

THE SILENT SPLENDOUR

BY
YOGI SHUDDHANANDA BHARATI



AVATAR MEHER BABA

02367

In Appreciation of Mother Babes' Love
Complimentary Copy
from
Mehnerxnd Family

THE SILENT SPLENDOUR

BY

YOGI SHUDDHANANDA BHARATI

Published

In Commemoration of

The Auspicious Opening of

Mehersthan

AT KOVVUR (GODAVARY BANK)

On Thursday, 28th of February, 1963



*To the
Splendid
Beloved
All my
Love
Yogi*

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THE SILENT SPLENDOUR

An intuitive vision of Avatar Meher Baba
and His Mission as experienced by—

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BLESSINGS FROM THE BELOVED

MY MESSAGE FOR YOUR BOOK,
THE SILENT SPLENDOUR—

“ YOUR LOVE FOR ME GLOWS
IN YOUR BOOK !

AS THE ANCIENT ONE, I GIVE
MY BLESSINGS THAT THIS BOOK
MAY HELP ALL WHO READ IT
TO BE READY TO ABSORB
THE SPLENDOUR OF
MY WORD OF WORDS
WHEN I BREAK MY SILENCE ”

Avatar Meher Baba



HAIL MEHERSTHAN!

THE SILENT SPLENDOUR smiles with the blessings of the Beloved One to whom the book is dedicated. This has been published in commemoration of the OPENING OF MEHERSTHAN AT KOVVUR.

Mehersthan is a poem of beauty and sincerity cradled in the music of the perennial Godavari. All glory to the Fervent Andhra Sri. K. Koduri Krishna Rao who has immortalised his wealth of life and love in raising the Meher Mandir and installing there a marble representation of the Beloved. The *Samrajya Laxmi, Shanta Devi*. lights the lamp in the sanctum of Mehersthan and *Adi, the symbol of Service and sacrifice* hoists Baba's flag on the tower of this magnificent Edifice of Divine Grace. A glorious page opens today in the life of Baba lovers. A magnificent chapter opens abright in the spiritual History of Humanity. A few lines of an Andhra Poet comes to my memory as I address this holy gathering: "I adore Thee in my heart, O Lord, not for name and fame, not for gift and boons, not for wealth. What is worldly wealth which no one brings nor takes with him. The hidden gold is forgotten. None eats gold or silver. I dedicate all that I am and have to Thee, O Giver, and serve Thee so that I may remember Thee always and live in Thy love and Grace. It is with this spirit that the noble Devotee consecrates himself to God.

Let us all unite heart and soul to develop this centre as a Power House of Cosmic Energy radiated by the Divine Presence. Let us train here an army of spiritual missionaries who will spread the message of **LOVE AND LIVE IN GOD** " partout. We must hold this atmos-

phere so vibrant with the Silent Splendour that anyone entering this sacred sanctum must feel electrified, like a bar magnet thrust into an induction coil. One must feel the thundering silence of meditative splendour. The soul must be soaked in psychic love. The mind must be dehypnotised from dogmatic creeds and patented isms in which dualities go on hounding each other. The Good Power and the Bad Power must be overpowered by the GOD POWER, and GOD-LOVE. The mellow Voice of Pure Conscience must lead the soul like the mystic silence that leads the stellar bodies across the night to mingle with the peaceful Dawn. The conventional man hugging to formal foams tossing above babbling billows and make-believe chicaneries, must go deeper into the Self and bring the Gems of Truth from the depth of Untrammelled Silence.

Baba's Silence is such an integrated Book of gems. His message of Love is the saving boat of humanity struggling in the stormy waves of the Time Spirit. Baba speaks the language of the heart which far transcends languages of letters. This world is a dust in the firmament. The 250 millions of human creatures homed in it can be packed in a box $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile in each direction; 4500 million years have gone since this earth was born. The human being walks on this planet for the past 200 centuries. Man used fire since 9000 years. Since the days of Bacon and Newton down to the present atomic age, scientific intellectualism rules over mankind expanding life from press to Sputnik. Nuclear dynamics send man to supersonic regions in sky-rocket planes. The dreams of astronauts orbit earth above ionised heights and send communications in electric signals on micro second pulses. The rocket moon speeds up at an orbital velocity of 25000 miles to touch the natural moon. Supposing man reaches the moon one day; can his

nature change? The same tragedy of errors shall be repeated there too. Man has managed this world very badly leaving 75% starved and the rest shedding blood in wars. His pacts and tacts are like acts in 'Macbeth'! The solution is dissolution of craving, egoism, lust, greed and envy, and realisation of the **ONE THAT IS THE ALL**. Man seeks a cosmic age of peace and plenty. He seeks a war-free world whose collective life is an efflorescence of the Inner Spirit which is the God in man. Nations are struggling towards that fulfilment and a cosmic emergency calls for our immediate attention.

A Leader is needed for this Age. The **SILENT SPLENDOR** adored in the pages of this Book is that Leader!... Come, fellow pilgrims!... Let us hail the **Mystic Beloved in Mehersthan!.....**



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THE MYSTIC BELOVED



My dreaming soul is thrilled awake
By a mystic touch of Grace
"You live O Lover for my sake".
Says He in sweet embrace

Every time my Beloved comes
And embraces my love
My ecstasy opens wide and brims
Pouring joy from above.

Every time my Beloved smiles
My heart glows with His Light;
The Light shines for miles and miles
As my life soars in height.

Every time my Beloved signs
A hopeful freedom rings;
The future of the mankind shines,
Spreading vernal wings.

Every time my Beloved thinks
My thoughts merge in His;
The Soul in inner union drinks
The nectar of His Kiss.

Every time my Beloved writes
My faith feels a thrill;
The thrill keeps on for days and nights
When I and mine are nil.

My Beloved God! His silent Splendour
Breathes a mellow song
His wordless voice, what a wonder!
Guides me all along.

Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati



THE SILENT SPLENDOUR

I. EMERGENCY IN HEAVEN!

Emergency in Heaven! Angels run amok! Mother Earth runs after them pining with grief... "A Nemesis, nemesis! Atomic holocaust destroys fair Earth! Mercy, O God, Mercy!" God wakes up from ages of trance and looks around his throne. "Ah atomic fall out"! cry angels.

God: Peace, Peace my angels! Who is this lady?

Earth: I am poor Earth, Thy daughter. Have you forgotten me and left me a prey to warmongers and nuclear scientists who have poisoned life and stained my home with human blood?

God: What are my angels of peace doing?

Angels: O Lord, we deputed Christ, Buddha and Gandhi to restore peace on the earth. They have returned with sad tales. One was crucified; one poisoned and the other shot dead!

God: Did not prophets deliver my message to humanity? What has become of Truth?

Earth: Prophets taught Thy truth to men. Men have divided earth into endless religious camps. Politics dominates religion and science dominates politics; nuclear ambition dominates science.

Angels: There is spiritual emergency here and there O Lord, worse than political emergency! Nuclear scientists are after space conquest; their Telstars are winging towards us...after reaching moon and mars.

Earth: Science scorches me with Alpha flames. Religion is buried in vital divisions.

The Supreme Almighty declared a state of emergency in heaven and called for a conference of Prophets and Scientists. The Prophets humbly bowed to the throne and sat down. Science descended from a satellite with telecasters displaying all her electronic-wonders! God controlled the elements and wonders fell asunder!

An awful silence prevailed. God opened the sessions crooning AUM!

God: You Prophets, did you create religions which have multiplied into thousands of enemy camps? O Scientists, did I create elements for forging lethal weapons in your labs?

Christ replied on behalf of Religions;

"Hail Father in Heaven! We, prophets sent by Thy Will to reform humanity, preached Love, Truth Compassion and humility. The rustic world persecuted us, crucified me, poisoned my brother and shot that

good man! Men created religions in our name and wrote down our teachings and quarrelled over creeds. Science was not born when we preached on the Earth.

Science: O Lord, I discovered energy of Nature from fire to nuclear force. Politics violently possessed me and forged weapons of war...I rely upon reason and reason depends on Thee.

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God allowed a week's discussion grouping the delegates suitably. After that He radiated a Wisdom Light and vibrated a warm current which silenced all of them. **GOD SPOKE** in their hearts in a language beyond spoken words and written scriptures.

"I am the **ANCIENT ONE**, the Life of lives; All beings living under my heavenly canopy are myself. They are **one communion** in me. I made no religions. I have not created elements for making weapons of war. I have created forces of nature so that men can solve easily problems of livelihood and devote more time for spiritual progress. I am **The One** that has become the **Many**. I am the unattached Witness of the world play.

Behold how I clothe the earth green and gold spinning rain clouds from the swelling sea. Behold how I pour my sermons from the mountain streams! I march as the colourful panorama of artful seasons. I have inscribed my wordless poems in the beauty of vernal Nature. Inner looks reveal me; not books. I inspire thought impulses in the mind and lead the life's elan. All divisions are born of separative egoism. Lust, greed; egoism, vanity and falsehood are sins born of

impure thoughts. Behold the stellar travellers; they march calmly to the command of a mystic force and disappear into the dawning light. Even so the mind of myriad impressions must settle in the inner Peace. That peace comes by Silence.

All: Father, give us that silence and we will speak to humanity a new evangel.

God: Spoken words have failed. Organised religions have caused rifts in the human rank. Dogmas, beliefs, rituals, ceremonials, and mechanised creeds are effete. The world is fed up with these old forms. Let Science follow conscience and do constructive good to the world.

All: O Lord, bring a New word, a new form, a new force for our regeneration.

God: No word, no conventional form I come in SILENCE, to Awaken consciousness of my Own Self in the heart of beings. Love is the seed of God-realisation. God cannot be explained; God can be lived by losing oneself in His Love! Go back to earth faithful ones, and be my loving messengers...I come to awaken my consciousness in lovers..."

A SILENT SPLENDOR burst out in heaven and slowly descended upon the earth.



2. THE PILGRIM-YOGI

This spiritual pilgrim went in search of the Silent Splendour. His life was a stream of song-offering and inner communion.

The Pilgrim Yogi was born in a rich saintly family. Sadasiva Brahman the silent sage adored by Shankara was his ancestor. His grand father was sage Brahmananda, who initiated the boy in Raja Yoga and taught him the Gita and the Upanishads. His father was a Vedic scholar who trained him in Vedic traditions, The Yogi by a sudden fit of Divine Inspiration bloomed into a Poet. His songs became very popular in Madras. His home was vibrating with holy songs and prayers and so the neighbourhood. The Yogi took pleasure in sitting silent, listening to hymns in the Siva temple just before his home. He had a fine modern scientific education under the care of American Missionaries. But he created a University within himself and made the phenomenal world a laboratory of the Noumenon. He gave himself entirely to God consciousness and waited for the inner voice before he took a new step in life.

3. GOD'S CHILD

He had a very rich uncle, a minister of Ramanad, who wanted to adopt him as his child. He displayed before the boy of seven all his treasures and enticed him to be his child. The child boldly said "I am God's child and these treasures are nothing before the unique treasure of His Grace". A beggar was crying before the mansion at that time. The Yogi quickly picked up a few gold coins from the Iron-Safe of the

uncle and ran saying " This is for my brother there. The use of money is to help the poor ". The perturbed uncle plucked the coins from the boy, locked the room and said angrily " Then *Go away to your God. Let me see how he feeds you to-day* ". This random challenge opened a new page in the boy's life. He ran to the temple, and contemplated in a dark corner singing within himself :

" Let me live to sing Thy Glory, a messenger of Love and Beauty, a dynamic current of cosmic consciousness and a symbol of Thy Silent Splendour, O Lord " The Priest of the temple found him out, fed him well and taught him Hindu scriptures and Yogic secrets.

4. SEEKS SAINTS

The Yogi went in search of Masters. He was never attached to money or worldly things. He roamed free free like air. God led him to Sages and Saints. Saint Rama Swami told him the life and message of famous saints. The Yogi was one of the children blessed by Swami Vivekananda. He loved Ramakrishna and his parables. There was a Ramakrishna Home just near his home established by his saintly brother. There he lived alone in the upper room and poured over Vedantic works especially the works of Vivekananda. He next loved Ramathirtha. He took a fancy to give lectures like them and imagined that he would also go on a world tour one day. He remained mostly silent speaking one or two hours a day. Good books were his companions. He was a lover of Walt Whitman, Emerson and Thoreau. He mastered all standard works in English, French, Sanskrit, Tamil, Hindi and Telugu.

5. PROPHETS ATTRACT HIM

The Holy Bible and the life of Jesus attracted him as a youth. He came in contact with Sadhu Sundara Singh and worked for a United Church. He was enamoured of the Holy Cross which he keeps with him even today. He then studied the Al Quoran and lived in a Mosque praying with Muslims. A Muslim Mystic Oliyulla Mastan, initiated him in the Sufi Cult. He was enamoured of the poems of Hafiz, Jalaludin Rumi Attar and Sufi Sadi. He studied them in English translations. He turned to the study of the life and teachings of Zoraster in his 15th Year. He embraced Jainism in his twentieth year and from that jumped to Buddhism. He was enamoured of Zen Buddhism. Thus he lived in psychic touch with the prophets of religions and had the vision of great Masters by inner communion. He was simple and fervent like St. Francis. The Yogi revelled in Western Philosophy and poured over Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Heraclitus, Berkley, Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Rousseau, Voltaire, Bacon, Decartes, Spinoza, Leibnetz, Pascal, Montagne, St. Augustine, St. Aquinas, William James, and other Utilitarians.

6. GREAT POETS

As a poet, he studied, Valmiki, Vyasa, Kalidasa, Kamban, Shakespeare, Milton, Shelly, Byron, Tennyson, Wordsworth, William Blake, Francis Thompson, Racine, Moliere, Corneille, Victor Hugo, Goethe, Schillar, Homer, and Dante. He enriched his ideas and wrote hundreds of books. He is the greatest Tamil Poet. His works are very popular ; he gives them liberally ;

any thing that proceeds from his writings goes at once to public benefactions.

7. SOCIAL SERVICE

He has created a number of schools, health homes, Ashrams and Orphanages ; but he is not attached to any institution. He just gives and forgets himself in God. He lived teaching Science in schools and wrote books on modern science for students. He met Mahatma Gandhi who chose him for constructive works in rural India. The Yogi consecrated his services to the poor and the oppressed. He went from village to village with his followers, singing God's name and calling the masses to lead a pure life by honest labour. He did rural reconstruction work in ten villages and conducted a big Rural Conference. He directed a naturopathic Sanatorium in Madras and a few villages, treating hard cases by elemental prophylaxis. In this connection he had correspondence with the Naturopaths of America like Dr. Lindlar. He wrote volumes on Nature Cure and popularised Drugless treatment. The Yogi never touched cooked food for fifty years, fasted for days together, remained steeped in spiritual Silence for full twentyfive years. He developed psychic Powers but never displayed them. He was completely free from vital defects of lust, envy, greed and anger. His parents and friends tried to yoke him in wedlock several times but he escaped all and remained identifying his Soul with the All-Soul, regarding men and women as equal souls. He cultivated limitless psychic Love-the Love that St. Francis had for Jesus and the compassionate Love that Buddha had for beings. He gave his all for the service of humanity and never kept even body for himself. Even to-day he crea-

tes institutions and gives them away to a committee and goes to another service by the Divine Call. "He lives like Jesus" said Mr. Popeley a great English missionary who published his works on Jesus. Gandhiji called him "A Saint free like the Soul and a Silent Helper of Humanity like the Sun". He has written *One thousand works* in Tamil, English French and Hindi; An Epic of Superman, 50,000 lines of deep delightful substance in five Cantos is his magnum opus. **Bharata Shakti** as it is called, is the spiritual History of East and West, the Bible of new Humanity; His **Gospel of Perfect Life** is a mirror of his inner life.

The Yogi was not attached to any place. He considered universe as the temple of God, the collective humanity as the form of God and holy service as worship. He was happy when all around him were happy and prosperous and delighted himself in serving them to that extent. He is simple like an innocent child, a lover of all nations, all religions, all good works but rose beyond all to the Love of the Unique One in the heart and in the universe. He moves with you as if you were himself. He extends his helping hand to all as if they were his own soul.

Such a Yogi travelled widely in the East and in the West seeking the company of saints and savants.

8. SEES SAI BABA

In 1915, after attending the Lucknow Congress, he saw SAI BABA the Sage and mystic of Shirdhi in company with the famous indian Patriot Lokamanya TILAK. Baba endearingly seated him by his side, blessed him saying "Child, be calm and silent-Uge muge chup karo. Everything will come to you by His will.

God is the Master, Allah Malik. He will embrace you in the soul very soon...He is already there." Sai Baba gave him a piece of sugar candy and said "Sweet is the heart linked with the Sweetest, Mita manme mitai Ram." Upasini Baba who was then in the Kandoba temple, all naked and self forgetful, told the Yogi "You will come again this side. The Beloved of your Soul is going to possess you soon. Be a dynamic Witness to the world's passing show and aspire for God-realisation."

Yes, the Yogi wanted a spiritual union with the Soul's Beloved. He saw saints after saints. He practised Hatha, Raja, Bhakti, Karma, Jnana and Tantric Yogas but was not satisfied. He sat in trance in hills and caves and forest glens alone. He was not satisfied. A hunger dagged him on and on in search of ultimate Truth.

He saw Siddharuda of Hubli, who told him "You will achieve great things when you meet a Silent God-man". Where is such a Silent One in this world of moods and modes and duel throngs? From Cape to Kailas the Yogi wandered seeing saints, Yogins, savants, so many Anandas, plenty of Swamijis, now praying in Temples, now meditating in Churches, now sitting in Masjids, now alone in mountain forests, now in wild jungles among monkeys and tigers...He had firm belief in the Divine Guidance.

9. SILENT—25 YEARS

He was once steeped in Sukla Dhyam among Jains up the Shravana Belgola hill in Mysore when the call of Ramana Maharshi came. He took the earliest train to Tiruvannamalai and lo! Maharshi was just telling his

disciples "Yogi Bharati comes." The Yogi entered the hall and fell into trance. He did not see a man. He saw a Light in and out. Two full hours, he was steeped in untrammelled inner Silence. As he opened his eyes the Maharshi said "Let this silence continue; your heart has opened to the highest light." He sent the Yogi to the same Virupakshi Cave where he got realisation. The Yogi sat in the Cave silent in featureless trance forgetting body world and surroundings, eating for hunger groundnuts and bilva leaves. Snakes and monkeys and wild beasts did not disturb him. He rose up fully realised and had the aspiration to pour out his realisations into poems and prose works. The call of Sri Aurobindo came. The Yogi had already seen Sri Aurobindo. in 1917, and had deeply studied his works. The Mother gave him a solitary cell at the feet of Sri Aurobindo. That dark room was his spiritual laboratory. He remained there just as the soul lived in the heart. There too the Yogi lived upon fruits and milk. He was steeped in dynamic silence for 25 years during which he retouched his works and wrote many new works which were published by friends and circulated widely. His magnum opus Bharata Shakti came out; his songs were sung in concerts. Fame and name sought him. His works brought him money which he never kept for himself. He did not care to know what happened out side his room. Visitors by strict permission saw him a minute through the window curtain and took leave of him silently. He prepared himself for the future.

His English works and French poems attracted the attention of great thinkers like Roman Rolland. Many invited him to their countries and the public wanted to hear his voice. He was called to speak on the Radios.

But he waited for the Divine Call. Steeped in Mahaturiya Samadhi, he was communing with a mystic splendour. He often heard of a Silent Baba from his friends in Madras and Bangalore. Mr. Aiyangar wrote to him from Saidapet about Maher Baba.

One day he wept singing within "*O Beloved Of My Heart*, I wait for you just as Radha did for Krishna and have no other thought in life. If I can't see you with this body, I shall leave this body anon and come to you in the soul."

10. BELOVED ONE

Next morning the post brought him a booklet, a Meher message and a beautiful picture, the same picture which he often saw in vision. The Yogi felt a new delight. He loved and loved Meher Baba and became Himself in the Self. He steeped himself in Maha Turiya Samadhi, a deep self-identity in the core of the Soul and invoked into him Baba's Soul so that the union was perfect. But where to meet Him and how? That too he left to the Will of Baba and never worried himself about the pros and cons. "The Beloved is there; I have found Him out; mine is to Love Him and His is to lead me." This was his perfect faith. Baba came in his meditation every day. He got an inner call to leave the ashram. He left and Sri Aurobindo passed away.

The yogi was widely welcomed and honoured as he came out of his long silence and seclusion and he presided over a number of spiritual conferences in India and abroad. Friends and devotees started schools and associations in his name; but the Yogi did not

like to boost up his name since it would disturb his inner silence and peaceful activity. He was indeed overwhelmed by crowded programmes. He had to travel continuously. He seriously thought of escaping into Himalayan solitudes when a voice came to him saying "*You Have A Mission; Go Abroad as the Apostle Of Purity Unity And Divinity*"

The Yogi had already started Spiritual and Cultural Centres in Ceylon, Malaya and other places.

II. SPLENDOUR EMBRACES

Friends in Foreign countries invited him. The Yogi visited Ceylon, Singapore, Malaya, Burma, Bangkok, Indonesia, Siam, Hankong, and went to Japan as a delegate of the Second World Buddhist Conference.

He travelled widely in Japan and saw how the American influence transformed Nippon. In Okinawa he met fine Americans. As he was returning home he got in Colombo a wire requesting him to preside over the Divine Life Conference at Rajamundry. After delivering his address, the Yogi was meditating before the Godavari River when a voice was heard "*Wake up and walk.*" Simultaneously Dr. Dhanapati Rao approached him announcing the glad tidings of the arrival of Avatar Meher Baba. He jumped with joy hurried to Tadepalligudam where he got the embrace of the *Silent Splendour*,

A God I see in human form
 A shining God on earth
 His psychic kiss brings a reform
 His embrace a rebirth

A simple smile ; he sets ablaze
The fire of inner dawn
His glowing eyes and magic gaze
Wake up the inner man.

To touch him is a thrill of bliss
His speech is more than phrase
His presence I can never miss
I am a child of his grace.

Thus the Yogi sang and sang with Baba-consciousness. He had already visited Tadepalligudam once, as the Editor of Swarajya Daily in company with T. Prakasam ; but he felt that day as if the village was a *New Brindaban* thrilling with the lovely Presence of the Beloved of hearts. "*Meheri* became *My hari*" ejaculated the Yogi as he embraced Baba. They lived in each other and poured themselves into each other's limitless heart. Baba endearingly embraced the Yogi again and again, kissed his forehead and gave him a message on the Alphabet Board which he then used : "*You are sincere. You live in God for God, My love and guidance are with you. I will not miss you. I will meet you soon.*" The Yogi was caught in the charm of his psychic personality. He was enveloped in a wordless delight of divine ecstasy. He dedicated his all for Baba but he never forced his favour, never demanded anything for himself ; but he allowed Baba to fulfil the Divine Will in him. He carried out Baba's will in and out.

Next year he presided over the Parliament of Religions at Sivanandanagar, Rishikesh. He just finished his address to the large audience when he saw the sudden *Presence of Baba*. A smiling face stood before him. "I am Kishen Singh ; Baba wants you"

said he. The Yogi left the conference then and there and poured himself into the car which crashed through the pebbled mountain road to Dehradun and stopped before a Garden House. Speechless ecstasy led him inside. Word was boredom. He sat in deep Samadhi. A lightning flash; a thrilling Presence; the Silent Splendour burst out of its seclusion. Baba embraced the Yogi quickly and lifted him up showering upon him his charming psychic smiles. The Yogi forgot everything in the magic spell of that *Ineffable love and tender-hearted compassion towards this lonely pilgrim who discovered the Silent Splendour after years of search and research in the spiritual world.*

12. SPLENDOUR SPEAKS

He fingered his loving messages that day which reminded the Yogi of the early messages received from one Himalayan Saint called Jnana Siddha during his boyhood. Jnana Siddha looked quite like Baba. Thus spoke the Silent Splendour: "Do not waste time in presiding over conferences. Conference cannot unite mankind. Heart alone can achieve it. I belong to no religion; all belong to me. I have not come to create new religions or creeds. The Wordy gospels have failed. I am a Silent awakener. I shall revitalise all and bring all together like beads in a rosary."

This was exactly the thoughts of the Yogi and the substance of his address in the Parliament of Religions. He read a Portion of his address.

The Beloved said "I Know everything. I am the Ancient One. You have come for me. You cannot live apart from me."

The Yogi said "The Light of Knowledge must burn in the Lamp of Love. The heart must lead the Brain. The Spirit must breathe in the Matter. The Yogi must handle Science for the peace and harmony of universal existence. East and West must unite in the social harmony of life. Under the vast canopy of heaven, humanity must live and can live as one spiritual communion of loving souls conscious of One God in the Heart of beings and becomings. Love of God in the heart must widen in to love of equal souls in humanity. All are pervaded by one Pure Cosmic force. The difference lies in the evolution of Self-Consciousness. Mineral, plant, animal, man and superman are only gradations of the awakened-consciousness. Man must perfect his manhood and rise to his native Godhood. God-Men come upon the earth to remind this and rekindle divinity in the human aggregate."

That rekindling Force is Babaji. This Force must spread East and West to enlighten humanity and bring in a new era of *God-Conscious-Humanity*. The Heart of the *East* must touch the Brain of the *West*. This Love must wed that Light. The Atmic force must lead the Atomic force. Then wars shall cease and science shall be harnessed to constructive benefactions if India's Yoga and Europe's Science meet in a happy baise-main. This synthesis in the life of the human aggregate shall quicken the evolution of man to God-man.

Babaji calmly heard the Yogi's great mission and blessed him saying "I go to England and America. Would you follow me" That was exactly what the Yogi wanted. Baba held his palm and got a promise from the Yogi that he will follow the Master to the

West. "Sure; settled; be prepared to go to the West" said Babaji. The words were ratified by a few minute's inner communion.

Babaji then gave the Yogi fruits and milk which formed his diet. From that moment the Yogi felt as if Baba was breathing as his soul and never conceived of a separate existence. The spell of this inner and outer embrace was unbroken. The Yogi finished his work in the Himalayan regions and went to Delhi, Agra, Dayal Bhag, Gwalior, Jhansi and reached Bombay, gave lectures on the Silent Splendour which is the Hope of Humanity—He reached his Ashram in Madras with ineffable feelings of Love for Baba.

13. AFTER GLOBAL TOUR

Baba was sending constant messages and telegrams of affection. But he did not take the Yogi with Him to the West as was promised; and friends called him to the West. The Yogi took off from Santa Cruz, visited Cairo, Rome, Virona, Ravanna, Geneva, Zurich, Praga, Berlin Frankfort, Koningsberg, Warsa, Brest, Ukraine, Moscow, Leningrad, Kieve, Stalingrad, Tashkand, Georgia, Sweden, Copenhegen, London, Paris and finished his European tour with great success. His songs and lectures were appreciated there and his mission of **One World One Humanity and one God took Root in the West**. The Yogi presided over the Gita Conference in Amaroti and Baba called him to Ahmednagar. He visited Shirdi and Sakuri stayed with Godavari Mathaji and Baba invited him for the Sahavas of February 25th. In the meantime Baba had a fatal accident which told much upon his emacia-

ting body. Despite physical sufferings, Baba kept always cheerful for he was not body and was all Spirit. Baba with the affection of a mother made special arrangements to lodge and look after the Yogi's convenience during the Sahavas. The Yogi sat at the feet of Baba during the Sahavas and plunged himself into Samadhi all the time receiving into himself the vibrating cosmic force. He had many personal and impersonal messages and many flashes of inspiration which he wove into songs. One song sung before Baba in a chorus followed by twenty melodious voices made a bright impression upon the devotees.

14. GEMS OF WISDOM

Baba Gave during the Sahavas and during private meetings gems of wisdom worth treasuring in the heart of devotees:

1. Desire for nothing except desirelessness. Hope for nothing except to rise above all hopes. Want nothing and you will have everything.

2. Seek not to possess anything but to surrender everything. Serve others with the understanding that in them you are serving Me. Be resigned completely to My Will and My Will be yours. Let nothing shake your faith in Me and all your bindings will be shaken off.

3. Real happiness lies in making others happy. The real desire is that which leads you to become perfect in order to make others become perfect. The real aim is that which aims to make others become God by first attaining God-Hood yourself.

4. Be angry with none, but your weakness. Hate none but your lust-ful self. Be greedy to own more and more wealth of tolerance and justice. Let your temptation be to tempt Me with your love in order to receive My Grace. Wage War against your desires and God-Hood will be your victory.

5. Love others as you would love yourself and all that is yours. Fortune are theirs whose love is tested by misfortunes. Love demands that the lover sacrifices everything for the Beloved.

6. Real living is dying for God. Live less for yourself and more for others. One must die to one's own self to be able to live in all other selves. One who dies for God lives for ever.

7. This period of 'Sahavas' is the period of my suffering and helplessness. My glorification will follow my humiliation.

THE SEVEN REALITIES.

1. The only *Real Existence* is that of the One and only God, who is the Self in every (finite) self.

2. The only *Real Love* is the Love for this Infinity (God), which arouses an intense longing to see, know and become one with its Truth (God).

3. The only *Real Sacrifice* is that in which, in pursuance of this Love, all things, body, mind, position, welfare, and *even life itself are sacrificed*.

4. The only *Real Renunciation* is that which abandons, even in the midst of worldly duties, all selfish thoughts and desires.

5. The only *Real Knowledge* is the Knowledge that God is the inner dweller in good people and so-called bad, in saint and so-called sinner. This Knowledge requires you to help all equally as circumstances demand, without expectation of reward, and when compelled to take part in a dispute, to act without the slightest trace of enmity, or hatred; to try to make others happy with brotherly or sisterly feeling for each one.

6. The only *Real Control* is the discipline of the senses from indulgence in low desires, which alone ensures absolute purity of character.

7. The only *Real Surrender* is that in which the poise is undisturbed by any adverse circumstance and the individual, amidst every kind of hardship, is resigned with perfect calm to the will of God.

15. BLAZE LIGHTS OF VICTORY

Baba embraced the Yogi before he began to sing his song. The function was reported in the Awakener coming from America as follows:

The next item was the recitation, with musical accompaniments, by Yogi Suddhananda Bharati of the English song composed by him for the occasion and which he (in manuscript) placed at Baba's feet. Others in the congregation who knew English repeated it line by line, following the lead of Suddhananda Bharati.

Blaze, Lights of Victory!
Blow, trumpets of Glory!
Hail, Lord of Love Divine
MEHER BABA, the Ancient One!

I am at a loss how to express adequately our grateful thanks to your enlightened self for the immense trouble taken by you and for all the dynamic, inspiring and thrilling devotional lectures delivered by you at several places.

True indeed you are an apostle of purity, unity and divinity. You have made your life a practical example to all of us, illustrating the control of the mind and the spirit, the realisation of man's true mission in life, the discovery of the real existence above this earthly existence and the need to live a divine life through the exercise of one's spiritual powers, and potentialities. Your precepts are the expressions of your own great spiritual life, inspired by the All pervading Avatar Meher Baba.

During your tour, you have awakened the spiritual consciousness of thousands of men and women in Andhra to Baba consciousness. You have laid the Andhra Desa under a deep debt of gratitude by dispelling their doubts and inculcating in them true love in the greatest of the Avatars; you have opened their eyes and added to their spiritual heritage by inspiring them to realise Truth, Right Knowledge, Love and Beauty incarnate in the living Avatar of the age.

On behalf of the Meher Mandali, Andhra and the Andhra Public, I offer my profound thanks and Pranamams to your revered self for your great services and inspired lectures.

Yours gratefully,

T. V. Seshagiri Rao.

In the History of Baba's Victory we cannot forget twoAs— Americans and Andhras. What Kishkinda was to Rama and Brindaban to Krishna that Andhra is to Meher Baba. I look for the day when there will be a dynamic universal centre of Baba lovers on the Banks of the Godavary. A biginning has been made in the MeherSthan at Kovvur by the large hearted Koduru Krishna Rao. Let us all unite in developing this centre as a Power House of Divinity.

17. PERMANENT ABODE

Baba sent many telegrams of appreciation and called the Yogi again to Pimpalgaum and introduced him to the American devotees. The Yogi spoke with Don Stevens and other friends and admired the purity of their devotion. Arangaum and Mehrabad put up a festive appearance that day. Baba embraced all. People danced in ecstasy of love for Baba offering him flowers and fruits. Baba adored lepers—all these scenes were nicely filmed by the American devotees. The Yogi gave a lecture in the Meher Centre Poona and a telegram came from Baba "You will be called soon. Baba has resolved to send you to America. Baba's immortal love to his immortal lover. Yogiji, Baba sends you His choisest blessings and His heart's overflowing love."

There was a big festival arranged for Baba in the Andhra and devotees invited the Yogi; he was about to start when a serious accident hampered his journey. Bandits entered his Yoga Samaj with lethal weapons. They assaulted the members and threatened to kill the Yogi if he did not deliver his money. The Yogi was all love to them and gave them the bunch of keys. They

opened the bureaux and saw books and manuscripts and one or two clothes. The Yogi communed with Babaji. The bandits fled away crying "We cannot eat his books for our hunger!" The Yogi said to them "Come brothers, I will cook food for you and show you how to live honestly". The police came incidentally. They disappeared. The police searched them and caught them while they were plundering another house..

Yogi wrote this to Baba and Baba sent a telegram "*No one will be able to rob from you Beloved Baba who has made permanent abode in your heart*"...

Dear Readers, these short autobiographical notes are meant to create a personal background for your better understanding of Babaji. He is with you when you are with Him in the heart. He loves you when your love is genuine. He knows you when you think of Him.

Another mystic background is necessary. That is, an account of the five mystics who were the forerunners of this wonderful advent.

18. THE FIVE MYSTICS

Baba hails five mystics of Maharashtra as Divine Masters of the age. They are : Sai Baba, Upasini Baba, Tajuddin Baba, Narayan Maharaj and Baba Jan. These mystics dedicated their entire life to the Unique One who hides behind the veils of names and forms and smiles in the heart of spotless Love. They lived in the Substance beyond shadows and phantoms. They closed their mind like a treasure chest and opened their mouth like a morning rose. The lightning spark of God-love played miracles around their unassuming personalities.

SAI BABA

Sai Baba was the dominating Saint of Shirdhi. His influence is felt by millions to day. Born in an obscure village near Hyderabad (Patri), brought up by an obscure Fakir, cherished by an obscure Venkusa, brought to Shirdhi by an obscure Patel, Sai Baba came to open recognition when he lit lamps in Dwarakamayi with water. Since 1872 he remained under a margosa tree near a Mazjid called by him Dwarakamayi. He cherished there a Tulsi plant, allowed the reading of Ramayana Gita and Bhagavatam and often uttered the unique mantra of his life "Hari Hari! Allah Malik!". Ram and Rahim were One to him; Mandir and Mazjid were equal places of worship; Hindus and Muslims equal souls. He burnt holy fire before him; he demanded devotees to burn lust, greed and envy in the blazing flames of God-Love. He distributed ashes (Udhi) to all saying "Before your body turns to ashes, surrender your life to the God-Conscious Flame". He begged his food and looked crazy at first until divinity burst out of obscurity to work miracles by curing diseases and granting boons. A Policc Inspector got a male child by his Grace; a Rao won his case; a *so-and-so* got promotion, a *such-and-such* got money—thus people came to the saint to get something from him materially hailing him as Saint and Avalia when their desire was fulfilled. Sai Baba demanded Dhakshina (offering in coins) and if 300 came to day, three hundred more was needed tomorrow; for all was given away to needy devotees. The rich gave and the poor got. This was a good spiritual socialism, and many flocked around him for a substantial prasad. Great men like Tilak and Kaparde came to him; but his mission was fulfilled by

two dynamic souls; One was Upasini Baba and the other B. V. Narasimha Swami. One had personal touch and the other impersonal touch with Sai Baba. Sai Baba left the body in 1918 but his soul is everywhere, in a number of Sai Temples and institutions built by devotees. B. V. Narasimha Swami lived with the Yogi up the Arunagiri Hills and the Yogi told him about Sai Baba and Upasini Baba. He at once visited Sakuri and thence went to Shirdhi, There he dedicated his genius to establish an All India Sai Samaj.

19. UPASINI BABA

Kasinath Pandit who became Upasini Baba later on, came to Sai Baba as a care-worn invalid ship wrecked in life. He was born in Satana near Nasik in an orthodox Brahmin family. He went to school; the teacher caned and the boy left it for ever. He was schooled in the trials of life and fate was his hard master. His heart touched the fountain of Grace but his life like Tantalus could not taste it.

He heard Ramayana, Bharata, worshipped Rama Hanuman and meditated in the hill-solitudes of Dhalia and Nasik. He was yoked to wedlock thrice and thrice he lost his wives. He lived as a successful Ayurvedic doctor in Amaroti and Poona; but could not yet find a doctor to cure his mental agony. He became desperate, Fortunately he had the Dharsan of Narayan Maharaj at Nagpur and Bombay. Maharaj blessed him and told him with a mystic smile "You have been fully painted". He wandered heart-broken till at last he took refuge at the feet of Sai Baba. His faith was first shaky but Sai's grace was plucky. Kasinath suffered

a lot; Sainath cut the knot and liberated his divine possibilities. Kasinath would go away; Sainath held his quay. Kasinath one day, threw away his clothes and became naked in and out. His mind was swallowed by his heart and the heart was immersed in Sai-Love. Sai Baba prepared his life to play a divine role.

One day he was surprised to see a lady adoring his feet and doing him Harati. Upasini was simple, humble naked and powerful. He had a stentorian voice. His discourses are available in three volumes. He wandered God-mad, alone living in filth and graveyards. At Karagpur some Anglo-Indian boys threw a wreath of rotten shoes round his neck and Upasini Maharaj wandered with the shoe-garland until devotees cleaned his body and adorned him with flower garlands. He was equal minded to both. Upasini Baba stayed stark naked in Sakuri—then a graveyard. He had lots of critics and enemies. But he boldly challenged them and trained a set of pure maidens for his mission of upholding Hindu Dharma. Sakuri quickly improved into a Shaktipuri, a strong citadel of Sanatana Dharma. Godavari Ma is there with a congregation of sincere souls dedicated to the Upasini Mission. Narayan Maharaj was pleased when he saw that Upasini was fully painted with the perfume of cosmic energy. Upasini adored Dattatreya in the temple and a donkey in the street. One day he brought an ass bathed it clean adorned it with garland and worshipped it with his disciples. A gynosophist conducting a gynaeceum became a target of criticism and attack by the enemies who dragged him to the court too. Upasini Baba bravely met all the untold ordeals of life and did a great service to humanity by establishing the psychic love and

purity of women and by organising a Kanya Kumari Ashram. Even Mahatma Gandhi was impressed by the standard of its holiness.

Tipprī (Colour-stick dance), holy concert, Vedic chants, reading of the Gita, Ramayan Bhagavatam and Das Bodh take place there daily and the atmosphere created by these holy maidans led by Godavari Ma is pure and ennobling. Upasini's interesting life is read in the Datta Mandir every night. Sakuri is one of the dynamic centres of our Spiritual culture. Meher Baba lived there and is honoured there by all.

20. NARAYAN MAHARAJ

The story of Narayan Maharaj of Khedgaum gives a different reading. He hailed from a very orthodox family and lived an orthodox life all along. He was born in June 1885 at Bhagalpur. He was orphaned during his childhood; but his good uncle brought him up and bequeathed upon him his property. He was not satisfied with this wealth; He waxed strong in spirit and went in search of Yogins. A siddha who was playing with cobras in a forest kindled his latent fire and Narayan meditated for seven years in silence and solitude and came to Poona. His pure life and charming manners and beautiful personality attracted many persons. First he begged his food when hungry. Then a rich man supported him at Gangapur. He meditated calmly under a margosa tree. God Dattatreya appeared to him in the inner vision and directed him to settle at Khedgaum, 34 miles from Poona. Here he raised a temple for Dattatreya, a rest house for Sadhus and a big mansion for himself. Since 1912 this Narayana Samastan developed into a big spiritual centre at the cost of Rs. 60,000

per year. The Satyanarayana Puja done there attracts a large crowd of devotees. The same is adapted in Sakuri too. Narayan Maharaj lived a princely life adorning himself in silk and gold. His personal magnetism attracted the classes and the masses and his spiritual radiance had tremendous appeal for seekers. He took special delight in serving saints. All the saints of India went to him for enlightened peace. He strictly kept to the Vedic traditions and his Ashram was a stronghold of Sanatana Dharma like Sakuri. He loved Tajuddin Baba.

21. HAZRAT TAJUDDIN BABA

Tajuddin Baba was a saint of the masses. He was a soldier born to a soldier. He was born on the 27th January 1861 and lost his parents while yet a child. He was so silent as a child that his uncle had to brand him on the forehead to stimulate speech. He joined the Madras Regiment in his eighteenth year; but he did not like the job. He knew Urdu and Arabic. He read the poems of Attar. Hazarat Dawood initiated him in God-Consciousness. He related how Attar renounced everything when a Fakir sang "How heavy is your load of gold and silver! How light is my life which has renounced everything in God?". Dawood related to Baba The Discourse of Birds (Mantiq Al Taysr). Birds in a forest venture across seven valleys, the Valleys of detachment- Love, Knowledge, Renunciation, Unification in God-Consciousness, bewilderment and total annihilation. Only 30 birds are able to see the King Simurgh and they become one with him.

Tajuddin kicked off his job and wandered dazed and demented. Children pelted him with stones. He was

imprisoned 18 years for having walked naked into an English Club. There he was put to hard labour. Miracles played around him. The loads he had to carry did not burden him. He cured diseases. His prayers drew crowds. One Bi-Amma became his disciple. Raja Raghunath paid Rs. 2000 to the Govt. and got his release. The Saint inspired all to devotion, wandered naked and at last settled at Waki, near Nagpur. A Chota Nagpur developed around his aura. Large crowds rushed in to see him and have boons.

He regimented and commanded the crowds as a spiritual Jamedar and asked every one to pray God,

“Sick patients, stand under that tree; that is my hospital! You students; you want to pass your examinations? Gather under the mango tree—that is my school! Have you litigations? Go there; That is my court! Are you devotees—go there and pray—That is my Mosque and Mandir. Are you a real Seeker—come near me we will live in God. Now all of you stand erect. March... Ram Rahim right left! Ram Rahim Ram Rahim.” All went into trance...! The Saint shed his body on the 17th August 1925. He lives in the heart of millions and he has awakened God-Love in them. Hazrat Baba Jan blessed him and he blessed her spiritual child Meher.

22. HAZRAT BABA JAN

The most long-lived lady in the world; the most dynamic soul who dared heat and cold, storm and stress to reach the goal of life which is Godhood—this is Gulruk Babajan. She hailed from an aristocratic family

in Baluchistan (28-1-1750). She was an angel of beauty and duty. Marriage was forced upon her; but she ran away unscathed from the domestic fire like Rabia of Basra, to Rawalpindi where a Hindu Saint initiated her. Then at Multan a Muslim Saint taught her how to live in God. She spent her days in prayer and meditation in hill caves and forests. She came out saying like Al Hillaj and Byazid, "I am God; Anal Haq adore me" She was once deeply buried in a pit for this boldness. But she came out of it and was discovered in Bombay. She visited Mecca and returned to India in 1903. She permanently settled in Poona under a Neem tree near Malcom Tank. Thousands visited her. There was once a heavy storm and deluging rain which pulled down homes and trees in Poona. But Babajan sat calm and cool under her tree saying "I am God; I created Nature, Nothing can affect me". Devotees raised for her a Zinc hut under the tree which still remains. In this trellised Manzil, this old lady with snow white hair and wrinkled beauty waited for a lovely lad, the chosen instrument of her mission in life.

There he comes anon!

Dear Readers, the above said five saints awakened God-love in the heart of millions. But they had no Modern education. They were not known abroad. They created their individual centres and their influence was limited. They prepared the path and harbingered the advent of a Universal Light that shall awaken God-Consciousness in Humanity East and West. The Time Spirit wanted a Master who can awaken Self-Conscious Divinity in men and women... Here He Comes.

23. HERE HE COMES

Here He comes—This Silent Sire
 Spreading the rays of love and light
 With open arms He calls you near
 And lifts you up to a blissful height
 The stellar bodies roll and sing
 Te deum thanking His advent.
 His mute voice has a mystic wing
 Helping human hope's ascent.
 Open the heart and close the lips
 Look within His psychic form
 Which time and space cannot eclipse—
 Abloom with smiles in calm and storm.
 He teaches not by printed books
 Nor from pulpits nor platforms
 Deep in the soul he sows his looks
 And reaps more than mental reforms.
 Behold the Saviour comes again
 Like the sweet soothing summer rain
 Removing scorching fear and pain
 With lasting grace and love's refrain.

24. THE MYSTIC KISS

It was one fair day in May 1913; Baba Jan keenly
 observed a fair youth of nineteen going in the cycle.
 He too saw her as he dashed off to the Deccan College
 where he studied. Eyes met eyes. Sometimes she
 smiled at this divine lad as she was lying on her bed
 under the Neem tree. She had a magnetic personality
 and bewitching eyes. She knew now her worthy instru-
 ment into whom she can pour her divine energy. One

day she beckoned him by her side. Merwan, that was his name, felt drawn to her by a Mother-Force. The blooming face of the youth met the phosphorescent gaze of wisdom. The white-haired lady of 110 embraced the lad affectionately and settled upon his forehead the KISS of spiritual bliss. Merwan felt an electric thrill. He was polarised by the vibrating cosmic energy ever alive in Babajan. Word was a burden, Merwan was reborn in the spirit. She took him by her side and they sat together everyday forgetting time and home. That was a turning point in the life of the youth. He liked to be with her in silent communion drinking the fountain of cosmic consciousness bubbling out of her blissful being. Babajan imprinted into Merwan her saintly soul and set in motion the awakened cosmic energy. Merwan in his spiritual bewilderment and divine frenzy forgot body, home, college and studies cricket, hockey and wandered God-mad and bliss-drunk. He often ran away in search of God-men. Baba Jan said "this child of mine will create a great sensation in the world and do immense good to humanity. She keenly watched him and helped him by psychic radiation.

Merwan kissed her hand and she kissed his receptive front. He went home late at eleven to take his bed; he felt a warm current coursing his body; he had the creeping sensation-of an electric charge. It was a delightful thrill. But Merwan could not support it. He was dazed and stunned and dumber. This went on daily. His mother observed the change in her dear boy and was afraid. She told her husband. The brothers came to know of it...

25. MERWAN

It was a zoroastrian family. The father Sheheriar Mundagar Irani was a keeper of the Silent Tower in Persia. The Tower where human bodies were exposed to crows and vultures taught him the vanity of existence which is but a march of pain and pleasure from cradle to grave.

Mr. Mundagar Irani left behind the *Neverlasting* in search of the *Everlasting*. He wandered with darvishes as a darvish and came to Bombay with his brother. With a wooden bowl and staff in hand, he roamed all over India and atlast settled in Poona to work in a garden. He then opened a tea stall. At the instance of his sister, he married as a man of 39, Shirin Bano a girl of 14 whom he loved for her virtues. They had seven issues; two died and the five remained to serve the divine mission of life. Jal, Behram and Ardeshir were marked for business and service. Mani the angelic daughter was a seraphic gem. Merwan the second child called Meher is the object of our adoration.

Merwan was born in the auspicious peace of the crimson dawn at 5 Am on the 25th February 1894. His face was dawn-fair and his binocular eyes seemed focused at a wonderland within. As a child he played with a cobra like Krishna. As a boy he haunted graveyards and Dakmas alone and sat in long contemplation looking at the revealing face of Nature's beauty. He learnt more from Nature than from books. The small home 30' X 20' in Butter Moholla where he lived could not contain his soul which wanted a universe. The drop sought the ocean, the spark the

flame and atom the whole. He matriculated from St. Vincent School in 1911 and continued his study in the Deccan College. He developed a taste for the English and Persian poets and wrote poems in Guzarati, Urdu, Persian and English and published a few of them in Sanj Vartaman under the nom-de-plume of Homa. He revelled in Hafiz the poet of mystic symbols: "O man what here you owe is but a passing shadow. God will be there even if all the shadow-forms disappear. I and He are no more two; soul to soul we are one. When we are one we are all" These ideas of the poet impressed him. The mystic bee in his heart went on humming flower to flower until it was absorbed in in the honeyed sweetness of Divine intoxication.

26. PERFECTION

His destiny quickly changed. The parents were afraid of his manners. He walked to bund Gardens, fell unconscious for two or three days in lonely places and fasted...all these crazy acts compelled the parents to put him under medical treatment. Guru Nanak was similarly treated in those days by doctors and sorcerers and he told them "My disease is God-hunger and God-fervour, the remedy is God-realisation". That was the case with Meher too and he had a follower in Behramji whom he taught Persian, Meher visited the five Masters described previously. He saw Narayan Maharaj, Hazrat Tajuddin; and Sai Baba hailed him as "Parvardigar" (Incarnation). Meher went to Upasini Baba who saw the youth self-immersed and threw a pebble just at the pituitary centre where Babajan impressed her awakening kiss. At once Meher returned to normality. Upasini Baba blessed him and sent him home. He was

no more crazy. He visited Babajan and listened to her sayings. She awakened the inner divinity and revealed his incarnate genius. His father tried to tie his body to a toddy shop. But he was not born to intoxicate minds by wine or toddy. He adored Babajan and Upasini Baba and became Meher Baba. He left home and remained with Upasini six months doing hard penance. Upasini was immensely pleased with Meher. Meher Baba crossed the planes of intellect, inspiration, insight, emotion, introspection and got the highest illumination. It is a state of total annihilation in God. He went from God-man to Godman until God cried from his heart "O Thou I!" Upasini declared one day "I have made Meher perfect. I have given him my charge. He holds my key. He will move the world. He is the Divine Master of the age and all must follow and carry out his command." Upasini took Meher to a lonely Garden room and charged him with his Cosmic energy. Babajan awakened his divinity and Upasini Baba made it stable; but it was the hard tapasya of Meher Baba that manifested his divinity. The mystic masters opened his psychic centres and they became fountains of God-Energy. Baba's life is a polarity of human ascent and God's descent. Thus did Baba become perfect.

27. BABA'S UNIVERSAL WORK

The period of preparation was over. Baba took to had Tapasya the like of which none has done and achieved many things which ordinary people cannot comprehend. Ontology and metaphysics stand stunned before his radiant Presence. Hylozoic pragmatism is silenced before his Silence. Like all Saviours he met

hard trials and persecutions. With a wonderful patience and forbearance, he accepted humiliations. He loved even cruel enemies that reviled him on the face. A mischievous scandal monger came before Baba and Baba kissed him and gave him sweets, To live in God is to love all His creatures. To live life here is to bear the influence of all seasons, summer and winter, heat and cold, weal or woe, delight or despair, fame or blame. Baba was equanimous and self-balanced. His life was a terrible sacrifice of self-interest at the altar of cosmic love. He consumed himself to illumine mankind.

Baba started three centres of spiritual radiation : one in Poona near the Ferguson College, another at Dadar and the third at Ahmednagar. The last is known as Meherabad. It is his headquarters. He Created Pimpalgaum before a hill solitude for silent seclusion and divine work. Very rarely he came out of this solitude.

Baba is divine and universal in every thing. His is not a petty-minded creedish fortification. His seven coloured flag contains all the seven planes of consciousness—physical, vital, mental, gnostic, bliss, pure knowledge, and pure truth. His emblem contains symbols of all religions the Zoroastrian fire, christian cross, Muslim crescent; Buddhist Swastica and the Vedic AUM I C B M—Indian, Iranian, Christian, Buddhist. Muhamadan and modern thoughts are symbolised in his emblem. Baba leads mankind from the Frankenstein Labyrinth of effete isms and paradoxical dogmas to a heaven of freedom where all souls live in the Unique One.

He conducted a school, a hospital and ashrams for Lunatics and Masts (men of spiritual intoxication). He wrote all his spritual intuitions and took silence since 1925. From that day he left off reading and writing and speaking. All the books that are published in his name were only records of his gesture-expressions. He works from the higher planes for the higher elevation of mankind. He is a silent stream of inner fullness cherishing the parched human fields to blooming spiritual exuberance. His silent influence has redeemed many forsaken souls East and West. He has gone round the world many times speaking to seekers in mystic gestures. Devotees wait for him all over the world with deep reverence. He visited Persia twice. He visited Europe and America nine times. America which was thrilled by the voice of Vivekananda was filled with peace and bliss by Baba's silent Presence and soulful gestures. Many Australians have dedicated their life for Baba. The history of Spiritual Renaissance has not seen a unique personality like Meher Baba. Baba calmly observes passing events. He contemplates over problems and riddles confronted by humanity and gestures forth his remedies. Life is a stream of ups and downs seeking the ocean of peace. Humanity is tired of wars and political exploitations. The harassed world expects a Divine Avatar to restore political poise, social harmony, economic wellbeing, cultural unity, and spiritual dynamism. A spirit of mutuality in spiritual socialism and an integrated coexistence—this is what leaders look for. They can be effected by an inner awakening and inner transformation. This awakening transformation can be achieved by an Integral psychic love. Baba is That Love. Baba is the great force that can lead humanity to peace and plenty,

to purity, unity and divinity. He is a marvel of silent dynamism whose magnetic personality attracts devotees from all corners of the globe. He is steeped in the Eighth Heaven of God-consciousness from which one can declare : " I AM GOD ". His Pimpalgaum commands a global recognition as the abode of a Silent Light.

28. MECHANICAL NOISE

We are living in the days of Nuclear Dynamics and Space Technology. Sputniks are flying today to challenge the Moon. The science-brain soars above ultrasonic regions; Scientific intellect has advanced to artificial copying of immortal Nature. Science in the hands of the brute in man forges weapons of new danger to humanity. From gun to cannon, from cannon to tank, from tank to bomb, from air bomb to atom bomb, hydrogen bomb, rocket bomb, cosmic ray, cobalt bomb—the weapons of mass murder are ever increasing and ever adding to the egoistic vanity, and ambition of the repressive brute in man. The latest invention of the war-mongering scientific intellect is ICBM—Inter-Continental-Ballistic-Missile. Tis Missile is able to strike down all strategic points within 5000 miles in fifteen minutes. It does its work with a pin point accuracy. Science has created a crisis which threatens the world with a colossal destruction of humanity. Missiles propelled quickly by the Nuclear Ramjet can surprise any part of the world at any moment. The first blow shall sweep out years of human construction and leave hidden ruins in the place of beautiful cities and busy factories.

Is there a way out of this tragedy? Yes. It is the application of the spiritual ICBM. What is that? It is

Infinite Consciousness of the beloved of mankind. It is Inner Communion with the Blissful Master—ICBM!

We are living in the days of mechanised industry amidst din and noise and 'guggaping' smoke of factory chimneys. Our streets are torn by the rumbling motor noise and shriek of the mike. Tram, train, bus, cinema, radio, factory and politics are shattering peace by the din and bustle of hellish mechanical noises. But the current that moves all these noisy machines, makes no noise. It is a calm, warm, gentle and peaceful expanse of Silence. From the mysterious silence, the silent Sun emanates as the architect of the world we live in. It silently draws up the sea-vapour, spins clouds which pour down the blessed rains. The green earth smiles silently cherishing plants and trees to sustain life here. The nuclear forces silently descend and activate the electronic age.

29. CREATIVE SILENCE

Sages of Silence emanate in this age of mechanical noise. Their words are sparks of the Inner voice. Silence saves energy, silence restores inner peace; silence of the mouth silences the wandering mind. The temper is balanced day by day by silence; the soul is awakened by the gentle music of inner silence. The bees gather honey in the peace of the rosy dawn smiling with fresh blossoms. Trees take root in the silent earth. The poet's inspiration is kindled in silent inner communion. The painter and sculptor achieve their masterpieces in the deep silence of aesthetic concentration. The joy of lovers is born in the wordless silence of inner ecstasy. The heart opens when the mind is hushed. Meditation

comes like sleep to a child and divine intuitions flash abright in the peace of dynamic meditative silence.

Baba's mind is a laboratory of supernal Silence sparking out the inner fire and radiating the soul's mystic dynamism. He is the unique one who has silenced the tongue, thought, pen and all means of outward expression. He has silenced all desires. He has renounced all attachments. Out of this Silence rises a warm current, which awakens your mind and heart. You can feel it when you silence your mouth and open your heart. It is a thrilling current of elysian peace and joy; it is the psychic warmth of divine love and light.

Meher Baba's Silence can be understood only by Self-Silence; His peace can be received by peace of our mind. The thrill of His Presence can be felt only by the absence of your I and mine. That *mine* shall reveal its treasures only when this *mine* is sacrificed. When there is none and nothing in you except God-love, then God shall be everything for you and in you.

30. GOSPEL OF WORDS

The world has listened to the Gospel of spoken Words in plenty. Buddha spoke out Dhamma and held the standard of moral rectitude and animal compassion. He opposed class arrogance and meaningless orgies. Jesus Christ was the Messenger of peace, patience and sacrifice. He had to bear with patience the tortures of Calvary. Gandhiji lived for Non violence; bullets of violence rent his heart. Prophets live a timely Truth and pass away leaving their words behind. Men make religions and sectarian camps in their name and keep this

little earth a divided house. Each prophet tried to unite humanity. But his followers added to group prejudices and broke the human aggregate into narrow fragments of "I" and "mine" opposites. This Guru cannot see that; this group hates that. Gita is one; commentators have built many schools around that Book and divided the country as dualists, monists and qualified monists. God is One; the world is one; Truth is one; the human soul is one; but teachers are many and their followers are many-minded. Christ, Bible and Father in Heaven—are one; but, Christendom is divided by so many camps and churches. The element of division is in the mind and the passion to fight and oppose is in the subconscious-hell in man. The Christian countries are tremendously progressing in material sciences and inventions. But they live in horror of atomic raids and alphasays. Nuclear outbursts poison humanity. Aggressions oppress rights. Low level ambition holds high-level talks; they cry 'Peace' from fighter planes. Cold wars and bold wars are fuming around ludicrous political tragi-comedies. Witness the play of passions in party clap-traps!! Witness the fluttering incubation of Powers upon their atomic eggs, chuckling "Peace, Peace" to bamboozle humanity. Witness how peoples' money is wasted in vain attempts to build castles in the silver Moon and ruby Mars!! That enormous wealth can very well be utilised in bettering the life of humanity here.

The Gospel of mere Words has fallen in deaf ears; they have become stale. The collective man is not receptive; the market noise drowns down the voice of gentle Love. Man is still painting the sepulchre of dead

ceremonial formalities and effete nonentities and lables them with the words of big personalities. He cannot find his way out of big personalities. He cannot find his way out of the dark labyrinth of confusing 'Isms' and their watertight frameworks. A Self-gathered Soul of Peace is necessary to cross the dreadful battlements and mental arsenals and free humanity from gory wars and ferments. Darkness cannot be removed by sermons, nor by uranium thunders. A Silent Light can remove ages of darkness

31. THAT SUNLIGHT

That Silent Light of the Universe is our Beloved Babaji. Loud whistling cannot drive the Engine. The steam must be directed to push the train forward. Here is the Driver that can fuse the powers of head and heart in the conscious Soul and enable human life to cross its limitations and imitations and fulfil its destiny in the Infinite Freedom of God-Consciousness. He is the Ancient One holding the Lamp of Ancient Wisdom, awakening the Ancient Soul-Consciousness in an age of tumultuous modernity, shaken by the noise of tussling self-interests in the forms of castes, creeds ceremonial orgies, craze of race pride and national egoism. Let us hear Meher Baba here ;

“The perennial spring of imperishable sweetness is within everyone. Yet, if man does not remove the ego-blockade and release that spring, he heavily suffers in innumerable ways. One must contact the Ocean of unflinching bliss within and be free from the limiting duality of 'I' and 'you' to unveil the perennial spring of imperishable sweetness which is within each and all. In spite of

enormous advancements in the field of Science, mankind is engulfed in the darkness of war, hate and fear.

“Yet, I say: Take Hope. Have faith and you will be redeemed. Humanity can be saved only by a Divine intervention. The greatest danger of man today is from himself. Release human consciousness from the clutches of selfishness and greed. The urgent need of today is not sects or organised religions, but LOVE. DIVINE LOVE can conquer hate and fear. **Love God and find Him within, the only treasure worth finding.** Mere picture study of a town will not give you full knowledge of it. You must go there and live and see. The mere booklore will not do. The source of Eternal Bliss is the Self in all. The greatest work one can do for BABA is **to live the life of Love, Humility, Sincerity and Selfless Service in which there is no hypocrisy. Baba's Love is with His lovers always, helping and guiding them**”.

The Bird of human soul is caught in the cage of mental limitations and dualities. A Master must open the cage and liberate it into the wider garden and higher heaven. Incentric Masters alone can awaken and liberate this excentric humanity.

Such a Master is our Beloved Bāba. He is a patient artist who gives a Pygmalian touch to the beauty of human nature. He bows to all, serves all and embraces all, seeing Himself in all. He plays Atya Patya and Gilli Danda with His lovers, at the same time He kindles in their hearts a faith and reverence, a devotion and emotion which words cannot mouth. See Adi, see Eruchi, see Donkin, see Rammohan and their mellifluous affection for Baba. Lovers are ready to lay down their life for him.

AWAKENS THE SOUL

The atlas cannot give a knowledge of London ; nor a painting, the taste of a mango. Go to Him shedding off your wanton Ego ; then alone you can be conscious of his divinity. He awakens your soul when your heart wakes up to His silent touch. Hearts are united when Love unites hearts ; the world is united when hearts are in harmony with the unique Soul of beings. Baba has descended here to sow the seeds of love in our hearts, through Love, to bring the consciousness of Oneness in humanity. *Oneness in Love*-that is the significant message of his incandescent Silence.

Baba does not bank on the past credit of ceremonial orthodoxy. He is not a monotonous revivalist nor a pontiff of sectarian religions. He is not a box-office guardian of monastic creeds. He is Himself, He is all Selves.

He is here to awaken souls and lead humanity to its natural Divinity.

FAITH AND LOVE

Trust God in good faith. He will solve all your difficulties. Faithfully leave everything to His will. Sacrifice everything at the altar of Love and Love shall lead you to the Divine Beloved. Forced meditation is not necessary if you love and serve the Master sincerely. Suppression of the mind is like caning a boy to mug up his grammar. Knowledge must bloom through love like a flower and develop like a fruit. Concentration and meditation must develop by deep subjective interest in the object. An artist enters natural meditation when he

and be the Divine. Baba wants to evolve the Divine from the human.

Baba is a symbol of love and demands, "Do you love me"? Yes, we all love Him for He is All-Love and the All-Beloved. Have you seen any Avatar embracing men, women, children, beggars, harijans, monks and 'mangs' without any idea of their caste and creed? Have you seen any Mahatma embracing lepers, sick patients and destitutes in tattered clothes? Have you seen any Saint conducting an institution for cranks, fools and lunatics? It is Babaji who sees God in all beings, the beloved of equal vision and universal mission.

His life is simple, humble, pure and serene soaked with the milk and honey of gracious compassion. Thousands adore His feet; and He adores the feet of a crankish beggar on the road. Thousands wash His feet and worship them with flowers and incense. But our Beloved washes the feet of a poor, decrepit leper and then places His crowning front upon them in obeisance to the Divine even in that form. We see in Arangoan (near Ahmednagar) the 'craze' of mass devotion inspired by the All-embracing Presence of *Babaji*. The miracle of overflowing Love-ecstasy united the hearts of the simple village folk who became one body in the *Beloved of all*. Can mere books and bookish words, can pedantic outbursts achieve this wonder? The hidden veil of illusion, the delusion of 'I' and 'mine', have been torn to pieces in an ecstatic embrace of the Beloved and *He alone* lives in them as their Unique Soul. None can describe by words this psychic radiance of the Beloved to set to rapturous dance the jingling delight

of the mingling souls? What are caste, creed, clime and colour before this vast Unitive force of love? The Americans remark: "It is a marvel unknown as yet to humanity!!".

HIDDEN TREASURE

One devotee — Mr. Francis Brabazon — has woven a garland of *Vers Libres* called "STAY WITH GOD"; He says in it "BABA IS THE SAME ONE AS THE FIRST ONE". Mr. Don Stevens, an American Chemist and business magnate remarks: "BABA IS A MYSTIC OF LOVE. HE IS LOVE ITSELF". The Gracious Master one day stood up with His circle of devotees and 'spoke' in His symbolic gestures: "ALL YOUR SINS HAVE BEEN ABSOLVED THIS MOMENT. LIVE ANEW FOR LOVE DIVINE". *He swung open the door of redemption to all.* His charming fragrance fills the air. You must have the will to inspire it deep into your soul.

BEACON OF HOPE

Baba is a Beacon Light flashing forth rays of Blessedness. The chimera of separative ego created by the deluding lower nature must be removed by a widening love that sees the One in all and all in the One. Lower nature must be transformed by a descent of the Higher. It must be sublimated by the Higher nature. Science can produce megatons of material energy. Baba can generate multi-Mehertons of Almighty energy. The union of the pure mind with a loving heart can release a tremendous spiritual force that can transform life in to a poem of entrancing bliss. *Baba's greatest mission*

is to awaken humanity to the limitless Truth within, and not to found any new religion or organisation. For, the world is fed up with countless creeds and dogmas.

BABA SAYS

“The world needs awakening, and not verbal instruction. It needs the freedom and amplitude of Divine Life and not the superficiality of mechanised, pompous forms. It needs LOVE and not display of POWER. There is no power greater than love. There is a hidden treasure of ineffable fulfilment and plenitude in all. It is covered by the “*Sanskritic Ego*” and ignorance, removing which, the Treasure can be possessed. My mission is to help you to inherit this hidden Treasure of the Self; and all who earnestly seek it have My Blessings”.

33. EAST AND WEST UNITE

November first week, 1962 was a red letter day in the life of Baba lovers. Guruprasad in Bund Gardens Road Poona, saw a global gathering of chosen devotees of Baba from East and West. Rajya Sri Shantadevi, the Rani of Baroda is a blessed soul. Her mansion has been chosen by the Avatar to give Dharshan to his Eastern and Western family members. Under a large hearted Pandal tastefully decorated. Ten thousand dedicated souls sat in harmony and twenty thousand more were coming from the town for the embrace of Baba. Baba rose upon the dais like a shining Sun of Love. The Yogi after embracing Baba sat in Mahaturiya samadhi at Baba's feet all the four days. People forgot caste religion, colour, race or country, indeed

even the physical world, as Baba's radiant Presence united their souls into one communion of Meherites. It seemed as if Baba alone breathed there in so many human forms—the wave heads of one Ocean of Baba consciousness. There were songs, features, announcements, messages; but nothing can be compared with the *Silent Splendour* smiling so sweetly, so blissfully. Milk and honey are sweet; and mango fruit is sweet. But the beauty of the Silent Splendour is sweeter than the sweetest sweet. His lotus eyes, gracious gaze, rosy face, charming smile, mystic gestures, thrilling messages, loving embrace all these expressions have entranced the heart of lovers who became one body in Him and in whom he breathed as the Soul. Not only East and West but mind and heart united in the love of Baba. Baba tells us "I tell you with my Divine authority that you and I are not we but one". "You should love God in such a way that everywhere you see nothing but God. God Alone Is". Brother Eruchi's announcements, readings of Baba's messages by Don Stevens and Darwin Shaw, Prayer of repentance by Dr. Harry Kenmore, Madusudan's thrilling Bhajans, Habib Qavval's entrancing music, Raju's Burra Katha (rather Baba Katha), Dr. Donkin's medical help, the ever active Adi K. Irani's arrangements and Ramakrishnan's services manifested the Baba fervour in them.

With a love and affection which transcended that of a mother, Baba looked to the convenience of every lover and posted volunteers to look after all devotees that came from abroad. The invulnerable Dr. Murthi was always with the Yogi.

The Westerners who had assembled from USA, Europe, England and Australia were so immersed in Baba consciousness that they would not leave their seats even after Harati and Gate Cholo.

The gracious Baba gave the yogi an opportunity of addressing the Western friends. Elezabeth Patterson of Myrtle Beach Centre, Mr. Purdom, Ivy Duce, Ruth White, Harry Kenmore Poet Francis BrabaZon, Adi K Irani and many others assembled in a hall. Mr. Adi K Irani and Braba Zon introduced the Yogi to the assembly. The Yogi addressed them on Baba's greatness and his mission in America for about half-an-hour. Next day Baba himself introduced the Yogi to the American devotees and requested them to make arrangements for his visit to America...It was agreed that the Yogi shall be invited at the opportune time.

United States of America is the chosen centre of universal movements. The soil has already been prepared by Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, Vivekananda, Yogananda and a lot of others including the lovers of Sufism and Abdul Bahai. The Americas hailed by the vast Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean shaking hands with each other in Panama, hold the banner of One World and One Humanity. America has helped to restore peace in the world by defeating two tyrants. Its' generous help to India cannot be forgotten. America has saved the world from the verge of chaos and destruction. It has wealth, heart, strong hand, liberal mind and genuine love for humanity. A World Spiritual Centre must be strongly established in America in the name of Baba. The crisis created by nuclear dynamics and space technology can be averted only by a synthesis of science

and spiritual consciousness. Baba's Love is the remedy for the fear and doubt of the present mankind. We have to blaze a way beyond the twilight mind and attune life to the deeper soul. Baba is the greatest Avatar of the age and his vision is the Yogi's mission. He aspires to work it out in America and many other countries. To train an army of Baba missionaries and carry Baba's message abroad is the aim for which the Yogi has dedicated his life.

34. THE AVATAR RIDDLE

Meher Baba often says "I am God, I am Avatar". Mansur Al' Hillaj in the 9th century said "Anal Haq I'm God"; he taught every one to be conscious of their innate Godhood. He was imprisoned as a heretic, nailed to a cross for four days and executed at last. Byzid maintained that there was no God beside the self and suffered persecution. Sankara maintained "I am Brahman (Brahmaivaham)". He was honoured for that in India. Vedanta insists upon the divinity of the inner man. The four Vedas declare the formulas "Thou art That, I am Brahman, This is Brahman". Krishna wants Arjuna to surrender to Him who is the Ancient One. In the same plane of consciousness Baba too says "I am God and all are God."

There is no megalomania in a realised man saying "I'm God". Moses got the message of "I'am". Empidocles the Greek Philosopher jumped into the Volcono (Etna) to prove that he was not the body, but the Pure immortal Spirit. "To be as good as God is the summum bonum of life" said Plato. Krishna is

worshipped as the perfect Avatar. When undivine forces afflict humanity, when vice tyrannises over virtue, the Divine who is the Master of the Universe descends to restore Virtue and redress the grievance of mankind and raise it Godward. The monist protests and the agnostic laughs at the idea of this Avatar or Manifestation. How can the Omnipotent one constrain Himself in flesh-and-bone form? How can the Unborn Eternal One stoop to the pangs of birth? God can do everthing at His Will-and why should His Logos descend or ascend? Such are the unending questions of logomachy.

An Avatar is not a birth in ignorance. It is a spiritual birth. The atmospheric electricity is not impaired by acting upon a dynamo. The divine Force is not dwindled by acting upon the universal mechanism. We come to know of the subtle atoms of Nature when they charge a microphone and move the reels of a film. Even so the limited man is able to know about the infinite God when His Power acts through the manifest Grace. Beyond the eidolon of appearance, beyond the physics and chemistry of gross matter, beyond the surface forms and colours, the Avatar or Manifestation has the majesty of Divine Reality. Godhead takes form to bring man nearer to His Godhood.

Avatar is the descent of the Infinite in a finite in a body. The body is a simple clock of illusion. Why should the Avatar meet motor accident and break his bones? Why should the Avatar suffer from cold and fever and need a doctor? Such silly questions are often posed by Mr. Ignorance and madame Vanity. Even animals cry, roar and bleat. Why does this Avatar

keep his mouth closed? Thousand such questions are pelted at believers. Opposite currents always apply a pulling force. One book-worm was creating breaches in Baba-love by saying 'A God with crutches, and patches and stretchers creates ditches in our faith'. There are such endless questions coming out of vital ditches; but Baba himself answers these doubting itches.

"When I say I am the Avatar some feel shocked. If I say everyone is an Avatar, a few would be tickled. Many would consider it a blasphemy, or a joke. Yet I know I am the Avatar in every sense and each one of you is an Avatar in one sense or other. It is God who makes me say I am an Avatar and that each one of you is an Avatar. I have come down from the highest to your level. If you love me with all your heart, you will come to my real level of the Highest for I am in you all. Love me as I want you to and you will find your own self is nothing but God. I say with Divine authority that I AM THE ANCIENT ONE and the slave of those that love Me.

If you were to ask Me why I do not speak, I would say I speak more eloquently through gestures. All talk is idle talk. I talk through you all. To relieve the boredom of talking through your forms, I keep silence in my physical form. If my silence cannot speak, what avail would be speeches made by the tongue? My mission is to utter this word of Truth "I am God (Aham Brahmasmi or Anal Haq), the word of words. I must break my silence. I perform no miracles; but when I break my silence the first and the last miracle will be performed. The Infinity which is eternally mine will one day belong to every one of you!"

Now Dear Readers, love God, feel for others, find your own fault, suffer the suffering of others, feel happy in the happiness of others, endure your lot, love live and die for God. If we love God honestly we become one with Him. Love, serve and be honest. Baba says "I am never born and I never die. The real birth is when one is reborn in God and the real death is when one dies to self. Go further and further away from I, My, Me and Mine. Renounce your limited self by my Grace. I have come to release that Grace. The Power house must be switched on and all connected with it will be enlightened, through out the world. If the bulbs are of low candle power, the light will be little. If the bulbs are of high candle power the light will be bright. But bulbs not working or fused will not be giving light. This is why I have been telling you *all to love me more and more*".

35. ETERNAL—I

Meher Baba is with you when your love is with Him. The Yogi was meditating and communing with Baba one day when a pain was felt in his brain. Deeper communion brought an accident before him. "This is my cricifixion. I am not this body; whatever happens to this body does not affect my soul which is God" said a voice. Next day Baba was smiling like a rose among thistles. The fatal fractures in his body told upon his physical health. He does not pretend to physical immortality, His grave is ready there. He does not attribute eternity to ephemerons. Baba wears body as a garment. He is not limited by finite conditions. He is not limited to the image that we have installed here. But this is an aid to remember him and act as if Baba is

watching us everywhere. Baba is soul ; his word is the universal symphony in tune with the soul. To limit him to our mental conceptions and conventions is equal to saying "God is in my pocket case". When the soul evolves from animality and humanity to divinity, when life is concentrated in the nuclear spotlight of the Innermost, the conventional husk of name and form, time and space and causality fall away automatically and one realises the I-am-ness in God the Eternal. Then you can see how Godmen play marbles with rolling spheres. You can know then how they turn silently the wheels of the universal mechanism. Baba's Silence is eloquence of the Ineffable. It is the silent current behind that moves the Talkie. The Driver oils the car to reach the final destiny. The dynamo in Baba's car is very sound though the tyre gets tired and punctured now and then, Baba is the Master sitting in the car. Even if the car is shattered he will get another. Baba shall keep the body going on until His mission is fulfilled. Yes, it is fulfilled. Thousands of lovers have taken up his mission. He stands on the summit of God-Consciousness watching the march of his army with the telescope of inward gaze. He is unaffected by the scandal storm below. His smile is an efflorescence of the soul's delight. His simplicity is a symbol of his spiritual innocence. He is a child among children and God among men. He has come to kindle divinity and awaken humanity to natural divinity. He is the Awakening force. Sleep not ; wake up, stand up ; have faith and see with psychic love. The Divine Glory spreads its rays East West North and South and envelops all souls in a horizon of circling effulgence. Off with mental doubts and vital desires. Come to Baba whole hearted in love. His touch is a kiss of bliss, His look brings out the obscure kernel from your soul. He

is an electro magnet of inner attraction. He pours himself into you when you pour yourself in sincere surrender into His heart. He lives in you when you live in Him. Commune heart to heart in peaceful love with the ETERNAL-I.

36. O MAN!

O man hunting after itching pleasures which end in pain, listen: You have explored and exploited the resources of the senses for pleasure. Yet you feel a bankrupt within. Rosy beds and velvet sofas, rich feast sweet drinks and embrace of vital pleasures do not satisfy your inner hunger. Open your eyes within and see the mystery of the soul. The blind cannot appreciate beauty and deaf a concert. A child cannot appreciate a master piece. When the heart is blind to love and faith, man cannot appreciate spiritual life. Be soul-conscious and you can be whole conscious. You live in the stinking flesh a slave to cravings. That is why a prick pains you a loss unbalances you. Live in God who is your life and breath. God is all-in all. Do not make fetish of your body, moons and zetas. Your nuclear vanity cannot transcend elemental Nature. You cannot create a single hair. An Almighty has made this universe of beings and becomings. An omnipotent Master has placed everything in its own place. The eye cannot hear and the ear cannot see. Body cannot think nor the brain walk. The eye cannot see the face without a mirror and the lungs cannot breathe in a vacuum. Surrender in sincere faith to that Almighty One who has ordained earth and heaven man and woman to obey His natural laws. Who can prevent the morning sun? Who can silence the singing bird? Who can stop

heart beats? Who can pump life in to the dead? Everything is measured and set in harmony by a mystic Power. There is a meaning in His creation. If the hands and legs are different there is a meaning. If the fingers are unequal, there is a meaning. None can undo God's work. None can transgress His Will. God leads the army of devotees to victory. "*I am here; victory shall be with us here*" says He. Believe; the Divine Captain leads us to divinity. Let us all obey Him, follow Him faithfully and fulfil our destiny in His God-hood.

Blessed are they that recognise the Incarnate Divine; for theirs is the glory of existence! Blessed are they that love and love; for theirs is the Grace of the Divine Beloved! Blessed are they that have the Grace of the Divine; for theirs is victory in life! Blessed are they that embrace the Divine; for theirs is the cosmic energy which works wonders! Blessed are they that remember the Divine; for theirs is peace and plenty! Blessed are they that live for the Divine; for the Divine shall live in them. Blessed are they that serve the Divine; for the Divine shall give them strength. Blessed are they that pour themselves into surrender; for the Divine shall pour himself into them and transform their life into a poem of divinity! Blessed are they that give themselves to the Divine for the Divine shall give Himself to them!



37. GATHER ALL

*Gather all, O gather all
In God's universal hall
Gather all big and small
Conscious of the One in all !*

*This life is a rhythmic stream
Flowing between weal and woe
The theme of life is psychic dream
Playing between yes and no.*

*Summer smiles and winter weeps
Autum plucks the vernal pride
But a songful Something keeps
Urging on our onward ride.*

*Cradle and grave and birth and death
Cannot defy Eternal I
Vital waves can sway the earth
The Real is high in mystic sky.*

*We have the seed ; we have the field
We have the lead ; we toil bold
We enjoy here a golden yield
As one mankind in one New World.*

*Gather under the canopy
Of gracious heaven glowing bright
We are peaceful we are happy
Our life is full of love and light.*

*We live in God ; love Him in all
Give all to Him ; gain all in Him
By His Grace we reach our goal !
HAIL SILENT SPLENDOUR ! AUM !*

JAI BABA !

Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati



WORSHIP

THE COSMIC SPACE IS TEMPLE THINE

Grand sky the tower, gemmed so fine
All beings are Thy graceful forms
All flowers and fruits Thy sweet poems.

All hearts are Thy shining rooms ;
Who can image Thee in customs ?
Mountains are majestic thrones
Winds and streams are sacred psalms.

Thou swimmest in the moon-lit sea
The dawn-lit beauty adorns Thee
What is human ceremony
To Thee, the One in the Many !

A Spring-lit bird of Dawn-lit tune,
With flame-lit heart I commune,
O Wedded delight Self-to-Self,
Riches unsought by royal pelf.

Come, let us build a new Eden
With united heart love-laden.
Let us raise a heaven of peace
Where the woes of earth shall cease.

Where stag and lion sip in a pool
Where songs and actions flow from the soul
Where God is King of supermen
And Law His bright silent OMEN !

Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati