

OM ॐ POINT

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Welcome to the second issue of the OmPoint Circular. This edition focuses on mental health issues and spirituality. Very special thanks to the contributors for what they've shared. *Enjoy.*

⇒ Dedication ⇐

“This issue is dedicated to my father, Philipp J. Weichberger who ended his life in 1985 after a life long struggle with mental health issues. He was a painter, a poet, a loving father to me and my sister, and a husband of twenty years to my dear mother Anne. My close friend Alison says that his ‘artistic gene’ was passed through me to my children. I include a painting by Cyprus here to honor my father. *We miss you.*”

— Laurent



Photo, above: Philipp J. Weichberger; Painting, right: Cyprus Weichberger (age 21 months) painted seven paintings on June 2, 2008. This is painting number 1.



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the Shadow

by Lilly M. Weichberger, Flagstaff, AZ, January 2008

The shadow is that part of us which rises up in fear, anger, jealousy, rage, and pettiness. It is a piece of ourselves that we have split off due to trauma, abuse, misunderstanding, or fear. The shadow is that part of us which reacts to a situation instead of acting from a place of power (i.e. in tune with the divine source within us).

Whenever we allow our shadow to react, we surrender our power to it. So we stand in a place of powerlessness—a slave to the past, our failures, and our fears of repeating the past. As long as we stand in our shadow we are doomed to repeat the same reactions to similar situations every time they arise; like a CD on repeat of a bad song. The shadow (Maya) is that which makes the unimportant seem important and overwhelming and the important seem unimportant and trivial (to paraphrase Meher Baba).

In order to overcome the shadow we need to understand it; follow its roots deep into our souls and our past. The saying goes that those who do not know their history are doomed to repeat it. *Too often we shove difficult situations into our internal closet where they turn into the proverbial boogeyman in the dark.* We are eternally looking over our shoulder afraid of what will jump out instead of turning on the light and doing the necessary house cleaning.

When you face only the sun, you do not see your own shadow, and you can try to pretend it doesn't exist. (One of my personal issues with much of the new-age fluff masquerading as spirituality). But it will always creep up on you. Only by standing in the darkness, only by standing in the fear can we truly know it. Only by knowing it, and naming it, can we loosen its hold over us. As any one who has studied magic knows, knowing the true name of something gives us power over it.

The shadow is that which twists our actions, thoughts, and words and makes the thoughts, words, and actions of others seem twisted and a source of fear. *The fear never comes from anywhere but inside ourselves.* It exists only within us and has power only within us. When we realize that we are the source of our own fear, then no one else can hold the power of fear over us again, unless we let them.

Knowing this, we can see the weather coming, know that even though the clouds cover the face of the sun, that they are ultimately insubstantial, and will eventually blow over. That ultimately the clouds are of our own

creation. We can see in them the potential for growth and nurturance, rather than destruction. Possibilities rather than darkness.

Like calls to like, and when we act from the shadow it frequently calls out the shadow in others and things go from bad to worse. *Learning to recognize when another is acting from the shadow, we can learn to see past their shadow, their fears, to their true selves and the real root of the situation.*



Lilly M. Weichberger

The gift of knowing the shadow is the ability to recognize and dispel illusion. It allows us to cut the puppet strings, and choose in the

present moment our path from infinite possibilities rather than running the same track over and over again. It gives us the ability to choose and to act from a place of true power.





Principles For Being Happy In Baba

by Randall Overdorff, Gainesville, GA,
November 10 – December 15, 2007

I have an aptitude for happiness. My family has had the good fortune to experience a lot of happiness. My mother calls it “luck”. I am more inclined to call it “grace”, since I have been blessed with a spiritual connection to the Highest of the High, Avatar Meher Baba.

So far, my suffering in this lifetime has been minimal compared to most. All that I hold dear is mortal, so I know my time to relinquish everything is inevitable. Plenty of suffering will come. However, with Baba, I have been happy even in the midst of the suffering I have experienced.

As a professional counselor, I try to help others dispel mental suffering so they can be happy. The mental suffering I have experienced has been in the form of stress, anxiety, and exhausted depression. To prevent such mental suffering I have taken to heart Baba’s prescription, “Don’t worry, be happy” and have become active and intentional about seeking and maintaining happiness. There is a method to my happiness in Baba that I will describe below.

Principles for Happiness

- Live in relationship to an ideal;
- Listen to the voice of conscience;
- Program the mind with useful information;
- Choose intelligently through honesty and intuition;
- Use happiness to help find the way;
- Do what is natural;
- Repeat the name of God;
- Surrender outcomes to God;
- Release disappointment through graceful fatalism.



1. Live in relationship to an ideal

The first condition of happiness is to live a life oriented to an ideal. Not just to have one, but to live in relationship to it. For me, that ideal is Meher Baba. The relationship is in the meditation on His life and works and a continual inner dialogue with Him. Baba, as my ideal, is my center, like the sun. Near or far, conscious or unconscious, I conceive of myself, everyone I know, and all things as orbiting around Him as an ideal. Since our courses are all set by that Center, everything I experience takes on a sense of meaning even when I am clueless about what is going on.



2. Listen to the voice of conscience

Meher Baba speaks to me internally in the form of my conscience. When I am honest with myself, I can discriminate His true prompting of my conscience from my own wishful thinking. When I listen to this inner voice and act on it, I am more apt to be happy.



3. Program the mind with useful information His unconditional compassion for me is indeed miraculous, but I believe He works within the confines of natural law. I believe the raw materials He uses to communicate with me internally are limited to the content I have programmed into my brain in this lifetime. He uses intuition to form up new knowledge for me through creative combinations of that input, but it is my responsibility to provide him with quality materials to work with. Hence learning and study of Baba's words is essential.



4. Choose intelligently through honesty and intuition Baba indicates that we may make intelligent choices to free ourselves from the mechanistic bindings of Karma. Again and again Meher Baba emphasizes the liberating virtue of honesty. He also said that He is ushering in the age of intuition. Being essentially ignorant, how may I make intelligent choices? My inner voice speaks only English, since that is all I have provided for it. Hence, the words of my conscience,

the words of my inner dialogue with Baba, are all my words, and apt to speak truth or lies. But the Reality of Baba as my true inner self prompts my conscience to speak the truth. Through intuition he provides me, if I am completely honest with myself, the ability to discriminate the truth from my desires. When I honestly listen to that voice I make intelligent choices. When I fudge and listen to only the inner words I want to hear, I make stupid choices.



5. Use happiness to help find the way When I am stuck on a real dilemma, an additional criteria Baba has given me, after much painful soul searching, is happiness. I have learned to go for the choice that intuitively feels like it leads to happiness. Since I have been raised in a Christian tradition based on the value of service, and since Baba's loved ones have emphasized the value of self-effacement, this criterion does not seem to lead me to selfish choices that opt for my happiness at the expense of others.



6. Do what is natural On my first trip to India, in 1993, it seemed like many of the Mandali, and everything they urged me to read, emphasized the notion of naturalness. Baba was so natural, and He valued naturalness in those around him. Over the years, in my effort to make intelligent choices that lead to happiness and the

dispelling of mental suffering, I have been able to trust my intuition to choose what comes naturally to me.

Often I can identify what is natural by whether or not it makes me happy. As I get older, I do not second guess my choices or my lifestyle because my life is expressing my nature. Should I

...Not just to have an ideal, but to live in relationship to an ideal. For me, that ideal is Meher Baba.

have made millions of dollars so I can retire early? No, it is natural for me to be a counselor, it gives me joy, and I am not naturally interested in pursuing wealth. Shall I sell everything I own and become a missionary? No, it is natural for me to care for my family and to try to be practically useful to the folks Baba has put in my path. It is natural for me to take Baba's name, to love my wife, to play the tuba, to support some good causes and ignore others, to write this article, so I do these things and I am happy.



7. "Meher Baba, Meher Baba, Meher Baba" By Baba's grace it is natural for me to remember His name, in the morning, at night, intermittently during the day, but, for some reason, I never remember at midday! Remembering his name, repeating his name, always helps dispel mental suffering and makes me happy.



8. Surrender outcomes to God As a counselor I would go nuts if I

depended on the outcomes of my work. Even when I do my best work, Maya still dictates Illusion, and my clients are apt to make choices based on false values. So they suffer and I cannot stop it. Baba has advised, “Do your best and leave the rest to God.” Since I am basically an okay guy with enough work ethic, I usually assume that what I naturally do to be helpful is good enough. In Baba’s Discourse, “The Conditions of Happiness,” His main emphasis is that suffering comes through desires. In my work, I see that much suffering comes through the desire we have for others to behave as we want them to. I practice accepting my powerlessness to influence the behavior of others.



9. Release disappointment through graceful fatalism

I also practice accepting the behavior of others as an expression of Baba’s grace. I believe that God is omnipotent and all knowing. Nothing may happen except by God’s permission. For me, everything that has happened to me, and everything that will happen to me is God’s grace working in my life. Meher Baba is in and all over everything. Knowing this, even suffering is transformed. Hence I have relinquished much disappointment and mental suffering that comes from continually comparing what transpires around me with my imaginary notion of what I think should be. When someone or something is giving me grief, I practice

Baba’s presence & Grace seemed to be in every detail of our experience. We met all the right people at the right time.

remembering my useful mantra, “It is not about me”. In the context of my ideal, I see that they, like me, are in orbit around the Sun of Baba, like the planets, following their natural courses.

After my last trip to India, a group of Baba lovers kindly asked me about my journey with my family. I thought about it, and found myself saying that it was perfect—perfect in every detail. Many in the group chuckled at that, for the accepted notion is that Baba provides a good measure of travail on such trips. And of course, from one perspective, our trip was far from perfect since we all got very sick in turns and suffered the usual traveling difficulties. But

nevertheless, to me it was perfect. Baba’s presence and Grace seemed to be in every detail of our experience. We met all the right people at the right time. He was doing

his mysterious work with every one of us. This was several years ago and I see the work Baba was doing then continuing to this day.

Applying these Principles when Making Choices

I came up with the above list of “principles of happiness” by trying to analyze my own process of being happy in relation to Avatar Meher Baba. Of course the process of making choices is a complex, fluid business. Hence,

any and all of these principles may interweave in making any choice in life. Following is an example of the process. I realize this example represents a relatively easy, low stakes situation. Many dilemmas we face are much more convoluted, and the process of choosing may be much more painful, due to the possible effects of our choices on others.



Randy Overdorff

Recently I was “down-sized” out of a plum of a job. Such a change comes with the usual psychological fallout, disappointment, a

shaking of a sense of identity, anxiety over the future, etc. I tend to just roll with the feelings, which will come and go. If I am obsessing with anxieties at such times, I take Baba’s name and focus on the “principles of happiness” to figure out what to do next. Since Baba indicated that we should do our best and leave the outcomes to Him, I was very active in doing everything I could think of to find my way into new work, including researching opportunities.

This process is akin to the notion of programming the mind with useful information. In this case, I believe my best efforts give Baba the materials to manifest His will for me. I do not recall having much of an inner dialogue with Baba about the specifics of what to do, since my graceful fatalism leads me to believe that the loss of job, and whatever I ended up

doing, would be, by definition, His grace working out for me.

In this case, I think that Baba prompted my conscience to keep it simple. A clear message from my conscience emerged over several weeks of thinking, thinking about options: “Be useful; work with families”. Note that I am both, credentialed as a counselor and as a marriage and family therapist, but I have not been working with families for several years. So I looked for work that would directly fulfill those prescriptions.

Eventually, based on this, I passed up opportunities to be useful as a supervisor of therapists in an agency, because it did not fulfill the part about working directly with families. And due to this second criterion, over time I came to believe that I was meant to work directly with folks as a therapist, rather than in an executive role as I have done in the past.

Interweaving the application of the principles of honesty, intuition, being natural, and following the path of happiness figure heavily in the process, but are hard to describe. For example, having worked for over twenty years in my community I have numerous contacts in the mental health field who I know appreciate me and my skills. I called

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Avatar Meher Baba

all of them. Intuition played a strong role in the meaning I gleaned from the responses to my calls. As I made more and more contacts, I honestly could not feel that any doors were going to open on old and familiar pathways. The agency positions that

were available were measured using my internal happiness meter: When I envisioned working there, my heart felt heaviness. My heart rejoiced at the idea of working with one agency, but darkened after meditating on the 50 mile commute. Trusting happiness as a criterion for choosing, I rejected these opportunities.

Eventually, in the process of doing everything I could think of, I contacted the owner of a relatively new private practice in town. My new relationship with this man felt natural, and I felt I could be myself, naturally, in his company. His group welcomed me with enthusiasm. Intuitively, I felt strongly that this is where I belong. The thought of working with this group gave me a feeling of lightness and happiness.

Now I am being useful as a counselor in private practice and I am serving more and more families. I marvel at the richness and beauty of the people that Baba is bringing to me in my work. Throughout this process, I maintained a certainty that I was completely safe, that my course was certain in the orbit of my Ideal, Avatar Meher Baba.



S O M E T H O U G H T S O N S U R R E N D E R



*“Unless I help you, you cannot surrender.
The moment your surrender is complete, my grace descends and then, in less
than a fraction of a second, the goal of becoming consciously infinite or
infinitely conscious is realized.”¹
—Meher Baba*

by Rachael Malmberg, August 2007, New Mexico

Surrender... short of liberation-enlightenment, is surely the sweet spot of the universe. At last we give all to Baba and become free. Although “universe” implies manifest existence, surrender surely must traverse both the manifest and unmanifest infinity. Baba has told us that Surrender is the way to God, infinite consciousness, but that it requires His help—His Grace. He has also said that trying earns His Grace. Though we can try and try, surrender cannot be forced. Just as love cannot be forced. Both are divine gifts from the Master. [Baba also said, “...surrender is the gift of man to the Perfect Master.”² —LW]

In my limited experience of surrender, I have learned that in surrender which even approaches the bare beginnings of “complete” it is all inclusive. What is required? A willing heart, obedience with love, surrender of our own will. And, as in Steve Walter’s beautiful song, “Every-

thing... nothing less than everything will do.” Our belongings, our body, our mind, our soul, our friends and dear ones, our strengths, our weaknesses, and last but far from least, our very identity... We must surrender all that we think of as defining ourselves. But, none of these things (possessions, body, mind, attributes, etc.) are our true Self and so in Reality we lose nothing, but gain the true Everything.

An experience something like surrender came to me by His Grace through a very difficult time of immense depression and desperation. Indeed it is the event that I now view as Beloved Baba’s greatest gift to me.

Not so long ago, I was in a position of truly utter helplessness; lost to myself, and barely aware of others. Hope was a concept I could not even grasp. I wanted nothing more than to not exist, only oblivion felt safe or desirable. I lay my head across my desk

and cried for the longest time—from a place deep within. And then, as the only possible solution, I gave my entire being to Baba and called on Him to take all of me. I felt no wish about the outcome. Just—Baba, please take me. And then it was as if in an instant that my entire self went flowing out of me and into Him. This experience was the only solace I experienced since my major depression had begun months before. In fact, I would say that it is the only real “cure” for depression*... though that did not end then. (*This statement in no way means that those who have depression, or other illnesses, should discontinue their medication or treatment except on the advice of their physician.) This “surrender” was a sort of “death” experience. With nothing to fear, nothing to hold back, just letting go of everything, letting go of my entire being. I felt I actually died to self and some part of me flowed into some beyond that I thought might be a bit like purga-

tory. This was followed by inner experience of being successively an infant, toddler, youngster, etc, until at some point I reached (internally) young adulthood. I found that some of the traits I previously exhibited had vanished, and some others were becoming known. It was starting over without the trauma of actual physical death, nor the benefit of a new body. Baba also gives us encouragement that surrender is not especially difficult: “To surrender is not as difficult as people think. It must not be external, but internal. You must do your duty toward your dear ones – your wife, children and others who depend on you. You must not shirk or avoid your responsibilities. But while doing these duties, one must not be attached to Maya.

“One must remain detached, whatever the result may be. Even if one of your dear ones dies, you should not think about it, much less worry about it, but dedicate all to the Guru. You should dedicate every thought and every act, both good and bad, at his feet. It is very easy, but because it is so easy, it is difficult. Once dedicated, you should forget everything, and if you cannot forget your thoughts and actions, how can you say that you have surrendered them?”³

What I also gather from Baba is that surrender must be recurrent. We surrender again and again, until the very last sanskara is gone and we are completely free and clear. My opinion is that along the way, being in a state of constant or repeated surrender equates to acceptance to all as it is in the present moment while we keep fully centered in Beloved Baba

—in the eternal now, this present moment. Baba says: “I tell you nothing has happened and nothing will happen. Everything happens now at this moment. This moment is eternal and continues to be eternal, so much so that the next moment will be this moment. The next moment after that will also be this moment. Therefore, in this present moment is embodied all of the past and the future.”⁴

“The moment the intensity of your faith in my Will reaches its height, you say goodbye to worry forever. Then all that you suffered and enjoyed in the past, together with all that you may experience in the future, will be to you the most loving and spontaneous expression of my Will; and nothing will ever be able to cause you worry again.

“Live more and more in the Present, which is ever beautiful and stretches away beyond the limits of the past and the future.”⁵

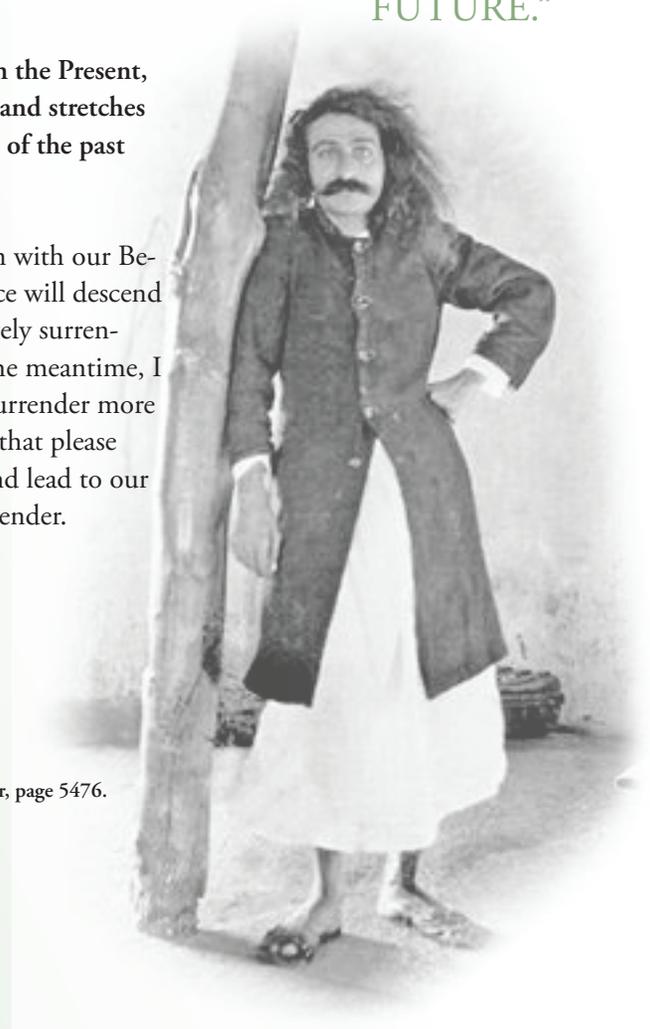
Our greatest gift, union with our Beloved, awaits! His Grace will descend and we will be completely surrendered to His will. In the meantime, I pray we all can try to surrender more and more, live in ways that please Him, bring Him joy and lead to our ultimate complete Surrender.



Notes:

1. In V.S. Kalchuri, Lord Meher, page 5476.
2. Ibid, page 4805.
3. Ibid, page 2356.
4. Ibid, page 5347.
5. Ibid, page 5809.

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Dragon Bones

by Sara McNeill

Brighton England—A long time ago...

Prologue

Brighton, a seaside town on the South Coast of England, has long been known for its network of backstreets and small shops and is still famous for a Saturday morning street market that brings antiques dealers and traders in secondhand goods from far and wide. Junk shops proliferate selling everything from brass toasting-forks to ostrich-feather hats. Junk, or lumber as it was often called, used to be collected by the local rag and bone merchants, who until not so long ago could often be heard plying their trade around the narrow streets, wheeling a flat barrow or sometimes leading a pony harnessed to a cart laden with whatever people put out on the pavement to be collected. Where is he today, the rag and bone man?

His street cry is heard no more. This story is part of bygone days, part of Brighton's mythology.

A small brass dragon came out from among the stars one night and went to live in the back streets of Brighton. Hidden behind the rusty frame of an ancient penny-farthing in Pearly White's Scrapyard, he waited for the sun to rise.

"Got no room for dragons 'ere," shouted old Pearly the next day when he saw two fiery eyes staring at him. "Only deal in any old lumber. All me trade is rag'n bones."

"Dragon Bones is my name," replied the dragon in a magical voice, "and I can live in any old lumber." Pearly White's Scrapyard was choc-a-bloc with any old lumber. Any old lumber was piled up everywhere you looked. But in that early morning light, as Dragon Bones spoke in his magical voice, everything glowed momentarily with a shimmering golden glow.

Pearly White rubbed his eyes and mumbled grumpily. He lumped some sacks onto his barrow and trundled out into the early morning streets. He had work

to get on with. “Rag’n bone! Rag’n bone! Any old lumber!” All the townsfolk knew his voice. It rang through the walls and rattled the windows, reaching right into the kitchens of the back to back street houses. Number eighteen Charlotte Street put out an overgrown aspidistra. Twenty six St Peter’s, a thread-bare carpet, richly coloured but worn through. Fifty two King George’s Place had a broken sewing machine and an old wicker chair to get rid of. Number ten Iron Foundry Road, umpteen pairs of old shoes and boots. A good morning’s work for old Pearly White. A heavy load but worth the trouble.

“What you got there then, Pearly?” shouted grandma Burton as Pearly got back to his Scrapyard. Nosey old lady, she was, but she always sewed little buttons in patterns on his jacket for him; so old Pearly would let her rummage through the sacks on his cart. He even let her pick out a pair of gold sandals for herself that morning. But he didn’t tell her about Dragon Bones.

The small brass dragon was still there when he got back. Not really fit for a dragon, his Scrapyard. It could do with a bit of a tidy. Old Pearly put the overgrown aspidistra into a flowery china chamber pot and set it on the wicker chair where Dragon Bones could see it.

“What did you want to come in ‘ere for then?” he asked.

“I was looking for you,” replied the dragon in a magical voice.

“Planning on staying long are you?”

“Until it’s time to go,” said Dragon Bones.

After that old Pearly White started collecting things to brighten up his Scrapyard. “Got to make it fit for a dragon,” he grumbled. So instead of selling lumber at the Saturday morning street market, he bartered with the other stallholders.

“This old trunk for that hat-stand Fred?” Fred Brackett Esq. Antiques was agreeable. “It’ll need a bit of mending if you know what I mean. Very old that hat-stand.”

“Six pairs of button boots for them lace curtains missus.” Mrs. Dowdy, Fine Fabrics, sat amidst all her old tat and examined the button boots. Yes, old Pearly could have the lace curtains, as a favour mind you.

Sparky Smith had a Victorian candelabra on his stall.

“What’s that doing with all your electricals then?” asked old Pearly.

“When the electric’s cut off, that’s what that’s for,” said Sparky.

“Tell you what, I’ll do a deal,” said old Pearly. “This sewing machine for your candelabra, how’s that?”

“Fair enough. We’ll do a straight swap.” The exchange was done.

Dragon Bones watched with bright metal eyes as old Pearly rearranged the lumber in his Scrapyard. It took him all day. And Dragon Bones sat and waited. He waited till sunset.

“What are you waiting for then?” asked old Pearly.

“I’m waiting for you,” replied the dragon in a magical voice.

“Well I’m done,” announced old Pearly, stepping back to admire his work.

The Scrapyard looked like a shrine.

“Then we can go now,” said Dragon Bones.

“I’m not going anywhere,” replied old Pearly. “Where do you want to go to?”

“Back where I came from,” said Dragon Bones in a magical voice.

“I can’t be doing a thing like that!” exclaimed the old man, “what about all me old lumber?”

“Leave it behind.”

That made old Pearly very angry. “I’m not going anywhere without me old lumber!” he shouted.

“Then you will be left behind,” said Dragon Bones.

And with a single fiery breath he lit all the candles in the candelabra. The candle flames grew tall; so tall they touched the lace curtains and in a moment the curtains were on fire! Little flames danced along the curly arms of the hatstand and licked at the dry, dusty wicker chair. With a gasp old Pearly backed away as the chair burst into flames, crackling in alarm.

“Come with me,” said Dragon Bones in a magical voice.

“Me old lumber! Me Scrapyard!” yelled old Pearly, “it’s going up in flames! The whole place is going up in flames!”

And Dragon Bones went up in flames, right up into the night air, high on the sparking fire flames he rose, up, up, way up beyond the moon and in among the stars. And old Pearly was left behind down there in the backstreets of Brighton, staring at his smoking Scrapyard where the firemen had arrived to put out the flames. Nothing was left. Water from the fire hoses ran down the blackened walls and charred timber framework. The wet walls glistened in the moonlight. The firemen went home. So did the people who had come out to watch. They all went back to bed.

Old Pearly was broken-hearted. “Dragon Bones,” he muttered as he looked up at the night sky, “won’t you come back down ‘ere Dragon Bones? I’d rather have that Dragon Bones than all me old lumber.”

He could almost see those two fiery eyes set up there far among the distant stars. And echoing through the night time backstreets old Pearly’s voice could be heard calling, “Dragon Bones! Dragon Bones!” The call rang through the walls and rattled the windows of the backstreet houses. Old Pearly calling for his Dragon Bones.



SEPARATION SURRENDERANCE REUNION

by Jane Chin Ph.D. & Laurent Weichberger, April - June 2008

Just sit there right now.

Don't do a thing.

Just rest.

For your separation from God, from love

Is the hardest work in this world.

Let me bring you trays of food

and something that you like to drink.

You can use my soft words

as a cushion for your head.¹

- Hafiz

The following correspondence began when Laurent posted the Hafiz poem (above) on April 29, 2008 to Jane's email at Gaia.com, to which Jane asked: "*If my separation from God, from Love, is the hardest work in this world... What about my return to—reunion with God, Love?*"

After a *Skype* conversation, Laurent proposed that the topic of surrendering be further explored in the context of this poem. We shared back and forth, over time.

JANE: "Surrender" is from Middle English and Middle French, meaning to give back, to yield, to give oneself into the power of another (Webster's Ninth New Collegiate dictionary definition). Surrendering to me sounds like defeat. This is what I've learned to accept as a belief. It is using my remaining traces of energy and free will to raise a white flag to an enemy instead of fighting to my death.

I have indeed been surrendering to an enemy. My enemy is illusion, and I have yielded to it, agreed with it, and obeyed it for many years.

Surrendering to an enemy seems on the surface a simple act, and a final one. I thought I was handing my life over to illusion, and that will be it! But this is the perversion of illusion. My captor does not content itself with the mental flagellations that illusion dispenses, for I am also asked to build new beliefs and thoughts about myself and reality to perpetuate illusion's hold.

Soon, I am following illusion-supporting beliefs and thoughts with actions, for how could I make these mental structures real in this citizenship in the gross physical world? These physical actions create physical structures about myself and reality. I begin dressing a certain way, behaving with certain mannerisms, and harboring certain beliefs, that reinforce illusion's hold. These rituals fade to routine over time; I find to my relief that I no longer needed to think about them, my mind happily assumes autopilot as I navigate my life.

Thick, unsightly calluses form on my heart. This was a way my heart learned to survive over time, as it is repeatedly subjected to shame and abuse. Over time, I begin to believe that my heart was little more than the unsightly calluses. I avoid my heart, in my conditioned belief to avoid the ugly for shiny “new beauty”. Shiny “new beauty” supports illusion that now has seeped into me. Illusion has woven itself into me—a suffocating embrace of a vine around a tree. Illusion blocks out my sunlight and drives away the life that I used to support. Over time, illusion makes me forget that I was ever a tree, and helpfully points out the choking vine that covers everything I ever was.

I had no idea that surrendering to an enemy was the beginning of the hardest work in the world.

LAURENT: There are many different surrenders, and various kinds of surrender, aren't there?

When I was in the sweat lodge (Sunday, May 18), during round four I thought about Jane, and her relationship to the Hafiz poem about the hardest work, and that our attachment to separation is that work, we in fact perpetuate the separation because we cling to our ego's desire to keep ourselves...

So, I also saw that the way that we overcome separation, and the way we end the work of keeping apart from one another, and apart from God, is that we surrender to the Divine One, in whatever way we can.

JANE: You do not know how my past week has been the very manifestation of, “...perpetuate the separation because we cling to our ego's desire to keep ourselves”!



Jane & Jaden

I have been on an emotional roller coaster of highs and lows these past couple of weeks. The high came from my first taste of the enjoyment of life, where I went through the day with little attachment to produce tangible results. I even wrote a happy post for Week 16 of *WhatILovetoDo.com* about how I had nothing to analyze!

Imagine my chagrin as the cart now dipped down the bell curve, carrying with it my elevated mood. I began to question myself: why had I not yet accomplished anything tangible? What was I doing with my time and my life, and what do I have to show for? A buddy emailed me a link about a very successful businessman who is an author speaker consultant president of a university and I felt even worse. My ego goaded me to compare myself with this person, and taunted me for not moving closer to that direction. I felt like such a failure! What a difference one week made, and I left Week 17 “empty” on my website, but it was really filled with misery.

This was despite just two days before, when I received an email from a reader of my mental health

website: chinspirations.com/mb-sourcepage, who had read an article on dealing with emotional manipulation and parental-inflicted guilt that I'd written. The reader was so comforted by it that she said she would print it to remind her that she was not alone. I was glad when I read this! But my ego quickly stole away what little gladness I felt.

I told my husband Cass that I imagined myself acting out my mental machinations near Baba. I said, “for some reason, I picture Baba coming over to me and giving me a whack on the head (maybe a slap on my face), when he hears me saying all these things I've been saying about myself.” Because I don't think there was any other way to shake me from the grips of my ego, even if temporarily. Later during the day, I commented on the online space where Laurent and I have been collaborating on this article: “Help Me, Baba! Shake This Ego From Me, It Is Suffocating Me!”

LAURENT: The time has come for us to surrender to the Friend. What does this mean, and how will our surrenderance help us to move past this experience of separation and into the state of Union with the Beloved One?

(Jane explains about what follows: In holding the thought of Baba in my heart, I felt these words resonate from my heart's depths)

JANE WITH BABA: It is what I keep trying to tell Jane, once I get through that thick layer of mind-stuff, she'll understand!

There are layers to “experience” as you understand and “feel” it. The experience of separation is superficial, it is perceived through the mental body. You think you are separate from Me and you create thoughts that reinforce your thinking that you are separate from Me. It is like adding more loose sand to reinforce a sand castle that stands on no foundation! How can you possibly feel secure from this false safety?

The experience of union is deep, and it is the only true “experience”. You KNOW you are one with Me. This is all. Your Heart Knows what your mind can only grasp blindly in the dark! Yet your mind keeps dipping into the mud for water! This is the ridicule of the mind.

(Laurent asked regarding how the above came to her, “did you ‘hear it’

or did it come through your fingers into the keyboard, or what?”)

JANE: I don’t “hear” (sounds). My fingers get connected to the voiceless voice in my heart, start writing or typing. Then afterwards I’m like “daaaaaang! where did that come from?”

(The following with written on Monday, June 2, 2008 at around 10 p.m.)

JANE WROTE, WITH BABA:

... And you were wrong about what I would do, child. I would not slap you or whack you on the head like you imagined. You’ve had enough of that, literally and figuratively. No—I would come to you and envelop you in love and let your inner light grow and glow and show you

the love that you are.

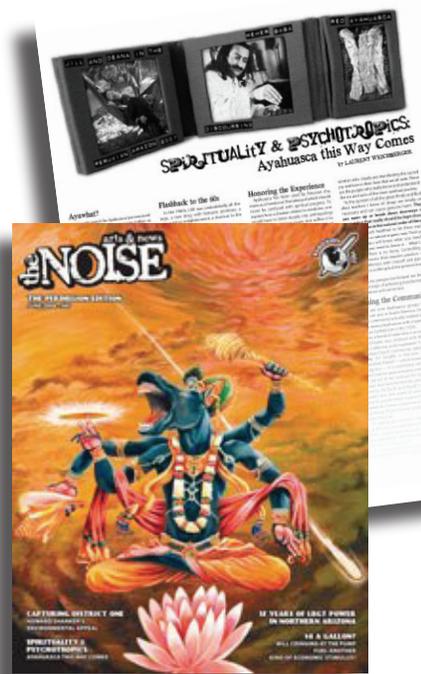
I will let the flames of my love melt away the falseness you have learned and that is the only way to reach you, child, that is the only way... as I am reaching you right now. Can you not feel my love in your heart? I know you can...

Just stay with me, love. Let go of the illusion you hold. Open your eyes and see all the love I have sent into your life. Your husband. Your child. Your guide back to me... and countless more others you cannot even begin to imagine! Such is my love for you!



Notes:

1. From *The Gift* by Daniel Ladinsky (Penguin, 1999).



Ayawhat?!

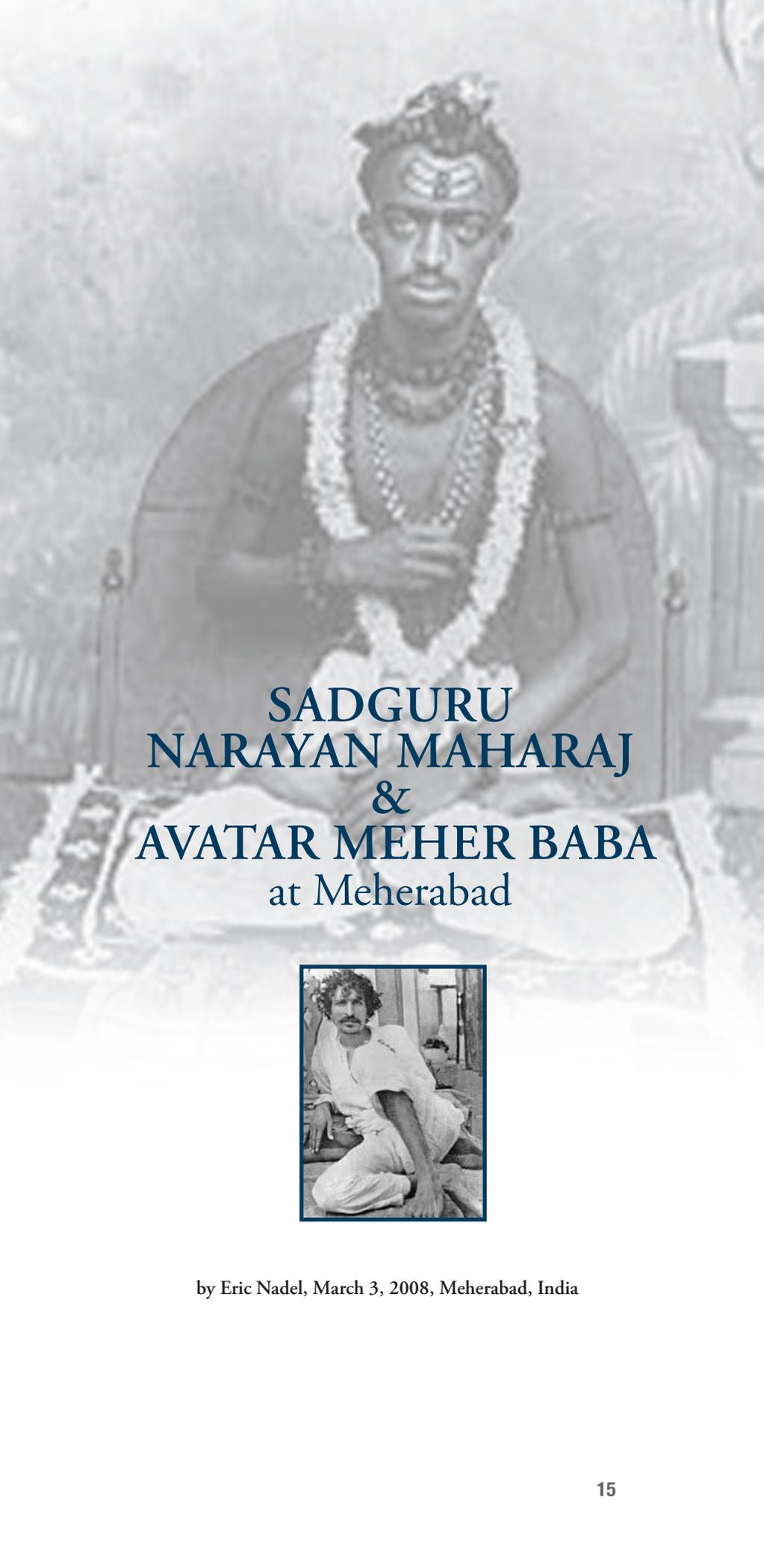
Laurent recently wrote an article for *The Noise*, a local Flagstaff newspaper, about “Ayahuasca” a new psychedelic fad sweeping the nation.

A Google search for Ayahuasca (pronounced “ayah-wah-scah”) brings up over one million results. Ayahuasca is a vine (Banisteriopsis Caapi) native to the Amazon jungle, and is now widely known as the main ingredient in a psychoactive “tea” which is then swallowed by people seeking spiritual enlightenment. Read more about it in, *Spirituality & Psychotropics: Ayahuasca this Way Comes* by Laurent Weichberger (June 2008).

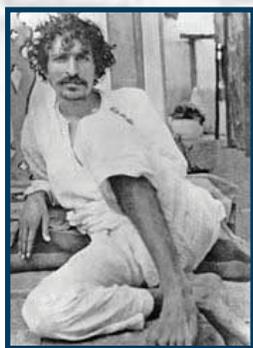
Access Laurent’s article on either, *The Noise’s* website or Laurent’s Blog at:

- The NOISE: <http://www.thenoise.us/Noise/Archives.html> (June ‘08); download PDF; see pages 12,13, & 40.
- Blog: http://meherbabason.gaia.com/blog/2008/5/ayahuasca_this_way_comes

PDF on The Noise’s Website (June 2008) or Laurent’s Blog (addresses in article).



**SADGURU
NARAYAN MAHARAJ
&
AVATAR MEHER BABA
at Meherabad**



by Eric Nadel, March 3, 2008, Meherabad, India

In 1978, a Meher Baba lover visiting Meherabad named Anne Marie Rider wished to visit the ashram of Narayan Maharaj and pay her respects to one of the Masters of our Master. Anne, originally from Montana, was at that time a nurse in New York City.

Narayan-Peth is in Kedgaon-Beth [“Kedgaon-the-orchard”], a very remote village, two hours distant from Meherabad. Since Anne was determined, alert, able but also aging at that time, and knew no Marathi, Padri asked me to accompany her there. After traveling in a hired car on unpaved nearly impassable tracks, we reached Narayan’s Ashram. It is a large compound circled by a low stone wall, set in serene country side, bounded by a stream, reached by a small bridge, surrounded by meadows and trees; the air was thick with beauty and enchantment.

We were warmly welcomed in a small simple office where nobody spoke English. I explained that we had come from Meherabad. The office manager, Vishwanath Pund, proudly pointed to the three pictures of God on the wall: an unframed paper lithograph of Krishna

displaying His Divine Cosmic Form, a small framed picture of his Master, Narayan Maharaj, & a large nicely framed photo of Meher Baba.

He enthusiastically directed us to meet Sri Krishna Joglekar; he assured us that Joglekar spoke excellent English, would happily show us everything, and answer any and all questions for us.

We walked back through the small grove of 108 neem trees that Narayan had planted. It was surrounded by small bungalows in rows. These homes were built by His mandali, many of whom were princes.

At the back was Narayan's lovely palace and hall. Nearby was His seat, and small outbuilding, like a gardener's shed. Against the wall of the shed, from a distance of about 50 yards, we saw a large man, seated in a chair tipped back so he could stretch his feet up on

...although He was all knowing, He would sometimes act childlike & ignorant; "He was so simple, He made us feel wise!"

the white washed wall to read the paper. He was bare chested, head shaved, wearing a dhoti, glasses and a blue naval night watch cap. He rose abruptly and turned to gaze at us, still holding in his hands the newspaper and a smoldering charminar cigarette. He did not

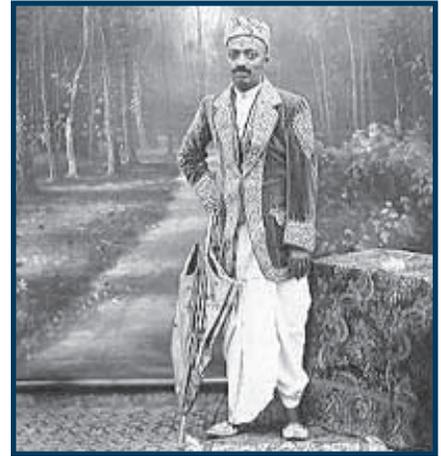
shout but his rich powerful voice naturally filled all the distance between us. With great feeling he declared: **"I see nothing in you but Meher Baba's form! From head to foot you are nothing but Meher Baba! You must be from Meherabad. Come! Be welcome here! All this here is for you!"** It was a stunning welcome! This was Krishna Joglekar.

Narayan arrived one day unannounced at his family home in Poona in the first decade of the last century. They were an old pious Brahmin family long established in Poona. The Master told them that before coming to their house, He had traveled around the world three times searching for one true seeker who only wanted love for God, however He said: **"After all these years, I have not found even a single one; there must be some, but our paths have not crossed yet. So, I am now inclined to give up this fruitless search, and settle down somewhere near here."**

He stayed on with the Joglekars for a time, in their attic. He lived intimately with them, supervised their family affairs, ordered the household's economy and budget, planned and arranged the education of the children. Then, He first briefly moved to the outskirts of Poona, then shifted to Kedgaon, stayed several other places in Kedgaon and finally fixed His seat at Narayan-Peth.

Joglekar described how as he grew up, his weekends, holidays and vacations were spent with His master

until he completed college and he could stay permanently with Him in Narayan-Peth. He served there as Narayan's secretary for all his English and Marathi correspondence. He lovingly detailed for us many of Narayan's personal traits.



Sadguru Narayan Maharaj

For example he described how although He was all knowing, He would sometimes act childlike and ignorant; "He was so simple, He made us feel wise!"

He might be reading the newspaper, and would say, **"Look at the price of wheat! Isn't this a very high price for wheat? How can the people afford it?"** Then He might ask, **"What is wheat, anyway? How do they make it?"**

—"It is a plant, Master. They don't make it, they grow it."

"Oh, it is a plant. I see. Does it grow on trees?"

—"No, master, it is like a grass. The seeds of the grass are wheat grains; they form little ears near the top of the grass stalks."

“Oh, I see. Really, this is so very interesting.”

In all his conversation, Krishna always referred to Narayan as “My Beloved Master,” or “My Beloved Lord” and to Baba always as “Beloved Avatar Meher Baba” or “Avatar Meher Baba.” He uttered these words naturally and with great warmth. It was lovely and intriguing, so I eventually asked him how he came to know that Baba was the Avatar. He said, “Oh, my Beloved Master told us.”

–“When?” He calculated, & after a moment announced it was in 1925. Then he repeated the story of a train journey Narayan Maharaj made that year in His own personal specially appointed private and princely rail car along with His disciples. They were beginning a journey to North India and traveling along the Dhond-Manmad line, when suddenly the train halted. As if He knew nothing, He asked, “What happened? Why did the train stop? Are we at a station?”

–“No, Master, the next station is some way off. We are in the countryside.”

“Did someone pull the emergency chain? Check and see.”

The disciples would query all the passengers, checking with the other cars and the conductor. “No, Master; no one has pulled the emergency chain.”

“Well, there must be some reason. Did the engine break down? Go,

ask the engineer and learn if the engine has broken down.”

After inquiries, “No, Master, the engine did not break down.”

“Perhaps one of the wheels fell off. Did one of the wheels fall off? Ask the guard.”

The disciples would again inquire. “No, Master, the wheels did not fall off.”

“Perhaps a signal is down. Go and ask the conductor.” “Has the fireman run out of coal?”

“He is Meher Baba. He is the Avatar of this age.

Go, bow down to Him, and have His darshan.”

And again there was no apparent cause. After continuing on in the same manner for a bit, Narayan then said: “Open the carriage door; see if there is a handsome young man, with long, dark hair, slight beard, wearing a long white shirt and white pajamas, with His sandals off, hands folded, gazing respectfully in My direction.”

–“Yes Lord, it is as You have said.”

“Tell me, are there two rows of young men, similarly posed, standing behind Him?”

–Yes Lord, it is exactly as you have described.”

“He is Meher Baba. He is the Avatar of this age. Go, bow down to Him, and have His darshan.”

The disciples rushed to do as He asked. Then Narayan Himself came to the door and stood with His feet out just over the edge of the door frame. Baba’s mandali came up and could slide their heads easily beneath His feet.

Finally Narayan waved gracefully three times towards Baba and His men with a familiar gesture that Krishna recognized as His Master’s bestowal of His blessings, and the train began to move.

Joglekar said that the love that flowed between the two Masters and the whole experience itself was so astonishingly wonderful that no one could ever forget it; even so, they were constantly reminded of it because, on every train journey on that line, whenever the train passed through Meherabad, it would always stop for a few moments. It was such a constant feature of all their train journeys with Narayan Maharaj that if the train halted abruptly on a remote stretch of track, anywhere in India, north or south, Narayan would sit up and ask, “Look out the window; See if we have come again to Arangaon.”

This meeting of the Masters took place near the foot path over at the rail lines at Meherabad, which we cross to go up to the Samadhi.





Jean Paul Samputu & the Power of Forgiveness

by Laurent Weichberger, April 13, 2008, Arizona, USA

Jean Paul Samputu is a native Rwandan, and he works internationally as an Ambassador for Peace. In 1994 there was a genocide in Rwanda and one million people were murdered in ninety days. This is how it happened, and his story of the power of forgiveness.



(Laurent conducted this interview over the phone and it was tape recorded for posterity.)

Male voice: Hello?

Laurent (LW): Hello, is this Jean Paul Samputu?

Male voice: This is Vincent.

LW: Hi, I'm calling Jean Paul. He is expecting my call. My name is Laurent.

Jean Paul Samputu (JPS): Hello?

LW: Hi, its Laurent from Flagstaff.

JPS: Oh, Laurent, ha ha ha. Laurent is the French.

LW: Tu parle Francais?

JPS: Oui!

LW: I was hoping I could ask you a few question if you have a few minutes?

JPS: Yes, no problem.

LW: Okay, thank you. I understand that you were living in Rwanda?

JPS: No, I live in Montreal, touring in America, because I have a record company and a manager in America but I often go to Rwanda. I was in Rwanda last week, and I am going there also in May.

LW: But did you used to live there, before?

JPS: Yeah, because I was born there, I was raised there, I went to school there until the genocide started and it was tough for us, you know, I lost my parents, three brothers and a

—wow! And when I saw your emails... I was happy.

LW: Well, and so my daughter says that you were doing some forgiveness work during the genocide in Rwanda and afterwards, because you lost your parents to the genocide?

JPS: Yeah, what happened, let me tell you the story...

LW: Tell me.

JPS: It's a good story.

LW: Please tell me.

JPS: Okay, in 1994, we had a genocide in Rwanda and one million people were murdered in ninety days.¹

LW: One million people were murdered in ninety days?

JPS: Yeah, one million, one million people, Tutsis. You know we have three tribes, Hutu, Tutsi and Twa.² The Hutus killed Tutsis, because the Hutus was controlling the government.

LW: Right.

JPS: Yeah, and my mother, father, three brothers and a sister were murdered by one of our best friends. He was our neighbor, and he was such a good friend. And that's what happened in genocide, brothers killed brothers, friends killed friends, even husbands killed their wives.

LW: Unbelievable!

JPS: Yeah. Because the government was behind, the government told everybody that the Tutsi must die. What happened, before, in 1991



JPS: Yeah, we are driving.

LW: Are you going to the airport, or where are you going?

JPS: We are going to a party, it's a party I think of people from Rwanda.

LW: Oh, okay. I was going to ask you a couple of questions for my newsletter, it's a spiritual newsletter.

sister during the genocide.

LW: Yes, that's terrible!

JPS: Yeah.

LW: You know my daughter was here in Flagstaff, seeing you do the drumming and dancing.

JPS: Yeah, I heard that I was just

before the genocide happened, I was in prison for six months because I was Tutsi and I was well known... and my brother told me after the prison, because they released people from the prison, at least the government decided to take home...

...they told me that my parents were killed by my friend, you know the guy we grew up together... then I lost my mind...

to put them in the families, and at home because they wanted to start the mass-killing. And my father told me, you are known Jean Paul, you should leave the country because when they will start to kill people they will start by killing people like you who are very known. And I went to run to Burundi and Uganda, and I came back in 1994, July. The genocide started from April to July. It took only ninety days.

LW: So, the whole genocide was ninety days?

JPS: Only ninety days, and one million people.

LW: So, April to July 1994?

JPS: Yeah. When I arrived, I asked my neighbors what happened? The people I found at home, they told me that my parents were killed by my friend, you know the guy we grew up together... then I lost my

mind, after that! I couldn't understand how such a person is the one who did that, and I was... I really had the anger, & from 1994 to 2002 it was not me, because I started to drink, & taking drugs, because I wanted... I wanted just to forget.

LW: So, lots of alcohol and lots of drugs?

JPS: Yeah, actually when I was addicted and I couldn't sing anymore, I went to doctors, yet nothing happened, because, you know, I was addicted... I was in Rwanda, but I left Rwanda going to Kampala, Uganda because no one could trust me in Rwanda.

LW: What kind of drugs were you using?

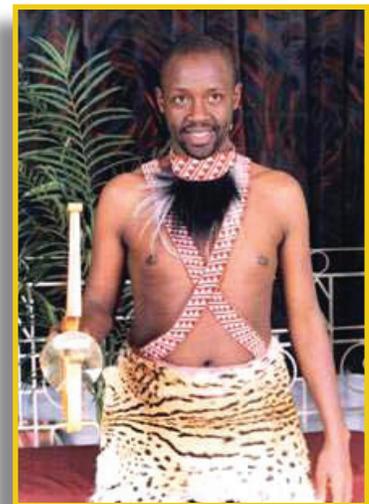
JPS: Marijuana, plus whiskey, you know many, many kinds of drinks and alcohol.

LW: So, mostly Marijuana and alcohol.

JPS: Yeah, I couldn't even sing anymore, and I went to see doctors to try to see if they can heal me. My friends said come we can show you the great witch doctors who can try to help you. Nothing happens until I went to prison, and when I went to prison (because I have a brother who lives in Nairobi, Kenya) and he came to take me out of the prison, and he brought me to his house in Kenya, where I found a man (who is in his house) and that man was an Evangelist. And he was praying, and he prayed for me, and said: "God sent me here to try to help you," and while he was praying he was mentioning the

name of Jesus, and he was praying, and he was saying, "Go out of him, in the name of Jesus!" and when he mentioned the name of Jesus, I fell down. When he mentioned the name of Jesus I was vomiting. And it was powerful, until when I was laid down, one hour after I asked him, "What happened?" Because I was happy, I was having joy, I was... just trying to find—what happened?

Because it was powerful, and he told me, "Jesus healed you. You are



Jean Paul Samputu

going to know God. I am going to give you a Bible. You are going to know about the power of God."

And, what happened then, I was doing everything he told me to do, I was doing it because a miracle had happened in my life. And three weeks later I went to a church with him, I start to know of the word of God, and after three months—you know—I stopped drinking.

LW: That's wonderful!

JPS: Yeah, and I started to get to know about that power. I went to a mountain, its called Prayer Mountain, just to know this power. And I discovered, you know, I start to read the Bible... you know, I want to discover about this power. And what happened, when I was praying, I used to talk with the [book], you know during my prayers, and one day the voice... you know, God's voice told me to forgive those who killed my parents. Because I was [baptized] but there was remaining one thing which I needed... because, God's voice, God told me to forgive the people who killed my parents, because if I forgive them I will get healed totally. It took me, you know like one year, but I decided to go there, and I went back to my village and I found out... he was in prison. And I told him, "I want to be delivered, because God told me to forgive you and I want to obey God. I forgive you."

But the time when I took that decision, that's the time I was delivered, that's the time I was healed. I had peace in my heart and everything was good. And I start to sing and start to win many awards... I won... like the equivalent of Grammy Award... I was in Uganda, but I won an award in South Africa, which helped me to come in America because a record company invited me here. At that time, it was in 2004, I won another international competition, and I started to teach about forgiveness. I started to help others to help heal my country. I went to Rwanda, just to come to talk about forgiveness. And the

power of forgiveness helped me to heal. The power of forgiveness helps the other people to heal, and others also say that forgiveness is the weapon, the most powerful weapon against terrorists and atrocity.

LW: Yes, I agree with you 100%! I think its wonderful what you are sharing. Thank you, God bless you.

God told me to forgive the people who killed my parents, because if I forgive them I will get healed totally.

JPS: Yeah, that its not all about me. Its not... I will never take any credit because, last year in November... no, this is the power of God. It is God. You know, I was picked as an "Ambassador for Peace" because of that, and I asked them, the International Inter-religious Federation... I said, "Why you give me this award? Why you give me this position?" They said, "Because you had the courage, and you went to your village, and you take a decision, and you forgave those who killed your parents." I told them, "No, you should not give me this award, because it's God who told me to do that. It's not me. You know, I didn't take that decision, God took that decision... You should thank God. Thank God, not me. Of course I took that position and now I tour internationally as an Ambassador

for Peace, but because of the power of forgiveness given by Jesus.

LW: Well, thank you so much for sharing that story, that's an amazing story.

JPS: Oh, well thank you.

LW: Now what year was it that you went into the prison to find your old friend to forgive him, what year did you do that?

JPS: Yeah, I went there also again... what happened in Rwanda is horrible, people were killed... one person was killed by four people, three people... I went there in prison, and after, in July, what we call the traditional court. And even to the traditional court, which is not very easy, and I declared myself that, "I forgive them." And I give them the names, and now the guy I forgave, this guy is now... he is going and telling... the power of forgiveness helped him also, he is going, and he tours also, in the country in Rwanda, and telling the people who, you know we call them the [killers]... you know teaching them, telling them, we have to do repentance... because what we did is bad. And he is doing amazing work, because it is important what he is doing, because he is encouraging others to ask forgiveness too.

LW: Absolutely! What year was it, do you remember what year it was that you forgave him?

JPS: Yeah, 2004.

LW: 2004?

JPS: Yeah, that was the year that I took the decision. But, to go to the prison to meet him face to face, I

MEHER BABA'S

Two I's

MESSAGE ON FORGIVENESS¹

by Meher Baba, January 1, 1939

“...The meaning of forgiveness is to forget the insult. When you remember it, how could you have forgiven it? After forgiving, you should not remember the incident or hold anything against him.

“...you should make a resolution to forgive and forget. Only by forgetting can you truly forgive. Otherwise, what is the use of merely saying the words, ‘I forgive you’? It must be from the heart.”



Note:

1. From *Lord Meher*, Bhau Kalchuri, p.2354, Copyright © by Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Trust.

went last year [2007] in July.

LW: Last year in July?

JPS: Yes.

LW: And he was still in prison at that point?

JPS: No, no, he came out.

LW: He came out.

JPS: He came to court, because he was not supposed to go back to the prison. Because I forgave him in front of everybody publicly, it was something very powerful. They



www.samputu.com

said, “Okay, you are forgiven, and you have to go home.” And his wife also said, “If Jean Paul forgives you, it is like saying that God forgives you then me also, I forgive you.” Because the court allowed him to go to his family again, but he killed people during the genocide and... you know this man is... I met him last week, I was in Rwanda, I went

to his house, and his children, to visit. We are now reconciled and now we are going to travel [together] the country to benefit conferences helping people to get reconciled...

LW: Yes, wonderful!

JPS: ...we still have people who are affected by the genocide, who are in the spirit of revenge, we need to help them to heal also.

LW: So, are you going to work with him?

JPS: Yeah, of course.

LW: That's so wonderful to hear. It's so clear that God is in your life now. Thank you so much for sharing this story with me.

JPS: Thank you also for... I think you were guided also by the Spirit, because I saw your email saying, “I want also that story to be ... because many people should

know.” It's a hard thing for people who don't understand about the power of forgiveness.



Notes:

1. For more on the genocide, see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rwandan_Genocide
2. For more on the Twa tribe see: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/History_of_Rwanda

YOU ARE INVITED to share your images, art, or words.
The next issue will focus on the New Humanity. Please send submissions to Laurent at laurent@ompoint.com.

One day around the year 2001, I started reading a large book that a close friend had suggested I read, by a woman who had been following Meher Baba for a long time. She had correspondence with Meher Baba, and knew some of Baba's disciples.

In any case, as I sat up in bed reading, I came across a passage in which she basically said that if you have an experience of Meher Baba after he has passed away (after January 1969) then you are not really experiencing Meher Baba, but rather you are experiencing another living spiritual Perfect Master pretending to be Baba so as to help you.

I immediately closed the book and put it on the night table. I was not happy. First of all I didn't believe this to be true, what she said in the book, but it was worse than that. I had to admit that I didn't know if what she said was true or not. I was determined to find out. So, right then and there I started a new prayer, and this prayer was prayed by me for many days, "Meher Baba, you know I am upset with what she said, and I don't believe it is true. But you also know I am ignorant, and so I can't know if that is true or not. But you know whether it is true, and so I implore you, I beg you, because my relationship to you is the most important relationship in my life, please tell me directly, Where are you right now?"

I prayed that last bit of it over and over, for many days, I don't know how long but weeks... "Where are

you, Baba, right now?" I was insistent that he answer this for me, it was so important to me spiritually.

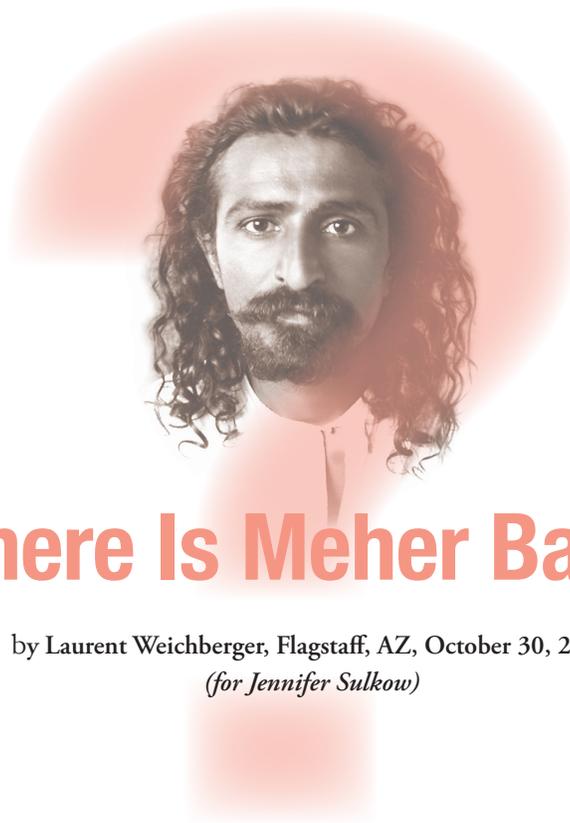
I did not get a response. A few months later, I felt in need of a spiritual retreat. I organized a "sweat lodge" with two male friends, with me leading the lodge. I asked my beloved wife Lilly to be the "fire keeper" which she did...

A sweat lodge typically has "rounds" and each round means the bringing of hot rocks into the lodge. In our case we had four rounds, and somewhere in the third or fourth round I heard an intuitive-voice speak to me so loudly and clearly within, that all I can say is I-felt-knowing exactly what it was conveying to me. It did not speak in English, it spoke to me in feeling-tones, more clearly than the English language. If I had

to translate the message, I could. I recognized this as one of the few times in my life I could say it was Meher Baba speaking (so incredibly clearly) directly to me, and it was an answer to my prayer question, "Where are you right now Baba?" I am reluctant to share what that message was, simply because it is up to each individual to come to this in their own process, in their own way. The answer for me had (and still has) incredibly deep meaning in my ongoing process, and I am working with it even now.

If you are wondering where is Meher Baba, I would encourage you to ask Him directly. Based on my experience, he is responsive.

In Oneness and presence.



Where Is Meher Baba?

by Laurent Weichberger, Flagstaff, AZ, October 30, 2007
(for Jennifer Sulkow)



Real healing is spiritual healing, whereby the soul, becoming free from desires, doubts and hallucinations, enjoys the eternal bliss of God. Untimely physical healing might retard the spiritual healing. If borne willingly, physical and mental suffering can make one worthy of receiving spiritual healing. Consider mental and physical suffering as gifts from God, which, if accepted gracefully, lead to everlasting happiness.

— Meher Baba, Meher Spiritual Center, Myrtle Beach, SC, April 25, 1952



OM ॐ POINT

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