



# Australian Sahaja Newsletter

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Krishna shows Arjun his Divine Splendour

# Sahaja Yoga Songbook

## Rakhi brother's song

It seems to me sweet sister, that there could hardly be  
A love more like our Mother's, than the one you've offered me.  
With face so fair and innocent, no other motives there  
Except, expressed right from the heart, true respect and care.

I am your Rakhi brother, a Spiritual brother to you,  
And this bond between us will last our whole life through.

The giving of a gift like this, is more than I could say,  
You've touched me very deeply and in a Holy way,  
Now I'll think of you each day wherever I may go.  
My soul will reach across that space and try to let you know.

And so today, as through the years, your face again I see,  
Reflecting there the grace and good that is Shri Mataji,  
Your sweetness and your beauty shine, inspiring me and so,  
Thank you again sweet sister, you've helped me much to grow.

And so it is, and so will be, the Golden Age this way,  
We know the Dharma it requires is here with us today,  
The flower and sweets, the perfumed oil, the Rakhi that you tie,  
Reminds us of the truth and love we know will never die.



## Mother's Love is shining in your eyes

Mother's Love is shining in your eyes  
You, our brothers are always by our side  
With your love and caring, we all rise  
Mother's joy is dancing in your eyes.

## To please our Mother

To please, to please our Mother so high,  
There never shall be a purpose so fine,  
To please, to please our Mother so high,  
there never shall be a purpose so fine.

Mother please come into my heart,  
Dwell in the blossom which opens apart.  
Sit on your throne O Fragrant Goddess,  
My Queen so noble, Compassion so tireless.

In my heart let your feet rest,  
So that I may toil to treat them best,  
With fragrance and pollens and Extollations,  
To those working feet emitting Vibrations.

Let me be free from delusion,  
So that I may see without confusion,  
All blessings and joys that you have given me,  
I thank you now and eternally.

## Rakhi Sisters' Song

Chorus  
Swift as the wind our brothers are  
Strong as the sea  
Sure as the sun; Mother's Love  
Reflected in thee.

Brothers you do inspire us  
To clearly see  
Shining in every heart  
Mother's perfect quality.

Chorus

Innocent, wise, all purity  
Of Shri Ganesha  
All playful love of life  
Is the joy of Shri Krishna.

Chorus

Perfect King, father, brother, friend  
of Lord Shri Ram  
Gentleness, wondrous strength  
of the mighty Hanuman

Chorus

Ganesha comes as Jesus Christ  
Power to forgive  
Shiva in all our hearts  
With joy and peace we live.

Chorus





He alone is a happy man and is a Yogi who, while living in the world, is able to resist the urges of lust and anger.<sup>7</sup>

The attainment of pl acidity of mind destroys all his sorrows. With that tranquillity of mind, his intellect becomes firmly established in God.

7. This is the process of spiritual ascent of the practicant from self-control to God realisation.



In last weeks newsletter there was an article from Fred Millar about vibrated water. Here is page 4 of that article which was faxed to the newsletter earlier this week (apparently it was somehow missed the first time it was faxed).

b Because of the HIGH GERMINATION RATIO and the STRONG GROWTH of the plants where the VIBRATED WATER was used there was strong competition for space, water and light. This competition normally inhibits the growth of plants, but despite this HARVEST WAS 25% better than the control plots.

Every year the VIENNA FARMERS have to use tons of EXPENSIVE FERTILISERS. VIBRATED WATER CAN DO THE JOB MUCH BETTER AND CHEAPER. Vibrated water has been used on crops in other countries too, including New Zealand, but I do not have any details to pass on to you. If anyone has details of anything to do with Vibrated Water I would love to hear about it.

### FINALLY -

#### THE LIVER - WATER & ALCOHOL

When asked how alcohol effects the human body, SHRI MATAJI said that the processing of alcohol through the liver CHANGES THE ANGLE of the atoms of HYDROGEN and OXYGEN. (105deg 28min) so altering the WATER MOLECULE and preventing it from oscillating , in the proper way, to absorb the heat.

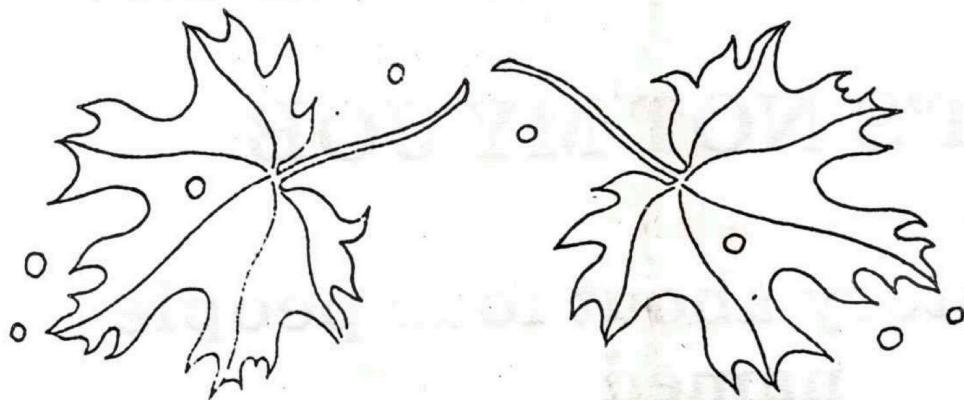
The WATER MOLECULES are responsible for taking the HEAT out of the LIVER. They do so by OSCILLATING in such a way that the HEAT of the LIVER is transferred during the oscillation.

The whole LIVER becomes POISONED & OVER HEATS, which BURNS UP the LIVER.

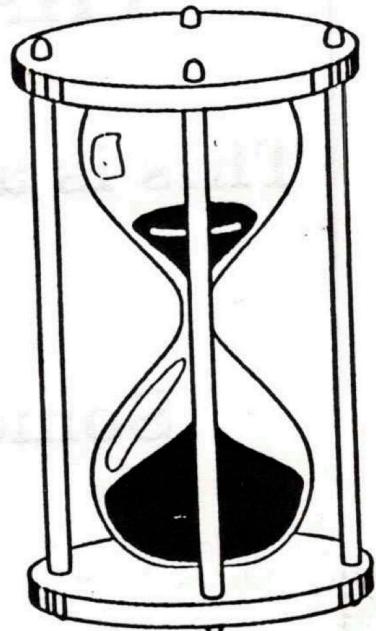
#### Note

As a matter of interest Medical Science, among many other things, tells us that the Human Body consists of some 100 Trillion Body Cells and in that very important organ the Liver, 10,000 chemical changes take place each second.

Yet many Scientists still question the possibility of the creation of life !!.



**TIME IS RUNNING OUT!!!**



### **CHILD PSYCHOLOGY STUDY - HELPERS NEEDED!**

.....If you want to help, please tell us now.....

To follow up on last week's notice in the newsletter, this study is near completion. Final testing will be done on August 18 & 19. This leaves 2 weekends to complete all the coding and data entry so that the results can be presented to Shri Mataji at Ganesha Puja early September.

- In total, there will be approximately 100 hours data entry work for these final tests. We'll be working on 3 different teams at Woollahra, to help get through it all more quickly. This is very easy work, but time consuming. We urgently need people to help enter the test results on the weekends of August 22&23 and 29&30.

We need people who have good attention to detail. That's all you need - we can easily show you how to do it. You don't have to know how to operate a computer.

Come and share the work, the pizza and the fun!

Charles & Lynette Tiralongo ph. 9328 6624.



**Just a reminder – there will be NO PROGRAM OR NEWSLETTER  
NEXT WEEK due to the filming of a video for Ganesha Puja  
(Cabella).**

..... Once upon a time ~ ...  
there was a little girl called Sarah. She was very very beautiful, with long golden hair and blue eyes. She was very lovely on the inside as well, which is to say that she had a loving heart, which is where loveliness really counts.

Sarah was named after the great goddess Saraswati, who was the wife of that great god Brahma. Lord Brahma was responsible for the whole of creation and Saraswati was His creative power. Saraswati was the goddess of music and the arts and it was She who put the loveliness into the creation. So it was that Sarah, the lovely girl, had been given all the gifts of music, and a lovely heart. So it was very natural then that Sarah would often be heard playing her little wooden flute.

One day Sarah was out for a walk when she came across a lovely grove of trees. She did not remember seeing the grove before and yet Sarah was certain that she had walked that way many times. The grove was really enchanting. It had many fine trees including orange and lemon trees and tall pine trees and so many beautiful flowers and ferns and shrubs that you could hardly see the earth. The smell of all these flowers combined was the most irresistible perfume that you could imagine and the most beautiful birds were darting here and there. Sarah noticed a little path winding away off to her left and wondered where it might lead. She decided to follow it.

Just as Sarah decided to follow the path, the Sun came out from behind a cloud and shone very brightly. Sarah's heart took a leap and all of a sudden she felt incredibly happy. She set off at a brisk walk but soon felt there was no need to rush and settled into a comfortable stroll as she walked on into the grove. Within a few minutes Sarah realised that this was more than a grove of trees, it was a small forest, and perhaps not quite so small either. 'How could I have missed this lovely place before?' she wondered not quite aloud. "Oh you were just distracted for a while" said a tiny little voice.

Sarah stopped dead. She was startled. She looked about. There was no-one anywhere to be seen and yet she was sure she'd heard a little voice, and quite close by. "Sorry" said the little voice, "I didn't mean to startle you. Here. Over here." Sarah looked hard in the direction of the voice and yet all she could see was a little blue wren. About the size of a willy wagtail and with the most vivid dark blue-green feathers, the blue wren was looking straight back at her. "Yes its me" said the wren.

Sarah couldn't believe her ears. Here was a little blue wren, sitting in a lemon tree, and unless she was dreaming; this bird was speaking to her.

"Are you speaking to me?" asked Sarah in a very low voice.

First the wren nodded and then said "Yes I am. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Consuela. I've been asked to come and greet you, so Welcome." Sarah noticed that this little wren, Consuela, seemed to be talking without moving her beak.

"That's right" said Consuela "I'm speaking without speaking if you know what I mean"

Everything in this garden is made by, grown by, nourished by, looked after by God's Divine Love. But the greatest gift we can get from God is our freedom, to choose to do what we like. Yet this freedom can be dangerous. We must learn to use our freedom, our creativity and our power, if we are to be both creature and one with the Creator."

Again Sarah was quiet, for quite a long time. "So I can choose what I want, and my creative power will work it out? Like a magic wand?"

The wren spoke very carefully. "Your freedom is a wand and yet in some ways its more like a sword than a wand. It has two sides. It can cut both ways. It can remove the bad things, to bring out goodness, love and beauty. Or it can hurt and break things. Now here's the secret you've been looking for and the truth you are almost awake to. ~Everything is connected to everything else~. And if you choose to create something, you will get some of it straight back. You do create things, by wishing for them, by working for them and by giving them away. So you have to be very, very careful what you wish for and what you work towards and what you choose to give to others."

Again Sarah sat for a long time in the silence. "What should I wish for?" she asked.

Consuela looked very fondly at her young friend, sitting in the grass at the bottom of the little wren's tree, in the forest of beautiful dreams. "Well, I feel you could wish, firstly, to be thankful for all your blessings, for you truly are a blessed child."

Sarah looked up into the beautiful clear sky and felt her heart opening wide. In her growing awakening she rose to her feet, outstretched her arms and spoke out aloud, "Thankyou, oh great god Parabrahma and thanks be to you Shri Saraswati for this life, this time and these blessings, and for my friend Consuela, and for all the lovely beauty of Thy creation. There is no end to your loveliness~ It goes on forever and forever. I see myself in You and You in all. I know not where I end and You begin. I am lost in You."

Then, as if for the very first time Sarah heard the Song of her friend Consuela. It seemed to rise from deep within the great Mother Earth, up through the tree and magically out through the little blue wren. It rose and rose in majesty and purity and grew and grew in energy. It was the most marvellous sound, the essence of music, the song of all songs ~ the song of Eternity, and yet, in that moment, entirely new. Sarah reached for her flute and before she knew it, she was playing. (~ or was it Sarah, who was being played?)

Now, as one, the little blue wren and the little girl were joined, as Consuela's Song was played and played. In one stream of awareness their song flowed and engulfed them. And as one breath they found themselves arising in Spirit. And in a flood their joy now overwhelmed them and all who were awake in that great land of beautiful dreams.

Lord Brahma looked over at his beloved Shri Saraswati and said. "Is that you I can hear playing, my love? You know I cannot resist the call of your divine music"

"Shhh~" She said "You might wake the children too early. I've only just put them to sleep and they have just begun dreaming Consuela's Song."

..... Once upon a time ~ ...  
the wren. "I really must be dreaming" said Sarah out aloud.

"No, not at all" answered Consuela, "in fact you're really awake, for the first time." Consuela explained that for a very long time Sarah had visited the forest of beautiful dreams in her sleep. Whenever she awoke after these dreams she had felt like she was very happy, but she hadn't quite realised why. Now, for the first time she was fully awake and in the forest of beautiful dreams at the very same time. "But how?" Sarah asked the little wren.

Again Consuela explained "Well for most people the forest of beautiful dreams is real only in their dreams. However, for some older beautiful souls, who are especially blessed, they are able to awake to the deepest dream, the dream of the great God, Parabrahma. This dream, which includes you and me and all things that are made, is the dream of the Creation. In this dream some of God's creatures are awakening and are free to create parts of the creation themselves. This is the greatest gift of God, that His creatures can awake and create, whatever they want. You have been creating parts of this forest, in your sleep. How do you like it?"

"Well its perfect!" said Sarah, "I couldn't have wished for a more beautiful place. But tell me, I am still dreaming, aren't I?"

"In the sense that we are all a part of Life's dream, we can say that we're asleep, or that we've been waking up and yet the difference for us is that in this moment, now, we know we are. Now the chance is to stay awake, to join in, and perhaps help others to awaken to this dream of Parabrahma." explained Consuela.

Sarah sat down and thought for a while, then said "So what your saying is that for a long time, I've been asleep, and that now I'm becoming fully awake. Yet you say that everything, you and I, and all the creation, everything I'm waking up to, is part of this deeper dream of creation, by that God Brahma?"

"Yes, yes, you've got it!" cried Consuela, dancing backwards and forwards on the branch. "But don't forget His power, Shri Saraswati!"

"So what is the dream of Brahma, and Saraswati? And what is its purpose? Why are we here and how is it that you can talk, and speak to me without speaking out aloud?" asked Sarah. "I think it was easier when I was asleep, and only thought I was awake"

Consuela laughed and laughed and laughed, her whole body shaking. At last the little blue wren was able to reply. "Why you are, we are, the dream of Parabrahma and Shri Saraswati! And the greatest joy is to realise this. To awaken fully. Just look around!"

Sarah again gazed at her surroundings, full of the most beautiful flowers, plants, birds, trees, mountains and waterfalls. How lovely, how good was everything she could see. She reached down and picked a white rose from the climbing rose bush nestled at the base of Consuela's tree. It was extremely delicate, blushed with pink on the edges of the petals. Sarah was lost for a minute as she gazed into the rose. It was infinitely beautiful, lovely and perfect. "You are like this rose" whispered Consuela. "you are made by Brahma, blessed with beauty by Shri Saraswati, and you are growing in the garden of God's dream." They both went into silence.

## THAT'S NOT MY JOB

This is a story about four people named  
Everybody,  
Somebody, Anybody, and  
Nobody.

There was an important job to be done and Every body was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it, but Nobody did it.

Somebody got angry about that, because it was Everybody's job, Everybody thought Anybody could do it, but Nobody realised that Everybody wouldn't do it.

It ended up that Every body blamed Somebody when Nobody did what Anybody could have!