



Mt. Hood, Oregon

Volume 2, Issue 1 February 2012

An Online Newsletter Dedicated to Avatar Meher Baba

Ongoing Meetings

Portland, OR (several meetings)

- We read from *Mehera Meher* on the first Sunday of the month. Details in the Portland Calendar
- Informal monthly meeting on the first Thursday of the month at the home of Dan Sanders and Jamie Keeshan. Details in the Portland Calendar.
- Occasional evening meetings in Northeast Portland. Contact virginia@peoples.coop or call (503) 288 5972.

Silverton, OR

- Occasional meetings, locations vary. Call Betty Lowman (503) 873-0415 or Jim and Jean Wilson (503) 873-2048.

Corvallis, OR

- Currently we meet at 9 AM on Friday mornings at the home of Linda and Ivy, 1956 NW Beca Ave, Corvallis, OR 97330. Please call ahead in case the meeting is cancelled. (541) 908-2384.

Seattle, WA

- Meher Baba meetings every Sunday afternoon at 3 PM. Locations vary. Call Judy Robertson (206) 365-8024.

Acknowledgements

Thanks to the website www.panhala.net for the camel/lightning photo and Saadi quote.

Born in Shiraz in 1195, **Saadi** was a Persian poet and mystic during the turbulent times of the Mongol invasion. He spoke for Iranians suffering displacement and conflict, and spent seven years in captivity, a Muslim slave to the European Crusaders. He returned to Shiraz, and is buried in a mausoleum shrine there.

The lovely photo of the boy with violin and birds on page 2 is unattributed.

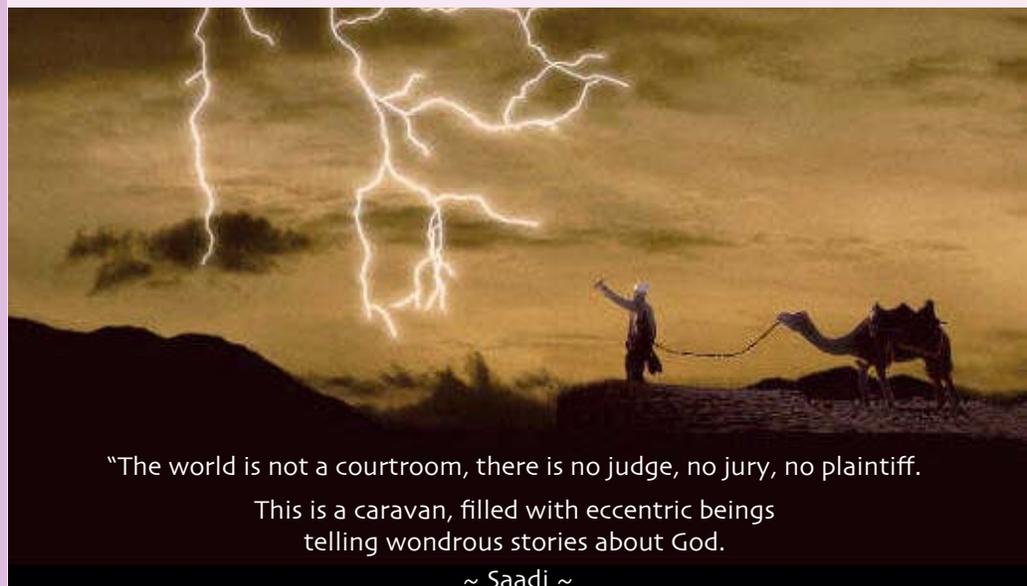
Thanks to Dr. Payam Ajang, who found Baba's poem for Dr. Donkin in *Donkin's Diaries-Travels in India with Meher Baba 1939-1945*, Sheriar Foundation, pp. 225-226.

Meher Baba's 75th Birthday Message

On December 11th, 1968, Meher Baba dictated this message for his seventy-fifth birthday the following year, but Adi was instructed not to print it and circulate it until after January.

“To love me for what I may give you is not loving me at all. To sacrifice anything in my cause to gain something for yourself is like a blind man sacrificing his eyes for sight. I am the Divine Beloved worthy of being loved because I am Love. He who loves me because of this will be blessed with unlimited sight and will see me as I am.”

Lord Meher, Volume 20, Page 6686



“The world is not a courtroom, there is no judge, no jury, no plaintiff.

This is a caravan, filled with eccentric beings
telling wondrous stories about God.

~ Saadi ~

Portland Winter/Spring Calendar

Meher Mehera Readings - First Sunday of the Month, 10 AM-12 noon

We gather to read and discuss the three-volume book set *Mehera Meher*. These collections of touching stories from the women mandali's perspective are told by Beloved Mehera. Light snack and tea provided. Call for directions, and **PLEASE RSVP**.

Feb. 12 - Connie Klemm's (503) 296-0971

March 4 - Malini Eyer-Raffo's (503) 598-8460

April - Jo Hussey (503) 598-342-6022

Upcoming Events - Save the Date!

May 20 - Mehera's Tea at Jo Hussey's home

June 29-July 1 - Summer Womens Retreat

August 17-19 - Northwest Sahavas at Baba House, Scotts Mills, with guests Jane Brown and Ward Parks

Meeting at Jamie and Dan's place, first Thursday of every month, 7 PM

All are welcome who would like to join as we work to build open sharing, support and community in Baba! Join us the first Thursday of every month at 7 PM in our apartment: 6636 NE Tillamook St, Apt 212, Portland, OR 97213. For information, contact Jamie at 503-778-0489 or email jamie.keehan@gmail.com.

Saturday, February 25, 4-8 PM, Meher Baba's 118th Birthday Celebration

Marc and Dee Lane will host Meher Baba's 118th birthday in their Keizer (Salem) home, 5427 Steven Ct. N. Salem OR 97303-5347. It will be potluck and they will provide a main dish. Please bring your favorite Baba birthday dish or desert. If you know you're coming, please RSVP, so they can plan for cooking the main dish (503) 390-0899.



“Music is the language of God”- Rumi

Prayer/Poems

(for Meher Baba)

by Sharonah Robinson

Sharonah (Sharon) Robinson is an artist/writer/poet/playwright who lives in Port Townsend, Washington. These poems are just a sample of her varied body of work. See more on her website www.sharonrobinson.org.

Sea, You Are All of Me

I am a rock
emerging from the sea
my skin bleeds
weaves a tide of welcome

I am a stone
heavy and slimy
covered with moss and algae

I am a rock
emerging from the sea
my skin breathes
a new language
remembering your love
in silence,
sea, you are all of me.

Bind Me To You

in the nooks and crannies
of my mind
in the rivers and streams
beyond time

Meher Baba, may I remember you.

like flower to earth
like star toward sun
let the desert of my heart
receive your blessing

bind me to you

my heart my hands reach out
your hidden dream
erases all illusion

like sand to sea
honey to bee
leaf and flower to tree
bind me to you.

the world makes no sense
yet you are my recompense
your wealth binds me
to the poverty of this world

Meher Baba, may I remember you.

For You

I dance
to the beauty of your guitar
I dance
to the beauty of your flute
I dance for the tambourine
I dance for the sea
I dance to the drums
I dance
and you are my ocean.

Dancing Into Light

dancing in the darkness
before dawn breaks
my breath
slowly renewing itself
above whispers
invisible mountains

dancing in the light
of your infinite love
your grace gives me courage

I know the strength
of things unseen
I know the path
where none have tread

as I walk this invisible mountain
step by step
my feet move beyond
invisible boundaries
always dancing in the light
of your infinite love.

The Ancient One

I am the ultimate flower
I am the light within
fierce as the sun
direct as the wind
I live in the ancient
dwelling place
I live within.



Meher Baba's Voice

This you know
the mist moon
rises out of the clouds
and you are unafraid
because I love you

the white night
is streaked with dawn
and you are unafraid
because I love you
relax and feel
the power of my love.

Breath Unfolds Sky

breath unfolds sky
this early morning
of my life as I walk
safely to the market
for bread, olives and goat cheese
your presence a loving benediction.

Myrtle the Turtle

Myrtle the turtle walks
slowly across the sand

God works slowly
within me
for that is who I am.

Thank you God,
Thank you Myrtle,
Thank you sand.

He

He drinks the music
of our laughter
softly safely touching
space and sky

He favors the music
of our dance
He smiles
Love Supreme

Cradling that glimpse
of love and truth
inside each smile

He knows
His passion lives
Krishna beneath our eyelids.

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by Sharonah Robinson

My Meetings with Meher Baba

by Eloise Lein Prue, April 16, 1994

“My marriage was a total disaster, and I got out as fast as I could. Then something very fortunate happened to me: I met the spiritual master Meher Baba. Eastern masters were few and far between in the 50s. They hadn’t become popular until the hippie movement in the 60s. Well, here was this beautiful man with long flowing hair just oozing love and compassion! I was just overwhelmed. Some people wept in his presence, without his ever saying a word. The atmosphere around him was highly charged with love. His message was ‘Love God and love other people as your own dear ones.’ He taught more than that, but that was his bottom line.”

Our dear friend Eloise Prue passed away on February 9, 2011, On this first anniversary of her passing, we share her story. Many thanks to Mary Marino Strong, who transcribed it, and managed to find it, bless her! The quote at left is an excerpt from a speech Eloise gave at a Toastmasters meeting.

My story begins in 1956 in Arcadia, California. I was divorced and had a 5 year old son, Carl. My brother Ray was divorced also and he had a 6-year-old son, Kenny. Ray was in the Air Force and Kenny lived with my mother, Ruth Lein, Carl and I.

My mother had seen Baba in Myrtle Beach in 1952 at my Aunt Laura Delavigne’s in Briarcliffe Acres in Myrtle Beach. When she heard Baba was coming to Hollywood she insisted we all go to see Him.

My brother Ray and I had been brought up in the Unity Church and I was happy there. I was seeking nothing else — especially not an Eastern master. I knew Aunt Laura followed Baba but I was suspicious I thought He was after her money! Little was known of Eastern masters at that time—this was before the 1960s when they became popular.

So I was very reluctant to take time off work and drive an hour through traffic (no freeway then) to Hollywood to see this man. But my mother wouldn’t take no for an answer and we went.

Baba was on the mezzanine of the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel. I could feel His love and compassion as soon as I stepped off the elevator. I remember the happy feeling I had as we walked the hall to where we checked in. The first person I saw was one of Darwin Shaw’s daughters, Leatrice. She was going around asking everybody “Have you seen Baba yet? Have you seen Baba yet?” She was a very lovely and refined girl.

Ivy Duce was there in one of the beautiful hats she was famous for. She seemed to be running things. Because my mother was Aunt Laura’s sister, Ivy Duce personally ushered my mother and Kenny in. They went in together and Carl and I went in later together.

When I saw Baba, Eruch was interpreting. Baba asked me if I had read His story of creation. I didn’t know for sure if he meant *God Speaks* but of course He did. My mother and I had a copy, and we both started it but put it aside. My mother, unbeknownst, to me gave it to a metaphysical minister we had at the time. She was exceptionally spiritual and later commented that the book had a VERY HIGH vibration.

Well there I was in front of Baba trying to explain that! I just said I had a copy but gave it away. He gestured “Get another copy and read it COVER TO COVER.” He was very emphatic. So I did and, realizing it was a direct order from Baba, I read it three times.

When our interview was over, Baba gave us each a grape. Not knowing anything about prasad at the time I didn’t see anything important about it and held onto my grape and was going to eat it later when Eruch said “Eat the grape the Master has given you.” So of course I did right away.

After we ended the interview we were ushered into a room

where people were just sitting there. They weren't talking or anything—just sitting there soaking up the atmosphere and savoring their experience of being with Baba. It was very moving. Then my mother said "Let's go to the restroom." As soon as we got in the door she burst into tears. Later she said that when she was standing in front of Baba, she felt she didn't have a head, and her response to Baba was straight from the heart.

During the intervening year, 1957, Aunt Laura sent my mother a subscription to *The Awakener*, which I of course read too. It made quite an impression on me, and it seemed like there were pinpoints of love on the printed page.

The way opened up in May 1958 for me to attend the Myrtle Beach Sahavas. My cousin, Marie Shore, Aunt Laura's daughter, and her two small daughters, Martha and Sara, met me at Wilmington, N.C. and drove me to Myrtle Beach as there were no flights into Myrtle Beach at that time. Aunt Laura also had other house guests, the DeLongs from Florida. Their daughter Sylvia, an astrologer, was staying on the Center grounds.



Maryann Barnhart, Eloise and Betty Lowman at the 2010 Northwest Sahavas.

Every morning after breakfast, everybody would congregate on the lawn opposite the kitchen waiting for Elizabeth to drive Baba from His house to the barn. Margaret Craske's dancers would be at each end of the lawn stretching and flinging their arms and legs. When the car came by, the others were chatting but I would go down to the fence and walk abreast of the car. I was just so drawn to Him. Marie and I had seen Him on Sunday before the Sahavas had started.

We met in the barn every morning. Baba was carried around in a sedan chair, as it was after His accident in India and he could hardly walk. Tex Hightower and other male dancers used to vie for the privilege of carrying Him. Sometimes Baba would slap them on the back while they were carrying Him and Aunt Laura said He was pushing them further on the path.

In the afternoon, Baba called either individuals or groups into the Lagoon Cabin for interviews. I remember Baba's flag was on top of the cabin. In the meantime, we would sit around the lawn opposite the kitchen and visit.

There was a regular grapevine with stories and anecdotes about Baba. One was that wherever Baba went it seemed to rain, clearing the air for his presence. It rained the first day of the Sahavas.

In the barn, I was fascinated watching Him. He was gesturing and Eruch was interpreting. Eruch worked very hard deciphering Baba's gestures. Many times he had to make a few false

starts. I don't know how he did it at all, but he did it for hours. He was absolutely one-pointed. I never saw anyone concentrate so hard.

The thing that made the greatest impression on me was when Baba said "I'm going to have the Prayer of Repentance recited and if you concentrate and feel deeply about it I will forgive all of your sins up to this time." I only hope I felt deeply enough.

One of His discourses was about the planes. He said to imagine the world. Then He put a Kleenex box in back of it and said this is the demarcation between the gross world and the subtle world. Then he put something, a book I think, between the subtle and mental worlds. Then He took someone's hat with a big brim and put it between the 6th plane and the 7th. He said we were looking toward the world during our journey to the 6th plane. But from the 6th to the 7th plane, it was entirely different. He turned the hat entirely around. Now it was facing God or Reality. We make a complete turnaround from the 6th to the 7th plane.

Baba also told of the crossing of the 4th plane and how it was possible

to fall and have to start evolution all over again. That impressed me very deeply.

Baba gave many discourses and prayers, and He liked someone to tell a joke after being serious. Baba would have Ben Hayman and others tell a joke, and one time he told one Himself:

"Once in India there were two men driving in a sports car. They turned a corner and one said that it was raining. The other said, 'No, it isn't raining we just went under an elephant'." In those days, everyone was quite prim and proper, and the grapevine reported that Baba was telling dirty stories. A few were aghast. [ed.note: Dr. Kenmore also told a slightly risqué joke and some of the proper women didn't approve. So Baba had him tell it again, saying some of the women had missed it.]

I remember Baba had Harry Kenmore recite the Master's Prayer. He said it out with such zeal and fervor, and so loud I thought the roof was going to come off the barn!

Baba gave out His message "My Wish" for the first time at the Sahavas. I learned through the grapevine that someone had taken this message down on a shorthand pad. Somehow a little girl got into this person's things and tore it up! That caused a bit of a stir but soon after, it was printed in *The Awakener*. Since then, it has appeared in many of Baba's publications.

In one of the discourses that impressed me most, Baba asked us to imagine a great library. An ant crosses the threshold. Baba said that is how we appear to Him. I couldn't believe

my ears. Elizabeth and Kitty and many high-powered people were in the audience. I pondered that a lot and much later I came to the conclusion that when the mind goes and Knowledge comes, it is as vast as a great library is to an ant. Imagine the knowledge we will have one day!

I had two or three interviews with Baba. One was with a girl about my age—a hairdresser, and I was a secretary then. He asked us how we slept and we said fine. Then He said, referring to Himself, “Last night was unbelievable,” meaning He suffered so much. I felt awfully bad and I think I shed a tear. When He embraced me, as He did several times, first on one shoulder and then on the other, I really felt His love. The atmosphere around Him was all love and compassion. You could just cut it with a knife.

He called for the different groups for an interview—the Monday Night Group from New York, the Sufis, and so forth. I went in with the “odds and ends.” Aunt Laura also went in with my group, having dropped out of the Sufis some time before.

One day Baba had a birthday party for the children. I remember they drove 50 miles for the cake and it cost \$50! The children had cake and ice cream and then Baba threw prasad at them (or away from them and made them scramble). Some of us adults were looking on and He invited us to try to catch one. I did. They were sourballs wrapped in cellophane.

Every evening at Aunt Laura’s we would talk about the day and about the people who were there and some of their stories. One I remember was about Beryl Williams. She was the only black person there and she, I could see, was very close to Baba. Baba told her she used to be white in former incarnations but she had been unkind to blacks in her last incarnation and had to be born one so she could experience and understand being black. Interestingly, after a few years she was found dead [*fed. note: of natural causes*] in her New York apartment. I would judge that she was in her thirties, same as I when I saw her.

Besides Kitty and Elizabeth, I remember Charles Purdom. He had the biggest, softest brown eyes. Not as impressive as Baba’s of course, but noticeable nonetheless. I remember one Southern girl was talking in a deep Southern drawl and he asked her if she spoke any English at all! I also remember seeing Adi K. Irani And Nariman Dadachanji.

Don Stevens made a big impression on me. I can’t deny I had a romantic thought or two about him! He seemed very attractive. I’m sure I wasn’t the only one who thought so. One lady my age said to him “I’m humanity and I want to listen!” This lady was divorced and had three little boys. She told me that when Baba saw her in her interview, He told her “I want your boys,” I wonder if He got them for good.

Baba had said that when He touches an animal it will take a human form when it dies. One nurse had invested in two chinchillas and Baba told her not to pelt them. They died shortly after.

Aunt Laura was trying to imagine her dog coming back in a human form. Whether Baba ever touched her dog, I don’t know, but recently I heard that Lyn Ott painted her dog in a mural at the Pilgrim Center in India. So if the dog didn’t come back a human he least had that distinction!

I remember Lud and Bea Dimpfl and 3-B and her siblings. They were just children. I remember a woman who had twin

girls about 8. They were little hellions, and she asked Baba about it. He said that it was her karma to raise them.

I remember a farmer and his wife from England. They came over on a cargo boat and had to stay in their cabin for most of the crossing. He was very perturbed because after coming to Baba he didn’t want to kill any of his animals and was going to ask Baba if he should get into another line of work.

My impression of meeting Baba was not so overwhelming as those of Kitty, Elizabeth, Norina, and Baba’s close ones. They

recognized Him for what He is. I love to read about their reactions. I felt that Baba was a VERY SPECIAL PERSON who had this atmosphere of love and compassion, and who had very beautiful and expressive eyes. I had the feeling that He came down to my level, and was my most valued friend. He put me very much at ease. I hadn’t accepted Him as Avatar then, but I was terribly impressed, and I did soon after.

Charmian Duce Knowles showed movies she had taken of Baba both in the US and India. She showed them in the local theatre. I was in the balcony a few rows back from Baba who was on the aisle. Marie Shore and her children were several rows in back of me with the children on the steps. Little by little, one of the little girls, kept moving down the steps until she was beside Baba. She was just drawn to Him.

One afternoon, Baba had us listen to records. One was “He’s Got The Whole World In His Hands” with Mahalia Jackson. I always remembered that, and until this very day, whenever I see something in the newspaper that upsets me, I say to myself “He’s got the whole world in His hands.” I just leave it up to Baba.

I left before the dancers danced for Baba and before the men put on their skit about the alligator club. But before I left, Baba said to me, “Remember, you take Me with you.” I remember thinking that He will be with me all the time and I can find Him within me even sitting on the davenport. I have felt Him most of the time since.

Before I actually left Myrtle Beach I had a vignette of the whole experience flash into my mind. It had a TIMELESS feeling to it.



Eloise chats with James Boschert at the 2009 Sahavas.

I had the same feeling of the timelessness when Kitty would send my mother and I the family letters.

In 1960, I was living with my mother, Ray, Carl and Ken on a small ranch in the hills of Hayward, California. I became ill and had a nervous breakdown. I was in a spot because I was supporting Carl, and had no other income but my job. Aunt Laura cabled Baba my predicament because my mother was very worried about me. Baba cabled back "Tell Ruth give Eloise best care." There was more to the cable that I have since forgotten. So mother gave me very good care and not long after the cable, Ray and I inherited a tidy sum that enabled me to pay my share of the expenses for the time I was ill. Ray went out and bought a sports car with his money! I was just glad Baba met my need.

In 1963 we relocated to Portland, where Ray had remarried and mother and Carl and I lived in a house about a block away. Ray was a control tower operator at the airport and I found a job at the county courthouse. I was rather depressed at that time and later I found out that one of my co-workers had made the remark: "Doesn't that girl ever smile?"

Then one day while I was on the long bus ride into town (I lived on 202nd Avenue) I was meditating on a Bible verse: "He who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God and God in him." All of a sudden a Baba vibration came on. It was just like turning on a light switch. It was a very strong vibration and made me very happy for a long time. One of my Unity friends said at that time that she'd never seen such a change in anyone.

For the next four years or so it kept constant—never fading. I was so happy and laughed and smiled all the time. I wore a happy face button at work and I guess my laughing annoyed one appraiser who turned the button upside down. But he had to smile, too. Those were some of my happiest years. I was very happy inside, which made me happy outside.

Later on I fell on some bad times and eventually the strong Baba vibration evaporated. I was absolutely DEVASTATED. I thought Baba had left me. I moved at that time and I left the few Baba books I had plus a carton of Baba messages and pamphlets Warren Healy had printed. He published *The Awakener* from a printing press in his basement in Seattle before Filis Frederick took it on. Anyway, I thought I had no need of them anymore. I remember thinking "how can I live without Baba?" Carl was a Christian at this time and he said JESUS would never leave you—come to church with me. I did, and it was a good church. I could feel God's presence, but I yearned for Baba.

Then in November 1976, Ray and Karen came up from Walnut Creek to visit me. They brought me *How a Master Works*, Ivy Duce's great work, as a Christmas present. In it her dedication is: "To the Beloved who never leaves us." That jumped out of the page at me and I was ecstatic. Baba didn't leave me after all! I have felt close to Him ever since in varying degrees, though I haven't felt the unbroken vibration as I once had.

I sometimes think of the people I met at the Sahavas. I wonder how Baba affected the hairdresser's life, and what Baba said to the farmer. I wonder how the three boys their mother gave to Baba turned out. I will never know, but I know the paths my family took:

My mother, Ruth, loved Baba very much. I think equally as much as Aunt Laura, though privately and not visibly as Aunt Laura. She had great nobility of spirit and in her quiet way lived Baba's message of love and selfless service to a "T." I know she made much mileage on the spiritual path and came to Baba upon her death.

Ray and Karen have been Sufis for twenty years in Walnut Creek. Aunt Laura got Ray interested in the early 70s and he became a Sufi right away.

Ken, his oldest son, has a scientific mind and has been a Scientist for nearly that long.

Carl was a Baba lover until Baba dropped His body, and then to everyone's surprise, became a conservative Baptist! Imagine!

I have been a Baba lover since the latter part of 1958, accepting him as Avatar then. I can't imagine life without Baba. Every day I try to fan His love in me deeper and deeper. I try to remember Him in one way or another the greater part of the day and my goal is to keep the root of my mind on Him all day, whatever I might be doing.

Adi K. Irani has said "Baba is your higher Self, He is your heart, He is your soul." That puts new meaning into Baba's maxim "You and I are not we, but one."

A poem written by Meher Baba to Dr. Donkin in 1944

"In the moonlight,
just you and me,

When everything is bright,
just you and me.

In Darkness or in light,
just you and me.

In wrong or in right,
just you and me.

When devil is in flight
just you and me.

When God is in sight,
just you and me.

When Truth is all might
just you and me.

When difficulties are slight
just you and me.

In corners all tight,
just you and me."