



Australian Newsletter

Jai Shri Mataji!

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...And Wisdom opened her lips and spoke:

"You, Man, would see the world with the eyes of God, and would grasp the secrets of the hereafter by means of human thought. Such is the fruit of ignorance.

"Go into the field, and see how the bee hovers over the sweet flowers and the eagle swoops down on its prey. Go into your neighbour's house and see the infant child bewitched by the firelight, while the mother is busied at her tasks. Be like the bee, and do not waste your spring days gazing on the doings of the eagle. Be like the child rejoicing at the firelight and let the mother be. All that you see was, and still is, yours.

"The many books and strange figures and the lovely thoughts around you are ghosts of the spirits that have been before you. The words your lips utter are the links in the chain that binds you and your fellow men. The sorrowful and joyful conclusions are the seeds sown by the past in the field of your soul to be reaped by the future.

"The youth that toys with your desires is he who will open the gate of your heart for light to enter. The earth that opens wide her mouth to swallow man and his works is the redeemer of our souls from bondage to our bodies.

"The world that moves with you is your heart, which is the world itself. And Man, whom you deem so small and ignorant, is God's messenger who has come to learn the joy of life through sorrow and gain knowledge from ignorance."

Thus spoke Wisdom, and laid a hand upon my burning brow, saying:

"March on. Do not tarry. To go forward is to move towards perfection. March on, and fear not the thorns or the sharp stones on Life's path."

Kahlil Gibran from *The Voice of the Master*, Chapter 13.



STATE NEWS

News from WA

Country Programs

Programs have been under way in the Wheatbelt towns of Toodyay and Northam for two months now. Every 1st and 3rd Sunday of the month there is a program in Toodyay at 10.30 am, followed by a Northam program at 2pm after the yogis and yoginis enjoy lunch at a local Northam bakery.

Establishing the vibrations has been slow and numbers have not big but a few regulars are now coming to Northam. Support from the Perth and York yogis/yoginis has been great and it is hoped with their presence more country seekers will be attracted.

Toodyay has been the hardest to work out. A few weeks ago yogis set up a card table outside with some information on it and 'spruiked' the passers-by. This seemed to work well, as 5 people came in after a chat and experienced their self-realisation. Most of them were tourists to Toodyay. Last weekend the same style was adopted and a few more seekers come in by this means.

One the previous fortnight, there was the joy of 'bumping into' Ramilla whom we had not seen for 12 months. That very day she was asking the question "God show me the right way, and if Sahaja Yoga is right for me". She went for a trip to Northam to get away from it all and do some introspection, only to see Shri Matiji's poster on a window and then 'bumped' into a yogi travelling there to do programs.

Thanks to Aunty Christine for conducting such a lovely presentation at the Northam program last weekend. Thanks go to Ramaa, Martin, Hugh and Marilyn for helping to get the programs going and to Uncle Jim, Jan, Kenny, Meena, Caroline, Dallas, Kamlesh, Sandhya and others who have also been such wonderful instruments of our Divine Mother. Such consistency of support was much needed.

New Maddington Program

A new program started at 7.30 pm Wednesday 4 July at the Maddington Community Health Centre. The Centre is located in the south-eastern suburbs of Perth, the only area of Perth without any established yogis or yoginis.

The area has many Aboriginal and ethnic people experiencing high unemployment and social deprivation. The health centre has a positive and open-minded outlook with Aboriginal people active in its management. A community health nurse actually requested Sahaja Yoga to set up the program after hearing about it from a friend attending the successful inner city program at Subiaco. The nurse has promoted the program through neighbouring community centres and amongst her own centre's clientele. At least six or seven people were expected to attend the first program.

Kitty and Susanne, who are assisting with establishment of this pioneer program, are also facilitating a special one-off program between 1pm and 2pm on Tuesday 18 July for Chronic Fatigue sufferers. The Syndrome is a major problem amongst both staff and clients and the Centre is hoping Sahaja Yoga will be able to assist them. Kitty and Suzanne would like assistance from other yogis and yoginis around Australia who have experience of treating this condition using Sahaja Yoga.

Chris Szydlowski

News from Exmouth, Western Australia

There have been some lovely deep seekers coming through Exmouth lately. Mostly young people on tour mainly.

Linda and Kevin, look out for Alistair heading your way. I am heading south to Carnarvon next week and intend holding 2 programs on Thursday 13th July at 1pm and 7.30pm. I have a cousin there who has her realization and is keen to continue to practice Sahaj. Your attention and/or presence would be most welcome if you are in the vicinity.

Love to all
Suzanne Rosier

Bhajan Evening

Saturday Night 8th July

You are cordially invited to attend an evening of bhajans, qawwalis and international music at 24 Torrington Road Strathfield, commencing at 7:30pm.

Rajen Maharaj ph 9746 7129

NSW News

GENERAL NEWS

A Personal Experience

Even the experience of the death of a loved one is transformed to reveal its own unique source of joy through the blessings of our Divine Mother. I experienced this miracle when my earthly father passed away in April this year. We had received the devastating news that lung cancer had returned to his aortic plexus last May and at best Dad had 12 months to live. Dad had received his realisation 2 years prior to this and my Mum had received her realisation and even met Shri Mataji when She came to Newcastle.

Over the following months dad became progressively worse and the pain was becoming unbearable despite the use of that sinister drug Morphine. One morning Dad asked if I would give him vibrations. Of course I did this, as well as using camphor and footsoaks. I was always sure to then use these same techniques on myself afterwards. I was able to do this every day, and through this, Mother eased my father's pain to the point that he did not need as much morphine. Each time we finished these techniques Dad would sleep peacefully and then manage to eat when he awoke, which was in itself a miracle, as otherwise dad was unable to eat.

Christmas came and we held a puja. The vibrations were beautiful (my father had recognised Shri Mataji as the Holy Ghost). New Year's eve came and I had wished that dad had been able to see fireworks for this, his last New Year's Eve. To our amazement when the clock struck twelve, fireworks came into view through the lounge room window. We helped Dad out onto the balcony and witnessed a spectacular display that lasted twenty minutes! These amazing fireworks were let off across the road at the surf club. This was the first time that the little village of Redhead had ever had a professional fireworks display and there had been absolutely no advertising! I was overjoyed to see that Mother had even fulfilled this trivial desire.

Weeks passed by and dad did get progressively worse but the vibrations and clearing techniques always eased his pain. However, dad faced another obstacle. A hernia had become very large. The doctors were worried that it would turn gangrene, so he was to undergo surgery,

which in Dad's state would be very risky. The night before dad's surgery another yogi and I offered a small puja to Shri Ganesha. We did not pray for my father at all, but for the children in my wild Kindergarten class and for children in general.

The next day the doctors were amazed that the hernia, which had been rock-hard and the size of a golf ball, had basically disappeared. He still had the operation but under local anaesthetic and it was no longer as life-threatening. After the op. Dad's blood pressure was very high, so I raised his Kundalini and put him in bandhan. Within about two to three minutes, the nurse returned to check it again and she was amazed that it had returned to normal so quickly.

On 16th April, my father finally left this life. Mother had prepared me for this in the most beautiful way. The night before I had a most incredible dream. I had been at my father's bedside with other yogis. All of us were dressed in white. We were feeding Dad all his favourite foods. He was sitting up in bed and truly beaming. He was sitting upright and laughing at the fuss that we were making of him. We told him that he would be leaving this world soon and that all would be well. Dad smiled at this. I do not remember how the dream ended but it was such a wonderful dream.

When I awoke I remembered nothing of the dream but I felt that this would be the last time that I would visit Dad. After meditation I listened to a Chopin (one of dad's favourite composers). It was then that the phone call came telling us that we should hurry to the hospital. By the time we arrived dad had only just passed away. The nurse said that he had just simply slipped away. He looked radiantly peaceful. We said our goodbyes and I put him into bandhan for the last time. It was only then that I recalled the dream and I experienced a wonderful sense of peace and complete silence. I thanked Mother for transforming the death of a loved one into such a miraculous experience.

Dad had been a catholic and as he died in Holy Week, at his funeral we were able to use 'special' readings from the Bible, and would you believe it, they were the ones that refer to Mother, e.g. 'I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give water from the well of life free to anyone who is thirsty; it is the right

ful inheritance of the one who proves victorious: and I will be their God and them a child to me.'

We chose *Wind Beneath Your Wings* to be played at the end of the service. When this song ended, everyone sat in prayer, in silence. The church was full and the day had been very still. Again, Mother reminded me that She is always with us. For suddenly within seconds of the song ending, a wind surely did pick up and literally whistled through the old church rafters, as if to let us know that Dad was finally at home, reunited with his heavenly Mother. Almost everyone who had been in the Church, commented on this 'coincidence'.

Mother is still helping my mother to cope with her loss in very special ways. Today Mum looked out of her window at the bleak ocean and rain and said, 'It's another awful day.' Immediately the rain stopped and the sun appeared, but this was by no means all! As soon as the sun appeared, a rainbow stretched from corner to corner of Mum's window and underneath this heavenly arch not one, but three whales appeared from nowhere and played joyfully together! We raced for the binoculars and stood looking in awe! Mum looked at me and smiled.

JAI SHRI MATAJI!

Love to all, *Lisa Barron*

Birthdays!

Our best wishes to...

Steve Hirst, Anil Sattarshetty,
Suman Ingles, Matthew Cooper,
Vicki Dennington, Sushma Williams,
Suzanne McHutchison,
Rosemary Worsfold, Juan Vega,
Michael Fogarty, Carole McNeil.