

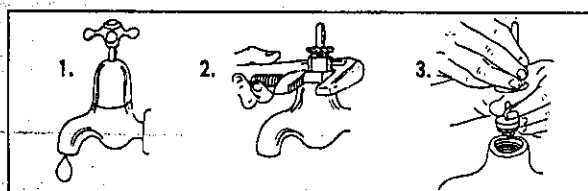
13. And she caught with her mouth the weapons and the great arms shot by those asuras and crunched them up with her teeth in her fury.
14. She destroyed all that host of mighty and evil-natured asuras, devoured some and battered others.
15. Some were killed with her sword, some were beaten with her skull-topped staff, and other asuras met their death being ground with the edge of her teeth.
16. On seeing all the hosts of asuras laid low in a moment, Candā rushed against that Kālī, who was exceedingly terrible



3.
4.

Replace a tap washer in three easy steps.

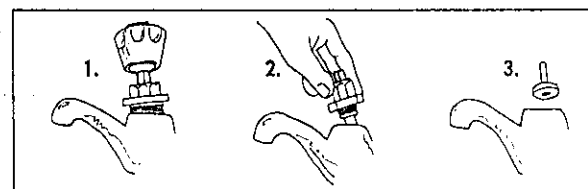
Step 1: Turn off the water supply at the metre. If you're draining a hot water heater, make sure the heating is turned off first. Then turn the leaking tap on full to drain the pipes.



Step 2: With traditional taps unscrew by hand the shield or cover, using multi-grip pliers. Wrap a cloth around the shield first so the jaws of the pliers won't damage the surface. When the shield is unscrewed, move it up the handle to expose a nut on the tap body (Fig. 1).

Undo the nut and lift out the whole upper part of the tap. The spindle or jumper valve which carries the washer can then be removed (Fig 2 and 3).

If your taps are more modern with coloured indicator buttons on top of the handle, remove these first. There are two kinds of buttons - one screws out and the other clips in and is lifted out with a screwdriver head.



Undo the screw underneath the button and remove the handle. Prise off the spring retainer and remove the special metal plate. The spindle can then be unscrewed.

Step 3: In most taps, the washer is secured to the jumper valve at the end of the spindle. Undo the little nut or screw on the under side and put on a new washer. Then replace the whole tap assembly in the reverse order to how you removed it. Turn the tap off and turn the water on at the meter.

Ramsay St. Ashram would like to invite everyone to a havan this Saturday 16th at 7.30pm, to celebrate the beginning of Navratri.

HAVAN.

most welcome.

auspicious one as the whole thing has been organised in just one week. So all are Realization in the 7x7m Sahaja lent. By Shri Mataji's Grace, the day is set to be an at the festival. The aim is to give many of the 15,000 strong attendants, their At 3pm Sahaja Yogis will perform the Stick Dance and other Multicultural events Rd. All are invited to join the procession.

apiently, will proceed into Elkington Park from the corner of Darling St and Victoria At 10am. A truck with Shri Mataji's large photograph, banner and musicians Elkington Park, Bahman.

Great news! There will be a Sahaja Yoga exhibition parade, music and Realization at this year's festival. WHERE AND WHEN On Sunday October 17th at

ROZELLE-BALMAIN ANNUAL FESTIVAL.

The festival of Navratri starts on Saturday, October 16th and ends Sunday October 24th. The collective Navratri Puja will be held at Burwood on Sunday October

NAVRATRI 1993.

There will be a fund raising night at Burwood on Saturday night 30th October, to raise money for the MIND BODY AND SPIRIT EXHIBITION AT DARLING HARBOUR. We are having a movie evening with the big screen projector. There will be 3 movies, popcorn during the intervals. Tickets at the door :-

\$5 adults
\$2 children

FUND RAISING EVENING AT BURWOOD

STUDNEY NEWS

2.

THE AUSTRALIAN

Sahaja Newsletter

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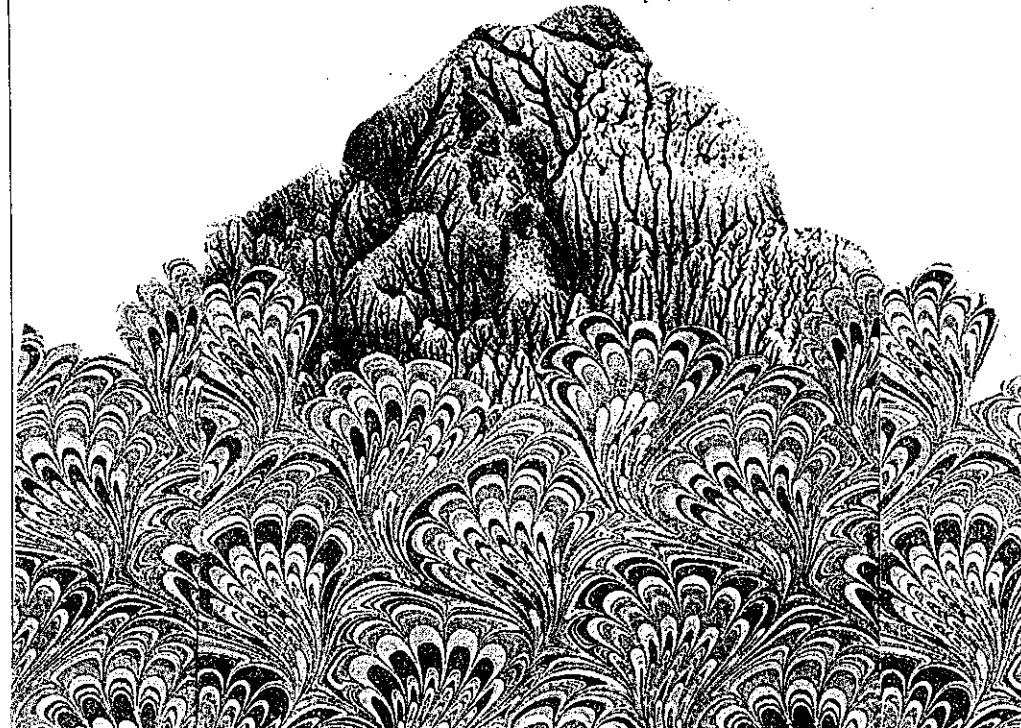
OCTOBER 15th '93

And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thought,

And rolls through all things.

- William Wordsworth, Lines written
above Tintern Abbey (1798)

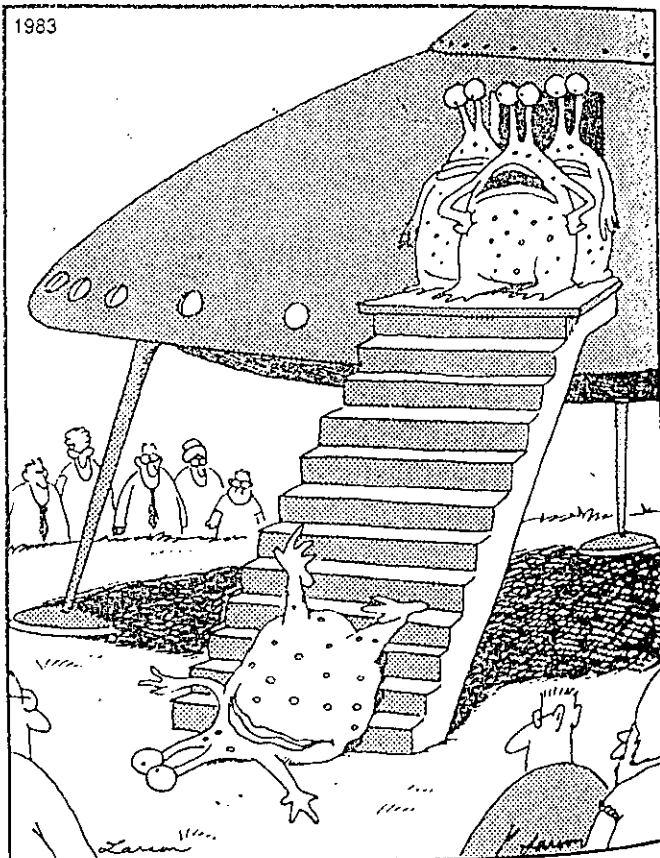


Some quotes from *The Ruins of the Heart*, poetry by Jelaluddin Rumi,
Sufi saint and scholar (b. 1207-d.1273):

"What shall I do, O Muslims?
I do not recognize myself...
I am neither Christian nor Jew,
nor Magian, nor Muslim.
I am not of the East, nor of the West,
not of the land, nor the sea.
I am not from nature's mine,
nor from the circling stars.
I am neither of earth nor water,
neither of wind nor fire.
I am not of the empyrean,
nor of the dust on this carpet.
I am not of the deep, nor from behind.
I am not of India nor China,
not of Bulgaria, nor Saqsin;
I am not of the kingdom of Iraqain,
nor of the land of Khorasan.
I am not of this world nor the next,
not of heaven, nor of purgatory.
My place is the placeless,
my trace is the traceless.
It is not the body nor is it the soul,
for I belong to the soul of my love.
I have put duality away
and seen the two worlds as one.
One I seek, One I know,
One I see, One I call.
His is the first, He is the last.
He is the outward, He is the inward.
I know of nothing but *Hu*, none but Him.
Intoxicated with the cup of Love,
two worlds slip from my hands.
I am occupied with nothing
but fun and carousing.
If once in my life I pass a moment without You,
I repent my life from that moment on.
If once in this world
I should win a moment with You,
I will put both worlds below my feet
and dance forever in joy.
O Shams of Tabriz, I am so drunk in the world
that except for revelry and intoxication
I have no tale to tell."

*"This is love: to fly toward a secret sky,
to cause a hundred veils to fall each moment.
First to let go of life.
Finally, to take a step without feet.
To regard this world as invisible,
and to disregard what appears to the self.
Heart, I said, what a gift it has been
to enter this circle of lovers,
to see beyond seeing itself,
to reach and feel within the breast.
My soul, where does this breathing arise?
How does this beating heart exist?
Bird of the soul, speak in your own words
and I will understand.
The heart replied: I was in the work place
the day this house of water and clay was fired.
I was already flying from that created house
even while the house was being created.
When I could no longer resist, I was dragged down,
and my features were molded from a lump."*

"Each form you see has its unseen archetype,
if the form should pass, its essence is eternal.
If you have known beauty in a face or wisdom in a word,
let this counsel your heart: what perishes is not real.
Since the springhead is timeless, its branches refresh.
Since neither can cease, what is the cause of your sorrow?
Think of your soul as the source and created things as springs.
While the source exists, the springs continually flow.
Empty your head of grief and drink from the stream.
Don't think of it failing - this water is endless.
From the moment you came into the manifest world
a ladder was given that you might escape.
From mineral substance you were transformed to plant,
and later to animal, How could this be hidden?
Afterwards, as man, you developed knowledge,
consciousness, faith.
See how this body has risen from the dust like a rose?
When you have walked on from man you will be an angel,
and done with this earth your place will be beyond.
Pass, then, from the angelic and enter the Sea.
Your drop will merge with a hundred Seas of Oman.
Leave him you called "Son", and say "One" with your life.
Although your body has aged, your soul has become young"



"Wonderful! Just wonderful!... So much for instilling them
with a sense of awe."

ON "SAHAJA"

[The word "Sahaja" has been used for well over a thousand years to describe that state of awareness that we modern Sahaja yogis know. Many seekers aimed for this illusive "sahaja-samadhi", but few attained it. Of those few even fewer talked or wrote about it. "Sahaja" first appeared in the writings of the Sahajayini Buddhists of the 8th and 9th centuries AD; was then used by the wandering ascetics of the Nath yoga tradition; and later appeared in the writings of the North Indian bhakti saints, particularly Kabir, Dadu and Nanak. The Sufis knew that state as "fana' al-baqa". Thus for over a thousand years "Sahaja" has transcended existing religious boundaries - as it continues to do today - John Noyce, Melbourne]

The whole world is of the nature of Sahaja -
for Sahaja is the essence of all; this essence is
nirvana to those who possess the perfectly pure Chitta.

(The Hevarjra-tantra, an 8th century Buddhist text)

In Sahaja there is no duality; it is perfect like the sky.
The intuition of this ultimate truth destroys all
attachment and it shines through the darkness of
attachment like a full moon in the night.

(Saraha-Pada, of the Buddhist Sahajiya tradition, 8th century AD)

He who has made his mind steady in samarasa which is
the Sahaja, becomes at once perfect, no more will he
suffer from disease and death.

(Kanha-Pada)