



HAVE COMPLETE FAITH IN ME

“If you have rock-like faith in God and flame-like love for Him, nothing in this world will affect you. Misery will not trouble you, flattery will not touch you, happiness will not humour you. Such faith and love will cause you to rise above the imaginary phenomenon and make you understand that God alone is Real.”

Meher Baba Calling, page 55

“In the hour of trial, let the thought of everyone be not for the limited self, but for others – not for the claims of the ego-life, but for the claims of the Divine Self which is equally in all. It is a mistake to ignore human suffering as merely a part of the illusory universe. Not by ignoring human suffering, but by handling it with Creative Love, is the Gateway opened for Life Eternal; and not through callous indifference, but through active and selfless service, is secured the attainment of that transcendental and illimitable Truth, which is at the heart of the illusory universe.”

from – Gems From the Teachings of Meher Baba



Meher Baba Center of Northern California

INsights

Community Newsletter

In This Issue

- The Eat Run
- Poet's Corner
- Announcements

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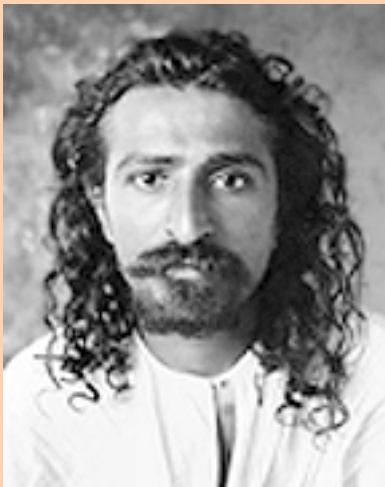
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Dear Reader

This issue is dedicated to Baba's HeathErico (Heather and Eric Nadel). Assuming you know about the recent attack at their home in India, we would like to remember their love in His LOVE. We are re-presenting an article from the Meher Baba Center of No. CA quarterly newsletter- from Winter 1992. This is Heather's charming childhood story of the Eat Run.

For the latest medical updates (and an account of this event), you can check Eric's sister Amy's blog:

<http://bookczuk.livejournal.com>

To subscribe to the Medical-updates listserv go to:

<http://mymeherbaba.com/mailman/listinfo/medical-updates>

Heather's account of coming to Baba and getting attached to Eric is called "*Invisible Hands on the Wheel*", and it was included in "*Meher Baba's Next Wave*", edited by Carolyn Ball. Eric Solibakke put it on his web page, so you can read it there.

<http://www.avatarmeherbaba.org/erics/hnhands.html>



Erico and Heather Nadel

Amy's photo/prayer for Eric and Heather:

<http://www.flickr.com/groups/1218399@N23/@N23/>

Here is a beautiful youtube prayer for Heatherico by Mischa Rutenberg

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8WnjoXhOHKI+channel>

Newsletterwallas: Ben Leet, Lisa Greenstein Cherri Nelson



THE EAT RUN

by Heather Nadel

I think many of us who follow Baba but did not know of Him when we were young, have stories of His touching our lives in childhood. Here's one of mine.

I was born in San Francisco and spent my early childhood in Menlo Park. One weekend, my grandmother, who lived in San Francisco, took my sister and me to her apartment for a visit. I was five and my sister was three. After a day there, I think our rambunctiousness got to her, because the next day, Grandmother announced that we were going for a drive in the country. She was a real nature fanatic and as we drove over the Golden Gate Bridge into Marin County, she kept pointing out things like the bay, the cliffs, the gulls. "Oh look, girls, there's a redwood!" My sister and I would look for a minute and then go back to playing in the back seat. The gorgeous woods and meadows of Marin were lost on us. I don't remember a bit of it. But as we drove down the main street of a small Marin town, suddenly I spotted something fantastic. It was a huge neon sign in the shape of a hamburger with 15 cents written on the burger. Very realistic. Tremendously exciting. Extremely BIG! I shrieked and pulled my sister over to the window. "Look at that! It's a big hamburger!" We got so excited. We just couldn't get over this huge, garish neon hamburger hanging in the sky. We stared until it was out of sight and then talked about it all the rest of the weekend. Poor Grandmother.

Some time later, our family moved to Kentfield. We kids were nervous and anxious about the change. You can imagine our delight when, driving down the main street of our new town for the first time, we saw—you guessed it—the BIG HAMBURGER. Wow, what a cool place! We were suddenly thrilled about the whole thing.

However, things were not as rosy as they seemed. Our parents immediately caught on to our obsession with the Big Hamburger and the drive-in it advertised, and we were told that we were never, never to set foot there. Hamburger or no hamburger, the Eat and Run drive-in was a BAD place. Forbidden. It was the only place in town we couldn't go. It was rumored that they even served horse meat! If you ever so much as looked at it, horrible things would happen to you. BAD people go there. GOOD people only eat at Woodlands Restaurant, across the street near the grocery store (boring, believe me!).

The school board obviously felt the same way about the Eat Run as our parents did. The drive-in was right next to the school, separated only by a chain-link fence, but was strictly off-limits to all the children. But how could they expect a chain-link fence to shield us from the fascination of the Eat Run? At lunchtime we kids would hang on the fence trying to get our fill of "badness." Bikers with beards and Harleys would roar in and we would stare at them and the blondes with their beehive hairdos and tight red pants. If the bikers left, we could always gawk at the teenagers in their souped-up hot rods. They would race around the parking lot and then get out and lounge against their cars smoking cigarettes. It was heaven—I mean, you just couldn't find anything anywhere that was badder! I knew my brother was truly out of my parents' control the day I saw him having a milkshake with his gang at the Eat Run.

(Continued on next page)



THE EAT RUN (cont.)

by Heather Nadel

Oh how I envied him, daring to enter the underworld, while I resisted, terrified of being metamorphosed into BAD. To my parents, it was Babylon. For me, it was the most interesting place in our little town. People actually wore black in there (I was dying to wear black, just once!). And they rode around on fast, sleek shiny machines (I could only ride my blue Schwinn). And they drank milkshakes out of generous, oversized paper cups (Woodland Restaurant served their milkshakes in puny little glasses). It had such a grip on my psyche that even years later when I came back to Kentfield from college, I felt the pull of the Eat Run. I couldn't resist—I went for a milkshake. But I was so nervous I could hardly drink it. The "Forbidden Zone" was still off-limits to me.

Years went by. I moved to India, and one day I was in the trust office compound hanging around with Adi (Adi K Irani) in his room. Adi was telling jokes and stories, and we were having fun, when suddenly I remembered that he was with Baba in 1958 when Baba went to Lud Dimpfl's home in Kentfield. Baba was on His way from Myrtle Beach to Australia with the mandali. They had a one-day stopover in San Francisco, and Baba decided to spend the night at Lud's house. Joanie Dimpfl-Harland can tell you all about it. Anyway, Adi and I started talking about that visit, and I told Adi that I grew up in Kentfield, in fact, right down the street from Lud.

"Oh", said Adi. "I'll never forget that place. You see, poor Lud wasn't prepared for Baba's visit, as all the family had gone to be with Him in Myrtle Beach. And now Baba was coming to his house and nothing was ready for Him. But Baba wanted to go there, so we went. Of course, there wasn't any food in the house, so Lud and I got in the car and went out to buy some food for Baba. But it was some holiday and all the stores were closed. Nothing was open in town, so finally we ended up at this fast-service food place. I think we got a milkshake for Baba and some finger chips (french fries) for the mandali. That place had the funniest name. Let me see, what was it? Run Pay?... Eat Go?...Go and Take?" "Adi," I said gasping, I couldn't believe what was happening. I could hardly speak.

"Adi, do you mean the Eat Run?" "That's it!" Adi beamed, "It was the Eat Run!"

It was so fantastic I could hardly grasp it. Then I started laughing. There was my psyche's Den of Darkness, and in the middle of it sat Beloved Baba smiling at me, lightening it all, redeeming it all, enjoying His milkshake from the Eat Run. Jai Baba!

One More Anecdote About Marin

Maybe some of you remember those calendars that Richard Deane had printed up in the late 70's or early 80's. Above each month was a big color picture of Baba, different shots from His 1956 visit to the West. When I moved to Meherabad I put one of those calendars on the wall in our room, by the side of my desk.

One day I was sitting at my desk and feeling very low. It was an old familiar kind of "lowness" and I started examining it, trying to figure out where it came from and what

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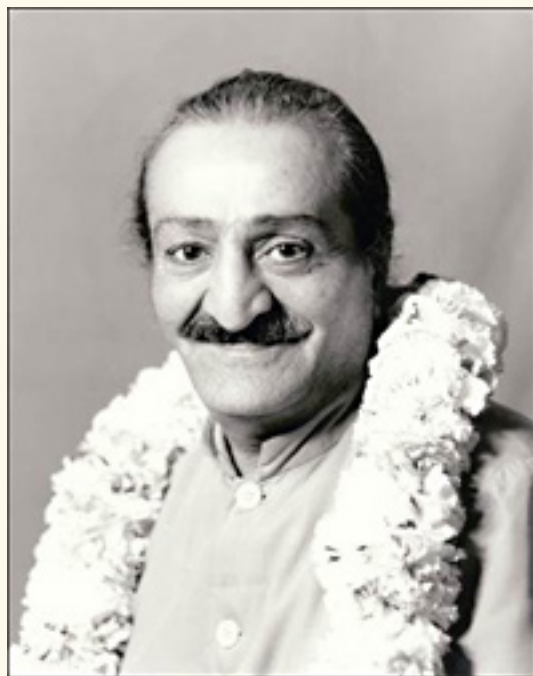
Meher Baba Center of Northern California

INsights

Community Newsletter

THE EAT RUN (cont.)

by Heather Nadel



it was about. After some time, I had a memory of feeling just that way when I was six years old. This made me sad, and I began to feel sorry for that little six-year-old, so confused and lost. And all of a sudden, I felt upset with Baba, and in my mind started asking Him, “Where were you when I was so helpless and confused? You say you love me—where were you when I was six years old?”

Just as I had this thought, I was startled by some sound at my side and I looked up. It was just a bird outside, but my glance fell on that calendar. There was Baba, standing near Coit Tower, smiling. And there was the San Francisco Bay. And what was that land mass beyond the bay, behind Baba? Oh my goodness, it’s Marin County! Where I lived! Yes, where I lived. In 1956. When I was six years old.

It was one of those transcendent moments, beyond time. Baba reached right out of that calendar to tell me: “See, I was there, I was right there loving you all along.”

(Poet’s Corner on next page)



INsights

Community Newsletter

Poet's Corner

Begging Bowl Song

Heather Nadel

I am a poor man, I beg for my board
With a begging bowl that holds as much
As I ever care to hoard
And I wander through the countryside
Begging door-to-door
For a bowlful of love, and no more!

Well, one day feeling spritely, confident and wry,
I went up to the palace gate
Of which I'd long been shy
And I begged me a kingdom,
Of the porter asking, "Why
Does the King get it all, and not I?"

Just then in the distance, we heard a sudden sound,
Someone swift approaching
And the folk knelt all around
For the King in His splendour
From the tower room came down
And one quivering beggar He found.

He looked at me, my bowl of scraps;
He'd seen my like before
A smile flashed across His face,
And I trembled even more
Then He said, "I'd have given you the kingly store
But that bowl can't hold any more!"

Meher, darling Meher, you can see my dismay!
I didn't know when I came to you
How much You'd give away —
My heart's a tiny begging bowl;
Just one thing I pray —
Make it a little bit bigger every day
Make it a little bit bigger every day —



Meher Baba Center of Northern California

INsights

Community Newsletter

Announcements

Center Library Note:

Would you like to be a “patron”? We have a library for your reading pleasure and convenience. Our library is housed upstairs in a book case at the MBCNC Center on Stockton Street. We have had 14 borrowers over the past year. You may access a list of the holdings at the web page meherbabameherbaba.org; look for library, and open the book or video pdf files. When you visit the Center remember to check out the library books. We would also like donations. For a list of books we need, see the section at the end of the library holdings. Contact the Newsletter about donations.

The Trust

All who wish to share in the commitment laid down by Meher Baba through the Trust should contact Jack Mormon, ambkj@aol.com

Meher Baba Information

For introductory information about Avatar Meher Baba, e-mail info@MeherBabalInformation.org or write to:

P.O. Box 1101,
Berkeley, CA 94701.

<http://MeherBabalInformation.org>

Meher Baba Center of Northern California

6923 Stockton Avenue
El Cerrito, California 94530
(510) 525-4779

Meher Baba Center of Northern CA website

Meeting schedules can be downloaded in pdf form from website (above).
The center is open for drop-in and book store most Saturdays 1 p.m.–4 p.m.
(check [website](#) for details)

Directions to our Center:

From Highway 80, Interstate 5, going north or south, in El Cerrito, take the Central Avenue exit. Exit east, toward the hills.

Cross San Pablo Avenue.

Go under the BART train tracks, and less than a block after the tracks, turn left on Richmond Avenue.

Head north on Richmond Avenue until Stockton Avenue (the first stop light), turn right on Stockton.

About two blocks onward, the Center is located on the left side of the street.

Address on previous page.

More Local Meetings (Continued on next page)



Meher Baba Center of Northern California

INsights

Community Newsletter

Announcements (cont.)

More Local Meetings

Lafayette – Sunday Afternoons

Monthly meeting at the home of Kirk and Marlene Allen.

Please call to confirm. (925) 284-4066

Sacramento – Several Gatherings Each Month

Times and locations vary.

Contact Marilyn Buehler (916) 812-9496 info@premsay.com

Los Gatos – Sunday Evenings

At the home of Clint Snyder

Call (408) 395-6865

Sonoma County - Arti happens once a month,

Usually the first Sunday. Locations vary.

Call Ellen Van Allen at (707) 528-0357 for specific information.

See more information on the [website](#).

Contact for messages to newsletterwallas: meherbabacenter@gmail.com

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