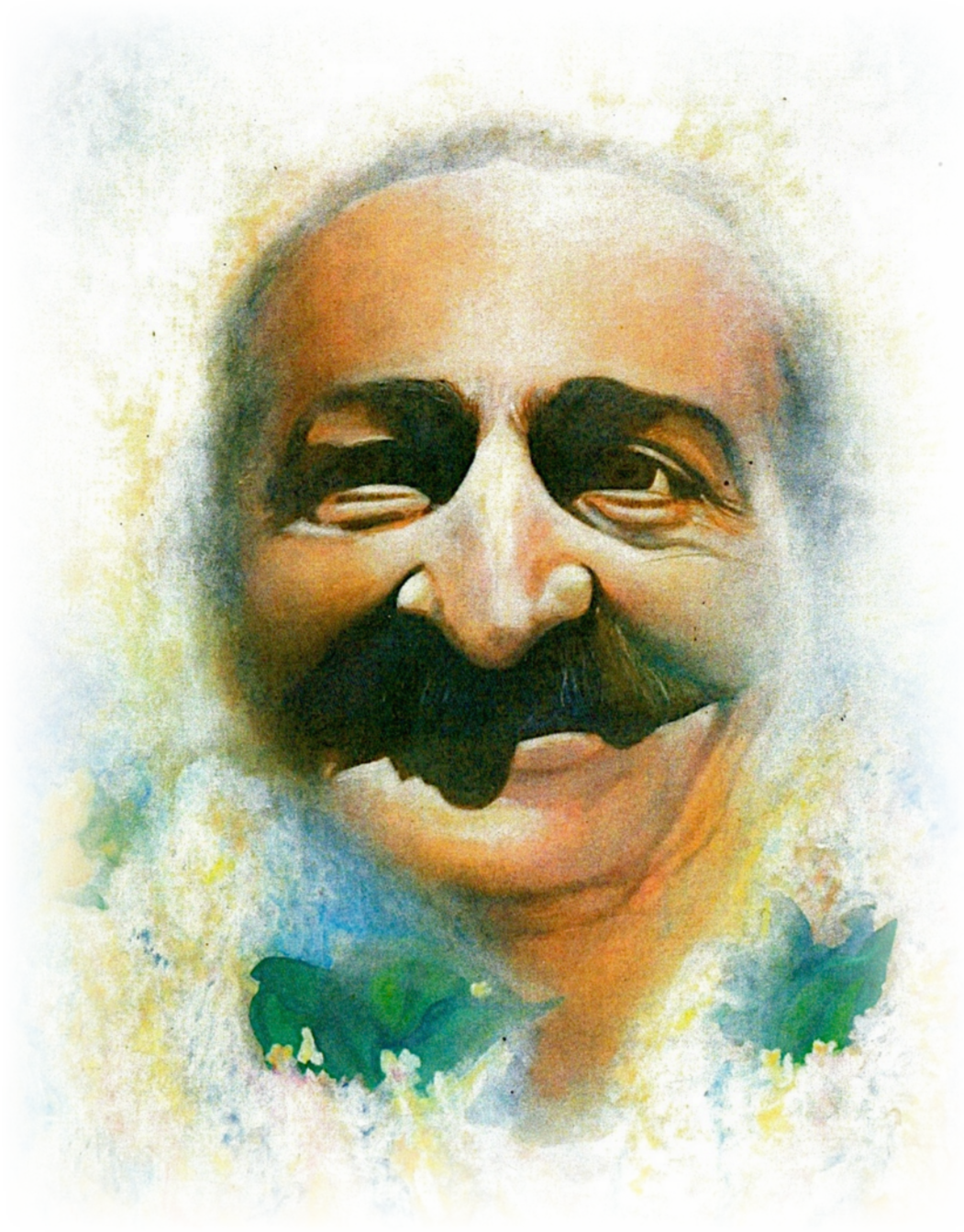


OMॐPOINT

INTERNATIONAL CIRCULAR • ISSUE 23 • SPRING 2019





OmPoint

INTERNATIONAL CIRCULAR • ISSUE 23 • SPRING 2019

contents

issue #23

"What I want from my Lovers is real unadulterated love, and from my genuine workers I expect real work done." - Meher Baba

- 3 - Featured and Cover Artist : Charlie Gard'ner
- 6 - Baba Billboards in Britain
- 7 - 'A Baba story about Hafiz' by Daniel Ladinsky
- 9 - A painting by Max Reif
- 10 - Two Haiku by Irma Sheppard
- 11 - Sandlapper Magazine 1970 profile of the Meher Spiritual Center, Myrtle Beach
- 16 - Asheville Music Sahavas SAVE THE DATE poster
- 17 - A Conversation between Jack Becker and Laurent Weichberger
- 20 - Poem "I AM" by Annie Fahy
- 21 - 'An Oregon Community's Response to the Christchurch Tragedy'
by Dan Sanders
- 23 - Two Haiku by Irma Sheppard
- 24 - Discourse by Meher Baba
- 25 - Poem "MAYA" by Sara McNeill
- 26 - 'The Breath: Sufism, Pranayam, and Music' by Karl Moeller
- 27 - Poem "Inquiry" by Annie Fahy
- 32 - Story 'The Bed Whispers to the Chair' by Annie Fahy
- 33 - Poem "Sometimes" by Anne Weichberger
- 34 - Haiku and Poetry by Laurent Weichberger
- 35 - Poem "The Body and the Soul" by Annie Fahy
- 36 - Photography and Dream by Laurent Weichberger
- 37 - "The Way of My Work" by Meher Baba
- 38 - Poem "On the Deathbed" by Rumi
- 39 - 'Forgiveness with Meher Baba seminar in Wellington Florida' photos
by Laurent Weichberger
- 40 - Poem and Commentary by Meher Baba from the Awakener Magazine, 1953
- 41 - 'Security Alert at the Meher Spiritual Center'
by L & V Weichberger and Center staff
- 51 - 'Amazing Visions of the Endtime' by Filis Frederick, 1967

Editor-
Laurent Weichberger
laurent@ompoint.com

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

CREDITS: Cover portrait of Meher Baba - Charlie Gard'ner. All portraits of Meher Baba on OmPoint covers © original artists. All articles and artwork © original authors and artists. Unattributed graphics by Karl Moeller. Photos of Meher Baba and quotes from Avatar Meher Baba not otherwise attributed are copyright © 2018 the Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust (AMBPPCT) in India. All rights reserved. © Laurent Weichberger and Karl Moeller 2018.

FEATURED ARTIST

CHARLIE GARD'NER

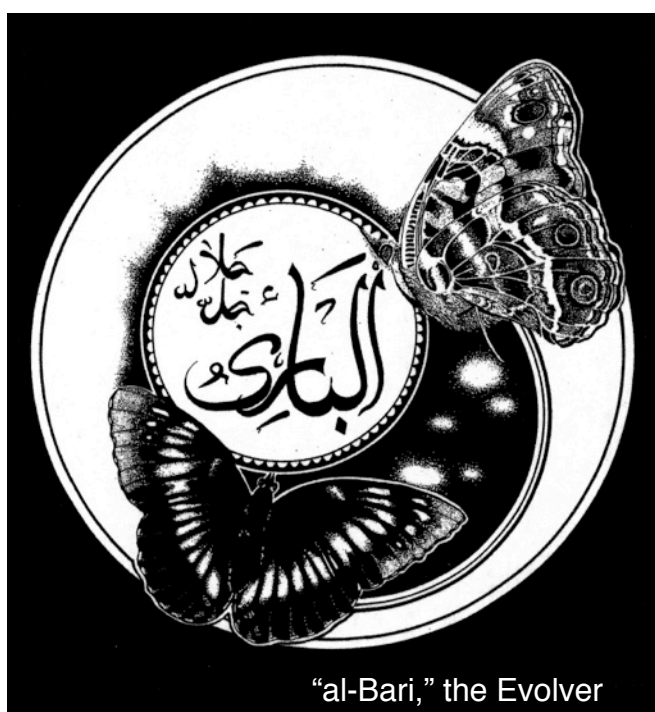


Artist's Statement, by Charlie Gard'ner
Athens, Georgia (March 2019)

I was the only child in our family born in the USA. My sister, four years older than me, was born in Scotland during World War II, and my younger brother was born in a village on the south west corner of Wales eight years after my birth. Our mother was from Atlanta, and met my father, a New Zealand fighter pilot, when he was posted to America to fly with the US Marine Corps.



"al-Wali," the Friend



"al-Bari," the Evolver

I grew up in Great Britain until my father retired from the Royal Air Force as a Group Captain in the mid 60s. I attended a British Public School (which actually means a 'private' school) from the age of 10 until I graduated around the age of seventeen. It was a Boarding School, solely for boys, founded in 1558 during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I.

After my father retired from the RAF we were repatriated to his homeland in New Zealand where he and my mother bought a farm in North Island. I took off for Australia and hitch-hiked up and down the east coast for three or four months. On returning to NZ I got a ride on a freight- ship sailing across the Pacific through the Panama Canal to the east coast of Florida. I then got a ride up to Athens, GA. where I enrolled at the University of Georgia at Athens in the art department ... majoring in 'Drawing and Painting' ... (It was where they had the best parties, and the best looking girls!)

I spent two years at UGA, and then took off hitch-hiking out to California and then back to Georgia through Montana and Chicago. During this period (up until early 1970), I pursued a number of 'Spiritual Paths' ... different paths of yogas and meditations. I had also been experimenting with drugs like LSD, psilocybin, etc. but quit after about eighteen months. It was around this time that I heard about Meher Baba ... but He was just one of the many gurus who crossed my path. However ... in 1971 I was invited, by some Atlanta Baba Lovers, to go to the Meher Center in Myrtle Beach.

I went for about three days ... quietly checking Him out ... and on my way back to Athens He hit me with His Divine Love. My girlfriend, Trudy, decided to go check out the Center, and she too got caught in His wonderful net.

We got married, had four wonderful daughters, and went to India many, many times. I think that my latest trip (2019) was probably my twenty fifth, or maybe even my thirtieth trip. His incredible invitation to spend time with Him at His Tomb.

And Now as for my art. I made my living farming outside of Athens for twenty eight years, and after retiring moved back into a house in Athens. I had been drawing and painting Baba since the mid 70s, and after moving back into the city spent more and more time doing art. I have done many pen and ink drawings and posters of Baba, and also many large paintings of the 'God-Man' over the years. I also got interested in Islamic calligraphy and after studying the 99 names of God, that I found in the holy Quran, did graphic illustrations of about eight of the beautiful names that I fixated on.

I am grateful that my art, including my song-writing, is totally focused on Baba. It is

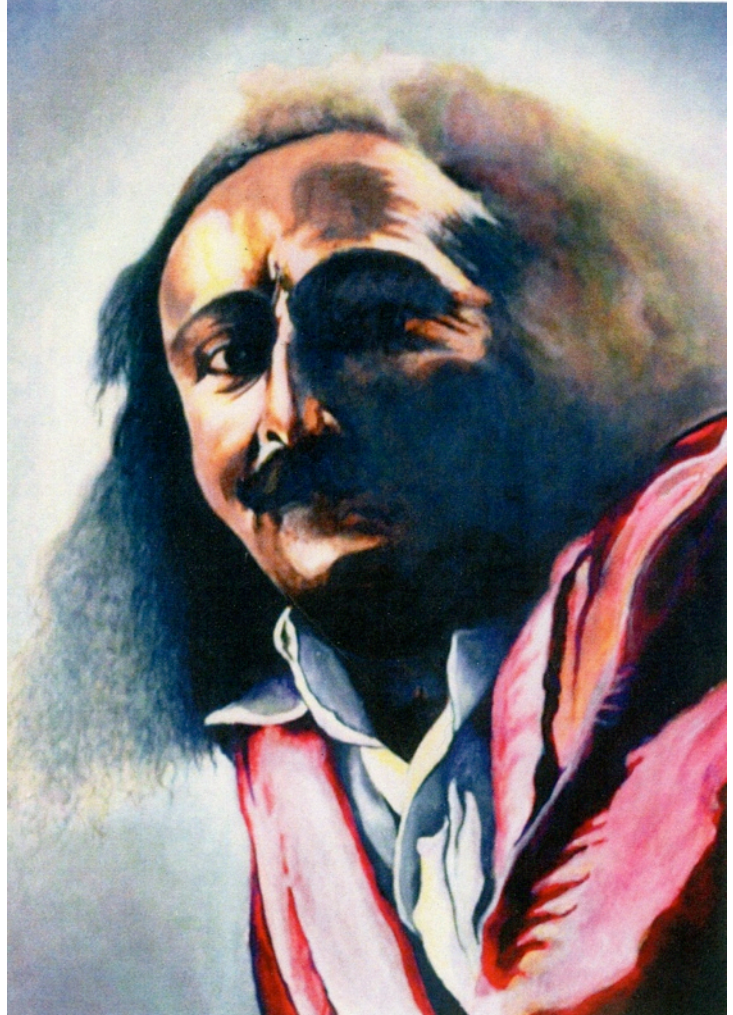
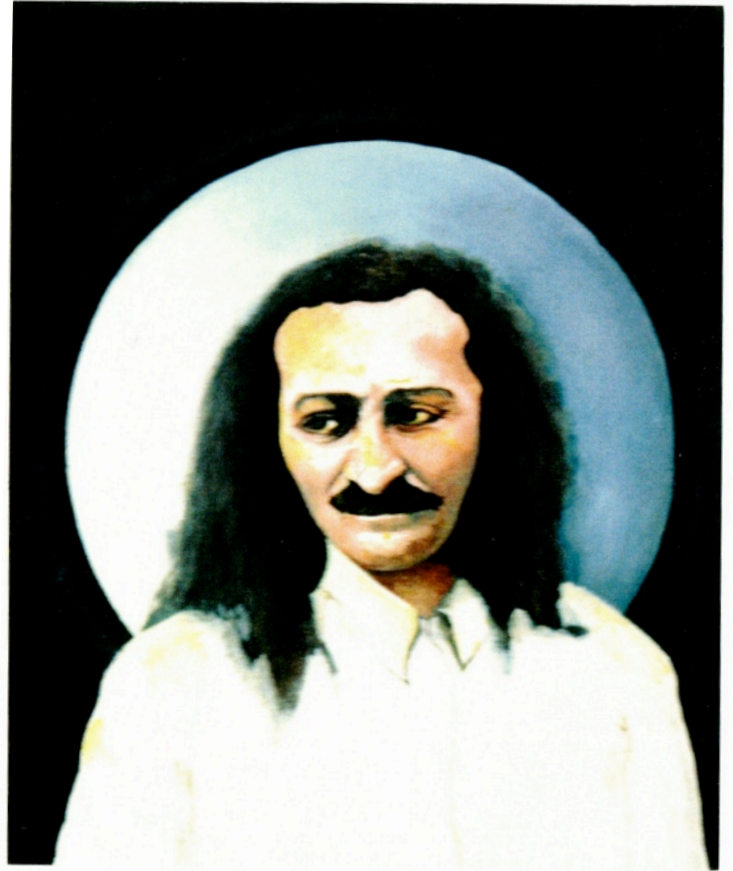


"al-Haqq," the Truth

a blessing from Him to me. The only other portrait that I have ever done was of Hazrat Babajan of Poona. I think that the inspiration came from the 'Boss' Himself. He had a BIG grin on His face when I finished Her portrait. Over the years I have had a number of exhibits at the meeting place at the Baba Center in Myrtle Beach, and have also had numerous opportunities over the last forty years to design, and decorate, the stage at the South-East Gathering for Avatar Meher Baba.

I would like to appreciate OmPoint International Circular for the opportunity to show some of my prints and paintings in their magazine. Thanks! ... And "Jai Baba!"

For more information or to order prints:
Darshan Graphix,
Charlie Gard'ner: (706) 546-6492



BABA BILLBOARDS IN BRITAIN

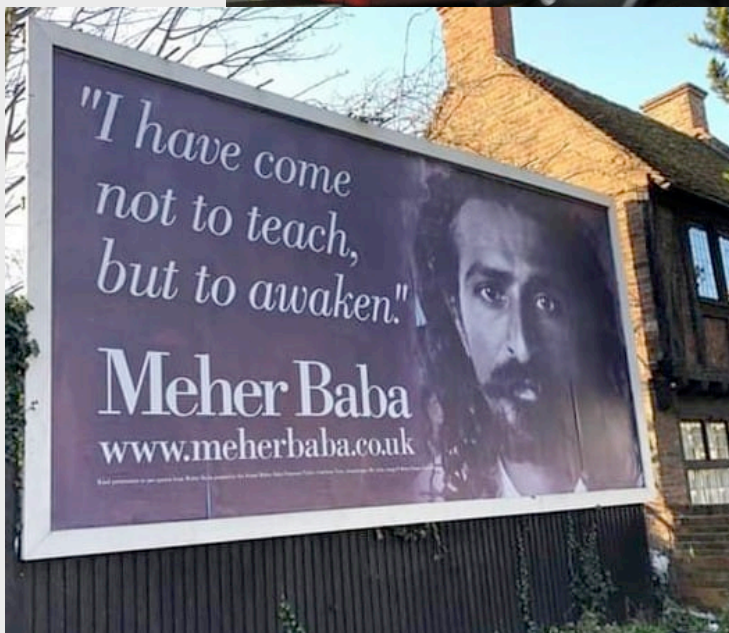
The first Meher Baba billboards we're aware of emerged in Tucson Arizona in 2016, using Charlie Mills' beautiful paintings of Baba.

A good idea is one that passes from mind to mind.

Over the past months, pictures of various types of public Meher Baba posters and billboards in and around London have come to us in emails.

Here are a subway/tube poster, a double-decker bus, and a traditional billboard.

Our salutations to London area Baba lovers for using this unique method of spreading Baba's name.



A Baba story about Hafiz and the value of *beautiful poetry*

By Daniel Ladinsky (Jan 13, 2019)

Prologue by Laurent Weichberger

During January 2019, Danny and I were going back and forth on email about some experiences he had with Baba's dear Eruch at Meherazad. I captured the email exchange with Danny, and it is presented below the quote from the BBC article which Danny shared with us.

May Beloved Avatar Meher Baba be pleased.

"As beloved as Hafez's poetry is, it is perhaps just as controversial as it was when it was written – a fact that might account for its immense popularity throughout the centuries. In modern-day Iran, Hafez is peerless, adored as an almost godlike figure. His poetry is often sung and set to classical Persian music... Known as *fal-e Hafez* (which roughly translates to 'divination via Hafez'), the tradition involves consulting the poet – known as *Lesan ol Gheyb* ('Tongue of the Unseen') – for questions about the future, as well as guidance regarding difficult decisions and dilemmas."
- Joobin Bekhrad (Oct. 2018 in BBC travel article referenced below)

Danny Ladinsky wrote:

For any who might be interested in this centuries old custom in Iran, check out this link:

<https://tinyurl.com/yamhmg8s>

Also, I understand that Baba in His great playfulness, and for reasons I am sure are way beyond us too – would sometimes consult Hafiz as an Oracle during, or to wrap up, a meeting He might be having with his Mandali.

And might add, when I first got involved with working with Hafiz, back in the early 90s, dear old wild

Aloba was a Persian teacher – sometime – when I would spend time at Meherazad. I never got very far at all with my study of the language, but at one point could read it and write it as a young child might, and for some reason still remember the primary ten numbers, and sometimes write those out. I gave up my study of the Persian language when someone from India sent me a copy of Wilberforce Clarke's Hafiz work and then so many lines in that seem able to turn into poems and then poems within poems, and Eruch then became my guide with the way I worked with Hafiz, and I feel still is my guide with poetry. What one loves simply becomes a part of you, and perhaps a most living part.

"Baba did not like the way I read Hafiz."

But Aloba once showed me the Hafiz book from which he most read Hafiz – to Baba. And I recorded some of the poems that Aloba remembered reading to Baba, and then recorded Aloba giving me the translations the best he could. But his memory of what he read

to Baba seemed to falter at times, and I did not say anything about this, but then once he seemed to spontaneously respond to my thinking that ... and said the following that I polished up some, as Aloba sometimes spoke in a kind of broken English. So with my rendering this in mind, this is what Aloba said that I found fascinating.

Aloba speaking to me that day (and again my, Ladinsky's, recollection and rendering of what Aloba said, which goes):

"Baba did not like the way I read Hafiz, because I could not always recite it – the poems – by heart, and Baba indicated that was disrespectful of Hafiz. And Baba would bring that 'disrespecting Hafiz point' home to me every now and then, when reading Hafiz to Baba. Then one day Baba offered this, which was (Baba said to me):

"Do you know what is one of the great values in memorizing some lines of the great perfect poets like -- Hafiz and Rumi and Saadi? It is like this: Just as a big pot of

soup that is being cooked (as is the heart & mind and evolving-being-unveiling soul) would benefit from an expert chef putting some wonderful ingredients into it, so too the mind and heart that can memorize some beautiful poetry, well -- that person begins to taste better to all they meet. And are a lot more digestible! Poetry can be a divine spice and flavor."

Daniel Ladinsky
Taos, New Mexico
January 13, 2019

(PS)

I copied in directly Laurent Weichberger on this and a couple other people. I have done that at times when posting things. So after sending the above, I am walking to the historic district of Taos to get some lunch, from a little studio-office apartment I now have that is very close to the middle of town. And just before I get to a favorite eating trough ...

I get the thought to add something more in to the above that went on between Baba and Aloba, in a way that i felt was sooo Baba, and fun and sweet. But then I think this monkey (the Danny) has said enough for one day. And something Upasni Maharaj once said came to mind, as it does every now and then, that being: That at one point in his life he (Upasni) so wanted to not bother anyone -- that he just ate leaves. That is, he then explained (I think): that food that winds up in the market required labor, and he did not want anyone to have to in anyway labor because of him. Well, I am about a million miles away from eating leaves, but sometimes I do now -- kinda mast-like things to not bother anyone. Anyway, I

get to this restaurant to eat -- and check my email on my smart phone and there is an email from Laurent (basically asking me); could I add any more to the story above. So here goes.

Yeah, here goes: So it very much seemed that when two of the older Persian members of Baba's circle were either unable or had passed -- Aloba became the principal reader of Hafiz to Baba. And my guess is over the last years of Baba's life Aloba must have read Hafiz to Baba hundreds of times. And Aloba told me this, and this is near verbatim of what Aloba said, but I have polished his (Aloba's) English some:

"Baba would call me to read Hafiz to Him for many occasions. And it was understood that when this happened -- Baba called me to read Hafiz -- I would always wash my hands and face before then touching the Hafiz book, and then bringing the book to Baba unopened. Then Baba would have me stand before him and tell me to open the book at random and read to him the poem -- or poems -- on that page/spread. And IF Baba did not act like -- he liked the poem, Baba would then rather seriously say: 'You did not wash your hands and face enough. And you did not open the book with all your heart: no wonder we got that poem that does not really fit the bill, or will in anyway pay it.'" (Aloba still speaking): "Then Baba would tell me to take the book back to its shelf in my room and to start all over! And Baba might say: 'Now wash your hands and face the way you should before touching my friend Hafiz.'"

Then here too is a (to me wonderful ecumenical of a sort) Baba story that I think hardly anyone

knows. It goes like this and I love some of the subtly of it, and really profound theology.

I am in Mandali Hall one day, and there are just a few people around Eruch and someone says to Eruch: "You must have profound experiences of God!"

And Eruch says, "No, I don't."

And then the person asked the question from a different angle and Eruch responds, "We (meaning the mandali; Eruch would often use that "we" term) ... again, so Eruch says:

"We are the chalice that holds The Lord's Wine and can impart it to any, but we don't drink of it ourselves."

And there was something (I thought) stunningly novel and revealing -- rare candid pure truth .. that made very quiet all around him that day who heard such words; and then it might have been time for lunch, and Eruch was able to leave the hall without any more discussion. But later that night, when I was with him alone at Meherazad I said to Eruch:

"Eruch, if that person would have asked you IF you experience God -- rather than have experiences of God what would you have said?"

And Eruch responded, "To you I will say -- what else is there to experience!"

Then I said, "Eruch, you said the mandali don't drink from the chalice, but it looks like Mani does."

And Eruch smiled and said, "I said what that person most wanted (and was best for him to

hear), but again, I will speak to you differently.” Then Eruch said: “Mani is not as strong as me, so she takes a nip, and that makes her look beautiful.”

Then Eruch says, “What would be more interesting to you, Danny – standing before a mirror that naturally reflects or one that does not? I am a mirror that does not reflect, but I could reflect – God.”

I have said it before, but in different ways: I think what most everyone saw of Eruch was a pebble on a hill; when in fact he was a golden mountain ... that did not reflect that: his experience. To me, part of Eruch's greatness was: to be able to appear perfectly normal.

I really tried to study Eruch the best I could, for I felt I might never, never be able to spend such extraordinary personal time with someone like him easily the rest of my life. And so one day I am walking with him alone, and wondering: how, yeah, how in the hell is it this man is walking next to me, and he talks to me sometimes, and this man is still in the world when

his Beloved has left and I know Eruch could really leave too.

And then Eruch gives me this image that I thought really said so much about himself and in a charming unique Zen kind of way that I now present for the first time ever in a kind of – haiku-renga mutant (format) I often find myself writing these days. But this one goes (about Eruch I felt) like this, via an image he gave me as we walked one day in an answer to part of his experience:

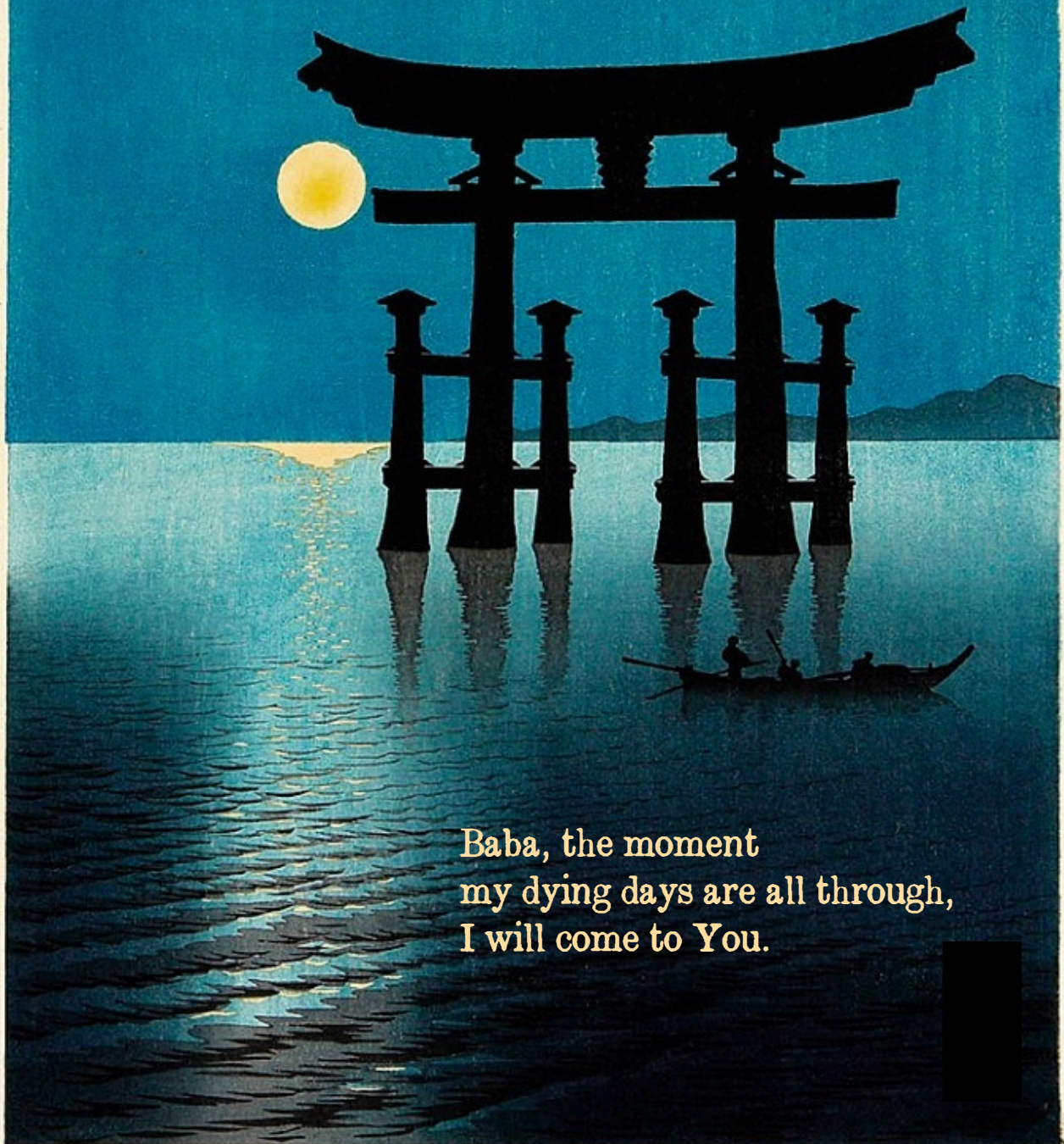
i am ever on my knees
in such gratitude
i could dissolve ...

if buddha
had not sent me
to the market

A good New Year to all,
Daniel Ladinsky



The thread of Your Love
draws me safely through the eye
of Maya's needle.



Baba, the moment
my dying days are all through,
I will come to You.

Irma Sheppard



Writer Fred Trask still lives in Beaufort, SC.

Sandlapper: The Magazine of South Carolina was a 'life-style' magazine published in Columbia SC from 1968 to 1983 and again from 1989 to 2011. Contributors included many famous authors from the South.

The February 1970 issue included an article about the Meher Spiritual Center in Myrtle Beach. It is included in its entirety. It appears to be both fair and accurate.



SPIRITUALITY AMID WORLDLY MYRTLE BEACH

... THE MEHER BABA
SPIRITUAL CENTER

By Fred Trask



Joe Belk and I slowed impatiently for a stoplight. To our right, the Swamp Fox roller coaster clanked laboriously up its steepest grade, paused above the morning ocean, and plunged its shrieking passengers earthward, then rose again. Down the sweltering boulevard, three college girls, tanned and bikinied, studiously ignored the whistles of a Noxema-nosed Sigma Nu treading the cement stalking grounds. Myrtle Beach was tempting us, but we couldn't stop. We were already late for an appointment at the Meher Spiritual Center, an assignment we expected would be dull by comparison to the diversions flashing by.

Seven miles north of the city the speed limit on King's Highway is 60 miles per hour. We almost passed the gray mailbox marked "Meher Center" but swerved in and stopped before a green wooden gate. Behind it stood two elderly ladies waiting patiently. As I eased the car through the gate, Joe glanced at me knowingly—like a man entering prison and already planning an escape—and signed. We reluctantly resigned ourselves to what we feared would be an uncomfortable and patronizing visit in a colony of religious fanatics.

Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson and Miss Kitty Davy, their bright eyes smiling cheerfully, introduced

Above: Meher Baba, whose followers come from all over the world. Left: Lakeside retreat at the Meher Spiritual Center.

themselves as two of the directors of the center. They dismissed our lateness with disarming smiles, got in the back seat of the car, and guided us down a narrow dirt road which wound through a dense hardwood forest. The Meher Spiritual Center, white-haired Mrs. Patterson explained, is a 500-acre tract of land extending from the highway to the sea. While living in India as disciples of spiritual leader Meher Baba, Mrs. Patterson and Princess Norina Matchabelli had been di-

rected to return to America to establish a retreat for his lovers. (The followers of Meher Baba call themselves Baba Lovers.) Baba decreed that the site satisfy certain requirements. It must be virgin land with ample water, good soil and an equable climate. Also, the property must be "given from the heart." The two ladies sought a site in several states over a period of three years before Mrs. Patterson's father, Simeon Chapin, a retired New York businessman-turned-land-developer, invited her one Easter to visit Myrtle Beach. Hearing about the wooded land with lakes north of Myrtle Beach, Mrs. Patterson investigated it and found it qualified as a site for a center. Chapin arranged for his daughter to acquire the acreage, thus satisfying Baba's specification that it be "given from the heart."

"In those days [1943]," Mrs. Patterson explained, "there were only two ways to reach this area. One was to race down the beach in

a jeep at low tide and hope you got back before the tide rose. If you chose the other way, the old King's Highway, you had to take boards with you to avoid bogging down on the sandy road. Either way, you never knew whether you were going to spend the night or not."

The road we drove down was cool and shady. A rabbit leaped in the dense underbrush while somewhere, high in an oak, squirrels clicked their claws on the bark and chirred. Quail and deer crossed the meandering road without fear. No shots rang out here. This was a wildlife sanctuary, ordained by Baba and enforced by the S.C. Wildlife Department.

Joe and I relaxed to the soothing tones of Miss Davy, our cynicism melting as she spoke. Her mirthful eyes, eyes that held the knowledge of great joy and great pain, narrowed affectionately as she mentioned Meher Baba. Of Persian de-

—Photo by Joe Belk



Below: Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson of the Meher Spiritual Center. At right and far right: Scenes on the grounds of the Center which is located north of Myrtle Beach.

—Photo by Jack Thompson Studios



scent, he was born Merwan Sheriar Irani in Poona, India, Feb. 25, 1894. His life was quite normal until 1913 when he met Hazrat Babajan, one of the five Perfect Masters of the Age. Babajan gave him God-Realization. By 1921, Merwan had met the other four Perfect Masters and attained Spiritual Perfection. Beginning his spiritual mission, he drew around him his first close disciples who named him Meher Baba, "Compassionate Father."

Near Ahmednagar, India, Baba established a spiritual colony which provided a free hospital and shelters for the poor. Refusing to discriminate between high castes and the untouchables, Baba trained his disciples in moral discipline, love of God, spiritual understanding and selfless service. In July 1925, he began to observe a silence which he maintained until his death on Jan. 31, 1969. During the silence he communicated with his followers, *mandali*, by means of hand gestures.

Our drive ended in a large clearing filled with wooden cabins unobtrusively nestled in the shade of oaks, cedars and soaring pines. We were surprised to see that a lot of people were there, some talking and laughing in groups, others gazing contemplatively down a steep bluff into a lake below. The lake was bounded on its eastern rim by high marsh grass and dunes, and beyond the dunes the sea pounded the shore.

Mrs. Patterson and Miss Davy, who by their own insistence were now Elizabeth and Kitty, led us into a small cabin facing the ocean. On the steps of Lagoon Cabin, Baba had sat daily during one of his three visits to the center, his lovers gathered at his feet. He held a *darshan* (an Indian word meaning the viewing of an eminent religious leader) here on his last visit in 1958.

"One unexpected lover showed up," Kitty laughed. "A turtle crawled from the lake the first day Baba arrived, stationed himself beside the steps for the duration of his visit, then disappeared never to be heard from again."

Inside the cabin is a roped-off chair and a photograph of Baba, his countenance bearing a mysterious smile as though he knew a joke only he could understand. A pamphlet entitled "Meher Baba's Universal Message" lay casually on a table. I pocketed it as we were leaving, but Baba's vigilant eyes, deep and unfathomable as the ocean beyond, witnessed the theft.

Kitty and Elizabeth had work to do and said they would meet us later. Joe, who by this time was as mesmerized by the Thoreau-like atmosphere of the center as he had been enticed by the sensual delights of Myrtle Beach, wandered away snapping pictures, glad for the chance to indulge his special interest and to try out his new camera. I wandered down the bluff toward a wooden footbridge spanning a narrow arm of the lake. A tall, thin lady, her blue eyes fixed on the water, supported her body against the railing with her arms as she bent forward. Under the pilings bass and bream vied for algae and dragonflies.

The lady heard me coming, looked up, and introduced herself graciously. Mrs. Jane Barry Haynes lives in Meher House at the northern edge of the center. She walked me to the Cabin on the Hill, a two-room dwelling resting on a gentle rise above the lake. In a corner of the cabin a small sign spells out the rules of the center (drugs and alcohol are prohibited) and establishes safety and sanitation standards. "All the cabins have names," she said, and pointed to Far Cabin, Near Cabin, Lake Cabin, and The Lantern.

"Before her death in 1957," Mrs. Haynes explained, "Princess Matchabelli designed these cabins and placed them within clapping distance of each other so that Baba (he was silent then, you know) could summon his disciples. Over the years these buildings have housed literally thousands of people, people from every corner of society." She added, "Baba says 'those who love me and follow me,



—Photo by Joe Belk

and those who know of me and want to know more, can come to the center.' However," she concluded, "they can't come thinking it's a state park."

Out at the screened-in boathouse, Joe was talking to a bearded college student dressed in faded blue jeans, cut Bermuda length and ragged in their gradual unraveling. His eyes were intent and intelligent and held Joe in steady conversation. I jumped into a questionable-looking bateau and rowed to the middle of the lake. There was a sensation of ultimate solitude here, the quality of a Japanese landscape, mystical and sheer, the faint tinkling of wind chimes drifting across the water from the boathouse.

I rounded a bend and lost sight of the cabins on the bluff. Figuring this was as good a time as any to read the "Universal Message," I anchored the boat in deep widgeon grass. I knew that Baba was supposed to be the avatar of this age, the Messiah, the direct descendant spiritually of Christ, Muhammed, Buddha, Krishna, Rama and Zoroaster, but no one could explain his purpose as well as he:

"I have not come to teach but to awaken. Understand therefore that I lay down no precepts. Throughout history I have laid down principles and precepts, but mankind has ignored them. Man's inability to live God's words make the Avatar's teaching a mockery. Instead of practising the compassion He taught, man has waged crusades in His name. Instead of living the humility, purity, and truth of His words, man has given way to hatred, greed and violence. . . .

"Because Man has been deaf to the principles and precepts laid down by God in the past, in the present Avataric form I observe Silence. You have asked for and been given enough words—now is the time to live them. . . .

"All this world confusion and chaos was inevitable and no one is to blame. What had to happen has happened, and what has to happen will happen. There was and is no way out except through my coming in your midst. I had to come, and I have come. I am the Ancient One."

I was so engrossed in these words that I failed to notice a brownish-green log that the wind had blown toward the boat. When the log sidled up five feet from the stern I stared full face into the unblinking eyes of an alligator. His menacing smirk, accented malevolently by sharp, green teeth, drove me back to shore, the oars leaden with pounds of widgeon grass.

Elizabeth was waiting on shore. "There's a big alligator out there," I announced.

"Yes," she smiled, delighted at my discovery, "That must be Grandpa. He's rarely seen."

"Oh, the Ancient One," I said, half wishing I had spared her the pun. But she laughed appreciatively, her jovial eyes guileless and sincere.

Our two guides drove us past the library to Baba's house. From India, Meher Baba had directed Elizabeth to build his house 500 feet from the northern boundary of the center. "He hadn't even been here then," she said, "but of all the sites here, he chose the best." The house occupied a point high on the bluff overlooking the lake. The vista was spectacular, the sea beyond the shoreline bobbing with fishing boats in the 12 o'clock sun. In winter, ducks and geese must have lit virtually in his front yard.

From here we drove to the south end of the center, to the Barn, a large meeting hall that had been transported during World War II from Conway and then reassembled. "It's about 50 years old now," said Kitty, "and it ought to last another hundred or so years." It was very quiet inside, and I got the feeling this was a special place. The walls of the old cypress building were lined with placards containing sayings of Baba given during his stay at the center. One, particularly, arrested my gaze: "I am not come to establish any cult, society, or organization; nor even to establish a new religion. The religion that I shall give teaches the Knowledge of the One behind the many. The book that I shall make people read is the book of the heart that holds the key to the mystery of life. I shall bring about a happy blending of the head and the heart. I shall revitalize all religions and cults, and bring them together like beads on one string."

From the porch of the Barn, Joe spied something sliding beneath a pile of old leaves. He grabbed his camera and leapt to the ground, poking the leaves with his foot. "Wait!" Kitty warned. "Don't do that. This season of the year it might be a rattlesnake." Joe backed away, trembling with fright and embarrassment, as a big king snake

emerged from his hiding place and slithered into the brush. "There are good snakes, and there are bad snakes," Elizabeth said ingeniously. "That's a good snake. He keeps the others away." One of the rules in the Cabin on the Hill, instituted by Baba himself, had required the wearing of shoes on the center. Joe muttered his concurrence and suggested, none too subtly, that we not tarry much longer in the game preserve.

But we had one place left to visit, a small house located on the north edge of the center, midway between the sea and the "real" world behind the forest. Lyn Ott, a tall, gentle, black-haired artist, nearly blind, lives here with his family. His walls are covered with canvasses of Baba, now the only subject he paints. Baba's face emerges full of power and compassion, visionary and intricately colored. When Ott spoke, his voice expressed complete confidence that Baba was the God-Man. He showed us photographs of Baba in his various moods, his calm eyes still mysterious and benevolent, and gave us a copy of Baba's message.

Then it was time to go. Joe had depleted his film and was expecting another serpent at any moment. Kitty and Elizabeth rode back with us through the rustling forest to the gate where their car was waiting.

We said good-bye and pulled onto the highway with difficulty in the heavy traffic. The gate closed behind us.

I recalled the many times I had traveled this same road without seeing the gray mailbox; had never even known it was there. And now, as we neared the resort, and the billboards proclaiming instant pleasures passed us by, I felt that we had visited a mirage; that the center couldn't exist so near the seething asphalt, the carpet golf and breaded hamburgers, the pinball machines, the "Wild Mouse," and the blinking suntan commercials.

Fred Trask is a free-lance writer from Beaufort.

SAVE THE DATE

Asheville Music Sahavas

August 16-18 2019

Kittredge Auditorium
Warren Wilson College
Asheville, NC

\$35 all three days
\$15 per day

No pre-registration
Cash or Check Only
At check-in desk



Friday Aug 16

Brian Darnell

Beverly Smith

Marc De Matteis

Saturday Aug 17

Round Robin Onstage

Tea Party Social
Chai by Chai Pani

Gary Edelman

Maraiya

The Nordeen Family Singers

Sunday Aug 18

Arti and Prayers

Cathy Riley

Asheville-Myrtle Beach Choir

Jim Meyer

www.ashevillemusicsahavas.com

Chicago, IL and Wilmington, NC (February 2019)

After Jack read the article: “New Physics, Meher Baba, Don Stevens, & The New Humanity,” by Laurent Weichberger in OmPoint International Circular issue #4, p. 11 (online at www.ompoint.com/OmPoint_Circular_4.pdf), we engaged in the following conversation (captured via text messages and emails).

The conversation begins with Jack expressing his feelings about one premise put forth in the article, whereby Laurent related the Nobel Prize winning work of the scientist Niels Bohr, in which Bohr explained the correlation between elemental spectrography and “electron shells.” Laurent put forth a theory that humans have a similar pattern to that of atoms, in that we can also absorb energy. Unlike atoms which grow to an excited state (of electrons in outer shells), and then release that energy as light, Laurent felt that humans can absorb spiritual energy and it will help them raise their spiritual awareness. If done consciously, this can help them on their spiritual path. That was the gist of that part of the article, and it is where Jack begins his part of the texting to Laurent below.

Jack Richard Becker (JB): I like thinking about that excited state of consciousness. Reading baba’s words can excite our spirit and in that state we are able to say or do baba-like things, which then excites other spirits that experience the baba-like things to some degree. Then the chain reaction like an atom bomb. I’m curious about what sorts of things bring a spirit out of that excited state of awareness. Very inspirational Laurent! I like thinking about my place and everyone else’s place in the spiritual hierarchy.

Laurent Weichberger (LW): Reading Baba’s words yes, but that’s not the only way. Think of it like this: your soul is on a journey, this is about that journey. According to Baba, you started as infinitely unconscious. Your soul’s consciousness evolved from gas > stone > metal > vegetation > worm > fish > bird > animal, and finally human.

According to Baba, human consciousness is full and complete. This means there’s no further evolution - no higher form. However the human has not achieved awareness of its own divine nature. So then, all that remains is to turn awareness inwards, as the Divine is within as the soul’s own original nature. This divine presence showered from God, Baba, and Spiritual Masters, and Saints, is that Grace - Love - Energy.

There are many ways this energy flows, for example spiritual pilgrimage to holy places, direct contact with holy people, hearing or reading the words of the masters, touch of the master (such as John the Baptist, baptizing in the river Jordan), etc.

JB: Oh wow that’s great stuff. Spiritual pilgrimage sounds wonderful.

LW: My first suggestion for you is to make a spiritual pilgrimage to the tomb of Avatar Meher Baba in India. Have you read Baba’s book God Speaks yet?

JB: Not yet. Just some of the discourses.

LW: Well I believe it’s time for you to read God Speaks, by Meher Baba you won’t be disappointed. And in the spirit of the article - try to hold Baba’s love energy and use it to deepen your awareness of your own inherent

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN JACK BECKER AND LAURENT WEICBERGER

divinity ... does this make sense?

JB: Yea I feel like it makes sense. The inherent divinity of humans comes from our highest level of potential consciousness? Like humans are most capable of awareness and being infinitely aware is divine? And our goal as a soul is to be infinitely connected to everything else and that greatest awareness allows us to know we always already are connected to everything else because there is only one thing. Being aware is removing a proverbial blindfold from our spirit that is confined to an instance of the abstract oneness of life so that we may truly sense that infinite connection?

LW: Think of like this. Baba said, you, Jack, are a soul, with consciousness and awareness. And Jack has three bodies, a mental body, an energy body and a material body. When Jack's soul realizes its own divinity, it is the soul knowing itself - Self-realization. God-realization.

No. The inherent divinity comes from the nature of the soul itself. See? This is Baba's Wisdom.

JB: So how is a soul connected to God? Aren't our souls instances of God on a journey?

LW: Yes. There is only one "thing" and that thing is God.

JB: Right. Our souls are God.

LW: Yes. That's it!

JB: And that is the nature of a soul and that is our inherent divinity.

LW: The rest is God dreaming. Yes.

JB: Hahaha right on! That's how it feels :)

LW: Yup. Jack is God dreaming, Jack awake is God. A soul is not connected to God because each soul is God. It's just a shift in awareness. Most souls are believing they are just material forms. They have zero idea about what you and I are discussing - they want to go out shopping, have sex and go out to dinner

after. This is not about that. This is about the purpose of the Soul's Journey of Self Discovery.

JB: Yes :) I love it.

LW: Great. I love you brother.

JB: I love you! We're the same thing in different phases of awareness! Loving each other is loving ourselves.

LW: Don't get me wrong I also love sex and going out to eat! I just mean I know that's not my soul's goal!

JB: Hahahahaha.

LW: And loving each other is loving God.

JB: Right! It's not the goal, it's a dream. And loving God is loving ourselves.

LW: That's why Jesus said, "Love the Lord thy God with all your heart, and all your soul, and all your might and love thy neighbor as thyself."

Yes, correct – so some get lost in this dream – really lost. Like, broken compass lost. It's not a permanent lost – but it looks tragic. Thus we reincarnate – says Baba. We get endless chances to get it right.

JB: Right, it looks tragic but it's part of their path to Self-realization.

LW: Yes, everything is always ever part of the path to Self-realization.

LW: Did you see Groundhog Day, the film?

JB: Hahahaha yes, great movie. My dad says that movie defines his spirituality and Bill Murray in that movie is his prophet.

LW: Watch the film again with the understanding that each of his "days" is another lifetime and you will see that it's a spiritual film. Your Dad is wise, I've known him a long time. You have wisdom as well. You and I have gone deeper already than your Dad and I. Your heart is more open. You are becoming



clearer and clearer.

JB: I can feel it! My Dad has given me so much guidance toward the truth of infinite love throughout my life. I do feel things becoming clearer. This conversation feels like it's clearing away blockage in my path.

In the weeks since reading about possibility landscapes and excited states of spiritual awareness, I have come to feel this truth that there is only one soul; the soul of all things; God. Perhaps similar to the way that the fundamental constituents of nature which we observe cannot be thought of as particles, or waves, exclusively. Instead, nature, and therefore the soul, behave in a way that continues to stretch our imaginations out of everyday experience.

However, it seems to me that when we accept fundamental things as being intuitive, that everyday life is nothing but a representation of the fundamentals of nature that stretch our imaginations so much. That is why so many things in life are thought to be so complicated; they are fundamentally probabilistic and are stretched into the nested systems that we perceive.

A spiritual experience is any experience that happens during which the observer loses their sense of self and is immersed in all things; when the observer becomes simply an observational point; an infinitesimal piece of infinite being.

I can't really express accurately what I have experienced, but I would be grateful to you to assume that I don't mean something that you would interpret as being silly. Try instead to think of what I might be referring to, and which I'm not able to put into words.

As I read Baba's words:

“As in all great critical periods of human history, humanity is now going through the agonising travail of spiritual rebirth. Great forces of destruction are afoot and seem to be dominant at the moment, but constructive and creative forces which will redeem humanity are also being released through several channels. Although the working of these forces of light is chiefly silent, they are eventually bound to bring about those transformations which will make the further spiritual advance of humanity safe and steady. It is all a part of the divine plan, which is to give to the hungry and weary world a fresh dispensation of the eternal and only Truth.”[1]

When he was talking about great forces of destruction and silent forces of light – constructive and creative – my vision shook slightly, and my whole body vibrated slightly. Then as I read again that life is one – each part a manifested manifold – I could feel “being life” rather than Jack, and that Jack is just part of this possibility landscape, for the sake of bringing about more awareness.

LW: Om.

Endnotes:

In Discourses, “The New Humanity,” by Meher Baba (6th edition), online at: <http://discoursesbymeherbaba.org/v1-17.php>



I AM

I am a flapping silver shimmering fish
caught on a hook by my own desire,
seduced by the flashy party girl fly.

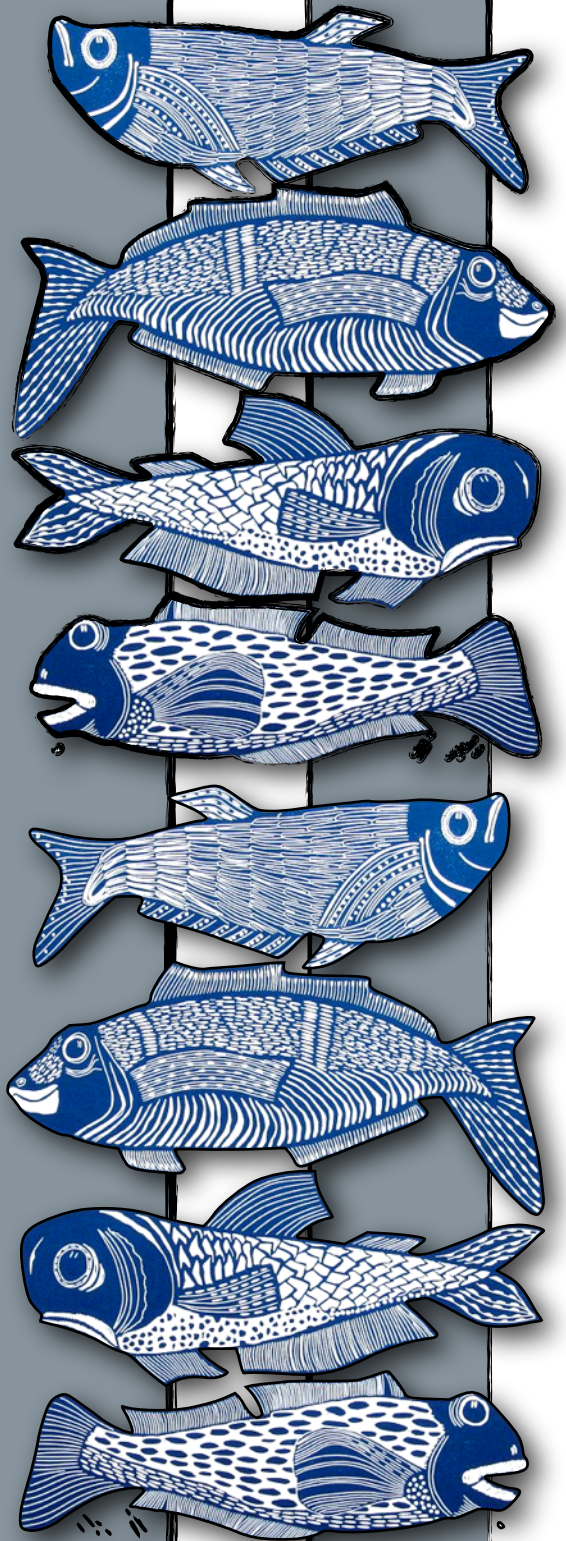
A frantic slim jumping jewel
not yet surrendered to the deadly barb
that tears the glistening pink inner life of my mouth.

I am a slick bulging-eyed flipping fish,
stunned by the height of my sudden arc
into the brilliant blue-sky death flight

then slammed as glitter flesh
stomped into bloodless death
by the ugly boot of the fisherman.

I am not the dull lifeless fish body
waiting on the flat coffin wood
next to the weeping daughter.

I am the quicksilver burst of soul light
at the end of the breathing fight.
The bliss of the ocean hidden
in my suddenly open heart.



Annie Fahy

An Oregon Community's Response to the Christchurch Tragedy

Daniel J. Sanders
OmPoint Article
3/24/19

"The new world culture, born from the new humanity and its integral vision, will automatically involve a cultural synthesis. The vision that inspires the new culture will be comprehensive. It will not deny the value of diverse traditions, nor will it merely accord them patronizing tolerance. On the contrary, it will entail active appreciation of the diverse religions and cultures."

—Meher Baba, from *Listen, Humanity*

Twenty years ago, it was Meher Baba who first stirred my interest in multiple world faiths, especially through his explanations of Advaita Vedanta, Sufism, and Christian mysticism. Eventually this led me to participate in the 2009 "Beads on One String" pilgrimage with Don Stevens and companions. We worshipped at various holy sites in India that Baba had visited many times. This life-changing adventure in turn drew me back to school. As a Religious Studies major at the University of Oregon in Eugene, I have not only had the opportunity to study the major world traditions, but have also been fortunate to participate in *Manzil Midrash*, the award-winning Jewish-Muslim interfaith dialogue. I am not Jewish or Mus-

lim myself, but have been welcomed to discussions there, as well as at Arab Student Union meetings, and Muslim Student Association gatherings. In fact, most of these gatherings are open to all students and the wider public.

When the terrorist attacks took place in Christchurch, New Zealand, on March 15th, 2019, I knew that the local Muslim community, like Muslims worldwide, would be coping with a vast array of emotions, as they mourn the fallen and face their own vulnerability as a misunderstood minority in Western culture. When I discovered that a community show of solidarity would be taking place at the local Eugene Islamic Center that night at 7pm, I felt it was important to attend. However, I was scheduled to facilitate an interfaith-themed discussion group that evening at the same time. It was a relatively new group, with no Muslim members. Some knew virtually nothing about Islam, and had never been to a mosque before. Still, I decided to ask them all individually if they would accompany me to the mosque, instead of our regularly scheduled meeting. On short notice, they all readily agreed.

What we found at the mosque was a warm welcome, with cookies and tea. Dozens of members of the non-Muslim community appeared as well, determined to show their support. The Center was packed, and everyone was given a chance to speak. A Catholic woman, who was originally from New Zealand herself, broke down in tears as she shared her grief. Several members of the local Jewish community were also present. (It has not been long, of course, since the synagogue shooting in Pittsburgh last year.) A Catholic friend of mine from my discussion group stood up, and told everyone how they had been praying for Muslims every-



Christchurch, NZ Mosque. Image ©BBC 2019

where at Mass that day. And in between more serious speakers and prayers, several young children charmed us by reciting verses from the Qur'an.

After my discussion group left the Islamic Center, I could see that the evening had been a valuable experience for all of us. The tragedy that had sparked the occasion led to a heartwarming gathering, but also made me sorry that so much death and suffering was a prerequisite for these diverse groups coming together. With 1.8 billion Muslims in the world—almost a quarter of the global population—why aren't we all already familiar with their traditions from a young age? Why don't we, as Meher Baba suggested, develop an active appreciation of cultures not our own?

Preaching tolerance is far better than suspicion and hate, but it is not enough. Such words are too easy to say, without engaging with the heart and spirit of a tradition. One must abandon attachment to black-and-white simplicity, see past preconceptions, and be willing to understand that there is great diversity within Islam (or any religion). The Islamic faith has transformed so many cultures over so many hundreds of years in so many circumstances, that it cannot all be absorbed. There are many inspiring figures within its various branches, and many interpretations of their works. Very few become experts, but we don't need to be. With a little effort and open-mindedness, one can develop the active appreciation Baba spoke of. That may be found in listening to the beauty and power in a Qur'an recitation, in Sufi poetry, at a community gathering, or in a good introductory book on Islam or Sufism. I speak from experience when I say that such effort is more than rewarded.



*Sufism is the doing in this lifetime
what any fool will be doing
in ten thousand years' time.*

Observations



IDRIES SHAH

*You are not gold,
ignorantly heedless one:
That, once put in the earth,
anyone
Will bring you out again.*

The Way of the Sufi

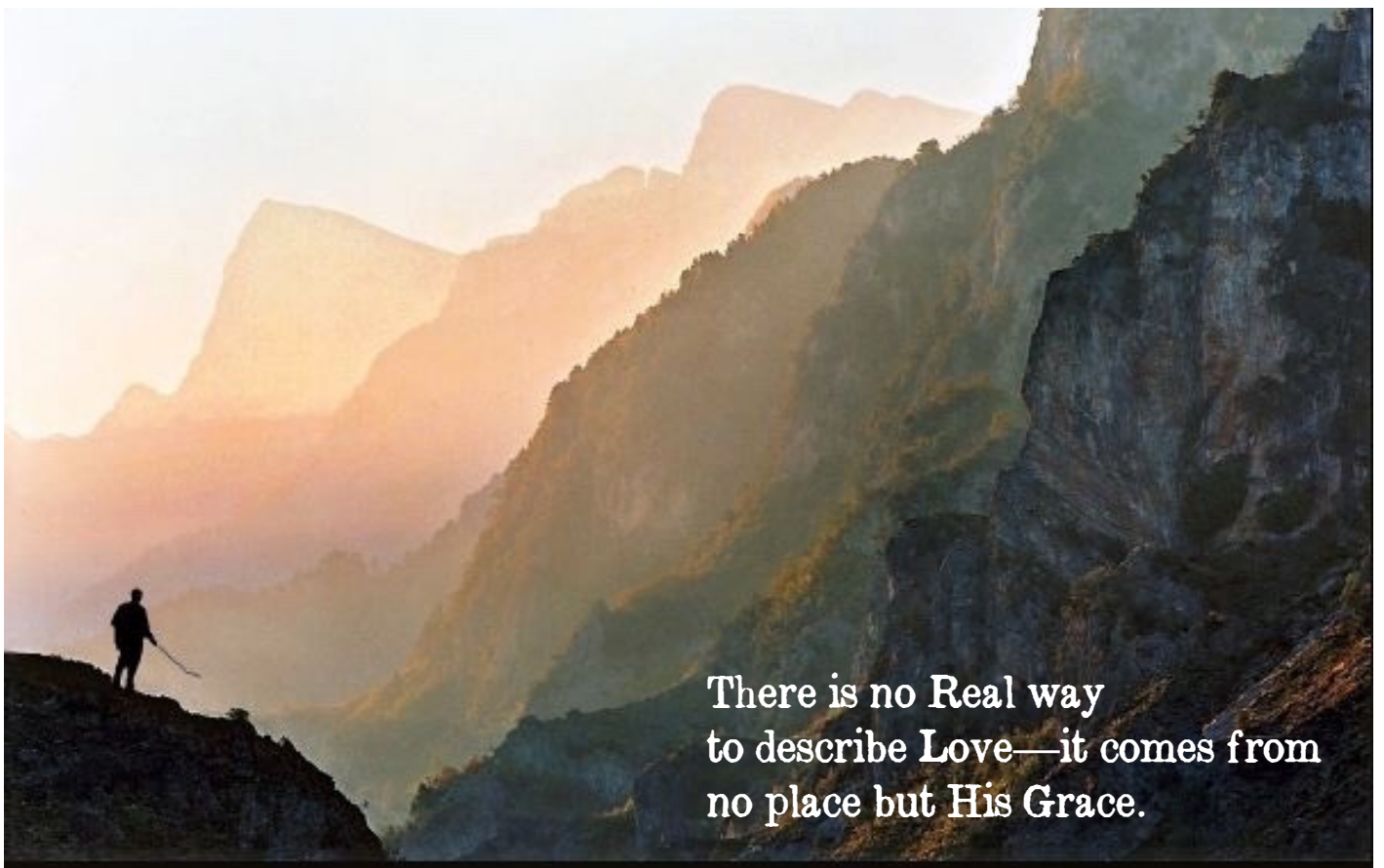


IDRIES SHAH



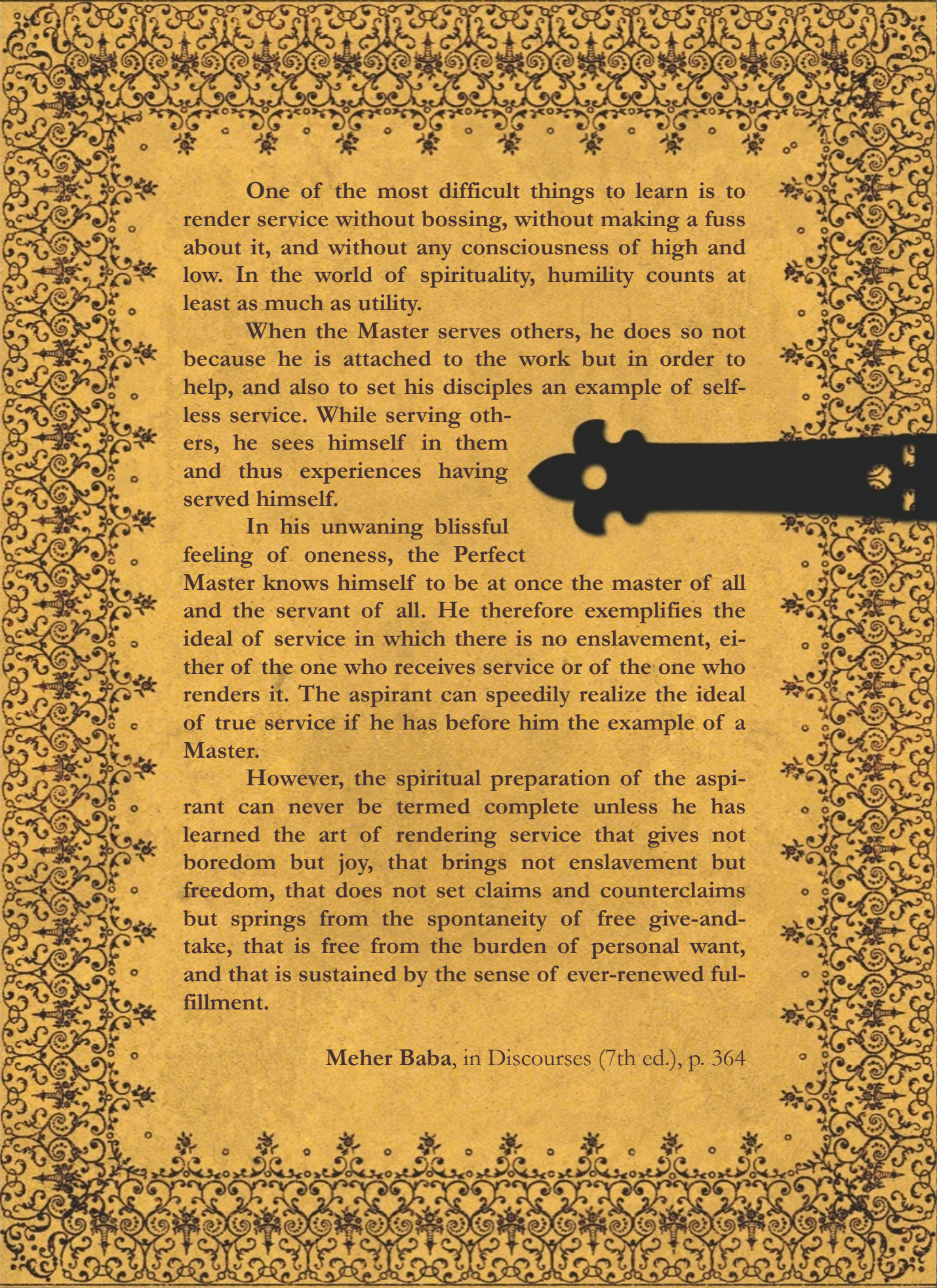
I just want to play
in Rumi's field, unfettered
and silent, with You.

Irma Sheppard



There is no Real way
to describe Love—it comes from
no place but His Grace.

Irma Sheppard



One of the most difficult things to learn is to render service without bossing, without making a fuss about it, and without any consciousness of high and low. In the world of spirituality, humility counts at least as much as utility.

When the Master serves others, he does so not because he is attached to the work but in order to help, and also to set his disciples an example of selfless service. While serving others, he sees himself in them and thus experiences having served himself.

In his unwaning blissful feeling of oneness, the Perfect Master knows himself to be at once the master of all and the servant of all. He therefore exemplifies the ideal of service in which there is no enslavement, either of the one who receives service or of the one who renders it. The aspirant can speedily realize the ideal of true service if he has before him the example of a Master.

However, the spiritual preparation of the aspirant can never be termed complete unless he has learned the art of rendering service that gives not boredom but joy, that brings not enslavement but freedom, that does not set claims and counterclaims but springs from the spontaneity of free give-and-take, that is free from the burden of personal want, and that is sustained by the sense of ever-renewed fulfillment.

Meher Baba, in Discourses (7th ed.), p. 364



MAYA

I tell you lies
You'd never guess
I tell you lies.
Sublime effects and sleight of hand
Scene-shifts, colours, light and sound
What magnificence
What versatility
What's not to love?
All lies! Intricate, indecipherable,
 inspiring, amazing and hypnotic.
You are transfixed,
How could you not be?
Don't turn away.
Happiness is the commodity
Plenty in store
I make consumers of you all.
Come again, come back for more
It awaits you, the marble palace, the market place,
The magic gardens too
And many strange, exotic rendez vous,
Invitingly, irresistibly and beautifully Real.
Take, touch, feel the quality
Enjoy possession of these goods
All yours for the asking
No, don't turn away now, take some more
And come again
It's always here,
I'm always here to welcome you
And serve your every wish, your greatest need
And your slightest fancy,
Made available immediately
In response to your desire.
I tell you lies, such perfect lies,
You'd never guess...
Don't look elsewhere.

Sarah McNeill

THE BREATH : SUFISM, PRANAYAM, AND MUSIC

Karl Moeller, Asheville, NC

Study and mastery of the breath is a common thread in many spiritual disciplines. It's also a major focus in most athletics and in playing all wind and brass musical instruments.

The breath is an interesting physical route to and part of practical spirituality. We all must breathe, right up until our end. Other than our heartbeat, it's literally the first and last thing we do in life. The human breathing mechanism is for the most part an autonomic, involuntary process. Our breathing process alters over time; as a baby's nervous system matures, the breathing mechanism gradually moves from the original abdominal, 'belly' breathing, to adult upper-chest breathing.

Unlike other autonomic bodily processes such as peristalsis and digestion, it is possible to voluntarily override the breath rhythm and even stop it for a time. Every athlete has a certain type of breath control, as does every musician playing a wind instrument. Many meditative and active body disciplines include temporary reversal of the breath cycle, returning some focus to belly breathing. Every person can alter the respiratory cycle's rhythm, speed, and resting or suspension time between breaths, overriding the autonomic upper-chest breath cycle.

But to what end? What kind of state may result from mastery of the breath?

MEHER BABA ON BREATH

As a Westerner, I'm very happy that Baba did not institute yoga poses or require meditation to function as a devotee. (I'm a terrible meditator.) However, many of his Eastern followers come from traditions where meditation was seen as integral to the path. At the Meherabad Sahavas in 1955, he said this to the mostly-Indian attendees:

"Your breath is your life. Breath is so vitally associated with our being that as soon as we stop breathing, we are dead. Look at the fun of it. All of you breathe. But you never give a thought to your breathing. Even in the most original state of sound sleep, you are breathing but you do not know it. It is so very vitally associated with our life, we have not even the need to remember it.

We are only aware of our breathing when we exert ourselves. Then we come to know just how vital our breath is for life. Compared to your breathing, God is infinitely nearer to you! When we are unconscious of our breathing, how can we be conscious of God, Who is so very near us? When one is about to drown, he becomes aware of his breath. Therefore, to experience God, one must drown in the Ocean of Divinity! We say a lot of things and try to understand them; but to be conscious of our Real Existence, we must drown in the Ocean of Divine Love!"

It appears that Baba was not averse to prescribing a breath meditation for Westerners. In London, July 1956, he stated:

From now on, every week, on Wednesdays at midnight... those who want to... with eyes open and lights put out, in complete darkness, relaxing... completely before meditating, for fifteen minutes, with eyes wide open, breathing, with every breath repeat Ba-ba, Ba-ba. Every time you breathe in and breathe out, not audibly, but just within yourself, repeat with every breath you breathe, inhaling and exhaling... Ba-ba, Ba-ba... without paying any attention to any experiences you get while meditating, but when you see Baba, focus your attention on that, and continue your repetitions, and then you'll see Baba in everyone.

Baba indicated he himself did breathwork, in Lord Meher online p. 1458:

It is absolutely impossible for an ordinary man to understand my work. With my universal mind, I work on an unlimited scale for the universe; to understand what I do is not within the bounds of human intellect. I always work for the universe and not for myself. Why would I need to work for myself? I do my work through various mediums. With that object in mind, I visit places, see different sights, or go to plays, films, and do a hundred and one other things. But I don't enjoy movies or plays as you do, I make them the medium of my inner spiritual work. *My every breath does this work constantly*, while outwardly you find me doing nothing special. You cannot grasp the internal mystery.

Thus, while not mandating breath work for His devotees, at various times to various audiences, Meher Baba emphasized the importance of focus on and control of the breath.

THE YOGIS

There is a yogic practice called 'Kevala,' a type of *pranayama* described as 'pure suspension of breath.' The body reaches a deep inner stillness where the breath is stopped or barely detectable.

Professor Talat Halman tells me that Paramahansa Yogananda, founder of the Self-Realization Movement (SRF), published a pamphlet in 1930 titled *The Art of Super-Realization*. SRF historically has attempted to confine their pranayama training, which they term 'Kriya yoga,' to SRF initiates. He also tells me that there are copies of *The Art of Super-Realization* pamphlet still available for order from Amazon.com. There is also a Kindle edition available called *Kriya Yoga by Swami Yogananda: the Art of Super-Realization (1930)*. Professor Halman relates:

In (Kriya yoga) one moves up the chakras, mentally reciting "Om" at each chakra on a slow inhale leading up to the third-eye chakra. Then on the exhale, one moves the breath with the invocation of Om from the third eye over the head and down the spine. All the while one focuses on the third eye.

There are clearly far more practices and groups concentrating on breathwork worldwide, but this threatens to become a book! Let's consider Islamic Sufism.

THE SUFIS AND ZIKR

Everyone enjoys Sufi teaching stories. Here's one from Rumi in the Mathnavi.

There was a certain merchant who kept a parrot in a cage. Being about to travel to Hindustan on business, he asked the parrot if he had any message to send to his kinsmen in that country and the parrot desired him to tell them that he was kept confined in a cage.

The merchant promised to deliver this message, and on reaching Hindustan, duly delivered it to the first flock of parrots he saw. On hearing it one of them at once fell down dead. The merchant was annoyed with his own parrot for having sent such a fatal message, and on his return home sharply rebuked his parrot for doing so. But the parrot no sooner heard the merchant's tale than he too fell down dead in his cage.

The merchant, after lamenting his death, took his corpse out of the cage and threw it away, but to his surprise, the corpse immediately recovered life, and flew away, explaining that the Hindustani parrot had only feigned death to suggest this way of escaping from confinement in a cage.

On one level, this would seem to resonate with the Prophet's famous Hadith, "Die before you die."

Or it may be a hidden recommendation for the practice of the Naqshbandi Sufi Order, '*habs-i-*

dam.' This means 'imprisoning the breath,' in which the normal interval or suspension of breath between inhalation and exhalation is gradually extended. The time in this suspended state is measured by mentally counting repetitions of the *ziker* phrase 'Allahu,' gradually increasing the number in accordance with the individual's ability. During this pause, this hiatus, the breath is stopped and the heartbeat slows considerably. A little, temporary death.

The Arabic term *ziker* means 'remembrance,' as in remembrance of God. These are words or phrases in praise of God or His attributes. Sufis use *ziker* throughout their lifetimes, and while *habs-i-dam*, stopping the breath, is at one end of the spectrum, it follows there are many other ways to perform *ziker*, into very physically active realms.

I spent some years with a Chishti murshid in Detroit. He mostly emphasized energetic use of the diaphragm during *ziker*, accompanied by movement of trunk and/or head and neck, usually driving into the heart center. A bead necklace, called *tasbeih*, with 3 sets of 33 beads, is often used to keep accurate count of the repetitions.

There were a few *zikrs*, especially '*Istghafirullah*,' (forgive me God) where the breath was used very very gently. But others, like '*Ya Hayy*, '*Ya Haqq*,' and '*Allah Hu*,' or the Kalimah itself, '*La ilaha illa Allah*,' (there is no God but God) could be pumped almost violently, really working the diaphragm and enunciating with plenty of volume, with the closure at the end of each repetition being meant to drive the *ziker* into the heart center.

Hazrat Inayat Khan, a Chishti Sufi familiar to many of us, was assigned the job of bringing Sufism to the West, and he began this process in 1911. Not surprisingly, he also espoused a focus on breathing for his *murids*. He published an astonishing number of lectures and books prior to his passing in 1927. Among those was a set of instructions for what he called the *Purification Breaths*. Here are the instructions, courtesy Professor Halman:

Hazrat Inayat Khan said these purification breaths exercises are the foundation for all esoteric work. They are intended to involve the subtle thread of prana more than external breathing exercises. These movements are done standing facing the sunlight, preferably outdoors, but if needed by an open window. The purification breaths are ideally done at sunrise and sunset. The mouth remains mostly closed, except for the breaths through the mouth in which case the mouth is positioned as if whistling. Each breath represents one of the cardinal elements.

Earth (in the nose, out the nose 5x)
Water (in the nose, out the mouth 5x)
Fire (in the mouth, out the nose 5x)
Air (in the mouth, out the mouth 5x)

Added later:

Ether (in and out the nose very gently 5x)

Practitioners may also add zikr on the inhale - Ya Shafee (O Healer) and on the exhale - Ya Kafee (O Remedy). These are two of the Ninety-Nine Names of God in Islam.

Murshid Samuel Lewis, 'Sufi Sam,' was one of Hazrat Inayat Khan's first *murids* in America. He was initiated into multiple Sufi orders and ultimately was appointed Murshid, or teacher. Late in life he attracted young Western followers. In a book about Sam, *In the Garden*, is the following passage:

"Murshid and I were out for a walk. We came to a busy street with six lanes of traffic rushing by in both directions. There was no stop sign. He said, 'Watch your breath!'", grabbed my hand and dragged me into the street. ... He kept shouting, 'Watch your breath!' The cars whizzed by on all sides. Needless to say, we make it across safely."
- Fatima Jablonski

Zikr meditations, as described, run the gamut from pausing the breath and stilling the cycle, to very athletic displays of 'pumping' the breath system with energetic vocal chanting. The group entrainment in *halqa*, or circle zikr, is a powerful route to creating an altered, open spiritual state, however temporary.

FINALLY, TO MUSIC

It's safe to say that wind and brass musicians are by definition in control of the breath. Musicians essentially have an athlete's relationship to their breathing mechanism: the more efficient the breath, the more accurate the pitch, and the longer a note the breath can sustain. Longer instruments take more breath, higher tones less breath but more air pressure to sound in pitch.

Other than some fairly inept blues harp - harmonica - playing, I had no personal experience with wind instruments of any kind until I discovered the didgeridoo.

SOUTHWEST 'DIDG CULTURE'

Australian aborigine tribes, mostly in the central plains, have one of the oldest musical cultures on Earth, centered around the yidaki, or didgeridoo. Some ethnomusicologists state that the didgeridoo predates the earliest flutes in any culture anywhere.

Didgeridoos begin as tree branches hollowed by termites in the rainy season. Didgeridoos are given beeswax mouthpieces and are played with a loose-lipped embouchure where the lips are the reed. The tribes evolved systems of circular breathing and imitated many beings in the animal kingdom. Aboriginal creation myths, especially the Pitjijanjara tribe of the center of continent, involve the didgeridoo playing the universe into being - and their periodic '*corroborees*' maintain the physical universe. I have played Aboriginal didgeridoos, and for the most part found them difficult. The termites generally did not worry about breath backpressure or playability.

Many are familiar with the agave cactus of the Southwest, also known as the Century Plant, with the idea that they flower once per century. In reality each agave launches a single stalk in about twenty years, which flowers, then the entire plant dies. In most areas, the stalk is comprised of green pulp wood, which has little strength in any direction. However, there is an area in southwest New Mexico and southeast Arizona, in the Sonoran Desert near the border, where the agave stalks grow with a thin hardwood shell. I had a friend, a master



didgeridoo maker, who would go out once or twice per year, looking for fallen, long-dead hardwood agave stalks, would chain-saw it off the root system, and bring them home. He dried them and hollowed out the green interior wood.

Because of the availability of inexpensive agave stalks, there was an Arizona and southern California 'didg culture' where various makers traded construction tips during various "Didg Fests," and later via the Internet.

As a keyboardist, I was fascinated with these pipes, so very different from my normal music-making. I bought one, and over time, I learned to circular breathe, how to

manage the oxygen level in my lungs over time. I am a decent mid-tier player; I can make most of the sounds, glottal stops, singing into the pipe, using my tongue position to vary overtones, much like you do when whistling.

The breath pattern demanded by the didgeridoo was 'belly breathing.' That is, to inhale, drop the diaphragm abruptly, and to exhale, gradually and slowly push the diaphragm up, feeling the lungs as balloons being filled and slowly emptied.

At one point, when in training, I could play the didgeridoo continuously for a half hour. The superoxygenated state I was in when I stopped only lasted a couple of minutes, but what an amazing couple of minutes... thought stopped, my senses never worked better.. visuals were ultra-clear and three-dimensional, and so was my hearing.

Is that a spiritual state? I leave it to you. It's as close as I expect to come in this life.

Thank you for reading.



Note - an inexpensive, quite playable didgeridoo may be made of a 4' length of 2" PVC pipe, and a simple rolled beeswax mouthpiece. Cost, under \$5.00.

There are instructional videos on playing the didgeridoo and circular breathing on the Internet.



60" tall hardwood agave didg, resin coated and painted, key of "D"

Inquiry

How is all of you?
The quiet parts—
the parts that are chit chatting;
the parts that are subtle
in their decay
and those that bring you
to your knees each day.

What does it matter
if its a cross, a fire or a star
or a photo of a man
with a mustache in your car?

Lots of preachers this morning
telling me what to think,
some with wonder
some with warning.
Even the atheists wander the world
asking for acolytes.

I dreamed I climbed
into God's Mouth
and He whispered
"Let's silver lining the hell
out of this thing."



GERMAN GOTT SPRICHT RE-PUBLISHED



Companion Books, the publishing arm of the Beads on One String Foundation, in cooperation with Sufism Reoriented, has made available again an affordable hardback edition of the German *God Speaks*. This is in obedience to Meher Baba's instruction that His work be published in as many languages as possible. All color and black and white plates are reproduced in the book body.

The book is available online worldwide via Amazon.com and Barnesandnoble.com, and is available at the Sheriar Bookstore in Myrtle Beach, SC. Its previous title was *Der Göttliche Plan der Schöpfung*, i.e. *God's Plan for Creation*. The cover has been restored to the 1955 Dodd, Mead design.



FATIHA - THE OPENING

This passage is the first Sura in the Qur'an, and is one of the most often-repeated prayers on the planet, billions of times per day.



بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ (١) الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ (٢)
الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ (٣) مَالِكِ يَوْمِ الدِّينِ (٤) إِيَّاكَ نَعْبُدُ وَإِيَّاكَ
نَسْتَعِينُ (٥) اهْدِنَا الصِّرَاطَ الْمُسْتَقِيمَ (٦) صِرَاطَ الَّذِينَ
أَنْعَمْتَ عَلَيْهِمْ غَيْرِ الْمَغْضُوبِ عَلَيْهِمْ وَلَا الضَّالِّينَ (٧)

BISMILLAH AR-RAHMAN AR-RAHEEM

In the name of God, the infinitely

Compassionate and Merciful.

AL HAMDU LILLAHI RABBIL 'ALAMEEN

Praise be to God, Lord of all the worlds.

AR-RAHMAN AR-RAHEEM

The Compassionate, the Merciful.

MALIKI YAU' MID DEEN

Owner of the Day of Judgment

IYYAAKA NA'BUDU WA IYYAKA

NASTA'EEN

You alone do we worship, and

You alone do we ask for help.

IHDINAS SIRAT AL-MUSTAQEEM

Guide us on the straight path,

SIRAT AL-LADHEENA AN 'AMTA' ALAIHIM

the path of those who have

received your grace;

GHAIRIL MAGHDUBI' ALAIHIM

WALADAALEEN

not the path of those who have brought down

wrath, nor of those who go astray.

AMIN.

THE BED WHISPERS TO THE CHAIR

Annie Fahy

The bed in the room has a metal frame around it that makes a box. This frame holds space like a secret. It is invisible and visible both. The thin mattress is covered by a spread, hatched-green like a table cloth in a restaurant. A small slice of afternoon sunlight falls across the foot of the bed. The light comes in through half open shutters that guard a screened window. Sometimes a breeze makes a billow in the cloth curtains that are bound across the top and the bottom, so that they puff out like a large skirt on a little girl. There is a small chair and a desk with a metal lamp under the window. The desk gleams with recent polish.

Above the bed, on the metal framed canopy, is a cloud of white netting, to be pulled down and tucked tight for sleep by the next tenant. The netting falls down loosely as a bridal veil to the edge of the thin mattress. Sheets are left in a graduated pressed bundle with one narrow towel that is more dish worthy than skin appropriate. This stack of linens also waits for hands and intention to unlock their only purpose.

The floor is a scored cement with a sheen on it so that it catches the reflection of the broom as it moves across it in the hands of the sweeper. She squats. Her orange and yellow sari bunches around her knees and she sweeps a narrow line of dust to the threshold, scoops it up into a plastic dustpan and stands. She is deft and efficient in her tasks. She carries her broom and bucket down the hallway of identical doors. Across the veranda is a courtyard garden. The cleaner might be a child or small woman that has already had three children. From behind, her shape and her movements do not disclose her details.

Bougainvillea blooms like a hairstyle in the trees. There is another plant whose flowers are creamy flesh petals. The bed and the chair wait. The room is a shell without a heartbeat. It waits for the arrival of a traveler to breathe life breath into its vacancy.

In the airport of city, on the other side of the verdant mountains called Gatz, a woman rolls her suitcase past airport guards on to a sidewalk with a crowd with other travelers. At the boundary, there is a rope line of drivers holding signs. She looks for the one with her name, and makes a smiling contact with this driver. He points her toward the rope opening

and she finds her way around to hand him the handle of her bag. She relaxes a little and follows him as he leads her through the chaos to his waiting car.

Daylight lingers and shadows deepen in the courtyard. Mosquitoes sleep within the folds of the net waiting. Some residents make this late afternoon their bath-time because the solar heated water is at its hottest all day. They place a plastic bucket outside the communal bathroom for a boy who will come and fill it with water from the tanks. The plastic buckets echo against cement punctuating the static sound of water flow. A man's voice, in accented British says, Nancy are you here? Do you want Chai, as a bell sounds signaling tea time. More distant, is the sound of boys or men yelling somewhere outside the walls of the garden in some sports activity. Volley ball or cricket create explosive intermittent roars.

Without a person, the room has no meaning, no life in this frame until the arrival of the woman who is still on the road that winds through the mountains. Monkeys wait on the guard rail as if they are counting cars and trucks who pass each other in a single lane sounding their horn as they go.

The bed and the chair hear a boy enter with the suitcase and place it against the inner wall. He hangs the travelers name from a brass hook on the bed with a date. Then the bed becomes alive as the tag with the name vibrates back to stillness. The boy leaves the door open for the woman who is finishing the check-in paperwork. The bed whispers to the chair the unspoken hope—the possibility that she will bring with her—the Lord.

The chair asks the bed to tell the story again, now that they know someone is arriving. *Perhaps, as it sometimes happens, God will arrive with the next one and make this room His Abode.* The chair pulls in to the desk both with their own longing to hear again this story. *God will arrive with her and soothe her restlessness. He may stroke her brow while she sleeps, bones against the thin mattress. He may make the air move with a breeze, so that it keeps the mosquitoes from laying their eggs in her water. If He comes, when this happens,* the chair whispers, *God himself becomes the bed, and also the chair. All are in service to the woman's longing. He will cradle her all through the night and He will wake her at five am so that she may wash and dress and walk up the hill with the sunrise to sing the day and His Name awake*

Sometimes

*Sometimes getting up
To greet the day
Is blessing enough*

*Sharing love in thought
And deed
Makes all the difference*

Anne Weichberger

Seventeen syllables
are needed for a haiku,
only one for love.

Meher Baba is
God as love most sublime and
That love as a verb



Two Doors

Have you noticed two doors
to enter Beloved Baba's Bedroom?
The first door to remind us to leave behind our mind
and the next, to open our heart.

Laurent Weichberger

The Body and the Soul

The body to the soul is like a man in a toupee.*
He takes the thing off when he sleeps.
He walks in the world with two feet in the clay.

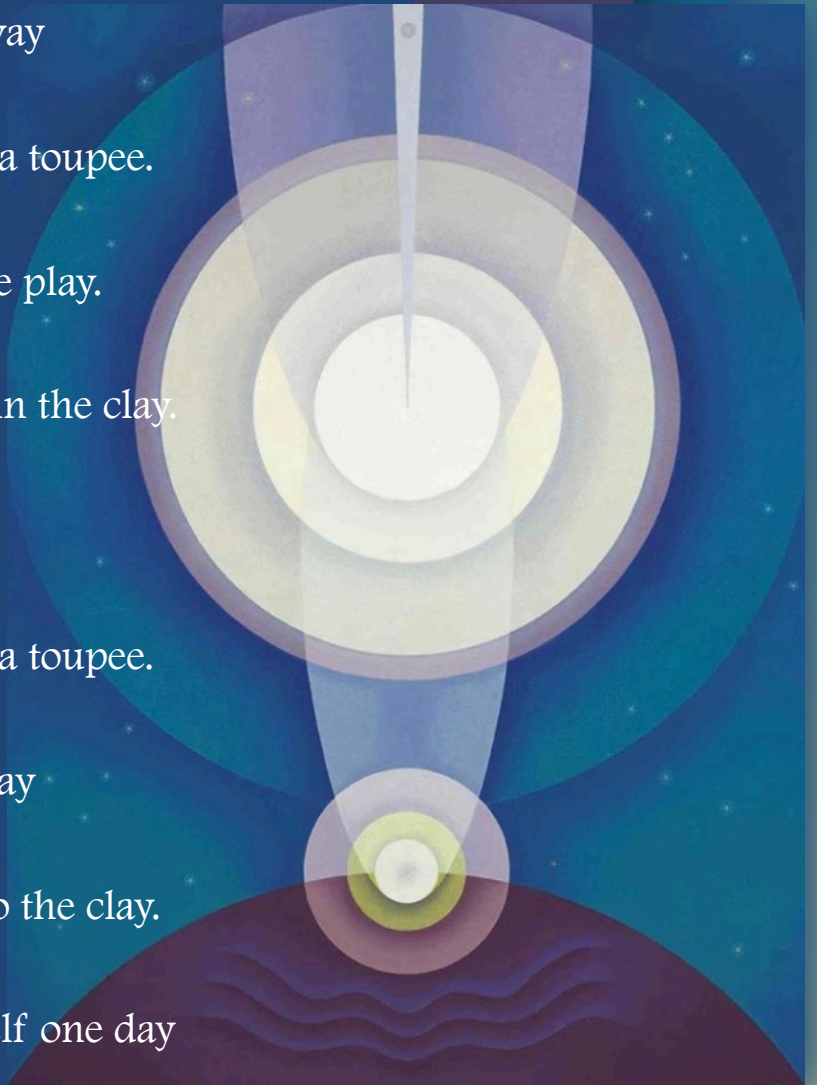
He looks in the mirror admires the way
the phone on his hip often beeps.
The body to the soul is like a man in a toupee.

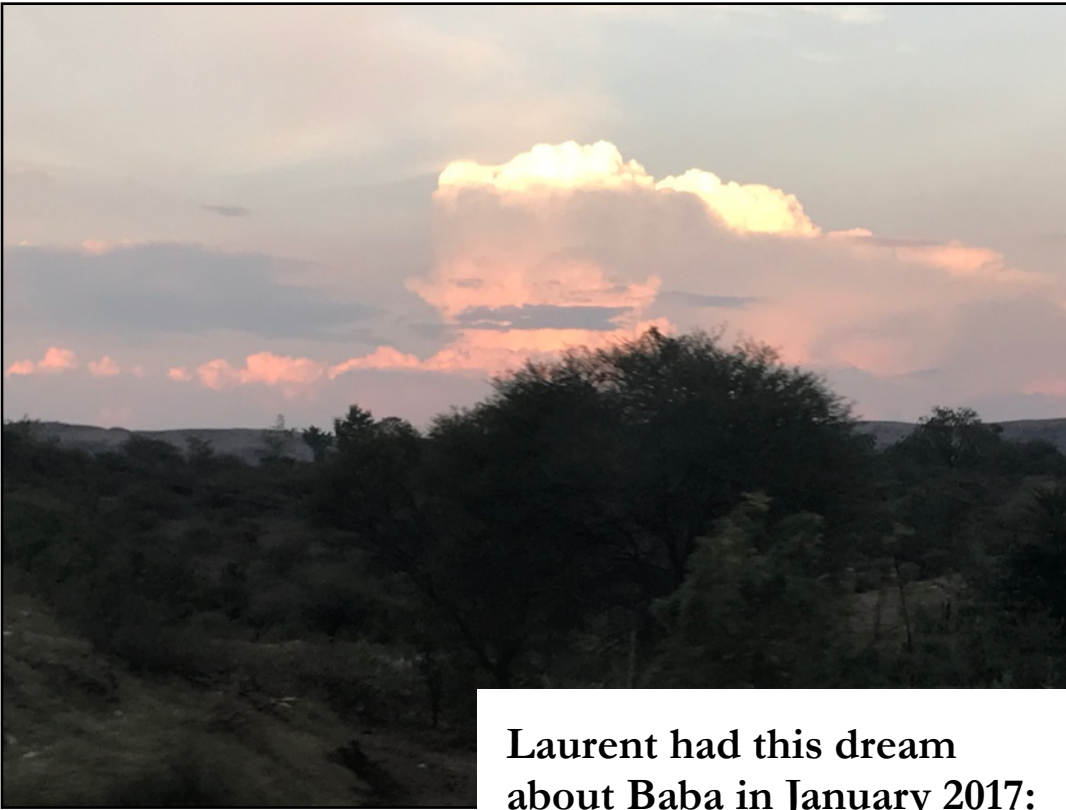
He speaks his lines like the star of the play.
He brings home the money in heaps.
He walks in the world with two feet in the clay.

As he ages his skin starts to gray
He prays to God my soul to keep.
The body to the soul is like a man in a toupee.

On his dead head the dead wig will lay
He bleats for his soul like lost sheep.
His body in the box, lowered down to the clay.

Regardless he will wake to his real self one day
Into God's arms he will leap.
The body to the soul is like a man with a toupee
He walks in the world with two feet in the clay.





Baba In Clouds,
Nov. 3 2018
by Laurent
Weichberger

"I took this photo on my way back to Meherabad with my daughter Aspen, having just picked her up in Mumbai at the airport. Only later did I notice Baba's face in the clouds."

Laurent had this dream about Baba in January 2017:

Meher Baba was young and strong and wearing his long white sadrah... I approached him, as there were many others coming and going. We were inside in what felt like an underground complex. He gave me an order for work to do and I left. I remember I was wearing white cotton pants and a white kurtah. Others were more fancy in their attire and Baba seemed to appreciate my simple clothes. I woke up. I went to pee and after a few minutes I went back to sleep. Another dream and I am out in the world doing work for Baba and I have a Baba necklace on. I am confronted by a men and there are other men around ... he asks who is on my necklace and I respond it is Meher Baba my spiritual master. He asks if I expect to be able to celebrate Meher Baba and I exclaim if course, are you fucking kidding me -- he is my master. I can tell others are watching our exchange. So I turn to everyone and say loudly, "Does anyone have a problem with me celebrating Meher Baba?!" One man, a Christian, comes forward and wants to speak with me. Another man makes a comment and he has a Sikh shirt on (the pattern has Sikh gurus) and I try to navigate all the comments and questions ... Eventually I sit with the Christian man and try to answer his questions ... Whew.



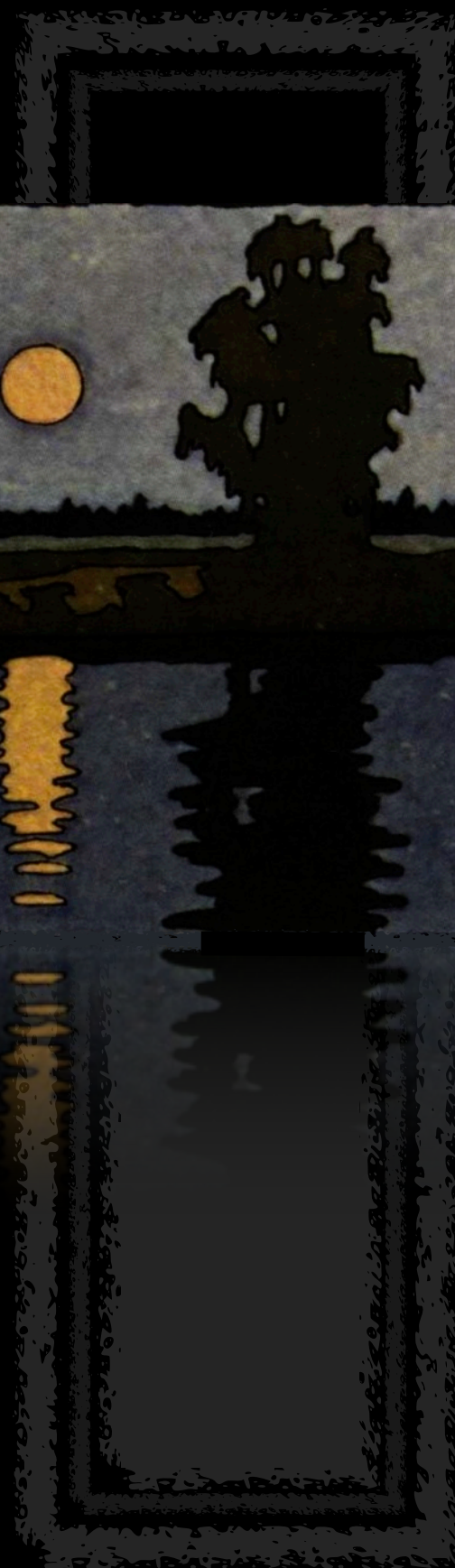
Karl compressed Laurent's photo.

“THE WAY OF MY WORK

is the way of effacement, which is the way of strength, not of weakness, and through it you become mature in my love. At this stage you cannot know what real love is, but through working for me as you should work for me, you will arrive at that ripeness where, in a moment, I can give you that for which you have been millions of years seeking."

—Meher Baba

My Dear Workers, November 1962, Poona



RUMI: ON THE DEATHBED

English translation by Fereshteh Azad and Laurent Weichberger, with consultation from Reza Abrahamzadeh

This poem is known as "On the Deathbed" because it was the last poem Rumi dictated to his oldest son, Sultan Veled. Upon his father's death, Sultan Veled organized the Mevlevi Sufi Order, and became its next Murshid (see: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sultan_Walad).

Meher Baba indicated that in addition to being a great poet, Rumi was in fact a Qutub (Perfect Master).

ترک من خراب شب گرد مرتبلا کن
خواهی بیای ببخشا خواهی برو چفا کن
بگزیں ره سلامت ترک ره بلا کن
بر آب دیده مرا صد جای آسی کن
بکشد کسش نگوید تدبیر خونبها کن
ای زرد روی عاشق تو صبر کن وفا کن
پس من چه گونه گویم کاین درد را دوا کن
با دست اشارتم کرد که عزم سوی مرا کن
از برق این زمرد هی دفع اژدها کن
تاریخ بوعلی گو تنبیه بوالعلا کن

رو سر بنه به بالین تنه مرا ره کن
ماریم و موج سودا شب تا به روز تنه
از من گریز تا تو هم در بلا نیفتی
ماریم و آب دیده در کنج غم خزیده
خیره کشی است مرا را دارد دلی چو خارا
بر شاه خوبرویان واجب وفا نباشد
دردی است غری مردن آن را دوا نباشد
در خواب دوش پیری در کوی عشق دادم
گر اژدهاست بر ره عشقی است چون زمرد
بس کن که بیخودم من و تو هرفزای

Go, lay your head on a pillow, and leave me alone.
Leave this ruined, night-wandering, love-afflicted one, alone.

We are with the wave of love, from nightfall until dawn, alone.
If you want, come and forgive me, or else be cruel and go.

Run away from me, so you too won't fall into danger,
Choose the safe path, leave this treacherous path behind.

We have crawled, with our tears, into this corner of grief.
Grind 100 acres of wheat, at the mill house, with the waterfall of our tears.

We have a ruthless killer with a heart of hard stone.
When he kills, no one says to him, "Now find a way to pay the blood-money!"

The King of All that is Beautiful and Good doesn't have to be faithful.
Oh pale lover, be patient and remain loyal.

There exists no cure for this anguish except to die.
So how can I tell you to cure this pain?

In my dream, last night, I saw a Saint [1] on the path of love,
beckoning to me with his hand, encouraging me to come near.

If there is a dragon on your path, love is like an emerald.
From the sparkle of the emerald banish the dragon.

Enough! Because I am useless and you are a spiritual artist.
Narrate the deeds of Bu Ali [2], kill me just like they killed Bol Ala.[3]

~ Rumi

Notes:

1. Rumi uses the word "Pir" which Meher Baba defined in God Speaks: Pir is a 6th plane Master; Satpurush in Vedantic.

2. Abu Ali Sina – Avicenna – a prominent Persian scientist and philosopher – also known as the father of modern medicine.

3. He was killed by Fadayan in 493 (Hijri).



Forgiveness with Meher Baba seminar in Wellington Florida (Saturday ~ February 2nd, 2019).

This seminar was organised by Maria Richardson and Licia Wight to be for only women, and all of the women were Latina, except for Vanessa, and one other Monica (from Italy) who was considered an honorary Latina. The youngest participant was Francesca age 17. Most of the women had no prior knowledge of Meher Baba. Maria, who is Catholic, translated one of the chapters of my book, Forgiveness with Meher Baba into Spanish for the seminar participants.



On being asked by one of a group of students from the Ayurvedic College , Hardwar, "I wish to see God," Baba composed this couplet:



Some seek money
Some seek name,
Some seek power
Some seek fame.
Some want children
Few want GOD,
Life is a Joke
And all is a Game.

Baba then proceeded to explain the use of the word "seek" in the couplet:

"What one seeks with all one's heart one gets. When you say you sought and did not find, it means you did not seek as you ought to have sought. When GOD is found, if sought, why then should you not get the trifles you seek, if you seek them wholeheartedly.

"It is said that if you carry your life in the palm of your hand you can enter the Path of Divine Love. So to say I want to see GOD, means I want to become GOD. It is like an ant saying, "I want to become an elephant."

[Awakener Magazine - Vol 1, #2 pg. 12- 1953]

<http://tinyurl.com/yys3sbfr>

Security Alert at the Meher Spiritual Center

By Laurent Weichberger
(Wilmington NC ~ March 2019)

On Sunday, February 24, 2019 I was in beautiful Corvallis, Oregon with Dale and Bart Draeger, the hosts of our “Forgiveness with Meher Baba” seminar, and fourteen seminar participants (seven men, and seven women). Everything was just great, until my phone rang. It was my wife, Vanessa calling from the Meher Spiritual Center, to report to me that her bicycle was stolen from outside the Guest House, while she was on pilgrimage there.

Upon returning to our Wilmington home, Vanessa and I had many discussions about what would be the best “way forward” considering all of the ramifications of this incident. She explained it was not just one person, but there were three trespassers who came on the Baba Center and stole her bike. She explained the whole situation which is quite complex. Ultimately we decided to write to Board of the Baba center, two separate letters, one from each of us. Since I am friends with Daniel Stone, I asked him via email for the email addresses of the board members, and he responded immediately:

.....

from: Daniel Stone <djs@danielstone.com>
to: Big Data Bear <ompoint@gmail.com>
date: Mar 1, 2019, 2:05 PM
subject: Re: Board

Hey Laurent,

Sorry to hear about the bike situation; I have asked Marchelle Jordan, our board secretary, to send you the emails or she can forward the information that you want to be shared. Thanks for providing us with your thoughts about this, as we are all concerned about what has happened and want to be sure to make the Center secure and safe for all here.

much love to you both,
Daniel

.....

It was nice to have an immediate acknowledgment and see that our concerns were shared.

I then took it upon myself, as her husband, to go and meet with the Horry County Police Department to understand our options legally, and what to do, and not do in such a case. I asked my close friend, and spiritual companion, Paul DiStefano, who is a retired Detective from the New York Police Department, to join me. We met Lt. Ghent, and it was deeply informative. Rather than write about all of that here, I am going to share the letters, and the responses we received. I leave it to the reader to draw their own conclusions about the state of the Meher Spiritual Center, and its security or lack thereof.

.....

On March 3, 2019, Vanessa wrote to the board:

Mr. Bob Ahrens
Mr. Adi Blum
Ms. Anna Lena Phillips Bell
Ms. Annie Lawn Fahy
Mr. Bruce Felknor
Ms. Linda Hansen
Mr. Meherwan Irani
Mr. Andy Lesnik
Mr. Daniel Stone
Jo Taylor
Mr. Michael Tych

Sunday March 3, 2019

Dear Board of the Meher Spiritual Center,

I'm writing this to make you aware of a disturbing incident which took place at the Meher Spiritual Center on Sunday February 24, 2019. I share the details below.

My mountain bike was stolen on the Meher Spiritual Center from the handicap parking spot near the Guest House sometime during the day of February 24. I contacted the gateway and spoke to Preeti to inform them that my bike was missing and to ask the cabin crew to keep an eye out for it in case another pilgrim had mistakenly picked it up to use it thinking it might have been a center bike. I then texted Azita to inform her. Azita informed me that her bike was stolen a month or two before from the archive building and Thia's bike was stolen from the linen garage near the refectory.

Azita said to call Barbara right away to inform her. I called Barbara around 3pm to inform her I believed my bike was stolen. My bicycle had very low air in its tires and I had brought a pump to inflate them before I wanted to ride on Sunday. I explained that I believed the bike was stolen because no pilgrim would want to ride my bike for enjoyment with those flat tires. I explained that Azita had informed me that two other bikes were stolen in the last 2 or 3 months. I said it looks like there is a pattern of bikes being stolen. Barbara denied this, saying "there is no pattern". I informed Barbara I had driven around the entire center looking for my bike at the bike racks and cabins, beach and Baba house but did not locate it. I told Barbara I wanted to file a Police report. Barbara indicated that she would bring Kyle the Briarcliffe Acres policeman to analyze the Briarcliffe Acres camera footage to see if there was any suspects riding or walking away with my bicycle. Barbara was unaware that the center has cameras placed at the gates the Meher Spiritual Center.

I accepted Barbara's guidance and refrained from contacting the police myself. She said she would get back to me after speaking with the police officer Kyle who she was hoping would look at the footage. I waited. I got a call from Denni at the gateway saying that my bike had been located. I was told to go to the gateway because Barbara wanted me to press charges against the individuals who stole my bike. When I got to the gateway there was no one there who knew about the situation. Fortunately Azita called and I told her that they had located my bike but Barbara wanted me to come to the gateway to meet the police to press charges. Azita said to call Barbara and inform her I was at the gateway waiting. When I called Barbara she was across the street at Briarcliffe West outside the home of the perpetrators whom Ben Haye located by the description

Preeti at the gateway had provided. Earlier that day a group of 3 individuals had been found trespassing and Preeti saw one of them riding a bike off the center. Barbara called the police so that myself, Barbara, and Ben Haye could explain that the residents in a nearby the condo had stolen my bicycle and placed it in their back patio. The police officer explained that because the bike was never declared stolen by means of a police report that for all they know the bike was just ridden around. I would have had to have made a report with them to be able to have them return my bicycle to me. The police officer said that I would have to prove by means of a serial number or facebook photo that the bike was actually mine.

I told Barbara I think we learned a lesson. We need to file police a report immediately after any incident. The police officer explained that when these events occur that photos or video footage would have to be clear enough to identify the person and the object to be able to press charges against the individual. Also that eye witnesses would not be enough evidence. Fortunately I was able to give the Police Officer a photo of my bicycle that I had on my smart phone. The officer wrote up a report on what happened which I signed. I then told Barbara again, It so important to file a police report right away. She said "in this case it would not have mattered."

Laura Smith sent an email out to the community the following day informing us that one of three men that trespassed and stole on the Meher Spiritual Center had a criminal record. the one in the email was also is a sexual predator and the email said there three men were looking for opportunities to steal more from vehicles witnessed by another Baba lover who was on center at the time. There was a photograph of one of the three men with the record in the email.

I feel sad, angry, and concerned in regards to the men who came on Center as trespassers. I feel angry and disappointed and unheard with regards to the behavior and actions of staff of the Meher Spiritual Center. I feel concerned that these men could get bolder and just go into the cabins and vehicles.

I need the Meher Spiritual Center Staff to behave in a way that empowers the victims and holds the perpetrators accountable. I need the staff to have a protocol in place to handle these situations such as how to deal with theft and trespassers. The gateway staff identified the three men as trespassers and did not call the police in fact they sat them down and showed them the Baba video and told them they could do a tour to be allowed to stay on Center.

I need all the cabins to have a doorknob that has a key for each pilgrim who stays there so they can safeguard themselves from sexual predators hiding in cabins or stealing belongings. I need to see the current policy and procedure on how the Meher Spiritual Center handles trespassers, thieves and predators. I need to be able to file a police report independent of guidance from Barbara or anyone else. I need to know how this case is being reviewed by the board of the Meher Spiritual Center and what steps are being taken on making sure it never happens again.

Would you please be willing to answer these questions for me:

- 1) Why would the manager of the Meher Spiritual Center discourage me from immediately filing a police report?
- 2) Can someone please help me understand why at the very beginning of the process Barbara told me not to file a police report but at the end of the process Barbara wanted me to press charges against the thieves and because we did not file a police report earlier the police said they couldn't press charges because there was no police report of any stolen item or tress-passing. This created further chaos and confusion.

2) Why would it devolve to Laura Smith to send an email to the community alerting them to the situation?

3) Why has Vanessa not heard from anyone from the Meher Spiritual Center since that day of the theft? There has been zero follow up, except that when Laurent returned home from his work on the West Coast, he called Barbara on Sunday March 3, 2019 at 1:00pm and Barbara was forthcoming with information. She also said she tried one time to reach Vanessa on March 2 but was unable to reach her.

4) Why when I explained to Barbara that other bicycles had been stolen from the center recently and that it seemed to be a "pattern" Why would she deny that it was indeed a pattern?

5) Barabara's advice to us on March 03 was to "let it go". Why is the message coming from the Meher Spiritual center to us about sweeping this under the rug?

6) Why is the Meher Spiritual Center so slow to respond to the growing security needs posed by the population growth in the immediate vicinity of the center. For example, for very little cost we could enable locking doors with keys, or a keypad could be installed (like in Air B&B's) , to provide security for cabins. Furthermore, heavier security could be obtained for the perimeter. What are the plans for this please?

We are sure everyone involved had the best intentions, and we feel Baba has given us an opportunity here to make the Meher Spiritual Center a safer place during the Kali-Yuga. He knows what he is doing.

In Baba's Love,

Vanessa Weichberger (with Laurent)
Wilmington, NC

.....

On March 3, Barbara Plews sent a partial response to Vanessa's letter, mostly some minor corrections. She did this in the context of Vanessa's letter by creating an MSWord doc "Bike theft response," pasting in Vanessa's email, then inserting corrections highlighted in yellow for the record such as these. (I have removed most of the surrounding letter and just made them into bullets below for ease of reading). All the yellow highlighted words are from Barbara, the white are Vanessa's original from the letter above:

.....

Barbara Plews <dilruba@mehercenter.org>[3]
to: ompoint@gmail.com
date: Mar 3, 2019, 7:47 PM
subject: from Barbara

- Azita's old bicycle was taken or maybe disposed of several, maybe 5 years or so ago
- I believe Vanessa said that Azita had told her we had cameras at the gates, which I said I didn't think so but I would find out. I talked with Lee and he said they are just wildlife cameras which are not reliable nor pick up the kind of image needed to identify something like this, and he checked next day and nothing.

- I never spoke to Denny, nor asked him to call Vanessa, to come to press charges—Ben Hay had gone on his instinct to see if the bike was anywhere around the condo that the men were staying in. This was after he learned from Preeti, coming home from work at the Gateway that night around 6, about the three men who had come to the Gateway that late afternoon and about the missing bike... Ben found the bike, he called the Horry County police and had Denny, on duty at the Gateway, call Vanessa and ask her to come to the Gateway so she could identify the bike. Ben also called me and I went right to Briarcliffe West and the police arrived a few minutes later.
- Earlier that day a group of 3 individuals had been found trespassing [they admitted to trespassing but were not seen] and Preeti saw one of them riding a bike off the center [Preeti saw him riding to Briarcliff West from the Center. Keren and Zo also saw him riding out of the Center]. Barbara called the police (no, Ben did, and then he called me to come to help).
- I would have had to have made a report with them to be able to have them return my bicycle to me. (That's not what I understood to have been the case. I thought he was saying that he couldn't take a "stolen report" right then with the bike in front of us, without a police report being made earlier, because we could be faking the "stealing" thing to get a bike that wasn't ours. But he could do a "recovery of stolen property" report and be able, with Vanessa's identification of the unusual bell on the bike, to give it back to her.)
- The gateway staff identified the three men as trespassers and did not call the police in fact they sat them down and showed them the Baba video and told them they could do a tour to be allowed to stay on Center [The Gateway staff only knew they were connected/involved after the bicycle was found, hours later. The staff treated these new comers as usual because there was no evidence yet that the bicycle was stolen, they only suspected it because the young man looked familiar. The three men confessed to walking around the Center earlier in the day and stopped into the Gateway to find out how to come in with their car. This was at 5:15 that day. Obviously, they did not state any intention of stealing.]
- Why would the manager of the Meher Spiritual Center discourage me from immediately filing a police report? I simply thought there was more to be done before bringing the police in.
- This created further chaos and confusion. I feel there was yes, a misunderstanding. I wasn't ever asking Vanessa *to* or *not to* press charges, or file a police report. I wasn't sure what was the best thing to do, which is why I made contact with Kyle right after I spoke to Vanessa. I knew that a police report and pressing charges could be done at any point, and that the more information we had, the better the chances of finding the bike and catching the perpetrators going forward. We just got those clues and connections of the details of what happened a few hours after Vanessa reported the bike gone, and the Gateway's experience with the 3 men late in the day, and then Ben coming forth with his discovery. Yes, this whole thing *is* a lesson on many levels, not just to do a police report right away, but on many levels, which I hope we can focus on.
- Why would it devolve to Laura Smith [Ben Hay initiated the email and Laura Smith forwarded it widely] to send an email to the community alerting them to the situation?

.....

After digesting all of the above I becoming certain that I should not just let it go, and that this was a call from Avatar Meher Baba to address the security of the Meher Spiritual Center immediately, to possibly prevent a much worse situation in the near future.

So I sat down, and wrote this:

.....

from: OmPoint Innovations <ompoint@gmail.com>
to: mehercenterboard@gmail.com
cc: Paul DiStefano <coachpaul74@aol.com>, Barbara Plews <dilruba@mehercenter.org>, Buzz Connor <Wendybuz@aol.com>, Vanessa Weichberger <vanessaweichberger@gmail.com>
bcc: Aspen Weichberger <northwindredcloak@gmail.com>
date: Mar 8, 2019, 5:13 PM
subject: Update and Security Proposal from Laurent & Paul for Board

To the Board of the Meher Spiritual Center,

By now I am sure most if not all of you have seen the letter (via email) from my wife Vanessa regarding the theft of her bicycle, by the three unsavory characters who trespassed at the Meher Spiritual Center on Sunday, February 24, 2019.

I recall that on Saturday, January 23, 2016 we had the horrible experience of the vandalism of The Barn at the center by the two teenage boys, Alan Wodzinski and his buddy.[1] This means three years have transpired between that violation and this fresh one.

I observe that while we have seen some security enhancements at the Center, such as the new gate down by the entrance from the beach, there are many other issues that have not been resolved. To this point I have had brief conversations with Daniel Stone, Barbara Plews, Rick Chapman, and other concerned members of the Baba community.

From Barbara I learned there is in fact a Meher Spiritual Center "Operational Security Team" (sometimes known as the "Security Committee") with Buz Connor acting as Team Leader, and also as a liaison to the Board. I understand the team is composed of the following additional people:

1. Mr. Lee McBride
2. Ms. Barbara Plews
3. Mr. Bill Files
4. Mr. Richie Blum (Leader of inside overnight Caretakers)
5. Ms. Keren Rice (Leader for Gateway staff, and Cabin crew staff)
6. Ms. Toni Atmore

When I asked Barbara, "Who is most in charge of security at the Meher Spiritual Center?" she responded that it is her, Barbara, and that she still has responsibility for tracking all the events, and following up, etc. She further elucidated for me that this Operational Security Team will be making a security plan for the May 2019 Board Retreat, regarding security progress to date (since the Barn incident three years ago) and plans for what's next regarding greater and tighter security.

I feel that the timing of this happening as we celebrated Beloved Baba's birthday around the world, has His fingerprints all over it. I believe this is a clear warning from him to wake up, and make these changes now. While this theft was perhaps a minor infraction from some points of view, given

that one of the three perpetrators, Alexander James Cogdell is a registered sex offender who was convicted of, "Taking Indecent Liberty with a Minor,"[2] which sounds like a pedophile to me.

I know in my heart Baba wants us to pay careful attention. For my beloved wife Vanessa, and others there is an element of fear which has now been introduced into retreats at the Baba Center. Baba lovers want to feel safe and secure, naturally, while retreating with Baba.

As you may know, our dear Paul DiStefano a lovely Baba-lover and ex-Detective of the New York City Police Department lives here in our Myrtle Beach community. Paul and I discussed the security of the Meher Center at length, given his decades long experience in law enforcement. Furthermore, Paul and I have met with Lt. Ghent of the Horry County Police force to follow up on our report of the theft of Vanessa's bicycle. They have asked for some time to investigate this further, and they have asked to interview Keren and Preeti. I referred them to the Gateway for that.



I also discussed this situation with my dear daughter, Aspen Weichberger, who just graduated from Embry-Riddle University with a degree in "Global Security." She is actively engaged in this field professionally. Paul and Aspen and I all understand that maintaining the atmosphere of Baba's love for visiting Baba families is paramount, and that adding security to the Center is a delicate balance. The way that this is achieved, and the timing, and stages, is all a sensitive subject and we understand this well.

Aspen wrote, *"This theft while minor at first could easily escalate if a perpetrator decided to walk into someone's cabin or car. Additionally, the Baba Center has long been a haven for young children to be safe and free in Baba's love. I am deeply concerned that there are no steps taken to ensure that individuals who have registered offenses against minors, do not have access to Baba families on retreat."*

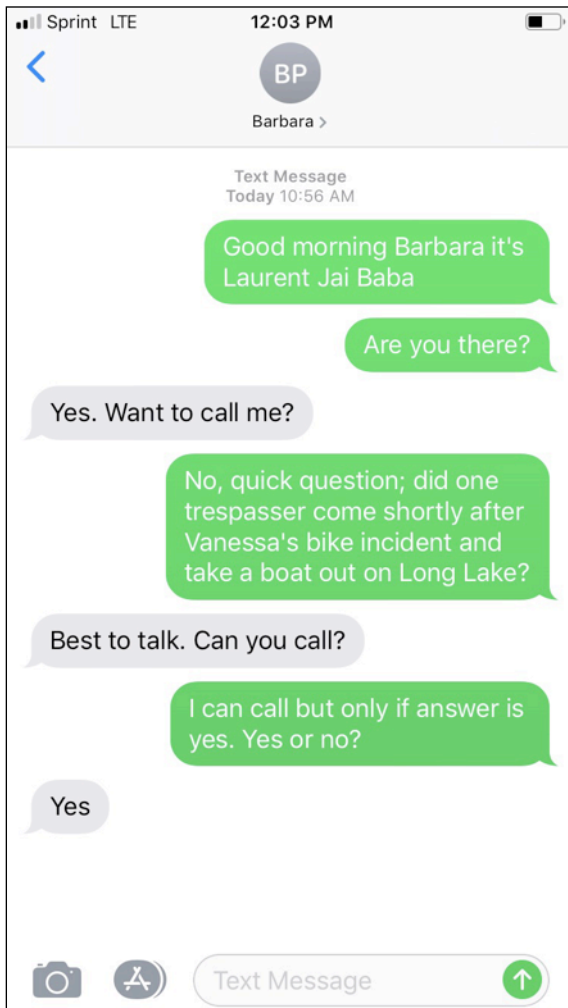
Regarding the upcoming May 2019 Board Retreat, If Paul, and Aspen and I put together some basic practical steps in a security proposal, which could be easily implemented immediately by the Board of Directors, would you please be willing to bring our security proposal up with the Board at the retreat? We feel that with some inexpensive background-check software, some new policies and procedures, and a minimal additional investment of security equipment, violations such as these could be easily avoided.

In closing, I would like to add that this is not about blame or shame. This is about how we as a community of lovers of our Lord Meher Baba can work together to make His Home in the West the safest most healing place possible. I trust we can do this for Him.

In Baba's Love,

Laurent

Laurent Weichberger
5116 Long Pointe Rd.
Wilmington, NC 28409
(928) 600-8898 mobile




3/5/2019South Carolina Public Sex Offender Registry

Geographic SearchName SearchCommunity NotificationsFAQsResourcesContact Us


[Return to Search Results](#)[Back to Search Form](#)[Submit a Tip](#)[Ask A Question](#)

COGDELL, ALEXANDER JAMES

MainOther AddressesScarsMarksTattoosVehicle Information



Picture Date: 2/25/2019



OFFENDER TYPE:
ADULT TIER III

Name:

First Name: ALEXANDER
Middle Name: JAMES
Last Name: COGDELL

Aliases:

COGDELL, AJ
COGDELL, ALEXANDER J
COGDELL, ALXANDER JAMES
COGDELL, JAMES

Gender/Race/DOB:

Gender: Male
Race: Black
Date of Birth: 2/1/1982

Primary Address:

10301 N KINGS HWY BLDG 5 APT #2
MYRTLE BEACH, SC 29572
County: HORRY

Physical Description:

Height: 6 FT 2 IN
Weight: 265 LBS
Hair Color: Black
Eye Color: Brown

Offenses:

Conviction Date	Conviction State	Statute	Offense
11/04/2003	NC	14-202.1	TAKING INDECENT LIBERTY WITH A MINOR

If you believe the listed information is in error, you may contact us via the "Submit a Tip" button above.

<http://scor.sled.sc.gov/OffenderDetails.aspx?Display=Main&Id=2303338>1/2

48

.....

Then I forwarded our original two letters directly to the members of the Security Team: Mr. Lee McBride, Richie Blum, Barbara Plews, Buz Connor, Keren Rice, as well as Ben Hay, Judy Schoeck, and others in the community. My goal was to make everyone aware of this security problem and help us find a meaningful solution. I received no response to my letter from any of the people mentioned above, except Ben, who wrote, "Well said and clear, wish you luck."

On March 20, 2019, Buz Connor wrote a response on behalf of the entire board of the Meher Spiritual Center:

.....

Dear Laurent,

Jai Baba. I hope all is well with you and your family. I'm writing on behalf of Meher Center's board to respond to your letter regarding the bicycle incident in February, and to thank you for your heart-felt concerns regarding safety at the Center.

In the two letters sent addressing this incident, you and Vanessa raised crucial security matters that are very important to the Center board and administration. Since the vandalism in the Barn, the Center has taken a number of steps to address our ongoing security posture. Chief among these steps was hiring Gavin De Becker and Associates, one of the most highly regarded security firms in the US., to advise us on best practices that would apply to the retreat setting. Other more concrete measures have been implemented over the past two years involving perimeter security, frontline and volunteer personnel, access control and technical systems.

While we continue to upgrade our security procedures, we are also, as you noted in your letter, in the process of making a final recommendation to the board regarding long-term security measures, based on the professional and very thorough De Becker report. As we are near the end of this year-long process that has actively engaged the De Becker firm, the staff, evening and overnight volunteers, the police and fire departments, and the board, we feel that additional proposals at this juncture, would be redundant and, therefore, not necessary. At the same time, we appreciate your loving offer.

I can see that your letter is infused with urgency about Center safety. As you have already spoken personally and at length with both Daniel and Barbara, you know that we share that urgency, and are working hard to make the Center a safe and loving place for the pilgrims Baba draws here. We also take this incident as Baba speaking to us about safety.

In addressing your final point, you'll be happy to know that the people on the ground at the Center, those engaged in the work - the staff, volunteers, and the board are very aware of these safety concerns, and will continue to work together to make His home a safe and welcoming place.

Again, thank you for your loving interest in Meher Center.

In Meher Baba's love and service,

Buz Connor
Executive Director, for Meher Center Board of Directors

.....

So what does it all mean? I am sure now that this violation at Baba's Home in the West, which took place on Sunday February 24, 2019 as Baba-lovers all over the world were celebrating his birthday was not a coincidence, and not a minor issue. I now take it as a gift from Baba, which upon opening gives us, all of us in the Meher Baba community worldwide, a wake up call. What does this call mean to you? How can we make the Meher Spiritual center safer for one and I all? I will leave that for each individual to decide. For my part, I am not going to let it go, and pretend everything is okay. I know Baba does all, and He also is asking me to do my best and leave to Him the rest. I will continue to do my best in this area.

May all beings be free.
May all beings be happy.

.....

Dear Laurent,

Regarding the article you sent to Daniel, and in answer to your inquiry about a response from Meher Center: the Center's board has nothing to add to the letter I wrote a few weeks ago.

In Baba,

Buz Connor
Executive Director, Meher Spiritual Center

Final update before we go to press, On March 31, one of the Cabin Crew staff told me that there was another trespassing incident, less than two weeks after Vanessa's bike was stolen. It was a you man around 17 or 18, apparently one of the original three from the bike incident, or connected to them. This fellow came into the center and took a boat out on the lake to go fishing and it took four of the Meher Spiritual Center staff about two hours to solve this problem. This I feel is a punctuation mark from Baba. As the caretaker who explained all this to me sadly said, "The world has changed."

Avatar Meher Baba Ki Jail

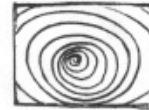


Note: "P.F. in Manhattan Beach, CA" is believed to be Phyllis (Filis) Frederick. During the 1960s Phyllis Frederick (whom Baba called "Filis") had a number of psychic experiences. A few were published under her initials PF. For more see Lord Meher on-line at lordmeher.org.



Amazing Visions of the Endtime

**Compiled by
Michael X. Barton**



THIS is an Educational and Inspirational Monograph especially written and intended for NEW-AGE Individuals everywhere. It contains a unique and extraordinary collection of modern-day visions, dreams and other subjective soul-experiences. Statements in this Monograph are based on Soul Revelation and Super-Sensory findings. No claim is made as to what the information cited might do in any given case and the Publishers assume no obligation for the opinions expressed or implied in any of the material herein.

Per Copy, \$2.00 Postpaid
Three Copies \$5.00 -- Postpaid
Canadian Orders Add .50¢ Per Copy

Printed in the U. S. A.
Published and Copyrighted © in 1967

By



Futura Press
5949 Gregory Avenue
Los Angeles, Calif. 90038

All Rights Reserved

Foreword

Dear Reader:

Our friend Anthony Brooke, the noted traveler known world-wide for his genuine interest in metaphysics, the ideals of a spiritual way of life and the New Age, wrote a letter to me recently.

"I am coming across more people (including my sister)" Anthony explained, "who are having VISIONS and DREAMS of the ENDTIMES, and that these are imminent!

"Many of these visions involve the Book of Revelation," he went on, "The other day I met a woman who dreamt about a year ago, most vividly, of watching the world going up in the most beautiful flames -- a simply glorious sight, she said! The one thing that impressed her most was that she was not in the least bit disturbed, while nevertheless realizing that she was part of the happening.

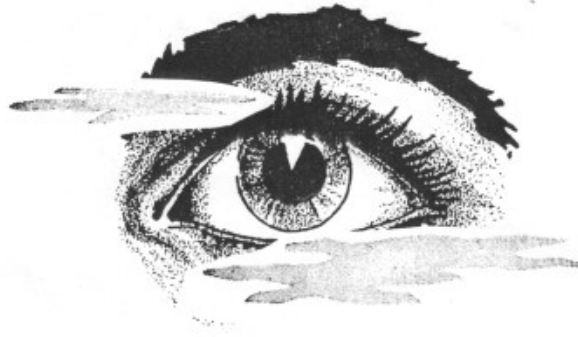
"If you, Michael, have a collection of authenticated 'modern visions' relating to these transition times, do let me have some examples. Or better still, write a book about them, with your interpretations!"

You will find many such VISIONS, PROPHECIES and DREAMS herein, compiled from numerous sources. The material is for the most part, taken from personal letters sent to us by sincere and inspired individuals from every walk of life. Since most of the contributors wish to remain anonymous, only their initials have been used. The visions are recent enough to qualify as "modern" and I assure you no "dream" or "vision" printed in this book is other than entirely genuine, and is reported as given.

These private revelations and soul-experiences continue to pour in, even as NATURAL disturbances in our world increase. It is almost as if the Universal Mind is trying with all its might to tell us that in very truth the ENDTIME of the Age is upon us. May we recognize this and prepare ourselves for the great events ahead.

-- MICHAEL

page 2



"AMAZING VISIONS OF THE ENDTIME" pulls no punches in recounting to you the powerfully VIVID DREAMS and the SHOCKING SCENES of events we all instinctively sense are NOW shaping into form on the horizons of this world. Many souls are now seeing VISIONS OF WHAT IS TO COME SOON! These are important things for you to know about.

Students of Prophecy realize -- even if the masses of mankind do not -- that "coming events cast their shadows before"; and unless such warnings are at once HEEDED, so that definite changes and constructive alterations in the pattern are made... it is as sure as night follows day that Earthman will "reap exactly what he has sowed".

"AMAZING VISIONS OF THE ENDTIME" pertains to the END of this Age which is rapidly approaching. We are in the "endtime" now. The angelic visitor admonished Daniel that : "...when many shall travel and knowledge shall be increased ... THEN the WISE SHALL UNDERSTAND." (that it is the END of an Age) Please do not expect this unusual book to "END the WORLD" for you. It won't for that isn't what "endtime" means. TIME, however, is running out for this Age in which you and I live, and VISIONS reveal that many climactic EVENTS and UPHEAVALS are directly ahead.

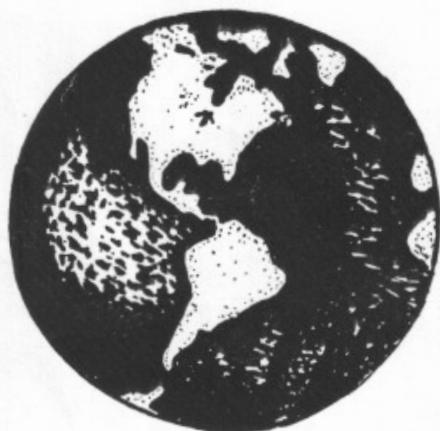
You, who read the "Visions" will KNOW. But as for others, no amount of proof is sufficient for them! They do not want to know it. And the great revealing will come to them as an OVERWHELMING SURPRISE!

-- THE PUBLISHERS

The Sun Became Brighter...

DEAR MICHAEL: It was December 24, 1938. I was alone in my mother's apartment in New York recuperating from a bad cold. Rather suddenly I was plunged into a visionary state, where the following panorama was unfolded to my eyes in great detail, and in full "technicolor" as it were. It went on for a long time and I took notes on it as fast as I could. Here is the gist of the VISION: -

It began with a view of the entire vast gross world -- showing each great island universe with its billions of stars, gradually lining up along ONE axis like a series of lens in a telescope. As they aligned along this central axis, a beam of GOD-LIGHT was focused and brought down from the original AUM POINT or most finite point of creation, and it focused finally on our Earth.



I was then shown the Earth as if from far out in space but with every detail clear. Suddenly BLACK AREAS began to erupt and spread across the planet, beginning in Germany, Italy, Russia and then Japan. . . covering the light areas. Soon the Earth was covered to a great extent with these DARK SPOTS. Significant "dates" appeared lettered on certain areas in rapid succession. Then the black receded, but there were smaller flareups in the Far East and in the Middle East.

Then came a fiery dark inferno. Even the sun "stood still" covered by DARK CLOUDS. A bright STAR or COMET seemed to hurtle closer to the Earth through the sky, creating great waves in the oceans, that engulfed the coasts of the world and causing great earthquakes on land. In the havoc and hunger that followed these days, brother turned against brother. Also, brother helped brother.

Then I found myself standing on a great plain where thousands of persons were gathered. Waves of ineffable bliss, peace and love flowed through us all and focused on a great Sun in the East, then poured out again through us in tones of exquisite LIGHT-COLOR-MUSIC-BLISS making us all feel ONE with each other. We were like a field of wheat rippling in an invisible wind of divine LOVE. The sun became brighter and appeared as a MAN with definite features -- dark eyes, flowing auburn hair -- as all about him in a circle sat his disciples each with distinct features, East and West.

I knew this was the re-appearance of the Christ or Avatar of the Age from the East. The New Age had begun, with a transformation of consciousness,

CONTINUED

The gift of the God-Man to all men and indeed to the whole Universe. This was a descent of the God-Force, at the juncture of one great overcycle of evolution, the end of one Age with the beginning of another. Such a juncture causes great SUFFERING and also GREAT BLISS. The God-Force, focused through the giant lens of Maya, centered on our Earth in the form of the God-Man, yet it affected all Creation.

At this time (1938) I had no knowledge of Meher Baba, but when I came to know of him in 1942, I recognized him instantly as the face of the God-Man in this vision; and as I met his disciples, one by one, I also recognized their faces. Each date shown so clearly on certain areas was verified in the Second World War. THE REST IS STILL AHEAD. The year 1968 definitely begins the second cycle of events. One can accept or reject Avatar Meher Baba -- the world will do both -- but surely the SIGN of God is on him and his deeds.

I learned later that Baba has said there would be a third World War: "Man would begin it, but it would be so terrible that God would have to end it."
-- P.F., Manhattan Beach, California.

COMMENT: The above vision is certainly one of the most remarkable we have come upon, in our search for amazing visions. I call your attention, dear reader, to the incredible fact which "P.F." herself has pointed out, namely that "each date shown on certain areas was VERIFIED in the Second World War." Yet, there is MORE to come. According to her amazing vision, which was highly pre-cognitive and prophetic, we are yet to witness "havoc and hunger" on a terrific scale when "a fiery dark INFERNO" "grazes" this Earth. Perhaps most serious of all, World War III, which... according to Meher Baba, man WILL begin, but which will be ended by Divine Intervention lest no flesh be saved. Yet, in these terrible times, the spiritually awakened ones will gather around the manifested Light. -- M.

"THE ISLAND SANK RAPIDLY..."

DEAR MICHAEL: I woke up early on January 1, 1948, and saw that the sun seemed to be much bigger than usual and it was rotating first this way then that, like a giant gear train of wheels within wheels, in a very subtle but definite rhythm. Then I "fell back" in consciousness to a very ancient time and "lived through" the following:

I lived on an island in the ocean with very beautiful cities and temples built upon it. I was a young initiate or priestess of a group of women renunciates. There was an opposite group of men initiates. They were great adepts, especially in reading the patterns and cycles of the stars. Their temples were pyramidal in shape. But a certain corruption had set in and their groups were infiltrated by a clique of very degenerate priests and priestesses

who broke their vows and misused their highly developed occult powers to mislead the people into bad actions.



The leader of our women's group was a saint. She had pointed out a young, beautiful boy as being the Avatar or Divine Incarnation of the Age. But this evil clique opposed him. One day they seized him and dressing him in mock priestly robes, threw him into the sea. This sacrilegious act very soon had terrible consequences. It brought on a natural catastrophe; the seas rose up and the island sank rapidly... leaving no trace.

However, our leader had been forewarned and had prepared several boats with provisions. We hurried into these (the few faithful ones)

and just barely cleared the maelstroms of the sinking island. Now began a journey of great duration and stress. Some of the boats became separated from us by storms, and went East while we continued West, facing hunger and death. But this woman's great courage kept us going until we landed on a new continent.

When I came out of this visionary state I recognized at once the woman saint as a woman I had met and known in this life and through whom I heard of Meher Baba, the Avatar of this Age. She was one of his chief women disciples and a great soul. I also got the feeling that we had landed on the east coast of America, about where South Carolina is today -- and incidentally, where the first Western Spiritual Center is dedicated to Meher Baba, at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. I also had the feeling that those who went East landed in Africa, and much of their knowledge was carried down the ages by the Egyptians... as perhaps "our" group carried it to Central America. Significantly, both groups built PYRAMID TEMPLES and knew astronomy.

The natural catastrophe following the rejection of the Avatar of the Age came at a junction of one great overcycle of evolution with another -- and is CORRELATIVE to our time. Avatar Meher Baba has predicted that men will reject him and put a violent end to his life, which will precipitate GREAT NATURAL DISASTERS ON OUR EARTH.

Shortly after, in late January of 1948, we received Baba's circular saying that his new life phase began on January 1st, 1948, and signified the

Continued

end of the (false) beginning, and the beginning of the (true) end."...something none of us knew on January 1, 1948 in the United States. -- P.S. I had never read nor studied any material on "Atlantis" at time of my vision.

-- P.F., Manhattan Beach, California

