

Origin: John Brownscombe

JAI SRI MATAJI!

Please tune in, enjoy, and meditate with us, and help spread Sri Mataji's vibrations to the seekers of Sydney.

fortnightly after that.

The programme is scheduled for broadcast every second Sunday from radio 2SER on 107.3MHz (near the top of the FM dial). The next one will be on this coming Sunday, 5th November, at 11 a.m. for one hour - and

On the Sunday, one of the highlights was Ramash Manocha taking the listeners through a complete realisation meditation. Some time during this, we realised that a sweet little girl of about seven was listening and watching intently through the studio window. We could see her holding out her hands directly towards the photograph of Sri Mataji in the studio - even though no mention of a photo had been made. She sat there beaming and then holding a hand above her head. A real joy!

programme.

Several days earlier, Saha!a Yogis Greg Turek and Mark Williams participated in the same station's guru shoppers' live programme "Soul Safari" - and just about took it over! After a very abbreviated vibration-packed realisation meditation during which the presenter felt the cool breeze, he went momentarily thoughtless (and confused) and ran very short of time at the end to air all his assorted false guru announcements! This session served as an excellent pointer to our ensuing Sunday

At 1 a.m. on Sunday 22/1/95 the first "Sachaja Meditation" programme went live-to-air from the studios of public broadcaster 2SER-FM to metropolitan Sydney. This was the first occasion that one of Sri Mataji's entire public programme talks has been broadcast in Sydney.

“SAHAVA MEDITATION” ON THE AIR!

only for publication in Sahaja Newsletter of 3/11/95:

NEWS RELEASE

CHANGE OF DATE.

The special India Tour programme will now be held Friday ^{10th} ~~3rd~~ November at Burwood.

ALSO

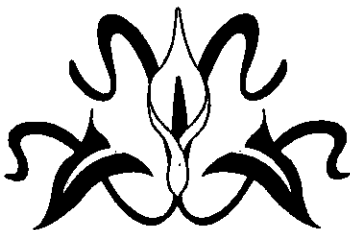
INDIA TOUR TRAVELLERS from Sydney please bring your passports and passport size photos plus \$30 in cash to Burwood on the evening of Friday 10th Nov., so that the visa applications may be submitted the following week.

Michael.

BURWOOD VIDEO LIBRARY

The video library at Burwood is currently being upgraded to replace missing videos, purchase new videos, and set up a better method to track videos coming in and going out.

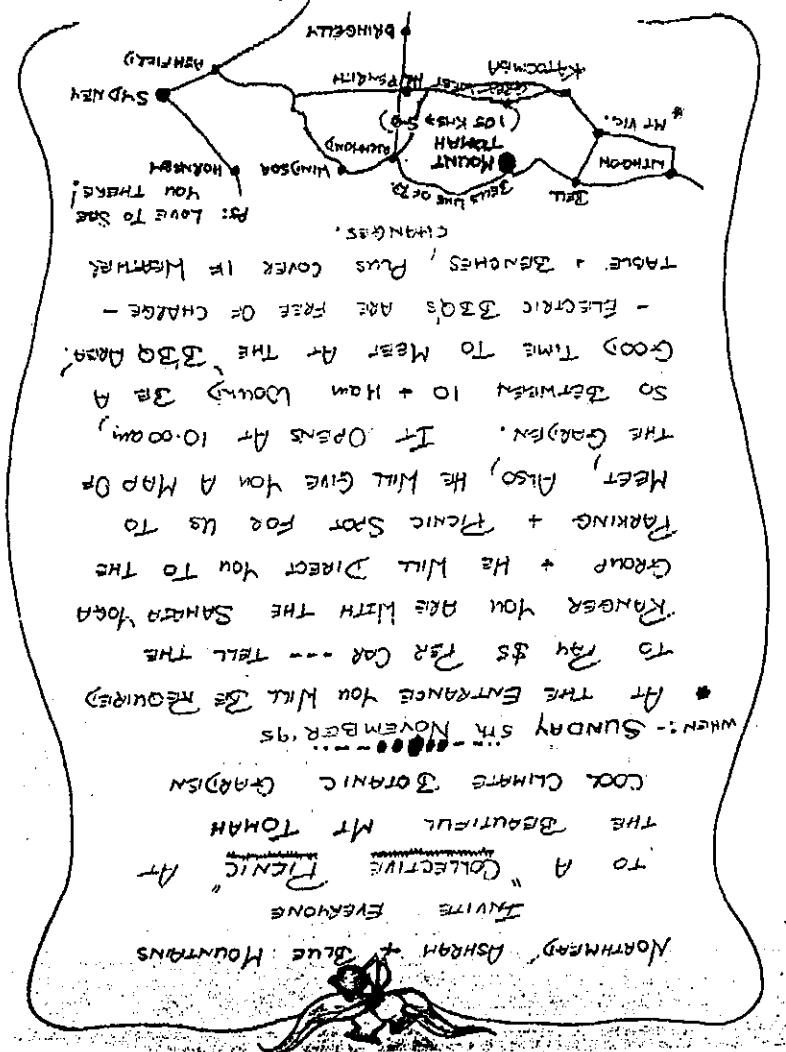
As a result some videos cannot be taken out of the library for a little while. During the next two weeks, while the Australian upgrade is taking place, borrowers are asked please not to borrow the Australian videos. If anyone has had any videos out for more than 2 weeks could you please return them to assist in the upgrade. Your help will be much appreciated, and within a couple of months the upgrade should be finished.



LINDFIELD.

Apartment for rent for 2 months over Christmas. Quiet ground floor with small garden in front - airconditioned and fully furnished.

There are 7 India School group photos left. \$13 each. from Robert Richardson.



THE AUSTRALIAN STRATHFIELD
Sahaja Newsletter



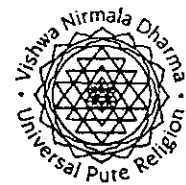
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November 3rd 1995



There's nothing, nothing more important to me than to see you rise to that level of understanding of your own values, and worth, and discretion. You have to become sweet, nice people. 'But', very-very powerful!

That you can control yourself, your
tongues and your things. The
control, complete control of
yourself.

Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi



A Letter from Lyndon.

Dear Everyone,

JAI SHRI MATAJI!

I arrived in Beijing on the afternoon of the third and I wish to relate to you a story as a preface to the momentous events which will take place here.

I made several attempts to contact Marjorie, the only other Sahaja Yogi in China. She is a French student studying Chinese in one of the many smaller universities. I am teaching in one of the larger ones. Like me, she is staying in a dormitory which makes it difficult to contact her, not only because of the necessity to speak Chinese to the service staff, but also because of their disdain for telephone conversation.

On the evening of the fourth I met Timothy, another teacher, an American, staying in our dorm. He was the first dorm member I met. Having already eaten I had to decline his invitation to dinner. I went out for a walk instead. When I returned nearly an hour later I saw him in the lounge chatting with some of the other inhabitants. It was an opportunity to meet more people so I went up to them. They still had'nt been out. "We're going to have some 'Weeger food', he told me. It sounded like something small and tasty. I'd never heard of it. So I decided to double my intake that night and accepted the invite.

There were seven of us all together foreigners of various types. As we walked out the door I had no idea I would be taking journey that would be like stepping out of China and into Istanbul. There is a whole street which resounds to a totally different clamour to the rest of Beijing. 'Weegers', spelt Uygurs come from Xinzhang in the remote western reaches of China. They are the western, non-Han Chinese. They are predominantly Moslem and look like Turks. They don't even behave like Chinese. Walking down their street is something more akin to walking in Bombay near the Taj Hotel. The waiters stop you in the street and playfully try to hustle you into their restaurant like naughty boys. Chaotic but very friendly.

As we left the university two taxi vans stopped. Five people got into the first van and Tim and I were left to get in the second. This gave us a good opportunity to talk. Then we got seperated and a little lost with the outcome that when we got to Uygur street we could'nt find the others. I learned in all this that Timothy had been studying in Beijing three years before in what sounded like the same school as Marjorie, but many universities

go by that name and Marjorie's is very small. It just so happened that this very university was five minutes walk from Uygur street.

After searching for some time I was sure that I spotted them in one restaurant, but when I went inside the faces changed and became Chinese. We were inside and Timothy was very hungry so we sat down there, giving up all hope of finding the others. As the conversation continued I found that Timothy was actually a great seeker. At the end of the meal I wondered out loud if we could go to the small university and look for Marjorie. Timothy agreed.

With his knowledge we managed to find the right building, but it wasn't easy. This university is an unusual array of small detached classrooms and lanes and even Timothy lost his way and had to ask directions several times (made easier by his fluent Chinese). I would never have a hope on my own. We found the right building and knocked on the door of room 105 - a large group of foreigners, no Marjorie. She had been moved to 340. Two french girls, no Marjorie. Yes, shed lived there but was out. As I wrote a note, Timothy chatted. He turned out to be fluent in French, Spanish and German as well as Chinese. He could ascertain by this that Marjorie was studing in one of the classrooms. With Timothy's knowledge and the help of some students walking around we found it - and that's how I found Marjorie. She nearly fell off of her chair when she saw my face in the window. She told me how she had changed rooms - so telephoning would have been hopeless. Mr. Mr. Sun had called again and wanted to meet us when we were all back in Beijing. I think with Timothy's knowledge of German. I will see if he can meet him too.

My first day in ended, but that is not the end of it.

In the same office as me is one other man, an American named Loren. Aged about 50 he is a veteran of the anti-vietnam peace movement. He has lived in many places but for the last several has been in Beijing with his wife, an artist/designer. The result of this is he blithely drops Chinese words into every second sentence like an oak tree dropping acorns. He is an AIDS awareness activist and has published books and pamphlets in Chinese, both through a publisher which is expensive and under his own steam, which is cheap, but almost impossible to achieve, all of which have endorsement by the Chinese government i.e. the Ministry of Health. I'm sure, with his knowledge, he can help us in this area. Incidentally, he happened to be the man I bumped into on the first day when I had almost given up hope of finding the English Dept. After asking many people he was the first foreigner I saw. He happened to work in the department and was headed there right then. So you see, the miracles are already coming so frequently that unless I write them down they will be forgotten under the weight of the momentous event taking shape. I shall stop here, though it is not without some feeling that I have left something out in trying to convey these amazing episodes.



As I walked through the university today I saw many buildings, some with doors open, some closed, all with signs that I could'nt read. It left me feeling, 'How will I know which ones are useful to me and which are not?' It was a metaphor of how I feel about my task in China. I though I would start by getting to know the university and then move on to the larger more challenging task. It seems like that is not the case, and, in fact, I don't do anything. Shri Mataji already knows the way and is even playing games along the way.

Please write to me and/or by Shri Mataji's grace, come to Beijing for a visit, or longer. It is truly a wonderous place, full of possibilities.

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Office: 204 2288 ext. 3709.

Best wishes, Lyndon.



Leo Tolstoy - Enlightened Soul.

Count Leo Tolstoy was one of the great enlightened souls of the last century. His work of art War and Peace is widely regarded as probably the world's greatest novel. *Resurrection*, *Anna Karenina*, *The Kingdom of God is Within* and other works of art brought Tolstoy colossal and universal recognition. He was a man of insight and clearly saw the discrepancy between the message of Christ and man's way of life. Through the example of his life and through his writing he tried to open other men's eyes.

Count Leo Tolstoy was born in 1828 to wealth and an ancient title and all the material comforts a man could want. At the age of fifty seven he abandoned high society and adopted the simple life. To escape from intolerable luxury he gave his ample properties to his wife and children and devoted himself to village education, famine relief and writing. He went barefoot, wore plain cloths of simple fabric, ploughed, harrowed, and planted by the side of peasants, he gave up smoking, meat-eating and hunting and began to take long cross-country walks.

Though he excoriated church institutions, men and women from the four corners of the world came to him in search of truth and faith. People of all faiths came and sat at the feet of this famous, brilliant nobleman who had drunk his fill of material pleasures. He had become one of the strong who had renounced in order to seek God. He attracted people because he attempted to create in his own life a synthesis between creed and conduct. This involved manual labour, living within minimum needs, no holding of property, no killing. He refused the Nobel Prize because he did not accept money. "The one thing in life as in art, is to tell the truth" was Tolstoy's doctrine, and his life was bound up with this anxiety, this search for the inward truthfulness which is reality. Tolstoy never loses sight of his aim as an artist, which, as he said is "not to resolve a question irrefutably but to compel one to love life in all its manifestations, and these are inexhaustible".

Of Christianity he said "The history of the Church is the history of cruelties and horror .. every Church with its doctrines of redemption and salvation excludes and conceals the true meaning of the doctrine of Christ". The Orthodox Church of Russia excommunicated him. Man has accepted the greeting 'Peace unto you' - yet in Christian nations tens of millions of men are kept under arms to settle problems by killing. He said "in the matter of oppression the Christian nations are worse than the pagans". This was Tolstoy's perpetual theme the chasm between doctrine and doing.

In answer to the problems of the world he proposed that people should live simply as Christ had done. A Christian he said "should enter into no dispute with his neighbour, he neither attacks nor uses violence; on the contrary, he suffers himself, without resistance, and by his own attitude towards evil not only sets himself free, but helps to free the world at large from all outward authority". Tolstoy preached peaceful, painful refusal to serve or obey evil governments. The Kingdom of God, he wrote, "is attained by sacrificing outward circumstances for the sake of truth."

He believed that governments were ineffectual against men of truth, he inquired "what are governments to do with these men?". He said that the position of governments in the presence of men who profess true Christianity, is so precarious that very little is needed to shake their power to pieces. Tolstoy began by freeing himself. It was an involved process, for he said a man is bound by many chains, and the stoutest are forged in the inner smithy, not by Church or State. His creed was that The Kingdom of God is within you, and that you are what you make yourself. You are not free because you do not free yourself. Tolstoy's path was strewn with the outward possession and pleasures which he cast off en route to the kingdom of God within him.

He wrote that he would always be by the side of those who struggle against the harsh, of meekness and love against pride and violence, of the soft against the brutal. He said that as he grew older he came to an understanding of the shortcomings of European civilisation and even of its total inadequacy.

Tolstoy and Gandhi became great friends and corresponded with each other. In his last letter to Gandhi Tolstoy wrote:

"The longer I live, and especially now when I vividly feel the nearness of death, I want to tell others what I feel so particularly clearly and what to my mind is of great importance - namely, that which is called passive resistance, but which in reality is nothing else than the teaching of love, uncorrupted by false interpretations. That love is the highest and only law of human life and in the depths of his soul every human being (as we see most clearly in children) feels and knows this; he knows this until he is entangled by the false teachings of the world. This law was proclaimed by all, by the Indian as well as by the Chinese, Hebrew, Greek and Roman sages of the world.

In reality, as soon as force was admitted into love, there was no more and there could be no more love as the law of life, and as there was no law of love, there was no law at all, except violence and the power of the strongest. Thus Christian mankind has lived for nineteen centuries

Tolstoy passed away in 1909 an unhappy man, anyone with the insight of War and Peace, yet conscious of humanity's refusal, or inability, to use the key to happiness available in Christ's teachings would have to be unhappy, yet he had hope that people could reform themselves and others through non-violence as Gandhi had proved was possible