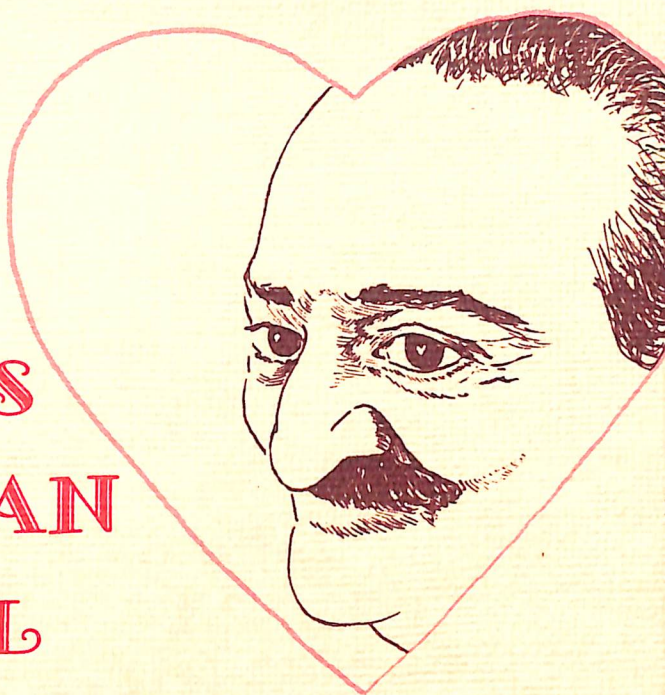
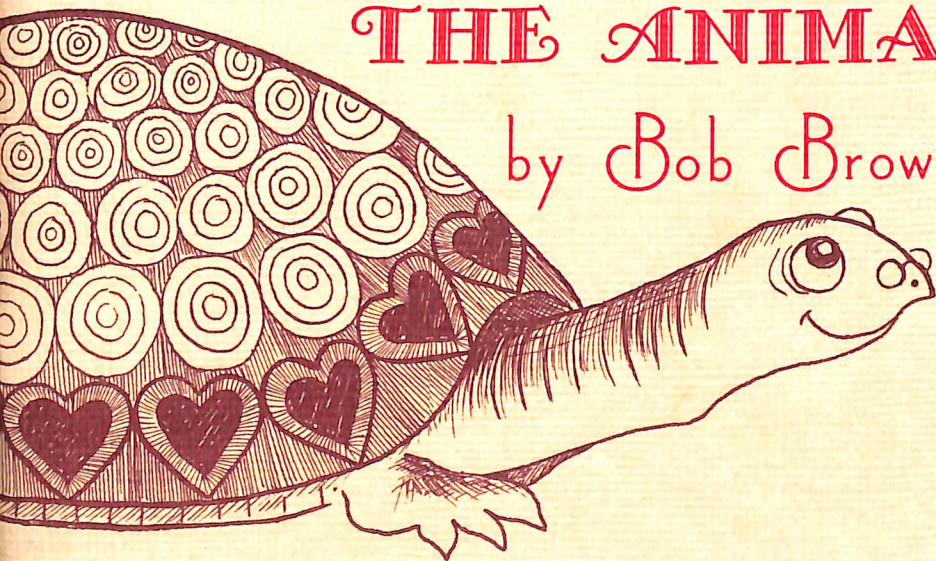


THE  
TURTLE'S  
DARSHAN  
FOR ALL



THE ANIMALS

by Bob Brown





THE  
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THE ANIMALS

by Bob Brown

illustrated by Patti Eslinger



Sheriar Press, Inc.

A red line drawing on the left side of the page. At the top, three stars with faces and radiating lines are connected by dashed lines. Below them, a landscape features a winding river or path that flows from the top left towards the bottom right. A small sailboat with a heart on its sail is on the river. The background consists of stylized clouds and a vertical line on the left side.

# THE ANIMALS' ARTI TO MEHER BABA

*How warm and tender is Baba?*

Beloved Baba is so warm and tender that when the stars go to bed at the first glint of morning light, they tell the sun to rise ever so quickly so as to keep Baba warm.

*How silent is Baba?*

Beloved Baba is so silent that even though the rivers long to return to the sea, they flow slowly and quietly so as not to disturb dear Baba's silence.

*How lovely is Baba?*

Beloved Baba is so lovely that when the honeybees are busy gathering honey, at the mere sight of Him they abandon their honey and swarm to sip the nectar of His smile.

*How precious is Baba?*

Beloved Baba is so precious that the most priceless diamonds become mere pebbles waiting and hoping to be tread upon by Him.

*How beautiful is Baba?*

Beloved Baba is so beautiful that where He walks, the most delicate beautiful flowers desperately lean His way hoping to be noticed by Him.

*How great is Baba?*

Beloved Baba is so great that when He comes, even the tiniest creature recognizes Him.

*How infinite and timeless is Baba?*

Beloved Baba is so infinite and timeless that the seconds long to become minutes and the minutes, hours and the hours, days and the days, weeks and the weeks, months and the months, years and the years long to be seven hundred or a thousand, just so that men can say that seven hundred or a thousand years have passed before the Great One has returned.

*How humble is Baba?*

Beloved Baba is so humble that when He comes, many men who are deemed great by the world, don't even recognize Him.

*How patient is Baba?*

Beloved Baba is so patient that He set into motion all life in creation so that God would not be impatient in waiting to know Himself.

*How loving is Baba?*

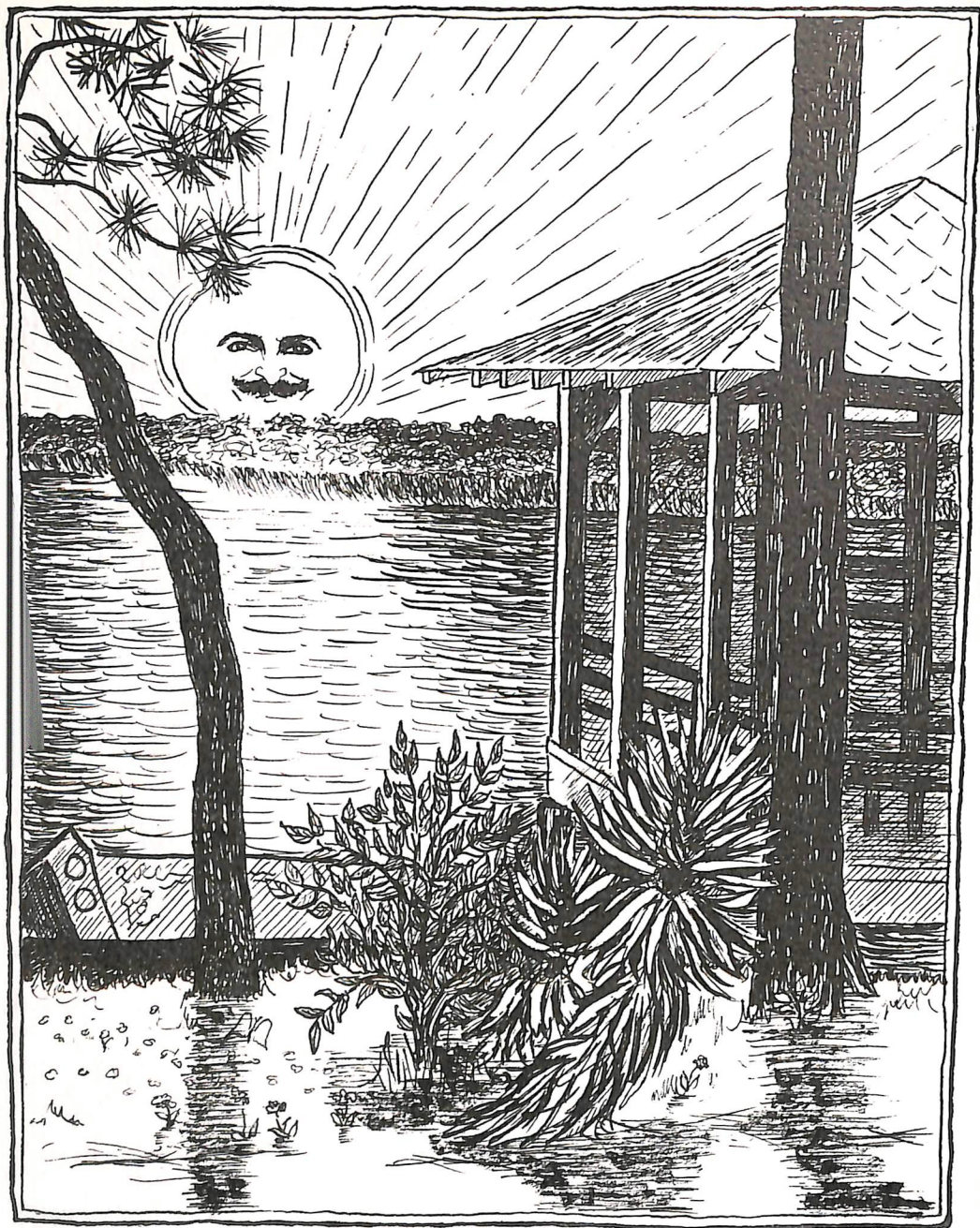
Beloved Baba is so loving that the angels take birth as men to be near Him, and to feel His love.

*How compassionate is Baba?*

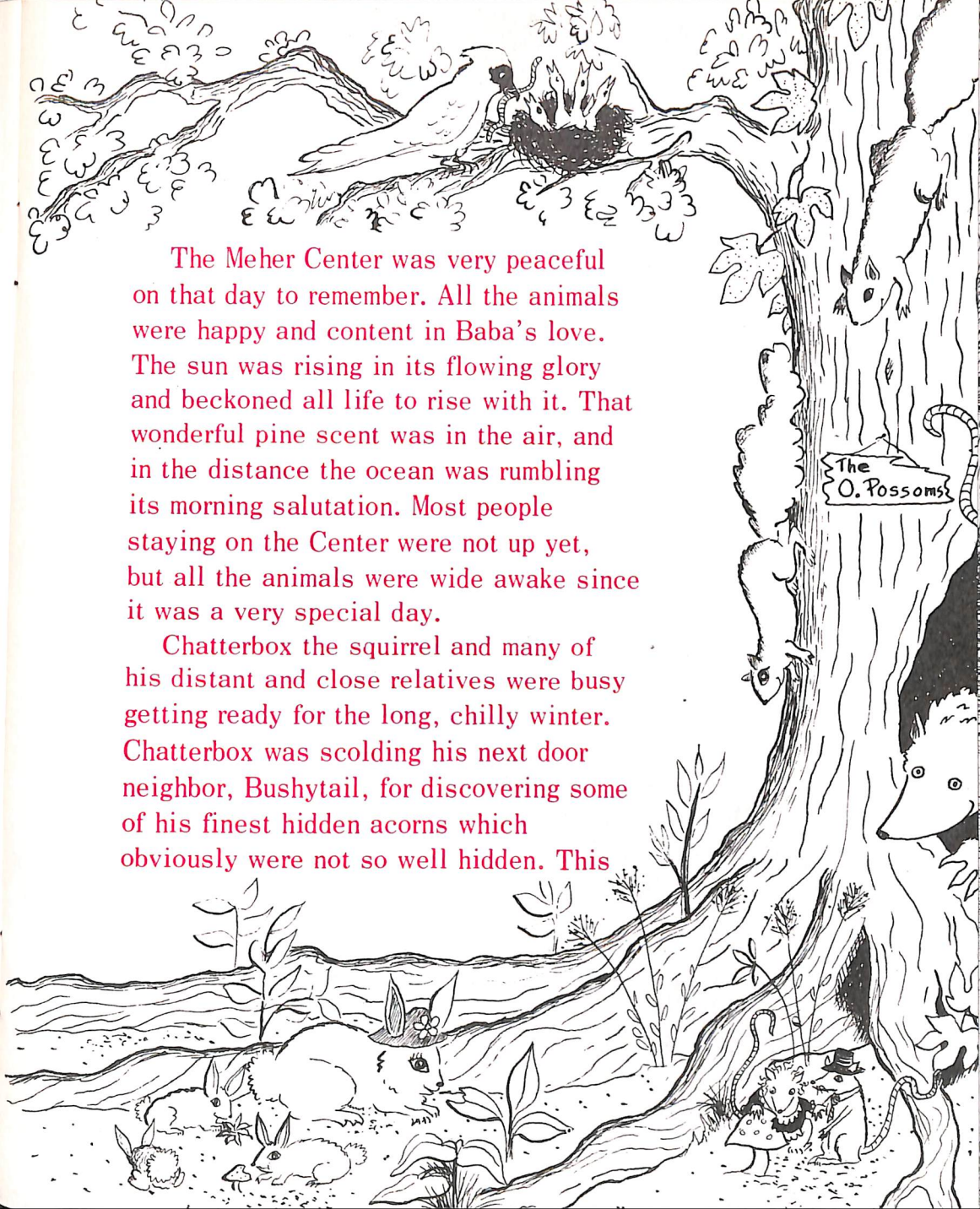
Beloved Baba is so compassionate that He allows us to become His lovers.









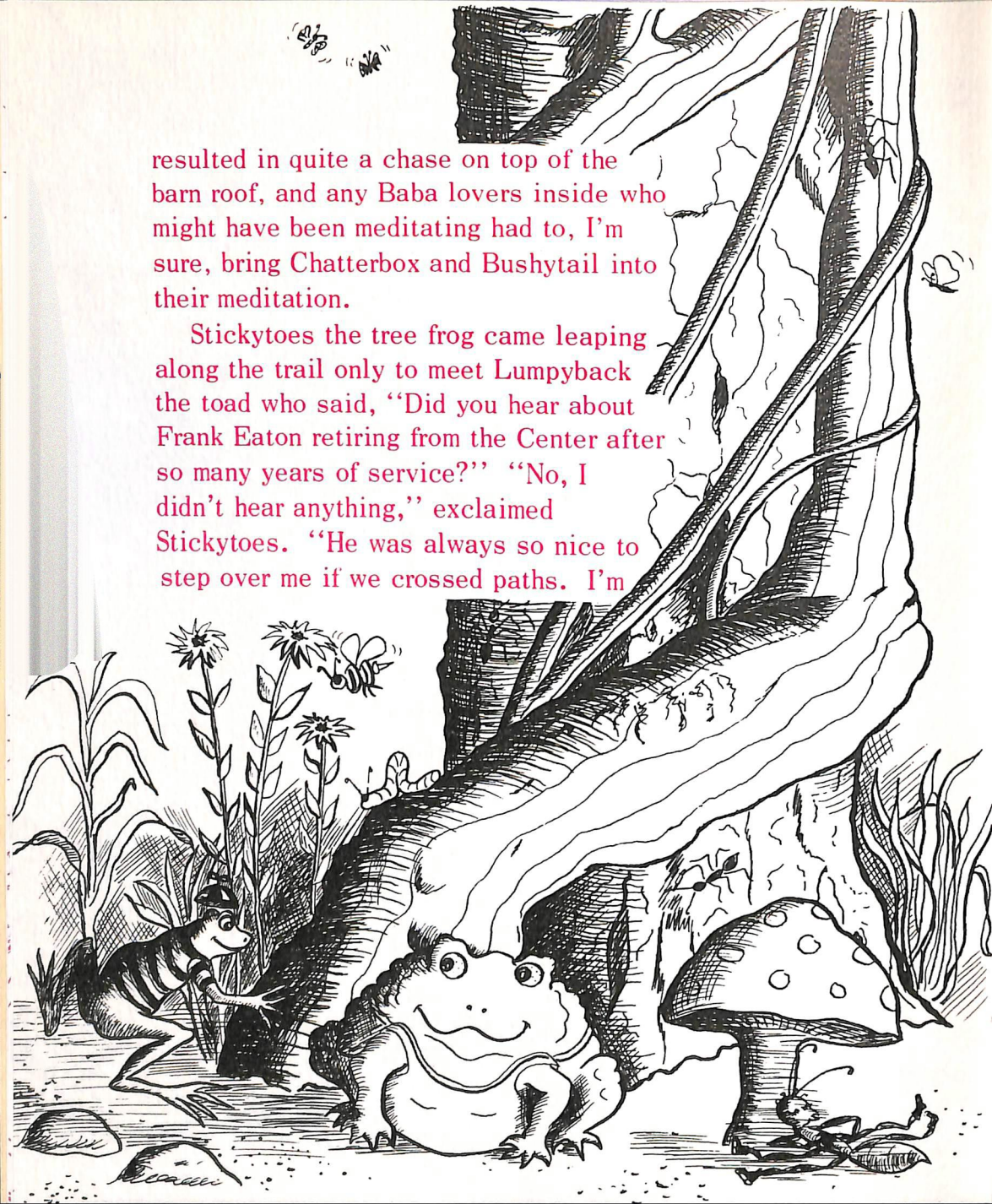


The Meher Center was very peaceful on that day to remember. All the animals were happy and content in Baba's love. The sun was rising in its flowing glory and beckoned all life to rise with it. That wonderful pine scent was in the air, and in the distance the ocean was rumbling its morning salutation. Most people staying on the Center were not up yet, but all the animals were wide awake since it was a very special day.

Chatterbox the squirrel and many of his distant and close relatives were busy getting ready for the long, chilly winter. Chatterbox was scolding his next door neighbor, Bushytail, for discovering some of his finest hidden acorns which obviously were not so well hidden. This

resulted in quite a chase on top of the barn roof, and any Baba lovers inside who might have been meditating had to, I'm sure, bring Chatterbox and Bushytail into their meditation.

Stickytoes the tree frog came leaping along the trail only to meet Lumpyback the toad who said, "Did you hear about Frank Eaton retiring from the Center after so many years of service?" "No, I didn't hear anything," exclaimed Stickytoes. "He was always so nice to step over me if we crossed paths. I'm



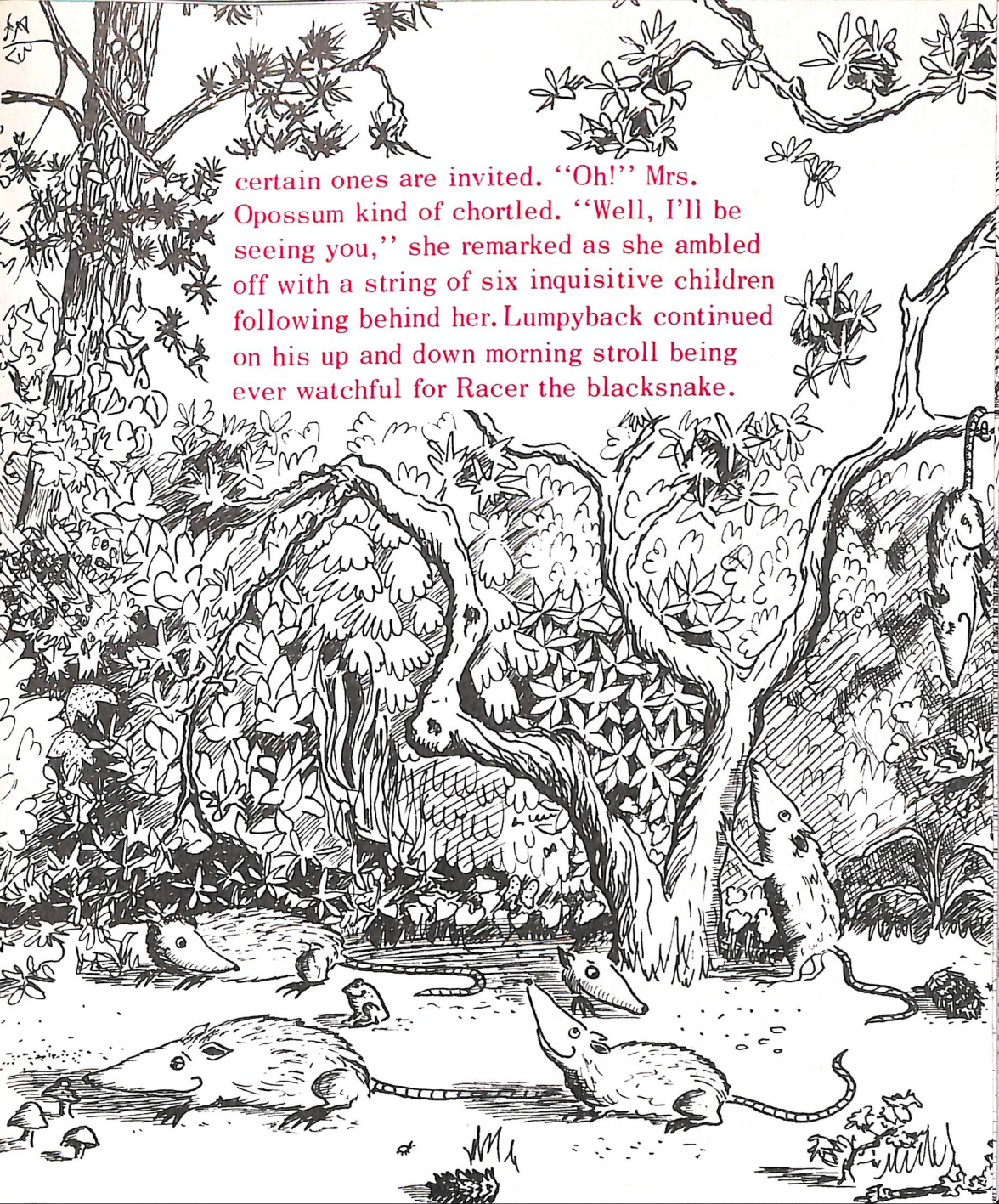


sure going to miss him. With that Lumpyback had to run, or rather hop, since he was due for an important appointment down at Gator Lake. He had gone only a dozen hops (for us a few steps) when who should come out from behind a bush, but Mrs. Opossum with her six children. They were on their way for a special afternoon at the dump behind the storage garage – a morning's journey at the least. She lifted her head up after sniffing a very attractive mushroom and said, "Look out for Racer the blacksnake. He just came slinking by looking for breakfast." "Oh...thank you, Mrs. Opossum." Lumpyback breathed a sigh of relief upon hearing the warning. Mrs. Opossum then told her children to investigate a nearby berry bush. When they were out of hearing range she whispered, "What's going on? I feel something in the air and everybody's talking." "I don't know," Lumpyback thoughtfully replied. "I'm going down to Gator Lake to find out." "What's going on down there?" perked up Mrs. Opossum. "There is a meeting of everyone who should come." In other words, only

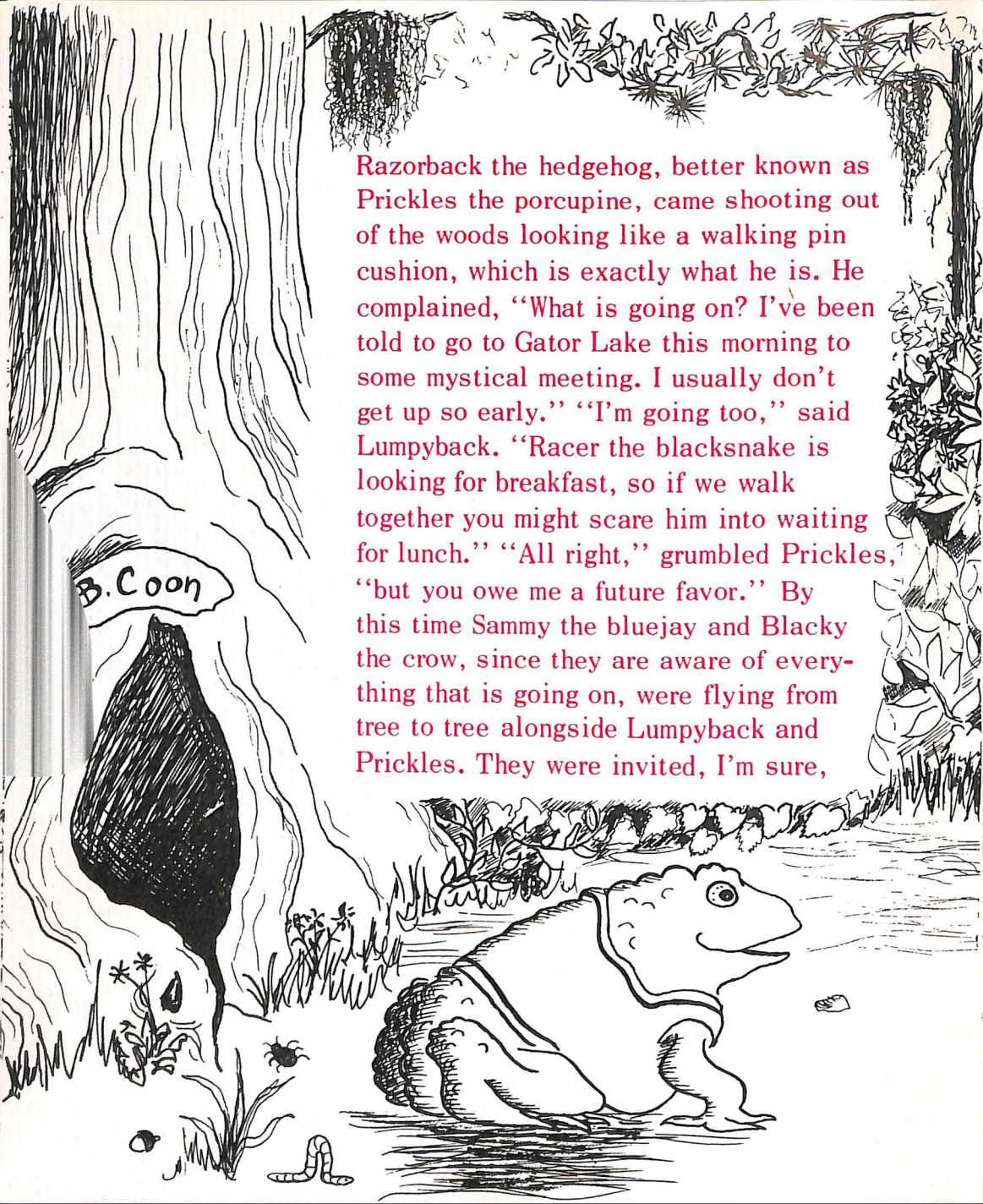




certain ones are invited. "Oh!" Mrs. Opossum kind of chortled. "Well, I'll be seeing you," she remarked as she ambled off with a string of six inquisitive children following behind her. Lumpyback continued on his up and down morning stroll being ever watchful for Racer the blacksnake.



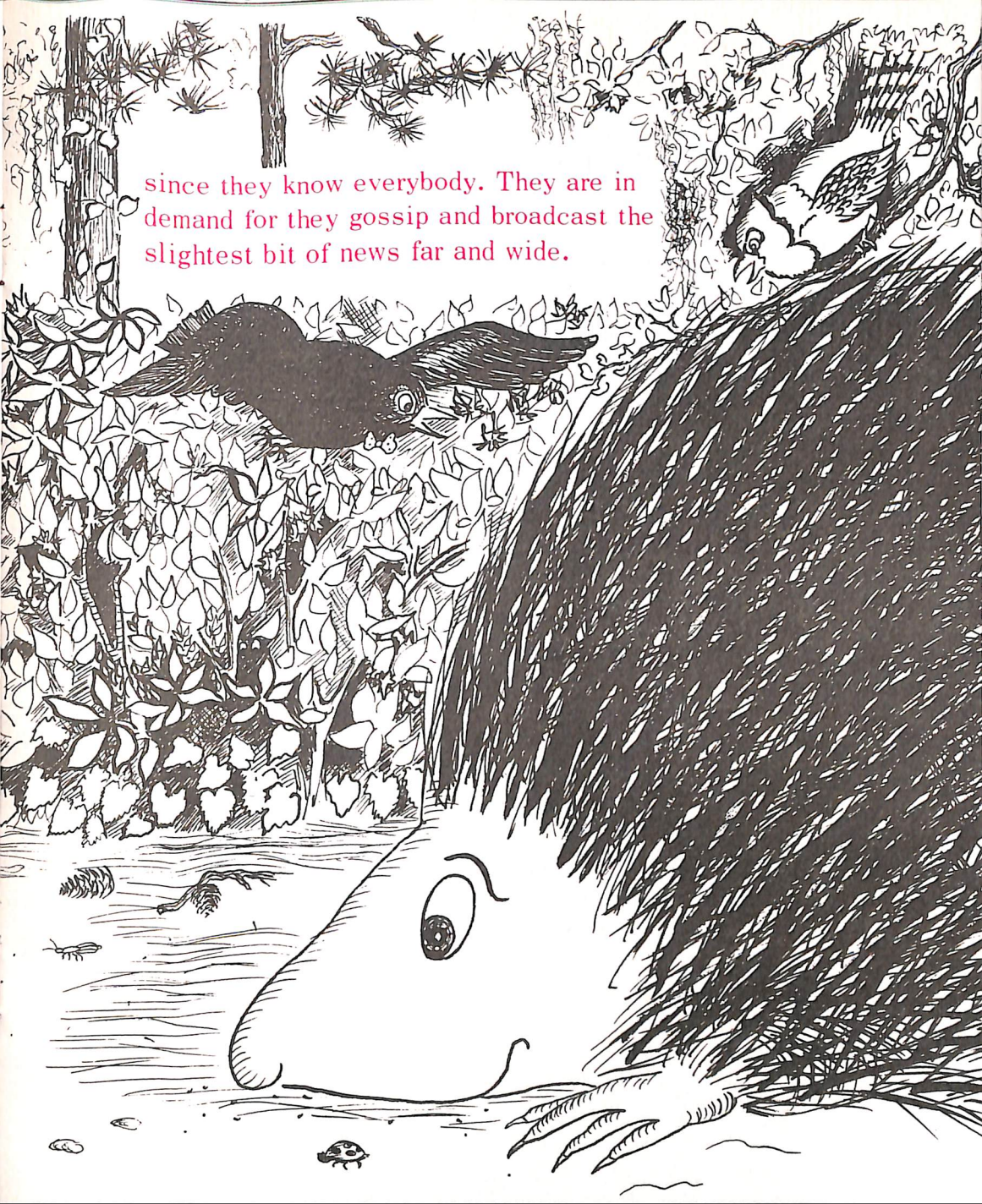




Razorback the hedgehog, better known as Prickles the porcupine, came shooting out of the woods looking like a walking pin cushion, which is exactly what he is. He complained, "What is going on? I've been told to go to Gator Lake this morning to some mystical meeting. I usually don't get up so early." "I'm going too," said Lumpyback. "Racer the blacksnake is looking for breakfast, so if we walk together you might scare him into waiting for lunch." "All right," grumbled Prickles, "but you owe me a future favor." By this time Sammy the bluejay and Blacky the crow, since they are aware of everything that is going on, were flying from tree to tree alongside Lumpyback and Prickles. They were invited, I'm sure,



since they know everybody. They are in demand for they gossip and broadcast the slightest bit of news far and wide.



Finally they arrived at the proposed meeting place on the far side of Gator Lake where the beautiful pines grow the very tallest and where the chances are the the very smallest for people to go there. It seemed everyone was present — that is, everyone who was supposed to be present. A special spot had been tidied up for the meeting and even the tree branches were polished and trimmed for those who perched instead of sat. Tea and a large array of biscuits and cakes were being served by Beauty. He managed to slip away for a few hours without being noticed. He had the help of the Canine Caterers Inc. too. Having been so long with Kitty and Elizabeth, he certainly had learned to serve others. In fact, as decrepit as he looked, he was still held in rather high respect among his fellows. Gator Lake was just humming with conversation that morning. Never before had such a crowd been assembled there.



Longlegs the heron looked as astute as ever and quite intellectual with his single eye piece hanging down on a black cord and a fine Mohair vest with a gold chain for his pocketwatch not inconspicuously hanging across his chest. He was talking to Fisher the Osprey who was handsomely bedecked in what looked like long underwear, although it should not have been showing. They were discussing the latest fishing news, for Longlegs was on a special diet and he was quite picky as to where he dined. Mrs. Quack and her many relatives were involved in a heated discussion about their seasonal visitors, the coots. It seems the coots favor the same very finest tender water plants that Mrs. Quack does.

Grandpa the alligator was sitting back from the crowd, as his nature was always reserved, except around meal times. He was trying to look interested and intelligent, but one eye was constantly





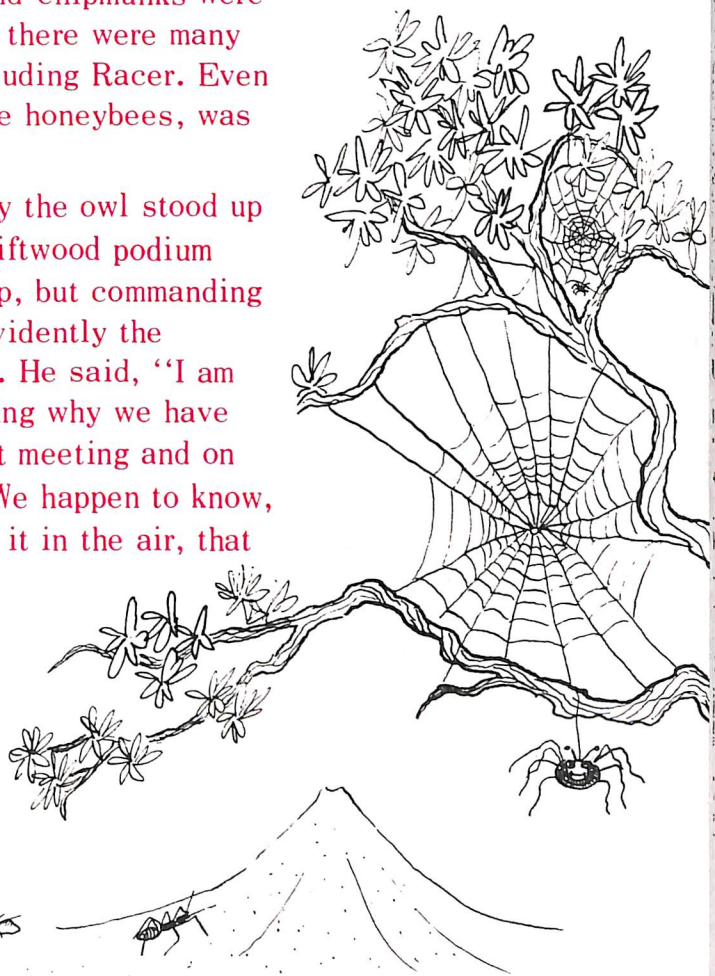
on Mrs. Quack. Let's hope it's not meal time! Some little alligators were snickering behind his back. They knew the only thing that upset Grandpa was to remind him of alligator handbags. Reddyfox was present with Bobby coon, and they both were stuffing themselves with too many cakes and biscuits. Many small birds were perched in all the nearby trees. They, of course, had unlimited prattle to chatter. Prickles was glad to see Whitetail the bobcat although any other day they would not have met eye to eye, since Whitetail is is forever trying to figure out how to make a fine dinner out of Prickles without being prickled. Queenie arrived late from the Ott's house to help Beauty but only helped in eating the cakes. There were, of course, many other animals I did not know. There was William and Terry the

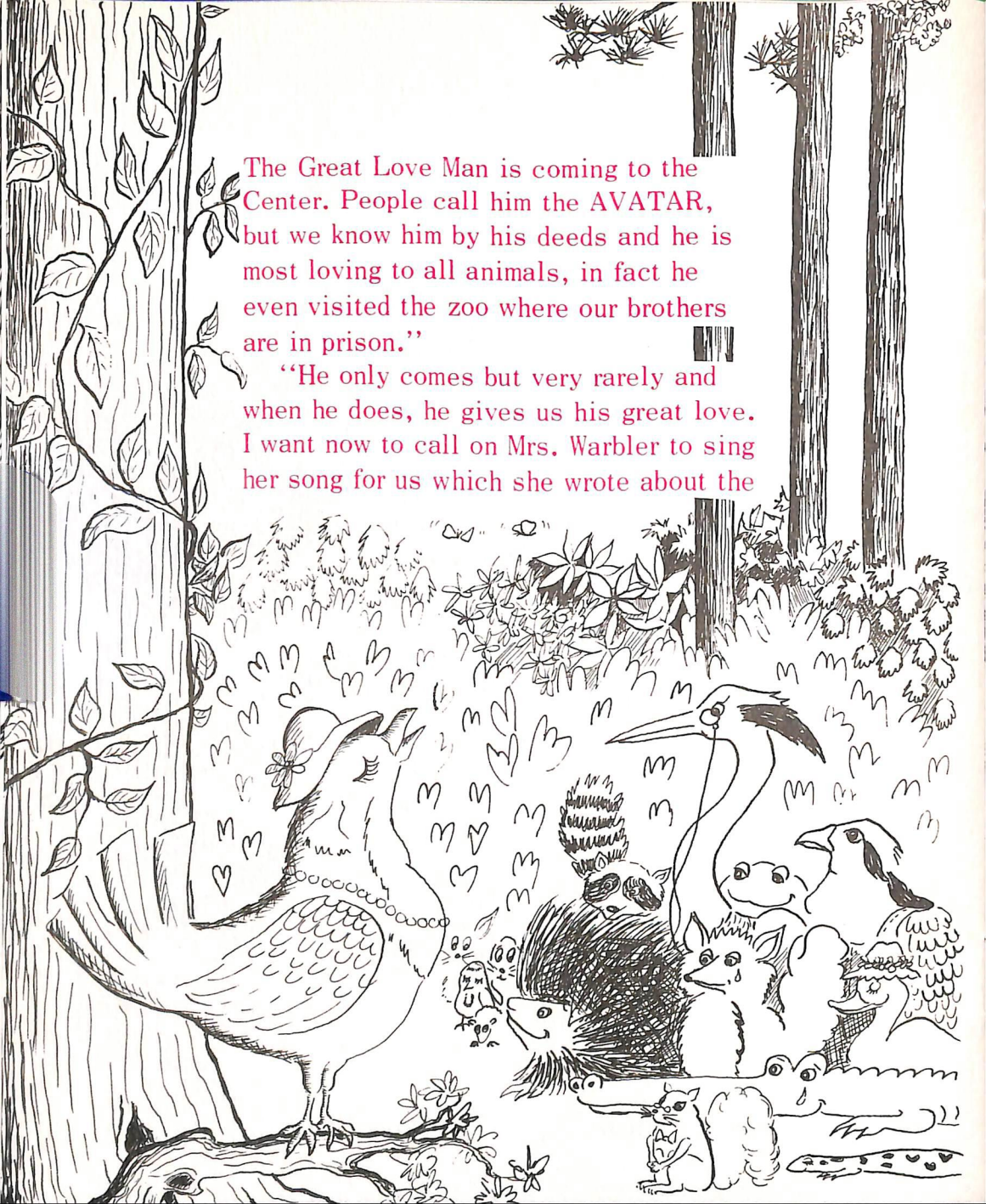




small terrapins, Grandfather frog and oodles of froglets with whom Stickytoes does not associate. There was Mrs. Quail and her smaller relatives the partridges, and Pew the skunk who always seemed to be alone. The rabbits and chipmunks were talking on this day, and there were many lizards and snakes, including Racer. Even Stinger, the Queen of the honeybees, was there.

All of a sudden Hooty the owl stood up to what looked like a driftwood podium and spoke in a very deep, but commanding hoarse voice. He was evidently the chairman of the meeting. He said, "I am sure you are all wondering why we have called such an important meeting and on such short notice, too. We happen to know, and I know you can feel it in the air, that





The Great Love Man is coming to the Center. People call him the AVATAR, but we know him by his deeds and he is most loving to all animals, in fact he even visited the zoo where our brothers are in prison."

"He only comes but very rarely and when he does, he gives us his great love. I want now to call on Mrs. Warbler to sing her song for us which she wrote about the



beauty of The Great Love Man – MEHER  
BABA.” Mrs. Warbler came up quite  
nervously and sang:

1. *Once in a while there comes  
the great love man who comes  
for everyone  
His smile is so sweet that the  
trees bow down to see  
and all the stars twinkle  
to catch his eye  
and even the flowers nod their heads  
in sweet reply  
they know that Meher is  
the highest of the high  
Once he comes he comes  
and once he goes he goes  
But while he is here you know  
He'll steal the hearts of everyone.*
2. *Once in a while there comes  
the great God Man  
who comes for everyone  
His eyes are so pure  
they are just like pools of love  
and his hands are like a satin pillow  
and his feet are so tender that even  
the stones surrender to his love  
they know that Sweet Meher is the highest of the high.*

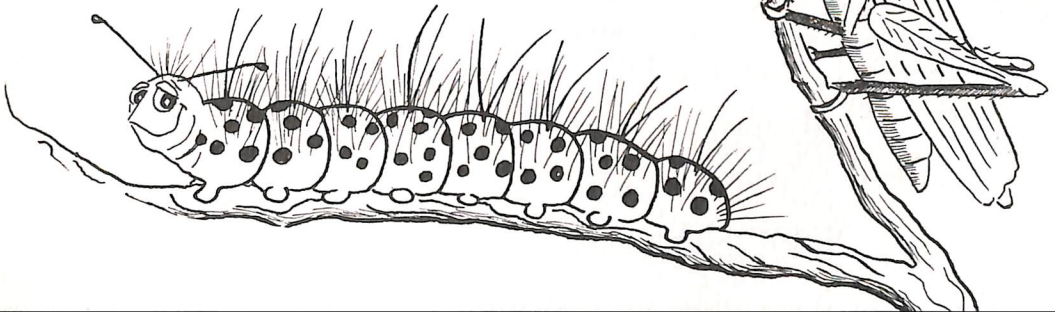
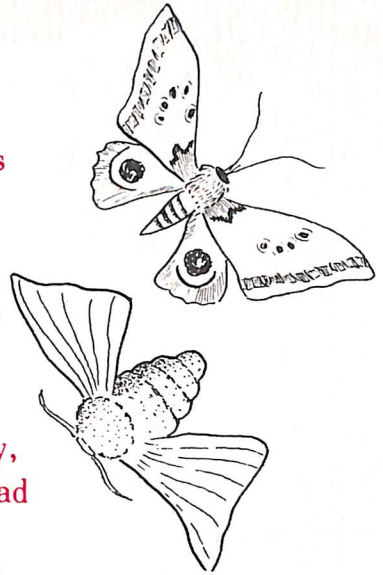
Hooty the owl, as talkative as he is, was left speechless upon hearing such a lovely song. He finally broke the silence to say, "Thank you so much for such a lovely love song."

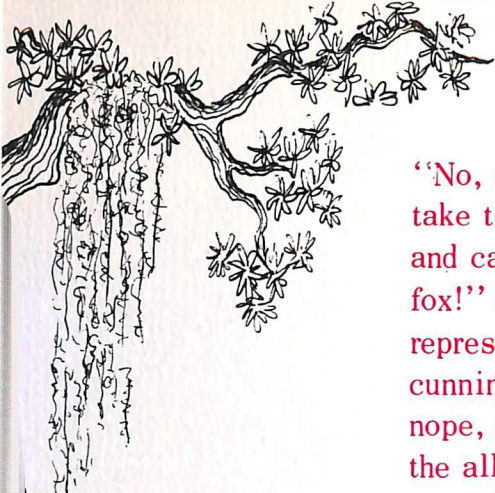
"I will now say that the purpose of our gathering is to find out which one of us animals is best suited in every way to go and meet Beloved Baba and to represent all of us." There was a humming of conversation, and Hooty had to strike the podium. He proclaimed, "I will hear nominations!" With that, many wings, paws, and tails went up in response. Bobby coon promptly nominated Prickles the porcupine. Hooty said, "I do not





think it would be good for Baba to meet Prickles. Prickles may give him a start since he looks, well uh, ...well...he looks like a walking pin cushion.” Prickles pretended to be very interested in a pine tree a few yards away, since all eyes were upon him. “No, I’m sorry Prickles,” said Hooty. Fisher the osprey with a real conviction said, “I think Longlegs the heron is the finest representative.” Hooty, because he was quite wise, bowed his head and gave it some serious thought. He then said with a nervous twitch, “You know Longlegs and I are quite close, but I must be objective. I feel Longlegs is too intellectual for Baba. He may bore Baba and in so doing displease him. No, I’m sorry Longlegs, we need the all around type.” Katy the Katydid spoke up for Fuzzy the caterpillar. Hooty quickly said, “No, too small.” Katy then quite desperately said, “What about Stinger the honeybee?” Hooty said solemnly,





“No, she works so hard that she can’t take time off.” Blacky the crow spoke up and cawed, “Reddy the fox! Reddy the fox!” Hooty said, “Yes, Reddy is a good representative, but he is so very sly and cunning. No, Baba likes complete honesty, nope, I’m sorry Reddy.” One of Grandpa the alligator’s tiny cousins piped up in a squeaky voice saying, “I want Grandpa to be our man, I mean! alligator.” Grandpa looked very startled and honored, but actually he had slipped a prime fish to his cousin and ordered him upon his life to squeak...I mean speak, up for him. “No!!” exclaimed Hooty, “he would really scare Baba with his tough mean nature. Besides, if it was meal time, he might try to take a bite out of our Beloved Baba. Grandpa’s greed would make Baba feel shy.”

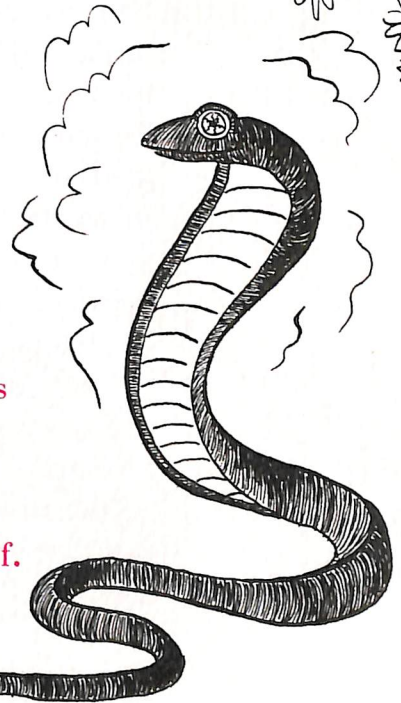
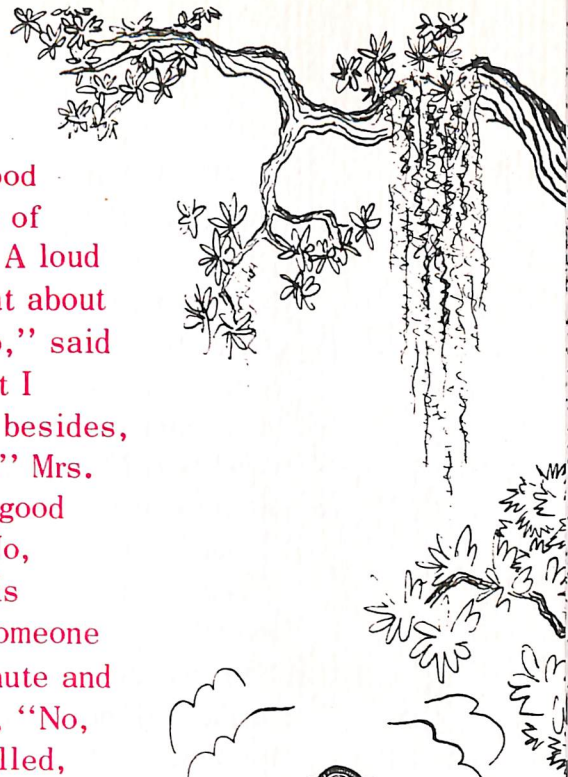
A silence fell over the meeting, as no one really knew who was best to meet Baba. Lumpyback almost hopped up to nominate Stickytoes, but realized Stickytoes was too sticky and slimy to meet Baba, although Baba loves him

“( Bee )”





anyway. Racer the blacksnake stood up like an Indian Cobra (Illusions of Grandeur) and nominated himself. A loud chorus of "Boos" followed. "What about you, Hooty?" someone cried. "No," said Hooty, "I'm here this morning, but I usually sleep during the day and, besides, I'll see Baba next time he comes." Mrs. Quack said Sammyjay would be a good one to meet Baba. Hooty said, "No, Sammy talks too much, and Baba is silent." "Lightfoot the deer!!" someone screamed. Hooty thought for a minute and then shook his fuzzy head saying, "No, he is too meek." Someone else called, "Whitetail the bobcat!" Hooty replied, "No, Whitetail is too proud." Lumpyback nominated Bangles the Badger since that might put in a good word with Bangles, and maybe he would not want Lumpy for dinner any more. One good turn deserves another. Hooty said, "Impossible! Bangles is too religious for Baba." Bangles always carries a bible and is trying to save everybody but himself, when he should be praying to be saved from himself.

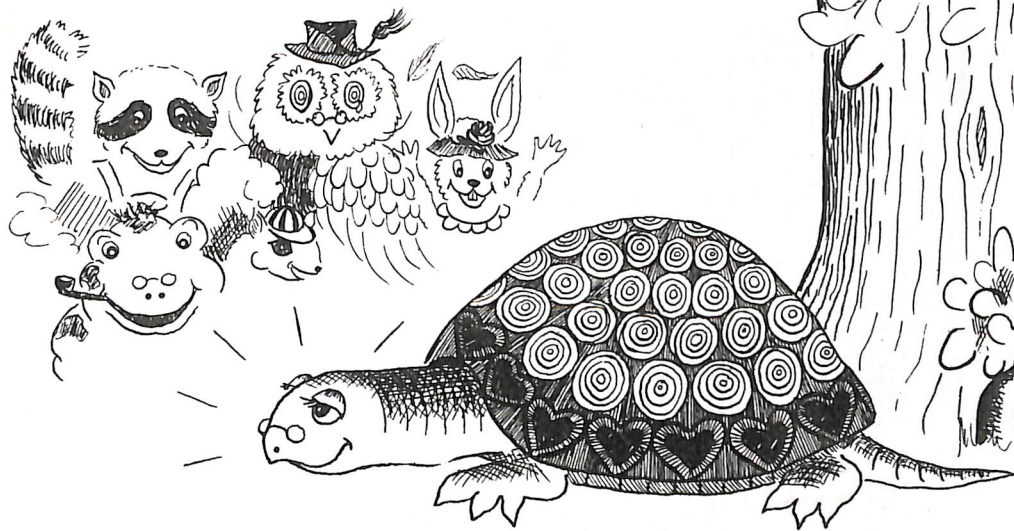


The silence fell once again on the meeting. Then all of a sudden Hooty cocked his head around at the old turtle who was sitting so patiently, so quietly, so humbly alone back under the old oak tree. All the other animals looked in that direction too. There arose a huge “Hurray!!!” and Hooty almost with a tear in his eye said, “I think we all know who is the best suited to meet Beloved Baba.” “Yes!!!” chorused all the animals, as if to exclaim a perfect agreement on feelings. “Mr. Turtle you are the one!!!” The old turtle with unwinking eyes was certainly touched by this honorable proclamation. He would have pulled his head into his shell and closed up shop for the day had he not felt so utterly flattered. He was speechless although he said very little anyway. Hooty said, “You are the most humble and your patience is so great that without any complaint you carry your heavy house on your back. Your humility causes you to walk low to the ground just on the level of Baba’s feet. Your old age has given you wisdom and has silenced



your intellect. You are passive and forgiving, but not meek or weak. You bask in the sun as if to show that you have been waiting to meet the son of man. You eat and drink so little as if to be generous in leaving it for others. Your honesty and forgiveness shows in your being able to retract yourself into your shell. You walk so slowly and this shows you are not eager for the future nor at a loss for the past.”

All the animals held the decision in great respect. All agreed that the turtle was the one who should meet the AVATAR. The meeting was then adjourned and all





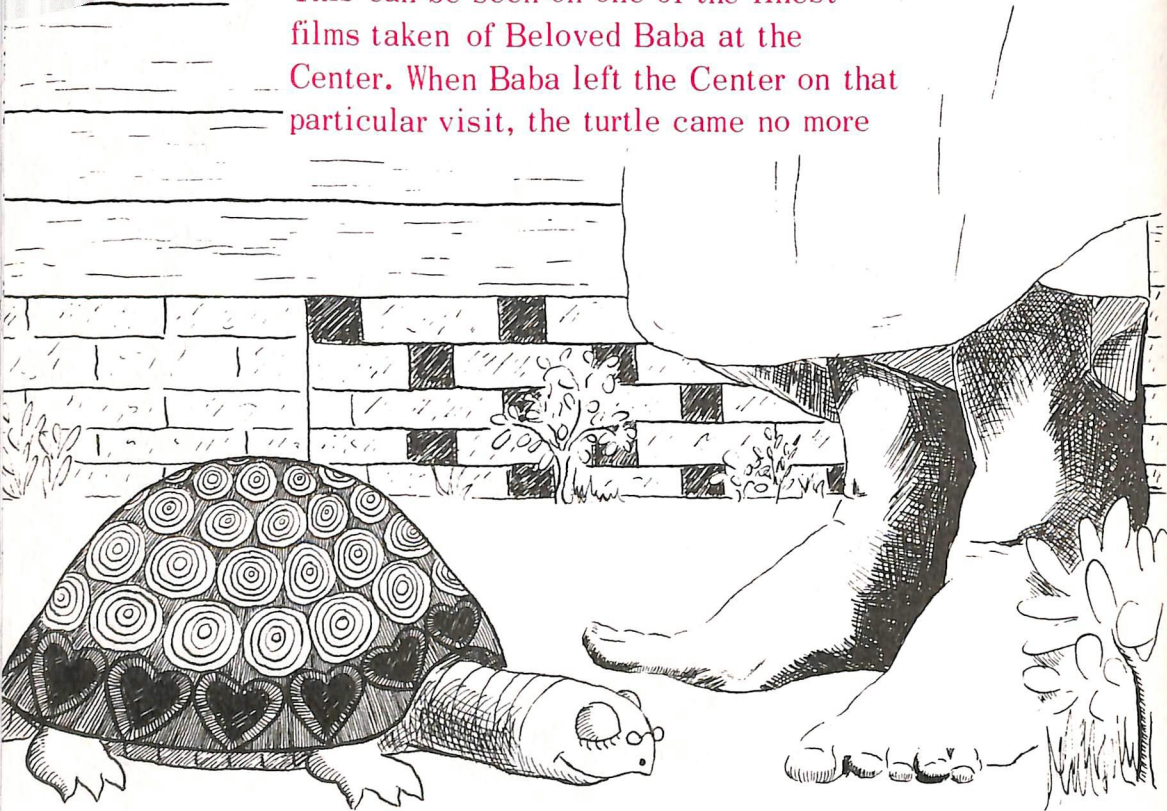




the animals returned to their respective homes on the Center in great spirits.



It is actually true that when Meher Baba came to the Center, the turtle came up from the lake and waited for Baba to come each day. He fearlessly waited there, even amongst crowds of people. This can be seen on one of the finest films taken of Beloved Baba at the Center. When Baba left the Center on that particular visit, the turtle came no more





to that same spot that he had been coming to everyday promptly at the same time. This is a true story, for that turtle truly came to take Beloved Meher Baba's Darshan, and to take Darshan for all the other animals.









