



To Know Everything In A Flash

How do I know everything? The nature of the infinitely complicated phenomenon—the Universe—is infinitely simple. But to know and understand this is infinitely difficult. When you know what Universal Mind, Universal Energy and Universal Body are and what their relation is to individual mind, individual energy and individual body you will understand how the Perfect Master knows everything.

This all-comprehensive Knowledge is obtained in a flash. But to know everything in a flash takes an eternity in the illusion of time while you gradually die to your self. This dying to your self means completely losing yourself in God to find your Self as God.

This dying to your false self is no easy task; raising a corpse to life is child's play compared to it.

Meher Baba , The Eeveything and The Nothing, p. 35
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Meher Baba Center of Northern California

INsights

Community Newsletter

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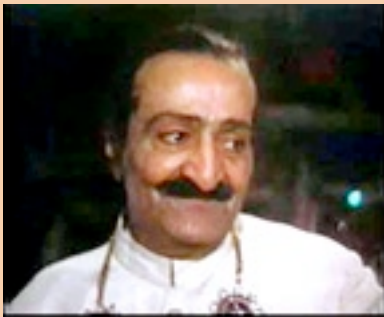
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Dear Reader

This month's newsletter offers a Silence Day memory from 2009, a spontaneous flow that occurred in the strangest place. Coupled with it is an ancient hymn from the land of the pharaohs.

Last month's Urban Sahavas hosted Merwan Merchant who spoke about his grandmother, Kharmanmasi, who met Meher Baba while he was still speaking, before July 10, 1925. He also related experiences with Pleader, a unique soul whose personal story with Meher Baba has evaded full description. In coming months the newsletter will recount Merwan Merchant's personal narrative.

This newsletter (and past issues) will eventually be available in pdf form on the website at: www.MeherBabaMeherBaba.org. This newsletter (and past issues) will eventually be available in pdf form on the **www.MeherBabaMeherBaba.org** website.

Newsletterwalla: Ben Leet, Lisa Greenstein Cherri Nelson



Walking in the Cemetary

Ben Leet

I walked in the cemetery this summer morning (written in July, 2009). It is located on a gently sloping hillside on the edge of the commercial zone of Oakland. The grave markers date back to the 1850s. It's large also, maybe 2 square miles, or about 1200 acres or 1200 football fields. One glimpses in the distance the San Francisco Bay through the trees in all their lovely variety. The sense of peace is subtle and genuine.

I have a connection to this cemetery dating far back. My father and brother are here, their grave sites date from 1957 and 1970. My grandfather and grandmother also are here. My grandfather once headed the board of directors of the cemetery. He would proudly point from the front steps of his home in the Oakland hills to a 70 foot high cross made from redwood trunks on the cemetery's hill, and claim that he had put it there, which he had. I managed to work at the cemetery during summers when I went to college. My family connection got me the job. All these connections leads to a strange feeling of affection for this urban cemetery.

This morning's walk and visit just reinforces my affection for this place of the dead.

"Where does one find Baba?" I ask myself as I stroll over the hills, read the inscriptions, and follow the family sagas written on the tombs. So many folks lying on the peaceful hill with so few visitors. It's mid-morning and I feel Baba in such a peaceful and subtle way. It's early July and the whole landscape is vibrating with glory under the morning sun. Is it that I'm out of my accustomed routine? How is it that Baba appears? Once I was looking down at Meherazad from the top of Seclusion Hill, and I felt an overwhelming presence of God in the compound of buildings that is Meherazad. I wanted to rush down the slope and find Baba. I was with another person who had the same sensation. Today is not the same, but it is surprisingly persuasive in its peacefulness.

If one is eternally happy, satisfied and alive-full of bliss and unalloyed love-then life presents an expansive sympathy at all times-the contradictions are harmonized. "It is all bliss," as Baba once told Chanji went they first met. And this feeling continues without a break for eternity and beyond time itself, then every event must be a part of an interlocking symphony that confirms in a non-redundant way the perfect and transcendent nature of consciousness. Baba once noted that nature speaks volumes of wisdom to one who is aware. But my experience is that this sensation of truth is rarely glimpsed. Unfortunately it is fleeting. It's a working hypothesis that may someday be a permanent experience. A stroll through the cemetery reminds me of my working theory.

I was listening to a recording of Mehera last week. She was describing the events of the New Life. (An aside: this recording is available with others from our Center's library on Stockton Avenue in El Cerrito, CA. See our web page and click the library button for a download of the audio library contents. You could take it home and up-load it onto your iPod or iTunes file.)

Mehera is describing an encounter with a pilgrim during their stay in 1950 in the foothills of the Himalayas, at the beginning of the New Life. The very early mornings are brisk, sharp and bitterly cold. A certain poor pilgrim lives



Walking in the Cemetary (cont.)

Ben Leet

as a caretaker in the compound. He had very few wants. At 4AM he'd be up and bathing in the cold air, pouring cold water over himself. The mandali were very surprised at his daily regimen. Baba sent someone to ask if he needed or wanted anything, and his response invariably was that "' _____' provides me with everything." The mandali thought ' _____' was the landlord, but after thinking it through they concluded that ' _____' was another name for Krishna. Baba sent someone several times to offer a gift to the man, a blanket, better food, clothing. He refused, "' _____ provides me with everything." Finally he accepted the gift of a box of matches. Mehera is very animated and admiring of this simple life and one-pointed devotion.

Now, back to the cemetery. What a place to spend forever in! But, it seems to me, there are kind and gracious angels hanging out there. The ambiance of personal experience is such a bric-a-brac of variety. It's always a joy to be surprised with that unusual subtlety of peace, gratitude, deep calm and beauty. Should I mention that it was Silence Day, 2009, when I had this feeling? Maybe that contributed to my experience unbeknownst to me.

Now it's a year later, 2010. I sent a poem in the mail today, from a time 3,600 years back when silence was probably deeper than it is today.

Poetry Corner

Hymn to Ra

Bill Gannett

The truth of what we call our knowing is both light and dark. Men are always dying and waking. The rhythm between what we call life.

In the night I turn and face myself, the many howling, laughing, pausing in the body of one. Some miracle is about to happen. Some new man unseen wishes to rise and speak. I walk in the dark feeling darkness on my skin. Dawn always begins in the bones. The light stirs me to rise and walk. Lightly I step around the sleeping forms, the bodies of the other selves still dreaming. Nothing has been disturbed except my inner quiet. I am restless, an animal sniffing the wind.

The shape of truth is coming.

Death matters, as does life. As it ends it begins again. Knowing that is both my comfort and fear. Perfection is a long road; I shall never see its end-the ribbon of life winds back on itself. At dawn the threads of time unfurl, sunlight streams across the sands. Time reaches in both directions, knotted in the golden orb of the moment.



The eye opens, the heart opens, the navel yawns and takes the world
in its belly. Beneath him the snake feels the movement of earth.

Everything else is sky.
This moment is eternity.

This light I call genius, noble being conversant with gods. He goes
out, hears the hum of the world, beings of light muttering in every
stream. In every rock and tree he hears god songs. Then he returns
and tells me what god said. I flow like blood from the god's wounds. I
am the god's life made visible. I am how god comes to know himself,
his ears, his hands, his eyes. The dreaming selves stir in the dark and
follow the distant song of the lyre. We enter grace and beauty.

I am Osiris shining.

And at dawn I leave my house and go into the field. Stars fade like
memory. Bless the boat of morning that carries us into light. Bless
the oars that stir the water causing ripples of consciousness. Bless the
northern and southern edges of sky. Bless the eastern and western
banks of the river. Bless the oars-men in the boat, god's people, his
faith, his creation. Bless the face of god above us and the reflection
of god on earth below. Bless the veil of clouds that guard his secrets.
Bless life stirring below the surface of skin, the discomfort of human
weakness and mortality, loss and suffering, the misunderstandings
that prick consciousness and prod men toward truth. Bless the
goddesses, the wives, the daughters, the mothers, the priestesses.
Bless the house of Osiris. Bless the body where the world is gathered.

Bless the light in his forehead, in his heart and hands.

Bless the sun that shines on every limb.

A creature of light am I.



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Oregon Sahavas

This is the poster for the upcoming Sahavas in Oregon. You can register on their site at: <http://www.avatarmeherbabaoregon.org/> or click on the image below to get to the web site.

Avatar Meher Baba
Group of Oregon



You are warmly invited to the
2010
Avatar Meher Baba
Oregon Summer Arts Sahavas
4:00 pm Friday, August 13th
to
1:00 pm Sunday, August 15th
Baba House in Scotts Mills, Oregon



painting by Dale Draeger

*"May the spark of my Divine Love implant in your hearts
a deep longing for the Love of God." - Meher Baba*

Special Guest:
Dr. Allan Y. Cohen

Allan looks forward to sharing amusing and instructive stories with his Northwest brothers and sisters, including his adventures as "the Clueless Aspirant"— and to share decades of experience working with both the psychological and spiritual experiences and aspirations of Baba lovers. His topics will include: "Baba's Destruction of our Egos," "Living in Illusion," and "Meher Baba and Humor."



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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@MeherBabaInformation.org or write to:

P.O. Box 1101,
Berkeley, CA 94701

<http://MeherBabaInformation.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 (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)



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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 newsletterwalla: meherbabacenter@gmail.com

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