

Sahaja Newsletter

MARCH 12th '93

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The main thing that one has to understand is that the time has come for you to get all that is promised in the scriptures, not only in the Bible but all the scriptures of the world. The time has come today that you have to become a Christian, a Brahmin, a Pir, through your Kundalini awakening only. There is no other way out.



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LAST DAYS IN INDIA
(Richard - Vancouver, Canada - 7/2/93)

I'd like to tell a story of our last days India.

Three days before departure, on January 1st I had two passports, five airplane tickets and some money stolen from my covered, zippered money belt while on a crowded commuter train into Bombay. While the first part of this story is interesting -- the theft, the police, the help of Indian strangers -- it is the second part, the passport replacement that I'd like to tell you about.

How did it work out? Wonderfully. Elegantly. Sahajly. It was a lesson -- a lesson in the power of the bandhan, of how things work out.

On the morning of Monday, January 4th, after three days of waiting because of the long weekend, after most people had already left Makund Steel and the tour seemed to have been reduced to about a dozen people, Eva and I and Gautama (my son) journeyed again into Bombay, not knowing what to expect, but feeling very much that things were going to work out.

Eva went to Singapore Airlines. They had promised us tickets for that same night but we were skeptical because we couldn't see how they could get confirmation in time from our travel agent in Canada that he had sold us the five stolen tickets. Gautama and I went to the Canadian consulate about three blocks from Singapore Airlines.

At the consulate everything seemed to be wrong:

% They would have to telex Canada to report the passport theft and get confirmation before issuing new traveling papers. (That would mean about a eight hour wait before the Ottawa office even opened.)

% The passport photos I supplied were all the wrong size and the Indian photographer had forgotten to sign the back.

% Gautama's mother would have to give permission for Gautama to travel. (This would mean her going to the Passport Office in Vancouver and filling in some papers.)

% Plus: the fee would be Rs. 1200 in the form of a bank draught and about twelve long application forms would have to be filled out.

An emergency passport the same day would be impossible, I was told. We started in on the paperwork. We started to get weary. The simulated Canadian climate created by the office air conditioners stopped being refreshing. I feared we'd be traveling alone back to Canada. We'd probably have to stay in India many more days.

I returned to the consulate official after about an hour of writing. I had some questions. I also had some papers from the Sahaja Yoga School in evidence of Gautama's citizenship, passport number and student visa. "Good thing you have this," she said. We talked about the school, Sahaja Yoga, Shri Mataji. "May I ask," the consular official said, "does she charge money? I don't think they should charge money."

Soon she was stamping fax copies of birth certificates with a rubber stamp reading "I have seen the original." There was no original to see. From her desk we phoned my wife at home in Canada to ask her to go to the government and give permission for Gautama to travel. "I'll try," Felicity said, "but we're in the middle of a big snowstorm."

Soon after this phone call the consulate lady said, "I'm trying to get you papers for this afternoon. Phone me the details of your flight and come back this afternoon at 4:30. My superior says the fee will be

300 rupees, not 1200."

Everything dissolved. All the problems seemed gone. Even the bank wrote a draught in ten minutes instead of the promised thirty. When we returned at 4:30 the Emergency Passport was ready! "Just be sure," the lady said, "that your wife contacts the passport office in Vancouver or I'll be in trouble." The Bombay Consulate never made a contact with the passport office in Canada as far as I know.



I thanked the woman very much as we prepared to leave. "Thank you for helping us," I said. "We really appreciate it."

"I think," she replied, "Shri Mataji helped you," indicating that they had just completed something quite out of the usual.

It was now approaching 5 pm. We taxied the short distance to Singapore Airlines, still not actually confirmed, only wait-listed on that evening's flight. When we arrived they were preparing to close for the day. Although their computer was having problems generating tickets, they assured us that we would be on the midnight flight with the eight other Sahaja Yogis. We waited some time until the tickets were produced.

On our way to the airport in the evening's traffic the taxi had a tire blow out, but no problem. There was lots of time and I had truly learnt something -- the power of the bandhan. Sometimes we think "give it a bandhan" and, presto, a small man will walk in the door with lost tickets and passports in hand. The timings of the 'working out' are not always what we expect.

Perhaps, though, the capper to the day was later that evening. After a happy reunion with with our brothers and sisters, we prepared to leave India. At the airport security gates there were four men serving the Indian passengers, one for foreigners. This one man had been to one of Shri Mataji's programs! Some of his colleagues didn't want to let us through. He was more interested in talking about the Sahaja Yoga School, hearing Gautama speak Hindi and joking about the powers of yoga. "Being able to tell what a person is like just from vibrations might be useful in your line of work," we told him.

Patiently, he wrote down the particulars of our theft, inspected our many papers -- but really he wanted to talk more about the school and about Sahaja Yoga. "It's all right. You can talk," he said. "Singapore Airlines is not in such a hurry as they used to be."

Neither am I.

Jai Shri Mataji,
Richard

NEWS FROM PERTH.

Perth Sahaja Yogis held their Public Programme on Wednesday - 10th February at the Alexander Library Theatre in the Perth Cultural Centre - a very suitable venue with its large screen and full lecture theatre facilities. The foyer was decorated, Sahaja Yogis were handing out leaflets and the air sweetened with the very professional sounding bhajans. More than 100 new people (allowance made for Sahaja elastic counting systems) came to hear Mother's message, and with the Sahaja Yogis we filled the venue very respectably. The meditation which followed the talk by Frank and Shri Mataji's videos was quite deep and we felt that most of those present, felt the cool breeze.

About 15 seekers came to the Friday follow-up programme at the Solar Energy Centre in South Perth and the Sun Seminar at Gidgegannup attracted several more, including some who had not attended the main programme. Each time the depth of meditation was noticeable and the genuineness of most of the people apparent to the yogis, who spoke to them during lunch etc.

Collectively we experienced a focussing of attention which made us realize we need to do these series, 2 or 3 times a year as a part of our work for Sahaja Yoga.

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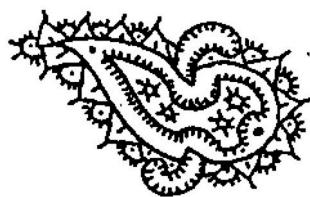
Subj: India details, etc.

I spoke with Pragnya this morning and we have some news from India. The cost will be 51 U.S Dollars and not pounds, Sri Mataji has made the change plus 180 Rupees for the Puja. The countries will be notified by mail also. The program is as follows:

- 19 arrivals Delhi
- 20 morning arrivals, Music program at night
- 21 Sri Birthday Puja
- 22 Public Program
- 23 FollowUp with Music
- 24 Music Program
- 25 Music Program
- 26 Free for depart

Also there is a new country and that is :

SEYCHELLES



Contact Greece for any information

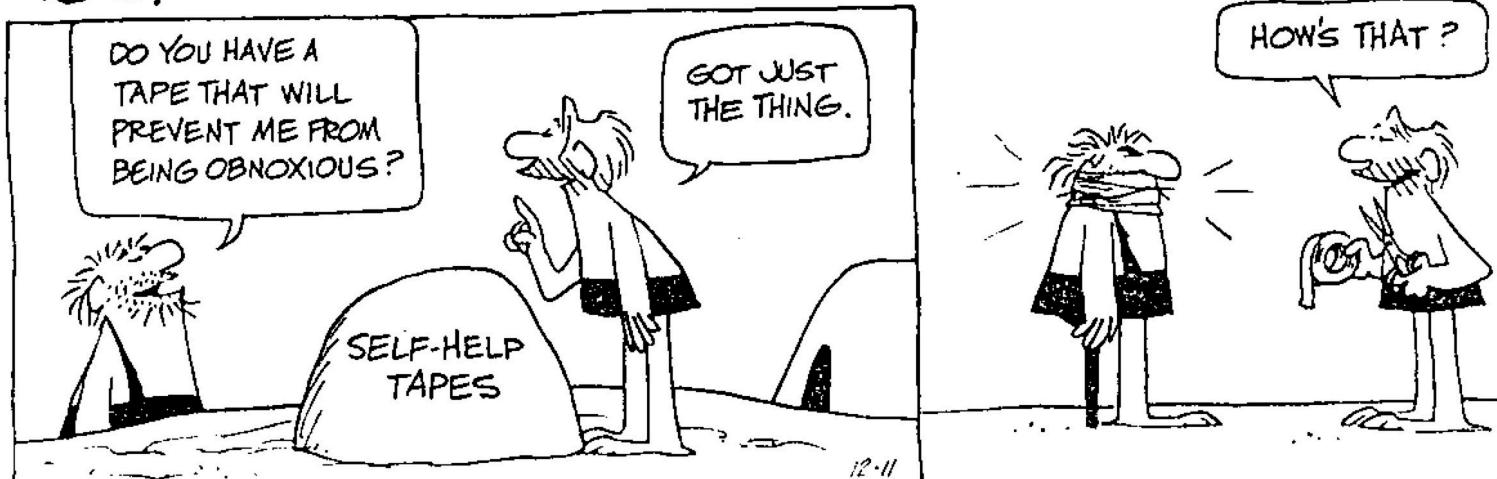
The Sahaja Yogies in Seychelles will be very happy to receive news from you. They are isolated from the rest of the world and any news makes them very happy. Eric is practising Sahaja Yoga for the past three years and he is a very solid Sahaja Yogi. He was in Greece a student where he learned Sahaja Yoga. Now he's back and all his family do Sahaja Yoga.

much Love Nicolas

NEWSLETTER CREW.

The Newsletter has a new recruit, Efrem Manassey. His ideas and strength (for lifting heavy boxes) are most appreciated. :: Welcome Aboard Efrem!

B C.



5 THE ADVENT

Who is HH Mataji?

HH Mataji Nirmala Devi was born the day of the spring equinox, the 21st March 1923, at twelve o' clock in Chhindwara,

in the exact centre of India.⁸ She chose to take birth in an Indian Christian family. Her forefathers were the great "Shalivahan" emperors from Rahuri-Nandgaon. HH Mataji's father was a very high realized soul, the guru who introduced Her to the workings of modern men. He was a man of great character and honour, a great model of accomplished human behaviour. His generosity and integrity were universally respected and he eventually became a prominent figure in the Freedom movement and the only Christian member of the then Central Legislative Assembly. This intellectual giant knew many languages and had full mastery over at least eleven of them. He knew the whole of the Bhagavad Gita by heart and translated the Koran into Hindi. He was familiar with almost all aspects of the arts, literature and science. And yet he always behaved with great simplicity and modesty.

HH Mataji's mother, a well-educated lady holding an honours degree in mathematics, strictly upheld the values of personal and social dharma. It is said that she never told a lie during her lifetime and would not tolerate any compromise with falsehood. She educated her children with firmness and loving care and managed domestic affairs with aristocratic dignity. Always showing a heartfelt concern for the well-being of all the dependents of this very wealthy but sacrificing household, she was the mother of young and old alike.

While she was pregnant, HH Mataji's mother felt all of a sudden, an intense desire to see a tiger or a lion in the open. No one could draw her mind from it. It was an obsession. One day a rajah from the neighbourhood invited her husband to join in a big hunt for a formidable man-eater tiger. So, he reluctantly accepted to take his wife with him. The next day, they were both sitting with a strange feeling of expectation in the jungle watch-tower (*Machan*). The night came and the surroundings were bathed in

⁸At this moment, taking into consideration the local time, the Sun was exactly on the Meridian in full glory, and being in the zero degree of Aries and the 30th degree of Pisces, it made a rājayoga (astral configuration of prominence and power). The rising sign is Cancer with the ascendant in the 9th degree. It is strongly aspected by five planets (Jupiter, Mercury, Uranus, Mars and the Moon, while it is occupied by Pluto which itself forms grand trines with three of the five planets and sextiles with the other two). The Ascendant in Cancer indicates the Universal Mother while Jupiter strongly aspected in the fifth house makes Her a World Teacher. The combinations of the planets in the angles of the chart indicate unprecedented spiritual powers.

the glow of the full moon. After some time a thick silence descended upon them, and, suddenly, a huge tiger emerged from the undergrowth. At this sight the mother felt elated and bubbling with joy. She entreated her husband not to kill the majestic beast. He yielded, asking smilingly: "Is it the Goddess Durga who will be born to you?"⁹ After that evening the tiger vanished without a trace.

When HH Mataji was born, She was spotlessly clean as if bathed in scented water. Looking with awe at the smiling and radiant baby the grandmother exclaimed: "She is Nishkalanka!"¹⁰ The mother had delivered the baby without the slightest pain and was able to resume her household duties immediately. Since Nishkalanka is a boy's name HH Mataji was named "Nirmala", (immaculate).

On Easter Monday, the miraculous child was baptized amidst general rejoicing. On the way back home, the coachman lost control of the horses; something had frightened them and they reared so violently that the whole coach collapsed! Everybody was desperately anxious for the life of the baby. HH Mataji was found under a heap of the coach's wreckage and a couple of plump ladies-in-waiting unhurt and smiling as ever.

Nirmala spent a very happy childhood and, of course, was the darling of everybody. Even today people remember what a lovely adorable little girl she was. All the animals and birds were her friends but, sometimes, she would really frighten the maids of the house for even snakes would come in her hands to be caressed. Also they would often find her alone in a remote corner of the house, her face beaming with inward joy, lost in meditation. But most of the time she was bursting with energy and used to inspire her playmates in drama, songs and dances. When she played the role of Shri Krishna, at the age of seven, huge crowds were enraptured by the sweetness and vividness of her play; a feeling of spontaneous and total identification with the deities emanated from the grace of her acting. She very early exhibited an exquisite taste for music and the arts, an innate enjoyment of all the many forms of beauty. She loved everything that was genuine, natural, and used to go to school barefoot in order to feel the earth. Her father laughingly told a new driver who had to pick her up after school: "It is easy to recognise my daughter. She is the girl who carries her shoes (chappals) in her hands."

⁹The vehicle of the Goddess Durga, the Mother of the World, is said to be a lion or a tiger.

¹⁰In the *Shri Lalita Sahasranama* as translated by C. Suryanarayana Murthy, (Bhavan's Book Bombay 1975) the 153rd name of the goddess is Nishkalanka, meaning, "faultless brilliance". The tenth Avatar of Vishnu, the Incarnation to come is known as "Kalki"; it is the short form of the word 'Nishkalanka'.

7 NEWS FROM CAIRNS

Monday 8 Feb
1993

Dear brothers and sisters

Thank you for all the attention directed to the leadership camp in the first week of February. It was really amazing. The camp actually took place from the Monday till the Thursday due to the heavy rain on the previous Friday and Saturday. Everyone expected the camp to be a mud pool, but it wasn't. We were up the Tablelands behind Cairns in a scout camp with beautiful views over a lake and hills. Although there was some rain at times, it never rained during any of the seven 1 1/2 hour sessions of Sahaja Yoga. A groundsheet was fastened between some trees above a nice spot with a gentle breeze. Often just before starting the realisation meditation the wind would really come up reminding me of Mother blowing in the microphone. Before each session I felt quite uncomfortable, but as soon as I sat down with each group of twenty students, Mother just took over. Even the clowns in each group would settle down and although not everyone in the group went through the meditation at least they did not disturb those who did.

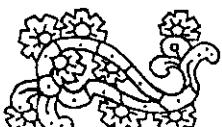
Many students enjoyed the experience, but it was too windy to feel the cool breeze coming out of their heads or on their hands. The teacher in charge told me on the third day that he had received very positive feedback about the sessions and would like to include it again next year.

We had a few accidents. A girl cut her knee badly and was in shock, a boy was dropped 1.5metres down in a "Trust" game and was in shock and a boy damaged muscles in his right neck and shoulder. With all three I used vibrations and both shock victims recovered very quickly and the other boy could feel the coolness take away the pain. The students knew what I was doing, but the teachers were wondering what was going on. I guess they felt the students were not as seriously injured as they had first thought, when they recovered so quickly....

So it was an extremely joyous occasion, so special to know you are so protected. One negative aspect of the camp was the enormous amount of alcohol consumed by some of the teachers! Students started to comment on the crates of empty beer/cider bottles, and it looks as if they are going to propose an alcohol free camp next year. All students and teachers received a personal award. I was given a "Guru" award for "Exposing the guru in us all". Jai Shri Mataji. I collected it on your behalf. To follow up, Sahaja Yoga Meditation will now start on Tuesday lunchtime as a lunchtime activity in our school library, for anyone interested.

Lots of love from
all of us in Cairns and
your sister Josina.

P.S. 15 students and two Teachers came to
the lunchtime session!



8 NEWS FROM VANCOUVER

February 18, 1993

Things are fine with everybody here. Indu Mati and I are back to "normal" with work and school. Indu Mati finds it easier to copy with the vanity and superficiality of the school children since India. She grew much stronger. However she wished she could only be with Sahajchildren in school and at home. - It is so nice to have the younger kids at home from India. They stay till March 15.

Last weekend we all - that is the collective of Vancouver area and 4 people from Seattle and two from Portland - had a little get-together on San Juan Island just south off the border. We all met Saturday early morning in this house on the countryside that we had rented for the weekend. We had a Havann in the afternoon outside. The sky had cleared afterwards and the sun came out. Sunday morning we held the Shiva Puja. Very nice and strong, again the sun came out on a deep blue sky. So nice all the yogis and 14 children all together.

Every Saturday night we meet at someone's house for meditation, watch a video talk of our Mother and/or sing songs (accompanied with tea and cookies, of course). It seems rush through the week with work and duties just to be together again on the weekends. Time just flies incredibly fast. I remember as a child it seemed all much slower, I am wondering why that is.

Vern is now proud grandfather of beautiful Olivia. He calls her endearingly Poky. Mom and dad, Lisa and Steve are also in seventh heaven with her. She is so far our youngest yogichild. How is Ellen doing with her pregnancy (Radika's mom, from the tour). I forgot if you live close together or not. I was so amazed how well she felt on the tour despite being pregnant. All Mother's work!

That's it for now. All my love to you all,

EVA.

