

thunder puts him to sleep.

to the executioners, and whose Spirit is so joyful that even

who with a balanced quiet mind walks over a battlefield or goes

still sees the sun, who faces the difficulties and the death,

reflected in his life and who in the midst of a furious storm

The yogi is therefore one, in whom all these capabilities are

loneliness and who has a disciplined mind.

if people talk badly of him, who likes the silence and the

of respect, who is not pampered by praise but also not depressed

enemies in the same way, who stays untouched by respect or lack

good ones as well as the bad ones, who treats friends and

touched by it, who gives up all the fruits of his acting, the

worries and fears, who is pure, efficient at work but yet not

is not afraid of others, and who is as free of excitement as of

and soul is surrendered to God, who does not cause any evil, who

is constantly satisfied, whose decisions are firm and whose mind

heat and cold, happiness and harm equally, who always forgives,

who is generous to everyone and without any egoism, who can bear

Only that one is a true worshipper of God, who is not jealous,

(by Mahatma Gandhi)

The Ideal Wise Guru

From "Muhammad - His Life Based on the Earliest Sources" by Martin

ings. (Cambridge: Islamic Texts Society, 1983.)

the spoken language was nearest to poetry.

from one or another of the desert tribes, for it was in the desert that

indeed something to be proud of; and the best poets were nearly always

the crown of eloquence was poetry. To have a great poet in the family was

their children. A man's worth was largely assessed by his eloquence, and

read, but poetry of speech was a virtue which all Arab parents desired for

language, one of man's most precious possessions. Few of the Arabs could

off a man's alertness and vigilance. Everything decayed there, even

stovenciness lurked in the shadow of their walls, ready to take the edge

ruiner of all things. Towns were places of corruption. Sloth and

place, -- yesterday, today, tomorrow -- was to be a target for time, the

yet to come. But the townsman was a prisoner; and to be fixed in one

tomorrow seemed less of a fatality if its where as its when had

domination of time. By striking camp he sloughed off his yesterdays; and

space, and in virtue of that lordship he escaped in a sense from the

nomad was free. In the desert a man was conscious of being the lord of

its bounty for souls. Nobility and freedom were inseparable, and the

their sons to imitate. That was for their bodies, but the desert had also

tribes. But it was not only the desert's fresh air that they wished

weaned and spent part of their childhood amongst one of the Bedouin

their sons, soon after their birth, into the desert, to be suckled and

It was the custom of all the great families of Arab towns to send

Here are some words that may offer inspiration to write and submit

poems for the new Sahaja Yoga poetry book:

(Vancouver - 14/06/93)

POETRY OF THE DESERT

3.

4.

MUSIC OF JOY-CONCERT PRACTICE:

To take place on Saturday 10th July, at Croyden Ashram.

Stick dancing practice will begin at 5pm. The singing will

start at 6pm. B.Y.O. plate. All welcome.

Any enquiries ring Avinash or John on 745-2393.

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SYDNEY YELLOW PAGES ENTRY FOR 93/94.

We have renewed our Sahaja Yoga entry for the coming year

and are soon expected to pay the BILL !! Our main entry,

with a photo of Shri Mataji, will again be under the heading

of "Relaxation Therapy" with a small entry under "Yoga".

The 93/94 edition is due for distribution in late October.

The cost of our entry is \$3,800 and as in previous years,

contributions are invited to help cover this cost. The

suggested amount per working person is \$30. Should you wish

to contribute please contact Robert Hutcheon PH. 570-8562

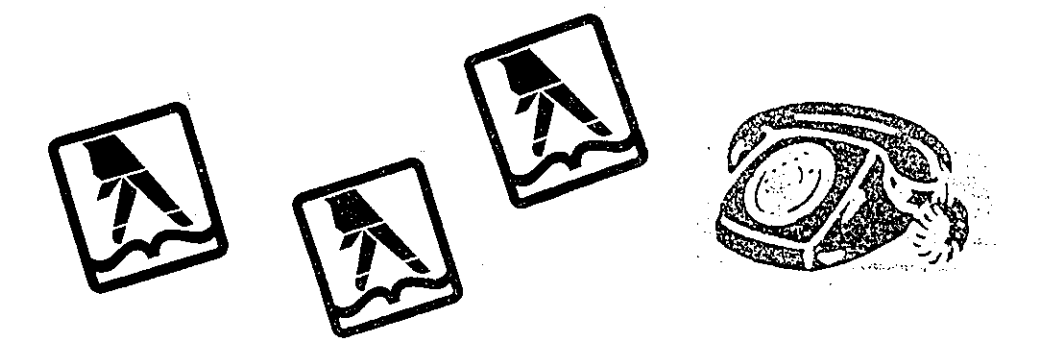
or Juan Vega PH. 745-2393. Or you can deposit your contribution

(marked yellow pages) into the National Promotions box in the

hallway at Burwood. We are hoping to conclude the collection

by the end of July.

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# Sahaja Newsletter

Contributions:

Carole McNeill: (02) 560 6921

Efrem Manassey (02) 560 4134

Fax: (02) 745 4562

FRIDAY 9th JULY '93

COME HOLY GHOST, OUR SOULS INSPIRE

COME HOLY GHOST, OUR SOULS INSPIRE,  
AND LIGHTEN WITH CELESTIAL FIRE;  
THOU THE ANNOINTING SPIRIT ART,  
WHO DOST THY SEV'NFOLD GIFTS IMPART.

THY BLESSED UNCTION FROM ABOVE  
IS COMFORT, LIFE AND POWER OF LOVE;  
ENNOBLE WITH CELESTIAL LIGHT  
THE DULLNESS OF OUR BLINDED SIGHT.

TEACH US TO KNOW THE FATHER, SON,  
AND THEE WITH BOTH TO BE BUT ONE;  
THAT THROUGH THE AGES ALL ALONG  
THIS MAY BE OUR ENDLESS SONG:  
PRAISE TO THINE ETERNAL MERIT  
FATHER, SON AND HOLY SPIRIT.

## What would life be without gonks?

It was a beautiful spring afternoon. The sun shone through the french windows onto the carpet of my bed sittingroom as I sat reading and listening to one of my favourite recordings by Segovia. Suddenly there was a knock at the door. It was a complete surprise as I was unaware that anybody knew of my new address. Putting down my book and turning off the music, I went to the door and opened it. There stood Sri Mother! "May I come in?" she said. I was overwhelmed. I did not know what to do or what to say.... I just stood there. "Well?" she said, laughing at my confusion. "May I come in...or will you leave me standing on your doorstep!" At once I pulled myself together and invited her in. She looked around and complimented me on the decor; then she walked to the wardrobe and stood with her hand on the doorknob. "May I?" she asked with a mischievous smile. "Of course" I said and rushed to open it for her, hoping to heaven that it was reasonably tidy and was not as it so often was, a repository for all my surplus junk that I could find nowhere else to store. I opened the door and she looked inside. There they all were, rows of shirts, suits, trousers and one or two track suits that were a relic of my passion for jogging. "Now" said Sri mother "Let us look at what you've got in here!" Slowly we went through the clothing until finally we had examined every piece. On one side we had a large collection of garments in general and day to day use and at the other end were one or two pieces that I no longer wore. "Now" said Sri Mother, "what about this one?" and she held up a track suit. "Oh I keep that one," I said "just in case I need to do some exercise!" She sorted through one or two other pieces, pulling out a sports coat. "What about this one?" "Ah" I said "that was given to me by my mother just before she died...I don't like it much and I never wear it, but my father would be most upset if I got rid of it!" She held up a polarneck jumper with a rather garish design on it. "And this?" I winced. "It's an old school jumper" I said. "It's horribly out of date; but I thought it might come back into fashion, so I've kept it...." "And these?" She said, holding up two pairs of trousers of that rather awful era of the wide flared bellbottom cuffs. "Yes" I said "they are awful, but they...but you know I've hardly worn them and one never knows when they also might come back into fashion!" Sri Mother looked at me searchingly and smiled: "My child" she said "I have brought you a number of very attractive, highly practical and extremely useful pieces of clothing that you will find exactly suited to your needs. But I cannot give them to you unless you make room in your wardrobe!" And without another word, she turned and left the room.

MY bedroom has become a boxing ring. In the left corner is Margaret McClusky, who calls herself a "clutter-buster" — a person who comes into other people's homes to help them get rid of the decades of junk and sentimental schlock they have been hoarding in boxes and corners and garages. In the right corner is the clutter — 32 years of accumulated treasures.

Well, actually, the "treasure" (as I prefer to call it) is in the left corner too, and in the middle and in the cupboards and lounge room and office. In fact, it has begun spilling out all over my apartment and in desperation I have had to call in a professional to help me tackle the problem.

By hoarding everything from my past — photos, old diaries, my old school books from Grade 1, perfumes, clothes worn by me at the time of every love affair, millions of letters written to and by me — I have lost my present. I can't find things that are urgent to my well-being in the rubble that litters my life.

I can't find receipts necessary for tax returns, I can't find articles necessary for work. Last week I lost the telephone under the mounting piles of "urgent things to do" which had tipped over into the "miscellaneous" pile at some point. I have bills that can't be paid, people I can't contact because the serviette bearing their number is buried in the treasure. There are letters from readers I can't find to answer.

Enter Margaret. Better than a therapist. She knows only too well that the way to get people to dispense with their clutter is to show them the cost of continuing to hoard and procrastinate (the two tend to feed each other).

Margaret, who is a successful author, tells me (to soften the initial fear I have of her stern, maternal presence hovering above my treasure) that she used to be a procrastinating clutterbug. The cost to her was that she suffocated her cat, which climbed into one of her cluttered drawers and was accidentally shut in with the other treasures only to be discovered stiff as a board two days later.

She then started running courses about clutter and is now a full-time clutter-buster, a concept which is thriving in America but is new to Australia. She goes into homes and into corporations to rid people of that which is weighing them down and making them inefficient — for a handsome fee.

"Clutter cats into our daily lives. Clutter is unnecessary," she says. We discuss a fellow clutter-bug who is about to go to jail for not doing his tax returns because he can't bear to confront his clutter. We talk about the cost to me of having no space. The cost to my spine and previously to hers of a lifetime spent dragging boxes from one abode to another and another.

I obediently pull a box out of the cupboard and open it for her perusal. At once my eyes fill with tears. Preparing to part with the past is the most traumatic thing humans ever have to endure. Which is probably why so many of us refuse to let go of that last little, pathetic remnant.

Inside are my gonks. These are strange moon-shaped things my grandmother knitted and stuffed for me when I was little. My heart lurches forward with a hideous ache. What am I going to tell the clutter-buster? How on earth can I justify my need to cling on to these ridiculous balls of love and memory. The smell that wafts up is familiar to me. It's my childhood. It's my nana.

I search her face for permission to keep them. She says, "Often people get really upset when they open their old trunks and boxes. The past hurts people. That's why I can't understand why people want to hold on to it."

I know Buddhists believe it is only that which we cling to, which we attach value to, that has the ability to hurt us. They say living in a spartan present averts unnecessary pain.

Why people keep their gonks, and their photos, their first record and their adult child's pottery elephant from kindergarten is as inexplicable as love. Why people prefer the pain of memory to not remembering is inexplicable. Humans are an illogical and irrational cocktail. I refuse to make a decision on the fate of my gonks.

Instead I find some boxes which are full of paper and non-sentimental clutter. These are easily sorted through. Most people have no aversion to throwing paper or old clothes out. Laziness, procrastination and fear of the enormity of the task are their main stumbling blocks, Margaret says. Once working with the paper, the ordering and tossing out are quite simple.

But then we come to another box of sentimental goo. This is my love box — a box I have kept of all my early romances. There is one fellow's tie, perfumes or aftershave samples collected from every love affair so that when I open the bottle I am immediately transported back to that time, even if the scent is a little stale. I even have one fellow's hair, plucked lovingly from the shower on our last encounter 10 years ago and placed in a glass box on a piece of cotton wool. And photos, photos galore!

The clutter-buster is horrified. She says: "These are the two questions the clutter-bug must ask. What purpose will this piece of clutter serve to my life? What is the worst thing that will happen if I throw it out?"

Again I'm at the point of tears. The hair serves no purpose at all. In fact, it's a profoundly idiotic thing to keep. The worst thing that will happen if I toss it out, along with my other memorabilia, is that I'll forget. I don't want to forget one single thing about my life.

I make a deal with the clutter-buster. I'll toss out the tonnes of papers and old clothes to make room for the real treasure of my life — which is my past.

On to the empty shelves go my cherished gonks. They smile down at me. They know that the real reason most humans hoard is because they don't trust their memories. How could you risk forgetting a gonk and the way your grandmother glowed with pride when she handed the silly thing to you?

- The Weekend  
AUSTRALIAN

May 8-9 1993.

