

A daughter named Samcra, was born last Monday to Atul and Sandra Dara. All are well and we send our congratulations.

BRISBANE

BALMAIN
for more details contact MAX at Burwood
Sunday Nov 23rd...to be continued...

GLEBE ST FAIR
Sunday Nov. 16th

AVALON
Saturday Nov. 15th (not confirmed)

NEWTOWN
Sunday Nov. 9th

NOVEMBER FESTIVALS

There has been a new ashram established at Pennant Hills
This is where to find Marcus Rome now. 98755142.

NEW ASHRAM

There are rooms available at Strathfield suitable for a couple and a single man.
Please contact Margaret on 97479220.

ROOMS TO CHOOSE

There will be a meeting at Burwood on Saturday 22nd November at 5 p.m.
Anyone interested in establishing a Sahaja Pre-school and especially parents of pre-school aged children are invited to attend. Please contact Mr Kevin Fitzgerald with any queries. 94162205.

PRE SCHOOL

There will be a meditation tomorrow morning at Burwood commencing at 9 a.m.
The working bee will follow at 10 o'clock.
Next weekend there will be a major working bee at BALMORAL. Peter Schwartz will be co-ordinating.

SYDNEY

How our brains are set for signals from God

THE SYDNEY MORNING HERALD
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1997

■ BEYOND BELIEF

The theory has often been suggested by evolutionary scientists, who surmise that belief in God could be built into the brain's circuitry as a survival mechanism to encourage co-operation between individuals and the strength of the tribe. A spokesman for the Anglican Church said the question of the "God spot" was one for scientists, not theologians. "It would not be surprising if God had created us with a physical facility for belief," he said.

London: United States researchers believe they have discovered a "God spot" in the brain — a circuit of nerves which could explain humanity's almost universal belief in a deity. A study of epileptics who said they had experienced profoundly spiritual states revealed that a spot in the front of the brain appeared to become electrically active when they thought about God, according to a report in the *Sunday Times*. The study compared epileptic patients with normal people and a group who said they were intensely religious. Electrical monitors showed that the epileptics and the deeply religious respondents showed similar responses to words related to spiritual belief. Research is at an early stage, but the scientists said the results appeared to show that the phenomenon of religious belief could be inbuilt in humans. A team of neuroscientists from the University of California at San Diego said epileptic patients who suffered brain seizures had often reported "intense mystical episodes" and frequently went on to become religious. "There may be dedicated neural machinery in the temporal lobes concerned with religion," the researchers said. "This may have evolved to impose order and stability on society."

Jo Boland and Alexander have returned to their home in Forster. They are both happy and healthy! Jo wishes to send a warm heartfelt thank you to all the sahaja yogis. Your love and vibrational support were much needed and Jo is so grateful to everyone. JAI SHRI MATAJI

FORSTER

programs.

We wish to extend an invitation to all sahaja yogis to join us for these

draw some seekers from this group.

it would be fabulous if we could

a large muslim population here and

Punchbowl, Lakemba way. There is

will probably be around Belmore,

outside public programs. The area

In the near future we will be holding

Monday at 7.30 pm. and Tuesday

at 10 a.m.

and they will be starting this

having programs at 10 Clarence St.

at Burwood ashram. We will be

collective to restart public programs

together with the Burwood Rd

The Burwood collective is joining

PUBLIC PROGRAMS

SUGAR does not make people fat or cause diabetes, and is not responsible for many other illnesses for which it is popularly blamed. A United Nations expert said yesterday. William Clay of the Food and Agriculture Organisation said there was no direct evidence to link sugar or starch to obesity and claims that increased appetite.

Sugar: she'll be sweet

SOMERSBY BUSH DANCE & FAMILY FUN WEEKEND IT'S FANCY DRESS!

SAHAJA YOGA
FUNDRAISER

Fancy dress prizes (\$1 per entry)

Best child

Best adult

Saturday 15th of November

B.B.Q starts 5.30pm

Burgers, Sausages & Drinks will be for sale

All welcome to stay for swimming, bushwalking or a visit to the local water fall the next day

Those staying over night \$6 per head

Directions from Sydney
(1 hour from Burwood)

Take Freeway towards Newcastle

Take Gosford Woy Woy exit

Take first left hand turn

Turn left at second roundabout

Follow through until road turns dirt

House is first on the left after dirt road begins

R.S.V.P. for catering purposes

Ph. Sarita, Ellen or Simon on 02 43721546



Australian Sahaja Newsletter

Contributions: Heather Sattawshetty
02 9560 0029 or Burwood Fax 97454927

1997 Saturday 8th November

The Vietnam Experience

It is where and when the Divine Mother decides to bestow her blessings that Sahaj Yoga works out for a particular country.

About three years ago an Indian lady based in Vietnam brought back vibrations from India and gave a few people in Vietnam realization. Slowly the number increased to twenty persons.

With the kind blessings and infinite love of our Holy Mother, our collective meditation and pujas were good and even in a remote country, such as Vietnam, ravaged by war and other problems, we could feel the vibrations strongly and well.

The Sahaj Yogis in Vietnam had a desire that some Sahaj Yogis should visit Vietnam. Finally, Linda and Kevin Pauling from Darwin and Marutsio from Italy came here. This gave a boost to our collective in Vietnam, in terms of learning newer techniques and methods in Sahaj Yoga.

After they left, a new village Tien Giang near Ho Chi Minh City joined our collective by which our total number has now reached 35.

All this was possible only by the untiring love and blessings of our Great Mother Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi. She showers us with blessing after blessing and in return for all her love and compassion, is bearing the problems and pains of the whole world. Such unconditional and complete love can only be given to her children by the Divine Mother herself.

The Woodford Folk Festival Is On Again!

Once again we will be taking part in this multicultural festival near Brisbane. There will be many performances, international music, dancing, stalls, coffee shops, hippie paraphernalia etc. etc.

The Woodford Folk Festival is without doubt the largest festival of its kind in Australia, and also competes in size with other such festivals around the world. Our presence there is very import and indeed most Auspicious. Last year hundreds of people received there realisation.

Many Yogi's commented that they had a very collective and joyful time on the festival trip last year. The vibrations and deep experiences were such that they felt as if they had been on an India tour! Shri Mataji's loving attention had been with us for the whole trip.

This time we would like to ask the young people (teenagers) to come along with the group if they are interested. There are actually a lot of children and teenagers at the festival each year so it would be nice for them to receive realisation from someone around their own age.

We have been invited to stay at Wamuran Ashram which is just twenty minutes drive from the festival. Also we have been invited to stay overnight at Graeme and Helena's place near Valla Beach on the way up to the festival. This is the perfect spot for us to have a break on our long journey as it is almost half way to our destination.

We will be departing early on the 24th of December and returning on the 3rd of January. The festival itself starts on the 27th of December and goes until the 1st of January.

If you are interested in coming along or would like to know more, please contact Max at Burwood A.S.A.P.

Autobahn Disaster Averted

She Heard My Call

MOSCOW — I would like to tell you about an event which took place in December, 1996 when I worked with an American company situated in Germany. My job was to sell products for the company. There was also a Senior Salesman, Mr. A.S., citizen of Germany born in Russia and another salesman like me, Mr. I.K.

We did our job and we went to sales meetings in Germany regularly. On this particular trip we were accompanied by Mr. I.K.'s wife. There were four people altogether. After arriving in Frankfurt by plane, we experienced long customs delays that forced us to join Mr. A.S. in renting a car, rather than travel by train as we had planned.

So unusual it seemed and I felt that something was happening with us. When Mr. A.S. asked for a car, he was told that there was not any Mercedes or Audi available. There was only a Ford Explorer. And what is more upsetting, no payment from the company had come!

At last Mr. A.S. proudly got keys for the Ford Explorer. It was nice to look at, but while looking at our driver (Mr. A.S.) I did not get the same feeling. I asked him if he ever drove this car. He said, "No," but he was an experienced driver and it was nothing for him to drive any possible car.

So we got inside, four of us. Mr. A.S. tried to start the car and failed. The ignition was blocked. He tried again and again with no result. My fellow salesman, I.K., suggested to replace him at the wheel, but A.S. rejected. At last, pushing all the buttons, he started the car audio. Then, a bit later, the engine. We started getting out of the garage slowly. The car was very automated and A.S. opened the manual several times. But when we got out, he got a new lease on life and started boasting about his driving style. He said that he liked driving fast and usually his speed is about 200 km/h. Anyway, this car was new for him and he would be much slower in it. But he asked us to fasten our seat belts, on the off chance.

We were coming along a beautiful autobahn and A.S. was finding faults with the car, saying that it doesn't ride smoothly, but tightly. Well, I didn't like it at all from the very beginning and, feeling unsafe, I tried to put my attention to sightseeing and saying mantras for the centre heart. We were riding with high speed along the autobahn and A.S. felt himself more and more relaxed. Suddenly, a car passed us, beeping and signaling with lights. We could not understand and soon outran the car. It outstripped us again in the same manner, with lights flashing and the driver gesturing. Then A.S. decided to stop and find out what was wrong with our car. He stopped and I went out, circling around the car. When I came to the rear, I saw our stop lights on! That was the reason of that driver's anxiety! I also smelled a burnt odour. Mr. A.S. looked in the manual again. At last he understood that he had not fully unlock the hand-brake! It meant that we were burning away our shocks all the way. Having removed the obstacle, A.S. said the car was now much smoother and was it not amazing for us. I.K. suggested his services once again, but A.S. rejected the

The Words of Shri Mataji: Sri Krishna Puja

To Enjoy Love

You see, love is something so great. It not only helps others but it also helps you. It's so joyous to give realizations to others, but if you start telling, "Your this chakra is catching," why are you giving realisation? If you don't know how to give realisation, better not do it.

So, to criticize is not the way we can enjoy love. Ah, of course you can pull the legs of each other sometimes, just for fun sake, but not to harm, not to torture, not to make that person fall. You are all Sahaj Dharmies. You have accepted Sahaj Dharma and in Sahaj Dharma we have to have pure love of the heart, not hypocrisy and sensible life....

So, to understand Sahaja Yoga, first and foremost thing is, how much you're enjoying yourself? How much enjoyment you are giving to others? For that you have music, you have this, that.

I was saying that today I won't speak much, but, somehow, with Shri Krishna you can't keep quiet. He played murli, basuri, flute. Look at Him. I talked to you, but He just played! murli. He didn't talk so much. Except for the Gita, you won't find Him talking. And those who read also Gita are horrible people, I tell you, I've met. Those who read Gita, they don't understand what is Shri Krishna's Dharma is. If they don't understand Shri Krishna, how will they understand Sahaj Yog?

So, for all of you is to practise on love, on forgiveness, on appreciating others, on giving joy to others. Some of the Sahaja Yogis have been very kind to Me also. Once I went to the shop to buy a sari, for Myself and the sari was very expensive for My purpose. So, I didn't buy. Let it be. This colour suits Me all right, but it doesn't matter. I didn't have so much money to buy. So, that Sahaja Yogi bought that sari and on My birthday gave Me — and really, I could not see because My eyes were filled with tears. Just a small thing like that. Normally, I don't expect you to do anything for Me. No. But small, small things make you so happy. But even if you do this to somebody, may not understand, may not realize, may not feel it. But if you are a Sahaja Yogi, you will.

So thank you very much for all this that I have said to you. Try to enjoy yourself and make others enjoy you.

May God bless you.

At last we stopped to have a bite. It was very ordinary and usual thing and everybody relaxed a bit. The couple took out their video and started shooting. We were not far from our destination. After the break we continued for twenty or thirty minutes. A.S. relaxed. Music was playing and I.K.'s wife was filming through the window with her video camera. Everybody was belted in, except I.K. himself. A.S. took off his shoes. It was hot in the car. We were moving in the left lane, outrunning other cars and vehicles. It was fun, everything was okay, but I felt that it would be better if we drove slower because the car was new for the driver. Anyway, our speed was about 160 km/h and we were flying.

Suddenly, a car started protruding from the adjacent right-hand lane, but seeing us moving rapidly, the driver pushed off and A.S. stepped on the gas again. When several meters were separated us from that nasty car, all of a sudden it butted out again with no reason. It was too late for us to stop because we were gaining speed and the speed itself was too high. A.S. applied the brakes as he could. He lost control of the car. He had hardly uttered something like "Hold on" and I knew that maybe our death had come.

I shut my eyes and immediately my attention was inside and I prayed inwardly several times very clearly, "Shri Mataji, please save our life, please save us all." It was boom and rasp. I opened my eyes for a moment and shut them again, because we were moving on the roof already and the shattered front window poured into my head. I pulled my head in so to protect it from the roof which was creasing. I also noticed sparks and it was dark because we were upside down. We were surrounded by other vehicles which moved with high speed from all sides. I was just praying, that's all. What could I do?

At last the car stopped. I opened my eyes. I was hanging downward on a belt. I was alive. There was no pain, no blood, nothing. The next thought was that we may be struck by another car and now it is necessary to get out very fast. I shouted, asking if everybody was alive and okay. All the people answered. A.S. shouted, "Don't get out. You'll be smashed by another car!" I.K.'s wife was in a nervous fit. I tried to move but the belt was keeping hold of me safely. Several cars passed by. I saw big wheels right before my nose. I unhooked the belt and dropped down onto the roof and right in the smashed glass. I started getting out on all fours because the side window was also broken. I saw a man running to me. There were no more cars approaching. I was safe and sound, in a whole skin, without a scratch! The man asked, if I was all right. I said, "Yes." I went to the side of the road and looked at our car. My fellow travellers were scrambling out seemingly okay. The car was lying on its

still. Blue smoke was coming from the engine and green liquid was oozing across the autobahn, making a small brook. It had no front right wheel. There was just a stump instead. More and more cars stopped. I went further from the car, all alert, fearing that it may suddenly blow or whatever. People were coming and asking if we are all right. Police arrived. Then I saw A.S. He stand barefoot on the concrete, answering the policeman in German. Soon fire fighters came, but there was no blow, no fire.

Some time later a technical aid car arrived and people started to turn the car, putting it upright. Then I saw its right side. It was scratched and crushed badly, stained with earth and grass. Then the ambulance came. People opened our car and started to remove our luggage. A.S. was looking for his shoes but failed. His shoes just disappeared. He never found them. People gave him a rag and he stood on it, trembling in a cold wind. Soon, technicians brought the right wheel. It was discovered very far away. The air was all out of it and it was badly damaged.

Later A.S. told me that the policeman said, "It is so unusual that it was only one car in the mess and all four are alive! So rare a case. Usually we have much more trouble here, for the speed is very high and many cars get caught in an accident. You are a happy lot, all of you. You have scored. You are lucky."

And I knew why. I was the only one on the road who could explain such a conclusion. She saved us. She sent this car in such a trajectory that nobody was even scratched.

I.K.'s wife took out her video camera. It was okay and she started shooting the scene. The horrible car, flashing lights, the smashed glass on the road, making nervous comments.

"I could be dead now," the thought came into my head. But I was saved and all those who were with me in the car. I just could neither think nor explain anything. Something had passed, some bad thing had gone, maybe. I don't know and I am not interested why it happened. But one thing I know exactly: She saved my life and gave me even the third birth. Not that I started to believe in God with more strength — I had strong faith and no doubts before.

The fact itself was extraordinary for me, but I liked my own action in it. It was the best thing I could do: to pray. She had heard the call.

All that above is not a description of an accident, but it is a praise to our Mother, who is Almighty God.

May we all be protected and saved for better and greater deeds, for fulfilling ourselves, thus making Her vision manifested.

Jai Shri Mataji!

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