



Australian Newsletter

Jai Shri Mataji!

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is midnight each Tuesday

*The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want
He maketh me down to lie
In pastures green, He leadeth me
The quiet waters by*

*My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own name's sake.*

*Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still*

*My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.*

*Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be*

King David
(composed as a shepherd boy while tending his sheep)



STATE NEWS

News from NSW

Sahaja Yoga at the Annual State Music Camp

Last year I had the privilege to attend the NSW State Music Camp at Stanwell Tops. One of the pieces that was performed in the final concert was an arrangement of *The Lord's My Shepherd*, and I remember as we were singing it, wishing that I could communicate the beautiful Sahaja meaning of these words. (see cover page of this newsletter)

I had arrived at the camp late, due to problems with my wisdom teeth inconveniently wanting to come out, so it took me a bit of time to get into the swing of things. I thought of running meditation as a recreation activity in the afternoon, but it just didn't seem to come together. I resolved that I would definitely offer meditation at the next camp I attended.

Fast-forward almost a year, and the State Junior Music Camp has just been held at a beautifully located conference centre in Kurrajong (the foothills of the Blue Mountains). I was given the responsibility of coordinating the recreation activities for the 2nd & 4th afternoons. So I put meditation as an option expecting to get about 15 students. When I went down for breakfast the next morning, imagine the joyful surprise when I look at the sign-on sheet, and there are 51 students down for meditation.

Armed with my trusty copy of *Zephyr* and a CD of Santoor ragas (but without a chakra chart or Shri Mataji's photo which I had accidentally left on my bed), I proceeded to go through a basic run down and then into the process of meditation. Most of the children went easily into meditation and some were quite interested in learning more, but about a quarter of the group were a little disruptive and even though I appealed to their sense of fairness, they still were not fully cooperative. The session was for 1 hour & 45 minutes which is quite a long time for 9 to 14 year olds. Finally we moved out to the field for a bit of a wander amongst about 10 magnificent horses and some trees.

One of the boys who had been a bit difficult during the meditation went off for a walk by himself across the wall of a farm dam. About five minutes later we heard the sound of running hooves and saw the terrified face of this boy, as it seemed a horse was chasing him back across the dam towards us. When this was brought up at the staff meeting that night, one of the tutors who had seen the horse chase the boy suggested that it was his Karma for being difficult during the meditation.

Two days later I held another meditation session, this time limiting the numbers to 30 only. I borrowed a chakra chart from Pam & Andrew, as well as a set of Sahaja brochures

(the ones with the miracle photo on the front), and remembered to take Shri Mataji's photo this time. The students were receptive right from the beginning (and very interested in the Chakra Chart). They seemed to understand and accept my request that they view everything as a scientist. The meditation was very strong and the whole session was a wonderful journey of discovery for them as they discovered about how to read their hands, giving vibrations to each other, asking questions ("Is Uluru a Holy place?" to which most of them felt very strong vibrations) etc.

One of the students asked about Shri Mataji and that she must be someone very special. Another student wanted to know if it was possible to ask questions of this energy and then asked for rain for the drought-stricken country areas.

One boy had felt the peace inside but had not been able to feel anything on hands or head, and had felt a little frustrated by this. For the final meditation I put on the last track of the *Mauli* CD (*Pita Nah* - The Lord's Prayer in Sanskrit) and the vibrations became very powerful. When I looked over at this boy, he had a very happy contented look on his face and confirmed that he had finally been able to feel the cool breeze.

At the end I thanked them for being so well behaved and receptive, to which they responded by saying "No, we should be thanking you". I mentioned the website address and the radio program details, and must have written these on to almost all thirty of the brochures, at the student's request.

That night we had a concert and then a dance party. In the midst of all the dancing students I could see one of the boys still holding his Sahaja brochure, the miracle photo clear to all who looked. Later that night as lights out time passed, two of the tutors grabbed my hand and said rather sternly "Come here, you're responsible for this". They led me down to one of the boys rooms, the last one to have their lights out, to observe 5 Year six boys from Summer Hill Public School sitting on their beds discussing things like how to put on a bhandan, avidly referring to their brochures. One of them, a Chinese boy with very severe asthma, was enquiring as to whether it would be in conflict with his family's beliefs and then was very interested when told it would definitely help his asthma.

One of the tutors, the conductor of the orchestra at Summer Hill PS, was very impressed with the way her students had taken to it so well. She had been there at the beginning of the meditation session and commented on how into it they had been, practically hanging on my every word. Even Steve, the often-inebriated (after lights out) conductor of School Spectacular and the like said if he had known about the session, I would have had 52 attendees. He is usually somewhat cynical by nature, but he was genuinely interested to know that you could turn the brain off (that being his biggest hurdle, and probably why he drinks as much as he does).

For the final concert, the choir I conducted presented four items: *I Sing of a Maiden*; *Thulankliziyo* (which we presented for Shri Mataji back in 1991); *Hakuna Matata fi Kenya*; and *Go With a Song In Your Heart*. The piece *I Sing of a Maiden* composed by Patrick Hadley in 1936 was a very beautiful song praising Mother Mary. The words are below:

*I Sing of a Maiden
That is makeless (matchless)
King of all Kings
To Her son she ches (embraces, clings, holds),
He came all so still where his Mother was
As dew in April that falleth on the grass
He came all so still to His Mother's bower
As dew in April that falleth on the flower
He came all so still where his Mother lay
As dew in April that falleth on the spray
Mother and Maiden
Was never none but She
Well may such a lady
God's Mother be.*

The two-part arrangement was quite difficult and I felt that it was the one piece that could potentially come unstuck in the concert. Our final rehearsal was a bit of a non-event, with most of the choir looking everywhere except at me. However, when the performance time arrived, they were all beautifully focused, and there were beautiful vibrations that were passing back and forth between conductor and choir. They were actually beaming, as was I at the end of the piece, sung better than we had ever rehearsed it. I felt that quite a few of them probably got their self realization during the performance, because there was such a feeling of love and joy being expressed.

Pieces of a Jigsaw

One. At the end of the performances I managed to exchange email addresses with the four vocal tutors. One of them, David, shared a room with me during the camp. He had been an opera singer but now teaches music three days a week at Haberfield Public School. We had discussed meditation, and he said he had done some Yoga before, but I didn't push it as I felt he had some strong Christian conditionings. His 10-year-old daughter was at the camp and attended the 2nd meditation session but had reported to him afterwards that "it was a little weird". A week after the camp, this very Sahaja email arrived from him (the Sandhya he refers to is of course Sandhya Tedesco):

*Date: Friday, 30 August 2002 2:04 PM
Hi John
Spoke to Sandyda (spelling?), Daniel and Nicholas's mum at Soccer Fun day last Sunday. Said you practise meditation together. I also taught Daniel and Nicholas, however they have moved over to Castle Hill now.
Be in touch.
David*

Two. Another tutor who was great to work with sent me this email.

*Hi John,
Nice to hear from you. Hope all was well on your return home and to school. Thanks again for all of your help and expertise last week. 'Sing of a Maiden' is still with me.
Take care. I'll email again soon.
Cheers,
Polly :-)*

"'Sing of a Maiden' is still with me" is just the same as saying 'Mother is still with me', such was the beautiful feeling during this performance.

Three. I have just returned from my latest *Sing NSW* rehearsal at Australian Technology Park on Monday afternoon. As I was photocopying some information before the rehearsal, the percussion tutor for the Wind Orchestra was waiting to photocopy something. He seemed familiar, and then I remembered him as one of the tutors I had shared sleeping quarters with at last year's camp. He said, "Are you John Smiley?" and then thanked me for introducing his son to the meditation at last week's camp. He said his son had been taking it all very seriously and had really been enjoying it. The father was very impressed with the effect that he had seen on his son. I finally worked out that this was the boy who had held his brochure during the dance party. And he was one of those boys from Summer Hill who had gotten me into "trouble" for disobeying the lights-out instruction at camp.

Small world? Or perhaps Shri Mataji's vibrations go every which way and create 'coincidences' that are very joyful for us when we are able to see them. Jai Shri Mataji.

John Smiley, Sydney

Shri Krishna Puja & Havan held at Port Macquarie

A wonderful time was had by all on the weekend of the Krishna Puja.

The havan took place a bit before dark on the Saturday followed a few hours later with the Puja. The music and vibrations flowed.

It was a great collective weekend of yogis from the mid North Coast, North Coast, Newcastle and Wingham areas.

*Jill Sargeant
Port Macquarie*

Shri Ganesha Puja
Sunday 15th September 2002
11.00am at Balmoral

Just a small reminder for the Puja and a request for those attending.

Could the starting time be at or about 11.00am to allow us time to clean up in the daylight hours please. And if your heart tells you to join the set-up or cooking team you will be really welcome.

We again give thanks that we have the Greatest Mother and a very great family.

Thank you
Jacqueline Coulter
for the Central Coast and Newcastle Collective

GENERAL INTEREST

Self-Worth

I needed reflection to show me self-worth.
I needed praise to measure my success.
But now having the source of my self,
I am the reflector of my reflection and
The praise of my success.

Taking the moment, O dear friend,
Let me explain the Self which is my source.
Seated in the lotus of the heart,
Awakened by pure desire and brought to light
By the Grace of the Mother's Love.

The Ancients called it by many names –
Brahm, Auto, Atma, Ruh...
Flowing in the centre of centres,
The cool soothing winds of life

Rise from the sacred triangle,
Threading like pearls
The various aspects of personality.
The wonders of Self revealed,
O dear friend, I found my self-worth.
It is love unconditional, seen all around.

Greta More
Valla NSW

You Are

Before Time was, You were my Lord
You are, always will be
You are the Lord of every thing
You are Shri Ganapati

You are first principle of all
Innocence, undefiled
And all that is, is part of You
You are that divine child

You are the thought, You are the scribe
You are the tusk and hands
You are the words, You are the ink
You are That, which understands

And You my Lord are Path and Goal
You are the Sun each day
You are the Dance, You are the Moon
You are the Music ~ Play

Yours is the circle and the square
Yours is the movement too
You are auspiciousness itself
And You are all that's true

You are the Spark in every child
In every girl and boy
You are their smiles and laughter
You are their endless Joy

And You are Love with pure desire
That River ever flowing
That washes clean, renews,
invigorates our growing

And You fix up, remove, refine
so we become Your brothers
You lead us on, show us the Way
Her Lotus Feet ~ our Mother's

Jai! Jai! Ganesh! You are the Guide
The Path of pure desire
Yours are the rope and goad to use
Please lead us, ever Higher

Maha Ganesh, You are the Lord
You are, sweet Jesus, mild
We pray, become, just like Him
Pure Innocence, a Child

Nought is there Lord You cannot do,
Nought is there not in You
You are my Lord, this very self
All this, is only You.

Before Time was, You were my Lord
You are, always will be
You are the Lord of every thing
You are Shri Ganapati

Pavan Keetley,
Sydney