

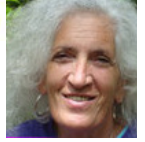
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INTERNATIONAL CIRCULAR • ISSUE 4 • SPRING 2010



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Amazing Cover Painting: *Meher Baba Beloved*, by Katie Rose

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“The seed of the tree of my Universal
Manifestation is planted in
Mashhad Iran from where it will spread
until it covers the entire earth.”

Meher Baba's Universal Manifestation

Compiled & edited by Laurent Weichberger, Flagstaff, AZ, March 2010

On March 2, 2010 Peter Booth wrote on Facebook:

“Here’s a video of Imam Reza’s Shrine. Meher Baba sat inside the crypt you see for three nights in seclusion. Afterward He said: ‘The seed of the tree of my Universal Manifestation is planted in Mashhad Iran from where it will spread until it covers the entire earth.’ Millions go on pilgrimage here every year. I feel Meher Baba placed some of His Treasure inside this crypt, so everyone who has been taking darshan here has become connected with Meher Baba.”



TOMB OF IMAM REZA IN MESHEH

(To see video of Tomb, just click on
video link below.)



www.youtube.com/watch?v=r4NyB8_7GR8



Laurent replied to Peter’s post, asking for clarification of quote from Baba. To which Peter replied (as evidenced from the email Facebook sent to Laurent), as follows:

To: “Laurent Weichmeher” <laurent om-point.com>

Sent: Tuesday, March 02, 2010 10:53 AM

Subject: Peter Booth commented on Sheriar Books’s photo...

“Aloha showed me this quote a number of times written in Meher Baba’s own handwriting and I memorized it. A shorter form of the quote is in Lord Meher (type the name of the city as Meshed to find it). Imam Reza is the eighth Imam of Shia Islam. Meher Baba said that he is a Perfect Master. His shrine, where Meher Baba sat in seclusion, is the largest place of pilgrimage in Shia Islam as shown in this video...

“There is a tradition among the Sufis of Iran that the place where Imam Reza is buried is a place that has been visited by all the Avatars of this cycle—hence Imam Reza wanted to be buried there.”

This is the quote from *Lord Meher*, referenced above by Peter. Meher Baba said, “The tree of my Divine Manifestation is to be planted at Meshed, Iran, where it will grow and spread, ultimately covering the whole world.”¹

Shortly after this, Laura Smith wrote on Facebook the additional comment regarding this story, so I felt it was confirmed that we should share this account here:

Sent: Tuesday, March 02, 2010 2:23 PM

Subject: Sheriar Books commented on their photo...

“I just had a customer from Iran who knew of the quote. I asked her how Baba managed to do 3 days seclusion there and she said they wouldn’t let him at first but then the main guy had a dream of the saint who’s buried there telling him to let Baba in and he did. She said thousands of people go there everyday.”

The above account from Peter, and Laura, is also verified in Lord Meher² as follows:

Meher Baba visited Meshed, Persia in 1931: “From Duzdab, they drove by car and arrived in Meshed at noon on June 6th. There was a very large mosque in Meshed where thousands of Muslims would come to pray, and it proved to be the center of Baba’s work during the trip. The mosque is an important place of pilgrimage for the Shiite Muslims, as it houses the body of the eighth Imam, who was killed in Meshed and is the only Imam buried in

Continued on p.4

MANIFESTATION OF THE AVATAR

by Randall Overdorff, Georgia 2009



Meher Baba

The Ancient One is outside of time, beyond time and history. Baba emphasized that the present moment stretches beyond the limits of past and future, it is infinite, it is all that exists.

Jesus said: "The kingdom is at hand." Yet the earthly kingdom, bound in time, in human history, has not come to pass in 2,000 years.

The manifestation of the Avatar is not a function of linear time. It is not an event, to be anticipated at some point in the future. It is a state of being, a timeless state of being, that is, a manifestation, now, and now, and now, of an intimate, immediate participation in the eternal Being of the Avatar. When I take Baba's name, Meher Baba, Meher Baba; when, for a moment, I am aware of a breath of Oneness, when I have the taste of the synchronization of my being and His Being, I AM the manifestation of the Avatar. We can participate in such a Manifestation, even as we maintain our separative existence in a world besotted with Maya. It is Grace, the Gift of the Friend.



Persia. For three nights, Baba went to the mosque at midnight, remaining in seclusion inside for two hours while Chanji and the mandali kept watch outside. Because of the religious orthodoxy prevailing in Meshed, this arrangement was made with the utmost difficulty. It was only by the intervention of a Muslim priest, who was head of the mosque, that made it possible for Baba to stay in the shrine at night; otherwise it was strictly prohibited. The priest

had had a dream that a great holy man had entered Persia and felt that Meher Baba was the one he had dreamed of."

Notes:

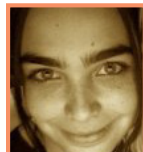
1. *Lord Meher* p. 2899, also here: <http://www.lordmeher.org/index.jsp?pageBase=page.jsp&nextPage=2899>
2. *Lord Meher* p. 1370, also here: <http://www.lordmeher.org/index.jsp?pageBase=page.jsp&nextPage=1370>



HOLOCAUST MONOLOGUE

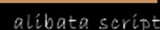
by Aspen Weichberger, Paper for English 8, February 23, 2009

It's the knowing. Knowing that they will die a death of humiliation. A death not caused by old age but a death filled with fear and agony. I stand there and watch, helplessly, as my two beloved children choke and cough. Trying to catch their breath, but with every inhalation inviting more poison into their lungs. I can't do anything. And that is how I have felt for my whole life. Helpless. I could not help when two of my children died in infancy. I could not help my husband when he died. And now I can't help my two youngest daughters. I can't help any of the other uncountable people dying around me, and I die with them. I could not fulfill the promise to keep my children safe no matter what would happen. A broken promise, it is funny how in the end that is what haunts me. I feel as if I have betrayed my children, even though in my heart I realize that I couldn't have saved them. And the realization that even though I wanted to, I could not prevent their deaths. It started with the ghetto. There was so little food to go around and everybody became an enemy. I think I see now the horrible genius of the Nazi plan. If you kill a person's spirit, their body is only too soon to follow. They killed our hope and cut any friendship with an iron blade. And the worst part is that they made it our fault for driving away all the friends that we had known before. We drove them away by sheer selfishness, by keeping every little piece of food for ourselves. I admire my children even more for not succumbing to that selfishness, and I don't think that they ever gave up hope. I only wish that I could have been as strong as them. I remember that one day they found a little heel of bread, and instead of eating it all themselves they split it with another child. They were always so kind. They never hurt anyone. Why did this have to happen to them? Why does this have to be their end? This horrifying death of a toxic poison. All I can do in the end is give them a final embrace before we slip into oblivion.



Author Aspen Weichberger, 15 years old, lives in Flagstaff, Arizona with her parents, Laurent & Lilly, and brother, Cyprus.

Illustration: *Transport*, Judy Chicago, 1988, National Museum of Women in the Arts.



LAHAT NG MABUTI AY GALING SA BATHALA.

EVERYTHING GOOD COMES FROM GOD.

design by Theresa Montoya (2008)

by Theresa Montoya, February 25, 2009

be immersed and listening to Silence at least once a day; and I think graphic design is cool. Imagine these separate facets like spokes on a bike wheel, extending out from some large, heart-sourced center. Oh, and one of the spokes, too, is that I like to mass-communicate my friends on whatever new idea I've come up with. (Didn't I already say Facebook and I were once one?)

So how does something come to be? How does anything come to be? If you and I were doing Reiki—which is yet another spoke in the wheel—I would have you put your hand over my solar plexus and with your eyes closed you would travel into the formless layers of Beingness that is both me and you and all that is around us. Out of such states does understanding, which is really Consciousness, can be felt but might not necessarily be articulated. But this is a piece of paper you are reading, and language is linear, so I will try my best to put some kind of linear form atop the deep, swirling, eternally life-expanding formlessness underneath. How did that postcard come to be?

Enter history, the best representation of linearity itself. Here we've got time and thought travelling forwards and back; history can be useful here. In college I had a bit of an ache to belong somewhere, to have a kind of niche. At home I was too American, too radical, to my Filipino parents and relatives. Meanwhile in my campus located in upstate New York I was not American enough: I liked white rice way too much, I spoke Tagalog whenever I was absent-minded, and what's this with the going to church on Sundays and holy days of obligation? So I sought Asian-American student groups, and there found myself too feminist. I sought feminist groups, and there found myself too unwilling to be angry. I sought spiritual groups, both the Bible-thumping kind and the New Age kind, and in both found a form of worship that was not the same, not as home, as when I was praying silently in mass while the priest wasn't speaking or when I was walking around by myself in the woods. It was easy to feel "home" when I was in solitude. What I was looking for was a home populated by the presence of others.

Somewhere along in the drifting from group to group I ended up attending an Asian student union meeting in which a Filipino feminist was the guest speaker. She was from an organization called Gabriela, named after Gabriela Silang, a heroine in Philippine history who defied all odds by joining the men in combat against the Spanish conquistadors who colonized the country for 500 years. Except to the Gabriela organization, such a heroine was not unusual. On the contrary, Gabriela was an embodiment, a lost archetype among

Filipina women of strength, dignity, and fierce beauty which the Spanish-oppressed history had made sure to erase from the Filipino social consciousness.

This archetype pops up now as "feminist," "activist," "must be lesbian"—and in fact many of today's Gabriela members are indeed these. But when I was first heard of the group in college, I did feel that draw of being closer, ever slightly closer, to a kind of home. Not there yet, but at least a few steps in that direction. For it is through that group that I learned some eye-opening facts. It is through them that

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MYSELF IN THE WOODS.**

I fully grasped something I only heard about in snatches in Filipino movies and conversation while growing up: There was once a time, there was once a place a long, long time ago in my country, when women were scholar-priestesses who prayed to a Divinity that has been erased from history.

Women-scholars who prayed to that, and who even wrote in an alphabet called alibata which is forgotten now, and which today's Filipinos hardly know about. I was, in effect, learning of the home I had been seeking. They were the babaylans, a group of people, mostly women, who wrote, healed, governed and worshipped in a holistic manner indigenous to my native country. And part of learning about it is the realization, and eventual acceptance, that this home I sought—at least that version of it to the person who was me in college—vanished over 500 years ago.

Or did it? For out of those experiences of attending a few Gabriella meetings, the very definition of what Divinity is began

shifting for me. A lot of other things were happening: college itself and all its flood of new information; my sister going to seminary school and sharing with me this incredible historical theory that thousands of years ago several cultures laterally across the world saw Divinity as female rather than male... out of these and more, I began to take spirituality out of the church and into daily, ordinary life. I began to see God everywhere, and not just everywhere: I began to see God across time.



If you asked a Filipino today what the Tagalog word for "God" is, chances are the answer you'll get is "Diyos." That's the Filipino variance for the Spanish word Dios, brought on by the centuries of Spanish colonization. But ask the same Filipino what the Igorots and other mountain folk shown in Filipino movies call God, and the person will grin and go, "Bathala!" (A plausible equivalent is asking someone what the festival around the time of winter solstice is called, and the answer you'll get is "Christmas," but then if you ask what the pagan Celts called it, the person might say, "Yuletide.")

I honestly don't know where I first heard the etymology for Bathala. I thought it was in a Filipino history book I had, but I looked it up there, and it wasn't. Could it be from one of the Gabriela speakers? All I remember, all I will always remember, is the potency of the information itself: The pre-Hispanic word for God, which is Bathala, is an amalgamation of the word "babae" (woman), "lalaki" (man) and a now-lost ancient Philippine word for light. Thusly, our word for Divine Source before we were colonized meant "woman and man fused by light."

There are a few documents online that support this theory. The prevailing variance I read on the web is that according to Philippine creation myth, man and woman was formed together within a bamboo. The bamboo broke open, man took one look at woman, was mesmerized by her beauty, and said, "Ba!" Woman took a look at man, was mesmerized by his beauty, and said, "La!" They looked around the world opened before them under the clear light, and in unison proclaimed, "Ha!"¹

BATHALA

Ba = babae (woman)

HA = fusion, exclamation, dynamic energy

La = lalaki (man)

One web source also pointed out that Bathala, syllabically reversed, is “lahatba.”² I just discovered this during the course of researching for this article, and I must admit that when I read this I was completely bowled over, given the e-postcard I created last year. For “lahatba” can be seen as “lahat ba,” and the English translation for “lahat” is “everything.”

“Lahat ba,” translated, literally means “Everything is?” Note here the interrogative structure of the sentence. A more standard translation for “Lahat ba” is the question, “Is everything included?” And note here, that the answer, whatever the answer is to such a question, cannot be responded in that same phrasing by merely taking out the question mark. (The answer is either, “Lahat” (everything) or “hindi lahat” (not everything).)

Can one then say that Divine Source lives within the question mark? That it lives in the how and when and why and where? I’d like to think that this is very much the case. For as Jesus has taught us, it is in the seeking that one finds, and it is in the asking, always, that one truly receives. And, wonder of wonders, God not only lives within the question mark. God also lives within reversals (Bathala < -- > Lahatba).



Here we cut to 2008. I’m now 13 years out of college, and still into writing and reading and being quiet. (But now I’m also a Facebook addict, too.) I had one of my Very Precious Days, that’s what I call days when I’m not scheduled to work at my freelance job doing graphic production work, and I could spend it being happily quiet and in love with Life.

Or so I had planned. That day in peak summer, however, my Very Precious Day was not starting out very precious at all. I was crabby, and upset about so many things—including, ha ha, my online and computer addiction—and I was writing. It started off as whining and self-pity, and then I started asking questions...

Which I then received answers to, right then and there, through that writing entry. Okay, I must clarify here: I never write in dialogue. But in this entry, I began writing in dialogue, conducted between me and The Dude Upstairs. The most accurate label I can apply here is channeling. I use that word with some flinching, for I am after all still a sarcastic New Yorker, but that word really applies.

If you’ve ever read *Conversations with God* by Neale Donald Walsch (which I did six months prior to this incident), you’ll know exactly what I’m referring to.

THE PRE-HISPANIC WORD FOR GOD, WHICH IS BATHALA, IS AN AMALGAMATION OF THE WORD “BABAE” (WOMAN), “LALAKI” (MAN) AND A NOW-LOST ANCIENT PHILIPPINE WORD FOR LIGHT. THUSLY, OUR WORD FOR DIVINE SOURCE BEFORE WE WERE COLONIZED MEANT “WOMAN AND MAN FUSED BY LIGHT.”

Except I never thought of myself as a Neil Donald Walsch, yet there I was, asking questions about my life and what should I do next and what’s wrong with me... and I kept getting answers to every single one of them. The answers were in my voice and in my tone (kind of laughing at me, but endearingly, and also hugging me at the same time), and the “conscious” me just kept writing. Or rather, I was taking down dictation. It was SO wild, and ran several pages long. It was my first experience with Spirit-writing, and, most thankfully, turned out to have not been my last.

I don’t think it’s time yet to share what transpired. In fact, I myself have not read that entry in its entirety yet. Nevertheless for this article I did some digging and can share its last portion with you, for here was where the text for the postcard came from. These were the final sentences of the entry: [I was going on and on thanking God profusely, and I said I love

you], upon which he answers:

I love you too, sweetheart. Are you freaked?

Yes. Yes, I am freaked by this entry.

I understand. It’s okay. You’ll get used to it. Keep writing. You are safe. Everything good comes from God.



The next day was the start of the summer solstice. I was up late, enjoying not going to sleep, and logged onto Facebook while my husband played video games. As midnight approached I knew I needed to get offline, but didn’t want to yet. What can I do next? I joined an alibata group in Facebook. Hee hee, said I to self. OK, what next? Just like that the sentence from yesterday’s writing session came back to me. And I was still thinking of alibata, which I had just learned through that Facebook group that it also went by the name baybayin (named after the babaylans—see sidebar). I went online and got the alibata/baybayin translation for the sentence by plugging it in its Tagalog translation (an inspired programmer came up with an alibata web app³). Then I tinkered with the screen shot and made a postcard out of it using my handy-dandy InDesign software, posted it on Facebook, and e-mailed it to Laurent and other friends. All within one not-very-well-thought-out hour.

So technically that was how I came up with that postcard. One little paragraph consisting of less than 15 sentences. But any story, any ray of life has far more than what the mind can behold, even with all this backstory I’ve already provided. While writing this I can’t help but ask, “Is that it? Has everything been included?” Or, in Tagalog, it would go, “Lahat ba?”

And for now “lahat” has been included. Everything, in all its forms, already shines, waiting to be illuminated and reflected by our conscious Light.

Notes:

1. http://normanbolditalic.blogspot.com/2005_12_01_archive.html
2. <http://honeyblue.blog.friendster.com/2005/09/c-bathala-s-kanyang-paglikha>
3. <http://www.eaglescorner.com/baybayin/baybayin.html>





What are we REALLY thirsting for?

by Andrea Ferguson, Flagstaff, Arizona, 2009

“... it can be said that the basis of addiction lies in the anguish of separateness and the search for love & connection.” –LW



Andrea Ferguson



Laurent Weichberger

A *Mirage Will Never Quench Your Thirst*, by Laurent Weichberger, compiles Meher Baba’s wisdom with personal experience from Baba lovers in regards to drug use. Meher Baba was particularly concerned with the drug use during the “hippie generation” as a short-cut to spiritual enlightenment. Laurent Weichberger has taken these words of wisdom and applied them to a modern audience.

I have personally done some drug experimenting and consider myself a responsible and spiritual person. Drug use and addiction is still a prevalent issue in our society and I am at a pivotal point in my life where I am re-evaluating my relationship with drugs. I certainly think while drugs, like marijuana, are not extremely harmful or destructive, they are still toxins that have addictive qualities. I am also not discounting the possibility that drugs have an important anthropological role in a culture. I am merely gaining distance and perspective from my relationship with drugs, mainly marijuana. *A Mirage Will Never Quench Your Thirst* helped me to see the spiritual connection of drug addiction. As I read, it was not the drug use that became the most interesting part of the book, but what motivates drug use and addiction in the first place.

A Mirage Will Never Quench Your Thirst asks us: what it is we are really thirsting for? What are we really seeking when we seek drugs? According to Craig Nakken, who wrote *The Addictive Personality*, we are thirsting for love and acceptance. Weichberger writes: “Thus it can be said that the basis of addiction lies in the anguish of separateness and the search for love and connection.” Drugs are a means of filling a void and a means of making up for that which is lacking. This realization made me look for the psychological and spiritual motivators behind addiction and drug use.

I truly believe there is a spiritual sickness, behind addiction, whose only cure is one of a spiritual nature. If a need for drugs is a need for love, then one must seek love instead of drugs. To some seeking drugs may be easier than seeking love, not to mention there is less chance of rejection when it comes to drugs. I think the love that should be sought is not only of an intimate physical nature, but the kind of love that comforts you as a child of the universe. But how can a person always feel loved, especially if they are alone? This is why there has to be a belief of some sort that is out side of the realm of tangible objects

or people. There has to be a belief in something more, and not just a belief but a knowing that there is more, a knowing that you are loved. Without anything or anyone, you know you are loved. To know this, you must love yourself enough to know you are deserving of this boundless eternal love. This love is not encapsulated in any one religious structure, but motivates them all. Skeptics will ask: 'how do we know there is anything more, how do we know there is God?' Meher Baba says,

"The world will come to know what God is—God is because you are. You are because God is."

An extremely simple concept that is almost impossible to comprehend.

"Truth is one, but the approach to it is essentially individual" –MB

This is our spiritual sickness of the present day: *We do not know we are loved!* This spiritual sickness leads to addictions of many kinds and spans beyond a particular person or culture or place. The world has a spiritual flu. The medicine we reach for and that we are "fed" is an illusion. That is, we try to fill the lack of love with drugs, objects, people, and places.. These are temporary solutions to profound spiritual challenges.

I understand now the severe importance Meher Baba placed on steering the western world away from their drug infatuation as a short cut to enlightenment. While these experiences may temporarily alter states of consciousness, it is only temporary. A drug experience may make you aware that you are connected to all other living things, temporarily. The real task here is to always feel a connection to all living things. To wake in the morning and be drunk off of the cool morning air that promises a new day.

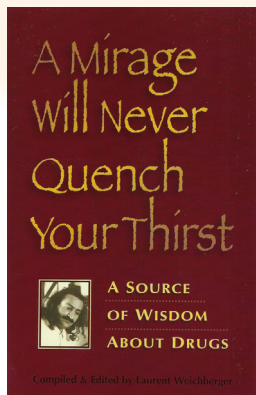
"While wine leads to self-oblivion, Divine Love leads to self knowledge" –MB

This highly intoxicating drug called life, is the greatest hallucination we will ever know! Meher Baba speaks of the illusion of life verses the drug induced illusions:

"Even the experiences of the planes of consciousness are only another kind of an illusion! Experiences of the planes are 'Real Illusions', whereas those derived from the use of drugs are a 'dream into a dream'."

Therefore, even though life is an illusion or a dream we need not seek mind altering drugs because they only give us a dream inside of dream, making it more difficult to find our way thru the original dream in the first place! Think of it as if you are standing in between two mirrors reflecting off of each other, with infinite reflections of yourself, making it harder to just see you! Instead Meher Baba asks us to stand and look clearly and lovingly into the one reflective mirror of life. Our perfect master tells us not to despair and if you are in need think of him and he is with you! He loves you! Here are some of the most encouraging words I have ever heard:

"Love is essentially self-communicative; those who do not have it catch it from those who have it. Those who receive love from others cannot be its recipients without giving a response which, in itself, is the nature of love. True love is unconquerable and irresistible. It goes on gathering power and spreading itself until eventually it transforms everyone it touches. Humanity will attain to a new mode of being and life through the free and unhampered interplay of pure love from heart to heart." –MB



A MIRAGE WILL NEVER
QUENCH YOUR THIRST
by Laurent Weichberger.

Available for \$4.95 at
amazon.com

Click on link (below)
for ordering:

www.amazon.com





Myrtle

Visiting



Spiritual

Beach



Center

by Alison Hutter Govi, Flagstaff, AZ, May 2010

The past few years have been difficult. Very difficult. And all the while, my dear friend Laurent kept prompting me to go to Myrtle Beach for respite. He saw that I was falling apart. He knew that Beloved Baba could help me, that I would be laden with Holy Love. And he knew about the magical effects this small, tucked-away haven has on one's soul. So finally, I took his advice and made the visit this April.

22 years of marriage had been a remarkable experience filled with excitement, endearing companionship, and security. One might ask, Security? Financial security? Well, I have asked myself this question. And no, it certainly was not financial security. But when the 22 years of being with this one person came to a close, I became faced with the surfacing of many insecurities including archetypal fears and wounds. I do have to marvel at how powerful the presence of another in my life has been that these "dark" impressions had become so securely buried and seemingly nonexistent.

Recently, Laurent and I were returning from a jaunt for coffee from Flagstaff's quaint downtown. He noted the well-known Baba bumper sticker, Mastery in Servitude, applied to the tailgate of my truck. Laurent made a comment that Baba was an example of what this message was indicating. Yes. Baba is the Master serving. Serving me. Serving you. Serving each of

us and all of humankind while we dilly-dally in our state of separation from His Oneness.

It is the recognition of this Mastery that soothes me and gives me courage as I move through the "darkness" while these impressions emerge. I feel the pressing urge to allow them to express in the manifest plane. In some elusive way, it almost feels as if by allowing the expression of these impressions to occur, this "reality" would be put outside of myself. But I know better and reluctantly acknowledge that the fear of these impressions reflects the parts of myself which I have not wanted to know and certainly did not wish to be a part of who I identify as being "me." I allow myself to observe and acknowledge them. All the while, I hold tightly to Baba's damaan.

I see now that my marriage had to end: I have too much work to accomplish and revealing these dreaded feelings was the first big step. Of course Baba knows this. I trust His Mastery and I feel His infinite compassion for me. He would not lead me down any path that doesn't move me closer to Him, and of this I am certain.

Visit to the Myrtle Beach Spiritual Center. Something happened at the Center. And my center. I have yet to experience an environment where the vibrational frequency of Love is so tangible and soothing. It is a perfectly safe environment to expose

one's center—the heart—to Baba and allow Him to do his precious work. Wow!

I met so many wonderful "Baba Lovers," several whose names I have heard over the years, others who were completely new. All were kind, honest, and with a unique, personal connection with Baba. It was exhilarating and inspirational to be in a new space that was so lively with spiritual conversation, and with new people who, like myself, were so devoted to Baba.

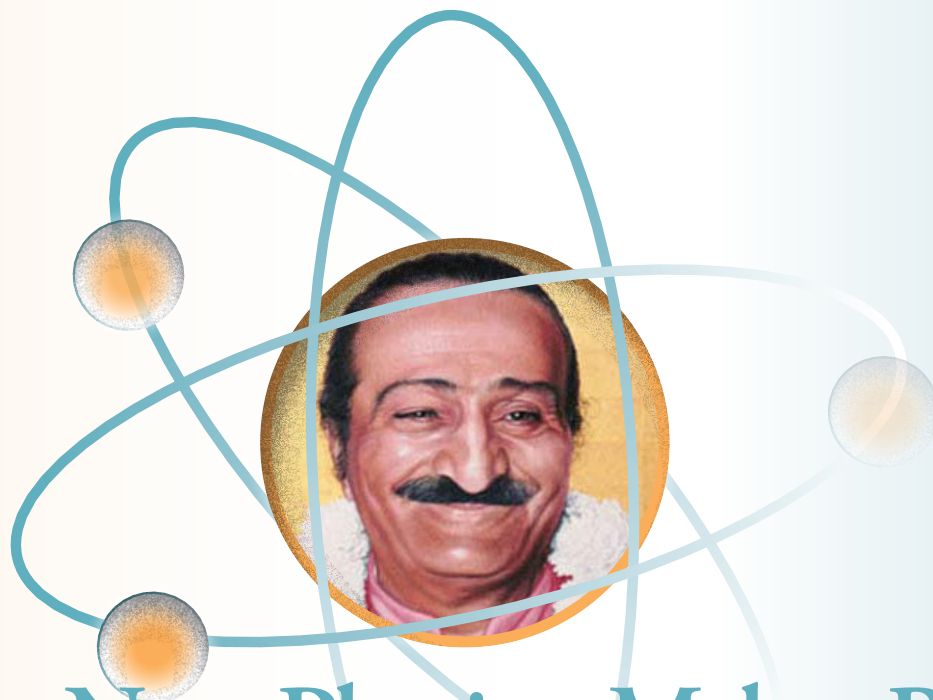
I began deeply inhaling this healing environment. After five days, I had developed the sense of a *new beginning*. Most importantly, a deeper level of commitment to Baba was formed. For the first time since this blessed mess in my life began a few years ago, I not only felt as though I would get through it but was feeling spiritually strengthened for the undertaking.

I came to terms with alot at the Center: I need to own up to my impressions; I can trust to turn them over to Baba; my humanity is what connects me with all of humanity; this relationship with Baba will continue—not end; and Baba will lovingly reveal what keeps me separate from His Love and not allow it to remain buried deep inside of me.

Something *did* happen at the Center...

Meher Baba.





The New Physics, Meher Baba, Don Stevens, & The New Humanity

By Laurent Weichberger, Flagstaff, AZ, July 12, 2009

I am sitting in my backyard, in a grassy area at a glass table. Beyond the grassy area there is a ring of large stones, and native Arizona soil with scattered sprigs of grass, various tufts coming up from the hard dry brown earth, now sprinkled with pine needles. Because we have a sprinkler system, the oval remains green, while the water doesn't reach beyond the stone ring. Our son, Cyprus, loves to play in this grassy area, especially in the sandbox at the edge of the grass. In the middle of the oval is a smaller stone ring filled in with topsoil. Each summer we plant flowers and herbs here (time permitting), and I enjoy seeing Marigolds flourish before the winter snows return. This backyard landscaping was accomplished by the woman who owned this house before we started renting it. She has since passed away. We never met her, yet we benefit from the peace and the view from the yard into the pine forest beyond the yard.

In 2002, I had the good fortune to meet Don Stevens, a close disciple (Mandali) of Avatar Meher Baba. We worked together

on a book titled: *Meher Baba's Word & His Three Bridges*. Don and I share a deep interest in the sciences including chemistry, physics, and mathematics, although his math skills are definitely superior to my own. In 2007, I made a friend at work, Stephen, who begifted me with a copy of *The Dancing Wu Li Masters: An Overview of the New Physics*, by Gary Zukav.

In both books we find extraordinarily profound subjects which require contemplation and analysis to fully comprehend the meaning of each chapter. After years of living between these two streams of conscious sharing (as presented in these two books), I am inspired to intermingle these living waters. This essay will explore what I find existing between the spirituality of Meher Baba, as expressed by Don Stevens to us in person, and the revelations of physics as distilled so beautifully by Zukav.

I believe that the concepts discussed here are applicable to any spiritual tradition, as the scientific principles are universally true, regardless of the path the spiritual aspirant has chosen. Throughout

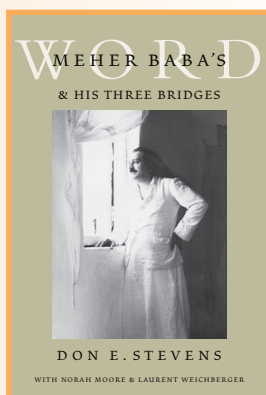
this writing, I will speak mainly from my own experience of Meher Baba's words and teaching, since I have chosen his path. The three main points of interest for me right now are the following cases:

1. Niels Bohr won a Nobel Prize for his work (in 1913) explaining the correlation between elemental spectrography and "electron shells." Electron shells was his way of explaining the position of any given electron orbiting the nucleus of an atom. The gist of his thesis was that electrons "absorb" energy (as light or heat) and then use that energy to "jump" to an "outer-shell" (meaning further from the nucleus than their current position). This absorption of energy by an atom happens automatically, and the electron only absorbs a certain amount of the available extra energy, not all of it. Because this "excited" state (after having absorbed this extra energy) is unsustainable, the electron(s) then discharge the absorbed energy as a release of light, and thereby return to the "ground state"



Don Stevens

We see this same pattern return to us in Meher Baba's explanation to Stevens, in which he clearly states that a spiritual aspirant will automatically absorb a portion of the "atom bomb" of spiritual energy which Baba himself attached to his own special words.



Book, *Meher Baba's Word & His Three Bridges*, by Don E. Stevens.

of least excited energy. Because of this phenomenon of electrons moving back and forth into different shells around the nucleus, postulated Bohr, we may see the results in "spectrographic data" which is visible (with the right machine). This data is consistent for each element in the periodic table.¹

2. Meher Baba explained to Don Stevens, in person (during the 1960s in India) that, *"When Baba gives out his words in the manner that I have described to you, Baba attaches... to each word something which is similar to an atom bomb of spiritual energy. And Baba wants you to understand that if a devotee works with his words, even though he may not understand two words intellectually, still enough of that atom bomb of spiritual energy will be absorbed by him automatically, to be of enormous importance in his own spiritual ongoing."*² Here Meher Baba is referring to words such as those contained in his major works, *God Speaks*, and *Discourses*.

Part One will elucidate my feelings about the relationship between Bohr's electron shells and Meher Baba's atom bombs of spiritual energy.

3. Another fascinating point in physics has to do with the nature of light as studied in the "double-slit" experiment³ conducted by Thomas Young in 1803. That seminal work proved that light behaves as if it is a wave (under certain circumstances). However, if the experiment is conducted differently, using Einstein's later notion of light as a particle, or "photon," the experiment takes on new meaning. In the second version of the experiment, new meaning is revealed, as the photon of light behaves as if it "knows" more than we would normally ascribe to a sub-atomic particle of light.

Part Two explores the possibilities regarding the nature of light—what light might "know" & how this relates to the "Reality" and "illusion" explained by Meher Baba.

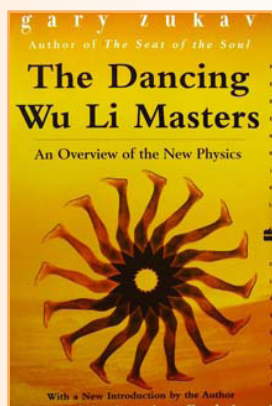
Part I: Bohr, Stevens, Baba & Atom Bombs of Spiritual Energy

Gary Zukav eloquently explains the absorption of energy by an atom, "If we

excite an atom of hydrogen we cause its electron to jump to one of the outer shells. How far it jumps depends upon how much energy we give it. If we really heat the atom up (thermal energy), we cause its electron to make a very large jump all the way to one of the outer shells. Smaller amounts of energy make the electron jump less far. However, as soon as it can (when we stop heating it), the electron returns to a shell closer in. Eventually it returns all the way back to shell number one. Whenever the electron jumps from an outer shell to an inner shell, it emits energy in the form of light. The energy that the electron emits is exactly the amount of energy that it absorbed when it jumped outward in the first place."⁴

The reason the electron emits light and gives up its energy is that it cannot sustain its excited state. What is important to me about this experiment is that it reveals a pattern of absorption of energy, automatically and repeatedly, at an atomic level. In this case, the atom is showered with extra energy in the form of heat or light. We see this same pattern return to us in Meher Baba's explanation to Stevens, in which he clearly states that a spiritual aspirant will automatically absorb a portion of the "atom bomb" of spiritual energy which Baba himself attached to his own special words. In both Bohr's electron experiment, as well as Baba's devotee who works with his words, the object which "absorbs" energy only absorbs a portion of the total energy available. A difference which I would like to explore here is that the atom cannot sustain this extra absorbed energy, and so releases it as light, thereby providing the spectroscopic experience for a scientist (with the right equipment).

Whereas Baba's intention for the absorption of spiritual energy is that it be helpful to the aspirant in their spiritual ongoing, it is clear to me that the nature of the energy provided by Baba, and its ability to be retained and sustained by the aspirant are important. When Baba speaks about "spiritual ongoing," he means (at least in part) that the aspirant is making progress (a process known as involution) towards the ultimate goal of Self-realization. I believe that while Baba doesn't go into details with Stevens regarding the underlying mechanics of this energy absorption, and its subsequent use by the aspirant, that at



Book, *The Dancing Wu Li Masters: An Overview of the New Physics*, by Gary Zukav.

How the energy absorbed from Baba's spiritual atom bombs is stored by an individual and later used is a fascination of mine, which I believe demands even further contemplation.

least some of the absorbed energy is somehow related to an—increased awareness—of the aspirant involved. In other words, the awareness of the spiritual aspirant has somehow shifted to a greater degree.⁵

How the energy absorbed from Baba's spiritual atom bombs is stored by an individual and later used is a fascination of mine, which I believe demands even further contemplation. A spiritual companion, Alison, asked me regarding this, "Is there any way to consciously use the energy that you are experiencing in an elevated state?" We know from Baba's published material in *God Speaks*, and elsewhere, that one of the main barriers to the clear awareness of Self as essentially infinite consciousness is the presence (in the mind) of accumulated impressions⁶ (sanskaras). Perhaps the absorbed spiritual energy is in some way used to help balance (or eradicate) the powerful stored energy within the existing body of impressions in the mind of the aspirant? I don't know, but I find Baba's usage of this pattern to be worthy of meditation and further contemplation which is beyond the scope of this short article.

Part II: The Possibility Landscape

Moving on to the double-slit experiment and the revelations exposed therein, we see that an enigma arises when a single photon of light (if light can truly be reduced—quantized—into a particle), seems to behave as if it is still part of a group (beam) of light because although apparently limited as a single particle, it moves and goes places as if wave-interference were present. Let's review the findings of the double-slit experiment, and see what the possibilities are. The first experiment showed the behavior of light waves (a continuous stream of photons) going through first one single slit on a screen, and then two parallel slits. When only one slit was open, the light allowed to pass through the slit, and further onto a wall behind the screen, resulted in a sort of symmetrical blob of light on the wall, with the edges becoming fuzzier as the light got away from the center of the pattern.

When both slits were open, however, the light simultaneously passing through both slits caused a phenomenon known as wave-interference, whereby the pattern on the wall changed to one of a series of

bands of light and dark. The cause of the bands is that two areas of the screen are slit, thereby allowing light to pass through, however after passing through the slits, the waves of light literally interfere with each other, causing the some of the waves to be amplified (bright) and others to be nullified (dark).

Where this discussion becomes poignant, and even spiritual, is a last experiment, done with advanced equipment capable of releasing a single photon of light towards the parallel slits. In this case, a light sensor is set up behind the screen, to detect which one of the slits the photon passes through. The location of where the photon lands on the wall is also captured. The experiment is repeated first with only one slit open, & then with both slits open.

When only one slit is open, the photon does indeed pass through the slit, and lands on the wall where the scientists expected, in the area described in the original experiment as a roundish blob on the wall, the same result as allowing a continuous stream of light through one slit. However, contrary to what was expected, when both slits are open, and the single photon is released in the direction of the slits (the photon passes through only one slit), it only goes onto the wall where it would be allowed to land as if wave-interference from other light was present. In other words, it only lands on the bright band, as if wave-interference was operating, but there is only a single photon (particle of light).

This is the repeated result, and quite enigmatic, to say the least. A quanta of light, a photon, seems to behave in the same way as a herd-of-light (my daughter Aspen and I like to joke about herds of light, and I call her a "Light-herder"). That means that if one slit is open, it behaves as if it can land anywhere in the blob area on the wall. But if both slits are open, it only goes into one of the light bands on the wall, not into the dark banded area created by wave-interference. But why?

Scientists cannot explain this strange behavior of the photon. Certainly many have offered their opinions, including but not limited to:

- A. The photon "knows" about (or is somehow conscious of) whether one or two slits are open, and behaves differently

In this “possibility landscape” and moving through it are innumerable particles, atoms, molecules, organisms and creatures (including myself and other humans). Some are visible particles and beings and some, such as sub-atomic particles, are not visible (to normal humans).



Niels Bohr

- (as shown by where it lands on the wall) depending on this fact.
- B. The photon interferes with itself.
 - C. Although the sensors say otherwise, more than one photon (or some other particles) moves through the slits and causes interference not detected.⁷

None of the above explanations satisfy me. Instead, let us imagine an invisible field (as in grassy field, or landscape), spread out before the screen, the two slits, and another landscape behind the screen leading to the wall. I imagine this landscape as invisible to the normal human eye, but rich with possibilities (which possibilities give the landscape definite contours, similar to hills and valleys, or even rivers, and mountains). In this “possibility landscape” and moving through it are innumerable particles, atoms, molecules, organisms and creatures (including myself and other humans). Some are visible particles and beings and some, such as sub-atomic particles, are not visible (to normal humans).

Light is exceptional in that it moves in invisible ways until it reaches a visible destination (such as twinkling starlight reaching your eye). What pathway does light travel? The light from Alpha Centauri (the nearest star to our Sun) journeys over trillions of miles to the eye of an astronomer at Lowell Observatory. Einstein correctly predicted that light is subject to the forces of gravity, and subject to other forces as well. For example, light (or its path) is bent by gravity due to the presence of heavenly objects. While we may think light travels in a straight line, from point-A to point-B, there is most likely a bit of swerve involved, especially over large distances.

So then, let us imagine the possibility landscape around the screen with two slits in it. From the point of view of the Universe, and laws of physics, perhaps the existence of a “photon” as a quanta of light, is purely a scientific creation. That is, perhaps releasing a single photon of light, isolated from other photons, is extraordinary. Perhaps in our invisible possibility landscape the field through which light travels on its way to the screen (with the slits in it), becomes a canyon (or valley of light) in front of each slit. Perhaps on the other side of the two slits, there is a sort of river delta, made up of crisscross-

ing steams, due to the extremely common possibility (and high probability) that a lot of light will be coming through both slits, not just a single photon released by a scientist through one slit. In other words, maybe the possibility landscape is created by, and co-existing with, the presence of light (and other forces) constantly moving through the Universe.

When rain comes, it moves through a dry river bed because the landscape is already present, but the landscape was also partially formed by the previous movement of water. In other words, perhaps the landscape the photon encounters is the invisible pattern through which waves of light acquire their wave-interference pattern. Perhaps the wave-interference pattern exists before the light-waves come into the landscape, and light simply moves through the pattern of this existing landscape. If so, with the highly improbable, but still possible, release of single photon of light into this possibility landscape, the photon simply conforms to the existing possibilities, including the fact of the wave-interference pattern.

In discussing this with my daughter, Aspen, I asked her: “Perhaps a shepherd is herding sheep through a valley between two high mountains. Is it possible that one of the sheep will decide to leave the herd, and the shepherd, and climb the mountain on the right to a 15,000 foot plus summit?” We both agreed it is possible, but extremely improbable. Maybe light, moving through the possibility landscape, naturally follows the contours (path) most easily accessible, in order to reach its intended destination (in this case the wall behind the screen). But then how does any of this relate to spirituality?

What I am suggesting is that every act (whether by a scientist, or anyone else) molds and shapes the possibility landscape. Some acts change the landscape slightly, while others alter it dramatically. Planting a tree changes the landscape. Planting an apple orchard changes it more dramatically. After the orchard is planted and the trees bear fruit, there is a possible apple business with employees and customers. When the scientist opens the second slit on the screen, the possibility landscape is changed (invisibly). How do we know? Light behaves differently when moving through this altered landscape. So,



Avatar Meher Baba

I add water to the bird bath
in the center of the stone
ring in our backyard. I sit down
in a chair on the deck, and breathe
deeply, enjoying the sun and
air. A bird comes to the tree
nearest the bird bath, and flies
down to have a drink.

each act, word, and even thought or feeling, has the ability to change the Universal Possibility Landscape. Spiritual Masters, and Saints, have hinted at this fact for millennia. Thousands of years before Lord Jesus lived, Prophet Zarathustra asked his devoted followers to, “**Think truly, speak truly, act truly.**” There are numerous examples of how we change the possibility landscape through actions (words and thoughts are more subtle).

Meher Baba explains about the existence, at all times, of spiritually Perfect Masters (Sadgurus of Hinduism, or Qutubs of Sufism). It is my understanding that such a Master not only sees this possibility landscape clearly, but also guides humanity in such a way as to navigate this landscape in a way that is “best for all concerned.” Furthermore, being in possession of “Infinite Knowledge, and Infinite Power” a Master is literally able to consciously alter the possibility landscape in such a way as to benefit all of humanity spiritually. These are the spiritual landscape architects, and they are artists of the Way.

Saints are more conscious of their thoughts, words and actions, so that while they have yet to achieve perfect mastery of self, they may be more sensitive to how each thought (positive or negative), each word (truthful or dishonest), and each deed (selfish or selfless) effects a change in the possibility landscape. I believe Saints work for the Masters of Wisdom, and help them in the spiritual landscaping work.

The Avatar, being the incarnation of God in human form, is a spiritual possibility landscape architect for the entire Universe, not just humanity on Earth, and therefore his actions, and words, are ordained by God, thereby becoming the expression of God’s Will in the Creation⁸. I have no doubt that what the Avatar establishes is made available to all.

The New Humanity that Meher Baba speaks of is here on Earth today. The New Humanity is working with Baba’s words, absorbing the spiritual energy he placed there (decades ago now), and this absorbed energy is helping them in their spiritual ongoing. The New Humanity is changing the possibility landscape, little by little, consciously or unconsciously. It is my hope and prayer that this article raises awareness of the power each of our thoughts, words, and actions has to change the possibility

landscape, so that, as we move through the invisible fields of Creation, we may be helpful, and kind, to others on their journey. Ultimately, may we learn enough of the hidden mysteries of this possibility landscape to be able to consciously join in the work of the Spiritual Hierarchy, for the scientific and spiritual upliftment of humanity.

I add water to the bird bath in the center of the stone ring in our backyard. I sit down in a chair on the deck, and breathe deeply, enjoying the sun and air. A bird comes to the tree nearest the bird bath, and flies down to have a drink. The possibility landscape has changed.

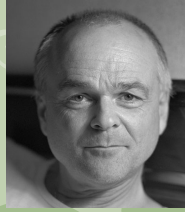
Notes:

1. See: *The Dancing Wu Li Masters*, by G. Zukav (New York: HarperCollins, 2001), p.p. 14-16.
2. See: *Meher Baba’s Word & His Three Bridges*, by D.E. Stevens et al (London: Companion Books, 2003), pp 80-81, as explained to Don by Eruch who was reading Meher Baba’s silent gestures. For those not aware, Meher Baba kept silence, and communicated first via an “alphabet board” and then from October 7, 1954 onward by use of unique hand gestures. Also, Baba gave these words to Don in direct relation to the editing work Don was doing at that time on *Discourses*, which is why I include that book in the special category which Baba explained has the spiritual charge.
3. Ibid (Zukav), p.p. 66-73.
4. Ibid, p. 15.
5. Once I read the first eight chapters of *God Speaks*, in one day, as I was inspired by a story I heard of the Portland, Oregon group doing this all in one day reading. I noticed a shift in my awareness, afterwards, in that I felt decidedly less fear—as if some core reservoir of primal fear had been drained.
6. “Impressions is a word used by Meher Baba to describe the hindering and lingering, but essential, effects that life has on the mind of a being.”—Alison Govi (January 28, 2010). Thank you to Alison for her insightful and helpful editorial comments on this essay.
7. Perhaps the entire notion of a photon itself is false and it is really more of a four-dimensional (or more) web-of-light where that point-of-light moves through the web and all adjacent points are less-light, and those next-adjacent still-less-light, until the edges of the web are considered dark? If that is true, it could mean that the sensors only pick up on a certain luminosity moving through the web, but that lesser luminosity may be present and causing some level of interference.
8. The descriptions of the Avatar, Perfect Masters, and Saints is based on Baba’s explanations.

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PHOTOGRAPHY



by Doug Frank

by Douglas Frank, April 10, 2010, Portland, Oregon



During the month of October, 1983, my wife Marnie and I made our first pilgrimage to Meherabad and Meherazad, India. Our purpose in traveling there was to pay homage to Meher Baba and to meet the surviving members of his inner circle of disciples, also known as his Mandali. Marnie and I had been following the precepts and teachings of Meher Baba for three years and we knew that it was time to go to his tomb shrine, known as his Samadhi and to meet with his remaining close ones.

I had been a career photographer since 1976 and knew that India would present me with some extremely fascinating subject matter, but photography was not my primary reason for traveling there and I did not want to be encumbered with a lot of distracting equipment. So I purchased a very small little camera... smaller, in fact, than a pack of cigarettes, one that would be quiet and unobtrusive but also could produce relatively high quality photographs. It was all film in those days... no digital cameras yet.



There are two photographs presented here from Meherabad Hill where the physical remains of Meher Baba lie in his Samadhi. This place is a shrine and the true destination of any pilgrimage to this area.

During this time period, once a month his female disciples would venture out from their home at Meherazad, about 30 minutes away, and travel to the Samadhi to say prayers and pay homage to Meher Baba. His dearest close one, Mehera, always seemed to be the central focus of these visits. As Mehera and the other women were leaving to return to their home at Meherazad during one of these occasions, I caught Mehera's eye and she flashed me the same hand gesture which Baba himself had used so frequently. Everyone in the group appeared radiant when they were around her.



Mansari was a member of the Mandali and had been ordered by Baba to live in a little house about 100 feet from the Samadhi many years before. She was not allowed to leave this area except for medical emergencies, so she always would be present when one ventured up the hill. This tiny woman, who was way under 5 feet tall, was so energetic and demonstrative that one photograph could never contain her gigantic spirit, so, as she and Marnie were conversing one day, I shot 3 photographs of her and printed them together as a triptych.



There are four photographs presented here which were made at Meherazad, the place where Meher Baba lived until dropping his physical form on January 31st, 1969.

Dear Pendu was one of Baba's earliest disciples. His commitment to Baba was total. He had suffered a stroke a few years before and would walk up and down the veranda with a walker. Although he was in constant physical discomfort he always seemed to be cheerful and smiling. I photographed him as he passed by me with a picture of Baba behind him.



Eruch was Baba's chief male disciple and the one who would always be on hand to verbalize Baba's hand gestures. Baba had taken a vow of silence on July 10, 1925 and never again uttered another sound. To me, Eruch was the wisest person whom I had ever met. Nothing could faze this man and there was no question that he was unable to answer with complete certainty. I photographed him one day with his arm around Marnie, while wearing a tee shirt inscribed with "Feel His Glow."



When it came time for all of us pilgrims to leave after a lovely day at Meherazad, many of the Mandali members would accompany us to the bus and wave goodbye as we were leaving. Baba's little sister, Mani, would continue to project her love for us until the bus was well down the road. I hung out of the window of the bus during one departure and photographed her throwing kisses towards all of us.



On another day I looked back through the open window of the bus and could see several of the Mandali members waving goodbye... all except Eruch. Eruch would fold his hands as if in prayer and pay homage to all of us as we were leaving. He explained this gesture one day during one of his talks with the pilgrims. He said that he believed that all of us were God in some form, therefore requiring him to make that gesture as the bus would depart. For Eruch, in fact, there was only One on that bus and that One was God.



There is one more photograph presented here, made at the Meher Baba Retreat Center in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, in June, 1989. Margaret Craske, a Mandali member since 1933, was living out her last days in a white clapboard house on The Center known as Happy House. A dear friend of mine, Mary Lloyd Dugan, owned a dog named Goulash who, when prompted, would actually sing. Some say it was a howl, but I was there. This dog could really sing.

Margaret had heard the dog perform previously and had been absolutely delighted by it, so when Mary Lloyd suggested that we go with the dog to visit Margaret, I was eager to tag along. As little Goulash began to perform, Margaret grinned from ear to ear and I shot the photograph.

Margaret was to die 8 months later. Mary Lloyd died of cancer in 2006, way too early, and Goulash died a dog's natural death in the early 1990s. Happy House burned to the ground in 1994.

The years spent around the Mandali were wonderful years and those of us who were privileged to be there will carry around our treasured memories of them until we too, move on.

Oneness

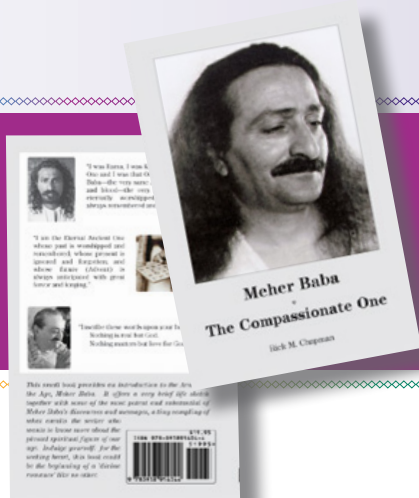
Thoughts on oneness *(while listening to Penelope's Song by Loreena McKennitt)*

by Laurent Weichberger, September 11, 2007

ONENESS. UNITY. These two words were put forth to me by my dear new friend, and spiritual companion, Tracey Schmidt, after an experience with a letter I sent her where I signed of, "In Oneness..." I promised to write my feelings and thoughts on Oneness to her, and have been contemplating this ever since. Today, coincidentally on the anniversary of the chaos and destruction which was September 11 in New York and elsewhere, I finally have something to share.

To me unity means individuals, or individual entities coming together for a singular purpose, for which they become a united whole. They remain individuals, but from the outside, the unification becomes so strong that the individuals are seen as one solid whole entity. Examples of this are the "united states," where individual states bond and form a country called America. Or a couple that becomes united in marriage, becomes in many ways "one" while retaining healthy individuality. The problem I have with unity, if this can be a problem, is that it is not synonymous with Oneness. Unity implies separateness, as the unified whole is put into relation with other beings, or other entities. In the civil war in America the "South" was united against the "North." So, unity has something to offer the unified individuals, but it has duality as the backdrop against which it is invariably cast.

Oneness, however, is to me the spiritual aspect of unity, in that the experience of Oneness promises to the individual that duality is overcome totally and completely and the resulting experience is that duality is in fact an illusion of separateness which when realized bespeaks of only One Divine Whole being experiencing through those caught in the illusion of separateness. Oneness, to me, is the goal of mature human consciousness, which when awakened by the Spiritual Master, realizes that unity and duality, I and Thou, "manyness" and Oneness are words used by those caught in the grip of ignorance about the Truth. Truth is experienced as Oneness, apparently, by those who transcend all limitation to know by direct experience "I alone am the Reality. I am God. All that appears otherwise is an illusion created by false thinking." This is what I have gathered from my years with my Beloved Master, Avatar Meher Baba. I long to experience that Oneness which brings me into divine unification of my consciousness with His. *In Oneness*, Laurent



BOOK ॐ REVIEW

Meher Baba: The Compassionate One by Rick M. Chapman

Review by Alison Hutter Govi, Flagstaff, Arizona, May 2010

I really appreciate Rick Chapman's biography, *Meher Baba: The Compassionate One*. In fact, if you are wondering what book or information would be appropriate and beneficial as an introduction to Meher Baba, this is the one.

Part One summarizes in chronological order a basic outline of Baba's life. It has a just enough detail for flavoring without overwhelming the reader. Powerful Baba quotes are sensitively placed throughout the outline adding the depth and mysticism that is common of Baba:

"... My only happiness lies in making people understand, not through mind but

through experience, that God alone is the Beloved for Whom we exist."

The sampling of Baba photos are also selected to fit the chronology of Baba's life and include a range of ages at hallmark moments during Baba's advent including: The Ancient One; using the Alphabet Board; and the Blue Bus Tour. I like the use of age-varying images since this seems to emphasize Baba's approachable humanity.

Part Two follows and provides a perfect "sampling of key discourses and messages that will help you begin to get acquainted with him."

Chapman offers this book as an invitation to discover within oneself "the Lord of Love ... who is eternally alive in every heart." An ultimate gift.



Meher Baba: The Compassionate One
Available in hardback or paperback at Amazon and Sheriar Books. Click on PDF link (below) for ordering:

SHERIAR BOOKS

www.sheriarpress.com

amazon.com www.amazon.com



Change

by Cliff Joseph

Our needed change is overdue.
It waits for me
And waits for you
To make it be.

Our needed change will come we pray
Let's organize
To make it stay
With freedom's rise.

The fight for change is in our hands
To bring good life
To all the land
CHANGE

Our needed change is overdue.
It waits for me
And waits for you
To make it be.

Our needed change will come we pray
Let's organize
To make it stay
With freedom's rise.

The fight for change is in our hands
To bring good life
To all the lands
Through righteous strife.

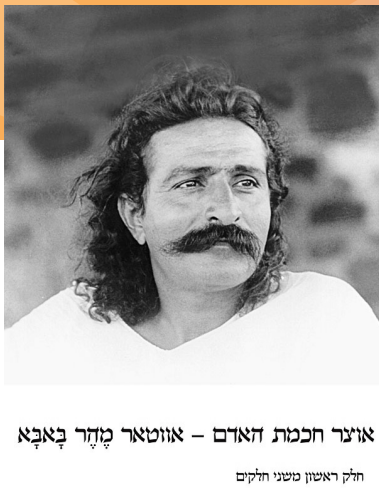
The gift of change will then be won
By people who
For everyone
Want justice true

And everlasting peace!



Justice, by Cliff Joseph

Ruth Carrie Ben Shammai



The story of the translation of the *Discourses of* Avatar Meher Baba into Hebrew.

by Etzion Becker, 2010

Dear lovers of Avatar Meher Baba, we tried to bring some details about one dedicated lover of Baba. We don't know exactly what happened in her early life and part of it is a guess work, but what we know well that she was a fearless lover of Baba and an example of dedication and one pointedness in her service for Him.

Caroline Ruth Ben Shammai was born in Germany, Frankfurt A/M on December 9th, 1902. She was the daughter of one of the most respectable Jewish Ultra Orthodox families in Germany. Her father, Rabbi Yaacov Rozenheim was a man of spiritual and religious perfection, a man who excelled in the sciences as well.

He was the founder and first president of World Agudat Israel, and greatly respected by the community even today. His grand father was a famous saint and a "wonder man". It was said that non-Jewish German soldiers went to pray at his grave during World War 1, and all of them returned home! Even during the Nazi regime, German soldiers would sneak into the cemetery to pray at his grave...

Carrie found Orthodox Judaism too narrow and confining; Carrie told the

story of asking her father why the family's servants did not eat their meals together with the family. Not satisfied with her father's answer, Carrie chose to have meals in the kitchen with the servants. She was driven by her free, independent rebellious spirit to seek a broader, universal vision of reality; consequently she left home (we believe in her twenties) searching for spiritual answers and traveled for many years throughout the world. By profession she was an English teacher, and thus she made a living. She spent eight years in Egypt where she became fluent in Arabic. Finally she found in Lao-Tzu and Taoism what she had been searching for her whole life, a universal spiritual philosophy and way of life that was non-exclusive and non-dualistic. Carrie was a manifestation of the newly awakened modern woman. For a

woman to launch herself so independently into the great world, particularly a woman from such a highly respected Orthodox family, where all your life span is well arranged from the beginning till the end, well protected from the cold world as well as the prospects of getting the best match, indicated the depth of her free and courageous spirit.

During 1935 Carrie immigrated to Palestine (Israel), and at the same year her family had to flee Germany; Carrie's father went to the Vatican with other Jewish leaders to discuss with the Pope the prospects of Germany winning the war. This came to the knowledge of the Gestapo, and a family friend, who was a S.S. official, warned them to escape immediately or get arrested and be sent to a concentration camp. The family went to England, from there to

Carrie ➤



U.S.A., N.Y.C., and finally during 1952 to Israel. Carrie got married during 1948, (presumably) to Dr. Meir Hilel Ben Sham-mai, a very fine scholarly person, expert in ancient Hebrew, teacher and editor.

He was a member of the Hebrew Linguistic Academy. He had one son from former marriage, and Carrie raised him like her own son. Carrie herself was child-less. Meir agreed to live as a vegetarian according to her wish (or as a condition for her consent to be married).

During 1956 Meir won the national lottery; the money was just enough to buy two tickets to the United States. Carrie went to New York City with her husband to visit her family, and there, through Fred and Ella Winterfeldt she was told about a great spiritual Master who was visiting New York at that time – Meher Baba! When Carrie met Baba for the first time she simply fell madly in love with Him.

She immediately recognized Meher Baba the “living embodiment” of what she had found in Lao Tzu, the end goal of her heart’s longing. On meeting Baba Carrie fell at her Beloved’s feet saying that she wanted to serve Him and spend the rest of her life with Him.

Carrie’s photo with Meher Baba appears in the photo album *Love Personified*, on page 135, bottom right, and in *Lord Meher*, page 4988. She met Baba at the Longchamps Restaurant at Delmonico Hotel in New York City, on July 22nd, 1956. I believe that this is her very first meeting Baba; her body language tells so, it conveys total surrenderance to Him. She almost fell into the candle’s flame, and Baba is pointing at the candle as a warning

not to get burnt. “I wanted to be consumed by His fire!” she told me; and she did.

According to Adele Wolkin, Baba told her to stand outside the restaurant and to request from the people to help Carrie to travel to Myrtle Beach, because she didn’t have the money for that, the situation in Israel was most austere during those days. Adele collected at least twice as needed, and Baba was very happy.

From New York, Carrie followed Baba to Meher Center in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. There, by Baba’s permission (or order) she stayed in the Lagoon Cabin; the only person who ever stayed there. As Jane Haynes commented about this: “It had some significance, certainly we can know that it was a great blessing.”

Joyce Byrd of Chigwell Essex, England told the story that during 1958 Baba asked the women present to carry him in His chair to the Ocean. Joyce remembered that among the women were Margaret Craske and Carrie. She shared her opinion that in this concrete action Meher Baba was “... raising the status of women in the world.”

Carrie started to spread Baba’s name in Israel unceasingly and fearlessly, in spite of hostile surroundings and religious prejudices.

In a letter which Mani sent to Adele Wolkin on 8th April 1960, by Baba’s approval, Adele was being instructed how to help Carrie financially in obtaining books which Adi K. sent to Carrie. Quote: “The sum however, should NOT be paid fully by you, but should be a joint contribution of as many Baba-lovers as convenient, and desirous of helping for this purpose, (and so that no one donor is burdened with a heavy contribution).”

Meher Baba gave Carrie various personal orders and instructions, which she tried to obey, according to her capabilities. Baba was personally concerned about every little issue concerning Carrie and her work for him, as mandali letters to her confirm.

During the early sixties Carrie persuaded her husband to translate some of Baba’s *Discourses* into Hebrew; her knowledge of Hebrew was not enough to do the translation, and Dr. Ben Sham-mai consented to do so. For an Orthodox Jew the idea of God descending on Earth to live as man amongst men is nonsensical, if not blasphemous; even though Judaism anticipates the coming of the Messiah to

redeem the world. But Meher Baba works through the medium of love, and because of his love for his wife, Meir eventually translated into Hebrew six of Baba’s *Discourses*: Love; God Realization; True Discipleship; The Search for God; The Problem of Sex; The Sanctification of Married Life. It is a small, lovely hardbound book entitled “Meher Baba Says”, with an introduction by Carrie on “who is Meher Baba?” The book won a prize for excellence at the annual Jerusalem Book Fair of 1964. The book was sent to Baba who was pleased by her effort. Baba signed one book, which was sent back to Carrie.

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Meir kept on working on the *Discourses* with Ilan Weig, who found in a library the book “Meher Baba Says”. Eventually they translated the first version of the Hebrew translation of the *Discourses*. Later on Carrie published the leaflet “Universal Message” in Hebrew.

During April 22nd, 1966, Adi K. Irani sent a letter to Carrie in which Baba indicated that she was “His jewel”. A rare and special compliment from Baba; but Baba was well aware of all the obstacles that Carrie had had to face, and what was yet to come.

Carrie was a dynamo of energy, exuberance, enthusiasm and love for Baba. She was very zealous about Baba. She had no fear whatsoever in declaring Baba’s divinity from the rooftops of Jerusalem. Being fluent in Arabic, Carrie would enter the Arab section of Jerusalem where she would enthusiastically greet Arabs by exclaiming, “You and I are brothers!” She also distributed Baba cards to them. She had

also a center in Tel Aviv and in the Upper Galilee.

The way Carrie was treated by her community was mixed. Some appreciated her high idealism and some simply saw her as a mad woman. But she didn't pay heed to all this. She would give Baba literature even to the Orthodox people.

From a video that Irwin Luck took of Carrie during 1971:

"I was only interested with the general truth without personal contact with the Master. But I didn't succeed then, in meeting the Master and I returned again after eight years of staying in Egypt, in utter spiritual isolation, to Israel, and marry there. But always keeping on the search and came to contact with Lao Tzu, the Chinese sage who lived about 4000 years ago.

I was very much impressed by his teachings and then came across Christian Science, I came across Zen Buddhism, and I knew about the teachings that every living creature has one day to meet his Master, on the earth planet. I had met Him in books, but not in person, and I often wondered about it. In spite of my continuous endeavors and longing to live the life of a yogi in India, I did not succeed then.

But one day through a strange incident my husband won the lottery which was imposed on him by the government and because we never had any money and he hadn't seen his parents in the States for twenty five years because he came to Israel directly, while they went to the States.

So he wanted to use that money for coming to the States to see his family and I stated that I would want to come in order to meet my Master from Persia – India without actually knowing what is all about. So we left together and as soon as I was free, I have been treating some sick people there, I contacted some Yoga and Yogi societies. I set with these Zen Buddhists in meditations. I was going home by subway at night, because my husband was asleep, at home, wandering what it was leading me to.

Then, one day, I heard by an acquaintance, that a Master from India was coming for four days to New York. And among the millions attending city of New York people, I was the only Israeli who was lead into the living presence of our Beloved Master, who forever now has consciously

brought me into His eternal contact. The first moment as I had reported before at another occasion when I came to the living presence of Baba I knew I had found my Master, THE Master of life.

Later on they asked Baba how is it that during those four days of your being in the States, in New York, and Carrie having just arrived for the first time in her life in the States, that she was brought into Your presence among the mass of Americans. So, Baba answered through Mani, sister, "The ways of the Masters are wonderful. If he sees a soul being ready to be contacted He has all the means at His disposal to bring this soul towards Him".

So, at that very moment that Baba had arrived at New York, Carrie from Israel had left Jerusalem to meet Him. For my husband was not ready to wait and had to return, and wanted to return, to Israel. I had heard of Baba's coming about two and a half months before. Immediately contacting the source of His writings, finding the Winterfeldts, deciding on the Discourses first, taking a little room somewhere, retiring entirely from the outside world; I experienced the Discourses, being utterly shocked by its perfection and beauty. Day and night preparing myself for that only Divine meeting.

So, actually when I had the grace of having coming to the living contact of the Master which I had never dreamt in my keenest dreams, there had not been a moment of separation ever since up till this very moment. I had, as Baba told me later, entered His innermost heart, and He had entered my innermost heart. And there was nothing else to it, but to keep it up. I remember when I sat before Baba for the first time at the Waldorf Astoria hotel, as the only Israeli, I decided to be just like a child, forgetting everything else I had ever learnt, endeavoring to make my mind blank and my heart empty, and so Baba could work in it. Now, in addition, the extraordinary thing happened – this was my sister who had been sick in a mental hospital and they chatter in a few days before because she was so noisy and I had wanted to bring her out, to bring her before Baba, but they wouldn't let her. The very day I had an appointment with Baba for her and for myself, I had a telephone call. I was allowed to take her out before Baba; well,



< Carrie with Baba.

her husband was also very orthodox (Jew), came along but didn't come in. But my sister did, and we brought her before Baba, and He patted her on her shoulder and He looked at me and said: "She will be all right". And I believe the next day they sent her home after she had been there for quite a long time. But she unfortunately never recognized Baba, and He made a point of telling me at every opportunity that she would never recognize Baba as none of my nearest so called family in physics. But Baba had told me, at time when I had told you at the film audition, that I should go straight back to Israel. And that Baba's apostle at that time of Christ were being stoned.

Baba had told me: "Carrie, no matter what they will do to you, (Carrie is trying to compose herself), I shall stand by you, at any time," and He repeated it: "No matter what they shall do to you, I shall stand by you".

Now, then the extraordinary thing happened. You see, I had known I was going to remain without my husband in the States, and I was not allowed to work. I had no money anymore, and I had waited already two and a half months for Baba. Just a bit of money had been left; and I was terrifically sad, I thought my heart was breaking, they all were now going to Myrtle Beach! They knew that, they prepared themselves financially and otherwise, for going with Baba. But I was supposed now to remain behind after having met at last my Master. (The camera is focusing on Baba's photo – the photo which I looked at it during 1971, made me 'Baba realized' which I am now keeping. - Etzion)

So, standing in great sadness among the people who were preparing themselves to go with Baba, suddenly somebody pats me on my shoulder, it was a lady of the airport (Adele Wolkin?) telling me that I had been invited by Baba to come along in His own plane to Myrtle Beach. Baba had been contacting some American Baba lovers telling them to see to it that Carrie was coming along to Myrtle Beach. “

I met Carrie during 1971 (or beginning of 1972) through Ilan, whom I met in a spiritual meeting, and one day he suggested that I should meet a woman in Jerusalem. As soon as I entered her lavish Baba-room and gazed at Baba's picture, He made me know in a split of a second who He is – The Highest of The High, my ultimate Beloved.

... So I cried to Baba and said to Him: “Baba, it is impossible; greater men than I tried and did not succeed”. Then Baba turned His Key and “said”: “you can translate three words a day; translate them literally as they come”. Sounded crazy to me, but when I tried to escape His three words, He let me feel His displeasure.



For whatever reason, I never told Carrie that I know who is Meher Baba. She kept on trying to convince me that he is the Avatar, etc. etc., but I kept my mouth shut. I am quite the opposite of Carrie, I have never tried to convince people about the divinity or status of Meher Baba, I only made His messages available to the public. Since her persuasions were increasing, I kept distance from her – I was very much concerned not to go on odds with her – Baba's person in Israel. I felt that Baba was testing my patience and forbearance. At that time I had no idea about Baba's inner Circle and His mandali, I had only deep respect for her.

During 1979 Meir died and Carrie's health was deteriorating. By some clever maneuvering, Baba brought me back to

Carrie. She ordered me to take her to India where she met her loved ones the last time. The fire of her love for Baba was consuming her body; soon after her return to Israel she stopped walking. Something was consuming slowly her body from bottom up, and no medical treatment helped. This jovial, fiery dancing person became confined to a wheelchair till the end of her life.

Inwardly I felt that Baba wanted me to obey her slightest wish, which I tried my best. Carrie used to scold and rebuke me for every little thing, and actually, I don't remember once that she was happy with anything I did, it never was perfectly perfect. Every little thing turned out to be an exhausting ordeal. To hang a shelf on the wall, a mission for a skilled craftsman, as is my profession, would take a few minutes, would take sometimes half a day: “It is too high, too low, too much to the left, too much to the right, who told you, anyway, to hang that shelf?” She would get very upset about everything, throwing her hands in despair, as if complaining to Baba as why He couldn't provide a better person, etc. etc.

There was the famous kettle story: don't you know what a kettle is? It is a metallic device, which you suppose to fill in with water, put on fire for a while, the water gets hot, and what do you do then? Make a cup of chai? Right? Wrong. Her kettle broke down, gave up the ghost. So I went to buy a new one. Piece of cake; I happily got one; not good, too big; the next one I bought was too small, and so on.

Nothing was good. It demanded a special color, shape and look, how else can you boil water? Just like this? And all the time the scolding and the abuses, you are good for nothing, and she would get so upset, she would almost cry with despair. Hopeless case! A long day was spent for buying a kettle, and in the end, no good, but she sort of settled to live with a non perfect kettle. And the joke was that she was extremely serious, everything was a matter of life and death, there was not such a thing like “a small issue”. No humor at all. Totally opposing my character. You would burst immediately laughing if I would talk to you like this, because I cannot play

serious, I break laughing at once. But she was Master seriousness. And the Holy of Holies - the Baba material. I spent a very intense year with her till she was forced to leave her apartment because her legs became paralyzed, and she was admitted to an old age home, an Orthodox institution, of course. Before she left, she gave me for about three weeks orders and instructions concerning Baba's center, the Discourses, the Israeli Fund raising, etc. Imagine her plight – giving her sacred objects to a person that she was not sure about his relation to Baba. When I came to collect the contents of her Baba room to my place, her adopted son ordered me to take all that stuff right away or else he would throw it all to the street!

Unfortunately the book that Baba signed got lost, or maybe was given away. It felt like a great loss – the closest remnant of Baba's Presence second only to His very personal Presence.

There was no one with whom to share Baba's love, for all the people she shared Baba's love with disappeared; and to sum it all up, Ilan, who introduced me to Carrie, and helped me so much at that time, because I didn't know English, as soon as he heard that Baba's Center came to me, he called and asked me to come to his flat in Tel Aviv. Then he gave me all his Baba material, indicating he needed a living Master and couldn't do with a departed one!

So what was left to be done? What I was capable of was to translate Baba books and deliver them to the public. So, during 1982 the first book was published, it was a part of *Sobs and Throbs* where I concentrated on the story of Ali, an example of dedication to the Master no matter what. This was sent to all the libraries in Israel, and a few people were touched by it.

I don't think by then she would keep on trying to convince me who Baba was; she kept on preparing herself to come back home, get her center back, continue working for Him, but I knew, that her time was over. During the time I was preparing the article for LSLP, Max Seibert sent me his communications with her, and I found a typed letter that she sent him from the home dated March 2, 1984: (I quote a portion)

“... Etzion Becker has changed for the better regarding his relation to

Beloved Baba and maintains his translation of *Discourses* was as near as possible to Baba's original English. Only because Giora Pinkas had written to India denouncing the verity of Etzion's translation they refused giving him permission for publication. ..."

I think she meant another translation of mine. During 1984 I just started the translation of the Hebrew discourses, and maybe this referred to the translation of *Meher Baba on War*, which I prepared during 1981, which Mani cancelled at that time, telling me later, during my 1982 visit to Meherabad, that they don't want to start the work in Israel with a book on war. (The book *Meher Baba on War* was published in Hebrew during 1993).

Meanwhile I was visiting Carrie quite often in her home, and while Baba allowed her to gulp the cup of suffering to the brim, her slightest wish was being fulfilled promptly, as Baba Himself said: "I dare not care not for my lovers." Again and again we talked about the discourses, and she gave me a few instructions concerning them. I read the *Discourses* many times, I checked Meir's translation which was done in a very archaic Hebrew, and I came to the conclusion that it is not possible to translate it into Hebrew and it is best the people study it in English in order to read the *Discourses*!

But finally during 1984 I decided to give it a try; but it was such an ordeal, as if I had to plough a field that is strewn with heavy boulders. So I cried to Baba and said to Him: "Baba, it is impossible; greater men than I tried and did not succeed". Then Baba turned His Key and "said": "you can translate three words a day; translate them literally as they come". Sounded crazy to me, but when I tried to escape His three words, He let me feel His displeasure.

The worst types of hell are but a shadow of Baba's displeasure; but why displeasure Love? So on I went slowly but surely, and the three words became three sentences and even more, and the big boulders were grounded and became small rocks, and during the years the rocks became smaller and smaller till they became like fine sand, and the work itself became real fun.

During 1984, I was instructed by the Trust to work under the supervision of Don Stevens, who was responsible for out of India publications. During 1986, I saw Carrie for the last time, two months before she passed away. It was almost impossible to communicate with her, till the topic shifted to Baba. Then, all of a sudden, Carrie became her old self again, fully present – fiery and radiant as always – to my utter astonishment. Dear Carrie passed away on October 27th 1986, a brave Baba soldier till the end.

I continued the translation and it was accomplished during 1991. According to Carrie's instructions I had to find a professional editor to compare the Hebrew translation with the original English, and this was required also by Don Stevens. A few experts gave me their estimations, but they were very high, over \$10,000. Finally my old editor, Dr. Yoram Beck agreed to do the job for \$5000. Very high, especially after the Gulf War, when the entire country was in a severe depression. But Baba's work must continue, even slowly. So we started with one chapter each month, and jokingly I said to them that maybe I'll build them a room instead of paying with money. Then after three months or so, Dr. Beck asked me to look at something under his house. It is a big stone house on the slope of a hill.

And under the house it was all dug out, so there was space for a 90 sq. meter flat. I did the job, and also the neighbors wanted the same kind of work. So what happened was that everything was fully

paid within five months, and I had the chance to earn some money!

During 1994 all came to completion. Since Baba's work became real fun I felt like continuing the momentum. I searched through the Baba library, and the first book which popped into my hand was "Stay With God", by Francis Brabazon; I never opened it before, and when I started leafing through it, I discovered, to my utter astonishment – Baba's original signature! What a cunning trickery! He kept His signature hidden all these years and revealed it at the right moment!

Since 1994 Baba has turned His Key for Israel and made Himself known throughout the country, using all means of media, TV, newspapers and personal inspiration.

What else shall I tell you folks, living with Baba is a constant wonder. On each sentence above I can write a book. Serving Baba is a life long mission without ends, no moment of unemployment, not a moment of boredom.

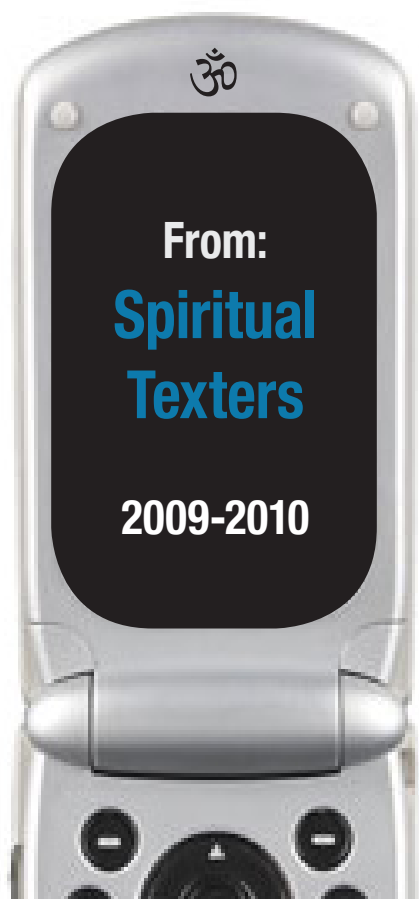
The Hebrew Discourses were finally published in two volumes during 2007.

Jai Baba,
Etzion Becker

Contributors: Max Seibert: memoirs, Tamir Basin: computers, Michal Sivan: comments, Kendra Crossen Bouroughs: English editing.



Recent history as recorded by Laurent through the best text messages he received. He started saving messages during August 2009 when things got really intense spiritually with our little Baba group...



From: Sarah
It is impossible to worry & be present simultaneously.

From: Reggie
Feel-n his love... Feel-n his light... Walk with Divine Father feels so right!! Intoxicated with Baba Bliss... Our future is so bright ... we gotta wear shades!!

From: lana
Time collapsed ... love expanded.

From: Anne Weichberger
God alone is real.¹

From: Reggie
Everything is good... Just processing stuff! Trying to get back in alignment... getting hit in a lot of directions... Its major work keeping God consciousness in such a storm of life's experiences... within every storm is a calm... find that calm... and let go of those things you cannot control... I'm just searching for my calm! Reggie Luv!!!

From: Reggie
If one feels Baba's grace and one has gazed at his face... life has been fulfilled and was not a waste. BABA POETS!

From: Christian
Thank you to the TRUTH that is Meher Baba.

From: Marlena
So happy for all that is forgiven and forgotten. Love alone is real and everlasting.

From: Alison
... Baba was in my dream this week. He was old & we were holding hands. Smiling, he was allowing me to guide him.

From: Reggie
If Baba was a seven course meal... I would be the first in line for seconds... I call this divine gluttony!!

From: Reggie
If I didn't know any better I would go to the extent of saying Baba rocks even beyond the level of beyond... but such claims would be beyond this little wee brain to comprehend and there's a good chance this phone could implode... Wow... just the very thought of it is overwhelming!! I can't take it, I can't take it! I must go back to bed... REGGIE LOVE!!!

From: Alison
Lets have conversation this week about humility.

From: Big Jim
I just got my ride going by thinking of Meher Baba and the stories of Sarosh Motors greatly aided me! ... Question do U think txtng iz akin 2 the alphabet board? Baba was way ahead of texting! Jai Baba!

From: Reggie
Baba is the luv... Baba is the light... when you take his hand... life goes just right... embrace his walk... and his divine silent talk... ever lasting love will embrace your being... Baba's love gives life meaning... so have no doubts... and have not fears... just call on Baba... and his divine love appears... Baba is here! Reggie Luv! Sell your cleverness and purchase bewilderment!!!

From: J. Christian O'Neil
The world is an illusion, Brahman alone is real, Brahman is the world.²

Notes:

1. This is a quote from Meher Baba, *Lord Meher* p. 2835, 2874, 4049, 4276, 4542, and elsewhere.
2. *The Divine Infinite* [Hindu], see also: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Brahman>.

(Photo) Avatar Meher Baba's Samadhi—Tomb—at Meherabad, India on Friday, April 9, 2010. Baba's motto, "Mastery in Servitude" can be seen above the front door. Also at the top of each corner of the tomb roof, around the dome, can be seen detailed models symbolizing four of the great spiritual traditions: A Christian cross, a Hindu temple, a Muslim mosque, and the Zoroastrian fire brazier, with flames rising.



Photo by Laurent Weichberger

After 11 Years of Silence: "For nearly twelve years no word has passed my lips. Yet I am never silent. I speak eternally. The voice that is heard deep within the soul is my voice—the voice of inspiration, of intuition, of guidance. Through those who are receptive to this voice, I speak." —Avatar Meher Baba, from *Lord Meher*, p. 2122

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