



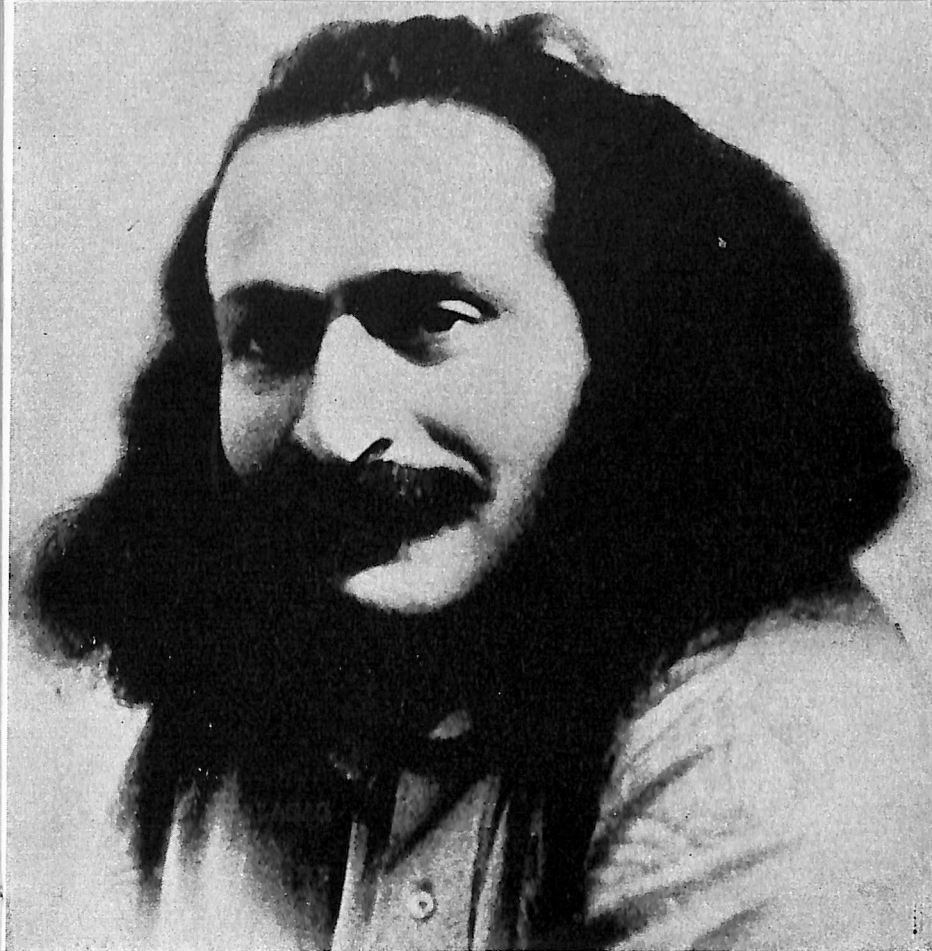
The Signal

Naosherwan Nalavala

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"The breaking of my silence—**The Signal** for My public Manifestation—is not far off. I bring the greatest treasure which it is possible for man to receive—a treasure which includes all other treasures, which will endure forever and which increases when shared with others. Be ready to receive it!"

—MEHER BABA



SHERIARJI



SHIRINBANOO



MERWAN



BABAJAN



SAI BABA



UPASNI MAHARAJ

DEDICATION



To many individuals adhering to varied theologies, Man is a part of this physical world, his body like other matter, composed of electrons and protons. But this is one of the many fallacies that shroud the minds of logicians today. I, for one, was born again in the process of countless births in the Kingdom of the God-man, toddling in the shadow of his presence and learning to love him through the immensity of his benevolence.

It was on a bright morning in the season of Spring, on the nineteenth year of my existence, that I consciously walked into the arms of the Sun, awakened by the perfume of the Sun. A flash, love, tears and a metamorphosis; Meher Baba entered in planetary rhythm into my soul, laying a mantle on my young shoulders: Go ye out into the world and say unto my people that I am God in human form.

With this priceless sceptre, I move on, with silence a calix, a petal set adrift, counselled by my mother Frieny and father Kaikobad and guided by Meher Baba, the Beloved of my heart, to whom I dedicate this breath of flowers, the life-story of the God-man and prose-poems in his adoration.

25th February, 1969
36, Lytton Road,
Dehra Dun,
India.

NAOSHERWAN NALAVALA

THE BIRTH

Seventy-five years ago in a small town in India a lady had an unusual dream. She dreamt of being led into a wide, open area where she was surrounded by a large number of alien faces, extending on all sides to the horizon. The visages stared at her steadily and expectantly till she woke up in alarm and narrated the dream to those around her. She was assured that the dream symbolised the birth of one who would be awaited and esteemed by large multitudes.

Not long after on the twenty-fifth day of Mah Meher on Roz Teer of 1263 Yezdezardi, at 5.39 (IST), 25th. February 1894 on Sabbath day, was born to Shirinbanoo a bonny baby, who was named Merwan. Some months after the birth of the child, for whom the stars predicted an enlightened future, Sirinbanoo once again envisioned the figure of a striking woman, like a Hindu goddess, decked up with flowers and lamp in hand in an act of worship. She beckoned the mother to hand the child over to her. Soon after the vision vanished leaving Shirinbanoo with the realisation that not only men but the gods in the heavens would shower their blessings on her God-child who would grow up to govern the destinies of humankind.

Besides the unusual pranks of playing with a cobra, Merwan had a normal childhood.

REALISATION

Several eventless years passed, till on a radiant day in January 1914, an old lady who had witnessed more than a hundred and ten summers, and was known to the people as Babajan kissed the 19-year-old Merwan on the forehead and in a flash made him realize the infinite bliss of self-realisation, in simple terminology made him aware of his being the God-man, termed in the languages of the East as Avatar or Rasool.

Soon enough Merwan came in spiritual contact with the Perfect Masters Sai Baba and Upasani Maharaj who declared him as 'Parvardigar' and 'Avatar' respectively. Similarly, Merwan came in physical contact with Narayan Maharaj and Tajuddin Baba, and with the preparatory work laid out by the five Perfect Masters, the time for the God-man to deliver the world from an illusion-gripped universe approached, and after a period of world travel, which included contacting the God-intoxicated and mass consciousness awakening, Meher Baba, the Compassionate Father, as his lovers call him, made a declaration, in the month of September 1953 at Dehra Dun, of his being "neither a *Mahatma* nor a *mahapurush*" but the "Highest of the High".

DECLARATION

THE SIGNAL was given of his being God in human form and it became the duty of the Messiah to deliver The Word of God and awaken the feeling of love in the hearts of men. 'I have come not to teach but to awaken,' was the prime message of Meher Baba, and men, women and children hastened to gather the manna of his Infinite Bounty.

Meher Baba declared that his creation had ignored the Message of the God-men who had taken birth age after age. He would remain silent and continue guiding the destinies of men speechless, though his messages would be disseminated undauntingly.

"My existence is for Love and Truth, and to the suffering humanity I say: Have hope. I have come to help you in surrendering yourselves to the cause of God and in accepting His Grace of Love and Truth".

"When I break my silence and speak, it will be this Primal Oceanic 'M-m-m' which I will utter through my human mouth. In spite of my silence, I speak with all the tongues of the world".

So potent is the effect of Meher Baba's silence that when he utters 'COME UNTO ME' all creation walks into his presence to serve him with complete devotion and singleness of heart dedicating their lives for the Truth. Thousands gather around Meher Baba to drink deep of the fount of immortality and receive the talisman of Love.

GLORIFICATION

The working of this Man of Love encompasses the entire universe. Meher Baba sparked off love divine in the hearts of the young when he established Prem Ashram (Abode of Love), contacted the God-intoxicated after undergoing strenuous journeys, bathed the lepers, fed the poor and achieved the greatest miracle by providing to a love-hungry world a constant stream of unstinted love, more love and still greater love, asking his dear lovers to love him more and more and evermore. This is accomplished by Meher Baba by bringing his lovers in a gathering which breathes love, faith and obedience.

Meher Baba goes into seclusion for long periods, while his lovers eagerly wait for him to call them in his presence. " compared with the work I do in seclusion all important work of the world put together is completely insignificant. Although for me the burden of my work is crushing, the result of my work will be intensely felt by all people of the world," is the assurance the Ancient One gives to all those who thirst for his *sahvas* (togetherness) and *prasad* (love-gift). The Avatars, age after age, have been giving freely, receiving nothing in return, and it is to a maya-drugged humanity that the Creator, Preserver and Sustainer tells aspirants on the drug-path, "No drug, whatever its great promise, can help one to attain the spiritual goal."

This then is the love-story of a Man of Love, Meher Baba, the Compassionate Father and the Beloved of all hearts.

THE TEMPLE OF LIFE-I*

Before the birth of Meher Baba—Era of Ignorance

When the earth helplessly groped in nocturnal settings,
the aura of the moon paled and grew wan,
the wind moaned and sank to rest,
I entered the Temple of Life
that stood like a ghost silhouetted against
the dying light of dusk.

As I proceeded the columns that stood
magnificiently unchallenged,
a moment ago erect,
now shivered like dry leaves in the autumnal wind.

A step further and the roof that contemptuously
looked down upon all,
now the roof of the world,
now cracked like the sphinx
in the face of a storm of sand.

I bowed down to the stone-god
that stared at me like Medusa
threatening a stony death,
now the cynosure of all eyes,
now crumbled like an antiquated antique
riddled by moths.

♦ Poem composed on the 72nd. Birthday of Avatar Meher Baba.

A SPECTRE-II

As I opened my eyes amidst the charade of perplexes,
the ornaments and wine-cups that dazzled the eyes of
those who beheld them,
now the sceptre swaying the world,
now rusty and darkened like the smithys' iron
charred by heat.

The skies broke and a blinding streak
struck the Temple of Life,
the sanctum sanctorum built on the graveyard
of pagan human ancestors,
raising it to the ground, till it was diffused into dust.

Those worshippers of stone succumbed
to their self-created gods' hypnotic stare.

Those worshippers of fire turned to ashes
in the flames of their Ignorance.

Those lunar worshippers drowned themselves
in the flood of rays that penetrated
into the crevasses of their falsity,
laying bare their Ego-self.

Those solar worshippers were burnt
in the heat of selfish urges;
existing like embers,
neither hot nor cold,
neither living nor dead.

THE TEMPLE OF LIFE-III

After the birth of Meher Baba—Era of Enlightenment

When the earth opened its eyes to the expanse
of space greeting warmly its brethren,
the tallest tree kissed the first light of dawn,
the Sun embraced Creation in full warmth,
the flowers swayed to the morn-song of the wind,
I entered the Temple of Life,
that stood ethereal
with its turrets in solemn silence
like an angel spreading its wings,
awaiting the earthly lover in all eagerness;
a bliss unaccountable pervaded deep in my soul.

As I proceeded the columns shone
like the core of the sun's heart
and as I passed I shyly glimpsed
at my reflection leaving it joyfully blushing.

I bowed to the Living God,
my soul could bear the ecstasy of union
no longer, and I closed my eyes,
making my heart the antenna for the reception
of the vibrant waves emitting one meaningful message:
"I AM GOD".

I raised my eyelids amidst the joy of being,
And beheld,
THE ANCIENT ONE !

THE BELOVED ONE-IV

In His eyes the cycle of Time indicated
its journey of Bliss,
On His lips danced the waves of music
that emanated from the sound of His spiritual silence,
On His forehead was writ the Ultimate Reality,
the lines depicting His Ancient Being,
the shine mirrored forth beauteous effulgence,
visible to the pure.

His hairs frolicked with the breeze
scattering the halo of His Perfection,
visible to the pristine.

The congregation sat motionless,
as I saw the procession of Creation pass;
the skies were rent with the cries of
"Hail ! Hail ! Thou Preserver of Men,
and a sonorous voice broke into a melodious ditty—

"The sun shone bright in the Eastern sky
and the birds are merrily chirping with bliss,
A star is seen in the heavens' high
and Meher is born through the bliss of a kiss.

Three score years and ten and two
your life for love of Man,
For bird and beast, for many and few
You gulf the broken span.

Your song of silence the world pervades
and makes the trodden merry,
The rich and poor, lads and maids
in your fold hasten to ferry."

*The God-Man**

He is born with the brilliance of a thousand torch-lights;
Lighting the firmament with the splendour of the sun;
He is born when the night is hushed into silence,
And the moon sees the day with its sparkling dewy-eyes;
He is born when the cloud floats in the wide space,
And the Star stands perched in the open sky above.

He grows up and high with the songs of the birds,
And looks at the Sun with an aspirant's urge;
He grows up in wisdom in the expanse of freedom,
Brightening his self with the beauty of a mission;
He grows with his heart cleansed and untainted,
His soul overbrimming with the joys of the real.

He is kissed by the living heart into the life of
a joyous song,

He is touched by the living spirit into the life
of the mystic light;

He is the King of Kings commanding the Birth of Man,
With humanity suffering the pangs of the new born;
He is the Reality who reveals all yet reveals nothing,
Thus revealing the secret that veils True Revelation.

He is the Master who lives Love, who speaks
Love, who writes Love
On the page of Man's life, with the quill of
Light dipped in Love;

* Poem composed on the 73rd. Birthday of Avatar Meher Baba.

MEHER BABA'S WORDS TO NAOSHERWAN

* Your love makes Me happy. Keep remembering Me with love in your daily activities.

* My physical body, which alone is visible to your physical eyes, appears all affected and afflicted. But it is all due to the tremendous pressure of the burden of Universal Suffering that I shoulder on My Universal Body that tells upon My physical body—with which you are conversant and which is the only medium for you to see Me and feel Me in the gross world. Soon after I break My Silence, all the Universal Suffering will end.

* Rest assured one day My Grace will be on you to know me as I am.

* For spiritual aspirants renunciation is of help, but those who love the Avatar and are under His direct guidance do not have to "renounce" anything. The lovers of the Avatar have simply to obey the Avatar's instructions and to love Him wholeheartedly.

* Don't be led astray by any Tom-Dick-Harry of a spiritual master! Beware of such cheap experiences and spiritual stunts of Spiritual Clowns!

* The world will know who I am when I break My Silence and then you too will realize My infinite Love for you and My lovers.

* To obey the God-Man is the highest form of worship to God in human form.

* Obey me implicitly if one day you want to know Me as I am.

* The Ocean of My Love is yours to fill your heart with.

* Do not observe prolonged silence nor meditate. Do not serve yourself by doing so. You who lead a dedicated life in My Cause have no need for such discipline. You are close to Me and you are very dear to Me. I know how you strive to be merged in my Love. I want you not to *strive* for this, but to allow your dear love to flow freely to Me in its natural course. Know one most important thing in this spiritual line and that is that no amount of your striving to reach Me could transport you to Me. Simplest thing for you to do is to just love Me in the most natural way, as a child would love his mother, and carry out anything I *on My own* command you to do.

* Keep cheerful and happy in My Love.



1913



1919



1922



1925



1926



1938



THE ORIGINAL WHIM*

The moon has dipped its fingers
Into the eyes of night,
And Man is comforted
Into the bosom of the Unknown.

The Beloved Sun
In the Beyond-beyond
Appears in splendour
To release its Creation

From the caresses
Of the sleep-state,
Uttering 'WHO AM I?'
To the end of Infinity
Uttering 'I AM GOD',

Till the mind is annihilated
Till the self is emptied.
—The NOTHING absorbed in EVERYTHING—
With God the Only Reality.

*Love-offering on Beloved Meher Baba's 75th. Birthday.





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