

Sahaja Yoga

7th February, 2003



Australian Newsletter

Jai Shri Mataji!

Phone: 612 6254 4986
email: sahajnews@yahoo.com
Publication deadline for contributions
is midnight each Tuesday

I attended ISPS from 1992 till 1995 and for personal reasons stayed back in Australia for 1996. Luckily my parents sent me back in 1997 and I stayed till 2001.

I have had a good year both academically and socially this year but miss ISPS very much. I enjoyed my time at the school both the experience of the physical beauty of the surrounding countryside and the staff and my fellow students. It has widened my horizons culturally and given me friends all around the world. My appreciation of the school however has been greatly increased this year as I see my peers at my current school struggle with the moral dilemmas of drugs, alcohol and sex. The values imbibed, meditation and introspection practised at ISPS has given me a confidence about myself and a peace that I do not see in students here.

If it was not for my time at ISPS I am sure I would now be lost, and I would not be striving to reach my full potential. I wish to study Law and to use it for the wider good."

(This is another of the beautiful testimonials received from ex-pupils of the International Sahaja Yoga School at Dharamshala in India. More will be published in future editions)



STATE NEWS

from New South Wales...

Music of Joy

**bhajan evening this Saturday:
an invitation to all yogis**

Broughton Rd Ashram (Bevan, Kim, Deb, Mercy & kids)
will be opening their doors to everyone at about 7pm this
Saturday night for dinner and heartfelt song.

It will be a nice way to farewell David, Trish and Akhila
Sharp who will be returning to New Zealand the following
weekend.

Please bring some food, your songbook, instrument and/or
beautiful voice for an evening of love and joy.

Jai Shri Mataji!

*John Smiley
Sydney*

**Great opportunity
to purchase vibrated clothing
this Friday night and Saturday morning**

Shri Mataji's special shipment of clothing will be on sale
again at Burwood this Friday night after the program and
also on Saturday at Burwood from 9am til noon.

All suitcases will be opened to inspect every item available
on the Saturday morning. Many items never before seen
will be available for purchase or 4 week lay-by.

Also a reminder to those ladies who opened a lay-by be-
fore Christmas: your final payment is due.

*For further information phone Donna Jones at Strathfield
ashram (new) on 97465161.*

SAHAJ MUSIC

Let's Sing Her Praises

Upon this world our Ma has come
To put all evil on the run
And grant all people their connection
Bring us to our true self through introspection

(Chorus)

Let's sing Her Praises
The Greatest, the Most
O Holy Incarnation
O Holy Ghost, oh Shri Mataji

The world's full of ignorance, darkness, fear
But here's an answer and it's clear
Surrender brothers and sisters at our Ma's feet
And our evolution fulfilled and our hearts complete

Let our hearts be joyous in love and fun
May this boon be granted to everyone
This world no longer a warrish hell
But a Paradise where yogis dwell

We thank you Mother for what You've done
May our lives and work be with You one
We must not rest until it's here
Heaven on earth is oh so near

So let's spread the word, tell everyone here
Blossom Time's come, you need have no fear
Just ask our Ma with open heart
And from the Lord you'll never part

*This song was inspired by Shri Mataji and composed &
written by Michael Gasiowski from Adelaide, South Aus-
tralia.*

*If anyone would like a copy of the music they can contact
Michael on (08) 8242 5839.*

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

from India...

Request for financial support for *Nirmal Prem*: the new Sahaja Yoga orphanage in Noida

My dear sisters and brothers all over the world,

With the guidance of HH Shri Mataji Nirmal Devi we have become a large and happy family and feel safe and secure. We live in paradise, but we should not close our eyes to the poverty and despair around us. Shri Mataji has given us the power to help ourselves to transform ourselves into happy, satisfied, loving and spiritual human beings.

However, she has also given us the power to do the same to others. For the poorest in the world it is difficult to join our Sahaj community because they lack the basic needs of life.

Help us to help poor and innocent orphans, lost and out-cast children and women. Let us allow them to take part in our bliss, let give them hope, love and shelter in the lap of our Mother. Who else could be a better replacement for a lost Mother than Shri Mataji? For 5 years I have helped the orphanage and old people's home *Anbu Karangal* in Chennai and tried to get contributions from all my friends. The Sahaja Yogis from Austria have founded an organization, called *Loving Hands*, to be able to collect contributions in and outside of Sahaja Yoga. Now with our help the people from Anbu Karangal got a big, new House.

Since 3 Years HH Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi had talks with me about establishing our own Sahaja Yoga orphanage. Now HH Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi has built *Nirmal Prem*, a house for destitute women and children in Greater Noida-Delhi. She requested that I shall run the orphanage in the 1st Floor of this building with my collected money. In the Public Program in March 2002 in Delhi she told the audience I collected Rupees 80 lakhs for the orphanage, but I told Mother only from RS 18 lakhs on the account from *Loving Hands* in Austria and RS 4 lakhs in my hand. Meanwhile we have total near RS 30 lakhs, but this sum is far away from RS 80 lakhs (8,000,000/-) what Shri Mataji expected from us.

So, please help me worldwide to reach this goal for the Birthday pooja, where there will be the inauguration of *Nirmal Prem* (NGO under the *HH Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi Foundation*). There is also a plan to build a school and a hospital on the same land. My name is Gisela Matzer

from Austria. Since 7 years I live in Chennai India. Please can you collect money everywhere special for the orphanage in *Nirmal Prem* and bring it to the Shivaratri or Birthday Pooja to myself. The Sahaja Yogis from Austria, Chennai and Dharamshala will help you to find me, or else send the money to one of followings accounts:

1. Susanne Dejust (Loving Hands) CA, Vienna AUSTRIA
Bank no: 11 000; Account no: 02784278000
2. Rahul and Siddhi Bhasale (Loving-hands)
Deutsche Bank 24 GERMANY
Bank Code: 50570024; Account 1512466
3. Gisela Matzer (Loving Hands)
ICICI Bank,
1 Cenotaph Road
CHENNAI 600 018
INDIA
Account no: 000101057606

If you can give also a small monthly contribution it would be very helpful for the future. We all heard by the Christmas Pooja how happy Shri Mataji is that this dream from her will now get fulfilled and how important it is to help the poorest. Please help us!

With love and Jai Shri Mataji,

Gisela Matzer
Chennai, India

gisela_oma_7@yahoo.com

India 2002: a parent's pilgrimage

The Yogi's journey through India facilitates that level of awareness where the Paramchaitanya is awakened within and grows to be part of everyday awareness, not just during those periods of meditation, but actively manifest within the consciousness to give the necessary guidance, direction and bearing throughout the day: it allows the thoughts to dissipate, and the attention to dwell upon the spiritual beauty which floods within one's being, invigorating and enlivening.

Although there is much travelling—some of it through heat and dust—there is noise, commotion, flurry, the inexhaustible hawkers and sellers, the fellow travellers, the seemingly endless traverse over rough roads for many days' end. While outside all is hustle and bustle; within, inexplicably, there is silence and for a time we can simply enjoy a time unbound by thoughts, and take pleasure in simple joys, the pleasures and thrills of the limitless present moment.

(story continues overleaf...)

A journey begins

For many the path to Ganapatipule began with our journey North to Dharamshala to meet our children at the conclusion of their school year. The road north into Himachal Pradesh has been a well-travelled road by Yogis from all over the world for many years. The road is not an easy one, travelled over great distances leading from the plains of northern India, inexorably up into the foothills of the Himalayas.

The passage is long and makes its demands, yet the welcomed embrace waiting at journey's end is universal and pure, sweet solace after a period of separation. It is a profound experience: one of intense delightfulness, of enchanting kindness, enthralling elation, moments of the purest delight that live long in one's memory. The children's beaming well-being, good health, vivacious spirits and the clear radiance of their vibrations accentuates the initial encounters. All questions and doubts that one may go through to send the children to Shri Mataji's school are answered in those first few shared unspoken moments.

Yogis from all over the world gathered at Talnoo Nadi, reunited with their children and taking part in the great gathering of Yogis of all ages and races but of one creed, about to commence the great spiritual pilgrimage across the great extent of this country to Ganapatipule.

The last days of the school year are relaxed and easy going, filled with the strains of the Kawwali group, or lines from a drama. Everywhere earnest rehearsal as students prepared for their anticipated examination, their performance at Ganapatipule before Shri Mataji, and the Sahaja collective.

In the moments between the demands to polish their performance, small groups of children could be seen with their parents or accompanying adults at Dharamshala or McLeod Ganj sampling the delights of the Chocolate Shop, or laughing upon the terraces of Nick's Café partaking of the delights of traditional Italian fare, the author must note that he also took some comfort there.

We were privileged to witness the school concert and presentation held over two evenings, offered from Class 5 and above. The theme of their production was to present Sahaja Yoga to a group of people following up their self-realisation. Each class had prepared their classroom to host the follow-up program, preparing posters, information, and handouts with displays lining the walls. Some presented selected quotes of Shri Mataji, one of the more senior classes had painted slogans upon T-shirts: *"Feeling Stressed? Forget the Rest—Sahaja Yoga is the Best"*.

A group of judges including some visiting parents toured each Classroom examining the displays and questioning the children about dealing with vibrations. During the evening each class hosted the follow-up workshop, some

classes held interviews where one student would question the other about the benefits of Sahaja Yoga. Class 6 hit on a winning idea of recording a Rap song extolling the benefits of Sahaja Yoga to all who would listen.

It was wonderful to witness the manner with which the students wished to promote Sahaja: good preparation for the day when they will be taking upon themselves the great task laid before us all of taking Sahaja Yoga into the world.

The day of departure from Dharamshala dawned cold and grey, with snow-laden clouds clinging to the mountains and covering them with a dusting of snow, falling upon the school as light rain. Long lines of children loaded with backpacks, many holding the hand of a teacher or carer, made their way down the long winding road leading from the school to the waiting buses and the commencement of the trip south.

Buses loaded and children seated, we left the forested mountains and began our journey. After many hours travel we arrived at Chandigarh. The local Yogis had hired a hall and arranged a very warm welcome for the children where they could rest, enjoy a beautiful meal and take pleasure in a quiz testing the extent of their knowledge. The journey was a long one, but one tends to forget the many hours spent in the seat of bus. All that comes to mind is the encounter along the way and the love and compassion shown to weary travellers.

The second half of the journey to Delhi did not quite seem as long and we arrived early the next morning at Nizamuddin station, waiting to board the train bound for Ratnagiri.

The school had booked four carriages and as the train pulled into the station we observed the routine now so uniquely associated with the Indian rail system where one tries to locate one's berth, dragging luggage and children behind one as you make your way down dark aisle ways, at the same time as 40 other people are trying to do the same thing, while making your way past various vendors trying to make that one last pitch to sell a range of vital travel items: cushions, soap, playing cards, locks and chains, and food of every sort, then to realize that you are in the wrong carriage and have to start the process all over again.

Eventually order of a kind is restored and we settled into our compartments, our homes for the next two days. With a lurch the train headed from the station and began the long traverse south to sea.

India is a vast land of varying climates, landscapes and natural features. After many fortunate years travelling though this great land somehow the journey by train seems the most conducive way to appreciate its beauty. One can spend many happy hours seated upon a bench gazing out of the window, free from thought as the miles

roll past. There is nothing necessary to do, nothing to consider, nothing that need draw the attention, simply slow down, allowing the hustle, bustle and heat of the West to be drawn from the soul as the vibrations of the land invigorate and enlighten.

Silent time can make quiet all minds, pacifying the body and the soul. We begin to cool down and can see in each others' faces and hear in our voices the quiet within.

While outside there is all activity, people moving about talking, some selling, many eating, others cleaning; inwardly the pace is relaxed, the pressure dissipated, and one finds they are much more at ease with themselves and those around them.

It is a good place to be. At that time there is nowhere better. All around there is the laughter of children at play—one of the most pleasing sounds—the amusement of happy people in unperturbed conversation and the strains of music played to the rhythm of metal wheels running against steel rail as the train makes its inexorable way south.

Ganapatipule

And so we journeyed home to this place of saints, where Shri MahaGanesha reaches out to converge with the sea. Our journey has been a passage by which we had begun to clear ourselves of some of our impurities and have returned once more to a place of spiritual heritage, one of the most spiritual places in the world, where land, nature and spiritualism are united together; wherever we are we carry this accord with us.

Ganapatipule is a place of liberty and beauty, of magnificent sea and streams, and of golden sands, of spiritual joy, the excitement of those here for the first time and the sense of celebration for those returning. It brings to mind sacred memories, vibrations from the land and those that our Sahaja culture evokes.

Ganapatipule is a place we come to where Shri Mataji fills us with Her unending grace and love. At this place we know who we are and where we are from, regardless of where we live in this world, and are reminded of our Motherland, which makes it all the more fulfilling when we return. The vibrations and sanctity of this place never cease to inspire

Ganapatipule is an opportunity of unlimited potential, the prospect for growth, the gift of vibrations and spiritual experience. This year great attention and emphasis was placed upon massed collective meditation. Each morning everyone would assemble for guided meditation in the newly and greatly expanded main pendal. Words fail to explain the depth of experience felt meditating as part of an assemblage of 7,000 realised souls, all manifesting their desire and attention upon the Spirit.

With little reference to one's individual state of mind, one's awareness became evacuated of thoughts, the heart opens and the mind bathed in meditation. Each day the meditation would be punctuated with prayers, musical interludes and mantras which flowed into a powerful meditative experience. This became one of the highlights for the week, and was the perfect beginning to each day bringing into focus the purpose for our stay.

Following meditation there would be seminars, workshops and collective discussions. As the week progressed many new friendships were formed and a new impetus was born to unite as an international brotherhood.

One of the highlights of our time was the night of the children's performance where children from Class 1 through to Class 10 danced, mimed, acted and performed, opening our hearts as nothing else could. The children have their attention fixed upon the Sahasrara, perform without affectation, attention fixed on the moment. They do not so much perform but act and describe the beauty that is within. The expression of the innocence of eternal youth was the mighty current which flowed through all they offered and carried us away to that place rarely felt, of unified brotherhood and hearts filled with joy.

Our school at Dharamasala that night had achieved that for it was created: it had preserved as sacred the purest innocence of Shri Mataji's children, conserved and set free for glorious display, paying homage to our Divine Mother.

During this year's seminar Shri Mataji blessed us with Her Divine presence for the Christmas Puja and at the conclusion of the seminar when She addressed the grooms prior to the marriage ceremony held on the evening of December 29th. This has become a sacred rite, one of passage to a more committed life where Yogis come together to walk upon the spiritual path through the commitment to Sahaja vows and to live by a higher and holier order.

Although She was not present each night, Shri Mataji continually showered Her Love and Grace upon us. As the hours and days of the seminar progressed one could feel a process of clearing and inner transformation taking place within our being, where time spent can alter your life and make us better than we once were.

When we leave this place we carry with us Shri Mataji's love and Her vibrations, and visions and memories of time spent in the company of the Divine that makes it all the more fulfilling when next fate allows us to return to Ganapatipule.

*Chris Kyriacou
Sydney, Australia*