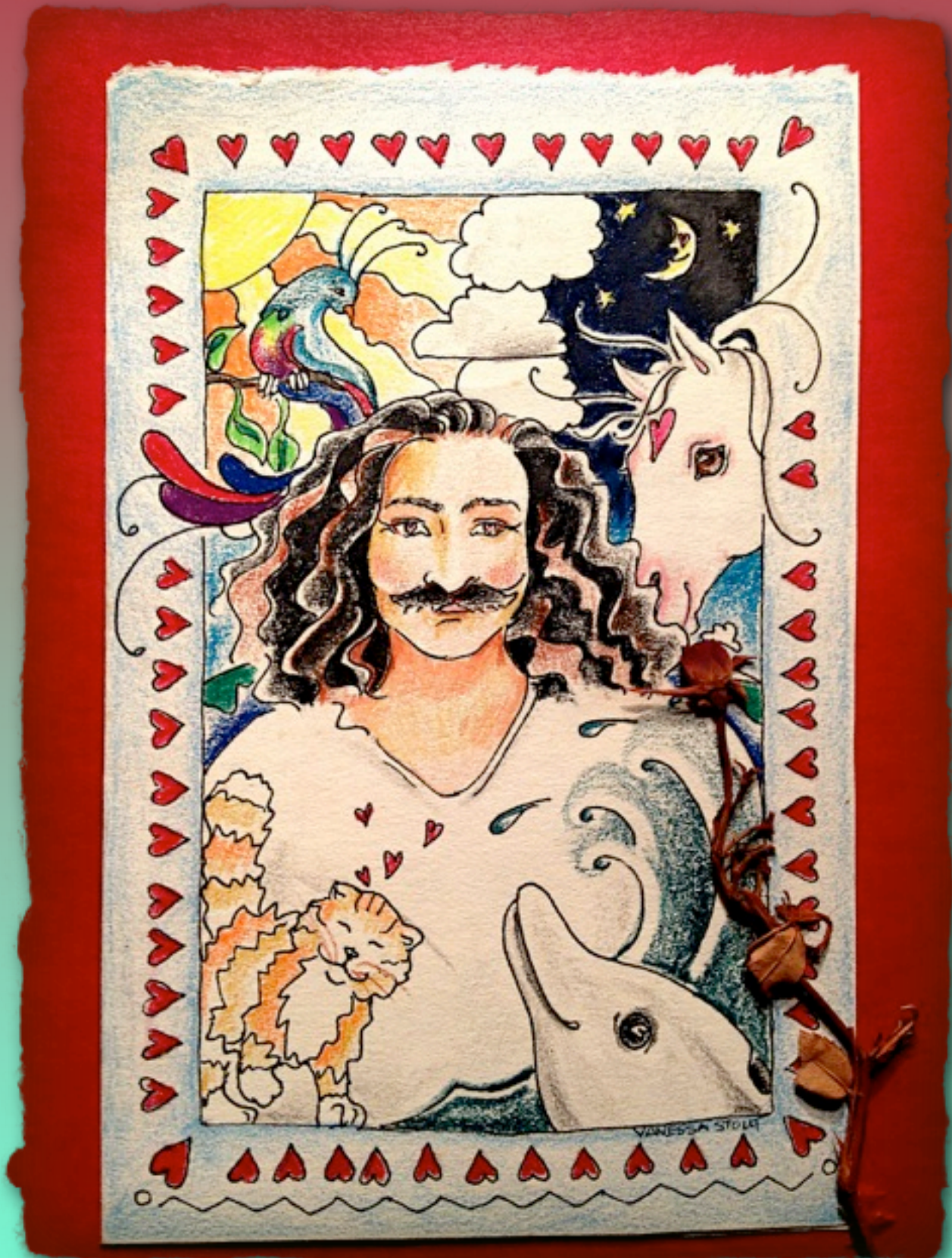


OM ॐ POINT

INTERNATIONAL CIRCULAR • ISSUE 20 • AUTUMN 2016





OMPOINT

INTERNATIONAL CIRCULAR • ISSUE 20 • AUTUMN 2016

EDITOR -
Laurent Weichberger
laurent@ompoint.com

Layout-walla -
Karl Moeller
karl.moeller@me.com



CONTENTS

— ISSUE 20 —

Nine years of OmPoint Covers

Simply Seek to do My Will - Meher Baba

Creation, Preservation, Destruction, Recreation

- Laurent Weichberger

Ken Kesey Quote

On Scaffolding and Endings - Karl Moeller

A Sort of Egg-Shaped Thingy - art by Petra Rau

Mother Teresa and Meher Baba - Ed Flanagan

Ed Flanagan - A Remembrance

The One Who Is Not Busy - poem by Alice Klein

Scroll - art by Marla Faith

'Baba Does the Impossible and Other Stories' - Winnie

Barrett, reviewed by Irma Sheppard

America's Destiny and Meher Baba's Relationship

with the First Nations - Kathryn Harris

Meher Baba Portrait - art by Dale Draeger

The Mandali's Prayer - Meher Baba

God Feeds Me Each Experience - David Silverman

'Darling, I Love You' by Daniel Ladinsky and Patrick

McDonnell, reviewed by Karl Moeller

Goddess of Desert Waters - art by Claire Johnson

Two 1962 East-West Gathering Posters

A Lawless God - poem by Irma Sheppard

'Forgiveness With Meher Baba', Continued: Step 11

by Jennifer Jacobs

Meher Baba's Master's Prayer in Chinese - Bif Soper

The Long Road - art by Anne Giles

A Saga of Symbols - Max Reif

Sweet Leniency - poem by Alice Klein

Meher Baba portrait - art by Aspen Weichberger

Chicago Baba Group Update

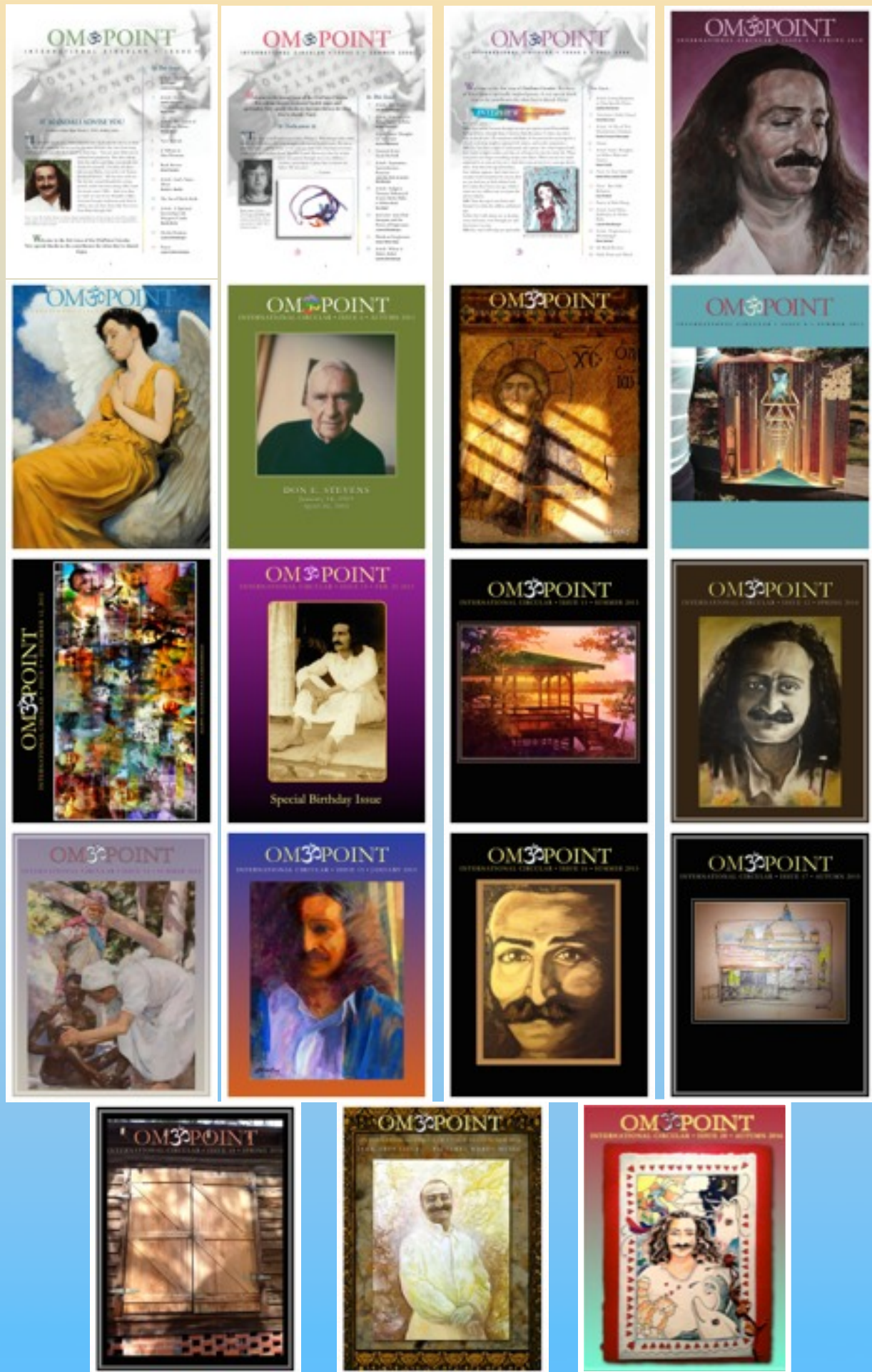
Only by Touching the Very Core of the Heart -

Meher Baba

Wedding Announcement - the Weichbergers

CREDITS: The contents of this issue are copyright © 2016 by the respective authors and artists, unless otherwise noted. Quotes from and pictures of Avatar Meher Baba are copyright the Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust, Post Bag #31, Ahmednagar MS 414001 India, unless otherwise noted. Cover by Vanessa Weichberger. All other material not covered by the aforementioned statements is copyright © 2016 by Laurent Weichberger. Jai Meher Baba.

NINE YEARS OF OMPOINT • 2007 - 2016



SIMPLY SEEK TO DO MY WILL

Meher Baba

All religions of the world proclaim that there is but one God, the Father of all in creation. I am that Father. I have come to remind all people that they should live on earth as the children of the one Father until My Grace awakens them to the realization that they are all one without a second, and that all divisions and conflicts and hatreds are but a shadow-play of their own ignorance.

Although all are My children they ignore the simplicity and beauty of this Truth by indulging in hatreds, conflicts and wars that divide them in enmity, instead of living as one family in their father's house. Even amongst you who love Me and accept Me for what I am there is sometimes lack of understanding of one another's hearts.

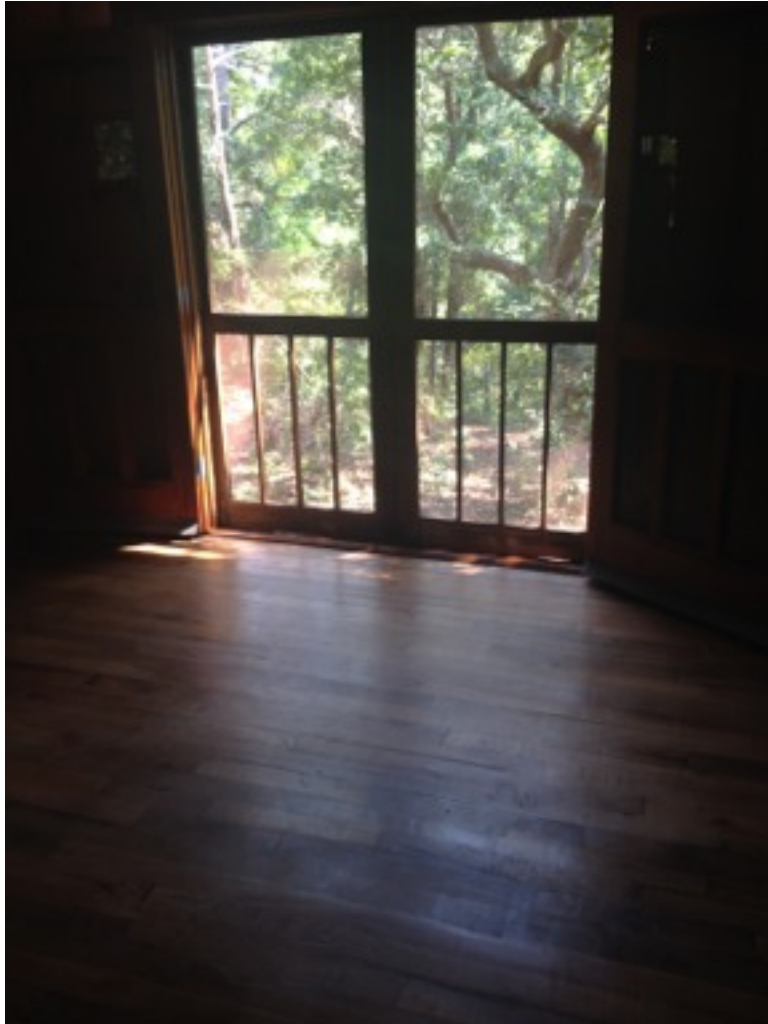
Patiently I have suffered these things in silence for all My children. It is now time that they become aware of the presence of their Father in their midst and of their responsibility towards Him and themselves. I shall break My Silence, and, with My Word of words, arouse My children to realize in their lives, the indivisible Existence which is GOD.

Throughout the years I have been giving many messages and discourses. Today I simply want to tell you who are gathered here in My love to shut the ears of your minds and open the ears of your hearts and hear My Word when I utter it.

Do not seek My Blessing which is always with you, but long for the day when My Grace will descend on all who love Me. Most blessed are they who do not even long for My Grace, but simply seek to do My Will.

CREATION, PRESERVATION, DESTRUCTION, RE-CREATION ...

By Laurent Weichberger
(Sept. 25, 2016 ~ Wilmington NC)



“The Barn, revitalized, photo by Vanessa Weichberger
(September 26, 2016).

Since childhood I have heard of this timeless life-cycle: Creation is followed by Preservation, and preservation ultimately ends in Destruction. In Hinduism we see this deified in Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva (Mahesh) respectively. There are temples built and prayers prayed to these forces of nature and life. As a child I believed that creation meant birth, preservation meant living my life, and destruction meant my physical death and returning to the earth as a pile of cremated ashes.

Now that I am closing in on 50 years old, I see that destruction is frequently followed by re-creation. Many words come to mind when I take this path:

- . rejuvenate
- . reinvent
- . revitalize
- . refurbish
- . recharge
- . renew
- . regenerate
- . restore
- . revitalize
- . revivify (Don Stevens loved this word).

It seems these words — actions — link the end with the beginning of the process, Destruction returns to Creation — it is really an endless circle that truly ends only the mystical experience of Self-realization.

I am now experiencing the immediate re-creation phase (which follows destruction). I can see that Baba has given me the opportunity to pack into this one lifetime, a second life. My work with Don Stevens ended on the physical plane when he passed away in 2011. At the same time, my uncle Dieter passed away. They were two of the closest men in my life, and incredibly supportive. Lastly, my marriage of over 18 years came abruptly to an end when I discovered that things were not quite what they seemed at home. One of the last things Don said to us was, “The most important spiritual work in the world today is that of forgiveness.” I took this very seriously, and started working with him on this which became the book *The Doorbell of Forgiveness*. He passed away just a few months before we published the book. Forgiveness remains a key part of my daily life. Our next forgiveness seminar has already been requested by Israel, and there is a wish there to tackle subjects such as the Holocaust, and the spit between Isaac and Ishmael which obviously shows up today in the continual strife in the Middle East and is now spreading worldwide. How do we restore peace, and love? I believe forgiveness is one way to bring about a renewal of creative love in the world. As I like to say now, “Forgiveness is Compassion in Action.”

Looking back on that phase of destruction which engulfed my life during 2011 and 2012, from this new perspective five years later and happy again, I have a few points to share.

A novelist once wrote: "That which can be destroyed by the truth should be."

This was my case exactly, the truth was finally revealed about more than one aspect of my relationship with my ex-wife, and the result was destruction. Looking back, it all makes perfect sense. I feel released (now). But at the time it was extremely confusing and painful. In the five years since that destruction I have consciously focused on rejuvenation, reinventing myself. I was not only looking for ways to revitalize myself, having been completely depleted and exhausted by the agony of separation, divorce, and moving out of my family home, but I was reevaluating everything I held dear. Indeed, not just my marriage, but all my relationships seems to be caught in some type of ripple effect of the shock wave of my life changing transformation.

Undoubtedly my closest relationships all underwent this revivification or reinvention, including first and foremost that with my daughter and my son, and all my close friends. I found, quite suddenly, that those I was certain I could rely upon were not so certainly loyal or close. And those people who seemed more distant, sometimes people I had yet to meet or know, seemed to come in to that vacuum created by all this chaos and destruction. It was truly a remarkable period, and one which must have been quite frightening to behold from the outside. From the inside, I felt as if I was dying. Then, with Baba's Name on my lips each day, and by "doing the necessary" as Don would call it, I very slowly and gradually emerged into a New Life, with Baba. New relationships, new friends, new home, new everything it seemed like. And, those who had dropped away or drifted away, had to figure out what this meant. I let go of

**A NOVELIST ONCE
WROTE: "THAT
WHICH CAN BE
DESTROYED BY THE
TRUTH SHOULD BE."**

so much, it became clear that only that which was meant to return to my life would, and I could really let go of all else. Those who have been through this destruction — know exactly what I mean — and those who have not may not be able to understand through words.

The Barn, a sacred Meher Baba space for our community at the Meher Spiritual Center was destroyed by vandalism earlier this year. A week before Amartithi, the poignant celebration of Baba's passing away in 1969, we found out about the immense defilement and outrageous disrespect two young men had perpetrated on this lovely building where Baba had graced us with his Divine Presence. [2] In the period since then, the Baba center has spent tremendous time, energy and money revitalizing that space, and it has been reopened. Vanessa went to that re-opening of The Barn (see photo above) and said it was better than ever. On October 2, 2016 Vanessa and I are having our "Friends and family" wedding in Myrtle Beach. After I divorced, I asked Baba if I could be with Vanessa in my next lifetime. Little did I know my next lifetime would be ... now! I am incredibly blessed and so fortunate to know her love and care, and share in such a profound relationship. We share Baba's love and so much more.

An image which came to mind was that of an upward spiral with a fire-bird (Phoenix) rising upwards. The spiral to me represents my life-experience exactly. The cycle we just reviewed of Creation, Sustenance and Dissolving, is in this image except this cycle continues upwards until one reaches the limit, the maximum, which ends finally in God Realization. During these times, these mini-thresholds of recreation (linking destruction-creation), I am finding out all about the meaning of the words I shared above. Renewal... Restoration... How do I renew my relationship with Baba, and my new wife Vanessa? How can I ensure I am revitalizing my very life itself. Does swimming in the Ocean, and working out at the gym, and walking at night in the park with my love really make any difference on this path? You bet they do. That is the stuff of life — the best stuff.

**THIS WILL BE MY LAST ISSUE
OF OMPOINT INTERNATIONAL
CIRCULAR FOR A WHILE. I AM
BEING CALLED TO WRITE THE
AUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY OF
DON E. STEVENS...**

This will be my last issue of OmPoint International Circular for a while. I am being called to write the authorized biography of Don E. Stevens and focus on more forgiveness work. This work on OmPoint first with Alison Govi Hutter, and now Karl Moeller, has been extraordinarily rewarding and fun. It is really a meditation on Beloved Baba. If anyone has enjoyed it on any level, I am so happy to hear that. May the issues we have shared with the world continue to share Baba's Light and Love and Truth far and wide. Thank you Karl, thank you Alison, and thank you dear readers.

I realize ... One day there simply will be nothing left to let go of, even the sense of "I am" and the limited self is gone. I am not there yet... I am still rising on the fiery updraft, that spiritual current which will have me land on the threshold of my Beloved Avatar Meher Baba once and for all.

May it be so.
May all beings be free.
May all beings be happy.

Notes:

1. In Seeker's Mask, by P.C. Hodgell (God Stalker Chronicles Book 3) [Baen Books, 1994].
2. See OmPoint #18, p. 4 at http://www.ompoint.com/OmPoint_Circular_18.pdf



The Phoenix (Huma) rising in cycles of Creation, Preservation, Destruction, Re-Creation. Collage by Laurent from images found on the web.



"I'D RATHER BE A LIGHTNING ROD THAN A SEISMOGRAPH."

- KEN KESEY TO PAUL KRASSNER, 1966

on scaffolding & endings

We've all read how Meher Baba would go to great pains to set up something, a school, infirmary, mast ashram, only to tear it down. Something inside protests when this happens, aren't things of the world supposed to endure? Yet Baba's message is to hold on to *him*, that the world is illusion. He just tore down some scaffolding. No big deal. One of the last things Don Stevens told my wife, Irma Sheppard, and me was that in order to keep Baba in front of us, we should work on Baba projects. One of mine has been as layoutwalla for OmPoint for

the past five years. Thank you, Laurent, for this opportunity for growth. Here we are, at the possibly last OmPoint, number twenty. Another ending, another scaffolding about to be dismantled.



Irma and I have attended three Beads On One String pilgrimages: the first, with Don Stevens himself, his last time in India, in 2010. About 2000 arduous kilometers around India by bus and train. Next was the Heartland pilgrimage in 2013, following Baba and the Trail of Tears, and the Freedom Rider trail, across America's South. The irony was that with A/C that worked, maps, hotels, credit cards, smartphones, and GPS, we still got lost, hungry, missed connections, and became exhausted. I began to get an inkling the issue may not have been 'India' after all. The next year a much smaller group of Beads went to the 'Four Pillars' in Europe, Italy and Spain. Delightful, yes? Not a chance. Frayed tempers, fatigue, and one emotional breakdown. Pilgrimages are no vacation.

Don said that these pilgrimages would accelerate one's spiritual growth. Maybe. They talk about veils and I've got them. But after these repeated efforts, we noticed an increase in detachment, and an intuition that we should leave our hometown of 33 years and move across the country, to Asheville, NC. We've done so, at an age when most seniors are staying put. We were able to leave without pangs, and are enjoying, in a detached, laid-back sort of way, our new home and more late-bloomer changes.

Meher Baba said one of his gifts to this world age is intuition. I just described how we made an enormous life change based on intuition. Yet how do we come to trust our intuition? My internal voice is a tricky, always yammering, infinitely needy monkey mind. After lots of consideration, here's what I came to: if I get a thought, a recurring idea, and my mind can't immediately spring forward with many justifications that it's a

great idea, then it may be a genuine intuition. Baba's plan is so much greater than ours. If my conscious mind can't explain it or support it right away, it just might be the real thing. Or if two, such as my wife and myself, arrive at the same idea -- let's leave our home of 33 years. Let's move and drive 2000 miles across the country, with a cat, Sasha the Intrepid Traveler.



It has been my honor and pleasure to be the OmPoint layoutwalla for more than half a decade. Part of me says, "What do I do now?" Baba knows. I would like to say I'm available for Baba-oriented graphics, posters, or prose layout projects. Also, for the past four years I've been assisting people with book manuscripts to move them into reality very quickly and inexpensively. So if you have a book written and can't navigate the shoals of self-publishing, I'm there. Jai Meher Baba.

karl moeller

karl.moeller@me.com



TITLE: 'A SORT OF EGG SHAPED THINGY II'

COPYRIGHT © 2016 BY PETRA RAU

SIZE: 76 X 56 CM

EMAIL: RAU@RAU-ART.COM

世

MOTHER TERESA & MEHER BABA

by Ed Flanagan

In the 1920s, Meher Baba revealed himself only as a Perfect Master to his innermost circle of disciples, and then in 1931 to Mahatma Gandhi, guiding him spiritually from behind the scenes. He taught both Gandhi and Mother Teresa, and through them Albert Schweitzer and others by his own example how to love & serve the lepers in India with true compassion.

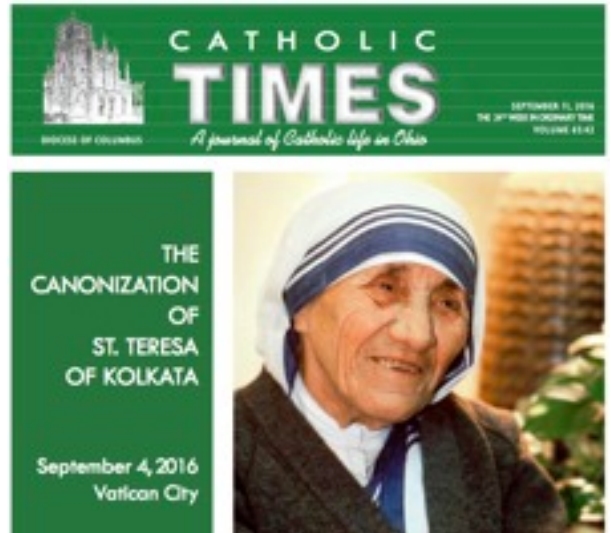
Mother Teresa instantly intuited his Christ-likeness, but knew that the Vatican could never understand. She asked a Meher Baba disciple, V. Ramarao, to whom she revealed her experiences of Baba that he not speak of this to anyone until after her death. He met with her several times while driving a truck to deliver goods donated by his company to her orphanage.

The following is from his diary released after her passing: “That Sunday alone in her room, after seeing a Baba photo button on my coat lapel, she asked me if I were a Meher Baba lover. She then said in a very reverent manner, ‘Meher Baba is the most Christ-like . . .’ and here she broke off and was silent a few seconds.

“Then she continued: ‘I’m a Roman Catholic nun governed by Vatican dictates, but I know this: Meher Baba worked with lepers, and then we also became involved: myself, Baba Amte, Gandhiji [Mahatma Gandhi] and Albert Schweitzer. Following that, India is now pursuing leprosy eradication. The World Health Organization has a program to wipe out the disease by the end of the century!’

“After further affirming her feelings about Meher Baba’s divinity, she asked while she was alive I should never tell people of her acknowledging Meher Baba’s Christ-like life.” She was very wary that Rome would consider her Meher Baba experience as heretical.

Pope Francis canonized Saint Teresa on September 2nd 2016.



Mother Teresa, a 20th century servant of India's poor, deeply recognized Meher Baba's Christ likeness.



"Father" Ed Flanagan,
former Catholic priest,
joined Meher Baba on
September 25, 2016.

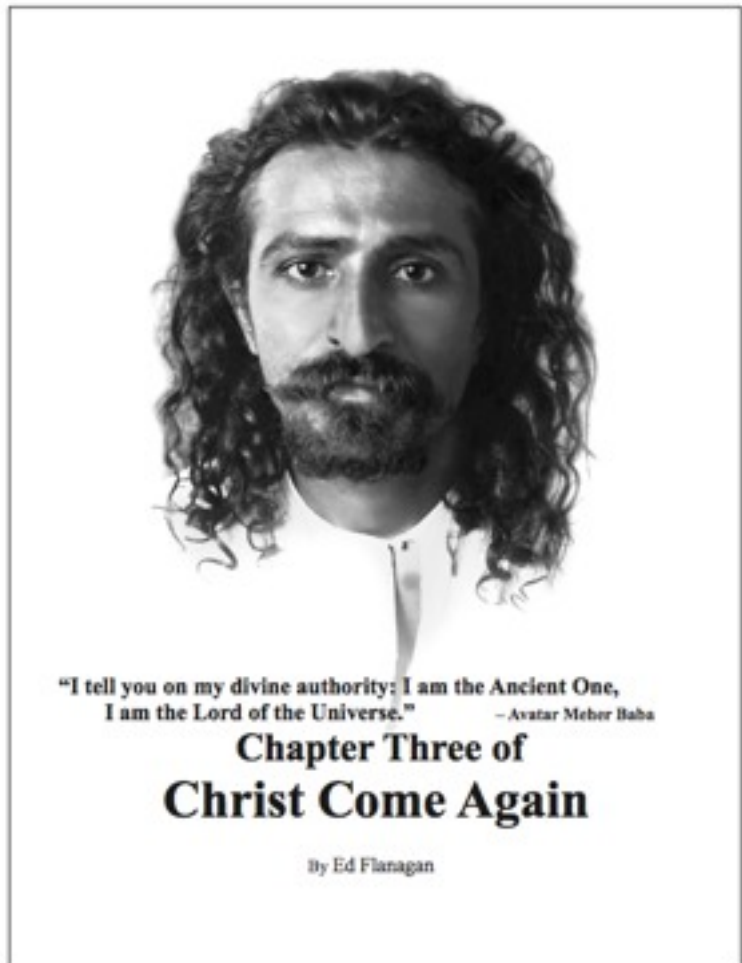
It was our great pleasure and honor at OmPoint International to serialize his massive unpublished manuscript, "*Christ Come Again*," chapter by chapter in the previous five issues.

Details of Ed's final days have not reached us here by press time.

May Ed abide in the House of Our Lord -- until his next reincarnation.

May he be born into a Meher Baba loving family, and may his remaining lives be few.

Amen.





THE ONE WHO IS NOT BUSY
ALICE KLEIN

I am looking for the
one who is not busy.

The one who is not busy
Is looking for me.

Says: Hey girl, where
the fuck did you go?

Why do your eyes stretch
to the mountains?
Are you there, are you
climbing?

Why do you entertain blabbers
and critics?

Kick them out.
Or at least quit pouring the gin.

Do you wail and whimper
that your life has passed you
by?
You have fed it to the jackals.

My darling, take a seat.
Just stop! Then you will not only
find the one who is not busy

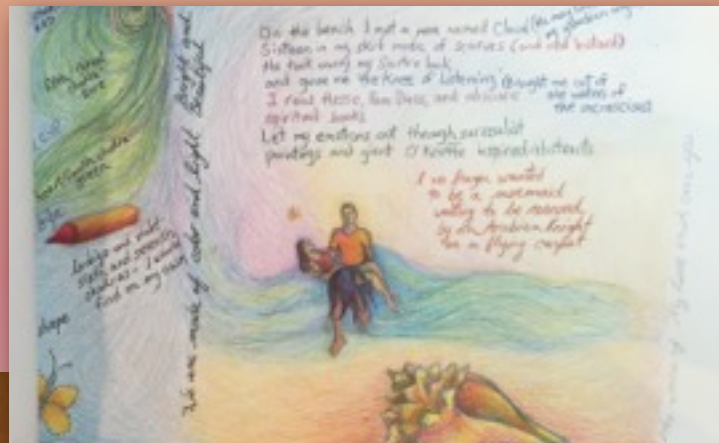
you will be that one.





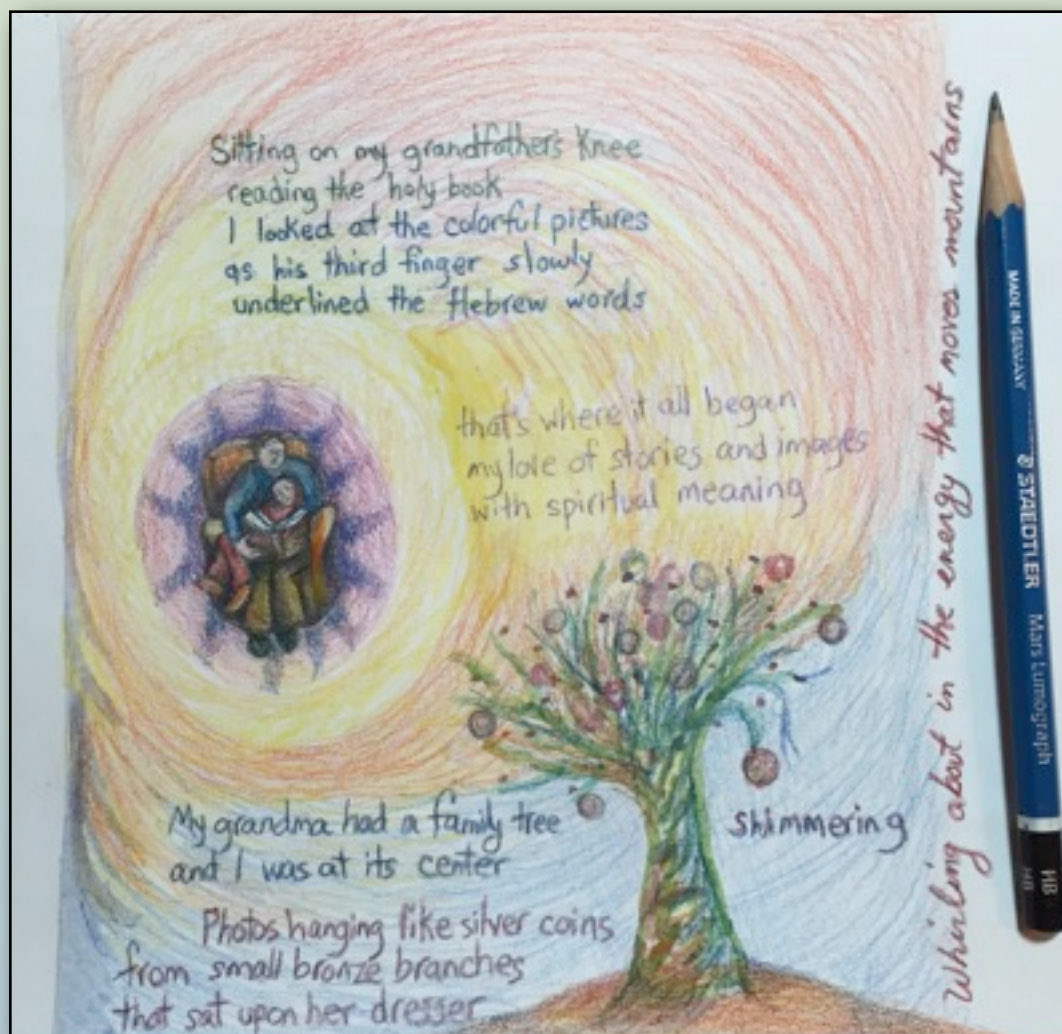
It just evolved. I didn't know what it was going to be about or what I would write or draw next, but it turned out to be my story. So it's a little autobiography in Torah form. Baba is at its center, which seems appropriate since He is central to my life. As I created this I saw that it was a condensed version of my journey as a seeker, and that His teachings have been the current guiding my life.

marla faith





Scroll - Marla Faith



Baba Does The Impossible & other stories by Winnie Barrett

BOOK REVIEW by Irma Sheppard

Winnie Barrett has assembled a collage of stories from her life with Meher Baba, interspersed with visual collages of photographs, cutouts and words, arranged in her signature artistic fashion, to illustrate her experiences.

Many of us remember the moment, the place, the person, the photograph through which we first in this life encountered the name, the face, the form of the Avatar. Here, Winnie shares hers with a cogent mix of frankness and poignancy. Descriptions of her close connections with Elizabeth and Kitty bring the comfort and the discipline of Baba's Love onto the page and into the reader's heart. And who doesn't wish they'd been present at the 1969 Darshan! Winnie details the ups and downs, the heartshine and the grittiness, and ends with being "touched by God" and "floating on a sea of deep joy and Oneness."

She returns from India to the stark challenges of teaching in the newly desegregated schools in the South, therapy with a self-styled guru, followed by a painful, yet freeing understanding from Adi: "Listen only to Baba within, and nothing else, no one else."

Winnie relates her resolution of difficulties with her mother, alarming adventures in India and the women mandali's response to her longing for a man to love her. First Arnavaz, then Goher, and then five years later, Katie, say to Winnie, "Baba wants you all for Himself this time."

Winnie delights us with her images in words and in pictures, unfolding the story of how Baba, little by little, made Himself known to her, and in the process also made Winnie known to herself in ways she had never imagined. How He did the impossible.

Baba Does the Impossible & other stories

MY LIFE WITH
MEHER BABA

WINNIE BARRETT

This book was published in 2014 through the Sheriar Press and is available on its online bookstore.

Link : <http://tinyurl.com/haxf8jm>

America's Destiny and Meher Baba's Relationship with the First Nations.

Kathryn Harris, Denver, CO.



The country known as America was created by the need to worship God howsoever one chooses, without persecution – a value resonant with the concept of Beads on One String. Unfortunately, this basic human right was not extended, by our European ancestors, to the people they encountered already living in the Americas. The early settlers would not have survived here without the assistance of the Native Americans, who must have come to regret their original generosity to us after we betrayed every promise, drove them from their homelands, restricted their spiritual practices, decimated their nations and denigrated their cultures.

The institution of slavery is another undeniable expression of the hypocrisy that scars our history. Despite slow progress over time towards the true ideal, there is great disappointment and frustration that many feel in the current state of our country(1). We see the disparity between what America is supposed to represent versus the repeated violations, even up to the present day, of

the foundational principle of human dignity as the tent-pole of governance.

Consider for a moment how it came to be that a collection of white men, amassing wealth from plantations on land stolen from its original inhabitants, and benefitting from the labor of human beings owned as slaves, could write down on a piece of paper that 'All men are created equal, endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights'. The irony is stunning, until we understand that their definition of "men" was extremely narrow(2). It would have been more honest had they simply said that the white people will have all the rights, to own or exploit all the other people as they wish. It seems that there is no other conceivable explanation for their endorsement of this universal value but Divine Intervention.

Contributions made by the First Nations people to our system of democracy have been largely ignored. Most people think of our Congress as adopted from European and Roman models, but this is true only of the Senate. Our House of Representatives is more closely related to a model encountered in the New World: the Iroquois Longhouse Council. Each Iroquois nation sent between eight and fourteen leaders to the Great Council, where they agreed on political decisions through discussion and voting(3). Each individual nation also had its own tribal council to make local decisions, and this

provided the model for the power of the States to manage their own affairs, while still being subject to decisions made at the Federal level.

Regardless of the separation of church and state endorsed in our Constitution, there is a place where spirituality intersects with politics, and that intersection is in the value of human dignity. The doctrine of equality is imprinted on us. It reverberates in our national psyche, irrevocably obliging us to expect this, to believe it possible, and to take responsibility for seeing that it is fulfilled. For those souls who have taken birth here, this is part of the assignment. The fundamental embrace of human dignity has attracted the whole world to America; the desire to immigrate to America is still strong in the world. We have the ideal conditions for manifesting this divine dictum of human dignity for all. If we, in America, can't get this sorted out, no one can.

What also comes clear to me is that Baba's concentration on Beads on One String encompasses, within its domain, even more than the narrow ego identification with religion - because the blights of racism, classism, sexism, and other 'isms' that promote separateness find their perfect hiding place inside religion. Religion is a mask that can be worn to justify multiple claims to self-righteousness and elite status, and has been used to rationalize all manner of cruelty, injustice, greed, and exploitation, in direct opposition to the true value of a shared humanity.

Black Elk, the Sioux elder whose vision was written down and preserved by a white man - his trusted friend, John G. Neihardt - told of the 'Good Red Road', which would be taken when all races and peoples would walk together, with no one excluded(4). In her book, *The Last Ghost Dance*, Brooke Medicine Eagle describes the divine as an all-inclusive, all embracing Rainbow Bridge that is available to everyone. This is quintessential Beads on One String - the unity of the paths taken towards God in the inevitable return journey of all drop souls, expressed in the prophetic voice of our indigenous people.

The First Nations did not become one nation until recent times, when they began to coalesce in response to what can well be termed the American Holocaust. Prior to that, they held traditional alliances, had traditional enemies and engaged in wars and conflicts with each another. The tribes should not be glorified as being especially virtuous and saintly. There were many Northwest coast tribes who held slaves, and the Cherokee made slaves of individuals they captured, and even bought black slaves from the whites. Often, though, these black slaves were 'adopted' and treated more like family members(5). Today the tribes struggle for unity and suffer from political infighting, dissension, and corruption within their own ranks, just as we do in the larger culture.



Black Elk

There may be no other people in America who were betrayed in greater measure or whose dignity was stolen to such a degree. Some tribes have only remnants of their culture left – they have lost many ceremonies and even their language, and there may be no recovery of these treasures. Yet, coming as they do from a relationship with the Divine that is spoken in the language of nature, they, as much as or more than any group of people in our country, spend extraordinary amounts of time and effort in ceremony and prayer directed towards saving our earth. This work is done on behalf of all humanity, not just for their people alone.

It is a terribly exciting spiritual opportunity to engage with them, to find resonant individuals with whom to build bridges of trust that overcome the past, and to appreciate their efforts to restore the best elements of their cultures. Their willingness to share with us - the great betrayers - is an echo of that original generosity that motivated them to keep us alive. They saw us as relatives back then, and now we should like to become very good allies to them, and humble students of their ways. We also have good things to offer them. Hopi



Sequoyah and his Syllabary

	A	B	C	D	E	F
GA	D ₁	R ₁	T ₁	S ₁	C ₁	L ₁
"	S ₂	F ₂	Y ₂	A ₂	J ₂	E ₂
"	F ₃	J ₃	F ₄	F ₅	F ₆	F ₇
"	W ₁	C ₂	F ₃	G ₄	M ₅	A ₆
"	F ₇	Q ₈	H ₉	Y ₁₀	Y ₁₁	
"	O ₁₂	L ₁₃	G ₁₄	A ₁₅	h ₁₆	Z ₁₇
"	O ₁₈	L ₁₉	G ₂₀	A ₂₁	h ₂₂	Z ₂₃
"	O ₂₄	L ₂₅	G ₂₆	A ₂₇	h ₂₈	Z ₂₉
"	O ₃₀	L ₃₁	G ₃₂	A ₃₃	h ₃₄	Z ₃₅
"	O ₃₆	L ₃₇	G ₃₈	A ₃₉	h ₄₀	Z ₄₁
"	O ₄₂	L ₄₃	G ₄₄	A ₄₅	h ₄₆	Z ₄₇
"	O ₄₈	L ₄₉	G ₅₀	A ₅₁	h ₅₂	Z ₅₃
"	O ₅₄	L ₅₅	G ₅₆	A ₅₇	h ₅₈	Z ₅₉
"	O ₆₀	L ₆₁	G ₆₂	A ₆₃	h ₆₄	Z ₆₅
"	O ₆₆	L ₆₇	G ₆₈	A ₆₉	h ₇₀	Z ₇₁
"	O ₇₂	L ₇₃	G ₇₄	A ₇₅	h ₇₆	Z ₇₇
"	O ₇₈	L ₇₉	G ₈₀	A ₈₁	h ₈₂	Z ₈₃
"	O ₈₄	L ₈₅	G ₈₆	A ₈₇	h ₈₈	Z ₈₉
"	O ₉₀	L ₉₁	G ₉₂	A ₉₃	h ₉₄	Z ₉₅
"	O ₉₆	L ₉₇	G ₉₈	A ₉₉	h ₁₀₀	Z ₁₀₁
"	O ₁₀₂	L ₁₀₃	G ₁₀₄	A ₁₀₅	h ₁₀₆	Z ₁₀₇
"	O ₁₀₈	L ₁₀₉	G ₁₁₀	A ₁₁₁	h ₁₁₂	Z ₁₁₃
"	O ₁₁₄	L ₁₁₅	G ₁₁₆	A ₁₁₇	h ₁₁₈	Z ₁₁₉
"	O ₁₂₀	L ₁₂₁	G ₁₂₂	A ₁₂₃	h ₁₂₄	Z ₁₂₅
"	O ₁₂₆	L ₁₂₇	G ₁₂₈	A ₁₂₉	h ₁₃₀	Z ₁₃₁
"	O ₁₃₂	L ₁₃₃	G ₁₃₄	A ₁₃₅	h ₁₃₆	Z ₁₃₇
"	O ₁₃₈	L ₁₃₉	G ₁₄₀	A ₁₄₁	h ₁₄₂	Z ₁₄₃
"	O ₁₄₄	L ₁₄₅	G ₁₄₆	A ₁₄₇	h ₁₄₈	Z ₁₄₉
"	O ₁₅₀	L ₁₅₁	G ₁₅₂	A ₁₅₃	h ₁₅₄	Z ₁₅₅
"	O ₁₅₆	L ₁₅₇	G ₁₅₈	A ₁₅₉	h ₁₆₀	Z ₁₆₁
"	O ₁₆₂	L ₁₆₃	G ₁₆₄	A ₁₆₅	h ₁₆₆	Z ₁₆₇
"	O ₁₆₈	L ₁₆₉	G ₁₇₀	A ₁₇₁	h ₁₇₂	Z ₁₇₃
"	O ₁₇₄	L ₁₇₅	G ₁₇₆	A ₁₇₇	h ₁₇₈	Z ₁₇₉
"	O ₁₈₀	L ₁₈₁	G ₁₈₂	A ₁₈₃	h ₁₈₄	Z ₁₈₅
"	O ₁₈₆	L ₁₈₇	G ₁₈₈	A ₁₈₉	h ₁₉₀	Z ₁₉₁
"	O ₁₉₂	L ₁₉₃	G ₁₉₄	A ₁₉₅	h ₁₉₆	Z ₁₉₇
"	O ₁₉₈	L ₁₉₉	G ₂₀₀	A ₂₀₁	h ₂₀₂	Z ₂₀₃
"	O ₂₀₄	L ₂₀₅	G ₂₀₆	A ₂₀₇	h ₂₀₈	Z ₂₀₉
"	O ₂₁₀	L ₂₁₁	G ₂₁₂	A ₂₁₃	h ₂₁₄	Z ₂₁₅
"	O ₂₁₆	L ₂₁₇	G ₂₁₈	A ₂₁₉	h ₂₂₀	Z ₂₂₁
"	O ₂₂₂	L ₂₂₃	G ₂₂₄	A ₂₂₅	h ₂₂₆	Z ₂₂₇
"	O ₂₂₈	L ₂₂₉	G ₂₃₀	A ₂₃₁	h ₂₃₂	Z ₂₃₃
"	O ₂₃₄	L ₂₃₅	G ₂₃₆	A ₂₃₇	h ₂₃₈	Z ₂₃₉
"	O ₂₄₀	L ₂₄₁	G ₂₄₂	A ₂₄₃	h ₂₄₄	Z ₂₄₅
"	O ₂₄₆	L ₂₄₇	G ₂₄₈	A ₂₄₉	h ₂₅₀	Z ₂₅₁
"	O ₂₅₂	L ₂₅₃	G ₂₅₄	A ₂₅₅	h ₂₅₆	Z ₂₅₇
"	O ₂₅₈	L ₂₅₉	G ₂₆₀	A ₂₆₁	h ₂₆₂	Z ₂₆₃
"	O ₂₆₄	L ₂₆₅	G ₂₆₆	A ₂₆₇	h ₂₆₈	Z ₂₆₉
"	O ₂₇₀	L ₂₇₁	G ₂₇₂	A ₂₇₃	h ₂₇₄	Z ₂₇₅
"	O ₂₇₆	L ₂₇₇	G ₂₇₈	A ₂₇₉	h ₂₈₀	Z ₂₈₁
"	O ₂₈₂	L ₂₈₃	G ₂₈₄	A ₂₈₅	h ₂₈₆	Z ₂₈₇
"	O ₂₈₈	L ₂₈₉	G ₂₉₀	A ₂₉₁	h ₂₉₂	Z ₂₉₃
"	O ₂₉₄	L ₂₉₅	G ₂₉₆	A ₂₉₇	h ₂₉₈	Z ₂₉₉
"	O ₃₀₀	L ₃₀₁	G ₃₀₂	A ₃₀₃	h ₃₀₄	Z ₃₀₅
"	O ₃₀₆	L ₃₀₇	G ₃₀₈	A ₃₀₉	h ₃₁₀	Z ₃₁₁
"	O ₃₁₂	L ₃₁₃	G ₃₁₄	A ₃₁₅	h ₃₁₆	Z ₃₁₇
"	O ₃₁₈	L ₃₁₉	G ₃₂₀	A ₃₂₁	h ₃₂₂	Z ₃₂₃
"	O ₃₂₄	L ₃₂₅	G ₃₂₆	A ₃₂₇	h ₃₂₈	Z ₃₂₉
"	O ₃₃₀	L ₃₃₁	G ₃₃₂	A ₃₃₃	h ₃₃₄	Z ₃₃₅
"	O ₃₃₆	L ₃₃₇	G ₃₃₈	A ₃₃₉	h ₃₄₀	Z ₃₄₁
"	O ₃₄₂	L ₃₄₃	G ₃₄₄	A ₃₄₅	h ₃₄₆	Z ₃₄₇
"	O ₃₄₈	L ₃₄₉	G ₃₅₀	A ₃₅₁	h ₃₅₂	Z ₃₅₃
"	O ₃₅₄	L ₃₅₅	G ₃₅₆	A ₃₅₇	h ₃₅₈	Z ₃₅₉
"	O ₃₆₀	L ₃₆₁	G ₃₆₂	A ₃₆₃	h ₃₆₄	Z ₃₆₅
"	O ₃₆₆	L ₃₆₇	G ₃₆₈	A ₃₆₉	h ₃₇₀	Z ₃₇₁
"	O ₃₇₂	L ₃₇₃	G ₃₇₄	A ₃₇₅	h ₃₇₆	Z ₃₇₇
"	O ₃₇₈	L ₃₇₉	G ₃₈₀	A ₃₈₁	h ₃₈₂	Z ₃₈₃
"	O ₃₈₄	L ₃₈₅	G ₃₈₆	A ₃₈₇	h ₃₈₈	Z ₃₈₉
"	O ₃₉₀	L ₃₉₁	G ₃₉₂	A ₃₉₃	h ₃₉₄	Z ₃₉₅
"	O ₃₉₆	L ₃₉₇	G ₃₉₈	A ₃₉₉	h ₄₀₀	Z ₄₀₁
"	O ₄₀₂	L ₄₀₃	G ₄₀₄	A ₄₀₅	h ₄₀₆	Z ₄₀₇
"	O ₄₀₈	L ₄₀₉	G ₄₁₀	A ₄₁₁	h ₄₁₂	Z ₄₁₃
"	O ₄₁₄	L ₄₁₅	G ₄₁₆	A ₄₁₇	h ₄₁₈	Z ₄₁₉
"	O ₄₂₀	L ₄₂₁	G ₄₂₂	A ₄₂₃	h ₄₂₄	Z ₄₂₅
"	O ₄₂₆	L ₄₂₇	G ₄₂₈	A ₄₂₉	h ₄₃₀	Z ₄₃₁
"	O ₄₃₂	L ₄₃₃	G ₄₃₄	A ₄₃₅	h ₄₃₆	Z ₄₃₇
"	O ₄₃₈	L ₄₃₉	G ₄₄₀	A ₄₄₁	h ₄₄₂	Z ₄₄₃
"	O ₄₄₄	L ₄₄₅	G ₄₄₆	A ₄₄₇	h ₄₄₈	Z ₄₄₉
"	O ₄₅₀	L ₄₅₁	G ₄₅₂	A ₄₅₃	h ₄₅₄	Z ₄₅₅
"	O ₄₅₆	L ₄₅₇	G ₄₅₈	A ₄₅₉	h ₄₆₀	Z ₄₆₁
"	O ₄₆₂	L ₄₆₃	G ₄₆₄	A ₄₆₅	h ₄₆₆	Z ₄₆₇
"	O ₄₆₈	L ₄₆₉	G ₄₇₀	A ₄₇₁	h ₄₇₂	Z ₄₇₃
"	O ₄₇₄	L ₄₇₅	G ₄₇₆	A ₄₇₇	h ₄₇₈	Z ₄₇₉
"	O ₄₈₀	L ₄₈₁	G ₄₈₂	A ₄₈₃	h ₄₈₄	Z ₄₈₅
"	O ₄₈₆	L ₄₈₇	G ₄₈₈	A ₄₈₉	h ₄₉₀	Z ₄₉₁
"	O ₄₉₂	L ₄₉₃	G ₄₉₄	A ₄₉₅	h ₄₉₆	Z ₄₉₇
"	O ₄₉₈	L ₄₉₉	G ₅₀₀	A ₅₀₁	h ₅₀₂	Z ₅₀₃
"	O ₅₀₄	L ₅₀₅	G ₅₀₆	A ₅₀₇	h ₅₀₈	Z ₅₀₉
"	O ₅₁₀	L ₅₁₁	G ₅₁₂	A ₅₁₃	h ₅₁₄	Z ₅₁₅
"	O ₅₁₆	L ₅₁₇	G ₅₁₈	A ₅₁₉	h ₅₂₀	Z ₅₂₁
"	O ₅₂₂	L ₅₂₃	G ₅₂₄	A ₅₂₅	h ₅₂₆	Z ₅₂₇
"	O ₅₂₈	L ₅₂₉	G ₅₃₀	A ₅₃₁	h ₅₃₂	Z ₅₃₃
"	O ₅₃₄	L ₅₃₅	G ₅₃₆	A ₅₃₇	h ₅₃₈	Z ₅₃₉
"	O ₅₄₀	L ₅₄₁	G ₅₄₂	A ₅₄₃	h ₅₄₄	Z ₅₄₅
"	O ₅₄₆	L ₅₄₇	G ₅₄₈	A ₅₄₉	h ₅₅₀	Z ₅₅₁
"	O ₅₅₂	L ₅₅₃	G ₅₅₄	A ₅₅₅	h ₅₅₆	Z ₅₅₇
"	O ₅₅₈	L ₅₅₉	G ₅₆₀	A ₅₆₁	h ₅₆₂	Z ₅₆₃
"	O ₅₆₄	L ₅₆₅	G ₅₆₆	A ₅₆₇	h ₅₆₈	Z ₅₆₉
"	O ₅₇₀	L ₅₇₁	G ₅₇₂	A ₅₇₃	h ₅₇₄	Z ₅₇₅
"	O ₅₇₆	L ₅₇₇	G ₅₇₈	A ₅₇₉	h ₅₈₀	Z ₅₈₁
"	O ₅₈₂	L ₅₈₃	G ₅₈₄	A ₅₈₅	h ₅₈₆	Z ₅₈₇
"	O ₅₈₈	L ₅₈₉	G ₅₉₀	A ₅₉₁	h ₅₉₂	Z ₅₉₃
"	O ₅₉₄	L ₅₉₅	G ₅₉₆	A ₅₉₇	h ₅₉₈	Z ₅₉₉
"	O ₆₀₀	L ₆₀₁	G ₆₀₂	A ₆₀₃	h ₆₀₄	Z ₆₀₅
"	O ₆₀₆	L ₆₀₇	G ₆₀₈	A ₆₀₉	h ₆₁₀	Z ₆₁₁
"	O ₆₁₂	L ₆₁₃	G ₆₁₄	A ₆₁₅	h ₆₁₆	Z ₆₁₇
"	O ₆₁₈	L ₆₁₉	G ₆₂₀	A ₆₂₁	h ₆₂₂	Z ₆₂₃
"	O ₆₂₄	L ₆₂₅	G ₆₂₆	A ₆₂₇	h ₆₂₈	Z ₆₂₉
"	O ₆₃₀	L ₆₃₁	G ₆₃₂	A ₆₃₃	h ₆₃₄	Z ₆₃₅
"	O ₆₃₆	L ₆₃₇	G ₆₃₈	A ₆₃₉	h ₆₄₀	Z ₆₄₁
"	O ₆₄₂	L ₆₄₃	G ₆₄₄	A ₆₄₅	h ₆₄₆	Z ₆₄₇
"	O ₆₄₈	L ₆₄₉	G ₆₅₀	A ₆₅₁	h ₆₅₂	Z ₆₅₃
"	O ₆₅₄	L ₆₅₅	G ₆₅₆	A ₆₅₇	h ₆₅₈	Z ₆₅₉
"	O ₆₆₀	L ₆₆₁	G ₆₆₂	A ₆₆₃	h ₆₆₄	Z ₆₆₅
"	O ₆₆₆	L ₆₆₇	G ₆₆₈	A ₆₆₉	h ₆₇₀	Z ₆₇₁
"	O ₆₇₂	L ₆₇₃	G ₆₇₄	A ₆₇₅	h ₆₇₆	Z ₆₇₇
"	O ₆₇₈	L ₆₇₉	G ₆₈₀	A ₆₈₁	h ₆₈₂	Z ₆₈₃
"	O ₆₈₄	L ₆₈₅	G ₆₈₆	A ₆₈₇	h ₆₈₈	Z ₆₈₉
"	O ₆₉₀	L ₆₉₁	G ₆₉₂	A ₆₉₃	h ₆₉₄	Z ₆₉₅
"	O ₆₉₆	L ₆₉₇	G ₆₉₈	A ₆₉₉	h ₇₀₀	Z ₇₀₁
"	O ₇₀₂	L ₇₀₃	G ₇₀₄	A ₇₀₅	h ₇₀₆	Z ₇₀₇
"	O ₇₀₈	L ₇₀₉	G ₇₁₀	A ₇₁₁	h ₇₁₂	Z ₇₁₃
"	O ₇₁₄	L ₇₁₅	G ₇₁₆	A ₇₁₇	h ₇₁₈	Z ₇₁₉
"	O ₇₂₀	L ₇₂₁	G ₇₂₂	A ₇₂₃	h ₇₂₄	Z ₇₂₅
"	O ₇₂₆	L ₇₂₇	G ₇₂₈	A ₇₂₉	h ₇₃₀	Z ₇₃₁
"	O ₇₃₂	L ₇₃₃	G ₇₃₄	A ₇₃₅	h ₇₃₆	Z ₇₃₇
"	O ₇₃₈	L ₇₃₉	G ₇₄₀	A ₇₄₁	h ₇₄₂	Z ₇₄₃
"	O ₇₄₄	L ₇₄₅	G ₇₄₆	A ₇₄₇	h ₇₄₈	Z ₇₄₉
"	O ₇₅₀	L ₇₅₁	G ₇₅₂	A ₇₅₃	h ₇₅₄	Z ₇₅₅
"	O ₇₅₆	L ₇₅₇	G ₇₅₈	A ₇₅₉	h ₇₆₀	Z ₇₆₁
"	O ₇₆₂	L ₇₆₃	G ₇₆₄	A ₇₆₅	h ₇₆₆	Z ₇₆₇
"	O ₇₆₈	L ₇₆₉	G ₇₇₀	A ₇₇₁	h ₇₇₂	Z ₇₇₃
"	O ₇₇₄	L ₇₇₅	G ₇₇₆	A ₇₇₇	h ₇₇₈	Z ₇₇₉
"	O ₇₈₀	L ₇₈₁	G ₇₈₂	A ₇₈₃	h ₇₈₄	Z ₇₈₅ </

expression and our sensibility about what it means to be human.

Baba's conditions for his 'home in the west', expressed to Elizabeth Patterson, included that the land would be virgin, undeveloped ground - but on the way to Baba's house at Myrtle Beach is a large mound built by the early Americans(7) to which Baba clearly had no objection. Baba remarked, at Ojai, that He had 'been there' before. Considering the time that elapses between advents (including even minor incarnations of the avatar), how could He have been other than a Native American in that incarnation? And there is the famous meeting at the train station in Albuquerque with His agent, who appeared to everyone else to be a simple street vendor. All these are clues indicating a connection that is only at the beginning of its emergence.

What we know is that the spiritual heart of America can't be built on inequity and separateness. It is difficult for us to turn and look at the long and ugly shadows we've left here at home, and in other places in the world. This is why forgiveness is so integral, so required, for the manifestation of America's Destiny as a spiritual nation. Forgiveness is the catalyst for healing the past, transforming the present, and building the future. Don's emphasis on forgiveness aligns perfectly with the example by which he 'trained' us in India: to visit sacred sites, with site leaders whose job was to provide historical and cultural backdrops so that we better understand the precepts of the spiritual traditions at those sites; and to support, with our prayers, the essential best in those traditions, the

beauty of the expressions of love they offer the Divine, and to infuse the Field with forgiveness to facilitate whatever reconciliation is needed.

In Lord Meher online (3865) we find this statement: "It is significant that the Complicated Free Life ended in America, as bindings overcame Meher Baba's life there. These bindings were America's, which assaulted and wounded the Avatar's body, and which he uprooted by enduring the full impact of them. It was these bindings which made Baba's Free Life "complicated." The world will know its result when America bows to God. To do that, Baba purposely suffered and bore the assault of these bindings, because he had a special mission to fulfill for America."

With the legacy of Don's example, that intuitively sought to expand on Baba's urgent theme of Beads on One String, we have before us an incredible opportunity to nurture the Rainbow Bridge that everyone, without exception, is invited to walk across. Such opportunities are rare. They don't come along every lifetime.



Don E. Stevens in Monument Valley

There is a new tribe – a New Humanity – that is possible in America, more so, perhaps, than in any other place on earth. Could it be that by engaging with the original spirituality of this continent as embodied in the current day First Nations people, we will wrap up all of what's happened, from A to Zed, inside a sacred bundle (8) of Forgiveness? I can't help but believe that such a fusion, taking place on this soil where the Beloved shed His blood, will reverberate so powerfully in the Field that it will generate enormous healing for all of humanity.

Kathryn Harris / September 2012

Epilogue / October 2016

The above was penned after an expedition in May 2012, re-driving Meher Baba's 1952 route (which parallels the Trail of Tears) from Myrtle Beach to the site of his predestined accident near Prague, Oklahoma. Six months later, in November 2012, the "Idle No More" protest movement emerged, starting with indigenous women responding to abusive actions of the Canadian government.

Now in 2016, we witness the Standing Rock Sioux against the goliath Dakota Access Pipeline. The influx of tribal people has resulted in a never-before seen reunification of relatives, truly becoming one family again, a blessing they well deserve after 500 years of genocide. Support and allies are coming from many corners of the world. The tribes stand up for environmental justice, for the Seven Generations, for all humanity. The power of this convergence has boosted Idle No More to Full Throttle. Today I read a declaration that the prophecy of Black Elk is being fulfilled at Standing Rock. As so, perhaps, is America's Destiny. The iconic Lakota expression, Mitake Oyasin (all, my relations) transcends the us/them dichotomy in the simplest stroke of unity.

Don Stevens did make a tour of the American Southwest, in the mid-1990's, with Dick Duman, a companion well versed in Native history. I know they went to Monument Valley and Hopi. Among Don's intentions expressed to his close companions in his last years was that pilgrimages to sacred sites in America should be developed. I would not be surprised if, for Baba's lovers, the Trail of Tears becomes the first dearly loved, well-traveled pilgrimage of our continent.

There is no boundary to how America's Destiny can be fulfilled. It could happen every day. Right in our own hearts. Thank you, Beloved Baba. None can thank you enough.

ENDNOTES to America's Destiny article

1 To observe the current cancers of corruption and rampant greed is deeply disturbing to us – the darkness seems to be winning. However, there are also signs that we are in a time when the guilty are being exposed and held accountable.

2 The meaning at that time was closer to “all free, property-owning males are created equal”.

3 The original Haudenosaunee – the Iroquois “League of Peace and Power” - was an association of distinct tribes in Ontario and upstate New York, including the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca, all from the Iroquoian family of languages. It was known as the Five Nations, until the Tuscarora nation joined in 1722, making it the Six Nations. Greatly admired by Benjamin Franklin, they had a bicameral (two-house) legislature which influenced the structure of our Congress. The League is embodied in the Grand Council, an assembly of fifty hereditary sachems (representatives), who, rather than being elected, were selected by the Grandmothers. Women held an elevated role in the political structure, with enough power to depose bad leaders. The Cherokee language is also from the Iroquoian family, although the Cherokee were not necessarily friendly with the Six Nations tribes, whose reserve is presently located in Brantford, Ontario.

4 Black Elk, (1863–1950), a widely known medicine man of the Oglala Lakota people, believed he had an obligation to ‘help to bring my people back into the sacred hoop, that they might again walk the red road in a sacred manner pleasing to the powers of the universe that are one power.’ His visionary revelation was documented in the book Black Elk Speaks.

5 The Cherokee are a sovereign nation. Ironically, in August 2011, the Cherokee Supreme Court upheld an amendment to their tribal constitution requiring proof of Cherokee ancestry as a condition of membership in the tribe, angering descendants of black slaves who had been admitted into the tribe in the 1800’s. It seems to me this might be easily cleared up with the use of DNA testing.

6 “The exact time range of 40,000—16,500 years ago” is a topic of debate, and will be for years to come. Many tribal people assert that they have always been in the Americas and never came from anywhere else.

7 The mounds are evidence of a very early human civilization generally described as ‘Mississippian culture’. The mounds had various uses, not all of which are understood by anthropologists, but the Cherokee were among the people who continued to employ them into recent times.

8 Medicine bundles are collections of sacred items held by designated guardians, usually tribal elders, although there are circumstances where a youth is given the responsibility. One of these is Chief Arvol Looking Horse, the 19th generation Pipe Keeper of the Sioux, charged with preserving the sacred bundle that contains the Pipe given to the Sioux by White Buffalo Calf Woman, who taught them the Seven Sacred Laws. The pipe was intentionally designed to be of three pieces so that it could be taken apart, hidden easily, and transported during the period when the Sioux ceremonies, such as the Ghost Dance, were outlawed by the US Government. In 1996, following the birth of Miracle (a white buffalo calf foretold in prophecy) Chief Arvol initiated an annual World Peace and Prayer Day event, which was originally called “Honoring Sacred Sites Day”.

The Cherokee also employed such pipes. Until a new pipe has been smoked, it is considered to have not yet been ‘awakened’.

<http://wayofthepipe.com>

THE MANDALI'S PRAYER

I am not the body.

I am not the mind.

I am not this.

I am not that.

I am nothing but a living lie

of that truth that is me

and unless the lie is dead

the truth cannot be.

"He (Baba) gave it.
But we didn't recite
this out loud in his
presence. It was
given to the Mandali
as their personal
prayer."

Eruch Jessawalla

From the Awakener
Magazine No. 19:2
pages 8-9





GOD FEEDS ME EACH EXPERIENCE

I am really doing nothing: Baba is feeding me all my experiences, just as He feeds me my food at each meal, feeding me each mouthful. One action, one experience at a time, He is doing everything. He leads me from place to place, and from activity to activity. He presents me with people I know, and with the new people I meet, all throughout the day. And He enjoys all these experiences through me. Whose experiences are they, in the end, if not His?

When people came to Baba with food, He would accept and eat a little bit of it, and then give back the rest of it to the person to eat as his Prasad, as the gift of the Master. And he would feed the 'masts', the God-intoxicated souls, by his own hand. And so I can imagine him sitting across from me at the table, and giving me the rest of each mouthful I offer to Him, giving it to me with His own hands. And in reality, since everyone and everything is really God, as I appear to be feeding myself, it is actually God feeding Himself.

The underlying fact is, in my opinion, that whatever I imagine Baba doing in my mind, is ACTUALLY happening, in some alternate world of Creation, since the Creation contains all possible alternate realities, an infinity of realities, all happening at once.

Now, just as I feed Him a bite of my food, in my imagination, before I put it in my mouth, so I can feed Him a little bit of activity in my mind, before I actually do it, and then in my imagination He does the activity, enjoying and experiencing it, and then gives it back to me to actually experience bodily. And so we both enjoy all the activities that I experience throughout the day.

But just as I can gulp my food, forgetting about sharing my eating with God, so in my haste, I can go about my activities and forget about the part that God plays, in enjoying them in imagination, and then giving me back the richer fullness of the activity for me to experience in actual life.

As I go about my daily life, I can stop before I do any action, and offer that action to Baba, realizing that it is really He that is performing the action, and then giving the results of the action, good or bad, to Him. I offer it to Him by first imagining Him doing it, in the body of Avatar Meher Baba that I am used to seeing in my mind or in pictures, and then doing the action myself, in my own body, and feeling that He is feeding me the experience of performing this action. In the back of my mind, I'm realizing that it is He performing the action Himself, and experiencing it for

Himself, since He IS me,
just as He is
everyone, and
w i t h i n
everyone.



As an example, I may be sitting down, and want to get up and cross the room to turn on a light switch. So I imagine Baba getting up from the seat I'm occupying, walking across the room, and turning on the light. It is only after this imagination is completed, that I then rise physically to carry out the act, in all its richness and solidity, feeling that Baba is giving me, feeding me, the rich color and beauty and sensation of this gross experience on the gross plane. I can really appreciate it as a gift from Baba, all the while also realizing that it is a gift that Baba is giving to Himself, since there is no other one, in reality.

After I do one action, and experience it as Baba's gift to me, chewing it up and fully digesting it as God's beautiful gift of gross experience, only after doing that do I stop again and imagine Baba doing the next action I dream up to do. I don't rush greedily from one action to another, not offering and receiving the actions as coming from God, but instead rushing in a crazy haste to complete as many actions as I can, one after the other, in the shortest amount of time. I move slowly and deliberately, one action at a time, fully appreciating the richness and beauty of each experience of motion that God is giving me.

Just as when I eat anything, it is really Baba feeding me, so when I do anything, it is really Baba doing it for me. When I cover myself with a blanket, it is really Baba who is covering me; when I wash myself in the shower, it is really Baba's hands washing and bathing me; when I turn the pages of a book, it is really Baba turning the pages. With regards to anything that I do with my own body, with my own hands, it is really Baba doing it through me and for me. Whenever I think I am doing something, in reality, I am just observing Baba doing it. It is really God, really Baba, doing everything, so lovingly, in my life.

As an infant is moved around in the cradle by its mother, so Baba moves my body around, as it goes through the actions of my daily life.

What more is there to say...

Photo of Baba on previous page ©Meher Nazar Publications,
used by permission.

REVIEW: 'Darling, I Love You'

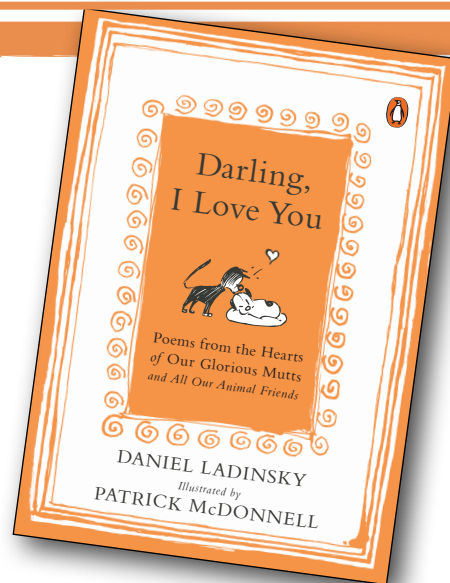
by Daniel Ladinsky,
illustrated by Patrick McDonnell

by Karl Moeller

Sometimes, when two people, successful in their own fields, decide to collaborate, the results are magic, i.e. larger than the sum of the talents involved. Like now.

Dan Ladinsky is a familiar name in the Meher Baba community, due to his modern 'renditions' of Hafiz and Rumi. Having a fairly traditional exposure to Sufism, I must say I've always enjoyed Ladinsky's poetry, finding a sly humor and ever-present heart quality in it. His work, whether you're a fan or not, has found a large public, and he is one of the most successful poets on the planet.

The surprise element for me in this book was his partnership with cartoonist Patrick McDonnell. I've



enjoyed his quirky *Mutts* strip for years, especially his "Shelter Stories," where he depicts animals begging to be adopted. McDonnell is a huge success in his own arena, *Mutts* being syndicated in over 700 newspapers worldwide. Both writer and artist are in fine form. Some of the verses are in haiku form, and McDonnell's sketchy, sparse drawing style complements them perfectly.

EVERY PAGE GETS A SMILE.

SOME OF THEM WILL GET A TEAR.

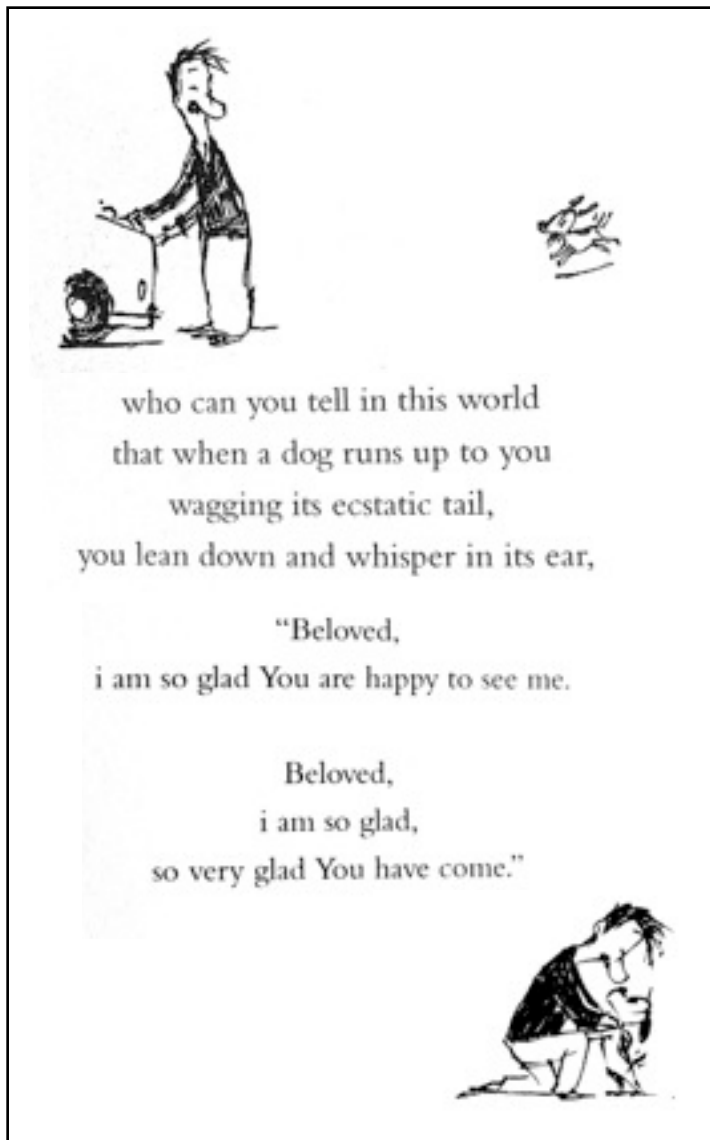
The book's subtitle is *Poems from the Hearts of Our Glorious Mutts and All Our Animal Friends*, and you will find ruminations on love, loyalty, genuine friendship, the value in a good bowl of dog food, and something of the aloof yet affectionate nature of cats.

The opening poem, titled 'Begin the Beguine,' is an extended riff on the famed song and in the end is simply an elaboration of the line, 'Darling, I Love You.' Rather than invent new characters, McDonnell uses his well-loved dog and cat characters, a pantheon of other soulful beasts, and Dog's beloved human Ozzie.

I get the feeling this slender volume is going to be at my bedside for quite a while.

Darling, I Love You is available for order on Barnesandnoble.com and Amazon.com.

NANCY OWEN BARTON AGENCY, LLC
285 Center Drive, Myrtle Beach, SC 29572
phone: 843-810-0481 nowenb@aol.com



Goddess of Desert Waters 2016



Claire Johnson

Instagram: PrincessPricklyPear Claire Johnson grew up in the desert mountains of Arizona, but is now a 21 year old nursing student in New York City. Although she's getting her degree in nursing, her passions are art and travel and she tries to pursue them at every opportunity. Claire would like to thank OmPoint International Circular for this opportunity to put her art into the world.

**In Commemoration of November 62 East - West Gathering
of Baba's Devotees : two period posters**

AVATAR MEHER BABA

THE SILENT MASTER

In Commemoration of November 62 East-West Gathering of Baba's Devotees



"I have come not to teach but to awaken"

LOVE VS. DEVOTION

"LOVE turns the lover; DEVOTION turns the Beloved. LOVE seeks happiness for the Beloved; DEVOTION seeks blessings from the Beloved. LOVE seeks to shoulder the burden of the Beloved; DEVOTION throws the burden on the Beloved. LOVE gives; DEVOTION asks. LOVE is silent and sublime, devoid of outward expression; DEVOTION expresses itself outwardly. LOVE does not require the presence of the Beloved in order to love; DEVOTION demands the presence of the Beloved to express affection for the Beloved."

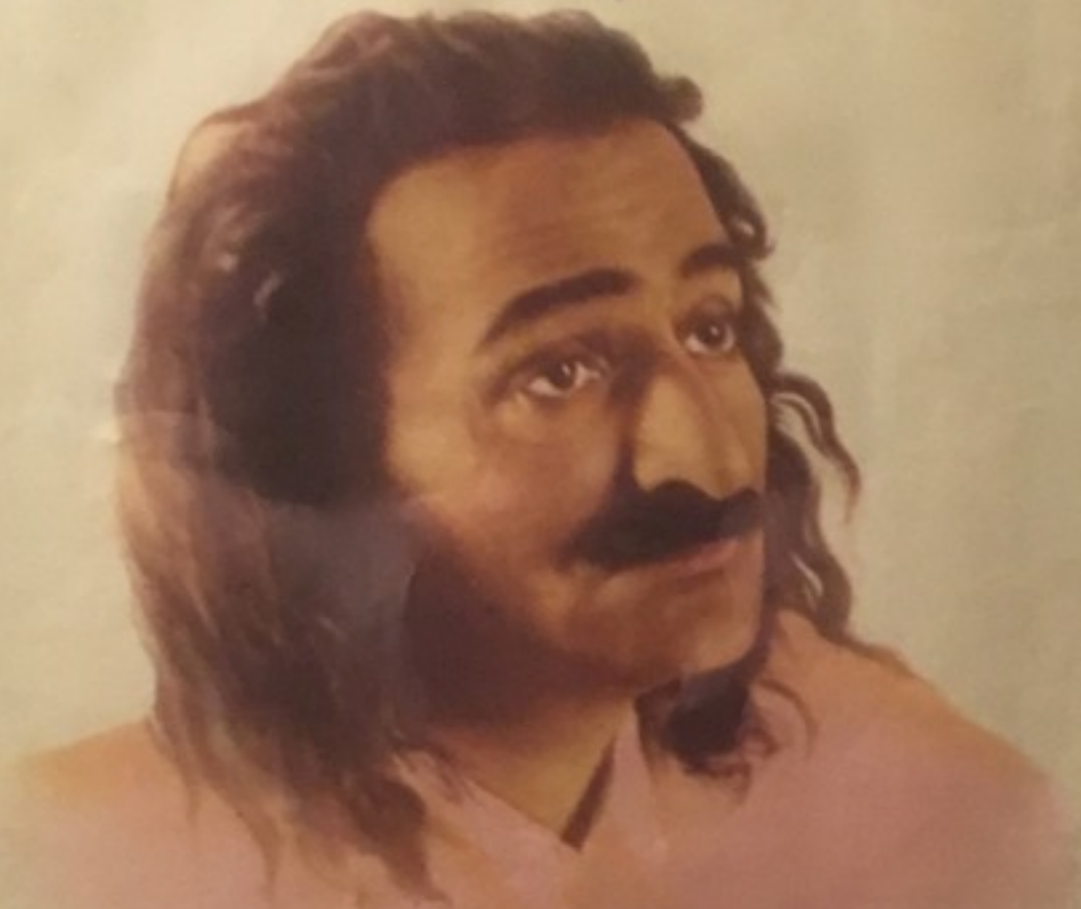
-MEHER BABA-

" I have come not to teach but to awaken "

AVATAR MEHER BABA

THE SILENT MASTER

In Commemoration of November 62 East-West Gathering of Baba's Devotees



" I have come not to teach but to awaken "

"Godhood is the birth-right of every man. It is possible through love for man to become God; and when God becomes man, it is due to His Love for His beings."

"There is no Sadhana greater than love, there is no law higher than love, and there is no goal beyond love. God and Love are identical and one who has Divine Love has reached God."

MEHER BABA-

A Lawless God

It's not simple to follow a lawless God.
It means you have to fathom your own tenets
And know that He, however, is ruled by none.
He calls it grace and tosses it around, so

It means you have to fathom your own tenets.
He offers guidelines, yet retires ancient sins.
He calls it grace and tosses it around, so
Everybody gets some sometime--grace and love.

He offers guidelines, yet retires ancient sins.
They are of the nothing, only love is real.
Everybody gets some sometime--grace and love.
True love is not for those who are faint of heart.

They are of the nothing, only love is real.
Those who don't have love catch it from those who do.
True love is not for those who are faint of heart.
Come sit at his feet. He will grind you to dust.

Those who don't have love catch it from those who do.
He breaks up your closed heart to awaken you.
Come sit at His feet. He will grind you to dust.
Give Him your imperfections, your broken laws.

He breaks up your closed heart to awaken you.
The heart is His temple, the seat of all rules.
Give Him your imperfections, your broken laws.
He'll dissolve them in the ocean of His love.

The heart is His temple, the seat of all rules,
And know that He, however, is ruled by none.
He'll dissolve them in the ocean of His love.
It's that simple to follow a lawless God.

I r m a S h e p p a r d

Forgiveness With Meher Baba, Continued: STEP 11

by Jennifer Jacobs, Washington

I was looking at a diagram my old friend Laurent created about the steps involved in the Forgiveness process in the book "Forgiveness With Meher Baba."

His diagram ended with Step 10. "Being in Present. Moving on in Freedom. I would like to suggest that there is also a Step 11, beyond that, namely:

**"Do not repeat
the forgiven behavior,
but repeat the
forgiving behavior."**

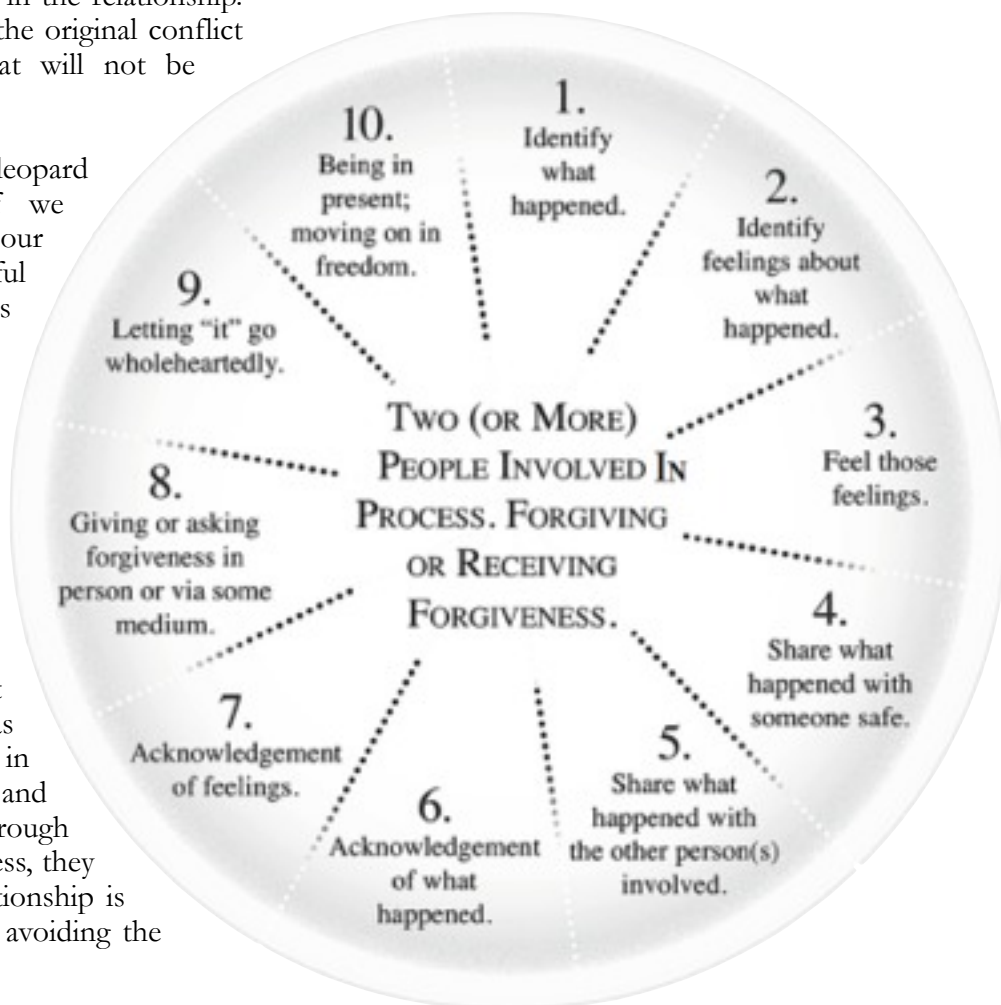
Step 11, as the final step in the process, is profoundly important for two reasons. First, it acknowledges that growth has occurred, an essential element of forgiveness for all of the people involved. Second, it allows the original conflict, and all of the accompanying pain and stress and friction, to be seen as a positive, meaningful moment in the relationship. This is only really possible when the original conflict is believed to be something that will not be repeated.

It always seems difficult "for a leopard the change it's spots," but if we genuinely reflect on/acknowledge our errors and live with the mindful consideration of another person's experience, it is quite easy to avoid repeating previously forgiven behaviors. We do not need to experience life the same way others do. We simply have to respect other people's experiences as they are, without judgment or ego. And, like all things, the more we practice this, the better we become at it. To love another person is to accept their experience to be as valuable as your own. There is no room in loving relationships for both ego and humanity. When someone goes through the steps of the cycle of forgiveness, they are ultimately saying that the relationship is important to him or her. And by avoiding the

FORGIVENESS

forgiven behavior, you are showing that the relationship is important to you, as well. We forgive ourselves by recognizing our own humanity and acknowledging that, many times, intention differs from result. Even if we know that we did something out of selfishness or laziness or self-preservation, we typically do not intend to hurt others as a result.

Let me provide an example. Years ago, I was working at a Naval Shipyard as a Painter and Sandblaster of submarines and aircraft carriers. One day, while working at the bottom of a deep missile tube, a fellow worker ignored the posted rules (probably out of laziness) and as a result, I was seriously injured. This



injury altered my life in enormous, negative ways and it has taken me many years to learn to cope with the disabilities I have now as a result. My life was forever changed by that person's choice. In the immediate aftermath of the injury, a friend suggested that I file a lawsuit against the shipyard to both punish and be remunerated by the parties responsible. In my anger, I made an appointment with an attorney, only to discover that the person's negligence was not enough, I had to show intent. I had to prove that the person who made that bad choice **intended** to injure me. Naturally, there was no way to do that, so instead, I spent my energy and time learning how to navigate through my life as the person I had become after the injury. But, as a result of my injury, the Naval Shipyard completely redesigned their safety program and my injury is still used as an example to make sure the mistakes are never repeated.

Through that, I was able to not only find forgiveness in my heart for the people who were negligent but also to embrace the person I have become through that experience.

While this example differs in some ways from the kinds of emotional and psychological wounds that can occur when we are hurt by others' actions, the one thing that connects it to other experiences is this: negligence is not the same as ill intent. If we can recognize that, in ourselves and others, we can follow the steps within the cycle of forgiveness and be better for having done it.

We can do this by focusing on our own intentions and faults. The only way to have enough compassion to forgive others, whether they apologize, change or seek forgiveness — or not — is by recognizing the shared humanity in everyone.

And since many times our anger at another person's wrongs is really about something else, like fear ... revealing and facing the truth of our own emotions, and understanding their genesis, is a wonderful way to stay focused on the things over which we have control ... ultimately empowering us to lead the kind of lives in which other people's bad behavior is both discouraged, and has a diminished effect.

My father used to say, "You can either be right, or you can have your life work," and that is the foundation of forgiveness.

Life-Cycle of Forgiveness diagram from the book *'Forgiveness With Meher Baba'* (Willmington: OmPoint Press, 2016) reproduced with permission.



MEHER BABA'S MASTER'S PRAYER IN CHINESE



Painted on silk paper by the artist Xie Guan on the left. Tian Gunther is in the center and Chen Shaubing is on the right. Chen Shaubing recently brought a group of thirty-one Chinese people to Meherabad. They stayed here for seven days. ~ Bif Soper.

Credit: Photo copyright (c) 2016 by Bif Soper.

THE LONG ROAD

A set of collages called "The Long Road," visualizing the path to God as the colors in Meher Baba's Flag." © 2007

Anne Elizabeth Giles



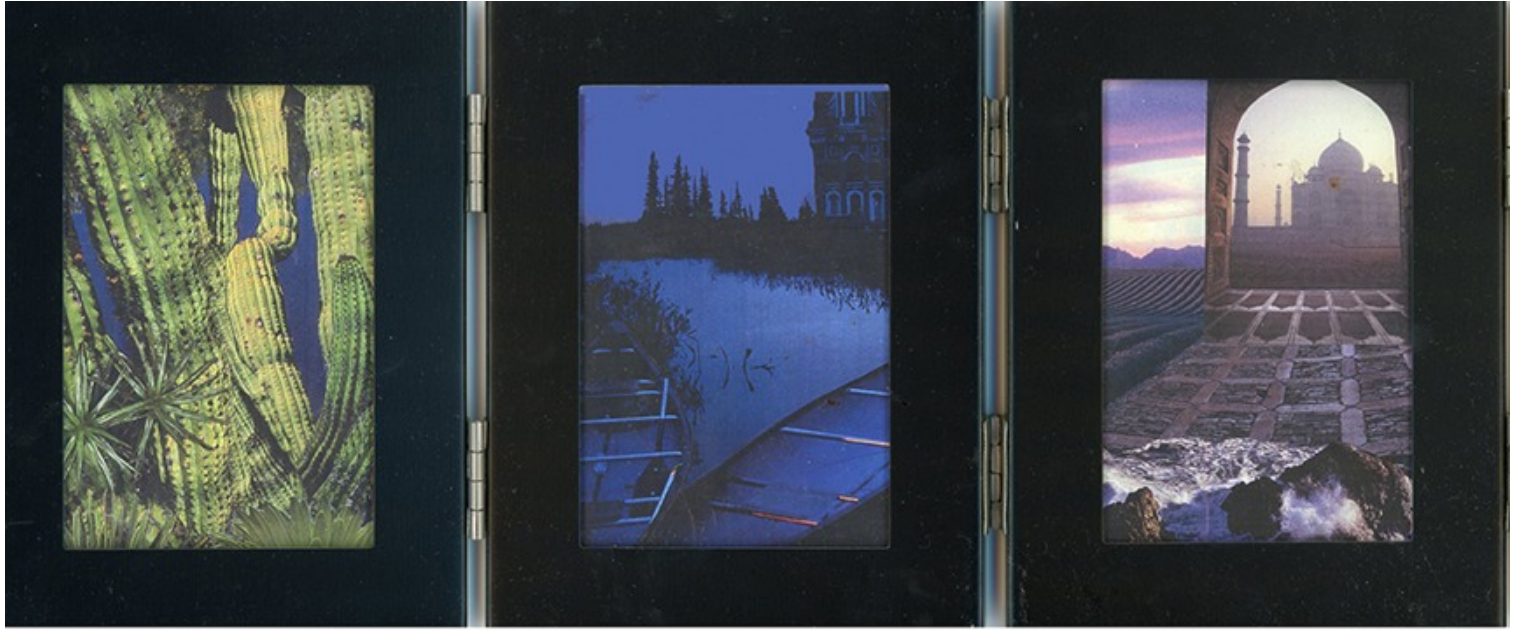
I created this set of collages around the same time as the ones in the Seven Kingdoms series. I had experimented with making collages of Baba's flag from cutout magazine photos. One flag was made from pictures of children, another from pictures of flowers.

As I gathered various images in the seven colors, I found myself wanting to create a collage for each color. The number of collages was determined by the frames I intended using – two folding frames with five windows each. So there were two reds, two greens, and two sky blues.



THE LONG ROAD WE'VE COME ON...

THE LONG ROAD STILL TO GO...



The progression isn't spiritually sequential, but the colors span the extent of human life and its aspirations. The universe begins in fiery gas and rock. Red is women and birthing blood. Orange is the hands of primitive peoples. Yellow is precious metals. Green is water with the first organic life, and following that, cactus vegetable life. Deep blue is human life near water. Purple contains images of Eastern wisdom. Turquoise shows a planet and its moon seen from a distance. The final snowy blue reprises the path upward toward God.



A SAGA OF SYMBOLS

By Max Reif

“The world is a temple, whose walls are covered with emblems, pictures, and commandments of the Deity.” —Ralph Waldo Emerson

ONE

A dream: September 21, 2016

I've been living back in my home town, St. Louis, Missouri, for a year or two. I've begun a new kind of project: I acquire historic homes and other buildings, ones that have a solid structure and/or architectural beauty. Then I completely refurbish their insides. The buildings end up as treasures both within and without—beautiful, unique, and completely functional and efficient, as well.

Somehow I learn that Laurent W is living in the city, too. In fact, he has been doing the same kind of “renewal work” there since about five years before I arrived!

I contact him and we have a long talk. L tells me in detail about the specifics of the projects he's done. I don't recall those details, but as in my own case, the hands-on reclamation of “Architecture” in Laurent's work functions as a metaphor for spiritual regeneration and renewal, for making something—or someone-- completely new inside, without destroying the foundations.



“City/Self Mandala”, 1988

TWO

I realize that the theme of this dream has long antecedents in my life. As a young man, I happened to hear a poem by William Butler Yeats that had been put to music by the Sufi Choir (the Samuel Lewis group), a track of an album released in the late '60s that became fairly popular. A soprano voice sang these words:

"A house that stood
since childhood
uninhabited, ruinous,
suddenly lit up
from within.
Men come
and men go.
All things
remain in God."*

The song turned on a light in me, and as sometimes happens, I began to notice a particular kind of symbol in the world, and consciously connect it to my own inner life. I began to see houses whose wooden frames were just being erected—where you could practically smell the sawdust from afar—as symbolic of where I was in my own spiritual process. Invisibly, a foundation was being erected in "me" to mirror this sight that my attention was mysteriously and repeatedly being drawn to in the outer world!

THREE

A little later, I briefly got into psychedelics. I felt that my spirit was quickening, and staked a lot on this new energy, only to wind up having a chilling intuition that proved prophetic: none of the increased energy was due to natural unfolding. It was all due to drugs.

Eventually, I experienced a rather precipitous fall. As the stage was being set, I met up with another symbolic foreshadowing. Driving cross-country with some friends, I took a walk alone in the desert near Tucson to see the Saguaro cactuses. I climbed a small mountain. At the top I found a concrete hut, like a little bunker. I went inside and found broken liquor bottles, occult graffiti scrawled on the wall, someone's ragged sleeping bag that had been left there, and a very negative atmosphere. I felt another little voice inside me say, "This is the state of your soul."

After a long period during which I received help from Meher Baba to get past this negative karma, buildings again became buildings, instead of deep symbols of the psyche.

FOUR

In the late 1980's, during another period of healing from Baba, I began to receive images to paint. They came from a very deep well inside. The process of painting was meditative, and the entire period was most extraordinary.

One of the first and most potent of the paintings—the original sits today atop the tall cabinet in our living room—was one that I called "City/Self Mandala". It again played on the analogies between psyche/spirit and the building structures created by Man.

This image will also appear on the cover of a forthcoming book of my stories, *Toward an Interior Sun*, being published this month by *The Mindful Word*, a journal in which the stories first appeared. It is a

bit of synchronicity that the theme of this issue of *Om Point International* is the recurring cycle of Creation, Preservation and Destruction, for that is



Into Light

the theme of my book. Here is a paragraph from the Introduction:

“If I had taken my younger self aside, as if we were in some “Back to the Future” movie, and told him what he would be going through in coming decades, I don’t think he would have believed me! The life that has unfolded has astounded me in its glorious heights as well as, sometimes, its dismal depths. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, has been learning that rebirth, redemption, and a fresh new page are always possible, even after the darkest night. It is these insights that have set my spirit and hand in motion to write the pieces collected in this book.”

FIVE

And so I see there is a context for the dream recorded at the beginning of this article. Indeed, it is the context of this entire lifetime.

I certainly feel that over the years, Beloved Baba has been doing precisely the kind of work on me that I am shown doing on various buildings in the dream. The buildings, in my estimation, represent “structures” of my own psyche that are being transformed.

I’m naturally happy to have received this little signpost of positive work that is going on. In addition to the dream, I felt a great deal of renewal from a pilgrimage this past summer to yet another little building, Meher Baba’s Samadhi, in which I spent as much time as possible.

SIX

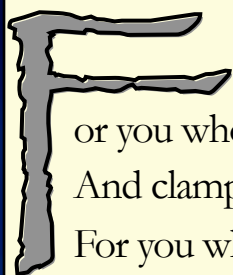
So you have it. I feel happy, as well, to share this context of symbolic themes in my life. I’ve always found it beautiful.

It’s nearly impossible now for me to fully recall some of the emotional states from the ‘Mahesh’ (Destroyer) phases earlier in this lifetime. I believe we are protected, in some way, from fully re-living such pain. But it is helpful to know, at least, what I have been through, and that it is all part of a cycle that has ended in “all things made new”.

I have faith that in Baba’s Compassion, no matter how often this process is repeated, it continues to accrue Strength and Beauty, and at some point ends in becoming God.

* from “Crazy Jane on God” by William Butler Yeats (slightly altered in the Sufi Choir lyrics)





or you who cinch your belts too tight
And clamp the corners of your mouth
For you who pick each wrong from right
And build a mountain of complaint

For you who stack complaints like bricks
And catalog your every lack
Unhook the buttons of your blouse
That run too tightly down your back

For you who cinch your belts too tight
And strain to fill your lungs with air
It's time to savor on your tongue
Sweet notes of love you've longed to hear

So darling, dare to loosen up
Say "Darling, you will be all right"
The common air does fill your cup
Oh love, don't cinch your belt so tight

SWEET LENIENCY

Alice Klein



MEHER BABA
BY ASPEN WEICHBERGER
(FOR DAD)

An Update from the Chicago Baba Group

Jai Baba Dear Laurent,

... Here are a couple of photos taken at our booth at the TheosoFest. We made wonderful connections with many people, and also we were amazed how many of them stopped by our booth and let us know they knew of Meher Baba. The people next to our booth told us they were so happy, and thought all would be well since they were next to Meher Baba's booth. So He is working silently in the world, bringing His Name to the ears and hearts of humanity behind the scenes... Because He is the only One who does His Work.

Jai Baba in His Love,
Fereshteh for Avatar Meher Baba Center of Chicago
September 2016



A black and white illustration of a hand reaching upwards towards a shower of falling stars. The hand is positioned in the lower right quadrant, with fingers slightly spread. A trail of stars falls from the top left towards the hand, suggesting a point of contact or aspiration. The background is dark, filled with numerous small stars of varying sizes.

ONLY BY TOUCHING THE VERY CORE OF THE HEART

Meher Baba

To affirm religious faiths, to establish societies, or to hold conferences will never bring about the feeling of unity and oneness in the life of mankind, now completely absorbed in the manyness of illusion. Unity in the midst of diversity can be made to be felt only by touching the very core of the heart. That is the work for which I have come.

I have come to sow the seed of love in your hearts so that, in spite of all superficial diversity which your life in illusion must experience and endure, the feeling of oneness, through love, is brought about amongst all the nations, creeds, sects and castes of the world.

W E D D I N G O C T 2 2 0 1 6
M Y R T L E B E A C H • L I V E L O V E L O N G



Looking at the wedding pictures
My heart fills up with love
For two special people
Who have come this far
To be joined together
Finally coming home
To one another
Love is all there is

Let's celebrate openness
Of hearts and souls
Let's cheer for all things good
Let's cheer for all good people
Let's cheer for happiness shared
That day and
All the days to come

Poem by Anne Weichberger • Photo by Zoe Avery

V
A
N
E
S
S
A

L
A
U
R
E
N
T