

THE AUSTRALIAN

Sahaja Newsletter

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PUJA IN BHARAT

The shennai calls our hearts and minds
to stillness and repose.
We sit in colourful array -
in long and segregated rows.
Beneath a canopy of cloth
to shield us from the noonday sun;
We wait and watch, expectantly;
Each in a world his own
the eastern shadow marches on,
as time ticks slowly by.
The stillness flawed by cawing crows,
braying their bajans to the sky.
This is a timelessness, so dear
to both the spirit and the soul
the wondrous balm of Nirmala
descends and makes us whole.
And then when we at last have reached
that place of deep and lasting peace,
She comes - our mother of the universe.
We rise with open hearts - our thoughts have ceased!
There is a special magic to the scene,
an expectation of we know not what.
It is the essence of this holy land -
exposed by puja in Bharat.
Sometimes we hear her words,
Like temple bells within our head;
Sometimes we're startled and amazed
that all is done and time, our enemy, has fled.
Sometimes - those special times -
we feel our hearts and minds expand;
As if our Mother Nirmala has called
us forth to take us by the hand.
There are no words the human tongue
can hopefully explain
those heart fulfilling moments
when we sing her love's refrain.
Oh Nirmala - Shri Nirmala,
a boon I pray, t's that
I never lose the memory of puja in Bharat.

St.

2.

SYDNEY NEWS

PARRAMATTA PARK CARNIVALE - 26th January

The space and equipment and the exhibition stall were kindly supplied to Sahaja Yoga by The Parramatta Council.

Hundreds of people came and were genuinely interested. Some were just curious - but in the end, all were impressed and found self realisation. Ten yogis were working constantly helping the newcomers and even though it was very hot, crowds still came.

It was the first time that so many different nationalities were coming to us at the same time. A large proportion were from Arab countries and got their realisation.

A follow on from all this is that other organisations were also impressed with us. We have now been officially asked by other groups to have stalls at their fairs - e.g. South Sydney, Penrith, Merrylands and Parramatta Councils have all asked us to set up stalls.

Fairfield Carnivale is this Saturday 29th Jan. They have asked us to be there. We would really like to but it depends on volunteer yogis to say if they can help!!!! Please let Hari know.

Sadly in contrast, Redfern Festival ^{W&G} was really hard going. Very few people who came got realisation and showed little interest. We really do need more yogis to help clear the area. Can you help!



3.



"I've got it, too, Omar... a strange feeling like we've just been going in circles."

The Way of the Sufi

All religion, as theologians - and their opponents - understand the word, is something other than what it is assumed to be.

Religion is a vehicle. Its expressions, rituals, moral and other teachings are designed to cause certain elevating effects, at a certain time, upon certain communities.

Because of the difficulty of maintaining the science of man, religion was instituted as a means of approaching truth. The means always became, for the shallow, the end, and the vehicle became the idol.

Only the man of wisdom, not the man of faith or intellect, can cause the vehicle to move again.

- Alauddin Attar

NOTE: Sufi belief and maxims are proven historically to have affected and influenced the Masonic Order, Judaism, schools of ancient Egypt, Pythagorus, Plato, Catholicism, Shakespeare, C.G. Jung, G.I. Gurdjieff, Dag Hammerskjöld, Shamanism, and Omar Khayyam, to name a few.

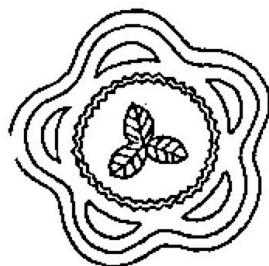
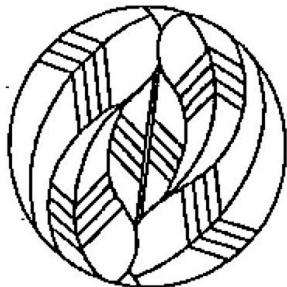
4.

SYDNEY NEWS

AUDIO TAPES.

SHRI ADI SHAKTI PUJA, 1993.

THOSE WHO DO NOT HAVE THE C.D. OF THE PUJA, BUT WOULD LIKE AN AUDIO TAPE OF THE TALK - PLEASE SEE DALE THIS FRIDAY NIGHT - GIVE HER A BLANK TAPE, PLUS \$2 - FOR ROYALTIES.



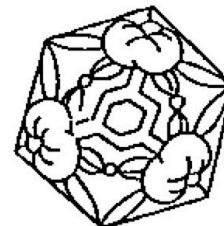
PROMOTION AND ADVERTISING MEETING FOR SHRI MATAJI'S 1994 TOUR.

A MEETING WILL BE HELD AT
M. FOGARTY'S HOUSE,

20 HOLLY ST.,
CASTLE COOG
ON TUESDAY FEB 1ST.

ALL THOSE INTERESTED ARE WELCOME
TO ATTEND.

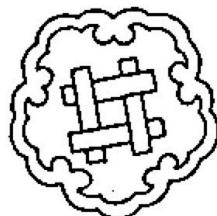
ENQUIRIES RING CHARLES 328-6624.



HAVAN AT BURWOOD 7.30PM

FRI 4TH FEB.

TO DEAL WITH NEGATIVITY ATTACKING
COLLECTIVITY BEFORE THE TOUR.



FUND RAISING FOR SHRI MATAJI'S TOUR.

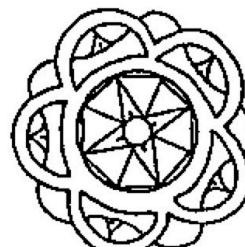
WANTED: YOUR OLD 'POSSESSIONS'!

NOT CLOTHES, SHOES OR BOOKS. -
THERE WILL BE A TRASH AND TREASURE
MARKET TO BE HELD WITHIN 5 WEEKS.
DALE WILL PICK UP YOUR OLD GOODS.
(IN GOOD SALVAGEABLE CONDITION) FROM
THE ASHRAMS, OR GOODS MAY BE LEFT AT
STRATHFIELD ASHRAM.
'SPRING CLEAN' NOW!! SO WE'LL HAVE
LOTS TO SELL.

CONTACT DALE 747-2820.

FUNDS RAISED.

ON AUSTRALIA DAY, AT THE
'BIG DAY OUT' CONCERT IN SYDNEY,
SAHASA YOGIS RAISED \$3,000
FROM A FOOD STALL!!
THANKS TO MUCH COLLECTIVE SUPPORT.



FINDING MYSELF SOMEWHERE ELSE

From the moment I stepped foot on the plane in Australia I felt completely protected. This was not a metaphorical, vague sort of protection, it was a tangible feeling of absolute safety. The usual nagging flying fears were strangely absent from my mind. Not once did I think that this flight was going to be that one freak accident of the year, that Air India was bound to have a terrorist on board or that all four engines were going to blow up simultaneously. Instead, I thought "wouldn't it be great if we flew over Ayers Rock" - low and behold, we did and I had the best window seat in the plane. At 10.45 in the evening me and my 1.5 metre personal space barrier descended upon a surprisingly 'civilised' Delhi airport (from the stories, I had expected a tin shack). It was with a great deal of discomfort that I discovered in a country that is the home of 800 million, my personal space suddenly became the terrain of ten other people.

A lone Melbourne girl, I was trying to play it very cool by nonchalantly brushing past and through other people's space, casually walking down the airport terminal pretending to know exactly where the customs desk was and trying to work out why in the hell all these Indians were running. I soon discovered the customs desk and the reason for the stampede. I meekly joined the mile long cue and suddenly felt very uncool. When I finally got through, a lovely Sahaja Yogi from Delhi named Yogesh (spelling?) was waiting to take me to the camp. Our code for recognition was a Sahaja badge worn high on the chest. We both emphatically and unrelentingly pointed to our badges as we spied each other through the glass barrier. The Indian airport officials began to watch us with suspicion. I'm sure they thought we were acting out some Masonic greeting ritual however, when they realised I was a woman they just passed us off as a couple of daft badge bearing individuals and so we escaped detection.

The fact that my lone journey to India went like clockwork was almost enough proof of the power of the Divine that I could have gone home there and then all lessons learnt. I had truly believed in my heart that everything would work out, and it did (I don't think I have 'truly' done this before). So with this perfect beginning I cannot be blamed for believing that the whole tour was to be full of blissful meditation, that everything would work out superbly and that all Sahaja Yogi's were perfect, amiable human beings. Boy was I wrong! The first two weeks were a real test. I spent most of the time wanting to punch everyone out (forgive me - my first tour). The rest was spent wondering why I was in India with a group of very strange individuals who uncontrollably felt the urge at any body of water to stick their fingers in their ears and yell Allah Wakba. But an amazing experience at a Havan in Dehra Dun taught me how to detach and suddenly I was able to laugh at the petty squabbles of others, but most of all I could laugh at myself. This was such a liberating experience and so simple that I can't believe I had to go all the way to India to discover it. This Havan was the most incredible proof to me that I am connected to the Divine. I felt like I was attached to the earth and a powerful river was gushing through my body and out the top of my head. I guess this was my first real experience of the power of my Kundalini, to be honest it scared me a little and like a true God fearing Catholic I pulled back, descended swiftly into the left and promptly fell asleep. But not before it had its powerful affect on me. This was the turning point and suddenly nothing mattered except my ability to repeat this experience. Well that's not entirely true I occasionally got the urge to deck someone but the important thing was that five minutes later I could laugh at myself.

Another turning point was when I saw visions of Shri Ganesha and Shri Buddha during my meditation. It made me very aware of the beauty and simplicity of the deities within me. Contrary to popular belief this was not an earth shattering event, it was so casual and unthreatening that I felt like a child who had just made a new friend.

By this stage the rules of the tour were pages and pages long and the Austrian's had memorised each and every one. But it had not taken me long to work out what Mother means when she says we must use our own discretion and be our own guru. There will always be people who want to tell you what to do but essentially 'only' you can make the decisions for yourself. Be your own guru and use your discretion wisely are the two lessons I learnt in India. It sounds very obvious and we've all heard it thousands of times but it is not as easy as it seems or as I thought. However, I have returned with a very strong experience of my kundalini and I feel that even though I'm still at the beginning of my journey, at least I'm now facing in the right direction.

The final leg - Ganapatipule was like Heaven on earth. This is where I really came to understand the term 'coming home'. The peacefulness I discovered here is what I expected the whole tour to be like. The two words which kept entering my mind during meditation (thoughtlessly of course) were simplicity and humility. I often found the morning meditations difficult because it did not seem peaceful - all that coughing! It was during this time that I began to realise that you don't need to be two feet away from someone to be collective.

In Ganapatipule the world seemed completely at one with itself. The sunsets were spectacular. One evening as the sun was setting the moon was rising and the sky was laden with these two opposing forces. It was such a powerful sight that I wrote a song in which I tried to capture my experience and feelings as I stood foot soaking in the ocean, here are the words:

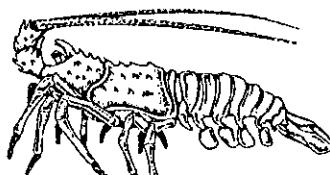
A battle of supremacy between the sun and moon,
The horizon explodes.
A pulsating fan of orange white and indigo,
Blue Heaven speaks, saying
Simplicity, Humility
Are the key to the power of my Kundalini.

Oh Cool, Cool Moon,
Oh life giving Sun.
Nature's perfect children
Give me what I need.
Have no mercy on me,
Enter my heart
And awaken in me my kundalini.

Blissfully the Moon hides behind liquifi clouds,
Its temperate face I barely see.
Transparent dusk moon teach me tranquillity,
Vibrant Sun teach me to live.
Lord show me thy cool breeze, simple and complete
Let me understand the power of my kundalini.

As I look back on my time in India (and its only been two weeks) I'm starting to realise more and more what I have gained from this experience. Essentially it has made real for me the simplicity of Mother's message and I believe this is an invaluable experience. To hear the words is one thing but to experience them is to understand them and begin to live.

Angela Clarke



TO OUR DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

We make of this opportunity to welcome you from our small and friendly Sahaja Yoga collectivity from the Canary Islands. These islands, as you may know, are part of the Spanish collective. Because of our geographical position in front of the coast of Sahara Marroqui, 2000 km. away from the nearest Sahaja Yoga Collectivity (Madrid), the visits of other Sahaja Yogis to this island are not frequent.

This year, 1993, has been a turning point in this island; the public programs were very successful, and in September the first ashram was started, (a small ashram: 3 Yogis). We are four Yogis in the island.

Our interest is in reinforce our collectivity, to make it grow with the help of other Yogis from different places. Therefore we invite all those who would like to contribute to the establishment and blossoming of Sahaja Yoga in this place of the world, we'd be happy to share the ashram with you.

These islands, called from ancient times "The fortunate islands" because of its wonderful nature, not only have a potential in tourism but also are a place of settle for many seekers of truth. It's for that reason that we invite you to participate in the beautiful process of spreading Sahaja Yoga in the Canary Islands.

To those who wish to come, please contact us through telephone, fax or letter. It would be nice if you have some knowledge of Spanish, but of course is not compulsory, as well as a letter of agreement from your leader.

Yours faithfully, awaiting for your visits



Jose Antonio Salgado

Sergio Hernandez



Our address:
Sahaja Yoga. Edf. Moneyba 3^o pta 3. C/Barcelona n^o 12.
38204 La Laguna Tenerife. SPAIN

Telephones:
34-22-621742 (Sergio's house)
34-22-261957 (Ashram, only Spanish speaking)
Fax:
34-22-630040 (Sergio Hernandez)



LIFE'S LITTLE INSTRUCTION BOOK

316 • Learn to disagree without being disagreeable.

317 • Be tactful. Never alienate anyone on purpose.

318 • Hear both sides before judging.

319 • Refrain from envy. It's the source of much unhappiness.

NEWS FROM ADELAIDE

When the "Earth Fair" came to Adelaide in early December, we contacted them about the possibility of having a "Sahaja Yoga Meditation" stall. "No, No, No!" came the very firm reply. But they did suggest to try the "Brickworks", a commercial leisure market open every weekend. The Brickworks seemed very enthused at the idea and when told that Sahaja Yoga is a bona fide non-profit organisation with strictly no public donations, they even offered a very large stall at NO COST for every Sunday (so long as the stall remained commercially unoccupied).

The Brickworks was in the past very popular but according to the manager, business was very slow over the last year or two. Well, the first Sunday Sahaja Yoga had a stall there, very few people came to the market, but at least 10-15 people obtained their self-realisation with about an extra 20-30 interested people taking pamphlets. But amazingly, week by week, more and more people started to come to the market and more and more people became interested in what the "Sahaja Yoga Meditation" stall had to offer. For each of the last two weeks about 50 people got their realisation with another 100 interested people taking pamphlets. In addition, EVERY person that walks by the stall turns their head to have a look, which must total several thousand every Sunday. Full credit to the yoginis for producing such a beautiful, attractive stall, easily the most so in the whole market.

The manager is extremely happy how business has really picked up and even noted the 'co-incidence' that it seemed to happen with the introduction of Sahaja Yoga stall. So far 10 people (from the market stall) have found their way to a more 'formal' collective program.

It seems that Shri Mataji has provided us a good opportunity to spread Sahaja Yoga in Adelaide.

JAI SHRI MATAJI !

From The Adelaide Collective.