

Sahaja Newsletter

Honebush

Contributions:

Sue Raggatt: (02) 746 9144

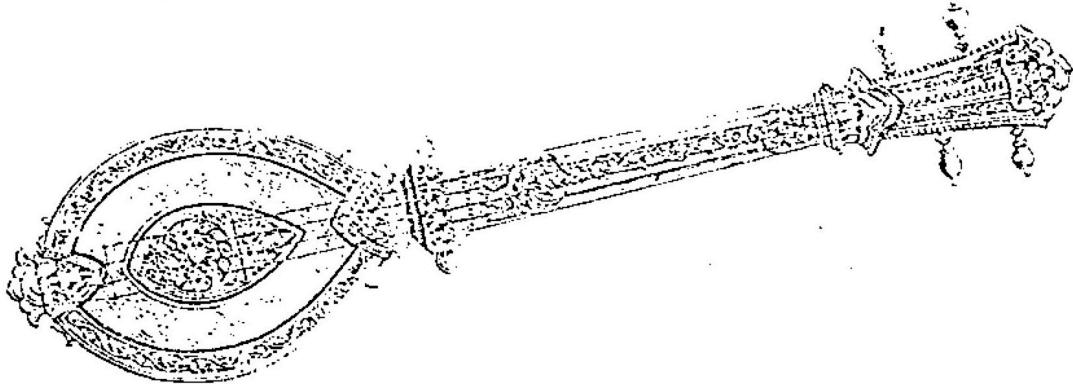
Carole McNeill: (02) 560 6921

Fax: (02) 745 4562

FEBRUARY 12th '93

EF

EF



SONG AND DANCE:

This Sunday, 14/2/93, at Burwood Ashram, there will be:

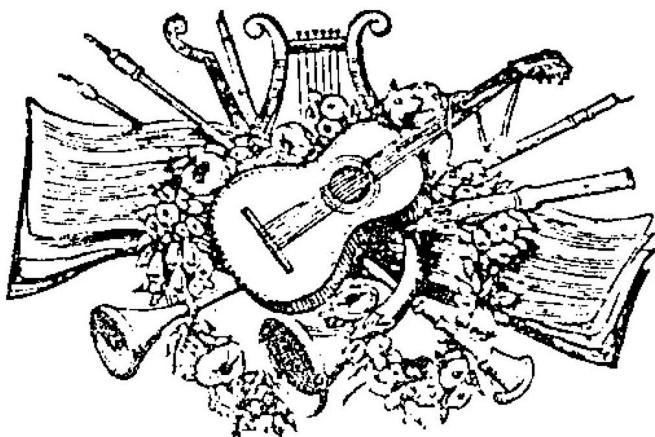
9:00 A.M. - Choir practise

11:00 A.M. - Collective opportunity to learn new SHIVA BHAJANS (in preparation for Shivratri Puja weekend).

This will be followed by STICK-DANCE practice, followed by practice for the RAGA VOCAL GROUP.

CHOIR PRACTICE:

Final choir practice on Wednesday, 17/2/93. Venue will be advised after Sunday practise.



EF

EF

The Eloquent Sounds of Silence

EVERY ONE OF US KNOWS THE SENSATION OF GOING UP, on retreat, to a high place and feeling ourselves so lifted up that we can hardly imagine the circumstances of our usual lives, or all the things that make us fret. In such a place, in such a state, we start to recite the standard litany: that silence is sunshine, where company is clouds; that silence is rapture, where company is doubt; that silence is golden, where company is brass.

But silence is not so easily won. And before we race off to go prospecting in those hills, we might usefully recall that fool's gold is much more common and that gold has to be panned for, dug out from other substances. "All profound things and emotions of things are preceded and attended by Silence," wrote Herman Melville, one of the loftiest and most eloquent of souls. Working himself up to an ever more thunderous cry of affirmation, he went on, "Silence is the general consecration of the universe. Silence is the invisible laying on of the Divine Pontiff's hands upon the world. Silence is the only Voice of our God." For Melville, though, silence finally meant darkness and hopelessness and self-annihilation. Devastated by the silence that greeted his heartfelt novels, he retired into a public silence from which he did not emerge for more than 30 years. Then, just before his death, he came forth with his final utterance—the luminous tale of Billy Budd—and showed that silence is only as worthy as what we can bring back from it.

We have to earn silence, then, to work for it: to make it not an absence but a presence; not emptiness but repletion. Silence is something more than just a pause; it is that enchanted place where space is cleared and time is stayed and the horizon itself expands. In silence, we often say, we can hear ourselves think; but what is truer to say is that in silence we can hear ourselves not think, and so sink below our selves into a place far deeper than mere thought allows. In silence, we might better say, we can hear someone else think.

Or simply breathe. For silence is responsiveness, and in silence we can listen to something behind the clamor of the world. "A man who loves God, necessarily loves silence," wrote Thomas Merton, who was, as a Trappist, a connoisseur, a caretaker of silences. It is no coincidence that places of worship are places of silence: if idleness is the devil's playground, silence may be the angels'. It is no surprise that *silence* is an anagram of *license*. And it is only right that Quakers all but worship silence, for it is the place where everyone finds his God, however he may express it. Silence is an ecumenical state, beyond the doctrines and divisions created by the mind. If everyone has a spiritual story to tell of his life, everyone has a spiritual silence to preserve.

So it is that we might almost say silence is the tribute we pay to holiness; we slip off words when we enter a sacred space, just as we slip off shoes. A "moment of silence" is the highest honor we can pay someone; it is the point at which the mind stops and something else takes over (words run out when feelings rush in). A "vow of silence" is for holy men the highest devotional act. We hold our breath, we hold our words; we suspend our chattering selves and let ourselves "fall silent," and fall into the highest place of all.

It often seems that the world is getting noisier these days: in Japan, which may be a model of our future, cars and buses have voices, doors and elevators speak. The answering machine talks to us, and for us, somewhere above the din of the TV; the Walkman preserves a public silence but ensures that we need never—in the bathtub, on a mountaintop, even at our desks—be without the clangor of the world. White noise becomes the aural equivalent of the clash of images, the nonstop blast of fragments that increasingly agitates our minds. As Ben Okri, the young Nigerian novelist, puts it, "When chaos is the god of an era, clamorous music is the deity's chief instrument."

Phil Ward rang Rajesh Shah and was informed that Shri Mataji will be holding the Mahashivaratri Puja on 19th February, starting 6:00 p.m. in Bombay. All are welcome.



There is, of course, a place for noise, as there is for daily lives. There is a place for roaring, for the shouting exultation of a baseball game, for hymns and spoken prayers, for orchestras and cries of pleasure. Silence, like all the best things, is best appreciated in its absence: if noise is the signature tune of the world, silence is the music of the other world, the closest thing we know to the harmony of the spheres. But the greatest charm of noise is when it ceases. In silence, suddenly, it seems as if all the windows of the world are thrown open and everything is as clear as on a morning after rain. Silence, ideally, hums. It charges the air. In Tibet, where the silence has a tragic cause, it is still quickened by the fluttering of prayer flags, the tolling of temple bells, the roar of wind across the plains, the memory of chant.

Silence, then, could be said to be the ultimate province of trust: it is the place where we trust ourselves to be alone; where we trust others to understand the things we do not say; where we trust a higher harmony to assert itself. We all know how treacherous are words, and how often we use them to paper over embarrassment, or emptiness, or fear of the larger spaces that silence brings. "Words, words, words" commit us to positions we do not really hold, the imperatives of chatter; words are what we use for lies, false promises and gossip. We babble with strangers; with intimates we can be silent. We "make conversation" when we are at a loss; we unmake it when we are alone, or with those so close to us that we can afford to be alone with them.

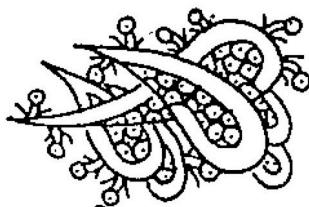
In love, we are speechless; in awe, we say, words fail us. ■

Anyone in Melbourne who missed the weekend of the 30th and 31st January at Richard and Eileen's at Rosebud missed a treat. For the 40 adults plus children the weather was perfect. A little cooler on the Saturday evening for the Havan and became very hot the following day. Sunday morning was spent at the beach foot-soaking, swimming, making sand castles and just soaking up the view of the ocean, cliffs, rock pools and surf - wonderful !!!

Returning to the house around noon to partake of lunch and prepare for the Puja in the afternoon. An early evening meal followed the Puja and later a few people went to a nearby ocean beach to cool off, footsoak, sit, chat and reflect while watching the sun go down. This drew an end to a joyous couple of days which were spiritually, emotionally and physically nurturing and fulfilling.

Our hosts together with the Mornington people did a splendid job of the catering and preparation and we thank them for a very special weekend.

Jai Shri Mataji.
Sandra.



Concealed in the heart of all beings is the Atman, the Spirit, the Self; smaller than the smallest atom, greater than the vast spaces. The man who surrenders his human will, leaves sorrows behind, and beholds the glory of the Atman by the grace of the Creator.

Resting, he wanders afar; sleeping, he goes everywhere. Who else but my Self can know that God of joy and of sorrows?

When the wise realize the omnipresent Spirit, who rests invisible in the visible and permanent in the impermanent, then they go beyond sorrow.

Not through much learning is the Atman reached, not through the intellect and sacred teaching. It is reached by the chosen of him – because they choose him. To his chosen the Atman reveals his glory.

Not even through deep knowledge can the Atman be reached, unless evil ways are abandoned, and there is rest in the senses, concentration in the mind and peace in one's heart.

Who knows in truth where he is? The majesty of his power carries away priests and warriors, and death itself is carried away.

A TRANSCRIPT OF AN INTERESTING MEDICAL TALK FROM THIS INDIA-TOUR
 (Manfred Ringhofer - 5 Feb 1993 - Vienna/Austria)

JAY SHRI MATAJI !, My dear brothers and sisters,

I would like to share with you a talk from Dr. Asheesh Pradhan which was given on this India tour during a medical/business-seminar in Ganapatipule.

I felt on this India tour that the blessings, that Shri Mother has given us during last-last years Guru-Puja (91), to prove Sahaja Yoga also in scientific fields, are coming to fruition now.

This seminar was for me very special, it brought all the knowledge of medicine, business consulting and economy, in Sahaj terms to the very basic points, to the roots of their specific subjects.

I enjoyed it a lot and I am sure all of you will enjoy too.

Please forgive all the special names, which I maybe have written wrong. It is a transcript of an audio tape. I hope that I can post also the other speeches in the fields of business consulting and economy, which too have been tremendous interesting (it will take some time).

Love to all of you from Austria,

Manfred

Here is the talk of our brother Dr. Asheesh Pradhan:

"After so many wonderful experiences that have been encountered by so many great people in S.Y., especially two are very experienced and work at very high levels in their respective fields, and therefore practically speaking in terms of disease cure I don't think there is anything new that is left to be said. So I would like to take this opportunity to present before all of you a brief not history but general a difference in the perception of the way people outside of S.Y. as to the dichotomy the difference that exists between medicine and religion.

If you go back in time, if we look at the Ayurvedic text's from India we find that there was a time when Ayurveda was not known to human kind; and when the disease started afflicting humanity, all the great sages during those times, Vishwanitra, Valmiki, Vahishta, Shri Brigr, all of them, Maitreya, and all the great souls, great immortals, the gathered at one place and they felt that something had to be done to alleviate human suffering to help people get out of this. So what is to be done?

There was amongst them a great sage known as Bharatdvaja, who said: I'll approach Lord Indra and through him I'll try to get this knowledge which will help mortals to increase their longevity."

So all the sages concurred and he got their blessings and he proceeded to heavens. And there in heaven Lord Indra, who intern had got this knowledge Ayurveda from the 'Ashwinic Twins', which were the divine physicians and who in turn had received it from Shri Brahmadeva himself. So that was how Lord Indra taught everything and the science of life, Ayurveda to Bharatdvaja, who came again down to earth and expounded the great principals of curing of diseases.

forgiving, there should be no feeling of aggression or hostility within you. Molecular biology has shown that these emotions themselves can have a very dangerous effect on the nervous system, because of with the immunological system breaks down and the breaking down of this immunological system leads to a host of diseases, worst of them being of course cancer. So that is how one finds in the emerging area of molecular biology and genetics we find that there is a lot of supported evidence that is coming up.

This was one thing which I felt I have to share with all of you and I have mentioned it. Another thing that I wanted to say was that the idea of looking at diseases, even in Sahaja Yoga, the curing of diseases, that there is an individual and he is afflicted with disease and we look at the point of view, he is right-sided or left-sided, this Chakra is catching, that Chakra is catching, raise his Kundalini, etc.,etc.,etc...

So if we look at the entirety of even what medicine stood for, there is one interesting aspect of how it could be looked at. And in this case I am reminded of a sentence in a very famous book by Richard Buck, and I am sure all of you have read it, it is known as Jonathan Livingstone Seagull, and in that there is this gull who wants to attain the highest state of evolution, he wants to attain perfect flight and perfect control and he is not able to do that, because he finds beyond a limit he cannot progress and he keeps on coming down. So his master tells him,

"Look Jonathan, there is one thing you've got to remember; the basic problem with you is that your thinking is limited, you keep thinking of yourself as a mass of blood and flesh from wingspan to wingspan when you spread your wings. You have to stop that. From wingspan to wingspan you have to think of yourself as a divine idea, as a conception of divinity. The moment you do that you step out of your limitations. And once you step out of limitations, you will achieve perfect flight. You will reach this ultimate state" --

 --and that is what Jonathan does and that is what all of us can aspire to do. That we stop thinking of ourselves just mind and a body and a disease here and a disease there and a Chakra catching here and a Chakra catching there! When we stop thinking in this terms and just think of ourselves as SHRI MATAJI's beautiful creation, then we can come out of this limitation which we have supposed on ourselves and that we can achieve that state that she wants us to.

 Before I end my talk, I would just like to share a little dream with you.

In my final year of graduation we are supposed to attend the labourward where children are born.....and I saw for the first time the process of child birth and my heart really went into a salutation to motherhood that I had never understood it before. This is the thing every mother has to go through to give birth to a living organism. And I was so overwhelmed by that thing, I don't want to describe, I am sure, all of you know it and I just walked out and luckily there was a garden and I just went and sat down in that garden and a thought struck me:

Now, as most of you know, there are three basic principals on which Ayurveda works, but more important, that one finds, that one starts with the definition what is a human being? So the definition that is given is that an aggregate of five elements and the soul, and when they come together we have a human being. Now the thing is, what causes diseases and how is to be treated. So there in the 'Sunhita of Charaka'; Charaka was as you known an ancient physician and he has noted down as what happened to that time. And they said, it is basically a disturbance of the five elements, which leads to diseases.

Now the question was: If there is disease, is it curable or incurable and what is the methodology or philosophy that is being followed in this? And then they said, there was a point, if a person who has a disease is treated and gets cured, fine, end product is good. He has a disease which is incurable, he gets treated and nothing works out and ultimately he loses his life. But also the person who is treated, so ultimately either you treat someone or don't treat someone, the endproduct is going to be the same. And then the learned one, Shri Atrey, who was residing over the meeting said:

"No! This is where you are wrong. It is not that a person should never be treated, because ultimately what you have to realize is, that the body is just the vehicle. And ultimately the duty of the physician is just to help the person, proceed to live, in order to overcome certain limitations, whereby the Atma can unite with the Paramatma."

The point, which I am trying to make is, my dear brothers and sisters, that medicine and religion and philosophy were never really divorced from each other.

If we go back again to ancient Greece, the founder of the original modern medicine was, as all of us know, Hippokritis. In Greece, in the ancient time, legend has it, that there lived a God of healing, whose name was Esculapeas and legend has it again, that he used to go about carrying a staff in his hand and around it were coiled two serpents. And it was believed, that this God Esculapeas would cure people and with the help of this serpent power, whatever it was, at that time. And therefore there have been temples that were dedicated to his name where the sick would come and get themselves healed. So again we find that religion and medicine were deeply into twined. They were not really separated and the practice of medicine was basically carried out by priests, who were basically well informed with the discourses of religion.

As the time progressed we noticed that technology took over and the aspect of looking at just at the disease and not the individual started taking over with the result, that the disease causing organism or the pathophysiology of disease became much more important than the person himself and therefore the dichotomy began. Medicine was started as a pure science where the soul or the mind had nothing to do with it.

Fortunately now, we find we are living in an age, where this mind and body link is quickly being discovered and is quickly being bridged. We find, that there is an emerging evidence, especially in the 60 th's and 70 th's. That there are certain chemicals, that are manufactured in the brain which influences our thinking. This emerging branch of medicine is called scico-neuro-immunology, which through Sahaja Yoga terms one finds very interesting, because here now we have the biochemical and the molecular basis of the mind and body link. And this is where on this grounds one can talk about Sahaja Yoga to a scientific audience. Therefore, when Shri Mataji says, you have to be joyful, you have to be peaceful, you have to be

That how different it must be when great souls are born. For example, when a child takes birth in modern times, the first thing it is supposed to do is cry. If it does not cry, he is considered abnormal. So what they do, they start slapping him, they start pinching him and the first thing he has to do is, he has to cry, a lusty crying is considered a sign of a good body system.... so here I was just sitting in the garden and thinking what would be like to have been present at the time when Shri Christ was born, at the time when Shri Krishna was born, and of course at the time when Shri Mataji was born. When they are born, there is not a sound, there is just laughing and when they came out in this world, they are Nishkalanika, Nirmala, pure. There is no fluid, they don't have to be cleaned, they are purity itself. And what would happen to a modern doctor if they were present at such a time. They don't know who the child is, and the child is not crying. And therefore I felt, that the day will come in the near future, when there will be so many great souls, not just realized souls but very great souls taking birth every now and then and this is the real prayer, that we have many doctors who take to Sahaja Yoga who will have the ability to recognize the birth of such great souls.

So let me paint the scenario.

Here we are in the labourward again and the child is born. And the child is not crying, he is pure, he is immaculate and the doctor starts smiling.

Doctor: "Very well, very well"

So then the sister who was helping him.

Sister: " Doctor, the child is not crying! "

Doctor: " So, I notice. "

Sister: "The neonatologist is waiting. You have to aspirate it, aspirate it. Child is not crying. What's the thing, what's this, just laughing."

Doctor: " Oh, how wonderful. "

He goes and congratulates the mother, and mother is also relaxed. But the sister is not. So she calls the neonatologist and takes the tube and all.

Sister: " Doctor, please inject, adrenalin, everything..."

Doctor: " Relax sister, just relax."

And horrors of horrors, the doctor takes out his gloves, he removes his coat and he is smiling.

Sister: " Doctor, where are you going. The patient needs to be aspirated. The child is not crying. Nothing, just smiling. What's wrong, Secretions must be everywhere. Aspirate it, suck, suck,..."

Doctor: " Sister, just relax, I am just going to go out and tell the father, congratulate him that he has just become the father of a born realized soul."

Thank you."