



# Heralds of the New Age

INDIA — A PREDESTINED JOURNEY  
SATHYA SAI BABA  
DIVINE ONE

'For a great door and  
effectual is opened unto  
me . . . and there are many  
adversaries.' Cor.1.16,9.

No. 63

MARCH, 1976

P.O. Box 72-002,  
Northcote,  
Auckland 9,  
New Zealand.



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## INDIA — A PREDESTINED JOURNEY SRI SATHYA SAI BABA — SUPREME, DIVINE ONE

Subjective, soul stirring, one's initial meeting with Baba defies adequate expression. The devotee is lifted and held in an incredible moment of sweet, impersonal Love. It flows from Baba, because it is the Nature of Baba, His blessing pours over one. This gentle brush with Divinity brings with it a throbbing heart and an inability to utter a word. Humility before the Presence makes one singularly reluctant even to raise the eyes to look upon this One. Experience without parallel, a timeless moment to be remembered forever. His indelible impression, how best to express it? Doubtless, there are a thousand ways, since Baba's influence is unique to each one who comes within the radiance of His aura.

One recalls the immeasurable energy which pours from the temple, centre of this spiritual community. The sound of the great AUM gathering momentum seems to become the very impulse of the Universe, when its pattern and light flows out over the quiet Indian landscape. The joyous voices raised in Bhajan, and, overall, the ineffable Presence erases all doubts that here, indeed, walks a Divine One, a Living Master of the calibre of the beloved Man of Nazareth — save for one difference: Jesus is Risen, Baba is Living. But They are One.

**Why?** Being well aware that God is found within, why journey so far to seek out this Divine One? Because H.P.B. emphasised that from 1975 onward those aware would have the opportunity of renewed spiritual contact through the Presence of a Living Master. The magnitude of this should be deeply pondered, since it is the rarest of opportunities ever presented to mankind. The Illumined Ones come to assist the Godhead to reestablish the spiritual foundations upon which, imperatively, Humanity must rebuild its future. And for the second reason, at the end of **1971**, Howard Murphet's book, Sai Baba, Man of Miracles, told us that here was a Living Master. Added to this, some 6 months before we read the book, Sai Baba appeared in vision at an open HNA meeting when the seer described Him, his distinctive hair style, and the garment he wore. At this point not one of us was aware of His existence.

The private journey to Nilayam, Puttaparthi, was undertaken principally to **seek a divine blessing for all HNA members throughout the world, so that their efforts be renewed and strengthened by an inflow of spiritual confidence so vital to the holding of the positive vibrations needed in a world filled with negative forces.** Further, the etheric Watchers, some years back, indicated that 1975 was the year to make this Indian journey. As always the tapestry of events begins long before their material manifestation.

**The Mentors Guide:** The memorable journey began when we flew out of Auckland on 11th October 1975, three of us (May, Dick and Verity). For some years a close attunement with two HNA Australian members, whose interest in Sai Baba matched our own, made us hope that we may have a few minutes at touchdown to telephone them. Being uncertain whether the time would permit a call, this intention was not mentioned to either of them, our not wishing to build up expectations. However, when the opportunity did arise during the short break between flights, a call was made. Both lines were engaged. Time sped by, flight time approached, but still the engaged signal persisted. But at the last try we connected and it was then the reason for the busy phones was partially revealed. These two had been talking about a communication received that very morning in regard to the trip, yet neither of them had the faintest idea that we were actually in their city's airport at that moment. Our conversation was needfully short and apparently it was not decreed that a single line of the verse received by one of the ladies was to be revealed to us until the Nilayam visit was over and we had returned home. Yet the poem dictated that morning in Australia, at 9 a.m., was an accurate prediction as to what was to happen in the ashram a week hence. Obviously, apart from the rushed telephone conversation, the Mentors wished the information to be kept in abeyance in order to confirm totally the events which unfolded. The poem will be revealed later in this record.

**HongKong:** A night landing on this rock encrusted and jewelled with a million lights is something to remember. Next day on HongKong Island a strange breeze sprang up, stirring what was a perfect day, and bringing with it an uneasy feeling. Remarking on this, I said it would be good to be gone, but it was only when we were airborne did we find that a typhoon was following and had grounded all flights between Tokyo and HongKong which was to throw into jeopardy our entire itinerary.



**Bangkok:** In the morning during a temple tour, a thought persisted: Go to Air India and inquire about an alternative flight. We did that, to meet with disappointment. The only possible plane out of Thailand was fully booked — save for a single seat. Air India told us, gloomily, that they expected nothing through until Friday (the day we should be far away in Bangalore preparing for the last leg of our journey to Nilayam.) As things stood, our arrival would be delayed one day, or even two. This bothered us, since not only had we advised our time of arrival, but had arranged with the entire Auckland HNA group (and others) to tune in on Saturday, 18th October, in anticipation of receiving a blessing from Baba. It seemed imperative that we honoured these arrangements — but how? Need not have worried, as that original hunch paid off later in the day. Two cancellations came in and, miraculously, that single seat remained vacant also! Following some intricate juggling with the Indian domestic flights, it was found that with a 4 a.m. start we could fly from Bangkok to Bangalore in one day, changing planes three times. It was quite a day! Our Calcutta arrangements did not synchronize, and the Madras tour was jettisoned, but we were back on schedule and actually arrived at the ashram on the Friday. Saturday would have been too late! We should have missed Baba! (Noteworthy here a dream Amorifa had a day or two before our departure. She had me recheck our schedule as she was positive we must somewhere along the route begin **earlier** than we imagined. Well, I could find nothing wrong with the then set schedule, but none of us could have imagined that a typhoon would press us into hastening. During our ashram sojourn Sai Baba appeared to Amorifa, rising in shimmering colour in her darkened room.)

An inexplicably uneasy night in Bangkok terminated in a pre-dawn start. Driving to the airport we crossed the railway line leading to Cambodia, and our driver remarked on this — but ventured nothing more. Again, not until we were airborne did we learn that the night before the entire Thai military forces were on alert owing to yet another dark threat of war.

**Madras:** Flew over Burma low enough to see the jungle terrain and arrived in Calcutta on a sweltering day. We changed our dollars to Rupees, and thereby hangs yet another strange tale to be later translated. The flight to Madras and the following connection were crucial. It proved to be the most hectic half hour of our entire journey, since we had just 40 minutes from touchdown to collect our bags and check in on the Bangalore flight. A trek across the dark, hot tarmac and the

confusion of the Madras airport burst upon us. A hundred porters milled on every side. Each of us had a specific task. Dick rushed off to locate the check-in point for Bangalore. May, stationed by the conveyor belt, assumed the role of luggage spotter, whilst I stood guard over hand luggage. The wait seemed interminable. Going on early in Calcutta, our luggage came off last in Madras. Flight time approached, a porter appeared at my elbow, stating in broken English that: "Husband sent me to find two ladies and blue luggage" and with that cryptic remark he thrust into the throng, extracted our belongings, turned and beckoned us to follow. Dick appeared, snatched up the overflow, when all four of us, hung about with various odds and ends, sprinted the entire length of the Madras airport. We checked in, then frisked as usual by two brightly sareed ladies, and were finally ejected into the departure lounge filled to overflowing with government officials and diplomats all of whom appeared to be impeccably dressed in great contrast to our hot and dishevelled appearance. We simply collapsed with laughter as the loud speaker announced that the Bangalore flight was delayed 10 minutes in order to allow the Delhi flight away. So there we sat, weary after a long and trying day and under the curious eyes of a mass of calm, cool Indians. But we had made it! Next stop Bangalore, now distant but an hour's flight.

**Bangalore:** At last! 9 p.m. on a pitch dark Indian night. A taxi man, whom we could not see, shepherded us to his cab, probably the worst taxi in entire India, absolutely devoid of back seat springs! A few kilos from the airport he stopped for petrol. Alighting, he flicked on the ceiling light. The first thing that leapt out of the darkness was a picture of Sai Baba! Yes, set in a small frame, surrounded by what had once been fresh flowers, **Sai Baba smiled at us from the dashboard.** The cry went up! Sai Baba! Our worthy driver popped his head into the cab and said: "Yes, I am a devotee." Imagine that. In the darkness of the Bangalore airport, this one had come and taken care of us, yet tens of thousands in this old city (founded in 1537) have never glimpsed Baba nor do they follow His teachings. Proving most helpful, the driver took us the following morning out of the city to Brindavan Ashram, at Whitefield, where many foreigners seek out Sai Baba.

But before proceeding, a point must be made. Bangalore, with its lingering British influence, is a fine city where in many of its streets plane trees meet overhead giving welcome shade from the fierce Indian sun. It was this morning in Bangalore that I relived an out-of-body experience of 1972 when I had found myself, with Dick, in a car travelling beneath beautiful trees which met overhead. The tranquility of this experience



stayed with me, and now in 1975 we found this place to be beautiful Bangalore, city of parks, trees and flowers. My diary records the initial experience as taking place on 17th January, 1972, and it materialized on the 16th October, 1975. Just another thread in that tapestry to show his journey was surely pre-ordained.

**Brindavan, Whitefield:** This ashram, outside Bangalore, seemed deserted save for some scampering monkeys, a cow or two and a couple of gardeners. May and I, after removing our shoes, explored briefly the temple grounds then came to rest under a shade tree, whilst Dick, and our worthy driver, searched farther afield to find the printing shop at work and eventually spied a charming American lady who, together with her husband, appeared to be 'custodians' of Brindavan. In any event, Mr. & Mrs. Riordon were most gracious, inviting us into their quarters, proffering much needed cold drinks and giving advice about the ways of Nilayam and the equipment we should need, the most vital being either a bedroll, or a lilo, without which a rush mat spread on a concrete floor would serve as a bed. They itemized other necessary paraphernalia and put us in touch with a most helpful Bangalore devotee, Mr. Sheriff (a publicity relations officer and travel agent) who that afternoon took us shopping in Ghandi Road where we procured most of the goods. It was his help which made it possible for us to proceed to Nilayam on the Friday.

Our hosts, the Riordons, intimated that it was refreshing to find people coming to Baba solely for spiritual reasons, since the majority of seekers came brimful of personal woes, or wishful of material gain, or desirous of worldly status. Others fell into the category of the curious, eager that Baba should demonstrate his 'magic' mistakenly believing that this was the criterion of His giving.

My personal belief was that the miracles were part and parcel of the Nature of an Avatar, and had written in this vein to Baba some months before our proposed journey, stating that already two of our HNA members (Ina and Martin Dixon) had received from Him a 'miracle' and that we required no further proof, since we sought only the spiritual food he had to give. After the trip, back in Auckland, listening to a long playing record cut for Baba some while back, I was therefore delighted to hear almost these exact words from Baba Himself: "That miracles are part of the very Nature of an Avatar." This, at least, I had understood.

Never must the powers of Baba be confused with those of the magician who utilizes objects already in existence, and practices deception in order to mystify. Whatsoever Baba brings from the ethers is created by Baba, He is a creator, not a

manipulator. What he brings forth is pristine. He transcends the time factor which humans must employ in order to bring creations to maturity. For instance, the craftsman who takes a piece of metal to fashion it into a pendant must take time to bring the object to maturity. Baba's creations, on the other hand, are instant and the process which might be described, perhaps, as solidified Thought?

By and large Science fails to understand these powers and no doubt suspects the answers must be less than scientific. Yet this cannot be so, since Baba uses the Universal Laws of Creation, therefore His creations must come through the advent of very precise 'scientific' laws. The fault lies in our ignorance. It is we, the Race, who must rise to the height of Baba's wisdom, it is not for Baba to lower His standards for us simply because we have not yet reached His elevation.

Strange, is it not, that God sends us Avatars, yet as a Race we seldom recognise Their Worth until after death? The descent of Avatars through the Will of God did not begin or end with the birth and death of the beloved Jesus, The Christed One. Avatars continue to take physical form, yet the world continues to ignore Them, uncaring of Their existence, or of Their Divinity, and turns aside from the Manna they have to offer the Race. Again, it is not for Baba to publicise his appearance, it is for us to recognise, to seek, and to find — an edict as old as the earliest religions and one which holds good in the latter part of the 20th century.

**Hillbillies**, would be an apt description of us as we re-entered the foyer of the beautiful Ashoka Hotel after a most interesting shopping expedition in Ghandi Road and elsewhere. Hung about with bedrolls, prayer mats, plastic buckets, and an especially handsome straw hat which Dick chose to keep out the Indian sun, we presented a picture of complete disarray. The astonished gaze of the impeccably attired staff and the titter of the elevator boys were only to be expected. But, five days later, on our return from Nilayam, how different was the welcome. That evening Mr. Sheriff came to dinner. It was a happy occasion. He told us something of Baba's works, we regaled him with HNA news and the strange happenings which had occurred to us in this lifetime. The upshot was he decided to accompany us to Nilayam.

**Ashram Ahead:** 7.30 a.m. Friday, 16th October, 1975, the car piled high, we headed 200 kilos east to Puttaparthi. Interesting country, sparsely populated with typical Indian villages cluttered beside the road, goat herds, camels, bullock carts whose wheels often seem in imminent danger of collapse, and in the distance beautiful bluish hills. Stopping at a village around 9 a.m., the driver left us to get a cup of coffee and his departure



signalled the villagers, young and old, to crowd the car and peer at its occupants. No amount of urging by our worthy Mr. Sheriff dispersed them for long. May, in front seat, was the object of much interest.

But away again, and climbing, we sped along the narrow roads affording magnificent views in every direction. Lush rice paddies (here a biannual crop is possible) millet and ground nuts grow in profusion. All went well until the last 25 kilos when the way became honeycombed with streams, fast flowing, swollen by the heavy rains which swept the land. In summer these dried up creeks would present no problems for the driver, but now the fording at times was arduous. Road workers, along the way, helped, but again and again it was driver and vehicle performing with excellence that finally brought us to the village Puttapathi whose people live out their lives within a few feet of the Ashram walls rising high above the dusty road.

Physically, we were now elevated more than 3000 feet. Spiritually, our anticipation rose far and away beyond this! Here we were, at the very gates of the Home of Baba, Indian Avatar, who offered to mankind a universal message.

**Prasanthi Nilayam:** The Great Gate, handsome in Indian style, was not yet finished, so we entered the ashram grounds to the right of this. May and I sat in the car whilst Mr. Sheriff took Dick in search of the foreign relations officer, a young American, Richard Bayer, who duly registered our arrival and finally led the way to our cell. Yes, accommodation at Nilayam is the cell, equipped with washroom, cold water tap, a toilet, and barred and shuttered windows. There are scores of these in large two story blocks recently constructed.

**A. Canine Welcome:** Climbing the concrete stairs in the wake of Richard, as we came to the balcony level, there was a terrific commotion as a small dog rushed up. He positively bounded with joy. Since I was hung about with bags and odds and ends, and having no free hand to touch him, I dropped on my knees to receive his ecstatic greeting. With paws planted on my chest, he reached up to lick my face and despite an English voice calling him to heel he took absolutely no notice but continued his moist greetings. Finally, we disentangled. With a backward glance, and grinning all over his doggy face, he went off. A delightful welcome, the unusual character of which was not revealed for a couple of days, and then, of all people, by an HNA member staying in the Ashram of whose presence there I had not the faintest idea.

Richard left us, stating that we might conceivably glimpse Sai Baba around 4 p.m. as he inspected the various buildings

under construction and scheduled for completion by November when the World Conference would assemble. We knew that noone must approach Baba, and that over the past weeks he had been necessarily pre-occupied with many arrangements and that personal attention to devotees had not been possible.

We unpacked, freshened up, did a short reconnaissance. I was escorted to the women's temple where flowers and large pictures of Baba flanked a small stage. He is there in both His incarnations as a Master, Sai Baba of Shirdi, and the present physical image.

At 3.45 p.m., Dick felt the need of a cup of tea, our last one being at 6.30 a.m., so the three of us set off in search of the canteen, but being assailed by strong feelings that Baba might appear at any moment, May and I could scarcely pass the temple. So, jettisoning the idea of tea, Dick went forth to fetch our prayer mats. No sooner had he disappeared than a ripple of excitement animated those waiting within the temple courtyard, and, lo, Sai Baba appeared, clad in a shimmering red silk garment. The figure in the photograph, left behind in Friends Hall, now became reality. But it is the Essence of Baba that rivets the attention. The garment becomes a spiritual flame, brilliant and pulsating and without need of oxygen to keep it alive! The realization of what Baba represents and Who He is, beggars description.

**The Scrutiny:** With fluidity of movement, He came, unhurried, approaching the gateway from which we stood only a few paces distant. I think we both of us held our breath! Baba advanced on our right. Owing to heavy shoulder bags (hidden under the folds of shawls worn to conceal our bare forearms) we felt rather inadequate and restricted since any attitude of 'namaskar' was impossible. So we simply stood still.

Suddenly His direct gaze fell upon us. Nothing is hid from Baba, He sees past, present and future; He knows the sincerity of one's search, the depth of one's need, the quality of one's loving service. One must be prepared for this scrutiny.

Abreast of us now, he spoke. The softness of speech matching the fluidity of movement, every word unhurried, audible, and accompanied by a smile of joy and gentleness. "Where do you come from? He asked, and May answered. He nodded, raised His hand, then moved on past us into the great hall then nearing completion.

Since Baba's every move is noted, those in the temple grounds evinced great interest in our brief encounter. At the gate a lady rose from lotus position, beckoned, asked had Baba actually addressed us, and when told that He had indicated that we follow her. She threaded her way up the



row of brightly clad Indian ladies already seated in anticipation of the temple service to begin within the hour. A second devotee came forward to greet us, escorting us right on to the marble-paved verandah itself where we spread our mats and sat down, still rather dazed by our incredible good fortune.

Dick we lost to the men's sector, since strict segregation within the temple requires this division.

At five o'clock the service within the temple began; the great A U M throbbed out over the countryside, The service is surely a worship in song. A leader calls both words and tune which are taken up by the devotees. At times the rhythm has a rollicking quality, easily picked up so one may join in with the greatest of ease.

The prime object, or so it seemed, was gradually to 'raise the vibrations'. The singing lifted, the rhythm quickened, to end in a spiralling pattern reaching out to some distant point in space. An entrancing experience, perhaps even a kind of joyous exercise in the disciplined control of sound, and one was soon caught up in this praise of the Lord.

Dusk brought the crows flying in, harshly disputing their claims to others that purloined familiar nightly roosts. A watcher added a unique touch to this scene as he stood guard outside the low temple wall stirring palm fronds to deny the birds entry to the trees which ringed the temple grounds.

The temple now vibrant with sound, suddenly leapt into sharp relief as lights came on, lending a technicoloured quality to the scene as the brilliance of the many hued saris sprang into relief against the backdrop of descending darkness. The whole appeared dreamlike ... one was transported upon the wings of sound and colour. But culmination point was at hand.

Vibhuti: Baba came! Silk gown burnished by the lights, He walked slowly to pass the many upturned faces, the arms lifted to proffer this package or that envelope to be blessed, darsan to be received. He set foot on the marble paved verandah and a second later there He was smiling down at us, "How long are you going to stay?" and, as we answered, He bent forward a little, indicating that we should open our palms. A slight hand movement and, in the next second, falling in a thin stream from His fingers, came the Vibhuti, the Holy Healing Ash. Garnered from the ethers, it fell weightless into our palms. "Eat it", He smiled. "Eat it", and we did that, then quietly thanked Him for His Grace.

He moved on to terminate the service, and for us the fantastic experience of our first temple service was done, but the wonder and excitement lingered that night when even, for me at least, the concrete beneath the sparse bedroll seemed acceptable. The Vibhuti I found to be a real food, since in

the next day or so I had little need of any further sustenance.

**Pre-Dawn Worship:** Saturday, 18th October, 1975, 4.30 a.m. Dick and I rose at the warning bell to prepare for the service, but many devotees are meditating long before this hour. From our cell we heard, regularly, an alarm go off at 2.30 a.m. This morning the weather turned capricious and light rain fell. Donning rain coats, we went our separate ways to the temple. The service is simple, the great A U M rolls out and the short session culminates in a march through the ashram grounds, singing all the while. The women set off first, followed later by the men. If one is still abed, it is a soothing experience to lie listening to the dulcet sounds, echoing through the darkness. Reminiscent of carols on Christmas Eve.

It was expected that Baba would again make a building inspection around 11 a.m. Light rain continued to fall, so clad in nylon raincoats (which caused much curiosity among the ladies), we made our way to the temple but having received such Grace the day before we were determined to remain inconspicuous that morning. We chose, therefore, to sit some distance from the temple and with the choice of a palm tree to support our backs, we awaited hopefully the appearance of Baba.

Presently the grey sareed lady of the day before began signalling someone on our side. We took no notice. She continued. Looking right, then to left, we found no one was answering her gestures and finally it transpired that we were the object of her attention. The upshot was that we rose and, feeling a little self-conscious, walked the width of the courtyard between the wall and temple verandah when she indicated that we take up our position of yesterday.

Dick, who watched our progress, reported later that although he could not decipher what was said, our changed position brought a quick burst of speculation among the male devotees.

**The Sun Descended:** Settling on the rush mat, presently I detached myself from the immediate surroundings going into prayer on behalf of all HNA spiritual workers wherever they may be, so that conceivably they may share this rare experience afforded us. The service began and the great A U M rolled out, and all the while I was caught up in an etheric display of flashing orbs and fiery Catherine wheels which sent spears of brilliance shooting over the entire assembly. It was as though, despite the rain, the sun, itself, had descended. In rare moments all who strive to walk the Path experience the unreality of earth life. Momentarily we are lifted, or suspended in time, when truth shatters the illusion of the physical form as a permanent garment. Timeless beings we become, and draw strength from



the experience no matter how fleeting. So engrossed was I in another state of consciousness that Baba's physical appearance I noted in something of a daze, but became acutely aware of The Presence as He advanced once more toward the temple verandah.

He wore, today, a garment of the most glorious yellow gold, the colour of reverence, humility and soul-power, qualities vital to all who dedicate themselves to God's work. The fiery display continued, it was as though one hovered, detached, yet fully conscious, so much so that when Baba approached from the left and several ladies just below where we sat flung themselves forward in an attempt to touch His feet, I was greatly startled, a pain shot through me as the movement disturbed the atmosphere and a temporary static disrupted the red gold patterns. Strangely, it seemed that Baba recoiled from this unwarranted movement, and later I learned that He, indeed, dislikes these unsolicited displays and discourages the touching of his person.

**A Moment of Awe:** Assuming 'namaskara' (attitude of salutation) I remained still. Baba stood now directly before us. I knew a moment of awe. Here was One whose soul endeavour down numberless centuries of striving had led Him to ultimate allegiance with God! The Presence enveloped me. I felt a butterfly touch my head! Instantly, behind my closed eyelids an amazing spectacle began to unfold. It seemed I watched the spiritual history of India, her people and their ways of worship. This phenomenon was to last 12 hours. I knew, miraculously, that Heralds had received The Blessing. Venturing an upward glance, I found Baba smiling down at me. He turned and spoke lovingly to May, who knew at once He understood her pain and discomfort derived from sitting so long on a marble floor. "Sit up there", He directed her kindly, indicating a more comfortable concrete perch behind her. "Sit up there", and then once more moved into the temple to terminate the service.

People about us rose, moved off chattering. We simply sat there. Baba's influence overshadowing us. Presently one of the ladies said we might go, and then almost at once another devotee approached to ask us to be there in the same position, at 4 p.m. We promised we should.

And now is the moment to present the poem received in Australia on the morning of the 11th October, 1975, as we flew in there briefly en route to India, and about which I knew nothing until my return home. See how beautifully it describes our encounters with Sathya Sai Baba, in Nilayam, on 17th and 18th October, 1975.

## A MASTER APPEARS

With soft and silent tread, He came,  
And touched me, passing by . . .

**I saw Him . . .**

And His Shining Presence made me want to cry!  
I felt the Glow within my heart . . .

A soft and warming Flame,  
And deep within, my humble soul  
Was whispering His Name;  
I knew not whether I should speak,  
This Miracle to prove . . .

Or . . . fling myself before His Feet,  
and touch His precious Robe,

But, the reverence of the moment  
Held me tightly in its spell,  
And all those words my heart would speak,  
I knew I could not tell.

And so, I quietly bowed my head,  
And clasped my trembling hands,  
How can one find the words  
Unless one truly understands  
The reason for such miracles . . . ?

But . . . let me grateful, be,  
That Someone, Wise and Holy,  
Chose to walk **so close to me!**

I dare not yield to human pride,  
And think I stand apart,  
But, let me hold the memory  
Within my thankful heart,  
That He . . . O, so tenderly,  
O, God . . . I never will forget,  
A Master dwelt . . . **within me!**

Who shall dispute that the Watchers were with us every step of the way, under Baba's tutelage we journeyed towards the encounter of a lifetime.

**Baba Departs:** Our accommodation, situated opposite the temple (whose three domes, decorated in pastel colours, glow against the Indian sky) looked upon Baba's quarters, and afforded us also a fine view of the temple grounds. After lunch on that wonderful Saturday, the movement of gossamer saris caught our eyes. From the balcony we saw the ladies dart, like bright birds, to farewell Sai Baba who rode out in his white car. Together with a few close devotees he was en route for Whitefield on a business mission. Baba comes and goes at will; no one knows when he will arrive or depart, and



if it were not so it is doubtful if he would ever proceed anywhere freely — since on rumour of His presence instant crowds gather.

At Baba's unexpected departure, a wistful air seemed to pervade the ashram, no one could precipitate His return, yet all awaited eagerly that moment. Naturally we, too, hoped He may come before our own leave taking — but this did not transpire. However, at 3 a.m. on the Sunday morning, I wakened to find the cell flooded with light and Baba in vivid vision, his robe brilliant, every detail clear, as he sat in His white car, left hand raised in salute. This was goodbye, a point confirmed as we passed Baba en route to Nilayam as we drove back to Bangalore.

In preparation for the world conference, workman moved into the temple to paint and refurbish in Baba's absence, and although we honoured our appointment at 4 p.m. few were present in the courtyard.

**The Choice Lies Entirely with Baba:** To potential travellers, a point should be stressed: Anyone anticipating a visit to either Brindavan, or Nilayam, should realize at the outset there is no way of securing a prior appointment with Sathya Sai Baba.

Seekers must go in the spirit of faith and hope. Foreigners, alas, at times are wont to complain that since they have come half way round the world they are entitled to personal attention. It is not how far one has travelled in physical miles, but how far one has travelled spiritually that matters. Baba alone decides. He knows motive, need and worthiness. Critics remark that, indeed, some strange people seem to command His attention, which again reveals a poverty of understanding. The depth of devotion is not necessarily apparent from the outer physical covering which is often no criterion to the inner spiritual wealth. And, finally, if one is so blessed as to receive His Grace, an added responsibility presents itself — the ego must be disciplined, lest it rise up in vanity and makes another envious. Be properly and humbly grateful for both Grace and Miracle, but continue to pray for those following close behind, as even the most advanced among us are mere beginners in Cosmic Wisdom.

**Observe the Rules:** When in the ashram observe the rules, when in India expect to conform with Indian customs, like those of segregation of the sexes and that ladies must cover their arms in the Presence of Baba. It is discourteous for any foreigner to bend the rules.

**Ashram Life:** Surprisingly, our stay in Nilayam was not of sequestered peace! Lights out at 9 p.m. was no guarantee

that quiet would prevail outside our cells, since under neon lights workmen and bulldozers toiled long past 10 p.m. in feverish activity to have all in readiness for the coming world conference. Before our eyes, daily, changes were wrought. Terraces appeared, steps were poured, planting and painting proceeded. The magnificent Pillar of Truth lost some of its scaffolding preparatory no doubt for its finishing touches and the Poorna Chandra (a great hall capable of holding 35,000) received its final grooming and presently pictures of the Saints of the world were to grace either side of the huge stage from which Baba would address the thousands. Jesus, The Christed One, is there, a beautiful picture of the Shepherd surrounded by His Lambs.

The universal nature of Baba's teachings is apparent by the presence of the insignia of the five great religions which have marked Man's progress. These adorn the buildings and the Pillar of Truth: Parsi (Persian, Zoroaster), Moslim, Hindu, Christian and Buddhist, and Baba states that there are yet two more to be added! Since He is to stay on earth until around 2019 A.D. no doubt He will witness many changes in the thinking and worship of mankind.

**A Devotee from HNA within the Ashram:** Monday lunchtime brought a surprise encounter. In the canteen, where the light was dim, we found Catherine Bracey, longtime HNA member. Some years back, Catherine took off with some of her family on a free roving tour. Writing to her in Australia, I mentioned Howard Murphet's book. 'Sai Baba, Man of Miracles', which she read finally when in Alice Springs, and from that moment a visit to Sai Baba took priority in her thoughts.

It was from Catherine we got the sequel to our doggy encounter. Mentioning it to her casually, she laughed delightedly and said: "Don't you know that is Sai Baba's dog? And what is more he growls if anyone other than Baba and Cynthia, who cares for him, attempts to touch him!" This we found most interesting, since the hound approached me, I had made no attempt to touch him, it was he who insisted on greeting us with that joyous abandon unique to animals. Few things could have touched our hearts deeper than the unconfined joy of that little fellow's greeting.

Each afternoon, in answer to our eager questions, Catherine proved a positive fund of information. She emphasized that which we already knew: That Baba does not encourage worship of His form. He reminds one constantly that it is the Spirit Within, the God Spark, which must be worshipped and naught else.



He asks no one to change their religion, or even their Name for God; Be true to the flame within your heart, God is God by any name.

We all know that the more affluent our society the greater the malnutrition both physically and **spiritually**. When the soul starves for its proper food we find dramatic problems in the lifestyle. The soul must be fed with Love and Worship of the Divine. This is the message of Baba.

There is little doubt that down the centuries the deadly conflicts of religions have rent man asunder and done little to improve and give man confidence in his essential spiritual nature. Bound by petty restrictions, imprisoned by a million erroneous ideas, we seem forever to hark back to the so-called hallowed past when we might well miss the wonder of Divine Love being poured out upon us now. Why, to millions of earth people, is a modern Avatar unthinkable? Because mankind simply does not grasp the universal nature of an Infinite Creator who affords us similar opportunities today as those given in the past.

**Baba Never Sleeps:** To be with us on the physical plane, The Christ Spirit, assumes a physical body which naturally places certain restrictions on the Entity. **Yet Baba never sleeps!** But in deference to His ever-watchful devotees, He rests late at **night**, turning out the light, since while a light burns in His sanctuary so the devotees remain wakeful. In the dark hours, it is said He peruses every communication sent to Him and doubtless sends His Love to those in need. An Avatar's life is pre-ordained, His task is known to Him. And Baba says despite the enormity of the task ahead — He will not fail.

Throughout India, the Power of the Divine is already leavening the yeast of human devotion. In tens of millions of homes Leelas occur (This is the Divine Play of the Lord in the phenomenal world), and the changing climate is brought about by the Presence in that land of an Avatar.

**Love the Key of the Kingdom:** All Baba ever takes from anyone is their Love. When He says: "Come unto Me", He speaks as did Jesus when He called upon Humanity to respond to the Indwelling Spirit. Both of Them refer to The Christ who calls mankind to spiritual realization. Neither asks anything for self, since there is no shred of ego in the Divine Ones. Each has the ability of the sculptor whose expertise with hammer and chisel eventually reveals the glory trapped within the stone. Within mankind the archetype is there, perfect, in the Heart. It is this perfect image which Baba seeks to release by plying man with purifying food. When we begin to love, to serve, to be tranquil in the face of all earthly challenge —

then do we come close to understanding the purpose and transient qualities of earth life. The nature of the real self is glimpsed, and we have a glimmer of the eternal quality of spirit.

Above the senses there is a state of Bliss, but insatiable worldly desires prevent men from entering in. When Baba asked a devotee who was the poorest man in the world, the answer was: "The man without God". But Baba did not agree. He said: "No, the man with **desires** is the most poor. Until we realize the desireless state we are in poverty."

Baba says: If we are conscious of meditating — then we are not in meditation! One experienced in spiritual disciplines (a Sadhu) recognises the ten stages of Sadhana by sound through vibrations. Bell, flute, conch, OM, thunder, explosion . . . and the 10th is a pure form. **In that moment the senses are transcended.** But until then everything remains in the sense realm. Sadhana calms and controls, it does not liberate.

Baba's methods, in a world of numberless gurus, are most refreshing. For instance, He says: "Avatars never give Sanyasa, because Sanyasa is **inside**, never **outside**." (Sanyasa means, broadly, to bestow a title.) Another fallacy He disperses is this: Should one criticise something known and seen to be wrong? Baba says, "Yes!" Providing that the criticism is made after careful study and of course presented kindly. In other words, Baba states what we all should know; That there are times when one must speak up, otherwise error perpetrated unchecked presently is embraced as Truth.

**The River:** We began to explore and found that beyond the ashram walls, down a dusty lane behind the village, grows a tree made famous by Baba, the boy. It stands high above the road, flaunting a red flag to mark its former fame. Under its branches, long ago, the young Baba entertained his friends. At an early age his mode of work was materialization. 'Leelas', and this no doubt designed to establish the ground for His coming Work among the people. Each boy chose the fruit he most enjoyed and, lo, that fruit would appear on the tree to be picked. As Baba commanded, the Divine Play of the Lord in the phenomenal world brought forth a variety of fruits.

In the cool of the evening, visitors to Nilayam make this short journey when an added attraction may be to see Sai Gita, Baba's beloved elephant, refreshing herself in the fast flowing river. She so adores her master that she trumpets her grief when he departs. It was here on the river we met an Indian lady from Windsor, Canada, 'setting up house' within the ashram preparatory to the coming of her husband and friends for the world conference. She was one of many who confided



that she journeyed regularly from her home to receive the delight of Darsan from Baba.

In the ashram, people were both kind and interested in HNA works, and thought we were delegates, but of course ours was strictly a private and hurried visit. One beautiful Indian woman, with a tremendous sense of fun, told us that she was featured in Howard Murphet's book as the person who received the precious Lingham from Baba. Furthermore, her mother, who now resides permanently in the ashram, was cured of terminal cancer. Yet, Baba does not cure all the sick who come to Him. He knows, of course, that there are times during a life when to withstand the difficulties presented is the quickest way to Self-Realization, and so He acts accordingly to the need of the Spirit.

Howard Murphet was to be present at the world conference, and we understand he is writing, or has written, another book on Baba.

**"Come, observe Me, just as I observe you."** Baba invites. He expects no blind obedience, no instant acceptance. Rather He wishes each to make his own assessment. Is Baba what He is purported to be? Without a shred of ego, filled to overflowing with Divine Love, on earth for the sake of Humanity? I believe He comes, as did Jesus, for our salvation. He has no need of form. Baba, like Those before Him, acts as the catalyst. His Presence produces an Effect, yet the Presence undergoes no change within itself. He animates our need to know God. Baba does not walk the Path for us, He walks **with** us, we must set out for the mountain top, but the Creator sees to it that there is an Avatar at hand to steady and to guide. In India, this knowledge stirs millions to overwhelming joy. To receive Darsan from Baba, hundreds of thousands travel as many miles. The Western mind does not easily accept the need for this spiritual food, and Baba's divine influence may perhaps be understood only when one has stood within His auric field. Principally, Baba urges that we put Love into action, and we all of us know that this is the quickest way to God Realization since if we practice this diligently we surrender to the Spirit Within, the God-part takes over the earthly life.

A salient point to record here is this: In His last two incarnations Sai Baba has required no personal guru. He came equipped and without need of tuition in Spiritual Laws.

**Healing Ash:** This beautiful gift is especially prepared and blessed by Baba, to be carried away so that even those far beyond India's shores might benefit from a physical token of His Love. We received a most generous supply and in the bookstore, bulging with publications, we found books to

purchase and coloured prints of Baba to bring home. Here and in the canteen (when one purchases tickets for certain foods to be served) are the two places within the ashram that Baba allows money to change hands. He allows no levies of any kind, no collections, no charges are made for use of the cells. Baba takes nothing — He gives All.

We had found earlier, when we asked about making payment for accommodation, that no money must pass but there is a Trust Fund from which are drawn monies to finance the school that Baba is building in the village, so we all decided that we would, on our return to N.Z., see to it that a Bank draft was sent for this. This is an entirely personal decision, nothing is asked, nothing is expected.

**Goodbye to Nilayam:** Thursday arrived, time to move out. Catherine came early as did others and we said our goodbyes. Transport, arranged by Mr. Sheriff, arrived right on time and after a last look at the Temple we were off, riding back to Bangalore. As mentioned earlier, Baba passed us on the way, but His guidance and influence remained with us until our very last step on Indian soil.

**"Ashoka" Welcome:** We were quite unprepared for the burst of excitement which greeted us as we walked into the foyer. Staff and elevator boys alike were eager to know had Baba shed His Grace upon us: Had we received Darsan, Vibhuti . . . ? the questions tumbled out. Here again, we noted the perfect timing, because the moment we came through the hotel doors an Indian lady was enquiring of the staff as to where she could locate Baba, was He in the district, at Whitefield, or at Nilayam? Smiling, the desk clerk indicated that our party had that moment returned from Puttaparthi. She came over, saying she required Darsan urgently, and on finding Baba was, indeed, at Nilayam, she made immediate arrangements to drive there in the morning and back again in the evening. She sought no 'personal' interview, but wished to receive Darsan as Baba walked through the temple grounds. Which surely indicates the tremendous spiritual influence Baba has on his devotees. This lady had travelled far, just as one imagines others travelled long ago in the days of the Man of Nazareth.

The management was most kind. Fruit was sent to our respective rooms, and when we took afternoon tea the Head waiter appeared and placed a pink confection before us. "This is with the compliments of the management," he said "and twice within the hour!" He laughed and walked away, but the incident showed that contact with Baba meant something very real to those people. And how refreshing to find this in



a world where material gains are given more reverence than God.

**Off to Adyar:** Baba's subtle influence continued. Through the expertise of devotee, Sheriff, our outward flights were re-arranged to allow us the best part of a day in Madras. As was routine, on arrival there, Dick checked out the bookings, and was served at the airline office by a fine young Indian. He was especially civil, even procuring for us a reliable car and driver for our city tour. Top priority, of course, was H.Q. Theosophical Society situated in the beautiful southern suburb of Adyar. What a sylvan setting. The handsome Leadbeater Chambers, indeed, the entire complex, is set in spacious gardens and sheltered by shade trees, and on that hot afternoon the Great Banyan tree was host to huge striped lizards which darted along its mighty branches. We were glad to have managed a visit, since H.P.B. had played her part in our wish to meet a Living Master. Her writings on the boundless universe remain paramount even after 100 years. The third largest city in India, Madras has some fine ancient landmarks, like the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Old San Thome, founded by the Portuguese in 1504, and in Fort St. George, St. Mary's church built in 1640 by Francis Day, then chief of East India Company's factory at Armagon. The Law college, the Museum, the Light-house, are all imposing structures together with several fine Hindu temples.

Our driver, a family man with children studying at University, finally deposited us at the airport to await the evening flight to Colombo.

**Rupee Regulations:** A drama in Madras! We here learned a salutary lesson in the hazards of foreign monetary laws. On presenting our rupees to be exchanged, the Airport bank required the receipts issued at the port of entry, since without these no exchange could be made. Rummaging through a miscellaneous pile of receipts we found, to our growing consternation, that the vital ones were missing. Uneasily, we looked at each other. The situation, to say the least, was extraordinary, since all three of us had changed Travellers cheques in Calcutta — yet not one of us could produce a receipt! The fate of our considerable Indian currency looked bleak indeed. We were mulling over this dilemma, when into the airport walked the young man of the morning. Dick confided our difficulties, asking what were the chances of exchange, were we to carry the money on to Colombo? Then the final blow fell. Regretfully, our young friend stated that we should not be permitted to board the plane with the

currency in our possession. The Indian government would simply confiscate it. Dick explored the possibility of finding an in-coming traveller who might help, or an American living in India. No luck. The one possibility in Madras airport that night was an American bound for a weekend in Colombo and in no position to change our money. So there we were with a wad of rupees and positively no way of salvage!

Flight time draw perilously near, yet the matter remained unsolved, and, admittedly, we felt disenchanting at the thought of our holiday money going to a foreign government. Then, in a flash, propitious thought! Why not send the lot to that Trust Fund to help build the school for Baba's boys? We were all agreed. Feverish activity, engendering the finding of envelopes to make a package of sorts. This was accomplished in record time, it had to be — we were right on flight call. But the unexpected happened, in those last moments the loudspeaker crackled the news that our plane, owing to engine trouble, had returned to Singapore, so a relaxed calm now descended. As we settled down to what transpired to be a long wait, a thought persisted. I voiced it: "It would not surprise me if that young man from the air office is a devotee." After all, had he not come in at the nick of time to tell us about the looming confiscation, we should have been relieved of the money before boarding the plane. Now it would be put to the purpose of our choice. We felt well pleased with this arrangement.

Two hours later, and then minutes before take-off, our young friend re-appeared. Dick told him the problem was solved, that we had sent the money to an ashram. But I felt the urge to add more: "To Puttaparthi, for Baba's school." That did it! A huge smile broke over our visitor's face. "Wonderful," he said, "I am a devotee, in fact I am so devoted to Baba that my family tease me and call me Sri Ram." Note here, that not one word of his connection with Baba was divulged until after we had made our decision and acted upon it. Baba knew our wish to help was genuine, and so the way was made for us to honour that wish. We were glad we did, since on returning home it became apparent that sending monetary gifts to India is rather a ticklish business.

Time to go, picking up our hand luggage, we moved through the press of porters, eager for work even at that late hour. Having already disposed of all our loose change, we had nothing to give, and Dick indicated this. Surprisingly, one thin, cheerful man stepped forward: "I don't mind, sir, I like you, I will carry your bags," and this he did, following us into



the dark, steamy night to the waiting plane. And who should be standing there to take our Boarding Passes — but Baba's devotee who wished us well as we took that last step on Indian soil? What a journey! It had afforded us more than we had ever dreamed of receiving, and despite the dire warnings about the difficulties of travel in India, we had not lost so much as a toothbrush — yet we had not locked a single bag! There was no doubt that Sathya Sai Baba had shepherded us throughout the entire journey, and we were thankful for His Loving Care.

In Colombo, next day, we spied on a grubby roadside stall a picture of Baba dressed in red silk. He smiled down at us, serene as ever, despite the abject surroundings. Yet in Sri Lanka we found no one who had heard of Baba, but the presence of the picture suggested that somewhere on this island there was a group who followed His teachings.

**How does Baba Work:** Avatars, says Baba, never give Mantras. Nor do they work through Mediums. Avatars have no need of this type of expression. Baba may travel anywhere at any time in His Light body, which form of locomotion he calls "visiting informally".

Baba promised that if we come one step forward, He will take a hundred towards us. If we shed one tear, He will wipe a hundred from our eyes. Strong men, who pride themselves upon their worldliness, break in Baba's presence, and one recalls Peter, the tough fisherman who wept before Jesus. In Baba, one senses tremendous strength and Presence, yet over-all the innate gentleness of the truly great. It is this tremendous flow of unimpeded Love which breaks down barriers in men and women alike. Baba need speak not at all, communication is surely heart to heart, mind to mind.

He urges us to bear defeat as we do victory, to live joyously, to strive toward tranquility. He reminds us we are the designers of our own state, but to remember that there is absolutely nothing that Divine Power may not accomplish. If we do not believe this we fail to grasp the grandeur of the universe. By our own restricted view we seek to confine God, but succeed only in confining ourselves.

He speaks as did the Nazarene, without ego, and of the God Within. Constantly He reiterates that it is the Spirit Within which illumines and urges no one to worship the form which houses that Spirit.

Catherine wrote us that during the world conference every inch of ground (save the actual courtyard to the Mandere) was covered with multi-coloured tents made from Saris! Banana

palms lined the walks to allow free passeway, and on Baba's birthday, Sai Gita, in full regalia, proudly led the way through the throng followed by Baba under a State Umbrella. The scene was magnificent, as Baba moved through the crowd giving Darsan.

In the huge Poorna Chandra, when Baba Spoke — absolute silence reigned. The Head of the Armed Forces of India, who attended, remarked from the platform on the amazing discipline he witnessed during this immense gathering.

Baba reiterated that he had not come for propaganda, or publicity, or for gaining disciples and devotees.

**Then Why Had He Come;?** In His own words, the Avatar states: "I come for the protection of virtue, for the destruction of evil, and to establish righteousness on a firm footing, for this purpose I incarnate from age to age . . ."

"Make God your Guru, live Truth rather than search for it. Know that the sure way to Self-Realization is a complete surrender to God's Will."

"I am yours, You are Mine." Baba.

**Verity.**

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### WONDER BOY

This is an excerpt from a fascinating story printed in the 'Indian Express', on Friday, 24th Oct. 75, whilst we were in Bangalore. Sai Krishna had begun to battle the world even before he entered it. His mother knew extreme discomfort when carrying this child, since he decided not to materialize until the end of the 11th month. He was born, after this exceptionally long gestation, on the 1st January, 1969.

Being the 8th child in the family and born under unusual circumstances (as was Lord Krishna) parents and townsfolk alike concluded he was the very incarnation of Krishna — and he was so named.

Before his birth, doctors predicting danger to his mother's life, very naturally sent her rushing to Sai Baba to seek solace, but the child arrived and she survived.

Sai Krishna was barely 10 months old when he began to reveal himself as a prodigy. Holy Ash appeared on his forehead, his mother thought someone had applied it. But, no, ash repeatedly made its appearance on the boy's body, and when at an early age of his own volition he eschewed meat, even though the family were voracious meat eaters, this shunning of flesh foods finally sealed his acceptance as a wonder boy.



The child was revered until tragedy struck the family. An older son, of 18 years, on some slight provocation, threw himself into a well, and the shock of this pressured the parents to cast about for the cause. Their attention came to focus on Sai Krishna whom they saw now as evil. Incredibly, the mother on the slightest pretext beat the child, she even confessed to feeding him poison — but to no avail, the child not only survived but thrived!

Sathya Sai Baba, of Puttaparthi, managed to put a stop to these irrational actions. When visiting Puttaparthi, Baba drew their attention to the Holy Ash pouring from the child's head, and told them they should know better than to ill-treat such a child. That, mercifully, was the turning point in young Sai Krishna's life.

This news article reported a public demonstration of Sai Krishna's ability to produce showers of ash. In a temple packed to capacity with Sai Baba devotees, the reporters set up their cameras and had pens at the ready. Sai Krishna, clad in a saffron robe, bright eyed, teeth sparkling, sat alongside the sanctum sanctorum threshold.

The bhajan began, rose to a crescendo, the boy joined in. The singing continued to act as a soothing lullaby for the small child whose head sank on to his mother's lap. He was either fast asleep, or in trance.

The crowd became restless, irritated at the non-happening. They concentrated on the portrait of Sai Baba, hanging there in that crammed hall, and finally commenced a third bhajan. Then it happened: The boy's head suddenly turned into a veritable fountain of Holy Ash. It showered over his bright garment and the news cutting we retained shows the boy, wide awake, standing with his father after the event.

Sai Krishna is a performer of miracles, he manifests a variety of articles from mangoes, apples, pendants, earrings, currency notes, photographs to chocolates — and naturally he has many young friends who await his favours. From a doctor in Sri Lanka, a recent challenge has been flung down, that the father of Sai Krishna allow him to be tested in a way to show that he is able to transcend the laws of physics. For instance: Can he defy gravity? The child, himself, even at the tender age of not quite 7 years old, knows that what he does cannot be explained in the present scientific terms, and, shows a wisdom beyond his years when he says simply: "It is all what Baba has given me."

Until mankind accepts 'divine reason' it will never understand the 'miracles' of such a child as this.

Fair complexioned, extremely well behaved and rather shy, this little boy is a very special entity, yet he seems very normal most of the time, romping with his young friends, but his father makes a sobering statement when he mentions that there are times when the child passes through agonising moments during the prolonged bhajan sessions (and one is at once reminded of the seeming distress of Sai Baba when He is bringing forth a Lingam).

The boy is called 'Kitti' by friends and family, and there is little evidence that his father, a school teacher, will capitalize on what a million others would regard as an enormous windfall.

Sai Krishna is alive today in India, performing miracles which baffle scientific minds. Do we observe here the prototype of Tomorrow's World? Certainly he displays mind over matter in dominating the mysteries of time and space.

#### SAI BABA IN PERU, LONDON & N.Z.

The Presence of God is found everywhere, and although we may travel far in our search there are times when that which we seek is right there in our own land. Such a revelation occurred to a long time HNA member.

**Step 1:** The opportunity arose to make a Peruvian journey, sparking off the hope that the ancient land might well yield the person of a Master, but no such thing transpired. However, whilst meditating one evening a vivid picture of a round, dark, plumpish face, wearing an almost mischievous smile, appeared. First reaction — well, that could never be the face of a Master. Yet a deeper look changed that thought, those smiling eyes brought the feeling of an overwhelming Love and spiritual Peace, and our friend, although she had never before glimpsed this man, knew that he was a very special person.

**Step 2:** Thousands of miles distant, now in London and browsing through a New Age bookstore, she came upon a photograph of Sai Baba. Imagine her excitement when she recognised instantly the man of the Peruvian vision! His Presence was again accompanied by an upsurge of spiritual strength.

**Step 3:** Home again in N.Z., and several years later, our seeker was hostess to some Australia friends, also interested in Sai Baba, and who wished to visit a Maori Tohunga (a priest) in an adjacent town. This man, an old friend, began to speak of Sai Baba, triggering a tremendous vibration and our seeker began to cry like a baby! In her own words:

"Never have I experienced anything like this, the release, the



joy, and finally after re-gaining my composure I ventured a look at the Tohunga to find him completely over-shadowed by Sai Baba who smiled serenely down at me."

"Earlier I had walked into that humble little room, viewing it only through the critical, physical eye, to find that the Presence there so filled it with Love and Light and Power the greatest Blessing flowed over me. I recall later thinking that those who entered that humble Manger centuries ago, must surely have been filled with similar feelings of awe and Peace — that a Saviour to Mankind had come."

"This total merging with Spirit may be described only by saying that it was as though **a longing of a million years was fulfilled**, and that for which I had long sought was right there on my own doorstep."

J.L.

Baba says: "I will come once, twice and even thrice, or as often as you want me."

#### THE MANY ASPECTS OF BABA

In India there are places where Baba's picture is regularly covered with Healing Ash, it simply gathers on the picture itself.

**THE FIVE FACES OF BABA:** From Australia comes this record: As I sat before the picture (this one brought directly from Nilayam) I saw five distinct changes occur. First, Baba changed to a dark man with a neat, black beard, who actually altered his position, turning his head slightly to the right to bow graciously with hands clasped together in front. Another figure then overshadowed, this time a man with deep set eyes and shoulder length hair, wearing a turquoise caftan type of dress. Next, a very beautiful and shy maiden, with magnificent dark eyes, and her place was taken by a third man wearing a turban. During all these changes there stood over all a larger figure dressed in pure white. This one did not change position at all, yet this figure seemed to exert tremendous power, and one got the impression that this was the real Baba! Could the changing figures have been representative of incarnations leading up to His God Realization?

**VISIONS:** Baba appeared, wearing His red robe, during our group meditation, a half figure above us, with palms out-turned and fingers tilted slightly towards us. Presently, Healing Ash poured down in such a cloud that a golden pendulum (in the vision) was all but obscured save when its arc reached the extreme outward points of its swing. No word was exchanged, none knew what the other was experiencing, until the meditation was over, when two of the group gave identical reports on kneeling before Baba who wore a red robe.

**BABA APPEARS IN THE MOUNTAINS:** Catherine Bracey related how when in northern India and in need of a guiding hand, Baba answered her prayers by appearing clad in a snowsuit, gear appropriate to that region.

**IN MINIATURE:** Verity often sees Sai Baba through the 'Medallions of the Spirit', which is a necklace of brilliant little pictures, each perfectly clear in detail that normally could not be picked up by the physical eye. Baba's first appearance to her was in this way, he was standing beside his beloved elephant, Sai Gita.

**PRE-VISION:** Several months before the three HNA members left for India, our Australia seer noted a curious vision. She saw Verity having to cross numerous dried out river beds, predominately clay, and advance to Baba along a narrow, rough, timber plank which spanned the last chasm. Robed in red, Baba stood on the opposite bank. Advancing slowly, careful to keep balance, Verity looked both weary and anxious about taking those last few steps. As she came, Baba stretched out His hands. At the final step, He took both her hands and in that moment a blue and orange coloured butterfly appeared above her head to dance a ballet in the brilliant light.

**Symbol of the Butterfly:** Secret Doctrine, V 3. p,294, believed by the Greeks to represent Mind/Soul. Another beautiful interpretation is found in V.4. p.131, 'Leaving the body, the animal-man, behind him, tied on the Cross of Initiation like an empty chrysalis, the Ego/Soul became as free as a butterfly.' Ann Ree Colton interprets: The symbol of the pituitary gland's higher telepathic power and also the symbol of higher intuition. Symbol of reincarnation. A blessing as a disciple.

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#### GOODS & CHATTELS

Perhaps a brief list of things needed for a stay at Nilayam may prove helpful to prospective travellers.

**Lilo** (a **must**, or a bedroll). 1 cotton sheet, towel & teatowel, plus the usual toilet articles. Candle, matches, torch, toilet roll. Mosquito repellent & disinfectant.

**Utensils:** Plastic bucket, cup, plate, billy for holding food, tea etc. when taken back to the cell. Pocket knife, fork, spoon. Water Purifying tablets)  
Anti Diarrhoea tablets) All invaluable anywhere in the East.  
Anti Nausea tablets)



**Foods:** Augment Canteen foods with nuts, dried fruits. Instant Orange and Lemon in powder form proved wonderfully refreshing since thirst is a real problem in a hot climate. (We took packets from N.Z.)

**Canteen:** Affords a variety of food, rice cakes, chippattees, various curries, sauces, sweetmeats, coffee, tea, very sweet with milk.

**Radhu's Village Resturant:** Wonderful porridge, vegetable curries, peanut sweetmeats etc.

**Village Stalls:** Abundant fruit, oranges (curious variety but delicious, pale green/lemon coloured flesh) grapes, melons, bananas, apples etc. We invariably dunked all these purchases in purified water, letting them soak for a while and ate them without any ill affects whatsoever.

**Clothing:** If Oct/Nov. light clothing, a cardigan, raincoat, but no heavy coat required. An umbrella is useful when crossing the wide expanse of unsheltered ground within the ashram. Saris for the ladies, and middle aged westerners who feel strange wearing the brief blouse traditional to Indian women may easily wear a tuck-in variety which makes no difference to the winding of the sari. Men: Shirt/trousers, but not shorts. Sandals, but bare feet, of course, in the courtyard and temple. Indian men wear a loose cotton top and trousers, easily laundered, another point to be considered in a hot climate.

Most of the items set out above may be purchased in Bangalore, or even in Puttaparthi village, with the exception of the medication. It is best to go equipped, since a number of people do suffer from sickness.

Here is the Ashram address: Manager,

Prasanthi Nilayam,  
P.O. P.I.N. 515-134  
ANANTAPUR  
District A.P.  
INDIA.

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### CAPRICORN, ASTROLOGICAL SIGN OF INDIA

#### Guardian of the Soul, Signpost to the Mountain Top

Siderial Zodiac: January 14th - February 13th

Tropical Signs: December 22nd - January 21st

The tenth sector on the path of illumination is Capricorn, said to be the most mysterious of the twelve gateways, for its principle is INITIATION on all levels. Darkness and ignorance prevail until man seeks enlightenment. When he realises his situation and asks for 'light' he begins again on a higher

turn of the spiral. The new man with a new name is initiated through the radiations of the Capricorn Hierarchy. Just as the Cancer ray is the gateway into embodiment through its transformer the Moon, its polar opposite Capricorn is associated with physical death and its exoteric imitation in various grades of initiation ceremonies. The Capricorn transformer is mainly Saturn, focus of restriction and responsibility.

Souls die to spirit when they enter the cycle of birth to experience the tomb of matter until the call of the day of judgement in Capricorn. The result depends on the level on which consciousness is operating. After crossing 'death' and entering a new life, the candidate is instructed to return and 'extend his researches into the more hidden mysteries'. At this stage he is still only in the outer court of the temple. The first bridge, arch or ark he builds is the Royal Arch. When the past no longer beckons as karmic lessons are overcome, aspiration unites with dedication. The prodigal son envisions the Christ through the transmutation achieved within. Wisdom is born. When he is permitted through the doorway of higher initiations in Capricorn, he ascends on the Divine Arch portrayed as a halo around the head, indicating spirit earthed in man. The Master's outstretched hand welcomes the faithful disciple whose cup runneth over. Soul and spirit unite to engrave the seal of God on the face of man.

**SYMBOLISM:** In Sanskrit the name of Capricorn is Makara which means 'the hand with five outstretched fingers'. The hand is physically essential to execute man's mental archetypes. Its position and attitude are associated with various secrets imparted in the different degrees of exoteric initiation ceremonies. Makara is wrongly interpreted as a crocodile. It is more correctly shown as the white dragon (snake, kundalini etc). This mystic animal with the goat's head and crocodile's body is the oldest concept of dragon fire, known as the vehicle of Varuna. It signifies the mental sheath emerging from Makara or great serpent. Eventually the mental state becomes spiritualised — the Christ awareness is born in man.

In the Capricorn land of India among the Hindus, the symbol is an elephant also noted for its wisdom. The Egyptian word means 'the face of the goat'. To initiate something means to go-at it. Thus the use of the goat symbol particularly in the western world. The wild goat in its natural rocky and arid surroundings lives on mountain tops. These symbolise man's levels in Capricorn. His feet on the ground yet free to climb either the heights of worldly ambition or spiritual aspiration, both requiring intense application and self denial. In ancient Egypt and India the symbol was also the crocodile



that lives both in water and on dry land. When shown with the body of the crocodile and goat's head, the land animal had subdued the emotional water body. In pre-history it demonstrates the stage of evolution from aquatic to terrestrial assisted by the Capricorn Hierarchy. The same help is given to man to rise from soul level to spirit level.

The Greek nature god Pan was associated with goats and Capricorn. HPB writes 'Later Pan came to be regarded as a representative of all Greek gods and of paganism itself. According to early Christian tradition when the Heavenly Host announced the earthly birth of Christ Jesus, the Isles of Greece realised the great Pan was dead, the Greek gods of Olympus were dethroned forever'. The earthly incarnation of The Christ Spirit showed man a new and better way. In Plato's time the goddess Hestia represented Capricorn. In Latin this became Vesta, the hearth goddess and female Capricorns are noted as practical homemakers who support the male of the species in the business world. In Hebrew the name is GEDI meaning scapegoat. On the day of Atonement the sins of the people were metaphorically cast upon a goat which was then chased out into the wilderness to become the scapegoat.

**HORNED GLYPHS:** Capricorn is the third of the horned zodiacal animals. Horns symbolise the extension of the mental and intuitional head centres. In Aries the ram's horns point down signifying creation — the mystery of God the Father. In Taurus with its upturned horns, the Bull of God in man seeks illumination with the emergence of the soul from bondage and the two horns of duality protecting the 'single eye of light' — the redemption of God the Son. In Capricorn, the scapegoat veils the symbolism of the unicorn. The two horns of Aries and the single eye of Taurus are unified into the long straight horn of the unicorn in the centre of the forehead — the liberation of God the Holy Spirit. The mythological unicorn indicates higher spiritual initiation. The full development of the head centres working in unison create the three in one.

**MOUNTAINS:** Capricorn's endings are symbolised in the 'mountain tops' scaled in any life cycle. If further ascent is impossible within existing forms, the soul cannot progress so then comes the Descent into the valley of the shadows before a new attempt is made on the heights. On Mt. Sinai, the Aries Initiate Moses experiences spiritual fire and knows I am that I am. He returns with the Ten Commandments to serve and lead his race to the promised land. But just as his great associate Aaron died on Mt. Hor, Moses passes over on 'the mountain of Nebo to the top of Pisgah'. The promised land is sighted but not experienced.

Esoterically all world saviours and sun gods are born in Capricorn for it guards the secret of the soul itself, the secret of the hidden glory revealed at the third initiation. The initiate comes to spiritual awareness in Capricorn, the birthplace of the Christ, who gave His Robe to the world again through Jesus. It is also the place of the second birth. If Nicodemus, described as a Master of Israel and spiritual ruler of the Jews, did not understand these things how little did ordinary humanity of that era. Spiritual wisdom is not synonymous with ecclesiastical rank or power. This also confirms the necessity always of imparting the wisdom through parables consistent with the daily life of the people. Analysing the few verses throws a different light onto their meeting. Nicodemus came to Jesus by night (realising he was in spiritual darkness, yet seeking light and believing Jesus had it) N. said 'no man can do these miracles thou doest except God be with him' (affirming that Jesus wore the Christ Robe). Nicodemus saw the kingdom of God in action through Christ Jesus even if he didn't understand it. His enquiries lead to further instruction in the more hidden mysteries, associated with the Capricorn initiation given by Jesus personally.

In the life of The Master, His most famous set of instructions for living were delivered on a mountain. He spoke often from the Mt. of Olives and was transfigured before all men on an unnamed high mountain. 'Born in Capricorn, He fulfilled the law under Saturn, initiated the era of intelligent brotherhood under Venus and is the perfect example of the Capricorn initiate who becomes the world server in Aquarius and the world Saviour in Pisces'. As AAB wrote 'Though initiation is taken in Capricorn, the man is an initiate BEFORE he is initiated. This is the true secret of initiation'.

**EVEREST:** She also stated that when the highest mountain in the world was eventually climbed it would begin a new cycle for humanity. The Himalaya region, roof of the world has harboured their ancient heritage of wisdom until the 20th Century. Its isolation and mystery, its great ranges of cloud-piercing mountains culminating in Everest are tangible proof of a Capricorn land. In 1953, the 33 year old Edmund Hillary of New Zealand and Sherpa Tsensing of Nepal achieved this summit. A unique partnership started for the two men as well as their countries. The same day saw the 'crowning' of Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain, motherland to New Zealand. For the previous 250 years G.B. had been intimately involved in the Indian sub-continent with its various kingdom and principalities. It was also the Englishman, Sir Francis Young-husband who became the first white man to enter Thibet.



Soon after the conquest of Everest, Sir Edmund began his humanitarian projects in Nepal, building hospitals and schools in the region. Supported by his family and groups of dedicated New Zealanders, all worked voluntarily donating their time and materials in true Aquarian friendship. The conquering of the physical mountain began a new cycle of effort for the individuals involved as well as mankind in general. When striving for earthly gratifications cease, spiritual ambition releases the desire for liberation even from the wheel of rebirth and the inner reality overwhelms all lesser states. The humble initiate's open door in Capricorn is labelled SERVE AND SACRIFICE. Just as there is a physical interchange between cultures that meet either in peace or war, there will also be a spiritual ebb and flow. Nepal is a Buddhist country and N.Z. volunteers there will return home with some aspects of Buddhism grafted onto their existing beliefs. Hopefully the Nepalese people will recognise the Christ impulse, that hub at the central core of the practical self-help aid programme.

**THE GREAT CONJUNCTION OF 5th FEBRUARY 1962.** From 1957-1962 inclusive the world was in a six year Capricorn sub-period of the Piscean Age culminating with the great conjunction itself in the constellation of sidereal Capricorn. This focussed concentrated Hierarchical rays on earth and its humanity through no less than 8 planetary transformers! These energy concentrations do not occur frequently, but in our century have coincided with war periods. 1899, 1914, 1941, 1962. The next one is 1989.

At the 1962 conjunction the Capricorn emphasis on the transformers of the ray is truly amazing. Saturn, exoteric and esoteric ruler of this tenth sign was also in the 10th degree. Mars, exaltation planet was at 9 degrees, the number of Mars. Venus, Hierarchical ruler was at 24 degrees = 6 the number of Venus itself. Mercury, Jupiter and the Left node of the moon were also on the exact 24 degrees of Venus, while Sun and Moon were conjunct at 21 Degrees, the number known as 'the crown of the magi'. The moon's right node was in Cancer and Neptune in Libra which together with the Capricorn concentration emphasised three major gateways of the cardinal cross. Aries was conspicuous by its absence. It is deeply significant that all the personal planetary influences used by the ancient civilizations and Hindu astrology were within the Capricorn vibration. They are known esoterically as the Seven Sons of Light and Wisdom, or The Seven Planetary Regents. The more recent planetary re-discoveries of Uranus, Neptune and Pluto were outside this massive conjunction sug-

gesting that aspects of group consciousness were less important than individual reaction.

Astrologers and clairvoyants suggested a future world leader was born at this time. The type and level of leadership remains to be seen. Hopefully, may the personality reflect the higher impulses. AAB wrote 'Capricorn is also the sign of the coming world Saviour, and these higher aspects of the Capricorn influence can be potently demonstrated if humanity so wills it, and will take advantage of the Venusian (Hierarchical) influence to use the mind as a reflector of soul purpose'. As far as earth is concerned, and for humanity who seek to express the soul rather than the personality, the heavens declared a unique opportunity. The Cosmic forces offered initiation on the grand scale to all those who could tune in and accept this rare event. On what level did you receive it? The time was ripe in 1962 for many to reverse the wheel of rebirth.

**THE TRANSFORMERS:** The exalted Saturn on the scales of Libra leads to Saturn in Capricorn on both exoteric and esoteric levels. Saturn is often depicted as Father Time with a scythe over his shoulder and an hour glass in his hand showing the sands of time are limited. The earth, moon and Saturn are the worker planets of Uranus (related to Aquarius and brotherhood). The two cold planets, Moon and Saturn work on two different scales of time. The moon travels through a sign or constellation in 2½ days whereas Saturn takes 2½ years for the same journey. The moon determines physical birth or spiritual death. Saturn governs physical death and spiritual birth. These two planets are the main transformers of Cancer and Capricorn.

Mars is exalted in Capricorn showing material desire transmuted to aspiration. For those who in service and sacrifice receive the robe by reversing the direction of the wheel, the Hierarchy transmit through esoteric Venus. Desire vanishes when love triumphs. Selflessness offers redemption and liberation through the crucified personality. This robe of the Lord is first seen by clairvoyant vision as the five pointed star which gradually changes to the pentagram. The man thus robed becomes the Disciple who conceals within his robe the jewels of the high priest. The jewels associated with this ray are tarshish and beryl.

In the body Capricorn relates to the knees. When they bend either in humbleness or prayer the Cap. area touches the ground signifying humility, the supreme lesson for this sign. In India the ancient mode of pilgrimage from shrine to shrine was on the knees. The Indian subcontinent, repository of the ancient wisdom includes the Capicorn lands of Thibet, Nepal,



Afghanistan, Pakistan, India. Perhaps this is why we see a continuing golden chain of spiritual leaders born there. Palestine, too, is a Capricorn land which nurtured the twelve tribes, produced the prophets and Essenes, culminating with the incarnation of The Christ. To-day it harbours modern Israel created for the remnant who survived the 20th century persecutions. Its survival hangs on a slim thread for it is encircled by militant adversaries. The warring sons of Abraham have yet to learn forgiveness towards one another. Their sufferings as a race of people for the past 2,000 years confirm the law of Moses, the karmic law administered through Saturn. AAB wrote 'The Jewish people form a karmic clearing house for all races'. In other words, their racial tribulations are willingly accepted by the souls incarnating therein. The race itself becomes the scapegoat for humanity. The third Capricorn land is Greece which produced the great thinkers whose philosophies combined with the Christian ethic to form the basis of western civilisation.

All signs have extremes of expression. As well as world saviours, Capricorn features super egotism and hard cold materialism where humility is unknown. The sun's ingress occurs about January 14th. An annual chart made for this moment as it relates to national capitals, enables astrologers to forecast world events for the ensuing year. Through experience they found this ingress is the strongest of the year. At the same time the Sun is also in ecliptic conjunction with its own apex, that is with the direction of its own path in the galaxy on the cuspal degrees between Sagittarius and Capricorn. This confirms the intertwining of exoteric and esoteric truths. The Law is eternal, its manifestation according to the plane of demonstration.

Capricorn is the apex of the earth trinity. We have already seen its association with Taurus in the horned glyphs. The other earth sign is Virgo, noted for service. This is well demonstrated through Naphthali, Jacob's son of Capricorn. His tribe was responsible for the welfare of the land (earth, mother nature, Virgo) and cattle (Taurus). This constituted the physical wealth of the tribe. On higher levels this becomes spiritual wealth. Naphthali represents the power of truth and wisdom attained only through the control of the generative fires within man. The hidden powers of the conserved creative fire were symbolised by the goat that could take man to the top of the mountain (heavenly state). Initiation into modern secret societies is facetiously described as 'riding the goat' (being in control of). Is it realised that exoteric initiation through

Capricorn demands self controlled mastery of these fires? As AAB wrote 'When the attention is fixed upon the soul, the physical plane life will be rightly handled'.

**THOU SHALT NOT STEAL:** The literal interpretation of all the commandments would be automatic for those walking the path. The esoteric nature of this one is more subtle. In Spiritual terms Capricorn symbolises the power of the Christ to be born within man. The goal of Christ consciousness raises the personal life of desire into impersonal selfless service. Self denial is axiomatic for the personality. The soul, too, follows the same principle. All incidental honour and glory achieved along the way belongs to Spirit — the Father doeth the works. Thus one renders unto God the things that are God's including all the vehicles of manifestation in the four worlds, acknowledging the source of all contained within the ONE. Through the light of the soul man realises his karma is self generated. He is responsible for his own salvation. His liberation begins through the crucified personality. The path is service by denying self. The key that opens the golden gate in Capricorn is the exalted Venus expressing Hierarchical power through all-embracing impersonal love regardless of colour, creed or class.

#### Aquarius.

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**NOTICE:** To all overseas members we regret to announce a steep rise in postage rates, each single copy of the magazine now requires 15 cents postage against 6 cents in 1975. Therefore, when specially requested books or parcels are sent out, acknowledgements will be enclosed in the package, since the practice of sending an airgramme in advance must now be curtailed.

**Changes in Location:** Special co-operation is needed here, both in N.Z. and overseas. Owing to the time lag in second class mail deliveries, there is a tremendous wastage in both magazines and postage because members fail to advise us on changed locations. What happens is this: One magazine has arrived at its destination, has been unclaimed, and is on its way back to N.Z., but does not arrive until **after** the next issue has been posted out. Therefore, from the one address we often receive two returns. So, please, if anyone is contemplating a move let us know **before** that move is made, and if you have no firm address to give us we should be happy to hold your mailing card and the current issue until you are re-established.



**THE GOING & THE GLORY**, by Gloria Lee, through Verity: The 6th edition now available. Price per copy, overseas, postage paid 70 cents, within N.Z. 50 cents. This book is an evergreen, and it is delightful to see a new generation reading it.

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**THANKYOU!** For those hundreds of Greeting Cards and for the continued encouragement, urging us onward — we thank you. To those who followed us in thought and prayer to Puttaparthi you will have read how your prayers were fulfilled. Let us go forward seeking Truth wherever it is to be found, worshipping God by the Name which is written in the Heart, and Serving without thought of reward.

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"We are responsible for the situation in which we are placed today. Yesterday shaped today and today will shape tomorrow. The yardstick of human progress does not depend upon the appearances, that is, wealth, possession and authority. Such appearances can be likened to the passing clouds or external cloaks. Man's real value is based upon his adherence to good conduct and his reliance upon Truth."

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**Sathya Sai Baba in "Summer Showers in Bridavan."**

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