mother suggested that he stay with her best friend, Sadie, who was a seamstress. Adele's father and Sadie got involved and he never made the move to Iowa. Adele would always say, "Sadie was no lady!" And it wasn't until her father met Baba that Adele ever really forgave him. She thought Baba would tell him off, but Baba turned to Adele and said, "Your father looks like my father." Adele's father said of Baba, "He is too good! Too Good!"

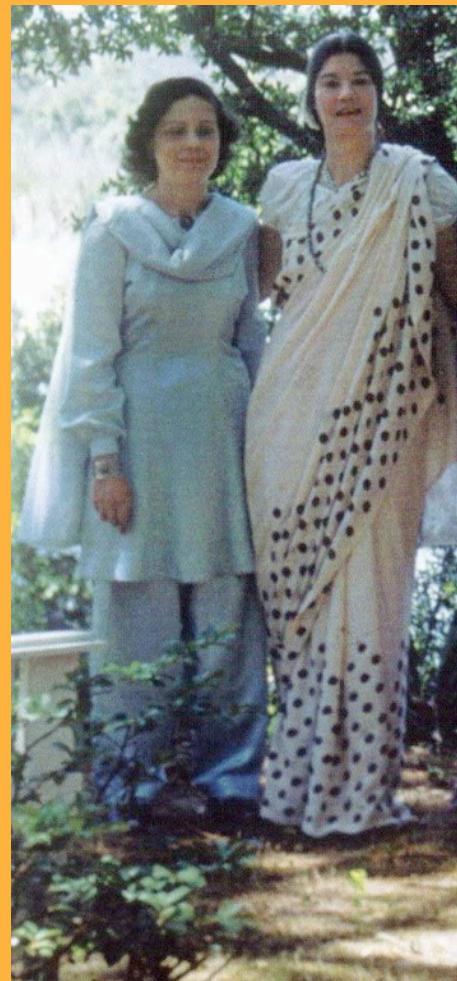
In 1935, Adele received her BA in Liberal Arts from the College University of Iowa. In New York during World War II, searching for wisdom, She was working on her thesis in philosophy when she first heard of Meher Baba. While her brothers were involved in the war, she, as a pacifist, joined the American Friends Service Committee. She felt she needed to find a way to reconcile God, Who was at the heart of everything, and the terrible hatred raging around the world. She liked to read the Christian mystics and saints, and the Sermon on the Mount, which Baba later said was still authentic.

Adele met Filis Frederick through a classmate, and was so impressed with Filis' comments on philosophy that they developed a great friendship. Through Filis, Adele was introduced to the Eastern works of Ramakrishna, Vivekananda and the Buddha. Near Christmas of 1943, when Adele was twenty-five, she accompanied Filis to a



ADELE

WOLKIN: A LIFE OF LOVE AND SERVICE



Filadele 1952

talk about Meher Baba at the home of Princess Norina Matchabelli, Elizabeth Patterson and Countess Nadine Tolstoy. "A very real crossroads in my life," she described this experience. "I was overtaken by a sense of unusual comfort and upliftment."

Some weeks later, in 1944, Norina asked Filis and Adele to live with them and help prepare for Meher Baba's coming. Filis and Adele lived with Norina and Elizabeth for four years. Adele was attracted to Nadine as if she were an old friend. "As I am too of Russian extraction (her parents were Ukranian, then a part of Russia), there was an ethnic element which accentuated the ease and pleasantness I felt with her....At a second meeting she invited me into her private quarters....She was waiting to receive me with extended arms." When Nadine, and later Norina, became ill, Baba asked Adele to take care of them, which she did until they each passed on. "Caring for Nadine was Baba's grace—she was my instructor par excellence....She would show me how to massage her, how to prepare her food, and other services, not least of all, how to feed her canary with words of love as well as food: Baba loves you, Baba loves you! ...In 1946, Elizabeth, Filis and I were present in her room when Norina clairvoyantly described Nadine's departing soul in Roosevelt Hospital. We watched her pass away with a most relaxed expression on her beautiful face," This experience eventually propelled Adele into becoming an R.N.

Adele's first actual glimpse of Baba was early in the morning of April 20, 1952, from behind a pillar on the third balcony of the Pennsylvania train station. "Baba wearing His sadra and His hair flowing... looking like Jesus." Filis, hiding behind the pillar to comply with her understanding of Baba's order, asked Adele to tell her everything she saw. Adele thought that His order of "no private interviews" did not preclude

her having this glimpse of Him. They believed Baba knew they were up there, since in that moment He spelled out on His alphabet board, "Filadel," the term He then always used to refer to them.



Early in May 1952, they drove down to Myrtle Beach with Fred and Ella Winterfeldt, and stayed a week on the Center as Baba's guests. At 10:30 on the morning of May 10th, Adele had her first appointment with Meher Baba. She considers this date her real Birthday. "I was very unsteady. I never felt worthy to meet Him." To her Baba said, "I know all you mean to say. I understand. Do not worry about any weaknesses.

When the heart and mind are purified, one can see God. We can see Him through purity, but above purity is love, which consumes all weaknesses....Baba knows you and loves you, and in spite of everything, Baba will never leave you."

"She [Adele] has eyes like Babajan," Baba remarked, "very large, grey-blue." "Do you love Baba honestly?" He asked Filadel. "Yes, Baba!" they replied. Adele asked Baba what she could do for Him. "What more

can you do for the Beloved—I want love, nothing else! Love Me and let God love us. That is what I want. When you love Baba, God will love you and God's loving means everything. I love you because you love me so much. You [Adele] are like Mani to me. You are part of my family." In His presence Adele came to know what He meant when He spoke of the pure in heart. "Meeting Him made me know my limitations." Adele was



embarrassed to tell Him that she never completed her master's thesis, but Baba told her, "Don't worry. I'm your Master's thesis!"

One day as they were about to enter Baba's House with Him, He paused on the steps, and looking at Filis and Adele, held up two fingers together and indicated



Adele, Filis, Baba, and women Mandali

His heart. Meherji related that Baba was saying that she and Filis would come to Him. Adele felt He was indicating they were both in His heart. "Filis and Adele do love me. You have been with me before. I have known you since ages; you do not know how long. Nothing matters but Love for God. Let these words be inscribed in your heart: Nothing is real but God."

One evening as the women mandali were seated around Him, Baba said, "I am thinking of a number, from 1 to 22. Who can guess it" All said a number. Adele was last, saying 11. It was right. It was exactly 11 days later Baba had the accident. Adele said she felt Baba putting the number in her head.

On 'Open Day' at the Center over seven hundred people and one turtle came to see Baba. Filadel's job was to guard the back porch to the Barn, to guide people down the steps and onto the path, and not let them wander off into the woods. This led to their seeing everyone who came to Baba and the effect He had on each one. At the end of that day, Saturday, May 17, they were just groggy with the love poured out by the Avatar on the Westerners, most of whom were meeting Him for the very first time.

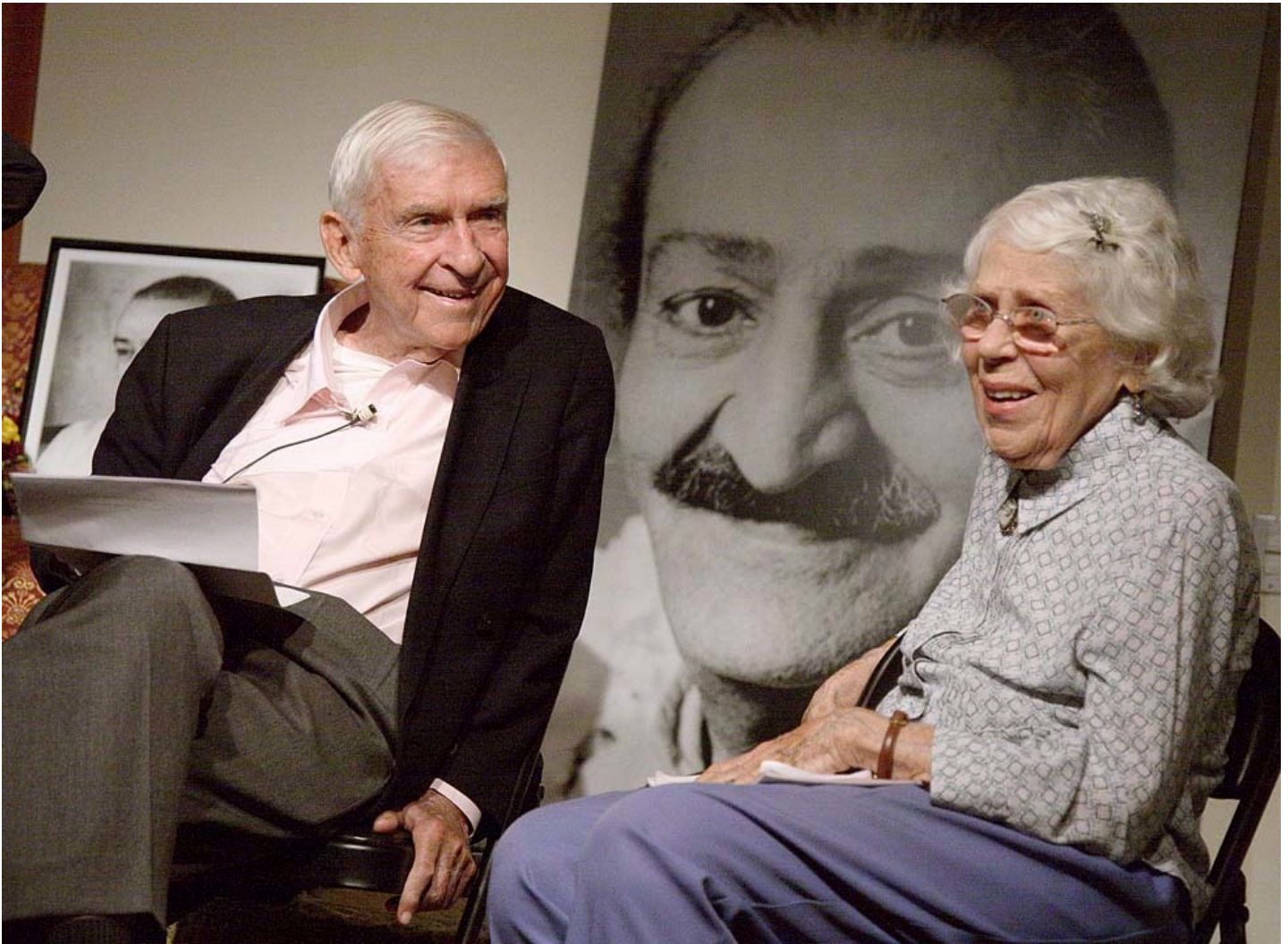
Baba introduced Adele to Dr. Goher, marking the beginning of a long and mutually appreciative relationship. After Baba's accident, Dr. Goher asked if Adele's brothers, an orthopedic surgeon and a radiologist, would look at Baba's X-rays. (Baba had reassured Adele that her brothers would all come to Him in time.) Later, Dr. Goher sent letters asking Adele to research medicines, to get certain instruments, to send medical samples to alleviate the pain of Baba's hip injury.

In the fifties, Adele met Mary Pickford while visiting a Veteran's Hospital in the Bronx. Adele asked Mary if she remembered Shri Meher Baba. Mary replied, "Oh, of course. He was a most wonderful man."

Beginning in 1955, Adele acted as an editorial assistant in the publication of *The Awakener*, a journal devoted to Meher Baba, edited by Filis. Adele participated in Baba's visits in Myrtle Beach in 1956 and 1958. In 1957 Adele suggested in a letter that Dr. Harry Kenmore, the blind chiropractor who had met Baba in America in 1956, might be the right doctor to help in relieving Baba's pain. Goher read Adele's letter to Baba, who decided to call Kenmore to India.



Adele attended the East West Gathering in India in 1962. Baba asked her to stay on in India after the Gathering, so for a number of months she worked in the Wadia Maternity Home in Parel, near Bombay. On January 17, 1963, Adi picked Adele up there. After spending a night in Poona at the Napier Hotel with Kari and Joseph Harb, Adele was brought to Meherazad at 9:40 a.m. on the 19th. After being given tea, she met Baba. She wished to continue her stay in Bombay, but during this meeting, Baba decided she should return to America. Baba assured Adele, "You will serve My purpose best by working there." He permitted her to visit Meherazad once every year.



Don E. Stevens and Adele Wolkin at L.A. Center Oct. 2007

Adele readily accepted Baba's decision, saying that she would go back happily, if that was Baba's wish. Baba was touched by her willing obedience and expressed His love for her. He complimented her, "I am pleased and proud of you. To me, it is the same whether you are in America or in India, as I am with you wherever you are. I know that you love me above everything, but remember, Adele, I love you far more than you can ever love me."

Baba told her to send a telegram when she arrived home. Adele had lunch at Meherazad, then caught a train back to Bombay, and sailed from India on January 27. Before she left, Baba sent this telegram: "Take me with you and share my love with all who can receive it. My love to you." Adele cabled in reply: "Beloved Baba, I live to obey you."

Never one to sit back and take it easy, Adele's next career was in serving children. She taught for many years as a Montessori preschool teacher and was also licensed in the state of New York as a preschool instructor.

In 1969, Filis, Adele and Bruce Hoffman founded Baba House in New York City, the first American group devoted to Meher Baba, to adhere to Meher Baba's insistence on democratic procedure.

Adele rejoined Filis in Los Angeles in 1977 and was an active part of the L.A. Baba community, serving on the Board of Directors, heading up many committees at the L.A. Center. Among them were Service, Archives, Programs and Sahavas, while serving in many other functions as well as being the



backbone of the community. For more than sixty years strove to materialize what Baba said: I have only one message to give; and repeat it age after age to one and all—LOVE GOD. And to heed His Call: Come All Unto Me.

Adele lived in a little apartment in Redondo Beach for a long time, only a few blocks from the beach. Judy Mangold met her in 1998 at a sahasas the Los Angeles center held over every July Fourth at Pilgrim Pines, a mountain retreat. She instantly fell in love with Adele. Judy was just beginning her career as a caregiver and later got a CNA license, which is maybe why she said to Adele, "I want to take care of you." Adele said to Judy, "I am all yours," and dropped into her arms. But at the time, Adele didn't really need caregiving help, being quite strong and independent so nothing ever came of it. When she lived in Ojai, Judy used to visit Adele in Redondo Beach.

Years later, Adele's landlord told her that he wanted to tear down her apartment and build a condo so she had to move. For sometime, she had been thinking that she would like to move back to Myrtle Beach, to be in Baba's favorite home in the West in her last years. So when she lost the apartment, she took it as a sign that it was time to make that move. Adele arrived in Myrtle Beach in 2007. In 2008, she invited Judy to visit her. Shortly after that visit, Judy heard Adele was dealing with a medical issue and needed some help so she offered to help for a couple of weeks which kept getting extended and Judy has been with her ever since.

Judy wrote: 'The main thing I see about Adele is that she operates entirely on love and intuition. She may seem a little forgetful or ditzy, but she has an uncanny way of saying just the right thing at the right time. And she has an unerring ability to push your buttons and make you work on your sanskaras. If nothing else, she will make you learn more patience.

Many Baba lovers have favorite stories of their time with Adele. I hope these stories will come forth soon to touch us each with Baba's Love.

Irma: I first met Adele on Friday, June 13, 1980, at my first meeting at the Los Angeles Baba Center on Santa Monica Blvd. Sitting a couple of rows in front of me, she turned, looked at me as if she'd known me all my life, and asked me a question about the meeting, as if I would know the answer. I saw her then year after year at each sahasas, always busy, always welcoming.

Adele would fly to Tucson from L.A. to visit her brother and his wife about once a year. She would also meet with Tucson Baba lovers for a meal or tea and once an outing to the Desert Museum. Karl and I, along with another Tucson couple, Lewis and Nancy, accompanied Adele on a few trips before she moved to Myrtle Beach: Catalina Island, San Diego's Sea World and Meher Mount in Ojai—each one a treasured memory. We last saw Adele in the Original Kitchen, on the Meher Spiritual Center early in October 2013. We were with thirteen pilgrims, winding up the Heartland Beads-on-One-String pilgrimage. Adele sat with us and chatted in her inimitable way, radiating the love and service to which she had dedicated her life. Meher Baba always, all ways in her mind and heart.



With grateful acknowledgement for information from Judy Mangold, Linda Zavala, Lynne Berry, Karina Page, Patty Thorne, Jeff Maguire's interview with Adele in the Glow International, The Awakener, Lord Meher.

**Copyright © Glow International Aug. 1992.
Copyright © The Awakener, Vol XX No. 2, 1983.
Copyright © Lord Meher, vols. 11-18, 1952-1969.**

With Adele in the Original Kitchen

She holds my hand as I sit on her left,
looks at me again with eyes knowing and kind.

What shall we talk about, she asks,
knowing as I do that it matters not.

Nor to the roomful of others around us
as I sit full quiet on her left.

Heart and eyes smiling of that fullness,
as if it were He I sit next to, on His left.

His eyes upon me, eyes of kindness—
This moment mine to keep.

Irma Sheppard



BOOK REVIEW

BHAJAN by Tim Garvin



It's extremely rare to find a novel which incorporates Meher Baba's name or message in any way. Science fiction author Paul Cook has a thus-far unpublished manuscript titled "Thinking Of You," in which he seriously investigates exactly how modern society could be subtly and invisibly affected by teams of Meher Baba's chargemen.

The chargeman in Tim Garvin's novel "BHAJAN" is quite different -- this chargeman is a tiger hand-reared from a cub in a tiny Indian village by a mast. The tiger Bhajan makes it to the USA in a plausible series of zoo purchases and trades, and ends up in a traveling menagerie/zoo run by the improbably-named Professor Bluey Macintosh, Ph.D.

Having read Tim Garvin's story of how he came to Baba (reproduced in this issue) I already knew he was a terrific writer. When I spied this novel at the L.A. bookstore at the beginning of their Sahavas,

Review by Karl Moeller,
Tucson, Arizona, Aug. 2015

seeing only three copies, I snapped it up. When someone reads a 400-page novel in two sittings they either have a rear end of cast iron, or read incredibly fast, or both. Possibly as a result, when it came time to do this review, I gladly read it again, less than six weeks later. That's how well this is written.

Back cover copy does its best to give away the plot, as usual:

"When Bluey Macintosh adds a Bengal tiger named Bhajan to his mobile zoo, he is merely trying to change a few minds -- maybe even a few hearts. But the tiger, raised by a mast, one of India's so-called god-intoxicated, has a different plan. He intends to change the world. And does."

So the reader knows in advance that this is a feel-good story.

Bluey duly gathers his motley road crew, comprised of family, former students, and friends, and the animals, tiger included, and they all go on the road. Things happen, good and bad, ecstatic and painful, accompanied by lots of discussion and insight. Boy, this bunch is insightful, and philosophical, and articulate, like it's a prerequisite for employment.

Modern story requirements, to keep people turning pages, means

**"You don't need the recipe
to enjoy the food."**

Bluey Macintosh, Ph.D

every character must come in damaged in some way and is eventually redeemed, there's a difficult romance in which love conquers all, and there is an external threat which is overcome in the nick of time. Tim Garvin meets and exceeds all these mandatory writerly duties and makes you like it, because every single character, possibly excepting the tiger, is given a great backstory and convincing internal life, even the villain, JJ the psycho Iraq veteran. You know, character arcs and story arcs.

That's what moves this out of Disney territory - "Let's join the circus, I mean traveling zoo! Let's put on a show!" - the quality of thought going into the writing. In an afterword Tim mentions he's had this idea in his mind for 35 years, and I believe it. It's an amazing novel, and I enjoyed it enormously.

BHAJAN is available on Amazon at <http://tinyurl.com/nzfbfgf>



rumi in the masnavi

Masnavi 2: 1529

از مَحَبَّت تلخها شیرین شود
از مَحَبَّت مِسِّها زرین شود
از مَحَبَّت دُردها صافی شود
از مَحَبَّت دَردها شافی شود

az maḥabbat talkh-hâ şîrîn şavad *** az maḥabbat mess-hâ zarrîn şavad
az maḥabbat dord-hâ şâfî şavad *** az maḥabbat dard-hâ şâfî şavad

Sevgiden acılıklar tatlılaşır, sevgiden bakırlar altın kesilir.

Sevgiden tortulu, bulanık sular, arı duru bir hale gelir, sevgiden dertler şifa bulur.

By love bitter things become sweet; by love pieces of copper become golden;

By love dregs become clear; by love pains become healing.

Turkish (Türkçe) translation - Mesnevi: <http://www.masnavi.net/3/50/tur/1/1/>

Persian (Farsça) text (مثنوی دری / فارسی) - Masnavi: <http://www.masnavi.net/2/50/tur/1/1/>

English (İngilizce) translation - Mathnawi: <http://www.masnavi.net/3/50/eng/1/1/>

<http://www.facebook.com/Masnavi.Net/>

Mr. Ibrahim Gamard sent me this quote from Rumi on August 3, 2015. I was given his name by the Sufi Murshida Esin Çelebi Bayru, a descendent of Rumi I met in Konya (see my previous article on this journey in OmPoint #7 (2012). I had asked her, "Who do you trust?" And she gave me his name.

Laurent

FORGIVENESS WITH MEHER BABA

LAURENT WEICHBERGER

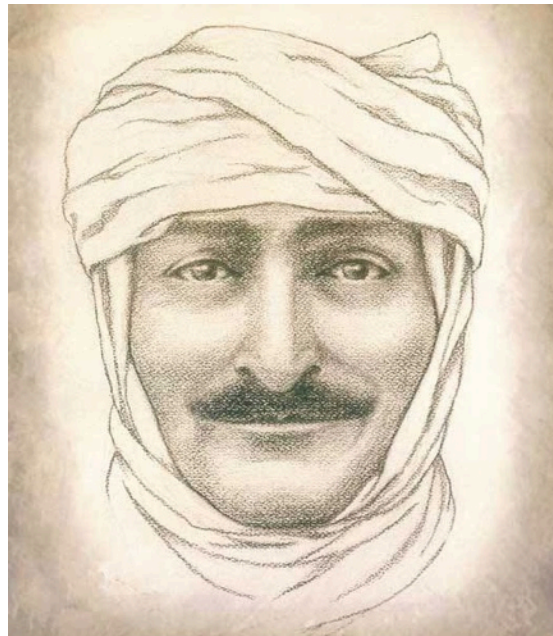
A sneak peek from the new book, "Forgiveness with Meher Baba" by Laurent Weichberger (coming soon):

Is My Forgiveness Wholehearted?
(July 17, 2015 ~ Ashland, Oregon)

In my own life and forgiveness work, I have found the single most important criteria to be to ask myself, am I wholehearted about forgiving? I seem to be allergic to the notion of forgiving: "because you should." I don't know why, but for some reason, unless I am wholehearted about my decision to forgive I feel I am still – in process. I forgive myself for not being ready to forgive another. In the case of my forgiving my father for his suicide, it took me over twenty years to wholeheartedly forgive him, and then I felt it was accomplished naturally. This brings up the difference between forgiveness as a process (verb), and forgiving, and forgiveness as a noun, what is given as the result of the process. I think this process is actually different for each person, given their outlook on life, their nature, the way they were raised ("nurture"), and even their past lives ("sanskaras" or impressions). Maybe some feel that they should forgive, and don't need to be wholehearted, so that is not a barrier to forgiveness. In any case I do recommend that one not force the issue, and perhaps there are some natural phases, and other emotions to process before jumping straight into forgiveness. We address this in the section on Non-violent Communication (NVC) and Forgiveness later in this book.

This response came from Alison Govi Hutter :

"My thoughts on your honest and heart-felt thoughts and work you have done on forgiveness: I have to wonder what attributes and energetic states-of-being the one-who-won't-forgive may, unconsciously or consciously, prefer to harbor within them self other than choosing a clean slate that forgiveness offers? Perhaps righteousness, the sufferer, the hater, the detached, the fearer, the resenter, the tried-so-harder, the I-did-everything-righter, etc, etc (the list goes on and on)? It is easy to believe that "painful" impressions justify the belief that another has "done this to me," but the emotional state brought up by this



experience of attack can become quite alluring, even addicting, and can lead to an exalted state of righteousness. So perhaps one should ask them self, Has Baba given me this experience because He knows these specific impressions will provide the exact opportunity to finally see that which I struggle to understand within myself? Is this my Kryptonite?"

"And is it my soul's time to release to Baba all beliefs which supply

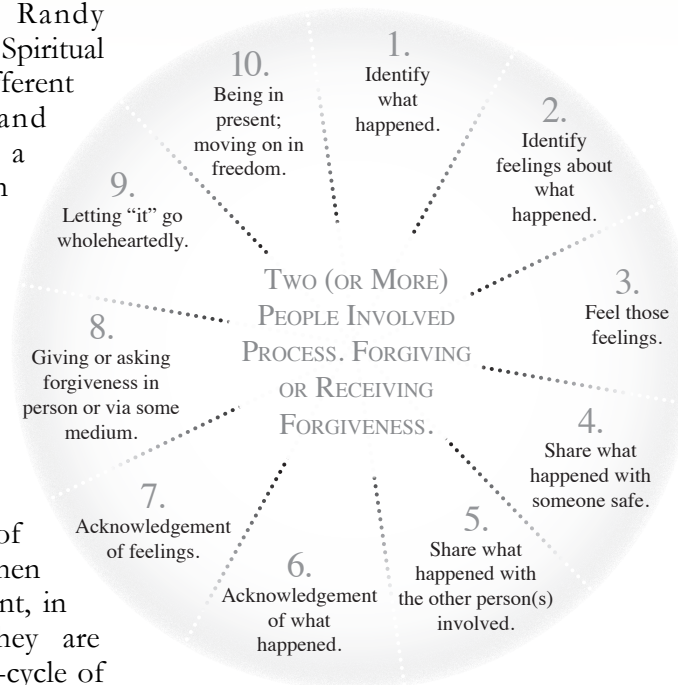
Maya with readily available weapons that continue to hold me in separation from God? I believe forgiveness--in it's true sense--is a spiritual tool that enables each of us to replace, in our OWN internal environment, a clean slate void of the judgements that were based upon an erroneous perception that another's action can be "done to you." Forgiveness is the willingness to understand that no one's actions can be DONE TO YOU (as painful as our stories of existence often APPEAR to be). Ultimately, there is only one experience: that of one self in relation to God. So perhaps the question is, Why would one prefer project their suffering and blame on to another and as a result, remain in separation with Baba? FORGIVE FULLY AND WHOLE HEARTEDLY NOW. WHY WAIT? RELEASE IT ALL TO BABA KNOWING THAT THE WORLD (ILLUSION) WILL CONTINUALLY BE FULL OF UNENDING OPPORTUNITIES TO HOLD ANY SOUL BACK FROM TURNING TOWARDS GOD. WALK THROUGH THE EGOS FIRES! WE ARE ALL INCREDIBLE SOULS WITH NOTHING TO LOSE AND EVERYTHING TO GAIN!"

Towards a Forgiveness Life-Cycle

This chapter is dedicated to a seminal life-cycle diagram I was inspired to create after being asked a question by Randy Overdorff at the Meher Spiritual Center: “What is the different between ‘letting-go’ and ‘forgiveness?’” We had a lengthy conversation about this on the porch of my cabin, The Farmshed, and then later that afternoon, in the Refectory while he and my children played Scrabble together, I made this diagram:

I will discuss the idea of the life-cycle first, and then dive deeply into each point, in the clock-wise order they are shown. The idea of a life-cycle of forgiveness was first presented to me by Don E. Stevens at the Young People’s Group gathering number seven, which became the basis for the book *The Doorbell of Forgiveness*. At that time Don admitted to the gathering that while he did not know “the mechanics” of forgiveness, he knew we would find out. He emphatically charged us to do forgiveness work “in our own backyards” as he put it to us, meaning in our own lives and relationships, and then we would be authorized to share about forgiveness with others. At that time, I had never done forgiveness

work anywhere, not in my backyard, or with anyone ever. I had no idea what the mechanics were, that is for certain. It wasn’t until I started working on this with forgiving my father for his suicide, and then moving on to other personal relationships that extremely gradually this notion of mechanics or a life-cycle started to dawn.



Early on in the series of Forgiveness with Meher Baba seminars that we conducted, I started to see patterns emerge, of what is required for forgiveness to flow, and I will attempt to share that below now, in the context of this diagram. I believe that one or all of these steps are needed, however the order may be different depending on the situation and how many people are involved. After making this diagram, I started composing a new set of diagrams (in my head) about forgiveness triangles,

squares, pentagons, etc. based on how many people are involved in the situation and what their roles are, but that is another chapter.

The Forgiveness Life-Cycle has at least 10 stages, in this order (although some stages may be happening in parallel). This life-cycle assumes there are two people involved in the process, and there is giving forgiveness, asking for forgiveness or both:

1. Identify what happened. In NVC terms this is the “Observation.” While this stage may seem like common sense it can get more complex, such as when a memory is repressed or only partial. In my work with people, I have seen that in the retelling of the incident, more than once, the details of the incident may in fact become more clear, and more full, and the story may change from a dim memory of what happened, to a clear and potent story with many more details and sometimes greater depth injury that in earlier versions of the incident. Identification can be done in many ways, such as writing about the incident (such as the NVC Forgiveness form we created), or verbally or through artwork (as in art therapy). Whatever medium of communication is best for the situation is fine, as long as the problem can be as clearly identified as possible.

2. One of the benefits of the NVC approach is that Observations are separated from Feelings in the describing of an incident. This is helpful on many levels, but not the least of which

is that it can untangle the thread of mixed feelings, and memories of what happened, which if communicated all at once can be confusing. To move into only communication about the “feelings” associated with the incident is helpful. To be fair, some people have great difficulty describing emotions and feelings. This stage would benefit from a hand list of feelings as is easily found on many websites, and we provide a version in the appendix of this book as well.

3. Once the feelings are identified it is important to feel the feelings. Again, this may seem to be obvious, or common sense, but surprisingly I have found that many are resistant to feeling the feelings around a painful incident. This can lead to other problems, such as is found in psychological circles of splitting or fracturing of the psyche, or other “shadow” related issues. Since I am not psychiatrically trained, I won’t go into that more here except to say that allowing oneself to feel the feelings associated with the incident will naturally lead to the next stage.

4. Share what happened with someone safe. It is possible that all these stages are done with a therapist, or in the absence of a therapist many people work on their issues with their circle of family and friends. So, in this stage, when we say “someone safe” we mean that it is important when sharing about the incident and the feelings associated with that you select someone who is safe. Safe is a relative term, and it means many things to different people, but because of the nature of trauma and forgiveness, it should be a trust worthy person

who will not go around sharing what you are sharing in confidence with them, someone who will not judge you, and someone who knows how to listen and honor your words, your experience and your feelings. If you have no one like that in your life we highly recommend a therapist be invited into your process.

5. Share what happened with the other person (or people)

involved in the incident. This is where the stages of forgiveness may get the most intense. We realize that there are many issues involved in sharing with the other person. This brings up the forgiveness directions, and the need for continued safety in your life and process. It is possible that you feel it is impossible to share your experience of what happened with the other person. It may be that the only way to share with them is with a “third party,” like a friend or mediator, or a therapist involved. During the seminar work we have done, I have repeatedly heard that an individual attempted to share, but there was no interest on the part of the other to listen. Another case is when the other is no longer reachable (they moved, or you lost contact), or they have since died before you were able to bring this issue up. In any case, we feel that while this stage can be vital and helpful it is not required. My own case, when forgiving my father for his suicide is a great example of this. In that case, I

decided to share my forgiveness with my father at Meher Baba's Samadhi, since he had long since died and there was no question of what had happened. Many times, when sharing what happened, the other person involved may have great difficulty hearing about it, either interrupting, or becoming less than gracious in the listening. This is a natural part of the process, and if it is too frightening, again involved a third part or a safe mediator or therapist.

6. Acknowledgment of what happened. Of all the things that seem to block forgiveness, the one that comes up the most in the forgiveness work I have done is that the one wanting to forgive says to me about the person they are trying to forgive, "But they didn't even realize they have done anything wrong, and they don't agree with me!" In other words, there is a fundamental disconnect when, in attempting to forgive there is no acknowledgment of the incident itself as needing forgiveness. When this happens, it can be a long and painful process of either waiting for that acknowledgment (which can take months or years in some cases), or just cutting to the chase: "Letting go." Another possibility is that this stage is surrendered as a "nice to have" but since it is not happening, working with all the other stages as fully as possible. In the case of my father's suicide, I never got any acknowledgment from him, other than what I wrote about in my chapter in *The Doorbell of Forgiveness*, which was a response I felt came from

Meher Baba about my forgiving my father.

7. Acknowledgment of feelings about what happened. This stage is similar to the previous stage about acknowledgement of the incident itself, but it goes much deeper. If one cannot acknowledge what happened, it is almost impossible for the process to go deeper into the vulnerable place of sharing the feelings and emotions surrounding the incident. Once shared, naturally there is a desire to have the feelings acknowledged. As with the previous step, that acknowledgement may come, or it may not. We encourage the sharing of the feelings regardless of the response or result. This sharing of the feelings also can be in many forms, or mediums. It may be a written letter or email, or it may be verbally, or via some artistic medium like a song or a painting or drawing. Whatever communicates can be helpful.

I remember in Flagstaff Arizona there was a project where victims of sexual or physical abuse were invited to make a t-shirt design with colored paint and hang the t-shirt on a clothes line along other abuse t-shirts. I participated in this, and it was a very powerful process indeed. Reading the other shirts alone was a healing process.

8. Giving Forgiveness or Receiving Forgiveness. Depending on the people involved and the forgiveness directions this can be complex, but at the very least we feel that this stage of giving and receiving forgiveness with love is the crux

of the process, and it can be quite beautiful. There are as many shades and tones, and hues, and sounds related to this work as there are hearts, so no two forgiveness acts are ever the same. We recommend just letting it be whatever it is without trying to compare it to anything else.

9. Letting it go (wholeheartedly). This stage of letting go may not happen overnight, but what it means is that at some point you stop going over and over it in your head, and you wholeheartedly release it. It means – at least in part – to let go of wanting to punish someone (or oneself) for what happened in the past.

Meher Baba emphasized this stage in the 1930s when he repeatedly told his Western Mandali (close disciples) and other followers that after a heated argument one should just let it go ~ release it. Here is an example from Baba's life - Lord Meher pp. 4372, 4373.

On another occasion, when there was a quarrel between two women, Baba intervened and stated:

"Love and forget. This is the only thing that matters, and it pays. Almost all of you are weak. By weak, I mean taken up with desires. Anger is weakness, pride is weakness, and so on. If a mother found her child weak, she would love it all the more. So all love more. Don't you remember what I told you in Nasik? Learn

to say, 'Janay-doe.' [Let it go in Hindi]

"Give up wanting the last word. Give up all wants and be happy. But you must try consciously. Now be happy. I forgive you all, but continue trying."

10. Being in the Present, Moving on in Freedom. When I first created this diagram I was skeptical that there could really be ten stages to forgiveness, but the more I reflect on this diagram and write about it, the more certain I am there are probably more than these stages and these are just the most obvious ones to me. The last stage is to live more in the present moment and move on from the past in freedom. This is harder than it appears, most likely because it is the nature of the ego to remain attached to past wrongs and hurts, but it is the nature of God and the angels to move on and heal.

Meher Baba said,

"Duality signifies separateness. Separateness implies fear. Fear causes worry."

"The way of Oneness is the way to happiness; the way of manyness is the way to worry. I am the One who has no second, so I am eternally happy. You are separate from your Self, so you always worry. To you, what you see is absolutely real; to me, it is absolutely false."

"I alone am real, and my will governs the cosmic illusion. It is the truth when I say that the waves do not roll and the leaves do not move without my will. The moment the intensity of your faith in my will reaches its height, you say goodbye to worry forever. Then all that you suffered and enjoyed in the past, together with all that you may experience in the future, will be to you the most loving and spontaneous expression of my will; and nothing will ever be able to cause you worry again."

"Live more and more in the Present, which is ever beautiful and stretches away beyond the limits of the past and the future."

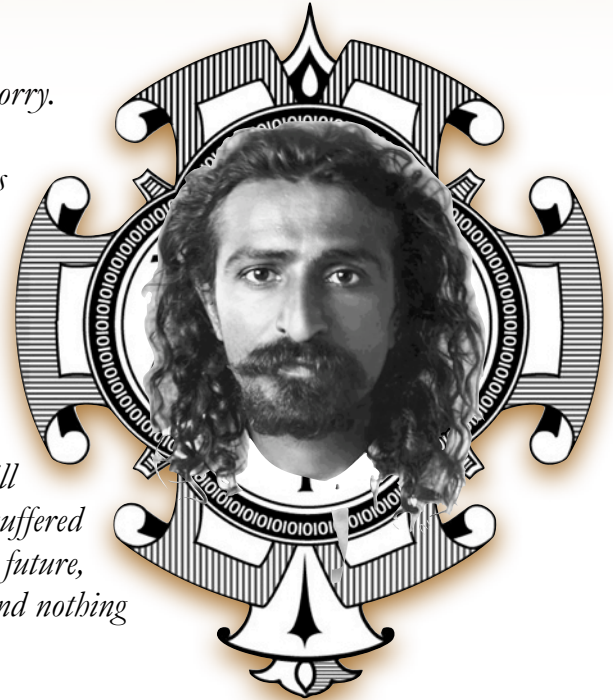
"If you must worry at all, let your only worry be how to remember me constantly. This is worthwhile worry because it will bring about the end of worry."

"Think of me more and more, and all your worries will disappear into the nothing they really are. My will works out to awaken you to this."

[End note: In, Lord Meher, by V.S. "Bhau" Kalchuri (p.4372 & 4373), see: <http://www.lordmeher.org/rev/index.jsp?pageBase=page.jsp&nextPage=4733>.]

[End Note: <http://www.lordmeher.org/rev/index.jsp?pageBase=page.jsp&nextPage=1922> see Lord Meher, p. 1922]

Circle Of Forgiveness Graphic by Alison Govi Hutter.



Who Meher Stays at the SPIRITUAL Center?

By Michael Kovitz

Michael is a professional musician and teacher of guitar.

He is a long time follower of Avatar Meher Baba.

My first trip to the Meher Center was in or around 1976. My girlfriend (a Baba lover who had visited the Center before) and I drove down from Chicago—the better part of a two day affair. We arrived at the Center in the afternoon and were greeted by Fred and Ella Winterfeldt who told us that Jane Haynes wanted to speak to me first at Kitty's house—Kitty and Elizabeth were away at the time—on a pilgrimage to Baba's Samadhi in India.

Jane greeted my girlfriend first and then Jane turned her attention to

me. Her first question was; "How long have you been a follower of Baba?" I replied that I wasn't a follower of Meher Baba—that I was on another path. My girlfriend was starting to get a little nervous thinking that Jane would not allow me to stay at the Center—we had planned to be there for about a week.

Then Jane asked me what my interest in Meher Baba was. I replied that I believed He was who He said He was but that beyond that I felt no connection to Him. Now my girlfriend was getting even more nervous. Jane and I went back and forth. "What do you want?" she asked me. I replied that I wanted nothing, but that I felt I would be comfortable staying at the Center. "Do you want to learn more about Meher Baba?" she asked. I replied that I neither wanted nor didn't want to learn more about Him. Things were getting tense.

Jane then said, "Well, Baba was very clear on who could stay at His Center. He said; 'The Center was for His lovers and followers to come for rest and spiritual rejuvenation and for those who wished to learn

more about Him.'" She asked me which of the two categories I fit into. I reiterated that I was not in either of the two categories but that I felt I would be comfortable staying on the Center.

In a dramatic gesture, Jane threw her hands into the air and said, "Enough!" She then went over to a large painting of Baba on the wall and stood silently before it. After a minute or so she turned to me and with open arms said, "Michael come and embrace me; Meher Baba wants you to be here!"

So, who stays at the Center? In my opinion; ultimately it is not about rules or charters—who stays at the Center is whoever Baba wants to stay at the Center.

Michael has written three books:

Meditation and Prayers on 101 Names of God
From Silence to Sound - Richard Kyle's Journey to Musical Competency
Supervisions (co-author Dr. Dorothy Mead)

He is also author of two blogs:

Embedded With the Kali Yuga
<http://imbedded.blogspot.com/>
Musical Thinking <http://musicalthink.blogspot.com/>



[Photo is not reversed. He does play left handed. - Ed.]



THE WELL OF LONGING

by Irma Sheppard

Review by Kathy Hill
Norfolk VA
August 2015

Award-winning poet Irma Sheppard departed from her usual subject matter with this autobiographical collection of approachable, user-friendly poems. She examines her childhood and all the decades on the way to her 70th year to trace events that led her ultimately into the arms of her Beloved (Meher Baba) and along his Path of Love, with its countless joys and pitfalls. Her honesty and spirit of enlightened reflection shed light on this journey in a way anyone can relate to, especially those raised as Christians who have considered Jesus's life with his intimate apostles and the way Meher Baba worked with his Mandali.

Sheppard's strong images and plain language draw even a casual reader in to experience depths of feeling that ordinary prose tends to gloss over. Making use of diverse forms, including haiku, pantoum, ghazal and free verse, the varied rhythms and styles make for a pleasurable, relaxing read. You get to come along on her long inward journey from the earliest delights of first encounters with the Beloved through the travails (and pleasures) of learning to try to please him, and you'll be glad you made the trip.



THE WELL OF LONGING
POEMS
IRMA SHEPPARD



The Well Of Longing is available in the L.A. Meherabode bookstore, the Meherana bookstore, and online at Barnes&Noble.com and Amazon.com.
Active Amazon link: <http://tinyurl.com/p9ah3b6>

DIGGING INTO THE MASTER'S PRAYER

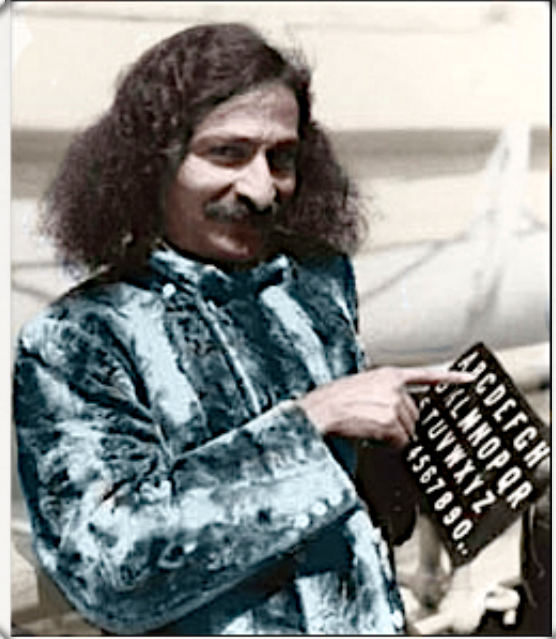
Laurent Weichberger, Ashland Oregon
(August 2015)

The following was initially written by me in 2004 as a response to an email from a Baba-lover in California who had questions about four of the “arcane” words used by Avatar Meher Baba in the Master's Prayer, dictated directly by Baba to Eruch, namely: “Parameshwar, Elahi, Prabhu,” and “Ezad.”[1] I have revised it for publication.

Let's start with the name of God, “**Elahi**,” which is a Persian word, singular, with a deep link to the Hebrew word “Elohim,” which is Hebrew and used in the Torah (Hebrew Bible) but which is a plural form of the word. Elohim means divine beings, and the dictionary[2] doesn't help too much, offering: “Elohim: One of the principal names by which God is designated in the Hebrew Scriptures.” The most interesting point about Meher Baba using Elahi in the Master's Prayer is that He chose the singular NOT the plural usage of that word for the Divine Being.

Now on to “**Parameshwar**,” which is Vedic (Sanskrit, Hindi). I have actually been studying a bit of Hindi with my teacher, Ameeta Vora. In the book *Glossary of Sanskrit Terms*[3] we see “Para” defined as “beyond, far, distant.” This is consistent with Baba's usage, as in “Paramatama, Parabrahma,” etc. This is a prefix to the name “eshwar” which is actually what Baba names “Ishwar,” with the “m” between the two words as a joining consonant (since “Para” ends with a vowel and “Ishwar” starts with a vowel). So, Parameshwar would mean, “Beyond Ishwar.” Ishwar, is a state (aspect) of God that Baba doesn't bring up too often, but Bhau Kalchuri wrote a chapter about Ishwar in *The Nothing and The Everything*, stating: “Ishwar is the infinite unconsciousness of INFINITE MIND and through its infinite thinking Ishwar manifests in three impersonal aspects – Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh.”[4]

Be advised that with *The Nothing and The Everything*, as Bhau once told us – when he wrote, he did NOT use the notes he made of points dictated by Baba for that book. “I just wrote,” he told me and those gathered at Meherabad.[5]



The name of God, “**Ezad**” is also Persian (Sufi). I went to a special Persian translation web site[6] and when you put the word “God” in English, one of three words it gives you back in Persian is “Izad.” Meher Baba himself provided the translation of Ezad as: “**the only One worthy of worship**” as the last line of the Master's Prayer. It is a fascinating fact that Beloved Baba opens and closes the prayer on a distinctly Persian note. It is also remarkable that the other two Persian words that translation web site gives you back for God are, “Parvardegar” Baba's opening word, and “Xoda,” which must be an alternate spelling of “Khuda.” One of the last things Baba ever said, before passing away on January 31, 1969 at Meherazad, was “**Khuda Hafez**” or “May God Protect You” a traditional Persian farewell.[7]

The name “**Prabhu**” is Vedic also, and it means a little more than just plain “Lord.” I found this definition while researching on the internet: “Prabhu: superior, ruler, governor, master, lord, owner, proprietor, commander, principal.”[8]

Some day, I think someone will have to do this for the entire Master's Prayer.

Avatar Meher Baba ki jai!

Notes:

1. I showed this writing to my friend Mahmoud Ajang, a Persian Baba-lover, when I was at his home in California. He carefully read and approved of my response about the names “Elahi” and “Ezad.”
2. See <http://www.thefreedictionary.com/elohim>
3. Glossary of Sanskrit Terms, by Geoffrey A. Barborka (Point Loma Pub., San Diego).
4. The Nothing and The Everything, by Bhau Kalchuri, p. 211 (© Manifestation Inc)
5. A recording was made by the Avatar Meher Baba Trust of this session with Bhau (July, 2001) and it can be reviewed.
6. See <http://iranianlanguages.com/dictionary.php?eng-per>
7. See Lord Meher, p. 5402 on-line at: <http://www.lordmeher.org/rev/index.jsp?pageBase=page.jsp&nextPage=5402>
8. See <http://www.dsal.uchicago.edu/dictionaries/platts/>



The Baba Museum 2010

NIGHTWATCH

Pause in your morning prayer, sleeper,
As you rise again from the dead and open your eyes
To the sense of daylight's renewal.
The reflection on the water's surface mirrors the sky.

Who has wiped away the tarnish that had spread across the glass?
Do you remember those who stayed on the hilltop
In the sun and scorching wind all day
And throughout those bitter nights under the moon and stars?

Men of ashes, our carers,
No longer existing as anything other than
The eyes, ears, hands, heart and mind of their Lord.

Being for Him the conduit of His work,
Receptor and transmitter,
Linking this gross world with that which is beyond,
Dispersing accumulated miasma from sleeping populations,
And bringing to our wakening
This blessing of new light.

See the sky reflected in the mirror of the water
Its surface tranquil in that moment
Before your prayers end.

Sarah McNeill

AN EMAIL EXCHANGE

From: Karl Moeller
To: Sarah McNeill
Subject: Re: format help

Sarah,

Reading your poem, especially the lines regarding the duties - "dispersing accumulated miasma from sleeping populations / and bringing to our wakening this blessing of new light,"

...reminded me of a passage I wrote years ago about Sufism, published along with Laurent's work in the book "Celebrating Divine Presence" (2009).

This is an excerpt from my chapter:

"While Sufism does indeed aim to assist the properly motivated and capable human to awaken, i.e. training of murids, it has a parallel and deadly serious purpose. Earlier, certain spiritual personages were mentioned, the Awtad and the Abdal. The number of these people vary, and they are assigned to specific locales, depending on the area's history, population, and overall state of spiritual readiness. They may or may not reside in the area for which they are responsible. They have specific duties. We may say that in addition to helping members to rise, the **Sufi Work includes two other main phases: absorption of the negative emanations from entire sleeping populations and distribution of positive emanations from Allah to those sleeping populations.**

This leads to an outrageous statement — without this absorption of "evil" and dissemination of "good" performed by the corporeal Sufi Orders along with the hierarchy of Sufi Preserving Saints, humanity would have ceased to be long ago. In that sense advanced Sufis benefit everyone in the world, whether they know it or not. These self-sacrificing advanced beings deserve our deepest possible gratitude. This is a secret that is concealed by its very improbability."

In Baba, the Ultimate Sufi

Karl

From: Sarah McNeill
To: Karl Moeller
Subject: Re: format help

Karl,

You shower me with good things. I'm inundated! Thank you for everything!

First of all — the below — such a marvellous email to receive from you.

Yes — the words "dispersing accumulated miasma from sleeping populations" had come into my mind when this poem was first written quite a long time ago while thinking about the Manonash phase — Gustadji, Baidul, Eruch and Pendu out on the hill during those winter weeks.

I think the line should definitely have quotes around it though I'm not sure of the attribution required. I had at first believed it to be a line from the book of 99 Pathways by Neil Douglas-Klotz and have been today trying to locate it — but without success. So I think it may have been your chapter in Laurent's book which first put the phrase into my head. I need to retrieve my copy of Celebrating Divine Presence having lent it out so haven't been able to check yet. But if these are your words — maybe the quote could be attributed at the bottom of the page.

All Baba's Blessings
In His Love always

With salaams and salutations to Karl of the Desert

Sarah

