

**DIVYA VANI**  
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**January 1967**

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the "Meher Vihar Trust"

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**Monthly:**

**January 1967**

# **D I V Y A V A N I**

**( DIVINE VOICE )**

*E d i t o r :*

**SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN**

*Phone:* 3 6 2 3 3

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(Continued on 3rd cover page)

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JANUARY 1967

# D I V Y A   V A N I

( DIVINE VOICE )

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Devoted to Avatar Meher Baba & His Work

*E d i t o r :*

SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN

*Hon. Assistant Editor :*

L. Venkayya, B.Sc., LL.B., D.P.A.

*Phone: 36233*

*Grams: "MEHERVIHAR"*

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"I am nearer to you than your own breath.  
Remember Me, and I am with you, and My Love will  
guide you."

—MEHER BABA



*Editorial:*

## **LOVE BABA**

"Godhood is the birth right of every man. God alone is real, all else is illusion, and goal of life is union with God through love", says Avatar Meher Baba. It is true that all saints, teachers and Masters say the same thing in one way or another. But beloved Baba tells us: "One can find volumes and volumes of prose and poetry about love, but there are very, very few persons who have found love and experienced it. No amount of reading, listening and learning can ever tell you what love is. Regardless of how much I explain love to you, you will understand it less and less if you think you can grasp it through your intellect or imagination ..... The difference between love and intellect is something like that between night and day: they exist in relation to one another and yet as two different things. Love is real intelligence capable of realizing truth; intellect is best suited to know all about duality, which is born of ignorance and is entirely ignorance. When the sun rises, night is transformed into day. Just so, when love manifests, not-knowing (ignorance) is turned into conscious knowing (knowledge)."

Beloved Baba places before us the simple truth about God and attainment of Godhood by an ordinary man, provided one is earnest about it. But then, it will be too difficult a problem for ordinary human beings like us even to try to love the impersonal God, who is said to be beyond mind and intellect and hence the necessity of a

Man-God, (Sadguru) or a God-Man (Avatar) who can render help that can be received by an ordinary man at his level of knowledge and experience of life, and make him progress on the spiritual path and reach the higher levels of consciousness to which he befits himself by their guidance and blissful help. The Sadguru's help becomes a condition precedent for one to progress on the spiritual path, however ardent the seeker may be in pursuit of the path. And the help is indeed available to those that befit themselves by their honest and sincere effort with absolute dedication and surrender to the Perfect Master (Man-God), who out of his love for the disciple leads him to the higher regions of spiritual growth and finally to the state of God-realisation; but such good fortune will be bestowed upon one in a million or a crore of ardent seekers, and so it becomes a rarity in ordinary life.

But the special opportunity that an ordinary man gets when the Avatar of the Age is here is a rare privilege bestowed upon the entire humanity to be the recipients of such Grace of the Divine. Our Beloved Baba says: "My lovers are fortunate to have God in human form in their presence. Just a glance from Me can give you all you need—can turn your vision inward. You will be sitting here without any outward change, but you will become 'what you really are'—You have to wait for that moment. That moment is near and for that you have to love wholeheartedly, otherwise you will miss it. If I knock at your door and you are asleep, I will go away. In the Avataric periods, one does not necessarily have to make the inward journeys by stages. If you have the Grace of the Avatar, He just takes you from where you are to where you should be, where God wants you to be."

It is therefore evident that while the Avatar is amongst us, one has the opportunity to achieve that state of absolute union with God, which is the goal of all humanity, at a stretch by His Grace, if one is serious

about it in his life by loving Him whole-heartedly. But then the question arises—how to love Him? For many of us it is the riddle indeed, however much we may feel that we are loving Him. Beloved Baba asks us to love Him as He ought to be loved, as God ought to be loved. But He also tells us plainly that it is impossible to do so, for none can love God as He ought to be loved. Then what is the alternative offered, by the Avatar of the Age, to an ordinary man. He says: "Human love, regardless of its limitations, should never be despised. It is bound eventually to break through all limitations to initiate the aspirant into eternal life in the truth."

This love can be expressed in various ways, all of which ultimately result in union with God. The practical way for the average man to express love is to think lovingly, speak lovingly, and act lovingly towards all man-kind, feeling God to be present in every one."

But love means suffering and pain for oneself, and happiness for others. To the giver it is suffering without malice or hatred. To the receiver it is blessing without obligation.

In the words of Beloved Baba, the spirit of true love and real sacrifice is beyond all ledgers and needs no measure. A constant longing to love and be loving, and a non-calculating will to sacrifice in every walk of life—high and low, big and small, between home and office, streets and cities, countries and continents—are the best measures man can take to be really self-ful and joy-ful.

Out of His Infinite Compassion, the Avatar of the Age is now amongst us, having come down to awaken and render all possible help to the entire humanity. It is now for us to take it or leave it.

Besides keeping God before ourselves in our daily lives and loving Him by loving our fellow men, we can

love God by surrendering to the Sadguru or Perfect Master who is God's personal manifestation, or to the God-Man, who is God descended directly into human form. To surrender to any of these is to surrender to God Himself. Baba says: "To love Me as I love you, you must receive My Grace. Only My Grace can bestow the gift of Divine Love. To receive My Grace you must obey Me wholeheartedly, with a firm foundation of unshakeable faith in Me. And you can only obey Me spontaneously as I want when you completely surrender yourselves to Me, so that My Wish becomes your law and My Love sustains your being. Age after age, many aspire for such a surrender but only a few really attempt to surrender to Me completely as I want. He who succeeds ultimately not only finds Me but becomes Me and realizes the aim of life."

And it is now for us to surrender unto Beloved Baba with love and faith in Him as God in human form who has come to help us in every way and try to obey Him to the best of our abilities and leave the rest to His absolute Graceful Will. May He be pleased to bestow on us all His Love and absolute faith unfaltering, so as to keep us always in Him ever in joy and bliss immortal.

Jai ! Avatar Meher Baba Ki Jai !

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#### BABA SAYS:

"When you feel angry or get lustful thoughts at once remember Me whole-heartedly. Let My Name serve the purpose of a net around you, so that like mosquitoes, the thoughts may keep buzzing around you, yet they will not be able to 'bite' you."

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# Beloved Baba's 73rd Birthday

## OUR HUMBLE APPEAL

TO THE READERS OF DIVYA VANI

*Dear Brother / Sister in Beloved Baba's Love,*

We are so happy to let the loving readers and subscribers to our English Monthly "DIVYA VANI" know that it is past five and a half years, since this humble journal has been started to serve the Cause of our Beloved Baba, the Avatar of the Age. By Beloved Baba's Graceful Blessings and the kind co-operation, help and encouragement of our dear brothers and sisters during all these years, we are serving the Cause in our own humble way. Some of them were pleased even to have sent in their love-contribution and became Life-Members too. We are so grateful to them all for their love for the Cause and also for the kind help rendered to us.

On the eve of the 73rd Birth day of Beloved Baba, we had occasion to review our effort and the work done during these years, and we find that it falls too short of our own expectations; for we find on our mailing list about four hundred Inland subscribers and two hundred Over Seas subscribers, total being only six hundred. After six years of struggle, we feel that the circulation figure of the Journal is too low, when compared with the number of Baba lovers, who are ever increasing all over the world.

We therefore take this opportunity to make a sincere appeal to all the Baba-lovers, and especially the subscri-

bers to our Magazine and through them to all other Co-workers to lend their helping hand, in spreading the Name and Message of the Avatar of the Age, our Beloved Baba, whose Cause is more dear to every one of us than any thing else in our lives.

Our humble request on this happy occasion is that each one of our subscribers may be pleased to enroll on an average two or at least one more subscriber to our journal, so that the total circulation may be doubled and we may render our services and share our Beloved's Love-blessings with at least double the present number of readers by their kind help. We hope our dear brothers and sisters will appreciate the difficulties in our way and will do their best and help us to serve them in the Cause of our Beloved more vigourously and effectively in the coming year. We pray Beloved Baba for His Blissful Blessings on all the members of Baba-family—nay on all humanity on the occasion of His 73rd Birthday!

With loving regards and best wishes,

*Yours fraternally,*

SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN  
Editor, DIVYA VANI

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"If, instead of performing ceremonies and rituals mechanically as age-old customs, people were to serve their fellow beings with the selflessness of love, taking God to be equally residing in one and all, and that to be serving others they are serving God, God's work will have been fulfilled."

— MEHER BABA

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# Letter from Meherazad

from one of the Mandali

*14th December 1966*

It was in December of 1956 that the first 'family letter' came out, born of Baba's Love for His Western family. That was ten years and seventy letters ago. As I dust the files of these letters and thumb through their mass of pages I wonder how many words they contain. I recall Francis Goldney, when he was at Meherazad\*, tirelessly typing away long letters and articles all day, at the end of which he would beamingly tell us the exact number of words he had typed! Having neither his astounding energy nor patience, I couldn't ever hope to tackle the mountain of words made by the family letters over the years. But I do look in wonder at this wordy "mountain" and know it would be a rubble-heap were it not held together by the might of Baba's Love, were it not covered with the tender grass of His mercy and bearing the life-giving springs of His words. As Baba has told us, only "words that proceed from the Source of Truth have real meaning."

Direct from the Source come the following words. The message was specially dictated by Beloved Baba for His lovers to receive through this Family-letter:

Desires and longings are the root cause of all suffering.

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\* Lt. Col. F.P. Goldney (Retd.), Baba-lover in Faroe Islands, who stayed at Meherazad for a number of days in 1957.

The only Real Desire is to see God, and the only Real Longing is to become one with God.

This Real Desire and Longing frees one from the bondage of birth and death. Other desires and longings bind one with ignorance.

To desire the Real Desire and to long for the Real Longing you need My Grace; and you cannot have that until you surrender all other desires and longings to Me.

Your love for Me will help you to surrender these desires and longings; and My Love for you will help you to desire the Real Desire and long for the Real Longing which are by My Grace.

- MEHER BABA -

We take in the words and we think we understand what they mean. But words of Real Meaning are not meant to be understood, they are meant to be lived; and only with the breath of His Love can we live them. Isn't that why our merciful Beloved has told us: "My depth is unfathomable. Don't try to understand Me. Just love Me." So, loving Him is our first step, next step, and every step. And love must walk hand in hand with obedience, for their separation adds to His pain. Naturally His most difficult wish for His lovers to obey is the wish that none should seek to visit Him, and this is where some of His Eastern lovers fail miserably. Baba made it so clear that He wishes to remain undisturbed till the end of November 1967—undisturbed by visitors; yet they came, and still more came, pleading to see Him. When the disturbance reached its limit, Baba ordered three big boards with His wish painted on them in big clear letters in three languages (Hindi, Marathi and English) to be put up where they would be distinctly visible. The words on them are:

AVATAR MEHER BABA HAS STOPPED SEEING  
AND GIVING DARSHAN TO ANYONE

- By Order -

The boards have been placed on the old caravan of the New Life, and Baba has told us to take them with us to Poona for His summer stay at Guruprasad from April through June 1967. In the meantime three more of the same boards have been put up along the Meherazad road where it forks to the Mandli's quarters. There they stand, the three silent sentinels, and we have sometimes seen some visitor standing before them with hands reverently joined, bowing literally to His Wish!

As Creation revolves round the pivot that is God-Man, our days revolve round the Pain that is in His neck. We are kept constantly occupied with the daily chores and various Baba-given duties that outspan our limited circle of time. But our actions are as satellites round our deep awareness of His silent pain which increases and decreases in volume but is never silent. Companion to our awareness of His pain is the awareness of our helplessness to help Him who is simply here to help us. The only thing that can help is our love. And above all Mehera, His best-loved, can help best. The ones who feel most helpless are the Baba-lover doctors who are privileged to serve Him: Dr. Ram Ginde (eminent neuro-surgeon, of Bombay)\* who has put all his skill and heart into the treating of Baba's cervical condition; and Dr. Goher who is one of us at Meherazad, and is personal physician to Baba. Here's what Dr. Ram Ginde says in his letter to Goher: "I got news about Beloved Baba's neck pain from brother Adi who was with us a day before I left for Delhi, and your letter confirms

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\* Director of Neurology dept. in Sir J. J. group of Hospitals, Bombay. The President of India has just made him Honorary Surgeon Captain in the Indian Navy, as a tribute to his work on naval casualties in last year's Indo-Pak conflict.

the same. He also said that you are much worried. I am also in the same predicament. Whatever I know from the knowledge of His cervical condition, I have tried to do in all sincerity. But I must admit, as I have admitted before, my utter failure in regard to relieving Beloved Baba's pain. I plead quite helpless in treating Him who is as powerful as, nay more powerful than, an ocean and as helpless as a kitten at one and the same time. I can only ask His forgiveness." Baba smiled with love when He heard the letter, and immediately told Eruch to write and tell Ram not to be worried, but to remember that he is very dear to Baba, that the root cause of Baba's pain is not physical but universal, and that it will leave Him only in *His* time.

Baba says:

"NOW IS THE TIME FOR ALL TO UNDERSTAND  
THAT I AM GOD IN HUMAN FORM."

The cloak of Human-ness that God puts on for our human sakes is the highest revelation of His God-ness. Time and time again God manifests His glory to man in the supreme image of the God-Man. In the silence of suffering assumed by the Infinite in finite Form, God tells His creation: "I love you". So that we may love Him as He loves us, He gives us His supremest Blessing in disguise, walking as Man among men, taking on our human-ness which hides His glory from the eyes of the many and reveals it in the hearts of the few. One of my unforgettable moments of sharing in such revelation was at the East-West gathering. A charming and accomplished woman had accompanied her husband across thousands of miles to see Baba for the first time. Nevertheless she had come not prepared to accept Him as the Avatar. After she met Baba, I heard her say with dazed wonder shining through her tears: "Never did I dream I would look into a man's eyes and know without a doubt that I looked at God!"

Although she had His darshan through His beloved eyes, she was given it in her *heart*—as He has given it to many who have yet to see His human Form. And with the ascending of His Love's Sun, more and more new lovers are caught in Its rays. "The most touching thing about some of our new young men is to see them light up with Baba's Love", writes Ivy Duce from California. And one of these "new young men" in his first letter to Baba tells Him:

"It's only been about one month now that I have loved you. Before, my life was a shambles; now, there is new life. I am content with the reality of Your Love. My desire is to do only what you want me to do. My hope is to become only what you want me to become."

As simple as that. Too painfully simple for Intellect, the giant, to swallow. As a Perfect Master has said : "Thousands of pundits and crores of intellectuals may argue and analyse, but God's business God alone knows."

And God's business is working like nobody's business in the land of Baba's parents, IRAN, as we learn thru letters received from Baba's Centres in Teheran, Shiraz, Yezd. From these letters in Persian, Aloba (of the mandali at Meherazad) translates passages for us into English. 'Aloba' is the nickname bestowed on Ali Akbar Shapur Zaman at the start of the New Life, and he is the one who is carrying on Baba-correspondence with Iran. Put together, these passages we share from letters of Baba's Iranian lovers make an intoxicating bouquet filled with the wonder of His Love—the only kind of bouquet to offer the One who *is* Love. It is made of profound personal experiences, of men and women (both Zoroastrian and Mohammedan) risen overnight from unbelief to belief, of manifestations of the unique ways in which Baba has awakened them in Love and 'ashakened' them in Work.

The materially influential among the newly awakened are using their resources to help spread His message in Iran. One of the results of this is that Baba-books, Baba-magazines, Baba-folders (and even the family-letter) are coming out for the first time in Persian, printed and distributed by the thousands! To us it all appears so sudden. What had but a short time ago seemed a gentle breeze blowing from His Ocean, is undoubtedly gathering the strength of a storm! And His workers in Iran watch His doing with no less amazement—as we see from this passage translated into English by Aloba from a letter of Mr. Kalantari, secretary of Baba's Centre in Teheran:

"..... in short dear Shapurzaman, I don't know whether Hazrat Meher Baba does His work in other parts of the world in the same speed and magnitude as He does here, in Iran?! It seems that Baba has put His foot on the accelerator of His works here, and if it goes on in the same speed and fastness, after a year several thousands of people will leave their homes and start on their feet crossing deserts and mountains and will appear in India for the ZIARAT (pilgrimage) of HAZRAT MEHER BABA. What can one do, this is the will and desire of the LORD of the world!"

Every moment of God's being on earth as Man is a giving of Himself, an oceanic outpouring of Love and blessing, a Service to the countless selves in bubble-bondage. How immeasurably blessed then are all things and beings that serve the God-Man, in some way or another, knowingly and unknowingly—those drawn by His grace up-river to the Source in undeviating purpose, and those swept by the winds of compassion into the current of His Avataric life. Often has Baba recalled with love some service rendered to Him as from man to man—an occurrence that has recurred infinite times. To single out an instance, take the Sikh farmer in north India. Seeing some wayfarers seated under the shade of a tree on the

outskirts of his village, the farmer silently watched from some distance and then walked away to his hut. After a time he returned with a jar full of butter-milk and a stack of freshly baked maize-bread, and lovingly placed them before the man and his companions under the tree. The men of course were Baba (travelling incognito) and His disciples, taking a much needed respite amid their long weary search for a Mast who had so far eluded all their efforts to find him. That simple refreshing meal offered spontaneously in love was relished as a banquet by the One who is hungry for nothing but love.

At times the breath of Baba's reminiscing lifts the curtain on men and moments associated with His boyhood years. Among the dearly remembered, stands an old lady who made a habit of giving Him sweets despite her husband's objections. This Parsi couple owned and ran a small shop of aerated waters (soft drinks) not far from St. Vincent's, the school attended by Merwan\* (as Baba was called); and every time that Merwan visited the shop, usually taking some friends along, the good woman doled out sweets by the handful. Whenever the husband was there he would prevent this by excitedly ordering the boys out of the place—while from behind the expanse of his back she would gesticulate in frantic pantomime to let Merwan know they could come round by the back door! Baba recalls the boyish delight of those backdoor treats of soft-drinks and sweets given by the woman with the soft heart where Merwan had a special corner.

From the Beloved's teenage remembering we've caught many a humorous moment sparkling in the glow of His smile. One is the incident of the portly gentleman with a passion for drink, who did not want his acquaintances to know he imbibed liquor as it was against the tenets of his religion. He would make his visits to the public house with elaborate care, sneaking in furtively by

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\* short for Meherwan,

the back entrance that led from a quiet alleyway. After an interval of time, filled to the brim with liquor and the courage that comes from the bottle, he was ready to challenge the world and would boldly stride out from the front doors in to the bustling street for all to see! The place was not far from the shop of Baba's father, and this indomitable character was seen repeating his performance of cowardice and courage every day!

In the cast of characters made immortal by Baba's remembrance, perhaps the most fascinating is the hunchback of Lonavla—a Muslim and a superb raconteur who regaled Merwan with tales of old. Baba's uncle had a teashop in Lonavla\*, and this grand old teller of tales was its regular visitor. Inevitably he was also its biggest attraction. The customers would urge and press him for a story, and would ply him with tea and cigars throughout the recital. Baba tells us that he and the others would sit round the hunchback far into the night, listening enthralled to his tales of adventure and fantasy; tales that were as fabulously rich in substance as they were in length—customarily a single story covered a week of evenings!

Merwan's fondness for fiction included detective stories. I was delighted to learn from one of Baba's earliest disciples, Ramju Abdulla (author of "Sobs and Throbs"), that one of the first things that drew his heart to Baba was the bond of their having shared a common enthusiasm for that incredible detective Sexton Blake! As a boy, side by side with works of great poets and masters of literature in English and Persian, Merwan was an ardent reader of Sexton Blake magazines and of books by Edgar Wallace. Even now, sharing as He does in our human-ness. and unspeakably dignifying it—He is not beyond the reach of fiction writers' yarns, and at times listens to them. A single book can take quite a number

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\* between Poona and Bombay.

of days to finish, for He allows only a short time at a stretch for its reading out to Him (by one of us, for Baba has stopped both writing and reading since many years). Rex Stout, Agatha Christie and Carter Dickson (with their inimitable detectives), P. G. Wodehouse (with his celebrated humour) and J. R. R. Tolkien (with his 'hobbits' and dwarves and their symbolic journey) are among the favoured ones whose works have offered some relaxation to Him in His infinite tiredness. Baba has said "Creation is really a mighty joke, but the laugh is at my own expense—and now the jest is proving a burden on my chest." And so they too have served Him, all the authors whose stories have served to entertain the Author of Creation's Story and helped ease to some extent the strain of His universal burden. Could we but say as much!

What's in a name? Everything, when it is HIS Name! Kabir says: "Ram's (Avatar's) Name is yours for the looting; loot all you can while you can before Time and Body pass away."

In Time's dreary desert, Avatar-time is Spring-time when each moment of God-loving and God-remembering may conceive a lifetime's yield of God-nearing in our journey to Him. And yet how often we let our moments lie like blossoms in the dust, trampled under the feet of our busy-ness, scattered by the winds of careless-ness, unheeded by eyes turned to selfness. And in His compassion, that unimaginable unlimited compassion, Baba our beloved Avatar reminds us "Remember Me".

Every day there is some cry of distress from some lover or another, coming in a cable or telegram from some part of the world or the other, calling out to Baba for His divine help. And the telegrams and cables going out in reply invariably carry His message to this effect:

THE REMEDY FOR ALL ILLS IS TO REMEMBER  
ME CONSTANTLY AND WHOLEHEARTEDLY.

- MEHERBABA -

In telling us this He tells us He is with us; that when we are with Him our worrying melts, and we can be with Him only in whole-hearted remembrance.

But even while groping through the dark moments of our dreaming in Illusion, we may miss that first moment of full remembrance. And here the Baba-reminders are His little lovers who see Him with heart-lamps unclouded with worries. Like the five year old boy crossing from U.S.A. to Germany by plane reminding his air-frightened mother "Baba is holding the plane in His hands". Like the little girl in Australia running first to Baba's picture to tell Him there was a bush fire raging close to the house. Like the six year old in Bombay whose father had a bad accident, and, coming up to the scene with her shocked mother, crying out "Mummy don't be worried, don't be nervous, remember Baba, keep saying BABA". Like—well, like many others. Oh when will we grow up to be as a child in vision, that we may never lose sight of His nearness to us! When will we remember Him in *His* way? Beloved Baba says:

"YOU WILL COME TO REMEMBER ME WHOLE-  
HEARTEDLY AS YOU REMEMBER YOURSELF LESS  
AND LESS."

**Attention:** THE AWAKENER is the only Baba-magazine in the West, launched over thirteen years ago by Phyllis Frederick. Never a sturdy craft financially, it has sailed bravely through the years carrying the Beloved's Message. All these years Warren Healy, the man at the oars, has worked singlehanded at his little press in the basement of his house, bringing out "The Awakener", bringing out Baba's messages in a hundred different colours of His Love.

Now dear Warren has to take a rest, since the very severe heart-attack he recently suffered. His heart warns him to rest, his doctors tell him to rest, and above all his Most Wondrous One (as he calls Baba) orders him to rest. So "The Awakener" finds itself in low waters and needs all Baba-loving hands to push it through following issues which will be printed by a commercial printer. Its editor will welcome all the help you can contribute towards this. Please write direct to the Editor: Filis Frederick, 424-A 36th St., Manhattan Beach, California 90266, (U. S. A.)

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### ~~~~~ A Humble Request

May we request you, to contribute to our "Building Fund and Printing Works Special Donation" Scheme, and associate yourself with the task of establishment of a permanent abode of humble and dedicated workers of Meher Baba, the Avatar of the Age, in the historical city of Hyderabad, sanctified by Beloved Baba by His many visits and stay during His Mast-Work and also during the Mano-Nash period. In order to enable one and all, whether rich or poor, the system of issue of tickets of various denominations, viz., Rs. 1, 5, 10, 25, 50, 100, 500 and 1000 has been adopted. Those who desire to send their love-contributions may kindly do so by *Postal Money Orders or Bank Cheques on Andhra Bank Ltd., or State Bank of India, (Hyderabad A. P., India) to the undersigned and oblige.*

With loving regards,

*Yours fraternally,*

SWAMI SATYA PRAKASH UDASEEN  
Managing Trustee, The Meher Vihar Trust.  
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# "STRIVE TO SEE ME AS I REALLY AM"

by Rick Chapman

Ten days of vacation in the college set me free from my teaching duties in Ahmedabad, and I immediately hit the rails to visit some Baba-lovers in Bombay and Poona. After a typically third-class night on the train, which galloped the Ahmedabad - Bombay 250 miles in nine hours, I arrived Bombay Central and was met at the station by Kishan Chand Gajwani and Sorabji Siganporia of the Bombay Center. No sooner was I in the car and trying early-morning eyes-blurry to sort out who was Siganporia and who Gajwani and who myself, when I heard (still dreaming?) the most precious word second only to The Word: "Baba has called you to see Him for ten minutes on the 17th."

Now the 17th was seven days away, this being the 10th of August. That gave me a full week to watch my heart turn handsprings and my mind dance its silly jig at double its usual speed.

By great coincidence, Don Stevens (author-compiler of *Listen, Humanity!*, co-editor of *God Speaks*) was due to arrive Bombay on the same day that I had. After Siganporia and Gajwani had shown me to my lodging, and I had washed and eaten breakfast, I walked across the street to leave a message for Don at his hotel.

I had met Don just over a year ago in San Francisco where, you might say, I first fell in love with Baba. It was in San Francisco, just a week or two after I had first heard the news of the latest descent of the Ancient One,

that I talked at length with Ivy Duce about Him, and saw Him in Don's movies, and decided on the spot to accept His increasingly rare offer for Sahavas with Him, scheduled December, '65. (And what a Sahavas that turned out to be!—with Baba forcing everyone to take His darshan *inside* their hearts, where they oughta and ultimately gotta, by cancelling the other trip to Him.)

Don arrived late in the afternoon from his work in Cochin, and we talked for about three hours in his hotel room. As we talked, he mentioned that two key books of Baba's are about to come out in new editions. The original five volumes of His *Discourses*, which are almost completely out of print, are soon to be reprinted in three volumes in Japan. *God Speaks* is also going to be reprinted, again in the U.S., but this second edition will be fat with surprises, since Baba is dictating a good deal of supplementary material for it.

We discussed the value of Baba's messages and discourses, especially for the modern Western man. Books are a tricky business, even Baba's books, because Baba says again and again that all that matters is loving Him and making Him our constant companion. Yet most of us have no clear idea of what Baba really means when He says "Make Me your constant companion," and each of us is satisfied to love Him in our own way. But "in our own way" won't do—Baba wants us to love Him *as He should be loved*, because that is the only way we can break through self to Self. His explanations remind us of the effort required and the ego-price we have to pay, if we are to enjoy bliss-knowledge of egoless existence.

*God Speaks* is a big banana for Hanuman, our monkey-mind. We literates sit down licking our chops with this book which tells us the mostest and the clearest about spirituality. And when we finish eating this spiritual banana, we feel a kind of indigestion creeping up and growing stronger, 'cause now we know that we don't

KNOW Who we are; and now we know how dangerous-sharp is the road to the Answer; and now we know that the Answer ain't found just ever' day, *or by oneself*; and now we know how rare are the Perfect Guides who won't bungle the job of learnin' us about our Self. And Hanuman Monkey-mind looks up banana peel in hand to find that while he was eating he was caught in a cage—the cage of the Avatar's offer of help, and the net of His Self-freeing Love.

That night we had dinner with Dr. and Mrs. Ram Ginde. Ram is a leading neuro-surgeon in India, and he has frequently been called to treat Baba. He says that the physical pain alone which Baba regularly experiences would be absolutely intolerable for an ordinary man. Often when Ram has gone to Meherazad to examine and work with Baba, nothing whatsoever appears to be wrong with Him, and Baba Himself says that His pain has gone away. According to the mandali, however, this sudden change in Baba's health lasts only as long as the doctor is by His side; no sooner does Ram turn his back to go than Baba's Parvardigaric pain takes up residence in His body once again.

The following day Don and I talked through the year that had passed since we had first met. At lunch in the hotel, I met Nariman and Arnavaz Dadachanji and Katie, three of Baba's oldest and closest lovers. When Don left for the airport in the afternoon, I went to their house to spend the evening talking of Him, the only One worth filling one's mind with. They recalled Bob Dreyfuss' visit eight months back, when he had hitch-hiked from Boston to the December Sahavas and had one in November instead; and I recalled Bob's return to Boston, laden with Baba's Love-Blessing and with advice from God about the use of drugs: "If drugs could make one realize God, then God is not worthy of being God. NO drugs."

Six days remained, I said, before my glimpse of our Beloved—and the telephone rang, Adi (Baba's secretary)

calling from Ahmednagar, saying that the program for the 17th was cancelled, and that my meeting had been moved up to Monday the 15th, nine o'clock in the Meherazad morning. "Oh, oh," said my triple-jigging mind, "here goes Baba, changin' plans like He always does. I'll probably get word tomorrow that He's changed the meeting to yesterday, and Baba wonderin' why I wasn't there." And I wondered (with awe) at the mettle-temperance and the seasoning of the heart that a life of following planless Master-plans would lead one to.

On the night of the 14th I attended the Bombay Center meeting before having dinner and boarding the night passenger train for Poona. Literally up to the eleventh hour, when the train left Victoria Station, there was no further change of plan, and I was actually en route to the Wine Itself.

The train reached Poona at 5-30 in the morning, and I found Adi and Bhawsar, a Poona lover, searching the platform for me. Immediately to Adi's car, and began the two-hour drive to Ahmednagar: Adi talking, me talking, us talking of the Silent One.

Arrival in Ahmednager with the sun now entirely out of bed, a glimpse at Adi's office, and he hurried us to his cousin's house—Sarosh Irani—where I washed and ate breakfast with His Name popping out of my mouth and into my ears between mouthfuls.

"Baba is very particular about time," Adi said as he settled in for second helpings. "Don't worry," he said, "He'll blame me, not you, if we're late for your nine o'clock meeting time." I was much less concerned about where the blame would go than about being in time to savour the timelessness of this age-old first-time this time appointment with the Ageless One, and I finished breakfast in a hurry.

We drove the nine miles from Ahmednagar to Meherazad quickly—eastern Kansas miles with the exception of mud villages and villagers and bullocks on the road and God Incarnate at the end of it. The car took a private road off the main one which led to Ezad-azad, namely the earthly abode of the Freeing One Who Alone is worthy of worship. Here was Meherazad. A few stone buildings of One Story with a dusty court (ing) yard between them. When we first arrived I saw no one: a couple of chickens and a dog—now *there's* a dog's life! looked up as a trailing cloud of dust caught up with the stopped car.

And then Eruch appeared with a big smile—my God, he oughta smile, sittin' alla time at His Feet—and we embraced very heartily and began to walk along, saying how fine it was that I could be there. I was thinking that it would be a few minutes before Baba called me to see Him, and I added my shoes to the ring of chappals at the threshold of one of the buildings and walked in.

"Hey," I said to myself, "what're all these fellows doing sitting around on the floor and being so quiet?" And I recognized Nariman Dadachanji and Francis Brabazon, and I thought, "You'd better get your eyes movin' fast, to find the Man Who's in charge here!" I started looking fast but slow all around the room—fast, to find Him quick, and slow, so as not to look right past Him, since it was kind of gently dark. And after wasting two or three year-long seconds, I finally saw Him sitting in a chair in the corner, no more than fifteen feet to my right.

Baba was smiling His beaming Baba-smile. and I stepped over to His chair and reached out to embrace Him. As I leaned over to lay my heart onto my Heart, I glanced into His light-flashing eyes—moment of Sun-brightness, moment of wordless joy, moment of moments in the arms of God.

I sat down across from Baba. He began to gesture and Eruch, sitting at my left, interpreted.

"How did you sleep on the train last night?"

I replied that I had slept well, but that my mind had been very active the past few days.

"Why?" He asked, and I said that in the midst of the changing and cancellation of programs to see Him, at a time when lovers all over the world were longing to see Him, I was tremendously excited by this chance to be with Him.

"Pay no attention to the thoughts of the mind, good or bad. It is the nature of the mind to have all variety of thoughts. You should just keep longing in your heart for Me.

"It is great good fortune that you are here at this time. I am in strict seclusion, and from this day on I will be seeing no one outside the immediate mandali—not even any of my close lovers in Ahmednagar." Then, with a look of seriousness which I have never seen before at any time and which I won't forget—a look of seriousness which only God Himself could produce—Baba gestured:

#### DON'T LET ME DOWN

"You should strive to see Me as I really am. Then you will be able to know Me as I am. How will you see Me? You must have a longing to see Me. And how do you get the longing? By loving Me."

After a few minutes of the meeting, Baba smiled and gestured: "God proposes, and man disposes." I looked blankly at Him, and He repeated the backward saying: "God proposes, and man disposes." Then He explained: "I had proposed to bring you here for a few minutes and send you away, but you have disposed of that idea."

Then Baba asked Ali Akbar to recite a Persian couplet, which He translated:

"Millions of men of God stand in a queue to gain entrance (to the God-Man), and only one comes through the threshold. Out of millions who come through the threshold, only one can know Me as I really am."

Baba introduced me to Francis and asked him to read a recent poem of his which had a reference to LSD:

"Don't try to hold me up by offering me a 'trip' on L.S.D. I always travel unencumbered, guided alone by love—see!"

At Baba's indication Francis pulled another paper out of the sheaf he had with him and read a ghazal which he had written—an exquisite ghazal which made Baba beam and snap His fingers as certain lines of finely tuned words came to a climax.

"Pay no attention whatsoever to the Path," Baba gestured after the ghazal, "to the planes, or to spiritual experiences—these are all as toys for children, and they are nothing but illusion. You must strive to see Me as I really am."

"What is most important for you is to hold tight to My Daaman. And what does 'holding the daaman' mean? To do exactly what I say, to obey Me completely. My Time (of speaking the Word) is coming nearer and nearer. I am God. I am Truth."

Baba called me to embrace Him once again, and I left the hall with Eruch. He showed me around some of the rooms and the Blue Bus, and I looked at Meherazad Hill with a lust for climbing it—a vain lust, since time was so short. I was hardly able to listen to Eruch as he told about the rooms, heart still in Baba's hand, mind hiccoughing like a drunkard. But listening and talking was not much necessary—a meeting of eyes and, as Francis has said, "you felt as though you both came from the same Place."

Francis came out, and Nariman, and Adi, and we all talked and were silent and talked. Francis and I talked about *Stay with God*—I told him I had read some of the passages in coffee houses in the States, and he said, "Coffee houses?" I explained that a lot of stuff and some poetry is read in coffee houses, where students and ex-students hang out and rap about all and everything, but usually nothing. He read some parts of the book, and I read the part that begins

"Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing to have a friend  
who wouldn't want one to beguile time ..."—

a favorite passage which I had read to many people, hoping they'd get the hint and work to make me quit beguiling time and "would mock one's hypocrisy and posturings ..."

"Not bad," said Francis, "that's an interesting piece. Did I write that?"

Mani, Baba's sister, appeared just for a minute while we talked. She brought two mangoes which Baba had asked to be sent from His mast-given mango trees. And she brought a young and happy smile which expressed her life with her Brother - Father and which refired that "same-Place" feeling.

Before Baba retired from the mandali hall, He called me back for a final love-glimpse and *namaste* of the hands and heart. "Thank You," I said, and I would have added, "for coming" if my tongue had been operating properly. Or, if properly, it would have refused to move:

"Everything real is given and received in silence."

\* \* \*

What is this striving to really-seeing that Baba so emphatically puts before us? In one of His discourses in *The Everything and the Nothing*, He crystallizes this crystal-clear pure worship which He would have us pay to our Real Self:

He who has eyes but does not see,  
 He who has ears but does not hear,  
 He who has a tongue but does not speak,  
 He can *see Me as I should be seen,*  
*and know Me as I should be known.*

To accomplish this impossible real seeing is to *realize in experience*, and not merely to think, that Baba is the only Doer of all that is done. To gain this *experience of Baba's Reality*, Baba says that we must become "constantly alert towards the expressive Beauty of the All-pervading Beloved. On this Hafiz has said, 'If you want your Beloved to be present, do not absent yourself for one moment from His Presence.' "

We have to refuse to confine Baba to Meherazad. "The Perfect Master is in everything, and is the Center of everything. Every one and every thing is therefore equidistant from Him. Though, owing to our own limitations, He appears outwardly to be present at only one place at a time, He is on every plane of consciousness at one and the same time. To see Him as He is, is to see God.

"So beware, lest when the divine Beloved knocks at the door of your heart He finds you absent."

But we do absent ourselves, usually far more than we "present" ourselves to Baba. We try to remember Him. But we do forget Him. And we try again to make Him our "constant companion," this time with a vow not to let Him slip from our heart-tongues for the span of a single breath. But again we do forget Him.

This forgetting is Baba's suffering. For those who would be Baba's lovers, this forgetting to forget "I" and "my" and to remember that "Baba is I"—surely this is "letting Baba down."

What to do? How to cure this chronic self-ishness and to become rooted in our Self? Baba has given the clues very clearly:

"How will you see Me? You must have a longing to see Me. And how do you get the longing? By loving Me."

To start up the in-ladder of seeing Baba as He really is, we must love Him. And even here, at the beginning of the ladder, many of us are stumped, most of us being strangers to the activity of real love. *How* to love Baba?.....

Yet the Master of Compassion looks out for even the most retarded of His children, and He has provided a footstool to help us reach the first rung of the ladder to Him. "I am God," says Baba in one breath, and in the next He gives a discourse on "How to Love God." And with a marking pen in hand, we can at least do the rest, scratching out "God" and filling in "Baba" and getting a start on the in-road to our Heart:

#### HOW TO LOVE BABA

To love Baba in the most practical way is to love our fellow beings. If we feel for others in the same way as we feel for our own dear ones, we love Baba.

If, instead of seeing faults in others, we look within ourselves, we are loving Baba.

If, instead of robbing others to help ourselves, we rob ourselves to help others, we are loving Baba.

If we suffer in the sufferings of others, and feel happy in the happiness of others, we are loving Baba.

If, instead of worrying over our own misfortunes, we think of ourselves more fortunate than many, many others, we are loving Baba.

If we endure our lot with patience and contentment, accepting it as His Will, we are loving Baba.

If we understand and feel that the greatest act of devotion and worship to Baba is not to hurt or harm any of His beings, we are loving Baba.

To love Baba as He ought to be loved, we must live for Baba and die for Baba, knowing that the goal of life is to Love Baba, and find Him as our own Self.

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(An English Monthly)

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—Editor & Publisher

# \*THE ONLY ONE

by Dorothy Levy, U.S. A.

Every day is Baba day—  
But, February 25th. is celebrated a special way,  
For each time the Ancient One takes a new form—  
Coming to earth again—we celebrate the day born.  
God in Man-Form—is always the same—  
With each birth taking a new name,  
Lord, Buddha, Krishna, Jesus Christ the Avatar—  
The \* Light of the world—our shining Star.  
Centuries ago the three wise men travelled far—  
Guided by the light of an Eastern star  
To the place of the Christ child's birth—  
Knowing—it was the Saviour come to earth.  
We are but repeating the celebration of old—  
Avatar Meher Baba, our Master, the Saviour of souls.  
We too, are watching the star in the East—  
Knowing, He lives in every heart—Love to release,  
When gathering together in love, and good cheer—  
He appears...  
Filling our hearts with love—drawing us near.  
As the shepherds on the hillside—centuries ago—  
While tended their flocks of sheep, saw the glow  
Of light, and the star in the East—  
They rejoiced in His coming...  
The world around yet asleep.  
Joy to the world—our new born King...  
In His Divine Silence—let the words ring—  
Happy Birthday Beloved Avatar Meher Baba-Ki Jai !

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# The Riches of Poverty

by DANA FIELD, U. S. A.

*(Continued from December 1966 issue)*

The suffering of St. Francis before his God-realization was partly due to the process of Realization, but his suffering increased even after he became Perfect? Baba speaks of it:

" ... the regaining of consciousness of the body makes the Perfect Master susceptible to its ordinary ailments and sufferings. Not only do Perfect Masters not use their divine power to avoid or alleviate their own physical suffering which they consciously experience as illusion, but they take upon themselves physical suffering in order to alleviate the spiritual ignorance of others who are in the bondage of illusion. St. Francis of Assisi suffered such excruciating headaches that he had to dash his head against stone, although others could be healed by a touch of his hand." (Life at its Best, pp. 70-1)

It is very interesting that St. Francis is connected with Sufi tradition by an eminent authority on Sufism.

The atmosphere and setting of the Franciscan Order is closer to dervish organization than anything else. Apart from the tales about St. Francis which are held in common with Sufi teachers, all kinds of points coincide. The special methodology of what Francis calls "holy prayer" indicates an affinity with the dervish "remembering" quite apart from the whirling. The dress of the Order, with its

hooded cloak and wide sleeves, is that of the dervishes of Morocco and Spain. Like the Sufi teacher Attar, Francis exchanged his garb with a mendicant. He saw a seraph with six wings, an allegory used by Sufis to convey the formula of the *bismillah* (In the name of God, Ed.). He threw away spiked crosses which were worn for purposes of self-mortification by many of his monks. This action may or may not have been exactly as it is reported. It may resemble the dervish practice of ceremonially rejecting a cross with the words, "You may have the Cross, but we have the meaning of the Cross," which is still in use .....

Francis refused to become a priest. Like the Sufis, he enrolled into his teaching laymen, and again like the Sufis but unlike the Church, he sought to spread the movement among all the people, in some form of affiliation. This was "the first reappearance in the Church, since its full hierarchical establishment, of the democratic element—the Christian people, as distinguished from the simple sheep to be fed, and souls to be ruled."

The striking thing about the rules laid down by Francis was that, like the Sufis and unlike the ordinary Christians, his followers were not to think first of their own salvation. This principle is stressed again and again among the Sufis, who consider regard for personal salvation to be an expression of vanity.

The remarkable resemblance of the great labor of love of St. Francis, as well as that of his personality to Baba's, makes us think that he was an *ounch* Avatar, or partial Incarnation, of Baba. In that case his being influenced by Sufism would be a link between Mohammed's and Christ's Teachings, as well as linking both with Baba and His Teaching, for the West.

After every Advent of the God-Man there is a flourishing of love: the Order of St. Francis after Christ, the

Sufis after Mohammed, etc. And there will be also after Baba.

Both Krishna and Jesus at one time took the stand of a devotee in order to give the world an example of seeking forgiveness from God, by offering prayers and homage to God, thus assuming separateness from Him. Both served their own disciples in lowly capacities, as for instance Christ washing their feet.

In His New Life phase, 1949-1952, Baba emphasized His purely human aspect with its limitations, which was really emphasizing His perfection as the Christ; for it expressed the self-giving love which invites suffering for a struggling humanity. Baba and some of His close disciples, men and women, toured India mostly on foot and mostly begging for their food, leading a gypsy life. An assortment of animals were taken along, not for their utility but for Baba's spiritual purposes, adding to the discomfort of the party. Baba and His companions endured incredible hardships, "disappointment and adversity," travelling at a forced pace, rising at 4 or 5 a.m. But it was not a cheerless life, as it never is with Baba, and none of them would have missed it for anything!

During this time Baba contacted Masters, saints and the poor, visiting shrines of Masters, worshipping God and His own disciples. Baba explained something of the significance of His New Life as follows:

"Although the New Life has emerged from Me, I am not at all bound by it... But this New Life is endless, and even after My physical death will be kept alive by those who live the life of complete renunciation of falsehood, lies, hatred, anger, greed and lust; and who, to accomplish all this, do no lustful actions, do no harm to anyone, do no backbiting, do not seek material possessions or power, who accept no homage, neither covet honor nor

shun disgrace, and fear no one and nothing; by those who rely wholly and solely on God, and who love God purely for the sake of loving, who believe in the lovers of God and in the reality of Manifestation, and yet do not expect any spiritual or material reward, who do not let go the hand of Truth, and who, without being upset by calamities, bravely and wholeheartedly face all hardships with 100% cheerfulness, and give no importance to caste, creed, and religious ceremonies.

"This New Life will live by itself eternally, even if there is no one to live it."

Does this not seem to be a pattern, a foundation, Baba is laying for the future? A minority, however small, of such Sannyasins—ascetics or renunciates, is always necessary as the spiritual leaven of every human society. They help keep alive the truth and love of God in the hearts of all, in all cycles of time. This is in addition to the existence of Perfect Masters and beings on earth at all times; for they are the lovers of God whom Baba inspires: they are in a unique category of selfless servants of the Beloved. This is apart from any established religion.

For the essence of that experience and its inner import, Baba has given us "The Song of the New Life" (of Meher Baba and His Companions)—"Absolute and most perfect renunciation of everything, including all aims and objects, hopes and help and the idea of renunciation itself, is the basis of the New Life of Meher Baba and His companions." The simplicity of Baba's Words only stresses their sincerity. The 'Song' was dictated by Baba at Banaras, India, November 3rd, 1949. This is a translation of the original in Hindi:

Listen to the silent words of Meher Baba;

The life-story of all lovers of God is based on the practice  
of these words

If you are serious about living this New Life,  
Then wholeheartedly renounce this ephemeral existence.  
We have taken to this life, in which we rely only on God;  
In this our Will, to do or die, is strengthened by the oath  
taken;  
We are merrily singing the song of hopelessness;  
We are inviting all calamities and difficulties.  
We neither wail over lost hopes, nor complain  
about broken promises;  
We neither covet honor, nor shun disgrace;  
Backbiting we know not, nor do we fear anyone;  
This is now the color of our New Life.  
No confusion in the mind now, nor any ties left;  
Pride, anger, lust and greed we know not.  
We have no religion nor care for physical and mental fads.  
The Sheikh and the Brahmin—typifying all castes and  
creeds—are now sailing in the same boat.  
There is no small or great now, for us all;  
The questions of disciple—Master, or Godhood, no longer  
arise;  
Brotherliness or fellow-feeling is the link that exists.  
And this contributes to our present enjoyment of suffering.  
This world or the next, hell or heaven, we no longer  
bother about.  
*Shaktis and Siddhis* (occult powers). occultism and  
miracles, we no longer think of;  
All these false impressions (thoughts) for us have been  
purged from the mind.  
What has value and importance for us now, is to live in  
the active present.

Dear ones, take seriously the words of Baba when he says,  
 Although now I am on the same level with you all,  
 Yet all orders from me, good or bad, extraordinary,  
 You should all carry out immediately, leaving the  
 . result to God.

Even if the heavens fall,  
 Do not let go the hand of Truth.  
 Let despair and disappointment ravage and destroy the  
 garden of your life,  
 You beautify it once again, by the seedlings of content-  
 ment and self-sufficiency.  
 Even if your heart is cut to bits, let there be a smile on  
 your lips.

Here I divulge to you a point worth noting:  
 Hidden in your penniless hands is treasure untold;  
 Your beggarly life will be the envy of kings.  
 God exists indeed and true are the Prophets;  
 Every Cycle has an Avatar and every moment has a *Wali*,  
 For us, however, it is only hopelessness and helplessness.  
 How else should I tell you what our New Life is !

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#### APPEAL TO OUR DEAR SUBSCRIBERS

The Subscription for 'Divya Vani' for the current year, commencing from July, 1966 to June, 1967 is payable in advance. We would, therefore, request all our subscribers to kindly send the amount as early as possible, so as to enable us to serve them promptly and diligently in Beloved Baba's Cause.

We specially request our subscribers, who have not paid so far, for the previous years also, to send the amounts due immediately.

*Editor & Publisher*

# STAY WITH ME

by P. G. Nandi, Jabalpur

Stay, stay with me, MEHER!

O! stay with me;

Once you are gone away,

I cease to be;

Life is dry and empty

When you are gone;

Stay with me, O MEHER!

Leave me not alone.

Pray, sit on the throne

Of my heart's chamber:

I, then, can see you,

Times without number;

I can then miss slumber,

And forget hunger;—

In your sweet presence

I feel so stronger.

Once in your 'Durbar'

I know what is Bliss;

I know what is Joy,

And know what is Peace!

Not a moment to miss

I sit at your feet;

Stay with me, O MEHER!

Ever kind and sweet!

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## ASSOCIATION – WAY TO REALIZATION

by P. Anjiah, B.A., Hyderabad

Shila did not know Sagar. It was rather strange that she was engaged to Sagar, when she had not even seen him. She heard others say that her would be partner-in-life was undergoing post-graduate course in U.K. She also at times heard many praise him profusely. But never did she bother herself to give thought to such praises and nor did she experience any longing for Sagar. She, as any other girl of this modern age, spent five years of his absence without any anxiety, but always mindful of her friends, hobbies and excursions, etc.

But what a change we see in her after the marriage! Now there is nothing like Sagar for her. She loves him with all her heart. She would not part with him even for a day. Entertaining his thoughts, in the hours of loneliness procured her happiness and an experience of tranquility. She would long to have such experience eternally, if it were possible for her.

This change in her is quite unusual. People began calling her 'Kaliyuga Radha'; for it is not usual for any present day house-wife to be so devoted as Shila. How was she drawn so close to Sagar? What is the secret of this ardent love in her? This in reality is a matter which matters us most, if we are, really interested in ourselves.

Is it not the element of divinity in Sagar, which is responsible for this unbounded love in Shila? Certainly the cause for her extreme love lies, therefore, in Sagar himself, in his inherent nature of truthfulness, i.e. truthful-

ness in thinking, truthfulness in speaking and truthfulness in action. The clue to her transformation lies in the absence of conflict or rather harmony between the inner-self of Sagar and his external behaviour. *Association* with such an unassuming personality and his transparent soul had brought about an integration of her personality, conceptions and emotions with those of Sagar. Their duality was unconsciously being given up and a happy blending of two different individuals into one was in process. A Persian poet has described this phenomena of love in the following words:

"I have identified myself with you and you with me.  
I turned out to be the body and you the soul in it. Unless  
someone recalls me that I am separate from you, I feel I  
am one with you."

Every one of us is a Shila. As long as Sagar—the Truth is invisible to us, we are indifferent to him like Shila, no matter we heard any number of sermons for any number of years. We are attracted to him only when we approach him personally.

Sagar is but only a miniature of Truth. The glory of *Association* with the Real Truth like Sri Rama of Ayodhya or Sri Krishna of Dwaraka is unspeakable. How could Sri Hanuman develop so much love for Sri Rama? He lost no time in losing himself into a trance merely on hearing the name of Sri Rama. Sita had no separate existence of her own due to association with Sri Rama. She was tongue-tied to speak of Rama due to the infinite love, she had assimilated. She said, "How can I describe Sri Rama? It is the eyes that have seen Him. They could have well spoken of the beauty of my Lord but the eyes have no tongue to speak out. And the tongue which could speak out His glory has not enjoyed the sight of Sri Rama; it is without eyes." Thus she expressed her irresistible love for her '*Priyathama*' by showing her inability to sing the sublime and divine nature of Sri Rama.

A 'Gopika' implores her companion to tell her as to how Lord Krishna looked like. The request seemed rather funny to her companion as the 'Gopika' was always with Lord Krishna. But the 'Gopika' says, "Sakhi, I forget myself as soon as Lord Krishna appears before me and I could recompose myself only after He had parted with me. Thus I am lost in feasting my eyes with the colourful looks of Bansiwala." This state of divine Love could be achieved as a result of *Association* and association alone with the Ancient One.

Once Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, had an arrow struck in his back. He could not withstand the pain in taking it out. He requested his men to pull it out when he knelt down for prayers. Absorption of this degree could have possibly be attained by him at the time of *association* with Avatar Mohammed. Why speak of Hazarath Ali alone, the entire family of Mohammed, the Ancient One was transformed into a galaxy of Gods on account of *Association* with Him. They preferred martyrdom in the battle field of 'Karbala' rather than yielding to the *Adharma* of Yazid. Hazarath Khaja Moinuddin Chishti, Garibnawaz of Ajmeer, a Perfect Master speaks of Hussain, the head of this family (that was massacred in Karbala) in the following manner:

"Hussain is the King. Hussain is the monarch. Hussain is the religion himself. Hussain is the sustainer of the religion."

He gave away his head but not his hand in the hands of Yazid.

We have no other alternative for imbibing the infinite love of God in us than making an approach to the presence of a divine being—a Perfect Master like Sadguru Sri Sai Baba (who is no more) or Avatar Sri Meher Baba, as Love is a gift from God to man. Baba has time and again declared that He is the Ancient One come in our

midst in the human form. He says, "I have come to help you in surrendering yourselves to the cause of God and in accepting His Grace of Love and Truth ..... Of all the forces that can best overcome all difficulties, is the force of love, because the greatest Law of God is Love, which holds the key to all problems ... This mighty force not only enables one to put the ideal of selfless service into practice, but also transforms one into God."

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## DIVYA VANI

(An English Monthly)

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# \*MEHER BABA AND MY SPIRITUAL PATH

By Countess Nadine Tolstoy

(Continued from December 1966 issue)

For those who follow Him, the most essential is to have a *willing heart*, and *spontaneous surrender* and *readiness*. It is an inevitable destiny yet a willing choice of those who do not delay their immediate good and come to the Master for the ultimate happiness and truth.

What does it matter how we call it? One would name it a natural fulfilment of the law of evolution, another will call it a salvation or liberation, another will call it God or Self-realization or freedom of the soul, etc., etc. Whatever way we choose and whatever name we give it the essence of the truth is the same and one.

It is most important to emphasise the all-embracing and universal meaning of Baba's guidance. Being a perfect pattern and synthesis, He represents and guides in all ways of life.

The most valuable side of his work is, that He does not separate us from life. On the contrary, through all its manifestations and practical experiences, events and problems, He brings out the inner growth of our spiritual consciousness. It is an unceasing interrelated progression of the outer and inner expressions and efforts of our spiritual energies. Baba *uses life* as a natural field for the unfoldment of our inner nature to complete balance of all

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\* Reprinted from 'Meher Baba Journal' October 1941 issue.

its elements. Therefore, Meher Baba can really *serve* humanity *at large*.

The over-developed mentality of this age is one-sided. Lacking the quality of divine intuition and heart, man became subject to great deviation from primal balance and unity. The heart has lost its rich, vital quality of *feeling*; its sacred flames became extinguished. The mind became lost in dry speculations and material interests, separated from the intuitive, inspiring orientation of love. This mind became gradually more and more *misused*—a blind tool of egoism. Men are caught in a vicious circle between egoism and the mind, with all its ingenious arguments, imaginations, given to the service of the ego. This self-imprisonment became a dangerous problem, because the ungoverned, separated mind has penetrated our sub-consciousness which is beyond the reach of even our conscious efforts. Thus it became linked with psychic forces and caught like a spider in its own web. Disintegration and further discord is the only prospect to such tendencies of this epoch, unless mankind is awakened, and its energies checked and turned into proper channels.

When we are thirsty and want to drink, we have to find the source that will quench the thirst. When our hearts are dark and unexperienced of its own treasures, we need the source that will kindle them and blow the sacred flame. It may go first through more elementary forms of expression—softening, soothing feeling, stirred emotions and tears of awakened joy. Often these are the first blissful experiences of awakening. For life works step by step; from lower forms to higher, from beginnings to greater outcomes. So, purified of egoism the heart will become alive until the full and free expression of love will be its permanent blissful state.

Men often do not grasp the Master at the first moment, for He is so human and unique. His unexpected simplicity is beyond the trivial, solemn standards of old.

But with absolute knowledge of his power and his task, He goes on and on, unconcerned of any judgement, true or ignorant, favourable or unfavourable of men who know so ridiculously little, and are so deluded in their own self-importance. Yet anyone may be blessed by His rays in as much as they are capable to behold Him and recognize Him.

To meet Baba and to come in deeper contact with Him will bring sooner or later greater recognition.

Not long ago at Baba's birthday on the 17th and 18th of February 1937 the Master gave His blessings together with grain and a piece of cloth to about ten thousand beggars and poor peasants, who passed before Him in an unceasing stream of hungry bodies and souls. From all sides of India peasants, untouchables, Mohammedans, Parsees and Hindus come to Him.

The Christ had taken their sufferings and evolution on Himself by touching their feet and giving them His blessings. It was an unforgettable day, when the Highest has descended to the lowest, most unfortunate strata of mankind—to lift them and in time to give them their share in one divine birth-right. So Christ, in His greatness and compassion, came down to kindle and to raise those who could not rise and help themselves. We also witnessed on the next day, how the happier and more fortunate ones of different classes and races came in thousands to greet their beloved Master and friend. Through His love all became "resurrected", the living-dead—alive. Surely and inevitably men will absorb his blessings and love, so it will spread like flame till truth and love will win.

Knowing our potential spiritual capacity and rhythm of growth in each and all, he expects only so much as we can give and stand. He is like a mother with her child which tries its feet. It stands up and falls again and finally walks alone.

Each child must be treated according to its particular temperament and character. His divine love makes all his followers fearless as heroes. His love may seem even when necessary for our ultimate good, most impersonally aloof.

Suffering is always a part of all birth and growth. Suffering faced and stood up bravely tunes our hearts to higher range of feeling, increasing the pitch and depth of deeper forces, turning the pain into bliss, giving momentum, "In overcoming and becoming". Death is only a transition, a quickening of evolution. Soul knows no death. So why waver, why lament?

The Master walks in front, giving his grace beyond anything we have ever experienced in our small scope of human vision.

Through my present experience of being with Meher Baba I have come to an absolute conviction that He is an unceasing contact with anyone present or away. He knows the unexpressed inclinations and moods. He reads our thoughts, even before they are expressed. There is no inner process, conscious or unconscious, which escapes Baba's knowledge and control. For He is indeed one with the heart or being. Though absolute, He does not touch the fundamental law of *Karma*. One never feels the pressure of His will, against our will and our readiness to follow.

No one has ever manifested the superhuman capacity of work and action, day and night, year after year, yet ever supremely placid in the same one rhythm of calm and serenity. One pulse, one life, one breath of being. Motion in stillness, in perpetual creation. Unbound—He is all the ways. and He *uses* all the ways of life to quicken universally the awakening.

In his great plan, he includes not only the present, but seeing the past he provides for the future, and directs

even its mould for future incarnations. From the root-cause, He guides into all its ramifications, the vision of which is hidden from human eyes and from human imagination.

Once consciously on the path his followers have to prove no superficial sentimentalism, no complaints, no fear. Honest effort and endurance will be constantly sustained by the help of the Master.

We are only happy to obey Him and surrender to His will. True surrender only increases our capacity of further, greater efforts until we learn "the *effortless surrender*". Only perfect obedience to the Master's orders and love to Him can secure and speed up the attainment of the goal.

The small unenlightened human existence with all its disappointments and superficial pursuits only leads to exhaustion and dullness of an aimless end. How can one compare such existence with life full of higher purpose and clear vision—a life full of certainty as only truth can give, and which only a Perfect Master can insure. Such life, full of pure happiness even in suffering, leads to perfection and makes one free.

The Master makes us ready to serve *in the world* as He helps us to be not of the world. He makes us gradually, more and more, the living examples in service of his spiritual cause for humanity.

Drinking the "Amrit" of His being,—*"His sacred love"*—we will be able to share its blessings with others, less fortunate ones. In thoughts or deeds, in stillness or action, alone or in multitudes, one will remain inseparately one with the Beloved—One with the Source. All those who follow Him heart and soul "through thick and thin" will become—"Masters in servitude and Love".

One can write volumes or one can say a few words of utmost meaning which will condense its intensity.

So I shall end with a few words from Meher Baba's quotations and have Him speak in His own words:

"The mind which has been sleeping—the sleep of ignorance, for ages, can only gradually be awakened."

"Mind has become used to see only outwardly. For ages it has concentrated on outer things. It has lost itself in a maze of eternal cause and effects. That is why mind is limited. It sees only the externals. If the mind were to be turned inward—if it could see only a little within—it would behold the limitless One Itself!"

"It is impossible to get rid of *Maya* and to realize God without the aid of a *Guru*—a Perfect Master."

"The powers of *Maya* that beset the Path are too alluring for resistance, even in the more advanced stages of spiritual progress. The aspirants are allured by those powers, and even if a few do not make use of these, their enchantment is too great for them to make any further progress, and they are stuck up. While others who are unable to resist the temptation make use of their powers with the most disastrous results and they fall miserably on the lower grade of evolution. It is why the aid and guidance of a Perfect Master or *Guru* is always necessary for all the aspirants of the spiritual path."

"The difference between ignorance and realization is that whereas one previously consciously did not know his True Nature, he now knows it, and he also knows that it has really been what he now knows himself to be—the Infinite *Paramatman*—or Infinite Soul, for it is nothing but the process of finding oneself.

"The process of finding oneself, however, becomes extremely difficult, owing to the fact that the soul is caught up in the illusion of this universe. The source of this illusion is to be found in the ego, which the soul develops during the evolution of consciousness, and

which prevents the manifestation of the Infinite Knowledge, already latent in the soul."

"The soul in bondage is caught up in the universe and the universe is nothing but imagination. But since there is no end to imagination, he is likely to wander indefinitely in the mazes of the false consciousness. Thus the soul wanders *ad infinitum* from one opposite to another without being able to put an end to his false consciousness.

The Sadguru can help him arrive at the truth by giving him the perception of the Truth and cutting short the workings of his imagination, which would otherwise be endless.

From the most rudimentary consciousness of a stone to the full consciousness of a human being, there are many stages. The evolution of consciousness is gradual and up to what is called normal human consciousness it may be compared to the process of awakening from deep sleep.

First there is a gradual opening of the eyes; then the blurry hazy vision of the half-opened eyes, then the full vision but instead of seeing himself, man sees the things external to him. The real spiritual awakening comes when man begins to realize that what he sees is entirely unreal, illusory and ephemeral; that Reality lies *only within himself*. Then he turns his vision inward and beholds his own divine Self."

#### SPIRITUAL AWAKENING

"Ordinary man is completely engrossed in his activities in the gross world. He lives through its manifold experiences of joys and sorrows, without even suspecting the existence of God. He tries as best he can to enjoy the different pleasures of the senses and also to avoid the different kinds of suffering. "Eat, drink and be merry" is his philosophy, but he cannot altogether avoid suffer-

ing, and even when succeeding in having sense pleasures he is often satiated by them, but ultimately he tires even of the joys of the senses. Thus he begins to ask, "What is the end of all this!" Owing to the many frustrations in life, he may occasionally become desperate. And in desperation there is such tremendous power, that he may in some rash moment of impulse, even commit suicide. This is, of course, thoughtless, since the power of desperation is here allowed to work destructively.

But, if a man is *divinely desperate*, he thoughtfully and creatively uses that tremendous power for seeking the ultimate goal of life.

He is no longer content with the fleeting things of outer life. He begins to mistrust the ordinary values which he has so far uncritically accepted. He desires only to find the Truth. This is the beginning of spiritual aspiration for God-Realization."

"The soul remains as it is—unchanged. All illusions come and go, but the soul is unchangeable and this is to be realized. What is meant by God-Realization is to actually experience the important thing—that the Soul is eternal."

"Death is better for him who lives for himself. That man really lives who lives for others."

Let us end with the sublime words of Meher Baba: "Serve him who serves the whole Universe; obey Him who commands the whole creation; love Him who is love Itself. Follow Him in every walk of Life."

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## BOOK REVIEW

"WHAT AM I DOING HERE?": By Murshida Ivy Oneita Duce. Published by Sufism Reoriented Inc., 1290 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Calif., U.S.A. Price: 95 cents. Pages: 67

The title of this book is repeated five times on the cover page emphasising, in the same sequence, each of the five words that it is composed of. Obviously, the idea is to emphasise the objective world in which each individual soul is born where it is destined to indulge in ceaseless activity, of its own volition or involuntarily, conscious of its separate identity, conscious of itself and puzzled as to the object to which its myriad-faced phenomena may be tending. It would be idle for anyone to expect that a complete answer could be given to the greatest of all questions—the purpose of Existence—within the compass of so small a book as this, and the author has no such pretensions:

"It is absurd to try to put God and His Universe into a capsule, the swallowing of which might produce instant knowledge. This book has been written with the simple intent of trying to open a window on the panorama of life, for the benefit of people who might be interested in investigating and discovering for themselves the many facets of Existence to which they may not have been introduced."

And yet, the story of Evolution and Involution, starting with the *initial impulse* conceived by that Omnipotent,

Omniscient and Ever-Blissful Power, described as GOD, through inorganic energy and organic life, up to the attainment of final beatitude which can be attained only through human form, has been told in an intelligent and consistent manner, drawing for the purpose generously on the teachings of AVATAR MEHER BABA as recorded in 'God Speaks' and other books. "Baba in a nutshell" or "Baba made easy" would not have been inapt titles for this booklet.

It is often asserted by teachers of spiritualism that the modern scientists cannot go further than satisfaction of curiosity or increase in manipulative skill. The brief reason for such assertion is that God-realisation is an *experience* and not a matter of knowledge. Just as a colour-blind person cannot prove it to himself that it is so, and must depend upon the testimony of his doctor, so also each individual soul must depend upon knowledge imparted by God-realised souls—the Sat Gurus, the Perfect Masters. The Universal Energy under the influence of Universal Love creates the vibratory force and gives an idea of change producing Time, an idea of division producing the Atom, in the otherwise One Indivisible Cosmos. The atom reflects the glory of God but cannot comprehend It. Hence the futility of speculation and the need for development of intuition through Love, the opposite pole of Energy.

The process of unfoldment that culminates in the accumulation of "impressions" of the individual soul into a "mind", and the process by which the limitations of the mind are ultimately transcended, will be found to have been brought forth in this book. The various planes of Existence, the connecting links between the physical, astral and mental aspects of "BEING", the role of the Preceptor—(Guru or the Perfect Master—the Christ)—in conferring the final realization of the "*self*" are

woven into a connected argument. The essay ends with the following quotation from Meher Baba:

"To penetrate into the essence of all being and significance and to release the fragrance of that inner attainment for the guidance and benefit of others. by expressing, in the world of forms, truth, love, purity and beauty—this is the sole game which has any intrinsic and absolute worth. All other happenings, incidents and attainments can, in themselves, have no lasting importance."

Ludwig Dimpfl has given a neat little Introduction to this book. The book serves to stimulate further interest in Meher Baba's literature.

— "COSMIC", Calcutta

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#### **PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED:**

**BLENDING OF ALL RELIGIONS INTO ONE IS THE ESSENCE OF THE TEACHINGS OF MEHER AVATAR:** Compiled by Smt. P. Sreelatha Vishnu Rao, B.A., Kakinada.

Bro. Adi K. Irani, in his foreword to the beautiful booklet says: "If God is One as every religion declares, then the essentials of all religions is bound to be one." The compiler has made a bold and useful attempt to equate some of Baba's Sayings with those found in other religions in this booklet.

**Navroz Annual 1966:** In the "Navroz" annual number published from Calcutta, is prominently included a very detailed and interesting article on Avatar Meher Baba, covering at length His Life and work.

# "BELIEVE IN THE LOVERS OF GOD"

By Rick Chapman, Ahmedabad

The college year in India has almost as many days allotted for vacations as for school. October 14th marked the beginning of a month-long vacation in my college, celebrating two major Indian festivals, Desshera and Diwali.

With the help of Dr. Hoshang Bharucha in Navsari, I planned an extensive tour during these holidays of Baba Centers throughout north-central India. The schedule was awesome—into twenty-three days we had packed five thousand kilometers and the following major stops: from Ahmedabad to Poona, Bombay, Jabalpur, Allahabad, Lucknow, Kanpur, Hamirpur District, Jhansi, Delhi, Dehra Dun, and back to Ahmedabad.

At Poona I was slated to commemorate the anniversary of Baba's Sermon with a talk at the Poona Center. This Sermon is a key discourse which Baba dictated at Mahabaleshwar, on October 16, 1950, from the midst of His New Life.

After arriving Poona on the 15th. I spent the morning and afternoon of the 16th with Baba's brother Jal. Jal and I had spent five days together when I had last been in Poona, just after my first meeting with Baba, and he had shown me almost every part of the city which was connected with Baba's early life: Babajan's Tomb, located where She used to sit and where, with a kiss, She told Baba that He was God; Baba's home, and the room where He knocked His head, full of Illusion re-learning

consciousness, on the stones of the floor; the Parvati hill-top temple; the Parsi Towers of Silence, an isolated jungle-of-a-place when Baba used to meditate there throughout the night; Empress Gardens; Bund Garden near Guruprasad, the palace which the Maharani of Baroda has given over for Baba's use; Baba's High School (St. Vincent's); a stage on which Baba as a young boy performed in a play; and the toddy shop which Baba co-managed with earliest disciple Behramji and where He advised the customers not to drink. This time Jal and I simply walked around town and talked, as always, about his Brother-Father. Back at his house Behram, another of Baba's brothers, was making prints in his darkroom, and I watched for a while (all the photos were of Baba) and talked with him.

I spent two hours of the afternoon alone at Bund Garden, reading some discourses and thinking about the talk coming up that night. Jal came by around two-thirty, and we had a leisurely coffee at the railway station.

I heard many stories from Jal, stories of Baba's Master working with His mandali. Sometimes, Jal tells, when He was bathing lepers, Baba would collect the water from their washing and offer it to the mandali to drink. When they shrank back at the prospect, Baba would ask in a tone of surprise and anger, "Will you not drink My water? Am I not in them?" And so the tempering of heart and mind proceeded. "True love is no game of the faint-hearted and the weak; it is born of strength and understanding."

In the evening I went to the Poona Center, a large hall surrounded by trees and a new garden, twice visited by Baba. There was Ramakrishnan, the Secretary of the Center, busy in preparation for the program, and we greeted with an embrace in His Name. A good crowd had gathered—it was a public meeting—and I spoke about

Baba's New Life and about His Sermon. And the best part of the evening was before the talking and after, when Madhusudan and his bhajan group sang joy and praise songs from deep in their hearts to the Ancient One.

When the program was finished, I had dinner with Mr. Herekar, a Poona advocate, and his family, talking about the relationship between LSD drug-experience and spiritual experience. This is something many Indian Baba-lovers are eager to hear about, having read something in Family Letters about the use of drugs in America and Baba's messages about the drugs. "Drugs to find God?" they ask. "Do they work?" I smile when I think that the use of drugs will actually have helped many to find God—that because many thousands of people have become entangled in the drug-net of illusion-chasing, they will come across Baba's Name in articles spreading His messages of "No drugs."

Early in the morning on the 17th I set out for Bombay on the Deccan Queen. I had less than eight hours there before embarking for Jabalpur, and I spent them with Siganporia and Gajwani and, for three hours in the afternoon, with Arnavaz Dadachanji.

Once Baba said that His New Life was really endless, and that it would be kept alive even after His physical death by those who, among several other conditions, "believe in the lovers of God." After visiting so many lovers of God in His present Avataric form, I am getting an idea of what He means. Contact with Baba-lovers of every type shows all varieties of understanding of Baba and approach to Him. Other Baba-lovers are fillers and sharpeners. By sharing their love-experience gained from Him, they help fill in the gaps in one's own understanding. By having and living their different views of this Infinite One, they sharpen our own perspective. Most of all, and most important, Baba-lovers are reminders. "O, God, help me meet today only those

persons who remind me of You," the Sikh prayer goes, and here the friend in Baba is an invaluable treasure. Encounter Baba's lover and you encounter thought of Baba, words of Baba, wordless recognition of Baba-purpose in another: inspiration and reminder, not to forget the only One worthy of being remembered.

At six in the evening I boarded the Bombay-Howrah (Calcutta) Mail and began eighteen hours to Jabalpur. A. K. Hazra met me at the station on the following day with some other Jabalpur lovers, and he took me to the house of a Peace Corps fellow where I was to sleep that night.

I had sent a copy of a summary of my proposed Jabalpur speech "Who Is Directing This Cinema Called Life?"—to Hazra before leaving Ahmedabad, but the Indian post had failed to deliver it and thereby succeeded in making me write another that afternoon. Hazra wanted to translate the summary into a Hindi version, to read after my talk in English.

The program that night was a full one, with singing and dancing and reading of poems and two speeches. How the Indian audiences last through such lengthy shows, I have no idea—their patience is whetted by the hard labor of their daily lives, and is tried to its extreme at public functions. Indians make a good audience.

Lunch on the following day with a Baba-lover who was a Raja in the past—fine lunch with many foods. Then boarding the train, the same that brought me to Jabalpur, for Allahabad. Unbelievable! I watched one man run fifteen feet to jump head-first into the bulging humanity of a third-class doorway—yells, screams, the mass indented slightly and sprang back with the tension of a drum head—bang! and *that* man didn't get in. I rode in a reserved bogie without a reservation, because someone knew someone who knew the guard.

The train was late and arrived Allahabad at 11:00 at night. Mr Srivastava, a Baba-lover there, had intended to meet me at the station for a few hours' talk, but he was ill and could not come. When I didn't find him, I grabbed three hours sleep in a waiting-room before entraining for Lucknow on the extra-slow express.

The next morning, the 20th, I reached Lucknow hungry and travel-dirty. Mr. Shivendra Sahai and Mr. Ghosh met me at the station and drove me to Mr. Sahai's home, where immediate requirements of food and bath were well supplied. The afternoon in Lucknow was leisurely—a drive through the city with Sahai recalling parts of its history, quiet talking with the Sahai family which includes two young boys, and lunch at the house of another family interested in Baba.

Desshera holidays had looted the city of many of its Baba-lover residents, but Mr. Sahai had called the few remaining in town for some talking in the evening. We talked up and down and we talked all around the One about Whom nothing can be said.

Next morning all Sahais and Mr. Ghosh and son set out to drive me to Kanpur. The Kanpur Baba group was expecting me to arrive by train and we drove to the Kanpur station to meet them there.

They weren't hard to find. Some twenty lovers had come to greet me, Baba-flag on 15-foot pole, biding their waiting-time by singing about the only One worth singing about, everyone standing around a large picture of Him. Lotta people lookin' on like the circus had hit town, people who didn't know 'bout God's here-nowness in Baba, people with mouths hangin' open and eyes forgettin' to blink. And I, brave man, walked right into the middle of that Baba-circus, only to get hit bang! pow! whack! by garland after garland and yells and cheers, and even screams. Arti was sung, right there

on the railway platform, a loud arti which gathered lots more who wanted to see Whose picture everybody was looking at with closed eyes.

Then more yellin' and screamin', all through the station—all kindsa calls and cries about the Ancient One—an' people lookin' on thinkin' that if He hasn't come yet, then He's gonna right away, to find out what all this racket's about.

By taxi with Baba-flag waving through the city to the Kanpur Center, where several more lovers had gathered to sing bhajans and meet their American *gurubhai*.<sup>\*</sup> Shaligram Sharma, the head of the Center, took good care of me regarding tea and breakfast, and he outlined the schedule for the day.

The afternoon was crowded with programs and we were behind time the whole day. Lunch with a family of Sardar\* Baba-lovers, the mother of which, after serving a dozen dishes of Punjabi specialties, was still apologizing for not providing a more elaborate meal. Then a race to I. I. T., Kanpur's American-aided technological institute where Sharma had arranged a tea with the staff and, he thought, a talk by me on Baba.

The tea-people, American and Indian professors, had come for tea and talking and not *a* talk. They were happily busy with "gay talk, not Way-talk"—hunting of lions and shooting—while Sharma sat on the side with a glower, hunting in his head for a way to shoot these bloomin' nuts fulla Baba's Love.

I had Francis' *Stay With God* with me and suggested to the host that I could read a few verses if he thought the people would be interested. "Mr. Chapman's got

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\* *Gurubhai*: a brother in the spiritual 'family' of a guru.

\* Sardar: Punjabi

some verses he'd like to read," and ever'body stops talkin' and looks aroun'. "*Verses?*" "Yeah," says I. "bein' with all these Americans makes me kinda nostalgic for the good ole coffee house days, and the readin' of po-try. Whatdy'a say?"

So they listen while I tells 'em who this Brabazon is, and Who Baba, to Whom the Brab had dedicated the words, an' his life—and then I read some lines 'bout Perfect Master an' 'bout "ed-u-cated Indians" an' so on. Most ain't so very interested, and so when I finish readin' an' talkin', Sharma stands up an' starts to lambast 'em for not listenin' to the Word o' God not quite so strong, but somethin' like it. And after a few minutes we—Sharma, Sahai and I—hightailed it outa there, 'cause we're already runnin' late for the public program in the middle of town.

A gigantic Desshera festival parade in the main street held us up another half an hour. We stopped for a flash at the shop of a Baba-lover who sells *barufey* (a delicious kind of Indian fudge, not chocolate) and gives it free to all Baba-lovers. He has some twenty photos of Him hanging in his place. What a joy! And lucky customers, glimpsin' Him while they eat their sweets.

The night program was a grand affair, with judges and magistrates and every other kind of poor people hearing bhajans and seeing dances and listening to Sahai and me (him translating into Hindi) tell about the One, emphasizin' "Reality" and soft-peddlin' "God," 'cause there was a lot of so-called intellect hangin' round that night.

Next day..... I really don't know how to tell about this part because it's some-thing special and different from the rest. Because the next day we crossed the holy Jumna, river which protects the inner heart-land of India from the taint of the cities and their age-old modern disease.

We—Sharma, family of Sahai and I—crossed the Jumna into Hamirpur District, the "backward" bowl of dust between Jumna and Jhansi city where after years of New-Life isolation Baba first graced the hearts of people with public darshan, and not just once, but here, and there, and everyplace you see a big cement block painted white, saying mutely "you know-Who was *here!*"

We crossed the Jumna with a bear sittin' right beside me, the Pukar bear, Baba's bear of a Call-boy, who's forty-eight and looks on his grinnin' face like he's somewhere between four and eight.

Just across the river is the village of Hamirpur, where we stayed for the day and night. Tea and then a drive in a jeep, glimpsing all around the village and outside. Lotta bouncing 'cause I was driving and kept 'er goin' pretty good. Lunch in the house of my putting up, belonging to Bhawani Prasad Nigam—Nigam, a name I got used to hearing in the next three days because there are lots of Nigams in Hamirpur District, and in that place Nigam is synonymous with "Baba-lover".

In the afternoon we visited Mukund. Years ago Mukund was suffering from a severe case of leprosy when Baba first came to the District, and he was completely cured overnight about a year after Baba's visit—he was living then in the village Mahewa—cured by his love for Him, which He had awakened. Now Mukund is cherishing another case of love-suffering—an extremely painful case of bone tuberculosis—and my joyful meeting with him brought me face to face with the sustaining courage which lies deep within the Avatar's Love for His lovers.

After visiting the Narayan Press and a few homes of lovers, I met and talked with a whole group of Hamirpur lovers and heard some of their stories of experiences with Baba. Bhawani Prasad's brother, who used to worship God in the form of Ram, told me how he had not believed

in Baba's Avatarhood until his first darshan with Him, when Baba became Ram before his Ram-beseeching eyes.

That night, a public program, more singing to Him of beautiful bhajans and talking, American brother to Indian brothers and sisters, all out under the sky.

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Since I had a penchant for driving, I was behind the wheel when we set out following morning on a grand tour of villages between Hamirpur and Nauranga. Shivendra Sahai, Mrs. Sahai, the two little Sahais, and Mr. Ghosh and son, all headed back to Lucknow—a reluctant separation—so that left only Pukar, B. P. Nigam, Sharma (abandoning his worldly responsibilities in Kanpur to come along and translate), the driver and two other lovers to hang on to each other in the back of the jeep. And hangin' on was necessary, 'cause we were always late but trying not to be.

Ingohta, Baswari, Muskara, Dhanauri, and Rath, in time for lunch with the Khare family, lunch under a picture of Baba in New Life at Benares, carrying a begging bowl up the walk to the Khare's house there.

Gohand, Rahank, Dhagwan, Alampura, Jarakhar lovers on the roadside, Majhgawan, and then Nauranga, where the day ended and the night began.

In each village we had made a stop, twelve in all. Twelve times jeep-and-cloud-of-dust roared to a halt, twelve times greeting words and Baba talk, dusty American brother to his love-crop seedbed-of-New-Humanity Indian brothers and sisters in Baba's Name; twelve times twelve times twelve embraces on both sides and some-times three sides, the hearts of the Avatar meeting in joyful remembrance.

And the night began. Nauranga night, Nauranga, where the lovers have built Meher Dham, an Abode of

Meher with Him inside it, Him carved by lovers' hands from stone, the breath of love revealing the Him in stone, His Presence there. And only stone to him who brings not Baba in his heart.

At Nauranga the jeep was met outside the village by the villagers in procession. Hundreds of them were singing and dancing in the dust—dust, a fitting dance-floor for people bent on becoming the dustiest Dust at His feet—dust, for filling the head with complete surrender to the Highest of the High.

The procession began outside the village and moved into it, singing-way, dancing-way, through dust, in dust, stopping before women with pans of arti-fire, arti firing from heart-love before the Ancient One (while a few saw only a painting life-size *image* of the Avatar), caravan moving past women standing in sacred greeting, urns of fire on their heads, fire glowing against the coming dark, fire-greetings in holy honor of this-time's Bringer of the Torch of Truth.

An hour of proceeding through fire-lit village lanes, forehead painted red and pasted with rice from the greetings of the people, procession proceeding by dance-and-sing-way to the Abode of Meher.

And we talked together for two hours about our Beloved.

Yes, Madhusudan, *Jai Nauranga*,\*

\*                      \*                      \*

Following morning, it not being possible to both stay and go, the jeepful continued its scheduled tour, leaving Nauranga and Babu Ram Prasad, her chief, behind. To Panwadi, Mahuwa, Kabrai. Long stops of love-talking with Baba's love-children, His Heart-crop of love-

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\* *Jai Nauranga*: the title of a bhajan written by Arti-composer Madhusudhan, in honor of Nauranga's love for Baba.

people. And late in the afternoon we jeeped three roadless miles—three miles of torture for jeep and passengers, but the wheel-man was full of glee—to Mahewa.

Mahewa is the village where Mukund lived when he was suffering leprosy, a real outpost of a village in near-jungle. Mahewa is the place where Baba first declared that He is Avatar.

Before Baba came to Hamirpur District, He called several of the village leaders to Him to outline His requirements during the visit. At Mahewa Baba wanted to have a small hut to stay in, isolated but not too far from the village. Keshav Nigam, Mukund's brother and present village head, was among those workers who had, in a handful of days, to find such a place and build a suitable hut.

Unanimous was their choice of a strange hill about a quarter of a mile from the village itself. Strange hill, because of legends of its hauntedness, and stranger as things happened just prior to His visit..... strong scent of incense in the atmosphere of the hill, and singing with no singers to be seen. Four days remained and the hut of mud was quickly made, still wet when Sadguru Meher Baba arrived—wet and consequently damp at night, so that He emerged each morning with aches throughout His body. But the hut was completed in time for Him to tell a village that He was God's this-time God-Man.

On the night of February 9, 1954, Baba asked the lovers of the village to keep a vigil with Him until morning. He sat in the doorway of the hut on the hill facing out, the heart-fields of His choosing gathered close not to miss His Love-sowing, Seed-sowing for Plant-growing, Love-plants for God-knowing, ripe-growing for the Time of His Sighing, a WORD-Scythe which will harvest the ripest plants in His budding crop of Love.

Bhajans and Quawali giving voice to heart-song, Baba hearing both heart- and lip-song and Smiling His Love to all. And at fifty minutes past midnight Baba beams what must have been His biggest and brightest, happiest and most radiant, as His fingers dance across the board of letters, spelling:

### AVATAR MEHER BABA KI JAI!

The New Life had successfully shifted to His shoulders the suffering of the Universe: for those who are interested in titles, not B.A. or M.A., not even Perfect Master's degree after His Name: from this day on, sir, A.M.B. And if you find these degrees confusing, eat God Speaks with your Truth-starved mind—the whole curriculum is described therein, and the degrees are of *some* importance.

Mahewa we came to by jeep, and Meher-astana I rode to atop elephant's back—a little joy-ride for their western brother these people had arranged. Meher-astana is now the name of this Avatar's hill with its hut, Place of Meher, and we went there on an elephant and horses, and hundreds of the most beautiful hearts in rich-color dress dancing and singing along the way in His Dust. And how can I tell you again of procession of Baba-hearts without launching procession from my eyes?

And we talked together for hours about our Beautiful Beloved.

And we prayed for His Grace, that we might be dressed up inside and listenin', 'steada forgetful and gabbin', when He Calls us to the Wedding.

All together some fifty men ate and talked in a big courtyard under the stars that night, with Keshav Nigam playing perfect host and his mother, wrinkled beauty, feeding her American son from her own hand. And several of us slept on the hill.

O, my friend the elephant, how you strode through the village in the morning, showing me Mahewa on your back! O, my brothers and sisters, how you broke open my heart with your each-step embraces, and how my heart drank thirstily of His Love in your hearts.

And how we left Mahewa and the Place of Meher, I don't know, but the jeep started once more and moved off.

Train Kabrai to Barwasagar, with Baba-bear Pukar, Pukar the Tireless, Pukar the Eater, Eater of everyone in sight and range of voice who has not yet heard of Baba—God—Eater and Up-spitter, giving them a reason to be alive—Pukar was by my side. His heart said "Baba," and it was impossible to forget.

In Barwasagar, large village near Jhansi. we met Ram Sahai Yadav, who captains Baba-work in the area. And we talked in a village square to some two hundred, and we laid a rock on the following morning. A rock, a stone, Baba in one of His Infinite dresses, Him we laid as a foundation-stone for the Center there. And talked of centers, in and out, talked of Baba's work, in and out—how Baba does His work quite fine without help (the helpless help the Helper?), how Baba loves and asks for our inner work, our nourishing and cultivating His vouchsafed Seed of Love, our singing-of-the-heart and our never-forgetting, and trying again never to forget, and trying again, to make Him our constant companion—how Baba listens to and is pleased by only that which makes no sound and doesn't show itself, how everything on lips and paper is. *extra*, Him pleading with us, for *pure worship* and *heart* centers, to learn to love our Self—how all work in Baba's Name is designed by Him to show us that there is no Baba-work, but only "Baba works."

By bus to Jhansi, the cave of the bear Pukar and the Moun Vani Press where he love-prints His Voice of

Silence. It was a day—full of words about the Wordless One, the Above-and-Beyond-Words One: the men of earth's law in Jhansi Bar Council learned about how the U.S. is trying to stop the use of LSD by law, and about Baba's Law that no law will change the hearts and habits of men except His Law of Love; Rotarians, heads of busynesses, heard talk of the President of the Universe and His affairs and dealings in the line of Love; and some hundreds or a thousand of Jhansi, out in the night below the hill-top fort, listened to the story of God's down-coming and unveiling and becoming a practicing Avatar—and they were even told His Name.

I got tired talking after an hour and a half or so, and I sat down, but this Jhansi audience liked the topic and wanted more. And then I saw Baba's Call start calling—Pukar in Hindi told the story of his life. I'm tellin' you there was lotsa mouths hangin' wide open as he broke loose, as he broke loose for another forty minutes calling them to Him through him.

Pukar told how he was once a dangerous man, fulla guns an' bombs an' han' grenades—a communist revolutionary who didn't like castes an' class an' so on—always raisin' hell. An' when he heard this Baba claim He was God—well, that was more 'n enuf to set him out to show 'im as a fake. "God?—Hell, there ain't any, so my defraudin' will be apple pie."

He chased ole Baba here an' there an' finally caught Him, walked right up and pow! tore off *all* his clothes as if to say, "You see right through me," fell naked into the mud-pie at His Feet, made from his own tears of joy and relief and Home-finding. Guess he changed his mind. And that audience musta got some o' their mind changed too. Yes, sir, Pukar is a dangerous man.

And how I left Pukar in Jhansi is hard to say.

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Shaligram Sharma, happily wan and worn after four days of merciless jeep-bumping and endless translating, finally turned back for Kanpur, so it was alone that I boarded the Delhi train at Jhansi—alone in a sea of travellers with my Beloved. Versatile Beloved—the same One Whom Sharma had all to himself on his way back home, the same Who stayed behind in Jhansi with Pukar.

En route to Delhi I met two more groups of Baba-lovers without even leaving the train. At the station in Agra Mr. Agarwal and several others greeted me with hugs of Baba-love and sweets and fruit for the remainder of the trip, and Agarwal accompanied me for a few minutes to a second stop within Agra. At Mathura more love-greetings, more tea and fruit, and I arrived Delhi with enough food to open a market.

My stop-over in Delhi was short, staying with the Kains in their Baba-room of His past visits. That night, the 27th, Kain had invited some lovers to his home—they were there when I arrived from my hour-late train—and we caressed Him with some love-talk.

In the course of the talking, one or two brought up the question, "Why *strive*? does He not do everything? And is not What-Will-Be already laid in the concrete-plan of Destiny? And we rolled this common question over, threw it one to another, resulting in some consensus: from the point of view of God, we not only don't need to strive, but we don't even exist! For Him the answer to what part of the work is His and what part ours is easy, for He knows that there is none besides Himself—One-Without-a Second. But from the point of view of our duplicity—there's the rub. "I plant the seed, but you must nourish it with your love and your remembrance. Strive to see Me as I really am." So Baba advises us—compassionate advice—as He explains that when God finds the answer to "Who Am I?" in Himself ("I AM

GOD.")—The—Avatar, He rushes back to tell Himself-unrealized to turn around and See: "You are God," says God to God, Waking God to sleeping-dreaming God. Thus the Avatar nudges and pokes, and urges us to take the trouble to get out of bed and lift the shade—that much sleeping-God must do—so that we can see His Sun of ourSelf.

And how do you see Me (yourSelf)? By longing in your heart to see Me (yourSelf). And where do you get this longing? By loving Me (yourSelf)."

I left Delhi by bus for Dehra Dun on the afternoon of the 28th. Exactly two weeks had passed since leaving Ahmedabad—two months of weeks, two years of months.

In seven hours the bus wound its way up to Doon, and I was met there by Naosherwan Nalavala. Naosherwan is nineteen, editing a Baba-magazine called *The Glow*, itself almost one year old. At two months he was playing in Baba's lap, and he still is, slaving away at becoming a perfect "fortunate slave," telling others about the Avatar and his own life *In Lap of Love*.\*

Naosherwan took me to his home, where I met his mother and father and uncle. This Nalavala family—one of a handful of Parsi families in Dehra Dun—has been knocking around with the Avatar for over thirty years. Immediately we started knocking and Avatar-talking around ourselves, finding out that we weren't strangers at all, but old friends in His Family. Finally, said I, settling back in their hospitality, time for shutting the mouth to all that nonsense of word-sense, and time for hanging around the heart in quiet.

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\* a recently published book of poems by Naosherwan mingled with Baba's messages. It can be ordered from Naosherwan Nalavala, 36 Lytton Road, Dehra Dun, Uttar Pradesh.

And then came the talk to the psychology department of Naosherwan's college, and at Group-Captain Sakhare's air force base, and twice at Meher Mela, a two-day celebration of Baba's second public darshan in Dehra Dun. Oh, talking! May our minds quit talking and our hearts start talking only to Him, Who silently does all the talking.

On the fifth day in Dehra Dun Naosherwan and I cycled to Meher Mafi. Meher Mafi once was Manjri Mafi, before Baba came there in New Life to stay for several months—a real village, more fields of crops than houses and people.

We paid a visit to Kumar, village man who also, like Pukar, once was a political revolutionary. In prison for years, he tells, 'til he got right sick of it and said one night: "Look here, Mister God, if there is a God, I'm real fed up behind these bars and I want out. Early tomorrow morning—y' understand? And if you come through for me, I'll believe in you. I hear you've got a real detailed credit and debit system of exchange, so if you let me out, I'll agree to whatever you say for me to do. Ya listenin'?" And he began to pack his bags, several years' worth of left-behinds from other prisoners and purchases of his own.

Next morning gates swing open before dawn—"O.K., Kumar, you're free," and he was whistling a happy tune. And some years later, after his bumping into the Ancient One, Baba asked this man about his past life—"In jail you say? How did you get out?" And Kumar told the story to Him, remembering for the first time since his freedom the vow he had made to God. And Baba looked him in the eye dead-serious and said, "I am that God to Whom you prayed." And several times Baba put Kumar in prison in His camp at Meherazad, sort of "in exchange" for setting him free.

It was hard to leave those Nalavalas in the middle of the Doon.

\* \* \*

O, Baba, tour's over, tour of all these centers of Your Centers—outer centers of Your inner Centers of loving Baba-hearts. There's little more to say, except perhaps of the afternoon in Hardwar on return. And You know Hardwar far too well to leave me anything to tell..... except, my loving-thanks to You, for allowing me to worship You, rather than, as all those Ganga pilgrims, to be forgetful of Your Presence and mindful only of Your past.

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*Special Note: By A. C. S. Chari (Calcutta)*

**about Review of "WHAT AM I DOING HERE?"**

(see page 53)

The youthful minds of today are so much against "authority" that it seemed best to the esteemed author Murshida Ivy O. Duce and a great service to inculcate them with Meher Baba's messages through this book; and for that reason, the Table of Contents appears more in the 'jargon' of the modern youth (many may be 'old souls' in young bodies). It was further, with a purpose, agreed that this little book would not be called a "Baba Book"—meaning, a Book about Meher Baba.

# News in Brief

In various places in India and elsewhere, there is immense activity in the Avatar's Cause, by way of gatherings, talks, bhajans, film shows, ballads, exhibitions, etc. The report given here just enables one to have a glimpse into the various activities at a few places here and there.

## **AVATAR MEHER BABA NAGPUR CENTRE:**

Mr. Rick Chapman, Fulbright Scholar and an American devotee of Avatar Meher Baba arrived at Saoner on 18th Dec '66. He was received by a large number of Baba lovers. He addressed a very big gathering at Seetharam Maharaj Math. Mrs. Indumati Deshmukh translated his speech into Marathi for thousands, who had gathered to hear Mr. Chapman. He said: "It requires an alert mind to really understand and catch hold of Meher Baba, as has always been the case with the past Avatars also, who have been evasive and slippery in as much as most people begin to appreciate their true role and significance, long after they have dropped the physical body. But they miss the Avatar because their mind habitually clings to His past Incarnations without being fully responsive and awake to the *Present Avatar*."

On 19th morning, Mr. Rick Chapman gave an illuminating talk at the Recreation Club of Sr. D. A. G., Nagpur and in the evening, he addressed a Joint meeting of International Relations Club and Indo-American Association. While commenting upon the present day life and the harmful effects of the use of drugs like L.S.D., which only lead to delusive and hallucinative temporary visions, giving a false sense of advancement, harmony and security, he said that the real inner harmony and

spiritual advancement can come only from insight into life. He also gave very inspiring talks at the meetings arranged by the Centre at the residence of Smt. Indutai Naik and also at the residence of Sardar Ganesh Singh on 20th instant.

#### **MEHERSTHAN, (KOVVUR):**

Sri Pattom Thanu Pillai, Governor of Andhra Pradesh along with Smt. Ponnamma Thanu Pillai visited Mehersthan on 6th December '66. On their arrival, they were received by Sri & Smt. Koduri Prasad, Sri & Smt. P. Ramalingeshwar Rao and several other devotees. The distinguished visitors offered their prayers and performed 'Arti' to Beloved Baba. They also paid their loving homage to the memory of Bro. Koduri Krishna Rao, who is immortalised by his ardent love for Baba in Mehersthan. On this occasion, they were the recipients of Love Blessings from Avatar Meher Baba, through Sri Ramalingeshwar Rao. Purdom's "God-Man" and other Baba books were specially presented to the Governor.

#### **AVATAR MEHER BABA CHITTOOR CENTRE:**

With the graceful blessings of Beloved Baba, Swami Satya Prakash Udaseen commenced his Andhra tour from Chittoor. The Centre arranged meetings at various places in and around Chittoor town from 16th Dec '66 to 2nd Jan '67. On 16th morning, there was a gathering of Baba lovers at the Centre and in the evening meeting, after usual prayers and Sankirtan by the Centre Bhajan Mandali, Swami Satya Prakash Udaseen gave a talk on Baba Work and the best way to do it. On 17th morning, Swamiji accompanied by Sri M. B. G. Sastry and other Baba-lovers visited the local Govt. Hospital and met the in-patients and presented Baba's tri-coloured pictures and 'prasad' as a token of Baba's love to the suffering humanity. On the same night, they visited Nalagampalle village about 11 miles from Chittoor and addressed a meeting arranged by

Sri N. P. Subbiah Naidu, a prominent land-lord of the place. A grand reception was accorded to 'Baba', as they entered the village. After the meeting was over, there was a big procession with Beloved Baba's portrait kept in the Palanquin, through the village and the surrounding hamlets. 'Arti' in the traditional style was given to the Lord, before a number of houses, as the procession passed through. Baba's presence was felt throughout the function. Similar functions were arranged in different villages during the following nights, when the villagers were free to spare their time. Besides, the people in the villages are accustomed to have such devotional and spiritual functions in the quiet hours of the night.

### **AVATAR MEHER BABA'S 73rd BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS:**

With Beloved Baba's love blessings, His 73rd birthday celebrations have been commenced at Machilipatnam, Vijayawada, Dowlaishwaram and several other places on 15th Dec '66. At Machilipatnam, the celebrations commenced with 'Nagara Sankirtan' at 5 A.M. On all the 73 days, there will be Sankirtan from 5 to 6 A.M., continuous 'Nama Japa' arranged at the residence of Sri Immidi Madhusudhana Rao and meetings from 6-30 to 8 P.M. in different places in the town. On the first day, the evening function was held at the residence of Sri M. S. R. Anjaneyulu. Dr. T. Dhanapathi Rao, Life-President of the Andhra Centre stayed at Machilipatnam for about a week and addressed the evening meetings.

### **MEHER PREMIK GOSHTI SECOND SAMMELAN:**

On the occasion of Meher Premik Goshti Second Sammelan held at Alamuru on the New Year's day, there was a unique gathering of about six hundred Baba-lovers, half of them being ladies from forty places in Vizag, East and West Godavari districts. It gave a rare opportunity to the participants to live as members of one Cosmic Meher Family in the divine love atmosphere of Beloved

Baba for at least a day. The necessary arrangements for the stay of the guests and the meeting were made by the local lovers in the premises of the Higher Secondary School. After flag hoisting and Sankirtan, the Sammelan commenced under the presidentship of Sri S. Ramamurthy, head master of the local school. Sri T. S. Kutumba Sastry, Smt. P. Jagadamba, Sri V. V. Srimannarayana and Sri B. Bhaskara Raju addressed the Sammelan on this happy occasion.

### **OBITUARY:**

Sri Ramjoo Abdulla, an ardent lover and a member of Baba's Mandali passed away peacefully and joined Baba on 11th January '67. After he had retired from an active and strenuous social and busy life at Nasik in 1946, he moved to Ahmednagar, where he stayed for about seven years. Later in 1952, he shifted to Satara, where he stayed till his end. Throughout his dedicated life to Hazarat Meher Baba, he lived with absolute conviction in Baba and His teachings, which is clearly reflected in his books, the most important being 'Sobs and Throbs'. The last moment came when his right thumb was still constantly moving as if he was meditating upon Baba on the rosary beads to which he was used to, during the last years of his illness. Copies of telegrams exchanged between Dr. Jog of Satara and Beloved Baba on Ramjoobhai's passing away are given hereunder:

#### **Copy of Dr. Jog's telegram dated 11th Jan '67.**

EXPRESS 1820 A 22 SATARA 11 01 19 REPLY PAID  
EXPRESS

AVATAR MEHER BABA  
AHMEDNAGAR

RAMJOOBHAI HAS PERMANENTLY LEFT  
US AND COME TO YOU THIS AFTERNOON  
—JOG

**Copy of Baba's reply telegram to Dr. Jog dated  
12th Jan. 1967.**

EXPRESS                      S G JOG  
9 SADASHIVPETH SATARA CITY

MY VERY DEAR RAMJOO HAS COME TO ME TO REST  
ETERNALLY IN ME STOP TELL RAMJOO FAMILY TO  
BE BRAVE AND GIVE MY LOVE TO ALL FAMILY  
—MEHER BABA

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