

THE AUSTRALIAN

STRATHFIELD

Sahaja Newsletter



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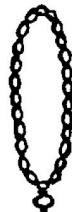
FESTIVALS

We will be attending two festivals this weekend. On Saturday 24th August, the festival of the moon at Sydney Park Brick Kilns from 3 p.m. till 9 p.m. On Sunday 25th August, the carnival of cultures at Ashfield Park begins at 10 a.m. Till 4 p.m. Please come and help.

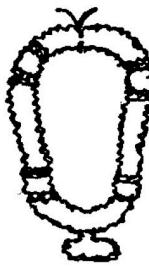
A yogini from Vienna, Mary Kushgerian, is writing a thesis on "Science, Psychology and Sahaja Yoga" and invites anyone with material or ideas to contribute. Please forward to Jo Solomon in Australia and he will pass it on.

A reminder to all yogis that the combined celebration of Raksha Bhandan and Krishna Puja will be held next Saturday, 31st August at Burwood. Commencing at 4 p.m. with Raksha Bhandan. Dinner will then be served, followed by Krishna Puja.

LOST 1 Makita Finishing Sander
This disappeared during the renovations to Burwood prior to Shri Matajis tour.
Please ring Robert on 99052836 if you have any clues .



Tuesday, 20th August, born to Caleb and Gronya Williams, a brother for William.
Time of birth; 5.40 p.m.
Weight; 3.78 kg
Name; Not yet!
All our best wishes.

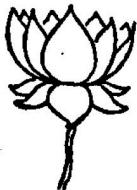


Revelations

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away: and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful.



Our dear sister Arnavaz Kerr passed away early this week.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR GANESH PUJA

Bookings for the group travel are almost complete. The Sydney group leaves at 9.20 am on the 8th September on JAL 772. The flight arrives at Narita (Tokyo) at 6pm, and the group will enjoy an overnight stay at Narita. The Narita village has an interesting temple complex which is worth a visit, but travellers be sure to be in time for the flight to Milan. The flight number is JAL 419 leaving at 12.25 Monday 9th, arriving at 5.50pm at Malpenza airport. There the group will meet three New Zealanders and a number of other Australians and then travel by hired bus to Cabella. A fee will be charged for this.

For any other travellers wishing to join the group at Milan please note that the group now arrives at Malpenza, not Linate as previously informed.

10 hotel rooms have been booked for the week starting Monday night. Another 17 rooms have been booked for the weekend (starting Friday night) only.

Travellers should contact Joe or Sharyn Salomon (02 9476 2206) for return and other flight details. Tickets should be available next week.

We will be collecting the registration monies for the Ganesha Puja from all Australian attendees before we leave. The cost will be \$235 i.e. the equivalent of 120 pounds sterling. Collecting this now will save us a large amount of work at Cabella. For Sydney people, please have this money with you at the Krishna Puja. Otherwise post a cheque to Joe Salomon, 18 Jersey Street, Mt. Colah, 2079.

Work is proceeding on the Puja decorations in Perth and the concert backdrop in Sydney. Items for the entertainment programme are being worked on in Thailand, Malaysia, New Zealand, Australia and by the Iranian collective in Europe. Nick Buff and some of the musicians from Nirmal Sangeet Sarita will also be travelling to Cabella.

The response for the Puja has been phenomenal with over 60 attendees from Australia, 4 from New Zealand, 9 from Thailand, 7 from Malaysia, 3 from Taiwan, 2 from Japan, 1 each from the Philippines, Hong Kong and Indonesia; the Iranian collective in Europe and Australians living in Europe. We all look forward to being able to come together to host this auspicious event. We must all remember that the trip is not a holiday, but that we must carry out all the duties of the host countries to our best ability. In doing so, we should achieve the maximum enjoyment.

Dear yogis - please put Andrew Skipper (^{from} Canberra) in your attention. He is recovering from a serious accident in St. George Hospital, Kogarah. His family was not hurt and are staying at Croydon Park with yogis.

Good News

The second Music CD "Blossomtime 2", containing songs from Yogis in Australia, Austria, America, England, Finland, France and Italy, has arrived.

Entitled "Eternity", there are 18 tracks from our modern day Sahaja musician-poets, who all feel music has a role to play in reaching Seekers.

'Eternity' is here !!

4,440 + seconds of sheer joy,
18 tracks from around the globe,
30 plus band members,
a landmark front cover design,
lyrics you can hear,
rock, pop, jazz, spanish and more.

This is Music !

Music you can feel on your central nervous system.
It registers, resonates, resounds
and rejuvenates.
and it's here
Now.

To receive this "once in a lifetime" CD Album...simply send your address and cheque for \$25 payable to : -
'Robert Hutcheon' 1-1 Corella Street, Harbord, Sydney 2100, NSW.
(apparently about 5 minutes away from two great surf beaches !!)

Cost includes postage & packaging and
(due to popular demand !)

Also includes a complimentary, high quality, high fidelity,
chrome (CrO2) audio cassette of the Album for playing in your automobile, etc.

Best wishes
Geoffrey

P.S The title list gives a quick impression of the album.

1. Oceanbound
2. The River
3. Forever
4. A Leaf falls
5. River of Life
6. Hard Path
7. Opportunity
8. Don't Betray Yourself
9. Here for a reason
10. Only Part of the Story
11. Feeling Good Road
12. Now that I've found you
13. Salutation.
14. In the presence of you
15. You've made it all so beautiful.
16. A Day with You
17. Reach Paradise
18. Sangha

ring Robert on
99052836
to reserve your
copy as copies
are limited.

Jai Shri Mataji

I see in thee all the gods, O my God; and the infinity of the beings of thy creation. I see god Brahma on his throne of lotus, and all the seers and serpents of light. All around I behold thy Infinity: the power of thy innumerable arms, the visions from thy innumerable eyes, the words from thy innumerable mouths, and the fire of life of thy innumerable bodies. Nowhere I see a beginning or middle or end of thee, O God of all, Form Infinite!

I see the splendour of an infinite beauty which illuminates the whole universe. It is thee! with thy crown and sceptre and circle. How difficult thou art to see! But I see thee: as fire, as the sun, blinding, incomprehensible.

Thou art the Imperishable, the highest End of knowledge, the support of this vast universe. Thou, the everlasting ruler of the law of righteousness, the Spirit who is and who was at the beginning.

I see thee without beginning, middle, or end; I behold thy infinite power, the power of thy innumerable arms. I see thine eyes as the sun and the moon. And I see thy face as a sacred fire that gives light and life to the whole universe in the splendour of a vast offering.

Heaven and earth and all the infinite spaces are filled with thy Spirit; and before the wonder of thy fearful majesty the three worlds tremble.

The hosts of the gods come to thee and, joining palms in awe and wonder, they praise and adore. Sages and saints come to thee, and praise thee with songs of glory.

The Rudras of destruction, the Vasus of fire, the Sadhyas of prayers, the Adityas of the sun; the lesser gods Visve-Devas, the two Asvins chariooteers of heaven, the Maruts of winds and storms, the Ushmapas spirits of ancestors; the celestial choirs of Gandharvas, the Yakshas keepers

of wealth, the demons of hell and the Siddhas who on earth reached perfection: they all behold thee with awe and wonder.

But the worlds also behold thy fearful mighty form, with many mouths and eyes, with many bellies, thighs and feet, frightening with terrible teeth: they tremble in fear, and I also tremble.

When I see thy vast form, reaching the sky, burning with many colours, with wide open mouths, with vast flaming eyes, my heart shakes in terror: my power is gone and gone is my peace, O Vishnu!

Like the fire at the end of Time which burns all in the last day, I see thy vast mouths and thy terrible teeth. Where am I? Where is my shelter? Have mercy on me, God of gods, Refuge Supreme of the world!

The sons of Dhrita-rashtra, all of them, with other princes of this earth, and Bhishma and Drona and great Karna, and also the greatest warriors of our host, all enter rushing into thy mouths, terror-inspiring with their fearful fangs. Some are caught between them, and their heads crushed into powder.

As roaring torrents of waters rush forward into the ocean, so do these heroes of our mortal world rush into thy flaming mouths.

And as moths swiftly rushing enter a burning flame and die, so all these men rush to thy fire, rush fast to their own destruction.

The flames of thy mouths devour all the worlds. Thy glory fills the whole universe. But how terrible thy splendours burn!

Reveal thyself to me! Who art thou in this form of terror? I adore thee, O god supreme: be gracious unto me. I yearn to know thee, who art from the beginning: for I understand not thy mysterious works.



Here is a letter from Imre Patyi, a Hungarian Sahaja Yogi who is currently studying in America (but was back in Hungary for the summer). It describes Shri Mataji's visit to Hungary from a personal point of view, but I thought it's very nicely written and makes you feel like you were there.

Jay Shri Mataji !

Last week Shri Mataji visited Budapest. She stayed about 24 hrs. I stayed a week in the ashram. First we did a lot of posterizing. I thought the 3000 posters were a lot, but it turned out that a poster has approx. life-time a day, getting over-postered easily. It was fun to do posterizing (only once we got caught by the city keepers (kind of police for city cleanliness) but got released smoothly, (one of us a 'registered criminal' sneaked away as having been put down in their notebook for illegal posterizing, and she gave a bhandan.))

Shri Mataji came on Friday morning from Milan. Many yogis were at the airport to greet her. O, yes. There stayed about twice the people at the ashram as the usual population: 5 people from Slovakia, then another group from Slovakia, many people from Romania (I think mostly from Cluj, other folks have their eyes on Moscow and on marriage), people from Austria, too. So we went to the airport in small groups. We walked to the bus stop, waited, it was a bright warm day with occasional breezes, no cloud to be seen, then a car passed by, we shouted hello to them (yogis) then in ten secs it reared back and picked us up, then the bus arrived as soon as we got in the car.

So we stood at the airport waiting, all excited and beaming. We flocked around one exit, then around another, then back again. Suddenly, people poured forward, and we felt the cool breeze. She was wheel-chaired in and said a few words to the lucky ones standing near enough to hear it. Then She collected the flowers. Mine was a blue one with some yellow in it. I was among the last ones to give the flowers, she said thank you, I don't what I felt, I think I felt somehow x-rayed. Then the next moment I remember is that she got in the car we rented. And was taken to the hotel.

The hotel was the Attriun-Hyatt. It's near the river Danube and gives on the river and castle district on the opposite bank, and also on the Chain bridge, which is the oldest but the prettiest of the Budapest bridges over the Danube. The day before She arrived we got all the best things in the ashram and in the possession of the yogis that were to decorate Shri Mataji's suite, we got them taken to the hotel, and the folks who were lucky and capable enough to serve in the hotel say in the kitchen or in the attendance room, decorated the place and took their positions.

After the arrival, we went back to the ashram, lay about, had lunch in several shifts around the round table in the kitchen. On the table in the middle there's a big slab of a stone from brook (?) at Cabella. The stone is not only nice but serves a practical purpose also, you put the hot tea pot on it. In the kitchen there's a photo of Shri Mataji stirring a cauldron over an open fire.

After lunch we went to rent a van to load stuff, originally we wanted one with seats, but we got only one with a boxed load space. So we squeezed ourselves into the cars over the capacity. We went sightseeing afterwards, but ended up in a tented bistro where shame, shame we had cokes, fantas and popcorn near the best museums in Hungary, at a rip-off price. Then back to the ashram.

Later I escorted two Slovakian young ladies to the place of the program. They looked a bit uneasy with having to travel by the public transportation in a foreign city they've not been in before, so I thought why not go with them as having nothing to do. It was a very simple almost door-to-door journey by the metro. We "surfaced" at a main square of Budapest, from there it's a nice short walk to both the hotel Attriun-Hyatt and the place of the program the Vigado (which is a palace where music programs, concerts, and what nots are usually held.)

First we walked to the hotel, sat for a while in the atrium. So we sat there for a bit in awe sunk in the "Burgundy-coloured" sofas. The girls were of a more enterprising nature than me. We ventured upstairs. We got in the panorama lift and first we went to the 7th floor, for the girls said that's Shri Mataji's floor, and second, that the lift refused to take us to the 8th floor, which was called Regency something, and you need to have special card which opens your door to operate the lift to persuade it up to the 8th. So I don't know how but the door of the 820 was open where the assissting Hungarian yogis were stationed. Shanti came out, we said hello then she rushed back and treated us well with prasad. It was bits of chicken thigh, rice, Indian pancake-like bread (whose name I always forget), and mellow (with red interior). We stood out there for some time in the cool breeze then Shanti invited us inside. There were Eva (the wife of the Hungarian leader Gyorgy Pohl) and their two kids Vimala and Tommy boy, and Kati a yogini, Shanti, Sandor a young man (who held the talk before Shri Mataji arrived at the program), and maybe one other person whose name I cannot recall, and the three of us enterprisers. There we had cakes and more vibrations. She was said to be watching telly. It was about 5-6. The program started at 7.30. We sat there for some time in peace, feasting the eye on the view, the kids playing, and one another.

Then with Sandor the four of us ambled over to the Vigado to the scene of the program. There was some surprise about the decoration of the stage. There was need for some last minute decorations, and carpets to be brought from home; for the stage was not as contracted, as I was told.

I remember Ilona (the friend of Csilla) making an AUM sign out of yellow cardboard pasting it on blue cardboard to give it a fringe. She "ordered" two boys "to sit on it", which meant to press it down with fingers spread till the glue was set. The sign was fastened on a golden looking saree, which was then hung spread over the stage in the background. The was hoovering of carpets and sheepskin rugs. There was Ali (from Romania and Turkey) singing Bhajans to adjust the microphones...

The Vigado is a beautiful palace, full of paintings, frescos, sculptures, pillars and wooden panels. The room of the program was a concert hall with gallery and side box with seats. There were two very great baskets of flowers (yellow is the colour I remember here) hanging at the two sides of the stage, those belonged to the Vigado. We brought a large vase for flowers, too.

Then some people were given batches of handouts to er-er hand out. Ilona was one of them, too. She asked me if I was afraid of standing by the door and distributing them, I said I was not, she said, she was (which I didn't believe) so she gave the bunch to me. Thus got I doormanned.

I stood at a lucky place, I gave out many leaflets. Almost everybody took one. (This evening was certainly the one when I've said the most Good evenings, and you're welcomes.) I think more than 600-800 people came. The main bank of seats could seat about 600 and there were people in the gallery and the side box, too. Many foreign yogis came, too, whom

I didn't see at the ashram, mostly Austrians. We stood by the door for about 1-1.5 hrs, people were coming all that time. But when Shri Mataji came we went in too, I sat in the side box, from where I could see quite well.

It was very cool when She entered. During the talk I had thoughts and felt more and more hot. Before the realization part I felt relieved and cooler. She gave the realization without going through the procedure with placing the hand and saying this and that. As far as I could see everybody got their realization and put up their hands.

It was beautiful and peaceful. After the realization Shri Mataji asked the bhajan group to sing a song, a village song She said. I forgot which but it was one we sing a lot. During the singing, which was very dynamic, long and joyous, I saw a woman dancing in the gallery. Later I heard that she even threw kisses to Mother, and that she was not a yogini.

It's very strange but I could've sworn that as She was sitting on the stage I saw the whiteness of Her saree extend beyond Her body, giving a halo even about Her head. I thought it was my double sight, but I checked that against other people both on and off stage.

Later I heard that She asked the yogis assisting in the hotel Was the program good? Then waited a bit and said The program was good. (Only one of them could go to the program, and that one was not present.)

There was a lot of inspired singing after the program. Some yogis sang their own homespun songs too. Some of the audience stayed through.

We started packing. We carried also Shri Mataji's carpets and Her armchair (we keep in it a large photo of Her in the meditation room in the ashram). We got everything loaded in the van. Three of us got in the load space. I was very fortunate. I sat on the two carpets rolled up of Shri Mataji and as Her armchair was left of me, I leaned my superego on it. Oh boy, it was so very peaceful to stay and sit there as the van travelled and shook the others moaned how uncomfortable that seat was. I heard their voices muffled as if from a distance in a sort of peaceful doze on my Mother's lap. (This was the greatest experience I've ever had.)

Next morning (Saturday) we went to see Her off at about 11.00. We took the bus to the airport (nobody picking us up this time). We distributed flowers among ourselves. This time She didn't collect the flowers one by one, but somebody collected them for Her and She held them for a bit. There was no speech. The wheel chair was rolled up a ramp lined by a group of hand waving Sahaj yogis. There was waving during and after Her check-in, too. We went upstairs where you can go through a turn stile for a fee to gaze, you can use telescopes for a fee too. There we stood in the strong and bright sun, and waited for Her "Tyrolean" airplane with two fans to take up. We waved a lot.

We got back to the ashram, some of the foreign yogis left. We went over to the hotel at about 2 and we had to leave at about 5. So we had plenty of time. We sat there and absorbed vibrations, prasad, cakes and took beauty in Her room. Some people went over to meditate at Her bed. I did so, too. It was very easy to meditate there, very cool.

Then people not closely delegated to the hotel assistance were asked to leave. So after some time I left. I took a walk along the Danube (not full length :-) then got back to the ashram.

I stayed one more day. There was a lot of packing, unpacking. From the hotel we got a few hairs as She slept on our pillows. People were sorting the hair which is Hers which not. I was allowed to touch one which was

Hers. It was warm and tingling the fingers, and also very black.

The ashram will be closed down this weekend because the lease has expired and the owner comes back. There are plans of building one though.

"I've Been to the Mountain Top"

Imre

... We have been forced to a point where we're going to have to grapple with the problems that men have been trying to grapple with through history, but the demands didn't force them to do it. Survival demands that we grapple with them. Men, for years now, have been talking about war and peace. But now no longer can they just talk about it. It is no longer a choice between violence and nonviolence in this world, it's nonviolence or nonexistence.

And also in the human rights revolution, if something isn't done, and in a hurry, to bring the colored peoples of the world out of their long years of poverty, their long years of neglect, the whole world is doomed.

... If I lived in China or even Russia, or any totalitarian country, maybe I could understand the denial of certain basic First Amendment privileges, because they hadn't committed themselves to that over there. But somewhere I read of the freedom of assembly. Somewhere I read of the freedom of speech. Somewhere I read of the freedom of the press. Somewhere I read that the greatness of America is the right to protest for right. And so, just as I say, we aren't going to let any injunction turn us around. We are going on.

... Let us rise up tonight with a greater readiness. Let us stand with a greater determination. And let us move on in these powerful days, these days of challenge, to make America a better nation. And I want to thank God, once more, for allowing me to be here with you.

... I don't know what will happen now. We've got some difficult days ahead. But it doesn't matter with me now, because I've been to the mountain top. And I don't mind. Like anybody, I would like to live a long life; longevity has its place. But I'm not concerned about that now. I just want to do God's will. And He's allowed me to go up to the mountain. And I've looked over. And I've seen the promised land. I may not get there with you. But I want you to know tonight that we as a people will get to the promised land. And I'm happy tonight, I'm not worried about anything. I'm not fearing any man. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

April 3, 1968
Memphis, Tennessee
Excerpt from Dr. King's last speech,
before he was assassinated on April 4.