

DIVYA VANI
Volume 8 Number 11

November 1972

A periodical Publication of
the "Meher Vihar Trust"

An Avatar Meher Baba Trust eBook
June 2018

All words of Meher Baba copyright © 2018
Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust
Ahmednagar, India

Source and short publication history:

Divya Vani = Divine voice.

Quarterly, v.1, no. 1 (July 1961), v. 3. no. 2 (Oct. 1963): bimonthly, v. 1. no. 1 (Jan. 1964), v. 2 no. 3 (May 1965): monthly. v. 1. no. 11 (July 1965), v. 12, no. 6 (June 1976): bimonthly, v. 1. no. 1 (Aug. 1976), v.14. no. 1 (Jan. 1978): quarterly, v. 1, no. 1 (Jan. 1979), Kakinada : Avatar Meher Baba Mission. 1961- v. : ill.. ports.

Subtitle: An English monthly devoted to Avatar Meher Baba & His work (varies).
Issues for July - Oct. 1961 in English or Telugu.

Editor: Swami Satya Prakash Udaseen.

Place of publication varies.

Publisher varies: S. P. Udaseen (1961-1965): S.P. Udaseen on behalf of the
Meher Vihar Trust (1965-1969): Meher Vihar Trust (1970-Apr. 1974).

Ceased publication?

eBooks at the Avatar Meher Baba Trust Web Site

The Avatar Meher Baba Trust's eBooks aspire to be textually exact though non-facsimile reproductions of published books, journals and articles. With the consent of the copyright holders, these online editions are being made available through the Avatar Meher Baba Trust's web site, for the research needs of Meher Baba's lovers and the general public around the world.

Again, the eBooks reproduce the text, though not the exact visual likeness, of the original publications. They have been created through a process of scanning the original pages, running these scans through optical character recognition (OCR) software, reflowing the new text, and proofreading it. Except in rare cases where we specify otherwise, the texts that you will find here correspond, page for page, with those of the original publications: in other words, page citations reliably correspond to those of the source books. But in other respects-such as lineation and font-the page designs differ. Our purpose is to provide digital texts that are more readily downloadable and searchable than photo facsimile images of the originals would have been. Moreover, they are often much more readable, especially in the case of older books, whose discoloration and deteriorated condition often makes them partly illegible. Since all this work of scanning and reflowing and proofreading has been accomplished by a team of volunteers, it is always possible that errors have crept into these online editions. If you find any of these, please let us know, by emailing us at frank@ambppct.org.

The aim of the Trust's online library is to reproduce the original texts faithfully. In certain cases, however-and this applies especially to some of the older books that were never republished in updated versions-we have corrected certain small errors of a typographic order. When this has been done, all of these corrections are listed in the "Register of Editorial Alterations" that appears at the end of the digital book. If you want the original text in its exact original form, warts and all, you can reconstruct this with the aid of the "register."

The Trust's Online Library remains very much a work in progress. With your help and input, it will increase in scope and improve in elegance and accuracy as the years go by. In the meantime, we hope it will serve the needs of those seeking to deepen and broaden their own familiarity with Avatar Meher Baba's life and message and to disseminate this good news throughout the world.

MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 1972

divya vani

(DIVINE VOICE)



AVATAR MEHER BABA

PUBLISHERS :
THE MEHER VIHAR TRUST
HYDERABAD-29. - A. P. - INDIA.

EDITOR
SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN

Number 11
Volume 8

THE AWAKENER

P. O. Box 1081 Berkely, Calif – 94701 U.S.A.

One year's Subscription to the Awakener Mag (for four issues) \$ 4-00 including postage. A Quarterly Magazine devoted to Meher Baba.

THE GLOW

36, Lytton Road, Dehra Dun, U.P. India.
A Quarterly Magazine devoted to Meher Baba.

Annual Subscription rates:

		Sea Mail	Air Mail
India	Rs. 5-00		
U. S. A.	—	\$ 2-00	\$ 3-50
U. K.	—	£ 0-70	£ 1-00
Australia	—	\$ 1-75	\$ 3-30
Iran	Rs. 7-00		

DIVYA VANI

The Meher Vihar Trust,
3-6-417: Post Office Street
Himayatnagar - Hyderabad-29
(A.P., INDIA)

A monthly Magazine devoted to Avatar Meher Baba and His Work.

Annual Subscription rates:

India:	Rs. 12-00	Sea Mail	Air Mail
U. S. A., & Australia:		\$ 6-00	\$ 12-00
U. K, Europe, Africa:		£ 2-00	£ 4-00

N.B.: All Subscriptions are payable in advance in January every year.

For all standard English Publications On and By
AVATAR MEHER BABA and for their prices address to:
Sri Adi K. Irani, Meher Publications, Kings Road,
Ahmednagar (Maharashtra), India.

Monthly:
1972

November

D I V Y A V A N I

(Divine Voice)

*

Editor :

SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN

Associate Editors:

Sri E. Lakshminadha Rao, M.A.

Sri R. Dayanidhi, M.A.

*

Publishers :

The Meher Vihar Trust

Himayatnagar - HYDERABAD-29

(A. P., INDIA)

Sole Distributors :

AVATAR MEHER BABA MISSION

3-6-417 – Post Office Street – Himayatnagar

HYDERABAD-29, A. P., India

Volume 8]
Number 11]

Price :
Re. 1/-

CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
1. Editorial	... 3
2. A Look Within by U. N. Mukherjee	... 6
3. The Origin of Religions and Real Universal Brotherhood by Bh. V. Ramana Rao	... 7
4. Glimpses of the God-Man by Bal Natu	... 9
5. Without Penance & Prayers by T. N. Ratho	... 23
6. Glimpses of Meher by Dr. C. D. Deshmukh	... 25
7. A Loving Heart by Dorothy L. Levy	... 32
8. Talk given at Guruprasad, Poona, during the Great Darshan 1969. by Francis Brabazon	... 33
9. Kingdom of God by Dorothy L. Levy	... 37
10. News & Notes	... 37

Editorial :

THE NEW HUMANITY

Man's perpetual travail with love-hate relationships in the world outside of him makes him a constant seeker for peace which eludes him as constantly. He lives amidst a persistent discord of Opposites of feelings, a drawing towards experiences which give him pleasurable feelings and a shying away from experiences which give him the opposite of such feelings. He is ever in pursuit of happiness which he equates with possessions or certain associations, relationships and thoughts. Their absence or the lack of them leads him into sorrow and disappointment. These things come to him and do not come to him alternately, and he is placed in the throes of alternating joys and sorrows, now exulting and now frustrated. These vicissitudes of experience, these dualities are his ever continuing lot, the natural and unfailing accompaniments of life which is commonly lived.

Men associating to make larger aggregates called sects, nations, religions and ideologies makes no difference to the incidence of the same kind of dual, love-hate experiences. Man's identification with a sect or a country or a religion gives him the feeling that he is merging his life into a life of the bigger whole. But he continues to be afflicted in spite of such merger with the feeling of 'my' and 'mine' and their opposites and as a necessary consequence, he continues to be exposed to the dualities of experience.

This identification of self with a self-enclosing consciousness, is at the root of all discords and conflicts in individual as well as collective life—call it how you will,—Strife within one's mind 'to be or not to be' 'to do or not to do' 'to love or not to love' and so on, and strife without are directly traceable to this ego or this self-enclosing individual consciousness.

This ego works havoc with individuals and makes for conflicts on individual and collective scales: wars between one nation and another, between one religious group and another or between one ideological group and another are cruel manifesta-

tions of this ego. It can climax to a blind fury stopping at nothing and barring no holds rushing headlong wreaking death and destruction. At the present time the mad haste with which weapons of mass destruction are forged and the ease with which incitements to violence are accepted are telling proofs of how madness can seize man, when frenzied by ego. And the clamour for peace which one hears, is only a surface cry of returning sanity which gets drowned when the hostilities begin their next round of men or armies going at one another's throats.

Wars are a manifestation of an inner disorder in the minds and hearts of men, precipitated by the ego, and wars cannot be ruled out without the renunciation of this ego, The propaganda for peace that one hears is the crowning point of foolishness as waging for peace is on the same terms as waging the war and it cannot and will not last.

Ego is the source of evil and it cannot be banished from life for the mere wish of it. It is the pivot around which life revolves with its being and becomings, with its loves and hates. It cannot be quelled; it has to cease being operational on its own; it has to be subdued and the sovereign power to which it yields is the self in every being which is identical with the eternal self.

The transmutation of the being identifying itself with the ego to identification with the self is not easy to realise and with unaided effort can never be realised. Beloved Baba alludes to the impossibility of attaining the goal by comparing it to the effort one makes to see oneself with his eyes or to make a jump over oneself.

Baba's AVATARANA or descent into the human scene, is to speed up the change by awakening unconditioned, absolute or divine love in the hearts of ego-centric human beings to create a New humanity centred in self-giving love with a vision of reality that God alone exists and everyone and everything is a manifestation of that one existence. To live up to this realisation when one is perpetually thwarted by the compulsions of the ego is not and cannot be an easy process. But the strong self-transcending love that Baba draws from his lovers is the means

with which they can wear down the persistent obstruction they experience from their ego-stricken hearts and minds. It is in the field of action that ego strikes, prompting activities in line with the desires arising in the hearts and actuated by the consciousness of 'I' and 'MINE'. If these activities can be made into a love-offering to Baba, constantly dwelling in the thoughts of Baba, that Baba wants one to do this or that and not the ego, a state of complete detachment from the promptings of worldliness can be hoped for and realised—may be now or after several years or even after undergoing several rebirths. But the knowledge of the goal to be attained and the sense of freedom and joy one experiences in the process instills a firm and unwavering faith in the ultimate success of the way and the achievement.

Baba Lovers are the Vanguard of the New Humanity which is the fulfillment and culmination of Baba's Avataric mission. They have to lose the chains and live the life of spiritual freedom. Baba says:

"Only spiritual freedom is unlimited; won through persistent effort, it is secured for ever. Though spiritual freedom expresses itself in and through the duality of existence, it is grounded in the realization of the unity of all life, and is sustained by it. One important condition of spiritual freedom is freedom from wanting. It is want that fetters life through attachment to the conditions that fulfill that want; if there is no want, there is no dependence. The soul is enslaved through wanting, When the soul breaks the shackles of wanting, it emancipates itself from the bondage to the bodies, to the mind and to the ego. This is spiritual freedom, which brings the final realization of the unity of all life and puts an end to doubts and worries.

Only in spiritual freedom one can have abiding happiness and unimpaired self-knowledge; only in spiritual freedom can there arise the supreme certainty of Truth-realization; only in spiritual freedom can there be the ending of sorrow and limitation; and only in spiritual freedom can one live for all, and yet be detached amidst activities. Any other freedom is comparable to a house that

is built on the sand, and any other attainment is fraught with the fear of decay. Therefore, there is no gift greater than the gift of spiritual freedom, and there is no task more important than the task of helping others to it. Those who understand the supreme importance of spiritual freedom have not only to strive for it for themselves, but also to share the God-given duty of helping others to win it."

Jai Avatar Meher Baba Ki Jai.

(To be Contd.)

E. L. R.

A LOOK WITHIN

— by U. N. Mukherjee, Bilaspur.

We tried to give shape to our Image,
 Age after age.
 With all our vanity and ego rolled into one,
 We had so many things save You—Beloved One.
 In our endeavour to outwit you,
 You laughed through and through.
 The balming effect of YOUR laugh—
 was a cure enough—
 which brought us back to our track,
 not just by luck.
 Thy hidden mercy was playing its role—
 to enliven the soul—
 within—I mean.
 Being engrossed in humpty-dumpty game
 We never felt any shame,
 Thus drifted away with glee
 roaming into the passion's sea.

* * *

THE ORIGIN OF RELIGIONS AND REAL UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

— by Bh. V. Ramana Rao

The origin of religions, as revealed to His followers by Avatar Meher Baba, is given here in brief:—

From the earliest times, seekers of Truth have turned their consciousness inwards to know themselves. "Who am I?"—"I am not the destructible body, nor the life-energy, nor the mind with its thoughts and endless desires" etc. Finally, when they purified their minds of all desires by deep meditation and pure love of God, and kept *in tune with the universal*, they heard the *actual words* of God, who is All-Knowledge, revealing that the purpose of Creation and the goal of life is to love God deeply, drop one's individuality and become one with the universal soul, one's Real Self or God, and enjoy All-Knowledge, All-Power and All-Bliss permanently.

When this Eternal Truth is revealed by God in *words heard*, by the seeker in the language known to him, it is called '*Sruthi*' and when the seeker comes back to normal consciousness, he *remembers* it and tells it to those around him. Then it is called '*Smrithi*'. This Eternal Truth is explained and expanded into the four Vedas for the benefit of humanity. The substance of the Vedas is given in the Upanishads and again summarised in the Bhagavad-Gita. For common people, the same Truth is brought out in the great epics (puranas), which are allegorical stories. In the same way, the Prophets of other countries have revealed the same Eternal Truth in the Bible, The Koran, The Zendavasta, etc. They also have their epics like 'The Odyssey' etc. The Avatars or Prophets and Perfect Masters change the methods of attaining God-head to suit the times in which they live.

But unfortunately for us, the followers of these religions have erected narrow religious walls among the people, they are not able to understand and put into practice the essential Truth of all religions.

Real understanding from Many-ness to One-ness is the purpose of religion. Avatar Meher Baba says that He has come not to establish any new religion, but to *revitalise* all religions. He belongs to no religion. His religion is *Love*. He says, 'All religions are great but God is greater'. He has come to bring out the essence of all religions and weave it into a garland of pearls to be worn by Him. This He has done. When once we realise the One-ness of Creation, we love and try to make others happy, as Love is a quality of the soul.

Thus Baba has given us a new dispensation of the same Truth and *a new way of life* based on *One-ness, pure-love, selfless service and cent per cent honesty*. Thus alone can we establish real universal brotherhood, which we all desire.

It is a pity that unless man's pride is humbled, his mind cannot be turned towards God. Man should know that he cannot control the elements—wind, rain, fire, earth-quakes etc. They are under the control of the Lord.

When once this pure Divine Love is awakened in the heart (the deeper part of the mind, the seat of feelings) *by God's grace*, all other outer *natural* differences between man and man, in customs, manners, habits, modes of worship, religious rites and ceremonies etc., have no importance or real value at all. This love supersedes them all. All religious walls will crumble down. *Love is the most potent force and never fails*. *Love and sacrifice* go hand in hand like heat and light. But *love and coercion* can never go together. Then people live in harmony and cooperation. Exploitation will cease. All problems are solved. To bring out the *beauty and sweetness* of this Eternal Truth in everyday life should be our aim, by properly educating the people and inculcating this Truth in our system of secular education.

Any other method, not based on this Eternal Truth, whatever may be its good intentions, is not only doomed to failure but also produces undesirable reactions, quarrels, moral and spiritual degradation, chaos and confusion.

May the Lord help us to know the Truth and *live* by it.

Glimpses of the God-Man

MEHER BABA

Good Old *Masts* of South India

1948 — Part IV

—by Bal Natu

BABA Alone Is

Meher Baba's meeting with the *mast*, Ali Asghar, at Bombay on 12th July, 1948, seemed so satisfying that He did not leave Ahmednagar for *mast*-contacts, till 10th August. The period of one of His special works, was over by 20th July. A few days earlier, two of Meher Baba's western disciples, Delia DeLeon and Jean Adriel arrived in India. Their last stay with Meher Baba was in 1937, at Cannes on the Riviera in France. A decade had passed and after such a long period they were naturally eager to see the Master. On 26th June they left England and on 15th July they landed at Bombay. They were warmly received by Baba's people. They were anxious to reach Ahmednagar as soon as possible but were told about Baba's following instructions: They were to be at Meherabad on 19th July and they would not see Baba before 10th August. Thus, out of their three months' stay in India, three weeks were to pass without seeing Baba! The Master has His own ways of arousing and composing the feelings that lie deep within. Accordingly, they reached Meherabad and Kitty Davy disclosed the happy news that Baba would see them on 23rd July. A joyful surprise! And to make it more marvelous, Baba paid a special visit to Meherabad, with Mehera and Mani, a day earlier, to meet Delia and Jean.

About this trip to India and particularly the first meeting with Meher Baba, Delia has recorded her impressions thus: *

"July 22nd: The great day dawned, a lovely sunny day. The *ashram* had been like a beehive from 5-30 a.m. Garlands

* Notes On My Trip To India In 1948 - By Delia DeLeon. The Awakener, Summer, 1959 Vol. VI No. 2.

were made and rooms cleaned. Everyone put on the best clothes. At 9 a.m. we heard the car coming up the hill, so we all lined up at the gate. Jean held a mauve garland, and I a white one. The car stopped and out come Mehera and Mani, but no Baba. Our hearts sank, but they smilingly told us he had stopped off at the men's quarters, down the hill. The car went back and five minutes later, Baba appeared at the gate. He held out his arms and a beaming smile appeared on his face. We ran to embrace him and the years fell away and all our problems and heartaches. Time stood still—here was Reality. Only those who have had the felicity of being thus embraced can understand the extraordinary feeling of happiness it brings to be thus enfolded in love. He walked towards his room and at the steps, Masi was waiting to perform the ceremony with the coconut—symbol of sacrifice.

"We were told to come in with Mehera and Mani. Baba said he was so happy to have us with him. We would stay at Meherabad for six weeks and during that time we were to rest, eat, not worry and think of him and when we move to Pimpalgaon we would be kept busy all the time. He said he was very, very tired with the weight of the universe on his shoulders; but soon that would change and also conditions in the West. He continued, "Everyone is Baba, everything is Baba, and everywhere is Baba and all else is zero." He intended going on two *mast* trips. He was really happy with the *masts*, but the six weeks we were at Pimpalgaon, he would be with us all the time. Discussions of work would take place from August 1st. All the other women were then called and he jokingly asked if I still liked Eau de Cologne. This recalled my previous visit to India when I was always using it, owing to the very hot weather.

"Baba walked around to inspect our quarters, and with that sweetness so characteristic of him said we were to have everything we really needed. He showed us the inside of the Dome* which he had built over the spot where he had stayed seven months in seclusion, taking only coffee. He inspected the rest of the *ashram*, embraced us and drove off. We stood outside the gate and watched the car disappear."

* The Tomb on the Meherabad Hill.

Mehera, The Chosen One.

Delia continued, "Not having seen him for so long we noticed quite a change. Physically, he looked more powerful and though the love and humour were still in evidence, we felt that the emphasis was on the impersonal aspect of God. His hair was less thick, and his face seemed very suffering at this period of working, though full of power. With the exception of Mehera, all were told that they were not to touch Baba. Some say that spiritually Baba works on all femininity through Mehera, and others say that she represents his feminine aspect. Certainly he has always said that while others are very near and dear to him in varying degrees, she is the Chosen One, the purest of the pure.

"After this meeting I felt so calm and happy. A feeling of peace pervaded my being as if a benediction rested on my head. I knew it was right for me to be there at this moment but not before. I just had to be plunged more deeply into *Maya* and come to terms with certain aspects of myself. Had not Baba written to me during the war: "You are nearer to me where I want you, than if you were next to me physically where I did not want you. When we meet again you will be a changed Leyla (The Persian name Baba gave me meaning Faithful One), and yet the same."

The significant statement of Meher Baba quoted above by Delia revealed to me and may reveal to some Baba-people a secret why only a few were allowed to stay with Baba for life-time, some for some intermittent periods, many just to have His glimpse and the rest did not see Him physically. Not that all those who stayed with Him were spiritually more advanced, while those who didn't, were spiritually backward! Whatever was in His Divine Plan has come to pass. And what else could be His Perennial Plan than to enkindle the latent spark of Divinity in each, at the ordained time, befitting the *sanskars* (impressions). Else we are all equidistant from the Centre—Baba, the Infinite.

Meher Baba, The Real Refuge

On 20th July, 1948, hundreds of Baba-people concluded the period of observing one of the orders mentioned in the last

circular. Now, they felt all the more keen on meeting Baba in person. Requests and appeals for *darshan* started pouring in, through letters and through the *mandali*, Baba, however, permitted only some persons especially from Poona and Sholapur, to be with Him for about an hour at Meherabad. Those staying at long distances were not summoned. The day fixed for *darshan* was 23rd July.

Once a person had Baba's *darshan*, he used to feel greatly drawn to see Him again and again. At least I felt that way. After moving with Him for five days at Nagpur and residing with Him under the same roof at Madras, I was all the time anxious as to when I will see Him next! Baba's presence exerted a pleasant pull over my entire life and as far as I remember, during the years 1947 and 1948, I did not miss a single opportunity, and fortunately they were many, of being in His company, may be for a few days or hours. Nevertheless, I particularly remember 23rd July, 1948 for it offered me a passport to see Meher Baba on any day!

By the third week of July I learnt that a small group of Baba-people from Sholapur, 80 kilometres to the south of Kurduwadi, was to visit Meherabad for Baba's *darshan*, I wrote to Adi Sr. who directed. me to contact the group-head at Sholapur. So, provisionally I dropped a letter to him about the possibility of my joining the group, *en route* to Ahmednagar. I put in an application for a day's casual leave to the Head Master. He did not sanction it on grounds that the school inspection was expected on any one of the coming days. He was newly appointed and I had not enough acquaintance with him. I did not tell him about my visit to Meher Baba but just related that I had some urgent work and the leave may kindly be granted. My last words ended on a pleading note but he flatly refused it. Something inside me crumbled; it was hard to pull myself together. "Will I not have Your *darshan*, Baba?" I implored Him inwardly. The passenger train carrying the Sholapur group was to pass through Kurduwadi by midnight. Greatly disappointed I reached the station to bid farewell to my friends and to request them to convey my salutations to Meher Baba.

As I related my inability to my friends in joining them, a few regretted at my ill-luck for missing the august *darshan* of the Master. When the train was about to start, one elderly person from the group, spontaneously said, "The Head Master has no right to deprive you of the blessed *darshan* of the Perfect Master. Is the day's work at school so weighty and the opportunity of meeting Meher Baba so petty? Get into the train. Is not Baba capable enough to convince your boss?" Just then the train whistled and I impulsively got into the compartment. As it moved on, I shouted at one of the railway employees, whom I chanced to see and who knew my mother, to convey home the news of my departure to Ahmednagar. As the train sped fast the thoughts about school and home were brushed aside and the delightful prospect of seeing Baba made me immensely happy. I had no ticket, no money, just the usual clothes that I had on the person. But that did not worry me. The friends were there to help, But, above all, the confidence in Meher Baba was the real refuge.

An Hour Of *Darshan* At Meherabad.

At Dhond junction we had to change the train for Ahmednagar. By early morning, I sent a telegram to the Head Master regarding my absence. Here we met the Baba-*bhajan* party from Poona, led by late R. K. Gadekar. It was an added joy to hear them singing so devotionally, even in the railway compartment. On that day, because of some mechanical fault the train stopped just before Meherabad *Ashram*, which is neither a flag station nor even a level crossing. With cheers of Meher Baba Ki Jai, we alighted from the compartment. A few from the *Ashram* hearing the cheers, came on the road to receive us and to give us the good news that Baba had already arrived from Ahmednagar, The handshakes and embraces continued till we reached the main building.

By 9 a.m. we were asked to assemble in the Hall at Lower Meherabad. With divine decorum Baba arrived and took His seat in a corner, facing His big picture that we find today in the Hall. One or two benches were kept near the doorway. They were meant for the women folk. To see Baba was to see beauty enformed. He occupied His seat looking radiantly

beautiful. In His vibrant presence, our senses were made active and alert, particularly eyes and ears. Every eye was on Him to catch His loving glance or gesture. He had a graceful countenance with delicately chiselled lips. One may state that He had a pretty heritage of Persian charm—a straight nose, thin shining skin and broad forehead. Yet, He seemed to belong to no race in particular. His eyes seemed to pour out a soothing radiance and they had a quality of timelessness reflected in them. Hence, they seemed so knowing yet so oblivious as well, of everything!

The visitors paid their homage to Baba. A few garlanded Him. No one was allowed to touch His feet. I had nothing tangible to offer Him. From a distance I folded my hands and Baba was busy with someone else. For a moment I presumed, "Has He ignored me?" The next thought was, "Whatever Baba does has a deep significance!" When all were seated we chanted in chorus the divine names of God: "Hari, Paramatma, Allah, Ahurmazda, God, Yazdan, Hu". These names were given by Baba to His people for repetition in 1941. This created a heartwarming atmosphere, So, despite the efforts of self-control a few sobs escaped now and then from persons like Gadekar. While we were in the Hall someone told me that the author of the book 'Avatar' was sitting among the group of women *mandali*. I glanced in that direction but as I knew none of them I derived just a slight satisfaction that I had seen the author of a beautiful book on Baba. Jaju from Sholapur, an adherent of Gandhiji, spoke a few words about Meher Baba's divinity. As he delivered the speech, jubilation sounded in his voice and occasionally it flashed in his eyes. In all it was an hour of delight and of lovely *darshan*, one would like to set his eyes on. By 10 o'clock Baba returned to His cabin and later proceeded for Rusi's bungalow, His residence in Ahmednagar.

Permission To See Baba Any Day !

During this short stay, someone from the group hurriedly conveyed to Adi Sr., how I got into the train on the spur of the moment at Jaju's words, without previously informing the School or intimating the family members. Adi wrongly presumed that I had hesitated to start till I got Jaju's consent. He had posted me a letter to contact Jaju only for the details of this visit to

Meherabad. But some how he felt himself responsible and sorry over my plight! He had to leave Meherabad with Baba. So he had no time to exchange a few words with me. With the group, I left Meherabad the same day by the afternoon train.

Next morning, on 24th July, Adi Sr. reported to Baba about my inconvenience. And Baba, in His compassion, granted me—the one with whom He had not exchanged a single gesture during the hour of *darshan*, long-standing permission to see Him any day. About this incident, Adi Sr. wrote to me the following lines:

"I am so sorry, you were put to great inconvenience and discomfort in coming over to Meherabad for *darshan* on 23rd. I seem to have made a mistake in informing you that you should contact Jaju and come with him. I informed everything about this to Baba this morning. He 'said', from now on you are free to come and see Baba whenever you like. ... So far as Baba's *darshan* or *sahavas* is concerned, you have your contact directly established and as such you are given liberty to come for *darshan* any time you like, The only thing is that you should pre-intimate your coming two days before your arrival. Baba sends His dear love and blessings to you".

This letter was a surprise, a sweet surprise! Baba had clearly conveyed to me that I had established a direct contact with Him. What a consolation and a fortune too! Baba could use any situation for the showering of His grace. As I look back, I find that Baba had not practically denied me, *darshan* or *sahavas*, even during the periods of His strictest seclusion, including the one prior to the dropping of His body. The precious and the most delightful days of my life, in the company of the God-Man, in a way, owe their origin to the passport given to me through the letter which has been a part of my personal Baba-treasure.

On my arrival at Kurduwadi, before attending the class on 24th July, I approached the Head Master to explain the circumstances under which I decided to go. I feared that he would get angry with me and that I would find him in bitter fury. But, as I entered the room, I was amazed to hear him saying, "I received your telegram. You remained absent in

spite of my explicit refusal to grant leave. But, this is enough to explain that you had a very strong reason to leave Kurduwadi!" My spirit rose high as he concluded, "I officially sanction your leave. Go and attend to your work." He did not know anything about Meher Baba; nor did he ever ask me why I had been to Him. He was least interested in saints and Masters. But his unexpected reply revealed to me an outstanding aspect of Meher Baba's help through those who do not know Him. Was it the same time when Adi Sr. referred my case to the Master? I do not know. But any time can be Baba-time!

Masts Presented Loaves And Mangoes.

In the last week of July and the first week of August Baba paid some visits to Meherabad, On 5th August, 1948 Elizabeth Patterson who had been to the States returned to India. Baba was mostly busy with the Westerners, maybe in connection with the Myrtle Beach Center Inc. (U.S.A.) and His impending visit to the West. By 9th August, with the usual *mast*-team, He left Ahmednagar for contacting the *masts* in the south of India. Meher Baba's favourite spots of contacting these God-intoxicated souls were in the north of India. He was visiting the southern side after a period of three years. Meher Baba's work of contacting these souls in different parts of India was not like sowing wild oats; it was to help them in their journey of the Heart, to the innermost Being. In these meetings the *masts* perhaps stared at Baba trying to feed their hearts upon His divine face. Some gazed intently and intensely at Him and seemed merged in the sight. Words seemed unnecessary, silence prevailed and there was free expression of Love between the lovers and the Beloved.

On 10th August, Meher Baba was in Madras. A *mast* named Kalgiri Pir lived in a Parsi's house in Royapuram, a suburb of Madras. At the time of contacting him in 1945, he had given a loaf of bread to Baidul; this time he presented Baba two fresh loaves. But they were wrapped in an unclean paper. Unmindful of the outer covering Baba consumed the loaves to "the last crumb". The next contact was of Moulvi Saheb. He was regarded as the chief of the *masts* in Madras. At the end of the secluded contact he presented the Master six mangoes that

lay by his side. Unfortunately, they were not so sweet but Baba relished all the pulp and asked the *mandali* to preserve the skin and the stones.

After the party's return to Ahmednagar, Baba instructed one of His men to plant these stones in the seed-boxes and He personally watered the seedlings. Later, these were transplanted in the open ground, in the premises of Meherazad, and they yielded a good many fruit. I found them bit sour but quite tasty. About such offerings from the *masts*, given during this trip Baba mentioned that it was His last visit to contact certain *masts* for His work. So, they were expressing their love through such presents. On the same day, Baba contacted three more *masts* including Gafur who had some traits of a *mahabubi* type. We do not find many *masts* of this kind. Meher Baba explained the characteristics of this type as follows: * "A *mahabubi mast* invariably wears some article of feminine attire, such as a few bangles, rings on fingers, earrings or an old *choli* (a kind of bodice) ... He is always cheerful and though he sometimes talks at random, he never (in contradiction to a *jamali mast*) speaks in riddles. He also never abuses or beats others. He likes pan and is moderately fond of tea ... and he is fond of dancing".

Moti Baba, The Great Mast Of Negapattam

The next day, Baba visited Moti Baba who was residing in the house of a leather merchant. It is interesting to note how Kaka Baria and Eruch first met him at Negapattam. In the year 1939 while Baba was staying in Bangalore, He wished to have a *mast-ashram*. So, He sent these two stalwarts to find the inmates for this particular *ashram*. It was the rainy season and it rained heavily in the south. The roads were submerged under water. With great difficulty these two persons reached Negapattam to see Moti Baba who was a well-known figure in that part. At sun-down they visited his place and joined a group of persons who were eagerly waiting for his arrival. As Moti Baba arrived the gathering became silent. This great personality of the sixth plane with the sparkling eyes, glanced at the assembly and then took off his outer clothes, for they were quite wet. These consisted of seven coats and seven trousers. Then people com-

menced paying their homage to him. After some time, offering due respects to the *mast*, Kaka and Eruch put forth their request to him to accompany them for some days. They did not mention Meher Baba's name but the *mast* spontaneously answered, "I have just returned from the Man who had sent you. So, it is not necessary for me to accompany you to Him".

After their return to Bangalore they both related to Baba the account of their tour, including their meeting with Moti Baba. Hearing it, Baba decided to visit him. Meher Baba's first contact with Moti Baba was established in November, 1939. Baba washed his feet, offered him food and sat alone with him for His spiritual work. In those days, Moti Baba mostly wandered in the city, in the day time. Sometimes, he would be seen enjoying a bundle of *bidis* (country cigarettes). By 1948 after coming to Madras he preferred mostly to sit in a room and would be seen shuffling the playing cards. Without any hesitation, in this present visit, Moti Baba agreed for Baba's contact. It was to His satisfaction. While visiting a few more *masts* in different parts of Madras, one was spotted roaming about the city, holding glowing joss sticks (*agarbattis*), in his hand. Another one named Ashaq Mian was pretty old. Three years ago he was seen with a number of dogs around him. But this time he was 'dogless'. "Nevertheless," Baba remarked, "he is one of the good *masts*".

Chatti Baba, One Of The "Five Favourites"

From Madras, Meher Baba moved on to the south and halted at Trichinopoly. Here, He contacted an old Pathan. At night he used to sleep near a graveyard, by the side of the road. He was over 80 but had an exceptionally clear and melodious voice. *Sharbat*, a sweet drink, with flakes of ice was very much liked by him in all seasons. Baba contacted him at night. The place was quite out of the way. It was pitch dark and Vishnu, one of the *mandali*, who was a new addition to the usual *mast*-party, stumbled over something and fell flat on the road. One of his teeth was knocked out. It was a long-standing remembrance for Vishnu about Baba's visit to that old Pathan! To be with Baba in the *mast*-tour was an ordeal of its kind! From Trichy Baba journeyed towards the end of the Indian Peninsula

to visit Tiruvallur, near Negapattam. The visit had a special purpose. It was to bring about the final contact with Chatti Baba, the most delightful and remarkable *mast* of the sixth plane. He had stayed and travelled with Meher Baba from November, 1939 to September, 1941.

Chatti means a small earthen pitcher. As this person invariably kept a pitcher with him, he was known as *Chatti* Baba. He also carried a bundle of rags, *mutha* in Tamil. So, to some he was known as Mutha Baba. He was fondly remembered by the Baba-people for his pleasing smiles. He had a childlike disposition. Because of such innocence, Baba's love freely flowed out to him. He was one of Meher Baba's "Five Favourites". And as such I intend to give a brief account of his life with Meher Baba, prior to this final contact in August, 1948.

In the afore-mentioned tour of Kaka and Eruch in 1939, they had also met Chatti Baba. He was then seen lying happily by the side of a highway near Negapattam. People showed great reverence for him and as they fell full length before him, he would give each a pinch of dust, which they applied either to their foreheads or upon the hair. At that time the *mast* would smilingly say in a low voice, "*Po, Anna, po*" (Go, Brother, go) A *tonga*-owner by name Sardarsaheb who accompanied Kaka and Eruch in this tour, requested Chatti Baba in Tamil, to accompany them. But the *mast* gently replied, "I have work to do with my children here. I may come after a few days".

Chatti Baba's Bath, A Prodigious Performance !

The above hint of the *mast* was enough for Meher Baba to make a trip from Bangalore to that distant place. After much persuasion Chatti Baba was finally won over, to get into a taxi bound for Meher Baba's residence. From the very beginning Baba's relationship with Chatti Baba consisted in giving him a profuse bath. Baba would lovingly soap and rinse the body of Chatti Baba and then followed buckets after buckets of water which would be tossed over his head. And Chatti Baba sat chuckling merrily on a low wooden platform. The number of buckets would range from fifty to two hundred! Thus, each bath was a "prodigious performance". Sometimes, after bath

he would be found applying handful after handful of dust over the hair, which he wore long, Noticing this strange fancy, Meher Baba instructed one of the *mandali*, to place over a dozen buckets full of dust from the road, in Chatti Baba's room. In contrast to Chatti Baba, Ali Shah who was also one of the "Five Favourites" was rarely bathed by Meher Baba. Various were the ways of the God-Man as He played tenderly with the love of these souls, madly in love with God.

It is worth noting that these baths did not affect the health of Chatti Baba; he did not catch cold. Later, in Jaipur (Rajasthan) in the bitter cold of January, when people preferred to have two to three blankets for having a good sleep, this memorable *mast* would sit in the open country and under the star-lit sky and happily murmur, "How cold! How nice!" The bodies of the *masts* are strangely marvelous. Perhaps, they are governed by some supervening laws. As for these baths it is interesting to find that for a period of one week, it was Meher Baba's turn to have baths at the hands of Chatti Baba. And Baba, though not used to having head-bath every day, complied lovingly with the wish of Chatti Baba who tossed buckets of water over Baba's body.

After Chatti Baba's primary stay at Bangalore (Mysore) which lasted for over five months (1939-40), he moved with the Baba-party to Ranchi (Bihar) and then to Ceylon for a stay at Kandy. From there, he accompanied Meher Baba to Dehra Dun (Uttar Pradesh) and Ajmer (Rajasthan). In September, 1941 when Baba's headquarters was at Panchagani, he expressed an intense desire to return to Negapattam by sneaking away towards Wai. So Meher Baba made the necessary arrangement to get him to the place of his choice, safely and comfortably.

During the visit to Negapattam in August, 1948, Baba's *mandali* found him about twenty kilometres away from the city, nonchalantly lying in a field, with his head resting on a bundle of rags. They were seeing him after six long years. And they noticed that he looked older and scarcely looked happy. Was he sorrowing for something? Did he know that it was his final physical contact with the God-Man? Baba seemed fairly pleased to meet this great soul of the sixth plane. He highly

praised Chatti Baba's love for God. Following this meeting, Chatti Baba dropped his body to live eternally with Beloved God in perennial Union. Meher Baba once stated that those on the sixth plane of consciousness mostly realised God, at the time of dropping their gross bodies.

Two Yogis – Ilai Swami And Prasannanand

Meher Baba left Tiruvallur by train for Avanashi where lived a great *yogi* known as Ilai Swami. Though on the right side of eighty he looked quite healthy. He rarely had a bath. It was said that he scarcely drank water. After having his food he would wipe his hands against his body, particularly the hair. The nails of his fingers and toes were a few inches long. It was surprising that he wore at least a loin cloth! His body was a challenge to the hygienical laws. In appearance he looked dirty, rather filthy. But his innocent and care-free attitude towards uncleanness created an affection for him. His outer sheath belied his exalted inner state. Baba was so pleased to meet him that after the contact He gave a coconut, to each of the *mandali* to celebrate this happy occasion!

Then the Baba-party left for Tiruppur to meet Swami Prasannanand, He too was a *yogi*. But he was also a householder. While offering the prayers he would get so absorbed in devotion to God that he would practically lose his gross consciousness. While enquiring the way, leading to Swami's residence, the *mandali* met a half-crazy old person, a Brahmin who told them that he knew the way well. Hearing this Baba gestured that he should be somehow accommodated in the *tonga*. A mad man leading the God-Man! After reaching the place it was learnt that the *yogi* had commenced observing a forty days' fast in seclusion. Eruch approached the young disciple of the Swami. He explained that they had come from a far-off place and that his "elder brother" should be allowed to meet Swami Prasannanand. The talk at the outset did not seem to bear much hope.

Comic Incidents in Spiritual Work.

While the *mandali* including Baba were standing outside Swami's house, they were surrounded by a group of inquisitors. The *mandali* did not know Tamil and most of the people did not

know either English or Hindi. While they were somehow conversing one of the *mandali* noticed that someone had laid his shoulder and was trying to pilfer a ten-rupee note from his pocket. But at the nick of time, he was detected. A few in the crowd suggested that the young man should be handed over to the police. Baba, however, called the youth near Him, gently twisted his ears and conveyed through gestures, not to thief. A lucky act of pilfering that ended in a direct touch of the God-Man and the Divine exoneration! Baba then gifted him the ten-rupee note and told him never to steal again.

While this was happening outside the house, the half-crazy Brahmin sneaked right inside to the crypt where Shri Prasannanand stayed. The young disciple was with Baba's party and there was no one in particular near the *yogi*. So, this person scribbled notes after notes in Tamil and passed them through the door-slit to the *yogi*. Meher Baba's identity was disclosed neither to the Brahmin nor to the *Yogi*. But the old man vehemently pleaded for the visitors' meeting with him. By the time Baba had asked the young thief to go away, there appeared the Brahmin who announced that he had been successful in convincing Prasannanand to give *darshan* to the visitors. As Baba entered the inner courtyard, the *yogi* came out of his cell and both sat quietly and silently near each other. Thus Baba's object of contacting Prasannanand was fulfilled. The *mast*-tours had their own hardships, comic incidents and the uncommon events too!

By the third week of August, the proposed work of the present tour came to a close. With the significant and memorable contacts of the *masts* and *yogis* in the south, fresh in memory, the Baba-party returned to Madras, to board a train for Ahmednagar. During the short halt at Madras, Meher Baba spared some time to meet one of His dear children, a God-intoxicated soul, named Ramdas Swami. He was continuously sitting in the open, under a tree, for over two decades. At last, his penance and austerity were rewarded by the visit of the God-Man. Thus ended Meher Baba's *mast*-tour to the south of India and he reached the headquarters at Ahmednagar by 18th August, 1948.

(Copyright reserved)

(To be Contd.)

WITHOUT PENANCE & PRAYERS

—by T. N. Ratho

"Don't Worry, Be happy. *Love me.* All will be well" assured the God-man, Meher Baba – the Avatar of the age. With wide open mouth one would say 'Really' and yearn for a proof. Could a soul get all this by simply loving Him? 'Yes' and 'No' are the answers. Those who experienced, would assert this and those who have not yet had a glimpse of His love, would doubt it. But it is also likely that those who experienced His love may not contain it for ever and slip away from the path in course of time owing to the influence of illusion over the reality. The path of divinity is slippery. The compassionate Father, therefore, rightly cautioned all his lovers about the imminent danger. In the Prayer given to the Mandali (which includes every one that loves Him) Baba desired us to pray to Almighty God to bless us, so that we may not leave the daman of Baba *till the very end.* End of whom? End of every one of us. This provides an answer to those doubting Thomases who in their eagerness to pursue 'Sagunopasana' (worshipping through form or Guru) may slip into the abyss and leave Baba (since He is no more with us physically) in search of an alternate 'Guru', Sadguru, Wali or Mahatma. Remember! Baba is none of these. He was, is, and would be beyond all these. A God-man descended from that infinite bliss and power in order to awaken the erring mankind and to cut short the journey 'from eternity to Eternity'. It is a return to one's own being; the highest miracle in the Evolution and the Involution process par excellence achievement. Merger of soul with the over-soul is only the ultimate goal. Baba assures us that this could be achieved by 'Love'. All worldly prayers and penances are no substitutes for 'Love'. There is an element of craving in these traditional rituals and routines. God is not bound by tradition. He is beyond all. We must dismiss from our minds our time-worn traditions, definitions and concept of God. He is never bound by our conditions and concepts. He comes to this earth—whenever He wishes to, and in the form He desires. It was only a fortunate few who could recognise Him whenever He came. Hence

we should throw out the shackles of blind beliefs and rigid concepts in order to realise HIM. Once we have accepted Him, we should not waver in favour of alternates. Baba assured all this excellence in return for love. Either penance or prayer is only a *modus operandi* to achieve this excellence. Baba, the avatar of the Age—assures us that Love excels all these modes. Why doubt it? What have you to do to love? Consult your *heart*—not the mind. You will have your answer. Pin your faith in beloved Baba. Begin your 'love' with Baba. Ultimately He will enable you to love all. God is all pervading and in every heart. Baba has said in his departing (physically) message that He was leaving His body in order to live eternally in the hearts of His lovers. Be a lover of the Avatar and clean His abode—(your heart) to enable beloved Baba to stay there till your very end. To feed your intellect, and strengthen your faith upon Baba, it would be advisable to read his works 'God speaks' which unravels the mystery of creation; 'Listen Humanity' which pin-points the weaker spots in an individual and how to surpass them and several other discourses which are comparable to easy guides that would open the treasures of spiritual mystery, and ultimately suggests to you—who you are. This enlightenment will henceforth pose a new query to you 'Why to live?' and not 'how to live?' That is the beginning of Awakening which one can achieve through Love—Love and Love alone. Baba is that quintessence of Love and Love personified. May Beloved Baba grant us that strength and determination to hold on to His daman till the very end!

JAI BABA !

GLIMPSES OF MEHER

(Life-Story of Avatar Meher Baba in Historic Present)

By Dr. C. D. Deshmukh, M.A., PH. D. (LONDON)

Director, Avatar Meher Spiritual Academy, Nagpur.

(Continued from October Issue)

1923

In May, 1923, Baba winds up the Manzil-Ashram, celebrating the 53rd Birth-day of Maharaj, in the Happy Valley, with fasts for the Mandali, meals for the poor, and the waving of lights of the Arti-song of devotion to the photo of Maharaj.

Now the scene of action is shifted to Arangaon—where in 1922, Moula Baba had traced four lines, enclosing a space to be utilised for his shrine, and forecasting Meher Baba's visit to that place; and where the person, entrusted with this duty, had, after Moula Baba's death, deposited his body in that very place, according to his express wishes.

This very site, including in its precincts, the shrine of Moula Baba, is selected by Beloved Meher, for his future work.

Baba spends a night along with his disciples, under a tree in this very site, in the vicinity of Arangaon—known also as 'Choti Pandhari', with temple of Vithoba, in which years ago, the saint Buaji Bua got himself buried alive.

Thirteen stalwarts go with Baba to Arangaon, accepting a life of severe discipline.

Beheramji, Gustadji, Jal, Adi (Senior), Baidul, Rustom Kaka, Babu, Ramjoo, Pendu, Padri, Samson and 'Nervous'. From May a tour with Mandali, The Taj at Agra, in Mathura a dip in the Jamna, To Quetta through Karachi and back to Ahmedabad.

Walking on foot, with Beloved Baba at the head,
 they throw away their Turkish caps
 in the river at Ankaleshwar.
 Baba takes no solid food throughout the tour,
 till the return of the party to Arangaon.

After six weeks in Bombay, Baba brings his disciples on
 foot.

Baba brings his disciples to Sakori,
 himself staying at Babhaleswar
 with one of them,
 and sending the rest for the Darshana of Maharaj
 who has been staying in a cage-like cabin,
 for ten months.
 Baba drops his trip to Persia, as one disciple dies at Bushire.
 On return-journey they pay respects to the shrine of Kabir,
 Beloved Meher reconciling the warring Sadhus
 to a willing and happy compromise.

1924

The Arangaon Ashram-Colony comes to be known as
 Meherabad,
 since 1924, having a time-table from five in the morning
 till ten at night, a simple daily round
 with prayers, Bhajans, Ashram-construction and gardening.
 Once in the Happy Valley, Beloved Baba is communicative
 describing his working in connection with
 the preparing of the inner Circle.
 With the forty in his Mandali.

1925

Beloved Meher runs institutions, from January 1925:
 Hazrat Babajan School, the hospital and dharmashala,
 the asylum for the lepers and orphans.
 Meher Baba himself bathes the children of 'untouchables'
 now gradually coming to be styled as Harijans,
 enlisting the willing participation
 of the high-browed Brahmins and the stiff-necked nobility;
 and playing cricket and foot-ball with the boys,
 Baba becomes one of them,
 and comes to be adored by every one as the Beloved
 Supreme
 winning their love, homage and, obedience.

Thursday is the Darshan-day,
Hindus bowing down at Baba's holy feet,
Muslims kissing his hands,
A cordon of lovers guards Beloved Meher
from crowds rushing on like the strides
of advancing sea,
some wanting to be blessed with children,
others seeking relief from suffering,
still others desiring power, position and wealth,
but few seeking the great Truth,
which the Lord is anxious to impart.

The unique Silence of our beloved Avatar Meher
starts on 10th July 1925,
without the pomp or fuss of little minds;
Baba using a slate and pencil to have his 'say',
He has entered into his Silence for reasons spiritual,
to lead the world on the Peach
through impending world-conflagration and tribulations,
so that our vexed times may get a push onwards.
No one from Mandali witnessing the launching
of this enigmatic Silence knows when exactly it would
terminate, and none even dream that for years and years,
they would no more hear the exquisitely sweet voice
of their Beloved.

Baba's writing on the slate direct the activities
of the High School and the Meher Dispensary,
of thought-impact on the aspirants, coming from
all quarters of the world. In Avatar Meher the
spoken word has got merged into Silence
and the worldly wisdom is replaced by the eloquence
of a Silence directly touching the soul,
without the distractions of dictionary-thinking.

Many interpretations of Baba's unique Silence
are current among the Meher Lovers and the elite,
but to understand his Silence adequately
is to transcend the domain of the intellect,
Since the Upanishadic times, the real Self
has been declared as being beyond speech and intellect.

No words can fathom the Truth, which Baba brings,
 imparting through the depths of his silent eloquence.
 Even in the midst of thundering cannons,
 Avatar Meher's Silence shall be heard.
 When man comes in tune with his meaningful Silence,
 he will get initiated into the New Era of Divine Love,
 which knows no corruptions or separateness,
 which redeems man from all pettiness or fear,
 and awakens the eternal divinity in every one,
 effecting what no volumes of words can ever achieve.
 When Meher Baba starts his unique silence,
 he explains that it is neither a vow, nor a penance nor
 Sadhana,
 but is vitally connected with his universal work,
 of steering the ship of humanity through the throes and
 agonies
 of world-wars and tribulations and distress and chaos.
 His mysterious Silence continues,
 at once teaching, restraining, baffling and inspiring
 our age, which is torn asunder by the high-sounding slogans
 of shallow and wordy wisdom,
 offering nothing but the tantalising and confounding
 distraction, yielding no understanding.
 At Meherabad many and varied are the fasts
 for the Mandali on Thursdays
 and to some also on Sunday, during prescribed duration,
 Baba also avoiding solid food or all food for long periods.
 'Mastan', a boy immersed in inner psychic states,
 receives Baba's special care with one person
 deputed to look after him.
 And this is only a beginning Baba's Mast-work.
 Through the philanthropic activities at Meherabad,
 Meher Baba teaches the Yoga of service,
 enlisting in his divine work all Mandali,
 distributing their work according to their various aptitudes:
 There are compounders and nurses, watchmen and cooks,
 managers and accountants, writers and watermen,
 Baba blessing all walks of life and all who tread them.
 Nelhams, the first western disciple of Beloved Meher,
 has in June the rare chance of rendering personal service
 to him,

before he completes his earthly sojourn.

Once a Yogi comes to Baba with a desire to test him.
 Baba gets him to write out his questions on a slate,
 simultaneously starting to write on his own slate.
 Then without looking at the questions of the Yogi,
 Baba asks him to read from his own slate the answers to
 his questions.

The Yogi grieves for his attitude of doubt
 and prostrates in deep devotion
 before the super-human personality of Meher Baba.

The famous dacoit Satto Mang gives to Baba
 a solemn promise that he would refrain
 from his nefarious pursuits.
 But, once, forgetting his word to the Lord,
 he is about to repeat the act of burglary,
 when he gets the vision of Baba's Form, full of compassion,
 with a look of persuasion irresistible;
 and Satto gives up for ever his nefarious trade,
 becoming a new man.

Baba's elder brother, Jamshedji participates
 in Baba's Birth-day celebrations,
 but leaves for Poona immediately against Baba's persuasions
 The 27th of February 1926 brings the mail,
 with the sorry tidings of the demise of Jamshedji,
 drowning all Mandali in grief,
 Baba then explains how Jamshedji is really having his rest
 in him,

death being but an awakening in another body, and
 all lamentations for the departed one
 being the measure of our sense of loss for ourselves.
 Baba then sends some disciples
 to console his bereaved mother.

Once the Mandali perform the drama of Shaha Shivaji;
 and often there are Kirtans and Lectures in the evenings.
 In Poona, Babajan places her head
 on the photo of Beloved Meher, shedding tears of love,
 And from Sakori Maharaj sends some
 for the Darshan of his dear Meherwan,
 In May, Narayan Maharaj also sends Angal,

asking him to serve Baba, and see him there.
 Baba has been writing a book for some time.
 But even the use of the slate, for conveying his thoughts.
 comes to be given up;
 and Baba now uses an Alphabet-Board,
 spelling out his words with his quickly moving fingers,
 pointing to the printed alphabets on the board.
 Through the board, he gives his talks
 mostly in Gujrathi, English, Marathi, Urdu or Hindi,
 often quoting and explaining the Persian Sufi poets,
 Hafiz and Jalaluddin Rumi being his favourite ones.
 The profound discourses which he has given through the
 board,
 are among the world's most inspiring literature.
 And the facility with which he operates the board
 is amazingly suitable for detailed attention
 to daily routine, frequent humour
 and the conscious sharing of life with the Mandali.
 In the April of 1927, there is the inauguration of
 Meherashram,
 a lodging – Boarding hostel for boys,
 Brahmins, Mahars, Marathas, Muslims and Parsees,
 without distinctions.
 In January 1928,
 the tide of love, hitherto unknown,
 surges in the hearts of these lucky ones.
 One kiss from Baba on the forehead sends Sayyad Ali
 in deep trance through which he declares his ineffable bliss,
 and the beatific vision of seeing Baba everywhere,
 Baba, in all his spiritual grandeur and beauty divine.
 Ali's mystic experience is a type from many
 exalted experiences of varied lovers,
 caught up in the divine beauty of the Beloved.
 Rapt in the contemplation of the Divine Beloved,
 the lover forgets himself in ecstatic love,
 his spiritual beauty being the spell cast by the Beloved
 upon the lover, making his path of love a joyous enterprise.
 Ali's father is disinclined to continue Ali in Meherashram,
 and not only takes him away against his wishes
 but keeps him under arrest and strict watch.
 But Ali manages to escape and his father follows him

to Meherabad; but to be persuaded to allow his son
to stay further at the Meherashram.

In April and May, Babajan pays a visit to Premashram,
a special branch of Meherashram,
before Baba shifts his Ashrama-place to the village,
Toka from 3rd June.

While demolishing the Meherabad structures,
Baba explains that he is no way entangled with
works, which the Municipality can do.
At Toka, Celebrating the birth-day of Shri Krishna,
Beloved Meher is clothed in Krishna's costume,
and taken round in a procession, in a hand-driven vehicle.
Rustom's visit to England brings three English Seekers
to India in June;
and they all stay with Beloved Baba for several months.
The magazine 'Meher Message' makes a sporadic beginning
for spreading Baba's Teachings;
But it is soon replaced by 'The Meher Gazette'
of Sampath Ayyangar of Madras,
giving to all Meher Lovers the news and Teachings of
Beloved Baba.

October brings to Baba the Russian Sadhu Leik,
who has had close association with Sadhu Sundar Singh,
and who according to his own descriptions,
was inwardly directed by Ramkrishna Paramahansa
through a beam of light, seen by him during his London stay,
clearly showing to him the direction, which he had to take,
from Himalyan abode towards Bombay,
in order to meet his Master in the physical body,
thus bringing about his contact with Avatar Meher.
Sadhu Leik recognises in Meher Baba God Himself,
convinced that Baba is *the* One whom he had sought
for years.

Sadhu Leik now surrenders himself to Beloved Baba;
and dedicating all his life to the sacred cause
of spreading the Name and Teachings of Meher
the Russian Sanyasin roams about to all parts of India
carrying with him the glad tidings of Avatar's Advent.
The November cold makes the Toka-Ashram stay

very uncomfortable; and within three weeks,
new huts get constructed in Meherabad,
where Meher Baba and Mandali return
to carry on multifarious activities.

(Copyright reserved)

(To be Contd.)

A LOVING HEART

—By Dorothy L. Levy.

A loving heart is never sad
Having learned to accept the (so-called) good with the bad.
For, when there is love in our heart ...
Beloved Baba is ever present with Love to impart ...
Giving us faith, and hope in servitude to others
Forgetting self-love for Him in all others ...
Being made aware of His Blessing—a gift to His Creation ...
Someday to awaken out of darkness to light-God-Realization,
God-Man came on earth again, and again taking form,
The Ancient ONE never dies; nor is born ...
The Highest Of The High—OCEAN OF LOVE DIVINE ...
Avatar Meher Baba—The KNOWER of all souls heart and
mind...
With each descent to earth He brings THE MESSAGE OF LOVE
and TRUTH —
THE TREE OF LIFE, we, the branches, He the ROOT ...
In this flame of life that never dies—
Love erases our *sanskaras* (impressions) loosens *karmic*-ties.
When the heart is happy, loving and gay ...
Beloved Baba IS in our heart to stay—

JAI BABA KI JAI !

Talk given at Guruprasad, Poona, during the great Darshan 1969. *

—By Francis Brabazon.

I am amazed and filled with joy to discover that the Beloved I have been serving for many years is truly a very mighty Beloved.

Of course, I have known all along that he was God. But there are so many Gods. There is the God which people see in a shape of illusion such as a sunset or a mountain view or a symphony, or whose hand is seen in one's not getting caught in a rain-storm or in obtaining a good job: no doubt a very comfortable and profitable God to have—well worth a Christian candle or some Hindoo incense—but not a God to whom one would offer one's life. There is the God who rules the shining planes of consciousness: but sight of him would blind one. And the God who is beyond the planes is unknowable except by his own Grace. And he is extremely careful to whom he gives that Grace.

So when beloved Baba used to tell us that he was God, I used to think, "Yes, Baba, you are God all right—the One God and all the Gods—but what good is that to me?" In fact, I used to get so fed-up with him being God that I wished he wasn't. Or I wished he was a sort-of-an Old Testament God to whom I could slaughter some fat lambs or a spotless young bull in return for some added acreage. I got so tired of his being so much God that I wrote a song about it and sang it to him. It goes something like, "If only you were a bit less God, a bit more Man, I wouldn't feel so much like someone upside down in a garbage can."

But Baba wasn't going to become more Man just for my sake, so I had to settle for him as the divine Beloved—one whom I could serve sometimes, instead of thinking about myself all the time. After all, although he is God, and sometimes is a

* By kind courtesy of Mr Francis Brabazon and Meher House Publications (Australia).

Man, being one's own and the world's Beloved is his main job. Others can become as much God or as much Man as he, but only Baba is more beloved than any other beloved. And is infinitely worth serving.

But now a great problem arises. How to serve that One who is All-beloved; for whatever one does with love is done by him. All that is done *for* the Beloved is done *by* the Beloved. And so one arrives at the painful conclusion that the Beloved alone exists—which means that oneself doesn't. And that's a terrible predicament to find oneself in—for one is still *there!*

The only solution I found was to accept the position: "You alone are and I am not, but we are both here." And having arrived at this acceptance Baba now taught me a poetical form capable of expressing all the shades of the impossible relationships of love and Beloved. Such a form has not existed in English till now, because the lover-Beloved dilemma was not part of the British-American consciousness. And, of course, beloved Baba being the author of this new form was (or seemed to be) delighted with my exercises in it.

And here is a delicious piece of humor in connection with this. There was a period when Baba had me read a new poem to him three times every morning. Do you know why three times? Baba was memorizing them. Why memorizing them? So that he could quote them next time he comes back, in seven hundred years! That is really God-Man humor, isn't it? Then there were his extraordinary orders or commissions. His last was for thirty ghazals—ghazal is the name of the new poetical form he taught me. It happened this way. One morning after the usual morning business was finished Baba said he wanted me to write thirty ghazals. Could I do that? I replied promptly and brightly, "No, Baba." This reply seemed to rather astonish him. He turned to the other mandali and said, "Well, what do you think of that? I ask this fellow to write thirty ghazals and he says, No, Baba". Then Baba turned questioningly back to me. I said, or rather groaned, "I don't know whether I can write one ghazal—and you ask for thirty. I don't think there are any more in my head." Then he says sympathetically and persuasively, "Try, and I will help you." So it was back to the stone-quarry again to cut and build thirty more little poem-houses, each one a bit different; for the Beloved likes variety.

But still I did not know what a mighty Beloved our Beloved is. This knowledge has come to me only recently—since Baba laid aside his body.

Now, the Beloved would not be the Beloved if he did not have a thousand whims and moods, if he didn't play his eternal game of divine pretense; if he was not all ears for the lover's praise and stone deaf to his complaints; if he was not All-knowledge and All-ignorance at the same time. He would not be the Beloved if he did not decorate the walls of his wine-shop with pretty pictures such as "All the religions being drawn together as beads on one string" and "700 years of peace"; and then invite the lover to cross deserts of heart-dryness and oceans of tears to receive the wine of his kiss; but when the lover at last staggers in at the door, the Beloved spends the whole time showing him the pictures and expecting his interest and admiration.

What a Beloved our Beloved is! What a Beloved we have chosen to serve! What is it to the thirst-crazed lover if a lot of glass beads are strung on one string? Will that make them turn into diamonds? What if there is seven hundred years of peace? Will not war again follow?

He would not be the Beloved if he did not tell the lover to stand up and sit down at the same moment; to become footless and walk; to become headless, and think; to exert himself to the utmost, and leave everything to him.

Though it is not the time yet for us to know the wine of his kiss on our lips, we have received the kiss of his Word in our hearts. If it were not so, how could all you dear ones who have never seen his Man-form be here now?

Who but the Beloved of Beloveds, could speak his Word silently in your hearts and make you come from across the world to take his darshan, to bow down to him in your hearts? Such a thing has never happened before. I have been at Mass-darshans where tens of thousands came and bowed down to his Man-form. But to come thousands of miles to bow down to him in one's own heart, that is of an entirely different order of devotion.

Why has beloved Baba given you people this extraordinary privilege? Because he required a few to do what the many, what everyone, must eventually do: journey across the world of illusion to take darshan of him in their hearts. What a Beloved is our

Beloved; what a mighty Beloved. This Word which he has spoken in your hearts, which will be spoken in every heart in the world, will lead you by the hand and drive you with whips to the door of your Beloved, to the wine-shop of your Master—where it will become your own pure song of praise and will cause the beloved wine-master to open the door and bring you in and pour for you a glass of the wine of self-forgetfulness and *Beloved-alone-remembrance*. The very Word with which he knocked on the doors of your hearts and aroused you to set your feet on the path to him, that same Word will knock on his door and make him open it to you—himself, I bow down to this mighty one in each of you.

But you also have your parts to play on this grand journey you have begun—you must not leave it all to your Beloved. For every step the lover takes to the Beloved, the Beloved takes ten to the lover. But the lover must continually take that one step. We must practise taking beloved Baba's darshan, bowing down to him in our hearts, every day, then every moment until we have continuous sight of him.

Happenings will happen—even Grand Happenings. But they will not be that Happening which has to happen in our hearts. So do not look to these other happenings to nourish your faith; depend only upon his Word and Its song in your hearts.

Be prepared for a long, long journey to have the Beloved's real darshan. But it may only take a mere seven hundred years to reach his door and bow down to him for the last time and merge in him forever. Jai Baba !

CORRECTION

Please note that the address of Mr. Fred Marks is 421, Upper Richmond Road, and NOT 21, as printed in July '72 issue of "Divya Vani"

* * *

Please insert 19 instead of 16 in column four, line six in the table given on page eleven of October '72 issue of "Divya Vani".

Please insert Jerusalem in column nine, line four, in the same table.

Please delete reference given in footnote on page eight, and also delete inverted commas.

—*Editor.*

Invitations were printed and sent to the surrounding Baba centres and locally also, requesting the lovers to attend the Sahavas meeting at 6-00 P.M. on 21-9-72. But a telegram was received at 5-00 P.M. informing that they could not go here on that day due to car repair.

Next day on 22-9-72, Bro. Sivudu Siva Rao and Bro. Bonala Venkateswarlu received the chief guests at Rajahmundry near Godavari Bund. Mike announcement was made at Kovvur, about the arrival of Bro. Adi and Small to Mehersthan, informing the villagers that there will be a Public meeting at 6-00 P.M. Many lovers from surrounding centres and locally also attended the meeting which commenced at 6-30 P.M.

Bro. M. V. Ramana, Vice-Chairman, Kovvur Municipality offered Parvardigar prayer in English. Bro. K. L. Ramakrishna Murthy, Govt. Junior College Lecturer, read out the Welcome address to the Chief Guests. Bro. G. Kameswara Rao, Govt. Junior College English Lecturer, read out English poems composed by Bro. Vuppuluri Rama Rao of Eluru and also translated the speeches of Bros. Adi and Small, who spoke about Baba's mission of Avatar-hood and his work. They exhorted the audience to pay a visit to Meher Baba's Samadhi and bow down there so that all the samskaras would be burnt. Bro. Sivudu Siva Rao spoke about the birth and service of late Koduri Krishna Rao the founder of Mehersthan (as 21st September was the birth day of Koduri). After vote of thanks was offered, Baba's film show was arranged by Bro. Small (Meher Prasad) and the audience felt immense happiness. Bro. Koduri Prasad played host to all the Baba-lovers who came from the surrounding centres and to the chief guests; the latter left for Vijayawada, at 10-00 P.M.

Jai Baba !

K. L. R. KRISHNA MURTHY,
Secretary.

AVATAR MEHER BABA VISAKHAPATNAM CENTRE:

Bro. Adi K. Irani, Disciple and Secretary of Avatar Meher Baba and Bro. Jack C. Small (U.S.A.) visited our centre and participated in several programmes on 17-9-72 and 20-9-72.

On 17-9-72, under the Presidentship of Capt. M.P.G. Menon, a large gathering of Baba lovers was addressed by Bro. Adi in Meher Nilayam. He explained to those assembled the way in which they should acquit themselves in order to prove worthy of the cause of Avatar Meher Baba. The function concluded with film-exhibition, by Bro. Jack C. Small, of Baba's darshan and Sahavas programmes.

On 20-9-72, between 3-00 P.M. and 4-00 P.M., a function was got up in Mehernilayam under the auspices of Meher Bala Vihar, At the request of Baba lovers, Bro. Adi sang several melodious songs playing on the harmonium.

On the same day, between 4-00 P.M., and 4-30 P.M., Bro. Adi and Bro. Jack C. Small visited the A.M.B. Homeo Hospital and Meher Teletherapy centre, which is being most ably run by Dr. B.V.S.N. Raju as one of the concomitants of Baba work. The distinguished guests expressed their pleasure and appreciation at the remarkable service being rendered by these institutions so dear to the Avatar. After tiffin at Bro. K.M. Gandhi's house, Bro. Adi and party visited Br. G. Raja Rao's residence which is flourishing as a branch of our A.M.B. centre. After the local Baba lovers were introduced to the Chief Guests here, harati was offered to the Avatar by Bro. Adi.

The same night, between 6-30 P.M. and 9-00 P.M. a public meeting was held under the presidentship of Dr. S. Sreenivasulu Reddy, F.R.C.S., (London). Bro. Adi—Explained to the huge gathering Meher Baba's messages of Truth and Love. The function came to a close with Bro. Jack C. Small's Film exhibition of Baba's darsan and sahavas programme.

An amount of Rs. 1,001/- (Rupees One thousand and one only), which was collected as special donations for A.M.B. Trust, was presented to Bro. Adi K. Irani and Bro. Jack C. Small to commemorate their visit to our centre on 17th and 20th September 1972. The names of the donors and their contributions are as follows.

<u>Name of Donor.</u>	<u>Amount</u>
1. Bro. P. V. Ramana Rao	Rs. 136-00
2. " T. Meher Prasad	122-00
3. " K. M. Gandhi	120-00
4. " N. N. Raju	111-00
5. " G. Papa Rao	90-00
6. " B. V. S. N. Raju	61-00
7. " S. Suryanarayana	52-00
8. " Ch. Satyanarayana	35-00
9. " V. Nirakara Rao	25-00
10. " T. N. Ratho	25-00
11. " C. Appa Rao	15-00
12. " R. Radhakrishna	12-00
13. " A. S. Achary	10-00
14. " M. A. Reddy	10-00
15. " S. S. Prakasa Rao	10-00
16. " B. Pardhasaradhi	10-00
17. " D. Sreeramamurty	10-00
18. " S. Krishnamurthy	9-00
19. " Y. Venugopala Rao	6-00
20. " A. R. Murthy	6-00
21. " K. Satyanarayana	4-00
22. " P. V. A. Janardhana	4-00
23. " K. A. Satyanarayan	2-00
24. " P. V. R. Subrahmanyam	1-00
25. " P. Ramabhadramurty	1-00
26. Sister P. Seethasundri	1-00
27. Baba Lovers (out stations)	<u>88-00</u>
	976-00
28. M/s. Ramakrishna Picture Palace	<u>25-00</u>
Total.	Rs. <u>1,001-00</u>

* * *

On 24-9-72, Bro. M.R. Appa Rao garu was kind enough to accept our invitation and visit our Mehernilayam and express his pleasure at the calm and tranquil atmosphere prevailing there at.

N. N. RAJU,
Secretary.

MEHER VIHAR TRUST

3-6-417, Post Office Street

Himayatnagar, Hyderabad-29, (A. P. India)

Publications ready for Sale:

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

N.B. (i) All the prices are inclusive of Postage by Book Post.

(ii) All Foreign orders to accompany cheques drawn in favour of "Meher Vihar Trust".

Telugu Publications: (Excluding Postage) –

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



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

Print Edition Text	Online Edition Text	Page Number	Paragraph No.	Line Number
instils	instills	5	1	13
supercedes	supersedes	8	4	6
marvellous	marvelous	9	1	20
dit	did	13	1	16
jubiliation	jubilation	14	2	18
afternon	afternoon	15	1	4
darashan	darshan	15	3	2
latter	letter	15	4	10
sore	sour	17	2	5
marvellous	marvelous	20	2	7
eithe	either	22	1	1
wordly	worldly	27	3	6
canons	cannons	28	1	3
irresitible	irresistible	29	4	7
sens	sends	30	1	25
Wrapt	Rapt	30	1	32
pursuaded	persuaded	31	1	1
entagled	entangled	31	2	5
repalced	replaced	31	2	15
Indian	India	31	2	32
empart	impart	32	2	4
yow	you	33	3	9
conciouness	consciousness	34	3	7
is	it	34	4	6
saide	aside	35	1	3
surrouding	surrounding	38	3	17
visted	visited	35	1	3
is	it	36	4	2
severl	several	39	2	3
harati	Arti	39	3	11
amonut	amount	39	5	1