

Homebush

Sahaja Newsletter

24 April, 1992.

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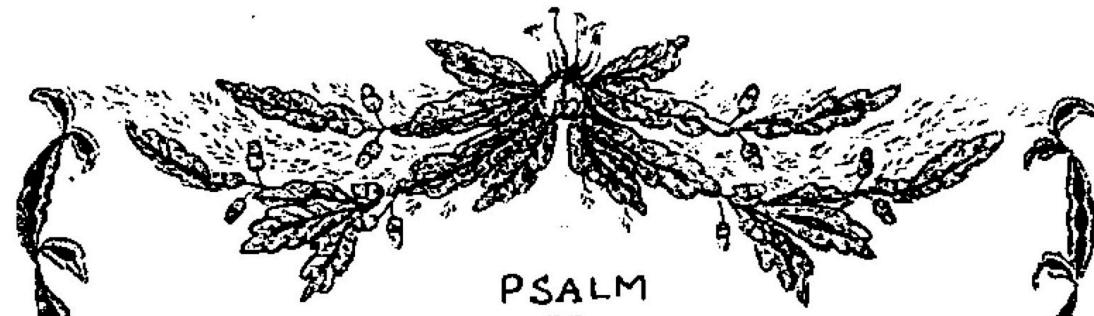
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PSALM
II

God is my refuge.

— So how do you say to my soul, Fly away to your hilltop like a bird?

Because the wicked bend their bows, their arrows are ready on the string

to shoot down the innocent-hearted in darkness.

When the foundations of the world give way, what can a just man do?

God is in the temple of his holiness, God has his throne in the heavens.

His eyes will see and his look will test the sons of Adam.

God shall test the just man,

but his soul hates the wicked man and the lover of violence.

He shall rain down fire and molten rock on the wicked,

their drinking cup will be a burning wind,

because God is just and loves justice,

and the innocent, honest man will see his face.

Phone list

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The Sahaja Yoga School

We had always known we would one day send our children to school in India. Even before marriage, Shri Mataji had promised She would build a school in India where our children would be safe from the problems and confusion we endured, where She would bring them up to be strong, spiritual beings, warriors fit to lead the new world She is building.

However, when the time came to send our son (age eight) to school in India, it was hard. I had no doubts in my mind that this school, our Mother's school, was the best place for him to be, to grow and blossom as a Sahaja child in joy and harmony. Yet, as a mother, I found it hard. There is no doubt that this is the hardest test that we ever experienced. The school seemed so far away. We weren't sure when we would be able to visit him. I was afraid our relationship would change, that he would no longer need me and, that being so far away, I wouldn't see him grow and change, we would become strangers. (None of these fears were really conscious to me at first. Not until later when I went to visit did I become aware that they had been there.)

When we moved into a large ashram on a mountainside in the country, he went to a village school of only sixty children. It had very nice vibrations, wonderful teachers and good children and I thought for a while that we would be able to protect him from the outside world in this environment. Maybe he wouldn't even need to go to India! — — —



But after a while I became aware that something inside [the barcode] wasn't happy, wasn't satisfied. The children were nice children, but they weren't Sahaja Yogis. Their values, though good, were not as deep as Sahaj values. The outside culture of media, TV and materialism was still subtly trying to creep into him through the school and the other children. Then we went to a seminar in San Francisco. It was a very powerful weekend. On the way back he was a different boy. Nothing could stem his joy and innocence. He was laughing and joking, sweet and playful. This was the child who had been born to us -- this strong, joyful spirit.

It came to me that as soon as he had started school the erosion of this inner confidence, innocence and sweet love had begun so subtly that I had

not really been aware of it. Now, only two days of being back at school this shining light became covered over. I realized then, absolutely, how we were depriving him of his very birthright, that which he had come specifically to do, to grow strong in Sahaj spiritually, to grow up as our Mother's child. We were preventing this by holding on to him. We decided then that at the first opportunity we must send him.

Within three weeks suddenly the opportunity arose. We borrowed money and sent him with another Sahaja Yogini who was taking her son. At first I missed him a lot. The first few days were the hardest. Keeping busy really helped.

He was very homesick the first two months. Although he had always loved Indian food, suddenly everything was awful. No doubt the strong vibrations of the wonderful school in Dharamsala brought all the Western vibrations and conditionings to the surface. However, he stuck it out. Then, after three months, he started writing full, long contented letters. We breathed sighs of relief. It helped being able to talk on the phone. He didn't seem so far away.

I went to see him after Christmas. I took my daughter, aged 7. She suddenly had decided emphatically she too wanted to go and "have fun." I thought this was going to be very hard for me. At one point I even tried to show her that it might not all be fun, that she too might be homesick like her brother had been. But she would not budge. Somehow she felt the

Vibrations of the school and in her heart Shri Mataji had awakened a desire that would not be diverted.

So we went. What a joy. What a wonderful surprise. The school is unlike anything I had envisioned, functioning under very difficult physical conditions at Washi. But what vibrations!! What a strength of wisdom and innocence and confidence (not arrogance) in the children. How our son had blossomed. He was so pleased to see us. I found he was just the same, but purer, joyful, playful, happy, detached, unworried, lighter -- yes, much lighter. His spirit was really shining. Somehow our relationship was the same as before, yet better because he was fulfilled and content. I asked him -just out of interest- if he would like to come home. Although I know at times he

misses us, he looked at me, sort of surprised. "Why no." As if to say, 'of course not.'

There are such a lot of activities and different classes to keep the busy. At Washi they have music lessons every day on a choice of tabla, harmonium or flute. They learn Marathi and Hindi and will later also learn Sanskrit. Teachers for European languages, French, Italian and German, are being arranged. The best dance teacher had just arrived from Madras. The best teacher from Nagpur was coming to teach singing. Swimming lessons once a week at the nearby sports centre will start soon. Pottery had just begun with all the children being taught how to throw a pot on a wheel, how to make different designs and how to make small thumb pots. After their first lesson many of the children spontaneously started making their own clay Ganeshas and small statues. Sowing for the girls, carpentry for the boys and cooking for all the children had just got under way. Also at the end of the day a variety of games were provided such as volleyball, cricket and badminton.

The children eat well. The quality and variety of food provided is excellent. There is no chance of starvation! Every day for breakfast the children can eat porridge, toast, eggs and cereal. For lunch there is usually three types of vegetables, sometimes cheese, a dahl, rice, chapatis, yoghurt and fruit. For supper there is always meat and different vegetables with rice or chapatis and a dessert. Throughout the day there are at least three break times. Here the children drink milk, lemon juice, kokum or a radish leaf drink (very good in hot climate) and eat fruit, biscuits and sometimes corn on the cob. We also had pasta some evenings and, I understand in Dharamsala where there is an oven, they cook tandoori chicken and even pizza.

Do not be surprised if your child is homesick and says he wants to come home in the first few weeks. It seems to be natural. For most of them it's like going on their first India tour -- very different and a big clear out. Rest assured that no one is going to keep any child there who is truly unhappy and wants to come home. Give them time to settle in and adjust and you will see their joy at being in this special school.

Some activities are just in the ideas stage and are awaiting the arrivals of new teachers to implement them. The variety of activities provided or being planned for is astounding.

Classes are small. On average twelve pupils to each teacher. The standard of education is high, much higher than in schools in Canada and England. The children learn "cursive" writing or "long hand" beginning in kindergarten. By the end of Grade One they are expected to know all their multiplication tables. From grade One they are learning all about the plants, birds and animals around them. Grade One Social Studies books teach about respect for parents, for the family and for oneself and cover basic nutrition and personal hygiene. Their textbooks are written with great love, innocence and enjoyment of God's creation. They are very different in tone from the dry, purely intellectual style of the West. (Their stories help children to make moral decisions and to learn what is good behaviour and what is not.)

The English vocabulary that is used in all the books is challenging and much more varied than one sees in the schoolbooks in England and Canada. The children are learning to express themselves articulately, grammatically and with a subtle command of the English language. As a teacher myself, I was surprised and impressed by the high quality of education the children are receiving.

There is good discipline and respect in the classes. Despite being expected to work hard, there is not the oppressive competitive atmosphere one sometimes finds in the Western classrooms. In fact, every child is able to work very much at his own rate, without fear of pressure or censure for being "slow." I had forgotten how much Indian people, Sahaj and non-Sahaj, really love children. They do not see them with "problems" and "weaknesses", as we tend to do in the West. They just see them as they are and treat them in a very loving, positive way.

The teachers themselves are extremely qualified and well disciplined. Most of them are Sahaja Yogis, a great asset to the school. In talking with the principal, one can see that he has a very good intelligent perception of the children's educational and personal needs. I was impressed also with his understanding of the problems that children are having today in Western education systems. His suggestions and remedies were very practical and full of common sense. He was a principal in a school in Madras prior to being asked to come to Washi.

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English father was so upset he couldn't talk to me for three months! However with time and thoughtful explanations from us he has come to see that the children are truly happy and well cared for in the school in India, that they are well fed and are also being very well educated. The children write to them and we send on suitable letters. Photos have helped a lot. They still don't really understand why we have sent them "away," but they have come to terms with it. We found that if we talked to them (and others) in a balanced, centred manner about the difficulties of Western society today, and stressing the multi-cultural, non-racial, international, English teaching medium of the school situated in the clean air of the mountains at Dharamsala, it helped. Some grandparents take it very easily, some like mine really fight it at first. But if your desire is strong, somehow our Mother works it out.



As the days progressed I became aware that Shri Mataji's attention was very much there in the school all the time. Little improvements that could be made might come into my attention and within a day or two these things miraculously happened without a word from me being spoken. As a parent it felt important just to be there without comment or criticism. Truly Shri Mataji knows exactly what is going on and is beautifully taking care of everything.

As a mother, I can honestly and sincerely say that all the children in the school are extremely well loved and cared for. They are not fussed over or molly-coddled but learn to be independent, collective and confident, joyful beings. I have certainly seen the changes in our son to prove this. Although it can be hard in the beginning to let them go, it does get easier and the joy and rewards once they are there will win out.

As I was preparing to leave and return West, I was overcome with the feeling of joy at leaving our children in this happy place. It came to me that "How can I possibly be sad at leaving them here when this is truly the best place for them." As a mother, I suddenly felt deeply satisfied and relieved that whatever the temporary physical conditions of the school, at least here the children were truly safe. I no longer need be concerned or worried for them. I still miss them, of course, but it's no longer painful or sad. I read their happy, joyful letters and hear their settled voice on the phone and I feel good inside that they are all together growing in our Mother's love.

As a mother and a Sahaja Yogi, I can whole-heartedly recommend this loving school for all our children. We wish we could be there, too.

Jai Shri Mataji,

Vancouver Canada

A footnote on Grandparents.

Although they had been prewarned, when we sent our son to India my

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SHRI MATAJI IN MALAYSIA

With roses in hand, we strained to catch a glimpse of our Beloved Mother entering the arrival hall of Subang International Airport, Kuala Lumpur. The entire collective was present and a few earnest seekers who had heard of Shri Mataji's arrival were also there, flowers in hand. When someone said, "There She is!" a wave of emotion swept through the crowd as Shri Mataji's children moved forward to receive Her. Smiling and radiant, Her Holiness accepted the flowers and spoke briefly to a few yogis and yoginis before leaving for the centre, where She was to spend the next three days.

The following morning, Shri Mataji expressed a desire to go shopping. An entourage of four cars followed Her to the city, where She had shopped two years before. The saris She had purchased on Her last trip, were popular and, ever thinking of Her children, Our Holy Mother braved the sweltering heat and high humidity to acquire more of the same for Her children on India Tour (yes, already!). On two occasions, She commented that the ladies should appreciate how much work She puts into selecting the saris and jewellery for them.

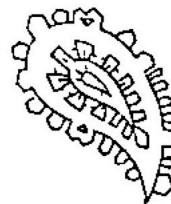
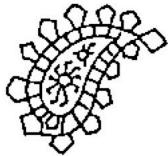
The public programme was held that evening in a badminton hall in a centrally-located suburb of the city. Mr Shyan Gupta, who had flown in from Delhi that morning, was sent to the hall earlier to give an introductory talk. Shri Mataji arrived to find a crowd of about six hundred patiently awaiting Her Holiness. She mentioned later that She was most pleased with the advertising and that the seekers had been naturally attracted.

Shri Mataji held the attention of the audience as She spoke of the integration of all the religions, and briefly explained why the various prophets and incarnations came on this earth, and how their teachings coincided with Sahaja Yoga. Some people left early, but just as many came to replace them. Unfortunately, the acoustics of the hall made some parts of the talk hard to understand. Nevertheless, when Shri Mataji (XXX TRANSMISSION FAULT XXX) asked those who felt the Cool Breeze to raise their hands, those sitting at the back could not see Her from the jungle of arms raised in celebration of their new-found-awareness.

The programme lasted for an hour and a half and as Shri Mataji left the stage after the question and answer session, the crowd surged forward. Many were bowing at Her feet and trying to kiss Her hand in recognition of who She was. Parents were asking Her to bless their children and She compassionately complied as the yogis kept the rest of the people from crowding Her.

The next day, Mother spoke to the collective and expressed Her happiness with the success of the programme the night before and indeed, said. We will now have to act on Her advice to acquire a larger place to accommodate them all.

JAI SHRI MATAJI!



LAST WEEKEND IN ROME (Phil Ward - 16 Apr - Geneva)

*** JAI SHRI MATAJI !! ***

Dear everyone,

Last weekend I had the privilege of being in Rome when Shri Mataji arrived from India after the tremendous programmes and pujas there. So here is a short account.

Shri Mataji arrived at Rome airport on Saturday at lunchtime, to be greeted by a crowd of perhaps 200 yogis, mostly Romans but with a sprinkling from other countries and centres. She took a seat on one side of the arrivals hall to receive flowers from all of us, and the children of Rome ashram sat in front of Her and sang a few songs, beginning with "Vishwa Vandita" and going on with "Shri Ganesha sits at the top of the tree" and "Sitting in the Heart of the Universe". For the latter song the grown-ups also sang the refrain, but it soon became apparent that we did not know the words to the verses, which the children, all singing from memory, did; so Shri Mataji told the children that they must teach the song to the rest of us!

The rest of the day Mother spent in Her room, resting and talking to a few sahaja yogis. Next morning, before Her departure to Cabella, She kindly came to give us all Her Darshan in the ashram sitting room. She sat before us and spoke for a while, a short talk but very important. She said how pleased She was that all over the world sahaja yogis are becoming responsible, are taking responsibility for the spread of Sahaja Yoga. And that this is very necessary. It is no longer sufficient, She said, to love Her, nor even to be completely surrendered to Her and to fully recognize Her. We must become dynamic and active in the collective growth and spreading of Sahaja Yoga, as Sahaja Yoga will only be spread by us as Her instruments.

Certain basic things are necessary, Shri Mataji said: we must all meditate morning and evening, for instance. We should also know certain songs by heart; She suggested we could have song competitions between ourselves.

A gentleman from Cuba was visiting the ashram, and he will shortly be returning to that country. He described conditions there as very difficult, as it is not allowed to talk openly about religion. Shri Mataji gave a bandhan to Cuba. She also put Her divine attention to Armenia, as Anny from Teheran was at last back in Rome and was telling Her how a group of Armenian Russians comes every day to meditate at the house of her mother there. Things are apparently getting back to normal in Iran, with the fanatics gradually giving way to more moderate people in government.

To end Her visit to Rome, we sang a few bhajans, and then Shri Mataji gave us a last blessing and left in Her car for Cabella,

where She will be staying until Her return to Rome on Friday for the Easter Puja.

Much love, more anon

Phil

P.S. Just a quick note on Sahasrara Day: The Puja will be on the following weekend, but Shri Mother said on the 5th itself we should all perform havan, as this is the day when all wishes are to be fulfilled.

PPS. Nice illustration of protocol in the kitchen of Rome ashram on Monday morning. We were trying to light the gas cooker, but the gas wouldn't light. So we tried the "obvious" - "OM Twameva Sakshat Shri Agni ..." but the gas still wouldn't light. Then someone noticed that the lamp on the little altar with Shri Mataji's picture had not yet been lit. So we lit it, and did aarti to Mother's photograph - and then we were able to light the gas with no problem.

PPPS: After the puja there will be public programmes in Italy as follows:

Mo 20 Roma

Tu 21 Napoli

We 22 Perugia

Th 23 Firenze

Fr 24 Sardinia (provisional; I don't remember which city)

after which Shri Mataji will be travelling to Bulgaria, Romania, and Turkey before returning to Cabella for Sahasrara Day.



Italians introduce 'pay and pray' papal visit

By Bruce Johnston In Rome

WORSHIPPERS wishing to see the Pope on tour in Italy are having to pay to reserve a numbered seat for his appearances, including the celebration of Mass.

The latest instance of the spiritual imitating the temporal has occurred in Udine, a northern Italian city near Venice.

The Pontiff is not due in Udine until early May, but bookings for his appearances in a public square and a stadium where he is to say Mass are already being taken in the region's 373 parishes.

Tickets costing £3.50 for the piazza and £3 for the Mass are understood to be selling out before the shutters go down, as with any pop concert. The 40,000 seats in the stadium

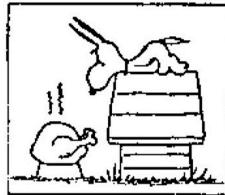
are expected to yield £120,000.

The decision to charge was made by the Archbishop's office and not the Vatican, but such an enterprising approach was being viewed in Rome as a precedent likely to be taken up elsewhere.

Don Duilio Corgnali, a local priest and editor of a diocesan magazine, said the measure was introduced only because demand exceeded supply.

"In the province there are 550,000 souls, and it was clear at the outset that not all of them could participate at the final Mass," he said.

Critics said the local council offered the stadium free to the Church, and the stagehands said they would erect the dais at no cost.





To the Newsletter

Hello to all down under. We were very happy to read about Shree Mother's tour, so thought I would fill you in a little on the North India Tour just completed. We started off in Delhi with Birthday Puja. Very much like Australia, Mother praised Her children a lot giving encouragement, and stressed that we should all worship the God inside each one of us and go much much deeper.

We then had two public programmes in Delhi, very well attended. Traditionally the weather is very hot in the North at this time of year however everywhere Shree Mataji travelled She carried with Her clouds and rain. After the Delhi programmes it was off to Ghaziabad, just out of Delhi, then the famous Noida. At Noida Shree Mataji gave a talk just like a Puja talk. It was really for all the Sahaja Yogis, how they should behave, how they should be perceived by the general public, and the maryadas for interaction with other Yogis.

At all the public programmes bhajans were rendered by Sanjay Talwar, Deepak Verma and the different local performing Yogis. For the entire journey Shree Mataji was accompanied by Romeo Verma, Her son-in-law, married to Sadhanadidi and I am told he is in the process of writing a book on the history of Sahaja Yoga. He is a very deep seeker and looks like he will be very dynamic in Mother's scheme of things.

We missed the programme at Faridabad as we left a day early to be in Jaipur to welcome Shree Mataji. Jaipur was unbearably hot the day we reached but early the next morning when Shree Mataji's plane landed so did the clouds and cool breeze. Shree Mataji had commented that Jaipurians were right sided so the cool was probably a big help to Her in balancing them out.

The programmes in Jaipur were over two nights, with the Governor of Rajasthan attending on the first night. On the second evening at about 5.00pm a storm broke, thunder, lightening and torrential rain. The entire pendal collapsed, all the electicals water logged, but by 7.30pm it had cleared and the entire set up had been re-erected. Shree Mataji called everyone back to Her residence after the first night's programme but in the end did not come out to meet us. However we had a very intense collective Sahasrara meditation for perhaps only five minutes but we were all acutely aware that we were helping Mother work out something for Jaipur.

I must tell you all about the instant realisation Shree Mataji gives nowadays in India. No hands on chakras, no affirmations. Just "Hold your hands up high towards Me, bend your heads down, and put your left hand above your head, then your right hand, then again your left hand. Then hands up in the air "Is this the all pervading power of God". Then hands out to Me again and don't think." That's it. You can feel the realisation happen during the actual talk. Shree Mataji had said it was so easy because of the power of the Mother earth in India.

Next on the programme was Karnal in Haryana where we went collectively by bus. It is about three hours out of Delhi. Apparently in Haryana there is a lot of tantric business going on so Mother gave them all a very good firing. After the programme She cured a couple of small children, one who couldn't talk and one who couldn't walk. At the next evening's programme She mentioned that these were very common problems for children affected by tantrism. In all Her public programme talks She also gave a good firing to the TM crowd, making the public laugh at the stupidities they practice.

After Karnal the next stop was Jamunanager an hour and a half away by road. One thing that I have forgotten to mention was the love and hospitality shown to us by all the local Sahaja Yogis where ever we went. Most of the collectives are very small, under 50 yogis, but they looked after us so well, we were all most impressed. In Jamunanager the young people had decorated the entire town, streamers, tinsel, banners welcoming Shree Mataji and posters on every available inch of flat surface. We were having a little seminar with Martin McHugh telling us all about Australia tour when

we heard Shree Mataji was coming into town so we all raced out onto the main road. So Shree Mataji drove past and there we all were holding hands and bouncing around on the road, about two hundred of us.

The next day after the programme we had Puja, a Saraswati Puja. This was a very strong Puja for me and Mother spoke a lot about education, art, creativity and children. Unfortunately in India the competition in schooling is very fierce and Shree Mataji commented that the children don't get any time to play, which is very sad. At least we are lucky in Australia that way, it is a great life for children to enjoy sports and games. After Puja it was time to pack up and move onto the next place.

We, that being Kamal & myself, Eveline (Austria) & Deepak from Delhi, Edward from Austria, Martin from Australia of course!, Karun from Calcutta and Sandhya and Amrita from Jaipur, hired a combi van for the drive up to Dehradun. I think it was about four hours and we arrived after nightfall. The programme was held the next day at the Doon School, one of the most prestigious schools in India, (Rajiv Gandhi went there!). It was a little bit of a strange programme, every one falling asleep (Yogis and seekers both), and when Shree Mataji said to feel the cool breeze, none of the established Yogis could feel it. Only heat was coming out. But then eventually the joy and the breeze did come and we were all very relieved!! Four foreign seekers came also, one from Melbourne, one from England and two from California. Even though it was all in Hindi they felt the cool breeze and took away the address for England and the US couple took the Nepal address as they were headed there.

From Dehradun we all caught a train to Lucknow, the same train as Shree Mataji. As we got down from the train a few local Yogis came and greeted Mother and garlanded Her, so we thought that the collective was very small. However as we followed Her off the platform and out of the station there were resounding shouts and a welcome song being sung. There were probably about 60 or so Yogis but their hearts were so full at seeing Mother it sounded and felt like hundreds. Shree Mataji was very happy with the programme in Lucknow and as it is the home town of Sir CP Saheb She spoke like She was talking to Her own family, cracking little Lucknow type jokes. In all the programme talks She praised the foreign yogis a lot for their dedication and flexibility. She told the audience in Lucknow that She would bring the Yogis to Lucknow at the end of the year and show them how great they were. So perhaps a North India tour.

The programme finished at 9.15pm and the train back to Delhi was at 10.00pm. Our luggage was a half an hour in the opposite direction as we only found out at 9.15 that our seats were confirmed on that same train as Shree Mataji. Kamal and Karun raced off to the place where we were staying to pick up the luggage and the rest of us made a run for the station. We reached the station at 9.58 with no sign of husbands or luggage and me carrying five year old Amrita who had conveniently fallen asleep. Shree Mataji had already boarded the train and we had no idea where our seats were, only about 15 carriages to choose from!! After running up and down and feeling totally confused, we jumped into any old carriage and the train moved. Luckily Eveline's husband came and traced us and all was well.

We arrived in Delhi the following morning, the day of Shree Mataji's wedding anniversary. It is lovely to just wake up and then to see Shree Mataji. And that was the end of our India tour. Two days more and then it was back to Bombay and probably not to see our dear Mother again until November. I've no doubt left out a million things but still this is just a glimpse of a magical two weeks spent with our beloved Mother.

Love to all in Australia from all in India, your sister, Pragnya.

