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Paul Pavan

personal story




pavan

Early Life

A difficult Birth – 1951

I was born, and given the name Paul (a mixed blessing), the second son to Max and Mary Keetley, in Melbourne about 7 pm, on 21st March 1951. **It was a difficult birth.** The date however was auspicious, the equinox, last and first day of the astrological calendar, and a 22 date, in numerology. It's also the birth date of my Guru the divine Mother Shri Mataji, and also JS Bach.

In Perth, 26 years later, in 1977, I went through a re-birthing process at a five-day self encounter course, and re-experienced this difficulty, which felt very vivid, intense and real. Sounds funny perhaps now but at that time, when I re-experienced my birth in that re-birthing, it felt like I'd been trying to be born at a particular time. I had felt very constrained as I struggled to be born at 'just the right time'. I felt desperate to get born at the right time. I confess to this feeling again in later life, this desire to be 'in synch with the auspicious time'.

I subsequently asked my mum about the recently recalled difficulty during birthing. I had been completely unaware of it previously, but she confirmed, yes, all true, a lot of problems, umbilical cord, inundation with fluid, then slow to get going. A tricky start.

In my second year I caught something highly contagious, German measles. I was suddenly in full hospital isolation for about eight days. When mum came to get me the nurse remarked "*my he's got a terrible temper!*" Mum replied "*No he hasn't.*" But on the way home in the train mum says I would not even look at her, no matter how closely held. Obviously my time alone in hospital was a deeply traumatic separation from mum. Separation from your mother is an archetypal trauma, I understood, like with Dante. And a sin not readily forgiven. Also a feeling rekindled a few times in my life, I have consequently realised. I really love my Earthly Mum. I love my divine Mother and Guru, Shri Mataji. And I love my Eternal personal sacred Mother, my Kundalini, who has journeyed with me in this evolutionary quest through lifetimes. Re the anger, I confess I have been frustrated and got very angry with some people, and some yogis, who behaved poorly towards Shri Mataji or who I felt betrayed eternal principles like integrity, truth, respect, understanding, loyalty and trust. I cannot answer for them and so perhaps I should not have spoken to them in anger. But that's just another story, and ultimately we all will understand that our story is only Maya, a sleep, a dream, fantasy, and not who or what we truly are.

Some early memorable moments...

At about three or four, I nearly tumbled off a lofty look-out, on a viewing platform at the Mt Buffalo National Park in Victoria. Dad grabbed me at the last possible moment, as the vista and the high drop seemed to call me out and over. A memorable moment for sure, and a real reprieve! Seems I have escaped several such perilous moments in this life. Thank God. God Is.

Home was a musical place. Mum had been well trained at Catholic boarding school, on piano, and she played professionally at times in bands and for family and friends.



Dad was musical too, singing well. They were a talented and beautiful couple who obviously enjoyed each other. I know that Dad was troubled perhaps as a result from his own early life where he lost both parents in his first two years and was adopted. I only remember them both with great love and gratitude.

I've always loved and been inspired and moved by music. At home in Melbourne, a piano and LP records playing. Opera, classical, modern. I remember going to see a live musical. The Pajama Game. The theatre, stage, performers, action, dancing, colours, lights and yes, that live and very loud orchestra and chorus of singers, all leaving deep impressions.

I remember holiday trips out of Melbourne. Little low caravanette on the back for mum and dad. We two boys then sleeping on the car seats. Lift-up kitchen-lid at the very back. Pump-up primus stove. Meals at tank stands. Staying by lakes. Giant skies. Long hauls. High adventure for us kids in the Nature and wildlife, on country.

At about six in 1957 we moved over to Western Australia, to live up in the warm coastal country town of Geraldton. Our apparently hasty exit from VIC had something to do with dad's colourful career within the police force. At one stage Dad sued the Commissioner for police, apparently for being passed over for promotion. The Victorian police force has a very colourful history. Don't quite know the whole story but apparently we were well advised to make the trip out West. (Possible memoirs later were foregone, following a warning.)

Mum worked in the record and music store. Nicholson's. Dad started working with a local car dealer. Cars of all types had been his interest and were to become his career, pardon the pun. We would drive out from town North-East through the Chapman valley out to grandad's and grandma's remote farm and house out past the township of **Yuna**. Mum's parents were **Ray and Eileen Farrell**. Yuna was a tiny pub, tiny school, fuel stop and shop, big long grain silos, sheep yards, a grassless footy oval, and not much else, perhaps no house that I can recall. Mum's sisters families and relatives were all mainly settled out along that Valley way, all of them on the land.



(Ray) William Joseph Farrell

Also Known As: "Ray"
 Birthdate: August 14, 1894
 Birthplace: Northampton, Western
 Death: December 19, 1969 (75)
 Geraldton, Western Aus
 Place of Burial: Geraldton, Western Aus
 Immediate Family: Son of William Joseph f
 Helena Farrell
 Husband of Mary Eileer



Mary Eileen Farrell (Collins)

Birthdate: January 28, 1902
 Birthplace: Geraldton, Western Australi
 Death: July 04, 1980 (78)
 Geraldton, Western Australi
 Place of Burial: Geraldton, Western Australi
 Immediate Family: Daughter of John Jeremiah t
 Griffin (Collins) (Murphy)
 Wife of (Ray) William Josepl
 Mother of Mrs Mary "Mollie"

Our grandparent's place was a typical far-North WA wheat-and-sheep-belt, large remote farm with homestead. Arid semi-desert dwellings demanded a classic oblong design, thick cool mud walls, rendered white, with tin roof and wide verandas, right around. Doorways on all four sides. The precious rainwater tanks at every corner, contending against the very real 'droughts and flooding rains'. Washing and bathing by the bucket at times. Life in the red dirt. Yes, lots of sheep and wheat, but only when the seasonal Gods allowed, and lots of chooks. Out back, rustic drop-box dry loos. Vehicles, machinery, storage and shearing sheds, stock ramps, herding yards, fences, dams and paddocks. Hot and dry, and stark. And beautiful, like the people who lived there.

Grandad, (Ray) came back silent from that first Great War. He carried shrapnel in his leg all the rest of his days. I fear his internal, unseen wounds and losses were worse, but these stayed seared and sealed into his mind and memory. He never spoke about it. I'm told many others from that the first Great War would not speak either. Australia has carved a sense of national identity based on this supremely courageous, and resolute, yet crazy, sacrifice of the wars.

Kent my brother was especially loved by our grandfather. We were reminiscing recently and were both moved to tears. Mum's father fixed and drove everything; ute, car, truck, tractor and plough, seeder and harvester. He did everything required to sustain everything, with one eye on the weather and rain gauge. When bumper crops did come in, once or twice every few years, it was time to maybe take a short holiday away from the farm at the coast or even the city far south. Also a time to renew or replace every crucial thing on the farm and maybe some small luxuries for the family. Kids as they grew older went off to boarding schools.

Grandad butchered his own sheep, and we watched. As did the red cloud kelpie sheep dogs who got to gorge themselves on the still warm, draining blood, as it fell red into vivid pools on the dry red earth. I wondered if this could turn the dogs into killers but they knew their place and revelled in their role. This was Life, and Death, and Life.

Grandad did all that was required of a solo man on the land in a remote farm. He never seemed without things to do, but his pace was patient, easy, and one you felt comforted by. He was a living icon to me. We noticed how he ritually, carefully, peeled and sliced his one proverbial 'apple a day' when he could get them.

He was the most intriguing master of the game of drafts. Would set you up to think you were winning and then take all of your 4 to 6 or more remaining men in an astonishing round the board final move – that you never saw coming. Baffling, mysterious, awesome and poker-faced, and playful. We revered him.

Grandad was to pass suddenly from shock, upon the hearing of my father's death in Dec 1969. So our mum lost both her husband and father at that same time. Our Dad was just 44. Both men loved my mum, my mother Mary. The experience of real danger and much death in war was common to both men and I think they genuinely loved and respected each other.

We swam in the main dam, or in the rain tanks when it was really dry, with Uncle Kevin. Grandad's only Son, Kevin, our blue-eyed sunburnt uncle, had arrived quite late after the five girls. All those aunties were unique. Now they all are passed over. Mum too. God Bless. I asked our Grandma (Eileen) years later how she 'got through it all back then?' ... Six kids, farming, droughts, isolation, the heat and dry, pesky flies and that great tyranny of distance?

"prayed every day" she said simply, with that ever present twinkling light in her eyes.

When 'Granny' laughed her tummy heaved gently I recall. She seemed like a little bellows of Joy. A beautiful, kind and gentle person. She made the best scones ever, in an ancient ever burning wood stove, for the shearers and for us. She was wonderful, and so was her eldest, '**Mollie**' – **Mary Ellen, our Mum**. I must confess I took our mum entirely for granted, as many children will. Not only that, I imbibed the great myth of male superiority and the secondary roles of women generally. Fortunately I was to learn, and reframe, and in some small ways right, some of this attitude later. She like Dad was a Seeker too. There were no daughters in my father's family. Funny that I should only ever have had daughters in mine.

My brother Kent and I first attended the tiny Bluff Point Catholic primary school near Geraldton WA. Both sides of our family were Catholic. I remember getting dressed up for my first 'holy communion'. New clothes, shoes and shiny little prayer book, a solemn ceremony, but no more than that. Any expectations or hopes of religious experience were not fulfilled.

I had some sense of the potential of getting closer to Christ, but the emptiness of the ritualism and enforced demeanour by priest and paraphernalia only heightened a sense of disappointment. Mass and other church rituals were for me never quite a 'moving experience'. I did have some respectful times in that tiny church when empty, and the hymns always felt the most real to me. God was nowhere visibly in sight therein, and so was a mystery to me, and to most others I suspected. Jesus was crucified on the cross, and all of us were born into original sin, supposedly. Mind you there was Mary and the baby Jesus. And there were some truly great Saints in Catholicism I later discovered.

One can find great saints in all the great religions, if one should care to look past the exoteric displays and regalia. We can and should understand that ALL great religions have a very deep and real source of Mystic or esoteric experience, in the founders and saints, that all true saints have personally realised the One Truth and Reality that is "GOD IS".

We lived firstly on the West Coast narrow two-lane 'Highway' in a pale blue painted asbestos clad house not far out of town. Cross the road, and railway track, and you were on the beach, and into and under the Indian Ocean. Duck diving, snorkelling, spear fishing and perhaps the great prize, rock lobster or 'cray': caught with a homemade barbed 'gidgee' on the reefs opposite. You can hear them cacking underwater. Also plentiful fish, small crabs, some squids and octopus, that seemed much scarier after seeing the movie '20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.'

Oh. And the very occasional baby reef shark. One of these tiny predators tenaciously grabbed Kent by the forearm, and being in the shallows he dragged it from the water. No really serious harm done, only minor lacerations, and the tiny poor shark paid with its life for its impudence. But yes I remember quite a commotion about that at the time.

Imagine a time before TV, when the family radio, the drive-in, and kids Saturday movie theatre matinees, ruled our entertainment headspace. Big screen colour movies were awesome, and musicals a priority. Popular musicals came home on LP records. Rodgers and Hammerstein were the favourites. The art of the kids serial was to leave you on a cliff-hanger moment each week, ensuring your resolve to return.

TV, in snowy black and white test patterns, was first only glimpsed at night through the front window of the electrical store. In 1960 you needed a very tall antennae and favourable wind direction to gather that TV signal up from Perth, 300 miles to the South. Before TV in our country town it was the ABC national radio, and 6GE our local Geraldton radio station, that were our communication mainstays.

To listen in we had conventional radios, and tiny radio crystal sets, and of course the big family radiogram and record player to go with the large record collection, and mum's piano. Some of the records were from kids cartoon soundtracks, with pics on the record covers. We knew every second of those by heart. Printed books, a wide variety, magazines, newspapers and comic book favourites like the Phantom, which were read until absolutely tattered.

Social family life almost always featured both laughter and lager in close proximity. Beer drinking I don't think was a problem for our family, hard liquor or even wine was rarely seen, but I was too young to know I suppose. Plenty of cousins and relatives, and some friends made through school. Close friends to our family were few but they were strong and consistent over years, there through thick and thin. I remember when our youngest brother Shane was born in 59, mum's good friend Elvie appeared in our house without notice, busily at work in the laundry and kitchen. Life was good and untroubled for us kids particularly.

Mum's household policy was "*clean enough to be healthy and dirty enough to be happy*". Like most mums she worked and cooked and cleaned tirelessly. To our shame we males at home took her entirely for granted. I never heard a bad word said of her, or a swear word from her, and my own friends enjoyed and were drawn closer by her easy, caring personality.

I remember Dad would sometimes pick us up from school at lunchtimes in the heatwaves, and in moments we are ferried back home, into bathers, over the road and into and under the water... and then quickest lunch, and back to school, before the end of the lunch break. True! Dad had Pisces in his chart too.

Living 'down under' in Australia was, and remains, a huge blessing. I am so grateful for those natural, innocent, and peaceful times. The Ocean. Bike adventures. Golf caddying and tennis courts. Big local bonfire nights on vacant blocks nearby, with

many crackers and skyrockets. One huge 'penny bungler' went off right alongside my sandled foot. That was a memorable moment.

I remember us all out lying on the front lawn as we watched the night sky for the earliest of satellites, which could be seen with the naked eye. Anything in space in the 60's was a great novelty. The Russians were up first with Sputnik, and later a dog, and then Yuri Gagarin.

I also remember long drives. Sometimes up and leaving very early in the still dark. One long trip South to Perth was suddenly scary when Dad and I rolled a big Ford Mercury at speed in a densely wooded area closer to Perth after a tyre blowout. Very lucky. Missed every tree. Car was totalled and yet we were both AOK, but had to fly back up home to Geraldton 300 miles North. I should have enjoyed that picturesque flight, but I was just a boy and still in shock from the rollover. A strange feeling, dulled, yet intense, like being frightened of something after its already happened.

Our father, Max, entered the retail car business in Geraldton. He had always loved cars and so did I. Having been a detective sergeant in Melbourne in the Police first response 'flying squad', he could really drive, and he was also an expert shot. His first Army training was at just 16. He had lied about his age to get into the Army, as many did at that first call up. He was a natural marksman, an uncanny shot. When his age was revealed he was not able to continue. But it wasn't very long before he was able to re-enlist and this time he joined the Air Force.

In the Army first, under-aged, my father trained as an anti-aircraft gunner, he was posted to Darwin. He was actually there when the Japanese first bombed Darwin and they fired back. A few years ago now we found a group picture there in Darwin with him in it, in the restored bomb-proof tunnels that you can still go inside and visit. He was in a posed publicity shot of a group of hard-hatted shirtless soldiers, second from right, playing a game of two-up.

Dad in the Airforce trained in Canada as a RAAF Sunderland flying-boat tail-gunner. He may have been pilot material perhaps, but I suspect as he was such a great shot that on big slow planes the tail gunner was a potent and important defence position requiring a variety of skills and uncanny anticipation. These flying-boats were called porcupines because of their heavy gun turrets but in spite of their fire power many were destroyed. In the second half of the War, they were 461 Squadron, flying out of England over the seas, under the UK Coastal Command, chasing down German U-boats. This was usually at night trying to catch these 'wolf packs' visibly in the moonlight, whilst on the surface. Dads pictures and stories from the UK posting were captivating and he saw live action there. Their squadron motto was "*They shall not pass unseen.*" (Sounds like Lord of the Rings J)

Many Australians in that 461 squadron of Sunderlands, 64 of 86 in all, lost their lives in action. One amazing synchronicity was that Squadron plane U-461 was responsible for sinking the German U-Boat U-461. In that engagement, against RAF regulations, they jettisoned their own on-board life-raft to those submariners left swimming in a freezing sea. Some of those saved and remaining members of both crews met after the war and became long term friends.



<https://www.historicwartours.com.au/blog/2021/3/22/raaf-461-squadron-courage-amp-coincidence>

An RAAF 461 Squadron Sunderland, registration "U" or "U-461", under the command of Flight Lieutenant Dudley Marrows, joined the attack. "U-461" made one attempt flying in low and then dropping seven depth charges. A direct hit was made on one of the submarines. The force of the explosions broke up the submarine and it began to sink. Those of its crew who could, had no alternative but to abandon ship into the cold waters where survival unless rescued quickly, was unlikely. But, against RAF regulations, the 12 Australian crew of "U-461", agreed to drop their plane's life raft to the men in the water below. Only 15 of the 68 German crew survived the sinking. Coincidentally, the German submarine was the "U-461", the same registration as the RAAF Sunderland.

Dad and mum met in Melbourne after the war. Both of them had been in the RAAF and were both Western Australians. They were married, in Bairnsdale VIC. There was a later family photo of dad with a Bugatti sports car after the war out front of the family's first home, at Box Hill near Melbourne. I know he owned that car then, and I still wonder at its history. It had straps over a long bonnet and low-line doors. Those old Bugatti sports cars when preserved or restored nowadays literally sell for millions. The Bugatti business and brand was revived a few times over decades, and in the current era they still make superb Italian supercars, with very high performance, and prices.

From country Geraldton, down to city Perth, we moved for Dad to set up his own first used car yard in the early sixties. Max Keetley Motors. Mum did the office and books. Mechanical and cleaning bays down back. We lived in the small house situated in part of the car yard block, just behind where the offices looked out over the front yard and three lines of cars. Out the back there was a very big mulberry tree that we climbed, with huge amounts of berries in season. The rear workshop was a place of playful experimentation, some of it dangerous, playing naughtily with pieces of pipe and crackers! One projectile pipe flew out of the garage, over the caryard and out into the busy street out front. Luckily it made no impact with anything important. Stern warnings followed.

Poetry

As a child I showed an innate ability for writing lyric poetry. Words came easily and I found inspiration everywhere. My family nickname was "Inky". An early poem I scribed was called 'A natural prism.' that was about a chance encounter, seeing a

radiant rainbow, beside a sunlit water-fall. This early lyric poem garnered some interest from family and teachers and it was highly 'recommended' that I should recite it out aloud at my first junior high school Speech Night. This was indeed a scary prospect, exposing myself as poet, author and speaker to a crowd. The prospect of speaking in particular quite horrified me. I flatly refused to do it.

However, as my fate and my father then dictated, I found myself alone on stage, in front of a big school quadrangle filled with many people, and my family. So what transpired was that, being too smart to read my own poetry, and too dumb to remember and recite it by heart, I crumbled to a most painful moment, unfinished, half way through the recitation... I recall what I imagined was ridicule and laughter. **I left the stage shamefaced** to a smattering of polite but awkward applause. My failure was transparent. I determined there and then, never, ever, to publicly speak again. And this was a promise that held sway for several years after.

Dad

Our father, Max, was immediately innovative and successful as a car dealer. He pioneered full warranties on 'pre-owned' cars, as well as personally presented TV ads, and also pioneered weekend and after-hours trading. The yard often had unusual and some high priced vehicles. He explored unrepresented brands like Studebaker, and imported lots of cars especially from Canada and the US. It seems I was always destined for the car business.

A heavy smoker since young, Dad developed chronic emphysema and was destined to die young a few years later at just 44, in 1969. I was 18. One of my first duties was to sell his Mercedes. Mum decided we should sell the hilltop sand-dune City Beach house which was acquired when we had to relocate finally to Perth for dad's palliative medical care. So Mum and we boys designed and built another. We were still to live close to the beach, but less exposed. We designed into it a big purpose built rumpus room, to accommodate a large 10 foot snooker / pool table, and also to contain her three boisterous boys. This was a damaged 12 foot snooker table, rescued from a burnt out Kalgoorlie hotel and rebuilt for us by a real artisan and snooker table specialist.



It was quite a feat to get it manufactured and installed, but we were really putting down roots for an unknown but stable future without my father being with us. Originally built with 8 legs and 6 big 2 inch thick slates, just 6 legs and 5 slates survived, These were rescued, reshaped, plus new sides and cushions constructed, and the whole thing professionally installed. Around this table we gathered with friends for many hours, with mum's caring, but not too intrusive, vigilance and support, over the next few years.

Dad had an ongoing interest in psychology. He was an orphan of well-off parents, who both died in his first two years. He was adopted and raised by relatives, who did not tell him for years he'd been adopted, and then he struggled to unravel this difficult and shrouded history. He sought professional psychotherapy, and read extensively, and even sampled LSD as a therapy in a hospital setting. He found that experience helpful and tried to tell me something about it. My response innocently and sincerely was “**So what then? After that?**” I could not quite fathom his responses. Could this type of intervention bring revelation, insight, and positive change? Since 2000, serious research into medical marijuana use and other hallucinogenics, including micro-dosing, for mental health is ongoing. Many people have been ‘self-medicating’ on these, prescription and other types of drugs. Prescription opioid use and abuse is widespread. Nowadays in Australia drug use policy and laws for personal possession are becoming less draconian. In my own experience with marijuana use in my twenties, after an initial period of relaxed enjoyment, I found it was demotivating, and that it then prompted paranoia over time. I saw it also lead others into other much more dangerous drug use.

My LSD experiences were part of my Seeking. These few trips were intense and profound but I recognised early this was a brief window of heightened perception, and then a period of burnout, but certainly not an authentic doorway into sustained enlightenment, knowledge or spiritual empowerment. In the 70’s we tried a few things. I wasn’t into alcohol, it made me either sick or tired. As I shared, marijuana was more attractive, but not of any productive value except as a relaxing and socialising agent. It became even less attractive over time and together with tobacco they had both become quite redundant by the time I was able to get spiritually awakened in 1983.

Dad learnt hypnosis, believed in the power of the mind (psyche) over the body (soma) and practised positive thinking. “Its not what happens, but how you take it.” Dad’s Catholic schooling, paid for from his parent’s estate, did little to endear him to conventional religious practices, but he developed his own sense of authenticity and integrity, and also a sense of the spiritual, as distinct from spiritualism, séances etc. Yet he sent us boys on to be taught by the Christian Brothers, one of whom, ‘Spud Murphy’ had traumatised him as a child. Still that ‘private school education’ option for us was as good as any scholastically, way back then. To some brothers and priests teaching was a real vocation. The best of them sought to help guide and foster potential when they encountered it. At least a few did so with me. I guess I was born curious and as they describe nowadays ‘an active learner’.

School

In Perth, my first Catholic junior high school, St Philips, (‘the grasshoppers’) where we wore green uniforms and berets, I left under a group expulsion, for some after-hours supermarket ‘shopping’. Childrens Court decided there would be no record for any of us but we all had to leave that school. And so I played out my new ‘naughty boy role’ at my next school, Christian Brothers College in Leederville. But as soon as I won a Commonwealth secondary scholarship, there was concerned and caring attention, and positive feedback, that got me again focussed on the positive path. Teachers reengaged with me and supervised my intrinsic interest and desire for progress in learning, at what may have been a potentially deviant time. They were

focussed on scholastic achievement. What I realise now is that our projections and expectations, and our mindset or framing, really affect the responses we get.

I have learnt the value of ‘good finding’ as a growth facilitator. But I could say I have not mastered this art however because at times I could be quite liverish, picky or harsh, and sometimes really very angry at some people that I deemed off-centre. My Mum’s philosophy, she was a Libran, was essentially that what provoked or pained you in others was at some level your own stuff or ‘projection’. I realise now what a high level of psychological maturity she had. She was prompted by dad to also see a ‘shrink’ who after a few visits concluded she was remarkably well adjusted.

Many kids disappoint a parent. As my choice would have it, in 1968 I did not go to university after senior high school, much to mum’s chagrin. My grades were good. She imagined me as a safe professional pharmacist I recall. I had done very well at tech drawing at school. I had always been interested in architecture both classic and modern and had a flare for designs and drawing and so that became one possible career option. But I had also begun hanging out and helping at our newly built car yard in Geraldton. We had moved back up again and built another house at Bluff Point on the beach, and dad and mum named this one ‘*Dunroamin*’.

But for that moment, still at high school, I became a casual, but persistent after-school and even weekend worker, at times. So to his credit my father thought to put me to work manually at first in overalls, in the cleaning bay, and also down in the under-car pit in our garage and service areas, learning mechanical. Perhaps to test my interest and resolve, and also probably to expand my understanding of what’s really required in all parts of an auto dealership.

Car Dealership

In the 60s my first ever paid job as a youngster had been casual picking work in a local market garden. Peas and tomatoes. Cars however were much more interesting and of immediate interest to a teenager soon to get their driving license. Kids bikes were fun but cars were freedom at an adult level. Both can be dangerous! One of my grandsons has just gotten a great birthday bike at 8. I recall as a youngster racing down a long footpath in Geraldton at near terminal velocity, only to see a car backing out of their driveway across the pathway. I froze. I pranged. It was destructive. I lived. Had a few such moments in life like that. You know when your in something inherently dangerous and out of control and everything starts to move into slow motion....

I hung out quite a bit with our car mechanic, Gordon, who had a great sense of humour. One day he took me for a supposed post-mechanical test drive in a car and when we were on a straight piece of road, without warning, he took the steering wheel off, and handed it to me in the passengers seat saying... *“OK you drive then!”*

I was a quick learner about cars and did a lot of cleaning or ‘detailing’ as we called it. I enjoyed it all, and was not deterred. Dad said things like *“If you polish that car hard enough, someone’s name will appear on it.”*

Later on at 17, (1968) now fully employed in the business, we would do wholesale buying trips together down to Perth where I learned more truisms from his car business wisdom like “*Don't worry, you can always get anything for a 'plum'*”. And other great and universal standards that have stood long in commerce and life like...’*Quality only hurts once.*’

The first car I ever sold, a white HR Holden sedan, was to the local Sergeant of Police, on a Sunday, wearing my white cleaning overalls with ‘Keetley Motors Geraldton’ embroidered on the back in dark green. It was 1967. I was still sixteen. I really liked that car and recognised back even then that professional selling was little more than a suitably paced consultation and transference of belief. The goal was ‘helping the person to buy’ using a no-pressure interview and a paced presentation and/or demonstration aimed at the needs and wants of that particular buyer. “*People love to buy but hate to be sold.*” The Sergeant helped me get the car out from behind the display gates on the front line to go for a demonstration. A quick drive for him was all it took. I had to get my father to come down to the yard and sign him up. Dad had been a detective sergeant in Melbourne so they got on famously. Actually it was technically illegal after-hours trading but it wasn't a crime, yet. Dad became famous for publicly championing such after hours and weekend trading for the car business. Another first of his.

I have always been captivated by the psychology of buying and people's motivations. **Why, do people do things?** And buy things. So it seems pretty obvious now I was going into the car business, before I even had a license to drive one.

As it turned out, I got my drivers license on my 17th birthday. The examiner was a local policeman and asked whether he had seen me driving before that day. I may have told him that was my brother. Qualifying for the drivers licence did not involve very much back then, 55 years ago.

We don't really have a spiritual ceremony or ‘right of passage’ for young men transitioning to adulthood in the West. But getting your drivers license was something like that. Out on your own. Power and autonomy. You feel it when you put your foot down. *Free at last!*

My first motor-cycle ride was on the pillion of a little scooter. It was wildly exhilarating I still recall. Coupled with that new freedom to drive cars, I soon after had access to a motorcycle, an ancient and noisy BSA 650 we had traded in the caryard. Now that is another even more intense and more adrenaline charged way of flying down the road and putting yourself on the edge of danger. That bike had bits that would continue to fall off without notice. A great read at that time for me was ‘*Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*’.

Regards motor cycles, next up was my first Honda ‘K1’ 750, a really powerful big 4 cylinder bike. One day in summertime Perth, with very young brother Shane on the back, and wearing only a Swiss cotton shirt, we were in an accident at a roundabout nearby the house in City Beach. I got up, ran over to berate and possibly assault the driver of the car involved. After a long moment I realised I had put the handlebar through into my abdominal cavity on the left hand side. I thought better of bashing the driver, though I felt he deserved one, and in a semi-feint of shock I sat down on the

curb, as someone decided to call an ambulance. Shane was unhurt. He'd ridden my back as we flew forwards from the suddenly stationary bike. Over the years I've been heard to say that motorbike riders usually have the scars to prove it. Few years later I dropped another Honda 750, in Geraldton. A good leather jacket and boots bought in London meant only minor body damage. Not so the bike.

Just remembering Shane, eight years younger than I, and how much he was fun to be with. One night we snuck into the drive-in behind our temporary house and sat in the long grass to one side to watch the movie. I told him we were aok as long as we kept down and were not discovered, and he in perfect seriousness said "But what about when they play God Save The Queen?." We still laugh about that one.

Shane had a small sturdy horse called Dapples that he went to pony club with. Dad rode horses too and bought several race horses over the years. Dapples preferred girls and boys to teenagers but would be coached into taking you round the old training race track nearby. Dapples knew the way home to his previous owners and so one day I had him up to a gallop 'hard held on the rails' as the race callers might say, when without notice he took a sharp right turn off the track and I flew, like off the Hondas, straight ahead. Not only was it super painful but I had to try and catch him up after my fall. Very unhelpfully he proceeded to meander home to his old place whilst I kept hobbling painfully after him, where he would then evade me for the next grassy patch. From then on all my steeds had motors.

By 1969 we had had to move again, finally, to Perth again for dad's treatment, which now was little more than palliative care. He had a large oxygen bottle, a facemask and nebulizer on tap constantly by his bed. His condition worsened. He'd stopped playing golf and even going out. At the end he took himself off to a motel and resolved the interminable incapacity and suffering. My elder brother Kent and I went to the motel. He had not intended to be discovered in time, and I could not fully enter that room. A glimpse of his feet was sufficient.

My father was himself a bit of a legend in the auto industry and he was still interested and helpful in my blossoming career in the industry, up to his last. Some of us are lucky enough to have had a really good life mentor. Worldly wise, inspirational, principled and street smart. He was mine.

At 17 I was already a good new car salesman and reported to him at home on different things. Sadly he was to pass in 1969 when I was 18. I took it very hard. So did both my brothers, and mum of course who lost her father a few days later upon hearing about my dad. She and we organised to build another new house in Perth near the beach at Scarborough for us all, for her, and we three young men, to face the future. I went ahead into the car industry for the next 5 years.

By the time I was 22 in 1973 I had started a new car business and become a Honda and Volvo dealer, trading as **Motor Car Sales Pty Ltd**, the '**Home of the Straight Deal.**' Also started an innovative new business in partnership, **Roadside Auto Services**, like the callout RAC, only as a pay-for-use-service. Then I had what I've jokingly referred to as my first mid-life crisis, at 22 years of age.

Crisis

In truth it was almost my second life crisis. Upon my fathers death in 1969 I was profoundly saddened with grief. Also I was loath to say this out loud but my reactions included a sincere but very ego-centric question. "*How could he do this to me?*"

I went ahead for a few years, did very well in the car industry, married a girl Jamesie who looked a lot like my mum, and bought a country property up in the hills behind Perth. I called it 'Shalom'. I should have been able to say 'I've arrived'. But I could not. I awoke one morning. I said to myself, "*You are not happy. Why is that?*"

I have found that this is a common experience in Life, amongst some 'Seekers of Truth'. Often their worldly life and goal successes have been achieved, sometimes early, and sometimes easily, and yet these have NOT been found to be satisfying. Somehow for true Seekers, life goals and external achievements become increasingly meaningless and unimportant.

One gets to a point of reflection, of pausing and questioning. Who am I? What am I doing? Why am I pursuing these things? Sometimes relationship endings are a coincidental key to beginning what you might like to call 'the Seekers Journey.'

Somewhere along their life journey it dawns upon such Seekers that the important answers, like the Kingdom Of Heaven itself, all lie within. That of themselves, there are no extrinsic people, places, things, titles or roles that can give you, or assure you, of real and lasting personal fulfilment. One may call this Seeking a desire and need for goodness, or worth, or wholeness, or God.

When one becomes a student, or a teacher, or mentor, or a sales or service person, or a manager, or parent, one comes around to an interest or study of psychology. *Understanding people*. What are their motives, their personality types and style structures? How do people grow up? How do we acquire wisdom and maturity? What are our innate drives, needs and satisfactions? *What are the keys to Life, and to self-realisation, to creating sustainable health and true fulfilment? Psychology then leads us to Philosophy, the love of Wisdom.*

Soon after my return to Perth from my concurrent 'time outs' in Qld and UK, I acquired a self-development self-study program from a Texas based company called SMI. The Success Motivation Institute programs facilitated life goal introspection, prioritisation, self-determination and offered some great lessons, insights and models in manuals and cassettes.

The focus was on one's own personal development. The approach was individual and holistic, that is, in its pie of life depiction, there was a spiritual slice. The foundational SMI program was called the 'Dynamics of Personal Motivation'. It was timely. I got a lot out of this modularised course and so I was an obvious person to subsequently become an advocate and agent for this SMI company courseware. It helped people to get their lives together.

As Life and 'Kismet' would have it my now wife and partner, Colleen, in New Zealand, about 1987 discovered the same program and company and became an agent

herself for SMI. She had also become a spiritual Seeker, and like myself had found Sahaja Yoga meditation and Shri Mataji. We were married in 1995, having met just a couple of years before.

The first SMI lesson began with *“We are conditioned people.”* This is such a basic idea, but really opens us to the reality that much of our thinking is conditioning and may have been unexamined and also so limiting that we may never get beyond it. Conditionings of course can be either good or not good. Supportive or restrictive. Typically Evolution and Growth happen in progressive stages. The idea that we are mostly sleep-walking and content to just be ‘fitting in’ to paltry personal or collective comfort zones, or chasing meagre goals that you may have never actually chosen, is disconcerting. To realise how accepting we are of stultifying and lasting straight jackets of conformity, and how much we may choose to live lives ‘of quiet desperation’ as the song says, is to invite ill health and unhappiness. I say we are meant for infinitely more than this but we must awaken to our true Nature.

One early understanding on the path to ‘knowing one self’ and others is simply to notice that importantly...

“We trust and like people like ourselves.” Great persuaders are aware of this. They tend to really listen to and ‘pace’ their customers to get in step with them. This builds Rapport with others. Rapport is a French word meaning literally to ‘also carry’. We can recognise that good communication is often about having things in common. My first fully fledged consulting and training company was called **Rapport Consulting**, formed in 1979. I was 28 and it was to be a career move lasting 22 years until 2001. A second separate company **The Automotive Agency** was also created to specialise in that industry. Here’s a short summary as of Rapport’s consulting career:

I specialised in Sales, Marketing and Human Resource development courses and interventions, usually tailored in-house and delivered live to suit requirements of that organisation. My 8 sliced Whole Person holistic model worked well for self-assessment and personal life planning, often used as a prelude and part of collectively co-created organisation strategic planning. A specialty of mine. Building personal balance and building collectively agreed purpose and principles was the key.

Big ongoing clients were Zurich Insurance and auto manufacturers including Mercedes, Honda, GM, Ford, Toyota, and Volvo Cars and Trucks. My first family trip to Uluhru was paid for by GMH for a dealer conference presentation. Mercedes supplied a new model quarterly as part of my training and consulting for them. All programs were based on real world experience and learnings. In the period 1979 to 2001 I wrote and delivered tailored training workshops and designed HR and strategic “Big Picture” holistic development and planning programs for several corporations and non-profit organisations.

High Flow



pavan

Stress



Serene

10
9
8
7
6
5
4
3
2
1

Whole Person Interventions

- Focus** *Being Aware ~ In - Silence*
- Physical** *Take a breather - - pauses*
- Mental** *Forgive everyone - thing*
- Emotional** *Open heart < Feel - Love*
- Spiritual** *Be grateful = God Is - I Am*

My Whole Life Chart
inner life + outer life



These Big Picture holistic strategy programs included **Whole Person** individual planning and Type-Style Profiling, and three 'What If?' questions first, before an organisational Quadrants Matrix for analysis and planning via more conventional SWOT and SOS strategy co-design. My approach was to involve everyone bottom up in the reframing, design and realisation of collectively devised and held Purposes, Principles and Vision.

Importantly I would use an inverted triangle, and my flat Circular Quadrants, corporate structure, thinking it through from the Customers view as central. Essentially re-framing the group around those it was serving. Who were its customers and major stake-holders, and how to empower the people who were serving. Plus How to work with the Elephants in the room, the heavy hitters and egotists.



This approach was born out of experience as a trainer where I realised the need to first interview training group participants and discover their motives and priority and also their problems and experiences in doing their jobs so that they really wanted to learn, contribute and become better at their jobs.

I also experimented with secular style and holistic Corporate Meditation, including **Being Aware** and **Stress-Less** programs and delivered these for some government depts, some schools, a uni, a NFP, several companies and an indigenous mens rehab org. I am still to find a corporate that routinely uses a meditation to start a

group session or a working day. Went close with an architectural group but they did not sustain a regular group practice by themselves. Also in the 90's worked in Hong Kong and Tokyo, where I lived for a few years. By that era I was a dedicated proponent of Sahaja Yoga.

NB – A booklet of ‘God Is Book Notes’ regards Sahaja Yoga programs, paradigms, and further perspectives appears toward the back of this publication. But we digress:

Awakening

My first mid-life crisis was way back in 1972. An awakening to deep dissatisfaction, a dark night of the soul experience, that truly required serious introspection, questions and answers. Personally I had been over-responsible. I had been carrying on resolutely to fulfil not my own personal intrinsic desires, but rather my father's. This was a really rude wake-up and watershed moment. So at 22 I sold out of all business.

My first marriage of just two years ended, and so I absconded and went surfing with my dog Duchess in a decked-out VW combie and lived for half a year of free time-out near Noosa in Qld. After that, still unsettled, I returned to WA and went straight on to the UK for more time-out where I lived in London in a shared house at Hendon. I also left my beloved dog Duchess, with her sister Paysak, who was with good family friends in Geraldton and where she stayed thereafter.

Life in London was great in the early 70s. The big house in Hendon was stacked with a large group of up to 16 itinerant Aussies, some of whom I knew as youthful friends from early days in Geraldton. I loved London and many times had ‘Déjà vu’ (‘already seen’) sensations there. Felt particularly drawn to Hampstead Heath and surrounds.

Young Australians are prized in the UK for their openness, work ethic and historic love of Mother England. We lived. Some working, and partying, and toured the Continent and sucked in the music and culture of the very early 70s. One of the girls at the house worked for a radio station. She brought home pre-release albums like Tubular Bells by Mike Oldfield and Moondance by Van Morrison. It was gratifying just to be there (again?), fancy free and enjoying life.

Eventually I decided to return home to Australia to seriously contemplate my own future. I decided on a career essentially in Marketing, the part of business I was good at. I first got a job in media sales for Channel Nine in Perth. Then a sales manager appointment in Outdoor Advertising for Australian Posters. This was a great opportunity to develop what I then called “*the 4th Primary Advertising Medium.*” At the time there was only the ‘Big 3’ media of TV, Radio and Press, No Internet! I repackaged and relaunched the company's offerings there and upped its advertising commissions to the advertising agencies.

Then I sold an unprecedented ‘all available sites’ campaign for a rebranded Perth radio station 6ky, and printed locally there for the first time large full colour outdoor billboards and major super-sites, plus street and shopping centre posters that went up absolutely everywhere. It worked well. And so Perth ad agency demand for posters in

their campaign media mixes took off. Also advertising agency creative staff really took to the artistic opportunity of designing memorable posters. ‘An essence in as few words as possible’.

While working in Perth in 1979 as the sales manager for Australian Posters in WA, I sold a beautiful national supersite billboard poster campaign to Air India called “**India Is Waiting**” which worked so well for me so as to include a very favourably priced return trip to the UK for two. This first trip to India then included a ‘bump-up’ to first class and a personal level of VIP service from the flight crew. The plane was decorated inside and out with Mughal style décor. Their motif at the time was “*The airline that treats you like a Maharajah*”



Into India

As part of my Seeking, I had read very closely the ‘**Autobiography of a Yogi**’ a book by Paramahansa Yogananda and started attending the local Self Realisation Fellowship, SRF, meetings with my girlfriend Rachel. I had lots of questions and read everything they had.

Yoganada was the first popular Indian guru that had come to the West, at the suggestion of his guru, Shri Yukteswar. Yogananda got established on the coast in California and a nearby surf spot where he swam was called “Swamies”. Yoganada’s book was popular with some surfers, who applied themselves to yogic practices of different types, and still today surfers are compelled to find timeless, silent moments in the flow-states of getting ‘tubed’.

I recalled he said “***Man has come on this Earth to know about God. He is here for no other reason.***”

The SRF followers in Perth were sensitive, beautiful, and devoted to their practice of Kriya yoga and meditation. I thought possibly to get in touch with SRF in India.

However India, if you are lucky enough to get to put your feet on Her, gets in touch with you.

“India is the cradle of the human race, the birthplace of human speech, the mother of history, the grandmother of legend and the great grand mother of tradition” – wrote Mark Twain.

No matter where you might have been in the World, if you haven't been to India, I would say that your travels are incomplete. Particularly if you have an interest in the the great elisions, and their common heritage, ***the direct apprehension of God.*** – Mystic Spirituality.

Hinduism as a name may be called a religion in the West but rather Hinduism is actually a collective compendium of sustained spiritual endeavour, experience and understanding. It permeates all the cultures of India. Some of the most holy, heavenly and auspicious places in India are in the highest places.

In the high Himalayan mountains of India there is a heavenly place, the vale of Kashmir. The Himalayan mountain range, the ‘roof of the World’ rises in a giant stretch from Pakistan, through Kashmir, North India, Tibet, Nepal and into Western China. Kashmir sits in the junction of Pakistan, North India and Nepal. It has catered to tourists and trade since long.

A centrepiece on the great Silk Road, Kashmir's cool high lakes and wetland gardens have beckoned weary travellers and intrepid souls for millennia. Snow fields and chalets provide some of the best and least expensive skiing in the World. Holiday makers and honeymooners from India travel North from the hot dry plains up into one of the most beautiful and restful places in the World. Religious and territorial disputes can erupt nearby but the heavenly vale peacefully persists as it has always done. Many who tour or traverse India head for Kashmir.

There in India all religions are accepted and practised. This Maha Bharat or ‘great land’ has accommodated, understood and integrated all manner of religious practices and people for thousands of earys.

Jesus Lived In India

A well researched book from around my first visit to India time was by a young German, Holger Kersten, and was titled ‘**Jesus Lived In India**’. Jesus is said to be buried in a tomb in Shrinigar, Kashmir. His appearance there as “Issa” is well recorded. The book also closely researched the Turin Shroud which was deemed to be authentic, but showed that blood ran from wounds after the body was interred. This idea has proved vexing for the Catholic Church in that it may confound doctrinal perspectives on the Resurrection, and so as Google reports: ** Currently the Catholic Church neither formally endorses nor rejects the shroud, and in 2013 Pope Francis referred to it as an “icon of a man scourged and crucified”. The shroud has been kept in the royal chapel of the Cathedral of Turin, in northern Italy, since 1578.*

At the start of this personal story and recollections section I referred to a re-birthing experience I had had in a personal development course. I also identified at that course the deeply held contractual obligation I had been holding unconsciously with my father, which read *"I had to be strong, to be loved by dad."* It was a cathartic procedure to free myself from this conditioning by reversing it, namely to say persistently to my unconscious *"I don't need to be strong, to be loved by Dad."*

I capitalise the word Dad because like my earthly father I had to recondition later on the same sort of unconsciously held beliefs and conditionings, that I had to be strong to be loved by our Divine Father, as well. I also had to discover that I and my father, my brothers and many men globally have held seriously negative conditionings, beliefs and attitudes about the earthly feminine, the Women of Earth. We were truly ignorant about the reality or even possibility of a Divine Feminine. A Deity of Unlimited Power. The Great Mother.



Yes when I was a Catholic boy it was only Father, and Son, and perhaps a Dove, or worse, a male only 'Holy Spirit'. But Truly? A Father, Son, and no Mother? All of us are born of an Earthly mother. And all of us can be 'born again' of our Holy Spiritual Divine and Pure Mother.

It has been a vain attempt by males, and an in vain attempt, to reduce Deity to male only representations. All the values and colours and varieties of this Infinite Creativity are the manifestations of God's Creative Desire and Powers. She is the Creatrix, that works, and does all the Living work, and He is the Consciousness, the Universal One, that watches.

Humanity's Divine Mother is the Holy Spirit, who is ever present and powerful, and ever ready to **Comfort, Counsel and Redeem us** from our fearfully immersed, dreadfully ignorant and spiritually alienated states. I absolutely cringe at the way the males of the world generally disrespect and are ignorant of the true feminine. The cost of this oversight is a global catastrophe in the making. **The Mother Earth. The Mother Nature. The Mother in society. All are denigrated, and all these are currently in danger of complete disintegration.**

At Easter, the World symbolizes and celebrates the over coming of our fear, inhumanity, and even death, in the symbolic form of **the Easter Egg**. A universal symbol of rebirth and freedom, the egg symbolises resurrection. At this time Jesus becomes ready to demonstrate he has become the Christ, that he has achieved and manifested Union with His Spiritual Father, and is willing to undergo and fulfil His Destiny. Whilst praying in the garden of Gethsemane, Jesus surrenders His will to the Will of His Father and agrees to passively be subjected to the trials of the crucifixion.

Then after this personal ego death experience He rises again and in due course rises ultimately into God's Heaven. In India the process of being spiritually reborn is called 'Dwijaha' meaning 'twice born'. Firstly a person is born, with an enclosed personality like an egg, and secondly when the Kundalini rises from the Sacrum bone, up through the Fontanel bone area and breaks through to give spiritual rebirth, as a free bird, a spiritually realised and liberated person.

Jesus confronts His unique destiny, and in highest super-conscious Yogic Communion, He accepts the Will of God, as he is destined to do. He understands it is by surrendering His own free will, that He is to achieve His final Liberation, and fulfil His Divine Destiny. **He must surrender to the Will of God and submit to the cruel ordeal and deathly drama of crucifixion.**

This sacrifice we can understand both shows, and opens, the Way, for us to evolve and spiritually ascend and achieve our freedom too. **The Easter Egg is the symbol of rebirth.**

We are like a bird or Dwijaha (twice born). We are born first as an egg, a basic human, and then we are born again by breaking the egg of our entrapments, and then we are free to fly.

The Easter Egg is about the breaking of the shell of our ignorance and conditioning, and becoming Awake to our Destiny of Ascent, and flying free.

Being 'born again' is not a self-certifying, or clerical, empowerment. It is a person who is Seeking God humbly, at a time when they are ready to surrender Body, Mind and Ego to God, and something happens inside. They get their second-birth when the Yogic Power of pure desire, the Kundalini, rises to break through at the fontanel bone area at your crown.

The White Dove of Peace is the symbol of the Holy Spirit. She is the Divine Feminine.

This great essential Truth has been shrouded by male clerics since the days of Paul of Tarsus.

My namesake, Paul or Saul, never met Jesus, was Roman, and was responsible for the reformatting that undermined and replaced the original Gnosticism (Gnosis means Knowing) of personal spiritualisation, and so helped create the Roman state hierarchy religion of Roman Catholicism which has been a binding and a blinding, and not a liberation on Humanity.

Incidentally the Catholic accounts of Christ say it was the Jews who asked for the crucifixion. In the Buddhist accounts, Issa or Jesus was crucified by the Romans, and were not encouraged by the Jews. Saul or Paul was of course a senior Roman and a senior Jew, and did actively persecute and kill the early Christians, before his conversion experience.

Like most modern religions the culprits are virtually all male. These guys turn a living religion of personal revelation and self-realisation, of Truth, Beauty and Awareness, into a political, money and power mechanism that soon represses the followers by means of dogma, ceremonial ritualism and control.

The placement of un-enlightened clerics, usually with false morality, who reign over the followers using fear of God and damnation, is an abomination of the greatest magnitude. And as if the hypocrisy is not enough, the amount of corruption and/or physical abuse that often goes with this is truly mind-boggling. Mind you, we should not be surprised because we do know in reality, that political power and money when sought, almost always corrupts. And that religious intolerance is never true religion.

The pure Divine Power of the Holy Spirit lies coiled in the Sacrum Bone of Human beings. She is there ready to rise and to give us individually, Second Birth. But can She? and when will She, rise Collectively? Individual Liberty comes before Collective Liberty it seems. Can we Rise to the challenge of becoming Christ Consciousness, and surrender our Will?

Leonard Cohen sings mournfully *'The Holy Dove, of Peace. Bought and sold and bought again. The Dove is never Free'*. Truly? Is it true that Humanity can never transcend its Earthly ignorance? Become emancipated? Let us sincerely hope and pray that Humanity can be liberated.

The emancipation of Humanity has begun in earnest. It should happen. It must happen. And soon. From what I have seen it can happen enmasse, initially as a movement of initiation programs. But can these initiates, these Yuvas or young Yogis, 'Become'?

This third stage of Becoming I would say is more 'one by one' at the moment. So far at least. However the few can become the many. The few can and do help create subtle pathways for the many to rise and follow and become.

Some birds in any batch are early achievers. They struggle to get free, to stand and to fly. Its not easy to be the first in any family. Its not easy to be first Lemming off a

proverbial cliff. Its not easy to Touch the Transcendent God-Self and to Become the Spirit. But increasingly it has become easier individually, and so I suspect it will become more accessible, collectively.

Jung the great analytical psychologist was an extraordinary Seeker himself who worked out so much. He saw a better age coming and predicted two shifts he saw us approaching. One was the dawn of 'Equality between the sexes'. The other was of a new era of 'Collective Consciousness' where we would become much more concerned with Whole World and Whole of Humanity issues.

We are waking up Collectively.

Some of these shifts are driven by circumstance. Our excesses and transgressions in ignorance and arrogance are tipping balances that are becoming difficult, or even impossible for now, to correct. Some shifts are being drawn and driven by Evolution – which is the Power and Purpose of the Divine Desire. Either way, its high time for us to Awaken to our Divine Destiny. It is our Choice.

Serious students of spirituality cannot overlook the land of yogis, Yoga Bhoomi – India.

On my first trip to India I landed in Delhi. It was early morning still and quiet outside the Airport. As we taxied into the city, a large grey elephant and rider materialised dreamlike from the grey early mist and haze. It paced easily, slowly, majestically, as only an elephant can, along the side of the road. This was India.

Like no other part of the World, India is an almost timeless place that has witnessed many invaders who eventually are pacified and incorporated into a multifaceted yet almost seamless culture. At the heart of India the women carry this culture which celebrates the Divine Feminine proclivity for infinite variety, humour and goodwill towards people. A million colourful and intricate saris. A billion ready smiles. A steadiness and rhythm that is implacable and assured.

India is gracious. Maha Mata Bharata. Great Mother India, for She is certainly a Mother, does what all good mothers do. She loves, and feeds and raises all Her children in impossible numbers and passes on Her eternal wisdom and kindness in the dharma or ways of daily life. 'Dharmas' are the necessary rules for sustainable human life. Dharmas are eternal, but are rediscovered by all the sustainable cultures, and so are inherent in all the great religions of the World. Dharmas protect us from sin. And so help us keep the Balance in our evolutionary ascent.

My first friends in India as it turned out were Kashmiri carpet traders in Delhi. I had bought hand made traditional carpets in the Grand Bazaar in Istanbul years before and just loved them. I had gleaned some understanding of knotting, thread counts, dyes, designs and regions, and I just loved carpets. Like humans, each one beautiful, unique and with a story.

Arguably amongst the best salespeople in the world I suspect are oriental carpet dealers, where the object was never to persuade, “just see”, which of itself sounds like a pure meditation instruction.

I felt comfortable just being with these people and tasted their food and culture and the Great Religion of Islam, of Surrender, to the religion of the One God. Planning to go to Kashmir I naturally networked with them and by the time I ascended off the dry and dusty plains of India up into the vale and water gardens of this ‘heavenly valley’ I was booked to stay on a beautiful old luxury houseboat on Dal Lake, auspiciously named “Mother India”

A modern book in 1944 that relates to Kashmir and spirituality was “The Razors Edge” by Somerset Maughn. This book has twice been turned into a Hollywood movie. The first was in black and white in 1946 with Tyrone Power. The story is about a young man who goes off to find himself after returning from war. The movie was retold in 1984 with Bill Murray as the star, who also co-wrote the remake of the screenplay. It was shot in part in Kashmir and Murray made a deal with Columbia that if he agreed to make Ghost Busters they would make The Razors Edge.

Murray was trying to transcend his merely comic type roles and thereafter actually ran away from Hollywood to live in Paris, just like in the movie, only to be lured back by his friend Harold Ramis from Ghost Busters (1984) to make Groundhog Day (1993), another comedy, not about dead spirits, but one deeply grounded in symbolic Eastern spirituality. (PS More recently this wonderful story has been rejuvenated and extended into a wonderful musical that Colleen and I enjoyed in Melbourne in 2023).



Somerset Maughn was a writer who like Herman Hesse was concerned with the individual’s journey into maturity and Spirituality. A favourite Hesse short story from his Nobel prize winning book (The Glass Bead Game) was ‘An Indian Life’.

Essentially this short story was about the Play of Maya, illusion, and how we get lost in the World of dreams, entanglements and transitions that ultimately burn out and leave us with the pure desire to integrate and transcend and begin the Great Work, of finding and realising God-Self or Spirit, personally.

I did not find my spiritual practice in India but I soaked up wonderful experiences travelling there. From Delhi I took a bus across North India and up into Nepal. It was an English bus, a Bedford, that had travelled overland through the Middle-East on the traditional hippy trail from Amsterdam to Katmandu. That well travelled 'Journey To The East' (another novel by Herman Hesse), through Iran and Afghanistan was becoming increasingly dangerous, both politically and geographically. The bus, driven by a Welshman and owned by an Englishman, was equipped with a good sound system and my fellow travellers were all adventurers of one sort or another.

Its an epic journey to travel into Nepal. The mountains become true tests for men and machines. These roads are perilously narrow and twisty. Some turns are unbelievably tight. Good for one vehicle at a time in some places. The bus would have to seesaw in three-point turns around some corners to make it. Magic moments included a full moonlit night, listening to Supertramp, staring into the apparently bottomless abyss on one side, and virtually scraping sheer rock walls on the other. These are real mountains of great heights standing as immortal sentinels in dark silhouette. Truly memorable.

I'm an experienced driver I thought, but great bus drivers are a special breed apart. In India and Nepal they have a most alarming habit of charging head long at each other only to swerve at the very last second. Horns blaring. Truck drivers also. There is occasional evidence of failed efforts to avoid each other. In Nepal there are wrecks destroyed and in unrecoverable situations, having failed to stay on the mountain roads, or to keep out of each other's way.

We travelled on up to Pokhara, in close view of Mount Annapurna, the tenth highest mountain in the World. And the most deadly for climbers. We parked by the lake and I found accommodation in a small garden cottage owned by a Nepalese retired Gurkha major, and his English wife, Rose. She towered over him in height yet he was a short man of great stature.

The Gurkha's rightly earned a fearsome reputation as warriors, wielding their famous khukuri knives. At first being found almost unconquerable by the English, who were always in need of effective soldiers for the Empire, they then recruited them enmasse into Gurkha regiments in the British army. Against the Japanese, fighting alongside Australians at times, they were a formidable and stealthy force. They also enlisted in the Indian Army regiments.

Our bus as it turned out got bogged next to the lake in Pokhara. It took us a few glorious extra days to get a big Army truck to pull the Bedford out. That was no problem for me. I happily extended my cottage stay. I would have liked to stay on in this heavenly garden for very much longer. Those mountains make you thoughtless.

The people of Nepal I found very special. Things may have changed in 45 years but all the Nepalese I have met are extremely friendly, humorous, sweet and generous. At some impromptu stops, when I was there, they would take you off the bus into their simple homes and their hospitality and kindness were most sincere.

Our spiritual teacher and Guru and God-Mother, Shri Mataji, was often close to Gandhiji as a child together with Her father, Prasad Salve who was a great scholar and spiritually awake person. He was a founding political leader at the time of India's independence and first government. Ghandhi called the young Nirmala Salve 'Nepali' as Her face was round, serene and cheerful, like many Nepalese appear. Much more about Shri Mataji later.

After just a brief stay in Katmandu we flew back to Delhi along the majestic grand vista of the high Himalayas. Delhi is a wonderful compilation of two cities. The old and the new.

Not far away is another Jewel of India, the Taj Mahal, near Agra. We were there luckily around the full moon. We had been befriended by Jesus during the day, a wellspoken and connected guide, astride an immaculate tricycle rickshaw. This had been gifted to him by a German tourist he explained.

To see the Taj during the day was impressive, but at night even more so. The architecture is archetypal and the workmanship is sublime. Inlays of semiprecious stones and beautiful motifs of animals and birds. Via his connections, Jesus was able to take us into the Taj gardens after hours. At night in the full moon the Taj becomes really luminescent and seems ready to rise up. That night, after our late night visit inside the grounds, we rode back to our hotel along the well manicured terraces. It was a very beautiful and quiet night. At one point I jumped out to soak it up and stretched into a run alongside the trike. It was a balmy moonlit night and it had all seemed rather magical, and other worldly.

In the few days we were in Delhi I had become very keen on Tandoor chicken and nan with fresh lime sodas. Perhaps I thought I might have been part of the Raj in an earlier time. A few years later I herded a few yogis into Connaught Place to experience these delights again.

Whilst back in Delhi again I arranged one of the great transcontinental train journeys of the World, from Delhi to Madras, traversing over two and a half days and fabulous nights the great plain states including the mystical Maharashtra, great land of saints.

We finally arrived at the very far shore of my much loved Indian Ocean, where the magic continued at Mahabalipuram, on the coast nearby to Madras.

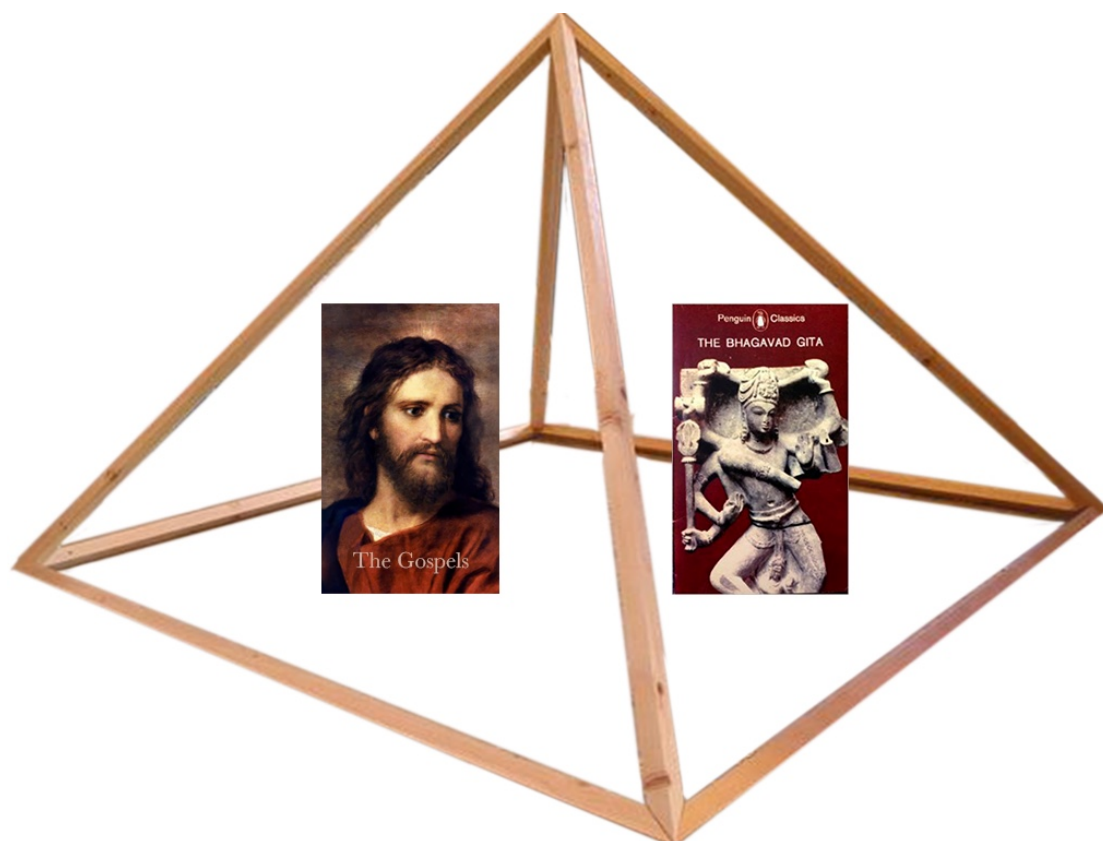


The beaches at Mahabalipuram are near to a Shiva stone carved temple and there is history that there was a total of 7 temples nearby but the rest have been covered by the Ocean. I spoke to one of the fishermen who was temporarily beached there and explained that I swam in and surfed waves in this very Ocean. I pointed to the South East towards our very distant Western Australia. I'm not sure if he got my meaning. He smiled. The innocence and beauty of the Indians and Nepalese speaks to a spiritual culture that transcends the measures of Time.

Whilst sitting quietly by myself on the beach there, from quite a way away, a young boy of maybe 8 or 9 approached. He respected my meditation and when I was ready he spoke to me of these seaside and submerged temples and their history. He explained there was a new school of sculpture now to revive the stone arts, which he was attending. He handed me a heavy hand sized grey quartz stone statue of Shri Ganesha, seated in full posture and regalia.

The stone itself had tiny flecks of light reflecting from granules. He tried to just give the statue to me but I was insistent I should pay him. I had thought to buy a Shiva statue but knew less of Ganesh. It is seen as auspicious if someone gives you your first Ganesha. The colour of Shri Ganesha in carved stone is usually grey, just like an elephant.

On this my first trip to India it was a further sign or augury of my Seeking that would come to full fruition on the 22nd April 1983 in Perth, on the other side of that Indian Ocean. But well before that could happen there needed to be an escalation in my experimentation, research and spiritual Seeking. To be a Seeker is to be a soul that has a thirst for Spiritual knowledge and experience.



Seeking Life

Paul Keetley – Seeking in 70s

Seek, above all, for a game worth playing. De Ropp

Your Seeking is about answers to questions like... Who or what am I? What is the Purpose of Life? Why are we here? Why am I here now in this particular situation? What is the difference between my Soul and my Spirit? Where is God? And how might I get in touch with Him or Her?

Following my father's death in 1969 I began in earnest at my own "Seeking". I had awoken to my father's conditioning in me and realised that so far I was only fulfilling his ideas and ideals, and that was a shock. I was not happy, and was not sure what could make me happy. Or indeed what 'happiness' its self really meant.

Seeking entails the Search for Wisdom, Knowledge and the true "Self". Seeking manifests in introspecting, reading, experimenting, and wandering. And Seeking manifests in different stages. Its most essential stage is a dissatisfaction with your 'status quo', that leads you to go further, beyond your current levels of achievement, looking for something else, that's missing, something higher, more 'holy', something that can bring ultimate sustainable fulfilment. If that's possible.

To begin with its plain to see that we all must first pursue the prerequisite needs for air, water, food, warmth, and enough to survive. Our basic physiological needs, precede our higher needs. Ghandhi famously observed that **"Even God can't talk to a hungry man, unless its in terms of bread."** The struggle to survive as an individual, requires others. **"No man is an island"** And so, we seek safety, family, tribe, identity, belonging, power and prowess. These basic and middle order **'life games'** are integrated, and then transcended, into higher games of self-esteem and self-actualisation, and for some, self-transcendence. Relevant Authors included...

Maslow, the humanist psychologist saw the [Pyramid of Human Needs](#). (more later)
Scott Peck, 'pop' psychologist wrote [The Road Less Travelled](#) and [A Different Drum](#).
Victor Frankl wrote with great understanding [The Will To Meaning & Logotherapy](#).
Karl G Jung, great analytical psychologist had [Memories, Dreams and Reflections](#).
Herman Hesse wrote beautifully of the ultimate synthesis, the [Glass Bead Game](#).
Kahlil Gibran's masterpiece [The Prophet](#), is a Synergy of Spirituality and Wisdom.
Robert De Ropp wrote of a [Master Game](#). *Seek above all a game worth playing.*

These were the types of knowledge books we read as "Seekers" in the 60's and 70's. Philosophy, literally the love of knowledge and wisdom, can cover multiple subjects. "Seeker" type books are ultimately spiritual, about self-realisation, self-transcendence and integrity.

The penultimate Seekers Books are about **how to Realise God** in our lives. These are the great books at the heart of each of the great religions that include **The Bible, Gospels, the Koran, the Bhagavad Gita, the Tao Te Ching** and multiple others. Self-transcendence can be regarded as the highest endeavour of Humanity because it Seeks to **"Know Thy God-Self"** – Source, and Destiny, of our Evolutionary Journey.

This Evolutionary Ascent of Humanity serves one Purpose. **God-Self-Knowledge**.

GOD – Source, Consciousness and Creativity – **SEEKS TO KNOW GOD : IN US**.

Life on Earth recreates in infinite varieties, and levels of Consciousness, upwards. Humanity sits atop the evolutionary pinnacle, capable of reflection, and inspiration. **Humanity's Highest**

Purpose is to Realise God. How Real, Present, Great, GOD IS. But we're a bit ahead in our story about Seeking. We sought for ways to know more. Seekers in the 60's and 70's were about the 'New Age' and Hippy Woodstock movement away from gross materialism and towards the Natural, Free and Spiritual, whatever that might mean. But **there are steps, diversions, and dead-ends** you might encounter on your Freedom Path.

The prerequisites we all require as Seekers of Truth are **Sincerity and Persistence**. We require 'sincerity' because **there are dangers** that may take you into destruction. It seems my own sincerity was to protect me and show me the dangers in my Seeking. Those dead ends were to include social drugs like marihuana, cocaine, psychedelics, and perhaps much more sinister potentials were false gurus like TM and Rajneesh, and in a similar vein, was spiritualism. These may show us signs of progress only to be fruitless or worse. Lets start with the way of drug ingestion as a way of enlightenment. They may give window glimpses or ideas, but they are not doors.

Experimentation with Drug experience

Spirituality and psychology and psychiatry have long been intermixed with drug experimentation and use. For a sensitive soul like mine, with a poetic temperament, marihuana was a calming and social drug of choice in my early surfing and Seeking days. Alcohol, prescription drugs and the like were of no or minor interest, however the advent of LSD from England raised the bar for psycho-active experience.

Surfers being attuned to Nature's forces and in touch with their physical body states were used to **seeking flow states of attunement, getting tubed, 'at one' for intense moments of deeply quiet, yet exhilarating, experiential Presence**. Routinely surfers respect Mother Nature, Mother Earth, a natural healthy life-style and the very potent energies of Grandfather Ocean.

About 1981 I encountered and used LSD for the first time and found it gives tremendously vivid states of perception, particularly around Nature. In the city, or in a room, it was intense but not as joyful or sublime as being in natural surroundings. Like the saying 'to see a Heaven in a wild flower' these hallucinogenic states of peak perception were often ultra beautiful, and beyond words. And beyond words they spoke of the Divine Origin of everything. And in gratitude we could see that Yes everything in our World is meaningful, is natural, is good. But following such peak experiences the great intensity level dropped into an exhausted trough and the world went from infinite colours into dour grey. It might take days to recharge and another 'trip' soon after was not advised as depletion might lead into torment..

Of one particular positive LSD experience I would like to share. A favourite place for us as surfers was Jakes Point near the tiny township of Kalbarri, North of Geraldton. Here is the Kalbarri National Park which features huge typography and abundant Nature. All the few lsd or acid trips I took involved at least one eagle or other birds of prey.

Kalbarri is a part of the traditional lands of the Nanda people, in the Yamatji region of Western Australia. The entry sign 'Kaju Yatka' is the Nanda words for 'sky' and 'to walk'.

Kalbarri sits at a three way junction between the Murchison river, the continental coast and the great Indian Ocean. Here there are great cliffs, promontories and deep gorges in the vivid red earth, as well as heavenly views into the infinite night sky. The Murchison River periodically empties one of the largest catchment areas of any river in Australia. Desert dry for most if not all of the year so its only some rare times it empties out a vast deluge of red muddy river water that drives and spews out like a giant eruption into the Indian Ocean for many miles. Some of us took a quite dangerous rafting trip into the spectacular gorges one year and nearly lost one soul.

Dolphins, whales, sharks and very large fish of all sorts are all at play hereabouts. It is a primordial place, teeming with Life in the Ocean, on the reef and up into the scrub, as well as overhead in pristine atmosphere, beautiful land and sea birds slip by.

Jakes Point offers one of the more intense 'go for it' surf rides in Australia. Typically the wave sucks out steeply over a shallow and sharp reef. There's no hesitation or holding back, you drop in, pull round and tuck up and then accelerate like a sling shot. To add interest there are often heavy undulations in the wave face as you career towards the far shoulder. Its quite a rush and in big wave conditions it becomes impossible to access or exit Jakes Point without real danger. Surfers have been rescued by boats at times when the increasing swells 'close out' the bay.

To come up here in those early days, park in the sand dunes, overlooking the point, to surf, and sleep in the combi, was the antithesis of city life. We watched the dogs on super alert and in the company of a trusted friend, we sat and shared about our lives. LSD briefly amplifies your perceptions and depth of experience. Walking, strolling, pausing to look deeply, and really see into these shallow reef pools of life energy was illuminating. You see the Evolutionary Journey, up out of the sea onto land, from shell-fish to fish, to crab, to bird and rabbit, to canine, to people. Here was Life's miracle. One worn through shell I found had the unmistakable profile of an eagle's head. The eagle or Garuda is the mount of Vishnu, who is the God of evolution and spiritual ascent. I kept it and these days our company logo represents those archetypal curves.

However it is the Night Sky after sunset at Kalbarri that affords you one of the clearest views, up into the vast eternity of the Universe. To look into the apparently infinite boundless vista of Time and Space, and of stars and nebula far reaching, is to glean something of the magnitude and magnificence of the Matrix. It is to stand agog at God's creativity and it is to feel something of the high eternal Joy of the Creatrix.

The Sahaja yogis understand that our brain is like the Virata, the manifest Universe of Stars and Galaxies. Its said we have more complexity, connections and numbers of synapses in each of our brains than there are stars in the known Universe. Truly we are made in the Image of God. Such hallucinogenic peaks of course are followed by the flats. It was a window, to glimpse through, not a doorway to step through and stay. But it was a glimpse into infinity. And you cannot forget such an insight.

Adventures in the realm of spirits and ghosts

Spirituality is certainly in part about one's soul surviving physical death, and so we sought understanding about the phenomena of life and death, and about after-death soul survival experience, in great books like Lyall Watson's **Supernature** and **The Romeo Error**.

The reality of reincarnation is no mystery to much of Humanity. It helps explain our affinities, and attractions. It reasons that we all arrive with our innate temperament, predispositions, aptitudes and abilities, that surely must have been acquired before, previously, so as to be so present in us, on arrival, and how we attract our family.

Also it shows how we are pre-disposed to different activity, vocations and destinies. And perhaps we recall past people, and places, and things from previous lifetimes. And if we are here re-visiting incarnate life, this entails an '**after life**' after this life.

All great sustainable cultures apparent on Earth recognise there is an after-life. Most people have had a sense of ghosts, spirits and other phenomena around. Most people have a sense of intuition, and a subtle and/or psychic awareness. Most people are 're-minded' by something or someone, of somebody 'passed'. We may acknowledge people have died, but we can also understand that's not an end. Typically ancestors must be acknowledged, respected and sometimes worshipped. It appears we are conditioned, and perhaps sometimes prompted by unseen others and relatives.

This brings us to **Spiritualism**, about dead spirits and ghosts, as distinct from **Spirituality** which brings us to God, the Holy Spirit, Deities, Angels and Saints. Essentially spiritualism is about individual ghosts or entities that we may confer with. Essentially Spirituality is the Reflection of God in us, the Light of God's Life, in us.

Essentially Religion is centrally about beliefs, constructs and ideas about God. Essentially Spirituality is about Knowledge, Realisation and Communion with God. Religions largely inhabit the Mind and Ego, and gives rise to more Ego and Mind. Spirituality largely inhabits the Awareness, and gives rise to Peace, Wisdom and Grace.

Spirit Knows – God Is – Truth Sat, and Attention, **Chit**, and Joy/Beauty, **Ananda**. Philosophers seek Wisdom. Artists seek Beauty. **Spiritual seekers seek God-Self**. Seekers might begin with parlour games, like Ouija boards and séances with readers. Americans had shown interest in spiritualism, including Abraham Lincoln and wife. I had belief that we all survived physical death and disembodied souls were/are real. Also my feeling was these can move and know about people and things in the world. For instance if a ghost can read your mind and you pose a question that only you know the answer to its no magic that they can tell the answer you were thinking of.

Its also quite probable that disembodied souls with unfulfilled desires can effect us. The possibility of speaking with ghosts is a strong step forward in our spirituality, in that it provides some experiences that suggest that we as disembodied entities survive death. The reality of disembodied people knowing more than us though is questionable.

Whilst not especially convinced of the usefulness of dead souls and other medium 'readings' I had read about a "Sleeping Prophet", Edgar Cayce, and was interested. Edgar was capable of submitting himself into an unconscious state at will and whilst out of ordinary consciousness was able to answer questions about many many things. Some of these answers were helpful with health questions and interestingly whenever Edgar's facility was used for material gain his own health suffered badly as a result. There was a profoundly moral theme that ran through his readings and advice but no breakthrough practices on how to grow spiritually although Kundalini was mentioned.. (In more recent times and now there are lots of channelled readings and books.) I already had a sort of sensitivity to vibrations and energy and some precognitions. Others I knew were playing with Ouija board and contacting or generating 'answers'.

Answers from the spirit world?

My own intuition was already a strong suit in my own temperament and astrology. Catholicism had instilled the idea of a reality of angels, and of course 'life after life'. At the time just before my first trip to India, I was also interested to learn about the Ouija board, as there were some 'other worldly' and after life influences apparent. I was already convinced that I had lived before, but I wasn't a 'spiritualist'. I had been in houses that really seemed haunted, with mystery sounds.

At the time I was hoping to fund my girlfriend Rachel and I for a good look at India. We would need an amount that I had calculated for the trip and I was a bit short of it. I was also keen to test my own understanding about the use of Ouija and its reliability.

So, my first serious test of the Ouija board experience followed with a few friends. We gathered at their house and I sincere in purpose, but very sceptical, had a séance. My rationale was that a trip to India was auspicious, in line with my serious Seeking. My interest in Ouija was; can these occurrences, or ghosts, give reliable information or help? My idea revolved around making a bet at the horse races in Perth, with the idea that any winnings, I needed about \$1000 more maybe, could fund the India trip expenses.

But let me explain the situation. My father had been a reasonably successful 'punter'. He had also purchased quality horses in New Zealand, with his Perth trainer, and won. A good day out at the

racers was a usual occurrence and if he won, which he often did, we would stop for a sumptuous Chinese banquet afterwards when heading home. So I was well versed in bookmaker betting at the course, and I felt I had some inside info. Good horses in our country towns, like Geraldton, where we had once lived near the racetrack, would likely start racing in Perth city, where the stakes were much higher. Our family knew a family there of horse owners and trainers, and they had a young particularly good horse that was expected to run and win in Perth, at this 'ouija' time.

My first Ouija board séance got in touch with a strong response from some entity. I thought to ask this energy or entity about their powers. *Can you see the Future?* “Yes” came the answer, as the pointer was pushed there on the board without effort. (I was alert to the fact that disembodied souls could be simply reading our thoughts, when we asked questions.) And can they see the Past? “Yes” again as the pointer mysteriously moved it-self. And then the board spelled out “**But I like to play.**” *So is this horse going to win?* I asked. “Yes”

As I went to the track that very next weekend I thought maybe the stars have aligned here? Maybe some beginners luck? Maybe some rewards to enable us to go to India? Maybe some affirmations that yes ghosts were real and might know more than us? The unexpected comment “**Yes but I like to play**” still resonated, so I was cautious. So I decided the best way to bet was ‘in concession’ so that if it ran second or third, I would get my stake money back, and if it won, I would earn my India trip money.

So – What Happened? – I hear you ask dear reader. Most improbably, almost unbelievably, the horse ran wide when its saddle slipped during the race, and it nearly careered off the track and only then recovered to run almost last. Money lost – completely! I quietly fumed realising how I had been tricked and played with by our ghostly entity.

But then afterwards a funny and miraculous thing happened when a few days later I put in my ‘going overseas early tax return’ in with the ATO in Perth and arranged to pick it up in a couple of days. Low and behold I tell you truly that the return came through with more than I had claimed to the tune of the uco g’amount I had lost at the races! I could not believe it, so I checked in with my cousin Lee who worked there in the ATO who advised me “Look if that cheque came out of that computer I would take it to the bank. and do not worry about it.”

About spiritualism, versus Spirituality

My understanding and faith after this in the ‘after-life’ was clarified and confirmed, and I found my previous reluctance to play with any deceased entities, was for me indeed well founded. Without any experience myself I had heard that some entities or ‘jinn’ were powerful and able to empower usually gullible younger men to ‘sell their compliance’ to become powerful illusionists and magicians, that could impress many, ensuring money and fame. Such stories like the ‘meeting at the crossroads’ where skill-sets like musical virtuosity can be bargained for by doing deals with powerful spirit entity or the devil, seems funny. And yet the arena of powerful entities seducing, abusing and controlling people has included false gurus, whose effects on some followers is truly negative, and may even run its been suggested to multiple life possessions and damage.

To my way of understanding, lingering souls are not necessarily much smarter than us. They may perceive what we are thinking or have in our minds but they aren’t Seekers. In fact I suspect most are unfulfilled souls, who missed their opportunity to pass on. They remain entangled and have desires they must try to live out vicariously, in us. Like many humans their egoistic desires are to dominate, control and ‘play’ with others, and so get some gleeful joy from their manipulations.

Many addicts have said their intense cravings really feel like somebody else’s desires. Most religious and indigenous services will use a smoking ceremony to clear places. All the great religions seek to counsel followers against the deadly sins, and devils. Typically Earth-bound

treasures are offered to give up their pursuit or belief in God. Christ was tempted by the Devil, with all the worldly riches and enticements. It seems we can only know our truest self by testing.

The antidote to these tests in your spiritual ascent is again sincerity in your Pursuit. The assistance required to help find your Path is to find a true Guru, who will help you. There are many stories about the lengths Seekers have gone to, to become a disciple. But also there have been stories about the destruction brought by false teachers and priests. The true role of a true Guru is to help you to Know yourself. But a good teacher it may be said, should help you to become your own master and your own Guru. Like a true healer should assist and empower your own ability to heal.

In India, we might say that there are many, many gurus, and traditionally these include your parents, family members, musical and dance teachers and many others. Essentially these teachers and guides first alert you to, and help keep you to, the Dharmas, the rules or disciplines.

The purpose of Dharmas, guidelines and boundaries, are to protect you from sin and to keep us in Balance so we can grow and ascend. The development of self-mastery and virtues are the reward for keeping to Dharma. The ultimate reward for spirituality is Moksha, ultimate liberation.

One of the more useful books I read as a Seeker was by Robert S De Ropp, *The Master Game*. Here is an overview of his theory of Life Games and Aims as per the contents in his book.

Table I
Meta-games and Object Games

GAME	AIM
Master Game	awakening
Religion Game	salvation
Science Game	knowledge
Art Game	beauty
Householder Game	raise family
No Game	no aim
Hog in Trough	wealth
Cock in Dunghill	fame
Moloch Game	glory or victory

A word of Warning about Gurus

Indian spirituality began to make its way more into the West in the 50s, 60s and 70s. There were a variety of gurus, both good and false, from both the East and West. Fortunately my sincerity seemed to protect my intuition in choices and some 'chance' encounters proved quite illuminating about some of the major false gurus. You shall know them by their fruit, was an apt pre-warning.

Two obvious popular gurus, who were flawed in their teachings and effects, were revealed to me. I met by timely chance a sister of a follower who made an indelible impression on me of how diabolical an effect a false guru can have on a seeker. This girl herself was completely upset at the devastation wrought on her sister by a guru/path involvement. It was a stark warning that stood up in my attention. I was already sceptical of any 'pay as you go model' that characterised some, as for the rich and gullible mainly. That you should pay a fortune for a secret mantra that true scholars of Sanskrit called worthless and meaningless stood out. The Beatles, long courted and touted by one guru group, all veered sharply away completely from that, and John openly ridiculed and sang about the obvious falsity.

Other gurus had a more attractive model for some of complete moral abandonment and advocated and employed hedonistic excess as a way to 'freedom'. This proved of interest to those with more base interests. Some of these false gurus I would call them were really powerful figures who ensnared followers and entrenched negative traits that subtly were damaging to their ability to discern, and to attempt 'the Great Work' of Self-Realisation, of spiritual Ascent, and ultimate Liberation. Followers of some gurus have found it difficult to establish themselves in Sahaja Yoga Kundalini meditation where the prerequisite is pure spiritual desire, and regular practise.

One of the first positive yoga teachers was Yogananda, who wrote the book "Autobiography of a Yogi." His path of simple Bhakti, of worship for "God, Christ and Gurus" was an inspiration to many. I went to his SRF Self Realisation Fellowship centre in Perth and read his lessons. And so my Seeking had advanced via the Gospels to the Bhagavad Gita, **from prayer to meditation, from seeking a saviour, to seeking my Spirit, or God-Self.**

The **Adya Bookshop** was a Seekers bookstore in Northbridge in Perth in the late 70's. It was on a corner and had several steps up to the front door. I lingered there one day just as a big green Mercedes drew around the corner, with a Western man driving. In the back seat sat a fully turbaned Swami, of some denomination. Our eyes did not meet but the whole scene impressed me at that moment. (I did not realise then, how in the future, I would become the driver of a big Mercedes with the greatest Yogini of all time, our Divine Mother, Shri Mataji, in the back seat.) I proceeded inside and after a long stay emerged with a book, about destiny, and a pack of Aquarian Tarot cards.

The book was "**The Pursuit Of Destiny**" by Muriel Bruce Hasbrook, originally written in 1941. I already had some superficial knowledge of astrology, numerology and the Tarot but this book opened my understanding to a beautiful fusion of these. This book details how the 36 'decanates' or ten day cycles, in turn populated the 12 Astrology signs, giving each of these a greater insight and overview of The Universal Astrology Wheel, and so by implication a more detailed understanding of birthdays in the year and the ever-returning cyclical Journey of Human Reincarnation on Earth.

Within this book's insight was that each ten-day cycle had a card from 36 Minor Arcana cards of the Tarot. Each of the four Tarot minor arcane card suits has an Ace or Indicator and nine numbered cards, like an ordinary playing deck, of 2 to 10. The 4 Tarot Suits parallel the playing card suits. Clubs are 'Flowering' Wands. (**Spiritual** Growth and Soul Maturity). Spades are Swords (**Intellect** = double edged, Thoughts, Knowledge, of Good and Evil, Duality). Hearts are Cups. (the **Emotions** of the Heart, Feelings, Love) Diamonds are Coins. (**Physical** Wealth and Material Health)

Tarot then is actually two decks. The Major Arcana is composed of 22 Great cards. 22 is a Master number from Sacred geometry and Birthdate numerology. A Divine harmonic 22 can signify many things like Pi ie 22/7, and so the 3 Nadis, by 7 Chakras (21) of the Subtle Body, plus the Zero, or Source 'No Mind' or 'Mastery' card, called 0 The Fool, as the 22nd major arcana or Divine Builder's card. Or Zero.

The Circle and the Zero are both Holistic and Universal, beyond numbers. No Mind is considered as the Turya or Zen 4th state, of 'thought-free' mind, that is liberated in communion or Union, One with the transcendent Source and the immanent Presence. This state of oneness, or unification, is the state of Union or Yoga and is called **Samadhi**.

Each Major Arcana card then is suitable as an object or image for concentration, reflection or meditation. The pack I had bought was a beautifully rendered version by artist David Palladini that *'brings medieval tarot symbolism into the Aquarian Age'*.

I loved it and together with the deep insights from the book I was compelled to study it all as though it held the keys to my own seeking. Also I felt déjà vu somehow about it all as if I knew in depth this information from 'before' and was only revisiting. After some time I felt really compelled to write and draw up the complete and complex integrated big Astro-Tarot wheel chart, not included in the book, showing all the 12 signs, decanates, elements, cards and dates and I was not happy until that task was finally completed.

I did not read Tarot cards for others then, or after. Although I knew well how to. I felt the depth of their symbology, and as I focussed I on them, for instance holding a question in mind, I allowed them to spontaneously cut and open, and I realised they were indeed deeply divining and revealing and at times revelational. The Tarot cards were quite particular as I headed for my date with Destiny, on the 22nd of April 1983

I've shared already how I was pyramid sitting, praying, meditating and focussed on the Gita of Krishna and Gospels of Christ. From time to time I would consult my tarot cards about my destiny and 3 cards kept revealing themselves. All three were from the archetypal Major Arcana of 22 cards. They, all three, were the only major cards with a base numerology number of Two, out of a total of 78 cards in the whole tarot.

Two in numerology is the Goddess, Great Mother, the Divine Power of God the Father, who is One. God the Absolute, transcendent, is mysterious, non-being, Zero, Source. These three major arcana cards kept surfacing together, so much so that I often thought I must have spilt something on them, that made them stick together. I examined them very closely. There was no such thing. The cards were foretelling. Destiny was at hand. My Seeking was to be fulfilled.



My three cards that were signifying were the Major Arcana Cards: the Two of the Goddess, the Eleven of Justice, and Twenty of Last Judgement. 2, 11, 20 = 33. (the third Master Number)

At that stage I did not know the Kundalini, was our individual intrinsic Holy Mother Goddess.

And no insight, that we were about to move into a new Aquarian Age Awareness, of discriminating Vibrations by The Holy Ghost, that does reveal the Will Of God, for you on your own hands.

But I was about to find out.... and just before I did, I was to realise that all will be well.

A Seeker first prays to the Great Mother

(Pavan – transcribed from video interview – 2008)

After 10 years of seeking that included all manner of things including astrology, numerology, tarot, divination, mediumship, LSD and unconventional religiosity and spiritual and religious books I was a Seeker, and I had been to India, Kashmir and Nepal and toured around there.

After my first trip to India in 1979 I very much felt that India was the spiritual essence of things but was still concerned and confused about how all of this fitted together. I had read many books, studied the Bhagavad Gita closely and was trying to pray, and do yoga and meditation and so that period of time in the early 80's, was just prior to getting my Self-Realisation, or Kundalini Sahaja Yoga initiation and awakening. I was humble, for the first time quite humbled, just before getting it. Life was not going the way I would like, and I felt spent, I was 'out of ammunition', so to speak.

So a state of humility is appropriate, because ultimately it's about readiness and willingness to surrender to the Divine, and so in mid April 1983, I first saw Shri Mataji's photo in the paper with an interview She had given just before She left Perth in March. And reading that interview in print I felt this was somebody absolutely Divine in our world and I wondered what to do next, as I was staying at my mum's place, because my relationship had fallen apart, and a lot of things had fallen apart in my life at that time. So I picked up a book, opened it up on a random page, as I was often want to do, for input or guidance, and it said...

“God the Father is transcendent beyond the creation. God the Mother is immanent and is doing all the living work. She is the one who cannot, and will not, resist the heartfelt call of a Seeker of Truth” and so for the first time, really in earnest, **I started praying to our Holy Mother, God as Mother, the Divine Feminine, for the first time, in a sincere way.**

I was not aware by then that Shri Mataji in the paper, was that principle, incarnate, but I was suddenly super aware as the wind blew in through the bedroom window, the curtain flapped, and the hair stood up on the back of my neck and head, and then and there, suddenly.... **I just knew everything was going to be absolutely okay.** I was having this experience in my bedroom and I just knew that everything was going to be all right.

Then a few days later, I just picked up the very big WA Sunday Times and opened it. It fell open on a tiny little text ad hidden away that said Shri Mataji is appearing at the town hall in Rokeby Road in Subiaco. That She was to be there that next Friday night. And I just couldn't believe it, I thought 'that's not possible'. She had just left according to the first big article I had read you know, and it's such a tiny ad, so **how come?**

As it turned out it was actually a misprint, because it actually was meant to have said a video presentation featuring Her, but that one line was missing from the edit, so it had actually been left out and **it was saying She would be there.** So anyway I thought I will go to this event at the town hall anyway, to Rokeby Road in Subiaco to the program, ostensibly to meet Shri Mataji possibly and I was with a friend, and we arrived, and they said please sit down.



Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi Self-Realisation Meditation

SAHAJA LIFE

Self Realisation

My first Sahaja Yoga program was on 22nd April, 1983

I should precede this part of my story by saying, one of the last bits of my Seeking was that **I began in those times to sit inside a wood frame meditation pyramid** my brother accurately built for me, and that I aligned it gravitationally.

I was quite sensitive to 'vibes', intuitions and many things but by sitting in this pyramid I used to clear out energy-wise and pray and try to meditate. I had in there just two books, one was the Bhagavad Gita by Shri Krishna, translated by Juan Mascaro, and the other was the Gospels of Jesus, which are the stories of Christ's words and deeds.

I was at some pains to try and resolve these two. Shri Jesus was a divine Son of God, and Shri Krishna was an incarnation of Shri Vishnu, the God of Yoga. What I came to appreciate is they were both Divine Incarnations, here to open new stages in Humanity's collective evolutionary journey.

And so I sat down at my first program and they said we're going to be watching a video, and that's fine for me, and the video is from Texas. Now I didn't appreciate it at the time, only found out later, but **She was actually inside a Giza shaped pyramid shaped Uniting church in Houston**. And this was so incredibly synchronistic.

So in this video Shri Mataji was talking about the relationship between Krishna and Christ, and that in the ancient puranas or very ancient texts in India, She was saying that it was quoted that Shri Krishna said **I will place you higher than me** and that He was the Incarnation of the Vishuddhi or throat chakra, and that Christ was the incarnation of the Agnya or forehead chakra. **She said that it was now the time that the Sahasrara or crown chakra would be opened**. So this was just like dealing me a whole deck of perfect cards and like saying to me there **'here's all the answers to all the questions you've been asking about'**.

So that was very profound and I just absorbed and recognised that completely. I thought **'okay well we're on track here and this is somebody truly great who knows'**. What I didn't appreciate at that stage really at all was **the truth that She was that next Incarnation**. But I was definitely aware that She was the right person for me, a true Guru and a Divine Mother.

Really? Spontaneously? Self-Realisation? So then the question was **'well would you like self-realisation?'** Spontaneous self-realisation, in my understanding then, my history was, that this is not a two-minute affair. **You know, you don't have spontaneous self-realisation, do you?...** To me for a yogi, it's something you work out over a very long period of time, because you've got karmas, dramas, and different consciousness levels and stages, and things to work through, so you know, to have this experience spontaneously, sitting there, I was open to, but not very expectant.

So we had the initial Sahaja Yoga Kundalini Divine Mother Initiation procedure, and I went deeply, profoundly thoughtless. Just incredibly, incredibly, in another state, and so I left there like a man in outer space, like you know like an astronaut, and so I went home, and I was **very, very deeply affected for about ten days**. But yet during those ten days I had enough presence of mind to go to work, but I was still in this state. But it was working out somehow that when nobody was there, I would just be profoundly over awed and full of Grace, and my body was well again, which it had not been so.

So I had no doubt at all that this was what it professed to be. I knew, but I don't know, I can't communicate, how profound it was. It was hyper emotional and meaningful, and all consuming. I believe I have been a Seeker and a poet, I'm sure for lifetimes, and to find, and better to have, this experience, was just so pivotal, so fulfilling. I think I was truly ready for something. I was ready to give it up, Life and all. It had been my dark night of desperation.

That day coincided unbelievably with the culmination of a eight year personal relationship. And so importantly, I was humbled and ready at that time. **So it wasn't just a life changing thing, it was a life saving thing.** For ten days everything, everything, went into a suspension. All my health issues, my wealth issues, all just everything, the world was suddenly transformed.

I've had a peak LSD experience, up in Kalbarri, on the West Australian coastline, where the vast Murchison River basin empties out into the Indian Ocean, through deep and ancient river gorges, where I felt what it was, where I've had perceptions, or looks into infinite eternal space. These experiences showed my Seeking, that yes these trips were windows, but not doorways.

I realized that this new Kundalini Yoga experience was a doorway, that we can truly enter up into higher Consciousness. Truly we can enter the Heavenly realms, the subtlest and the highest.

So after that initial program, they couldn't keep me away. I started to front up almost every morning for meditation at the ashram, and I was just into it from day one. So I just knew this was it for me, completely. I had felt the depth of it from the word go, and at that first program they asked ... **Any Questions?**

I had two questions that Friday night at my initial Sahaja Yoga realization program in Perth. I asked '**how often do you meditate?**' and somebody with enough presence of mind said 'if you're established in this state, then you can be in meditation pretty much all the time'.

My second question was '**how do you discriminate?**'. They said '*you discern and you discriminate on vibrations, on vibrational awareness you can know*' and I thought '**oh fantastic**'. I mean because I'd been overly thoughtful. I've read a lot, and you know I got to the end of my tether as far as trying to work it out mentally, how to choose a way through life.

Pavan says – To do the Will of God, we must first Know the Will of God, to understand and follow the Paramchaitanya, the Cool Breeze, the Auspicious Wind, of the Holy Spirit. This is the unique revelation of true Self Realisation for all the people of the World, in Sahaja Yoga.

Mother says – You are completely filled with yourself, contented with yourself, and then you want to share. This whole world's Sahasrara has to be opened out. This is what we have to do and we are not for escaping the world, that is not the idea. Idea is for meditation, for your growth. It's very important to understand how valuable you are, how remarkably important you are. Born at this time, got your realisation. For what? To emancipate this world, to transform human beings, to take the whole of this world into the realm of God. That is what you are here for. May God bless you. (1997)

So that was it.

I basically was feeling and trusting these new subtle body vibrations from the word go, and within a few months, the vibrations indicated that's it time to come East, which I did and so I moved and drove over from Perth to Sydney in October '84, and on route I went to Victoria where I'd been born. We were having a big collective meeting for Sahaja Yogis in the mountains there, in the Grampians National Park, where I had further experiences with the wind, and after that I stayed at the big ashram at Kew, at that time, which was just a beautiful place in the city where I was born.

Kew was the first real ashram that I moved into to live, and also it was a primary school. So my first in-ashram experience was in Kew in Melbourne in Victoria and from there I came up to Sydney, and basically moved in straight away, as we had ashrams there also and so full ashram life began basically from then on.

I cannot tell you how very much the advent of my Kundalini awakening has meant to me in this life, but my Unconscious certainly knew from the first, and my God-Self or Spirit alerted me very early on, by way of a dream. About 1984, quite early in my practice of Kundalini Sahaja Yoga, I had this most disturbing and profound dream.

I dreamt that I awoke from a very deep slumber to find myself, like Rip Van Winkle, waking up, almost covered over with leaves, branches and the residue of Ages. I was beneath this wonderful old tree of tremendous height, and breadth and depth, and I realised that I had been asleep beneath this vast tree for a very, very long time.

Almost instantaneously I was overcome with a huge and tremendous feeling of deep grief and loss. I realised that I had not seen the growth of this tree. I had not been privy to, or part of its life, and seasons, and flourishing, and so I was immeasurably poorer, for not having been aware of it. The resulting sense of loss and grief were unshakeable and quickly permeated my Earthly life. For about ten days I was struck down into a pervasive feeling of desolation. It was only a dream... and yet it was able to strike so deeply into my being. My interest in psychology, particularly Jungian analysis and the process of individuation, after some time allowed me the insight into my dream.

In life at that time I had just found my Path, my Way, my Truth, my spiritual practice, my Guru, and perhaps my full fulfilment, and maybe even final Liberation in time. I had indeed found access to the Kingdom of Heaven within and could begin to try and work out my purification and my spiritual ascent. But I felt almost crushed, I knew I was only just starting to become a true Yogi. There wasn't any question. My path was before me and I must walk it. It was great, it was the only, but it was far. And then came my ultimate understanding of the dream and it was this.

I had been a Seeker of Ages, reincarnating many times in search of God and Truth and Beauty. Perhaps I had been off in many detours through time but ever returning to my quest of the uttermost, the highest fulfilment of Destiny, to know and touch GOD.

This Quest was indeed the Purpose of Life. To 'know thy self' as GOD-Self as Spirit. My dream alerted me again to this, my Vocation, and yet the true meaning was a warning. In the years since 1983 when I started my practise of Kundalini Yoga I was to experience a variety of tests and trials. Some of these were quite potent, and would likely derail me on my Path, if I had let them. And so this was the purpose of my dream. It was to warn me, my Soul, that whatever was to come... **Do not leave your Path or your Guru, and do not cease your desire for God, until you have become the Spirit.** Here is an early 80s pic of us young Sahaja Yogis in Austria in early Eighties, just after enjoying a clearing fire ceremony called a havan.



Early India Tour Experiences

Brahmapuri – One Night and One Day



Brahmapuri is an exceptional holy place in an exceptional holy country. On our Sahaja Yogi tours with Shri Mataji in the 80's and 90's She would take us to many famous places, and to some out of the way places, of extraordinary auspiciousness. Brahmapuri features areas nearby a Shiva Temple on the Krishna River with ghats and long steps that were useable in any weather, for the river floods at times. The yogis stayed in simple camps on the banks with sleeping, bathing and cooking pendles erected and simple trench toilets dug into the ground. It was Heaven. Our one concession was that our washing, our dhobi, of mens white cotton kurtas, and ladies many coloured saris, was organised and done off-site, and returned washed and ironed. Otherwise we were completely happy to be away from everything, with each other, sleeping on the holy ground on simple mats and sleeping bags, in that great land of Yoga Bhoomi. Mother India Maha Bharat.

Whilst all over India there are always people around, where we were staying was far away from the town, by the river, across from the temple. Sometimes Shri Mataji would sit on the rocks with Her feet in the river and the yoginis and yogis would immerse themselves in the river, blissfully soaking up Her Blessings. The temple and places nearby served the community for pujas and at times for ritual funeral rights and burning pyres. We had a large collective pendle for morning meditations, evening programs with music, and talks by Shri Mataji. Whilst on tour She would be working on us and so would Mother India. At Brahmapuri we had pujas with Shri Mataji and its fair to say we would almost lose our sense of individuality in the depths and heights of that blessed time and place.

Before Sahaja Yoga I was deeply attracted to Lord Shiva and I was thrilled to discover that Shri Mataji would encourage our love for all the Deities, their divine Qualities and Blessings and we would celebrate major puja celebrations for some of the major ones each year. Shri Krishna is the incarnation of Lord Shiva and the God of Yoga. Across the Krishna River, the lofty temple of Shri Shiva beckoned, and when there was a pause one day I arranged to cross the river and investigate the temple. The temple was upstream from the camp and on this day I noticed as I went there were

some locals preparing something on our side of the river closer to the temple. Having accompanied some yogis for a walk I explained I intended to breast the river and visit the temple and they offered to take my white kurta and pyjamas, towel and Aussie thongs back to nearby our camp. In t-shirt and long board shorts I entered the river that was flowing down stream towards the camp and merged into an easy swim, crossing without difficulty.

When I got to the other side I emerged alone, refreshed and very silent. The day was warm and sunny and I had no way to towel off, content to let the day take care of drying this earthly entity. I got to the lower ghats at the bottom of the steep stone stepped staircase and became aware there was nobody around and that this was likely to be a solitary experience. I paused and reflected on the opportunity to experience this as deeply symbolic of my pure desire to make my spiritual ascent in this life and also reflected on the incredible blessings and boons Shri Mataji had bestowed already on us yogis. I commenced the climb bathed in warm morning sun and lost touch with anything except these moments. As I got to the top and slowly entered through the gateway into the paved temple surrounds I noticed the stone statue of the bull Brahma deity and beyond, the very beautiful Shri Ganesha inside the first portal. I stopped awhile and requested Shri Ganesha to remove any obstacles in my journey and ascent. I sat with Him for some time and eventually felt I was allowed to enter the heavily stone constructed and private inner sanctum.

Inside it was almost like twilight. There was very little of a decorative nature but there was the most powerful and yet simple big stone Shiva Lingham and Yoni placed at the very centre. The area was not large but sufficient to sit around the archetype of Lord Sada Shiva and His support and consort, Shri Adi Shakti. I positioned my self with my back to the plain stone back wall looking over and past the installation, out through the one small door, out across the river and countryside. I was alone. However the people who used the temple were evidenced by a carefully placed water container that was arranged to hang overhead and drip very slowly over the central stone lingham. There were two flowers arranged on the lingham and yoni. A brilliant white flower sat atop the lingham, a little away from the intermittent water drops, and a single brilliant orange flower decorated the yoni surrounding the base. At Shivaratri time in Australia lots of white flowers spontaneously bloom. In India there are always many vibrant orange flower garlands and decorations. I sat taking it all in and thought its like being in the presence of a swayambhu, like Uluhru in central Australia. At first you might not sense much until your attention settles. Gradually the remaining thoughts and visual impressions began to be replaced by the Reality of something profoundly subtle, deeply universal and holy. I became increasingly peaceful. And very alert, and Present.

Deep experiences are by their very nature singular, and impossible to communicate in words. I sat for some time and felt the rising of my Kundalini and at the same time a very beautiful but emotional feeling of gratitude for my journey so far welled up and pretty soon my eyes were filled with silent tears. No pathos was part of this. It was just a huge holy resounding confirmation that yes you have sought and you have found and come through so many things and yes your Mother knows you and your Father loves you. I determined to focus and try to express my true desire to be totally Present with full awareness in this Holy place.

‘Holy Father, Divine Mother, Friend, Beloved God’ I entreated very quietly, but intensely, yet knowing there were no words to express my purest desire, I resorted again to deeper Silence. And Time went away.... Nothing interrupted this sojourn into the Mystic and there is nothing much more I can say about it except it came in long slow waves of all encompassing focus and love and expansion. I don’t know how long I was there, and I was somehow in dismantled pieces when I finally made my way out of the temple and sat at the top of the steps, that led back down to Earth, the River and the Life of mortal beings. I sat in the sunshine that was still shining and looked out vacantly over the vista. Yogis and yoginis I could see away down river as beautiful white and brightly coloured beings and realised how precious and rare they were. I realised I would be joining them again soon but that was the World of Time and I was in no hurry, or fit state for that matter, to converse with anybody. But at least it would take some time for me to float down to where my things were waiting closer to the camp.

I started down the steps and realised my clothes were now dry. I paused sunbathing there quietly again for a while, and when I was ready and surrendered, I descended again to the river. I entered, and became like a log, content to float with the stream, without exertion, motionless, at one with the water. I was still but yet the river was moving and over several minutes three tremendously archetypal bird experiences followed. At first I saw an almost luminescent flash of blue wings that appeared from a small bird and I thought ahh that's really Shri Krishna blue, how extraordinary that colour. And then standing steadily, gracefully tall, erect and serenely quiet was a very white long beaked heron type of bird, who did not move at all, as I slowly drifted by. My mind wondered what this symbol could mean, perhaps Asia, it felt. I was reminded of the Zen tradition. The river then slowed and widened as I floated out into a flatter area and I was just almost dreamlike. My ears under water meant no sounds and I was still in heightened awareness.

I have often had encounters with eagles and other birds of prey. In Western Australia the great wedge tail and the many hawks, in Eastern Australia the grey white bellied Sea eagles, and in India, in Delhi and elsewhere many eagles, kites, hawks and others. As I lay limply in the Krishna River I might have thought about how the Lord Vishnu flies astride his vehicle, the great Garuda, but at that moment I was still somewhere beyond Time. And yet improbable as it was, looking up stream, as I floated down, as if in a Dream, this great eagle came with almost motionless wings, gliding effortlessly in my direction. Whenever I see an eagle I am almost transfixed. At this time beyond Time, I watched in total Silence as it flew towards me and without any hesitation or pause it flew down directly and just a few feet away from me in the water, it snatched up a fish in its talons effortlessly, gracefully and flew on without faltering. I wasn't sure I wasn't dreaming, but I was profoundly awake, and considering my day so far that day, everything seemed really beyond this world. It was a very profound experience and I felt somehow I was beyond this world.

Not very long after I got closer to the camp and could see where my clothing and things were and readied myself to rise from the river and rejoin the Sahaja yogis. Like a somnambulist in a dream I got out and dried and dressed and then began walking to where some yogis were gathered near the shoreline. I now realised the people I had seen gathered there previously were in the midst of a funeral and were now burning the body on the ghats, as they would be in the same way as the Eternal City of Varanasi. This was Death and Life and rebirth. Amen. The ashes from such fires might form the three lines across the brows of Shiva Bhaktas. I like them felt very little of interest in worldly realms that day and did not speak to anyone for quite some time.

Brahmapuri. One Night.

Like all the early India visits and tours, in retrospect they are remembered as one continuum, wherein the experience in memory at least is seamless, as in a long journey that continues on at your next visit, to your spiritual Mother, India. We were staying in simple camps under light cotton pendals, travelling in those dusty red India Government buses, one of which broke an axle getting deeper off the roads into where we were to stay alongside that blessed Krishna River.

Whilst we might appear to the Western Eye as living in improvised makeshift camps, vibrationally and culturally, the Sahaja Yogis enjoyed the very best that India can offer at Brahmapuri. Shri Mataji and her brother Baba Mama would organise, orchestrate and educate us in the subtleties and mastery and sublime meanings of Indian music. It was very evident that these great musicians would start playing up into even much higher vibrations, beyond them selves in the company and divine attention of our Divine Mother Shri Mataji, and so they were exceedingly grateful for the opportunity to play for Her and also for our very appreciative group of international yogis.

In those early 80's the American Sahaja Yoga collective was forming and some were on this tour including Danny, a very eloquent speaker on behalf of Shri Mother and Sahaja Yoga, who was English, and was at that time the acting leader for Sahaja Yoga in the USA. He had just made the tour after having spinal surgery and was still in recovery and so could not sit comfortably for long.

It was that type of night that was balmy warm and clear and uncluttered by any interference from population or environment. We were gathered together with Mother for a musical evening of real enjoyment in one of the holiest places on Earth. These nights might traverse several hours and the comment from Baba Momma into the early morning hours might be “The Night is Young!”.

Danny after some time said he needed to stretch and would I like to take a walk with him. The night was very still and so we wandered down to the ghats, where the music and sometimes Mother’s words would float down through the trees, as we got to put our feet in the water at the ghats. The night skies in India in the countryside can rival the clearest in the World, like in Western and central Australia. There is a quality to those vistas that you might call Viratic, that like a great conch call can grab and hold your attention and your mind in thought free awareness.

Danny and I were taking in the countless stars with our feet soaking in the Krishna River. Muted conversation was quelled and then after a minute or so discussing how Sahaj Yoga was going in different places I thought to say out of the blue as it were – “You know I think Sahaja Yoga will not work out properly in the World until it works out in America.”

At that moment in the Play of the Divine a very big flaming meteor or shooting star soared across the heavens right in front of us. We went very quiet indeed. Subsequently, like a few other great India tour moments, I was inspired to write poetry trying to recapture that experience.

There were many such magical, profound and inspired moments there but Brahmmapuri is such a special place, and there is now a Sahaja Yoga ashram there.

Brahmapuri

The Krishna river flows on by
reflecting Moon and starry Sky

Depth on depth, no asking why
this Universe is but God’s Sigh

The moonlights path, reflecting sheen
reminds us that we’re not what’s been
for from this peaceful view we glean
we are not the transient image seen

And as this Realization flows
the deepest Joy within us grows
for this Creation reflects and shows
an inner Peace,
the Spirit knows

The Krishna river flows on by
two trees stand out
against night sky
inspired hopes and feelings fly

we watch a falling star
and sigh.



Moments with Mother (interview)

Pavan is interviewed about his life with Shri Mataji as a disciple....



Interviewer – So then your fate changed and you then had more personal times with Shri Mataji both in Hong Kong and other places, and She took a direct role in your life. So perhaps do you want to tell me how that transformed when you went from being a yogi in an ashram to somebody who was playing a role with where Shri Mataji personally directed for you.

I've always been very over-awed to be in Mother's Presence and found it hard to speak, found it hard to do anything, but of course any indication that I should do something was you know, total instant acceptance on my part.

I had been very quickly on tour with the Sahaja Yogis and saw Shri Mataji in person in India. That was my first tour. The next place I went to was to New York, which was for the first time that the whole North American collective had a puja, to Shri Krishna, Deity of the Vishudhi chakra, with Mother together. They all gathered and the Canadians came and we were with Her out in New Jersey, and then in New York. So after She spoke to me and said *'Would you like to come to Europe? We're going on to Europe for the tour?'*

Interviewer – what do you remember that first European tour particularly in the interactions with Shri Mataji?

Well on the flight from New York to England there was a really lovely hostess, a beautiful Indian lady. It was an Air India flight and we were sitting with Mother and we were all in economy in those days. We were sitting next to Her, Paul Henwood and myself, and I was trying to keep myself to be the thinnest I could be. So the attendant, this lady, came along and she said there's something about you, I know you, or something and Shri Mataji smiled and She said

"Yes I'm a teacher from India and these are two of my disciples". And my lid lifted right up you know. I guess it was understood previously, but to hear from Mother, to introduce me as a disciple, to somebody was you know, important. I think by then I was over the initial shock, and I really recognized that this Holy stream of Energy and great Wisdom, had an unprecedented

Spiritual capacity in my understanding, a Guru of higher incarnation, and so just to be called a disciple by Her in public was you know for me a big deal.

Also it was actually on that flight, we were two Australians as it was who were traveling with Mother and sitting with Her, we were both called Paul, and a little She started to talk about Paul in the bible and said basically this fellow was, i don't know how, to put it politely, but he wasn't correct, he wasn't right, he had not met Christ, was a Roman, persecuted Christians and She just started to tick off all things that were wrong, about this poor fellow, and therefore the Christian religion. And so being brought up as a Christian, as a catholic, and having all this conditioning, troubled me. Although it wasn't common, I knew nobody in Sahaja Yoga at that time with another spiritual different name, but I asked Shri Mother... "perhaps it might be a good idea to change our names?" because she was definitely giving Paul a thumbs down.

And so She said "**yes that's a good idea**" She said ... "**we'll call you Pavan**". Which She subsequently said to me that it means Auspicious.

I was not courageous around Shri Mother to question or ask anything, so I just sat on the new name for a while, and yogis told me it meant the Wind God, father of Hanuman. The wind had already figured largely to me in Perth and also at a time in the Grampians which was where I felt I had a real connection to the Wind. So we were flying at that time, and I've also had this experience at the time just prior to realization of this wind coming into the room. (So I heard what the name Pavan meant from Shri Mataji, and that was "Auspicious".

To me Auspicious means Pleasing to God) and so yeah it was, it's felt very nice to me. But I didn't push it publicly or in the collective of Sahaja yogis. And it wasn't until later that somebody from Australia was talking with Shri Mataji and mentioned me about something, and She said that they should all call me Pavan, and so it's stuck.

Interviewer – So about your birthday? (Same as Shri Mataji 21st March)

Yes about my birthday, funnily enough because I've been a Seeker I've looked at a lot of things including astrology and also regards teachers from India, and I had looked at a some other gurus and so on, and somehow stories would come to me about these different people, paths, gurus etc, on the way and usually they were not good stories. (One girl I met for instance had a sister who was absolutely devastated by her encounter with one teacher, and his very expensive meditation methodology). And so I had no doubt that they were in some way not kosher, or deceitful, or mercenary etc and as one of the things that I've been into was astrology and numerology and so on and so i thought well they should at least have an auspicious birthday and it turned out that Shri Mataji was born on the equinox, 21 March, which the date when I was born. So much later you know at some stage this came up in conversation. We were in Sydney and at a Chinese restaurant and one of the other yogis mentioned he'd been born in 1951 and I sparked up.

I said "Shri Mother, I too, I was born in 1951". She said "**what is your birthday?**" so I said "it's the same as yours", and She looked down a bit and She looked up and She said ... "**I don't envy you a bit – a life of trials.**" And I knew what She was talking about, but I couldn't talk it down at all, because I was you know in the most heavenly place possible, but yes it was it was a point that helped me recognize Her dramatically in the first step, that you know She had this most auspicious family and father, and place, time and setting for a birth, and everything else. You know when something's right it just resonates with the whole of your being and you don't necessarily need the data and information, but as it comes in you see that everything fits and everything is absolutely right and everything is correct and you don't hear any dissonance with the truth. It just is.

So um whenever Shri Mataji spoke to me I was always you know attentive. But She didn't address me too much in terms of personal things. I think one thing She said which would probably be of interest to the yogis, She said to me once personally, She said "**Shri Ganesha will take you to the heart, and Hanuman will take you the rest of the way.**"

This was a very important statement to me, that went to the heart of my Seeking. So I think I took it at that first time, as the suggestion that I should be more proactive and you know get more cranked up proactively with things and so that was advice I tried to take to heart and you know get involved, and be more productive. (But this also spoke, more importantly to the Ascent, and becoming using our Left and Right sides.)

So of Humanity, I think the Australians have always had a special place with Shri Mataji. I know going early on some of the tours, we'd been the first there, almost the ground breakers. Australia as a continent, under the Southern Cross, relates directly to the first chakra, the Mooladhara, and to the innocent deity of Shri Ganesha, and to Mars, and the start of the astrological year, and Aries. And it seemed that because Australians had a less complicated and overlaid view of things, they were able to, I guess, consistent with the base (down under) chakra be 'down to Earth' practical etc, and also be able to just see with wisdom, another one.

Interviewer – So in those early years you went to overseas places on Her instruction, like Hong Kong, and Canada and Japan. Thinking back in those days and what motivated you to be so detached and surrendered to Her you know?

Well I mentioned before, in that emotional way, that I was humbled just before coming to Sahaja Yoga, I've had a lot of success and you know I was considered something of a shining light in the industry I was in, and so on, but everything had fallen apart in my life like business, relationships, all sorts of things, so I realised that um actually **it's not a bad state to be to be empty, and to be humble.**

And so each time Shri Mataji asked me to do something, I just had faith that it would be okay, and typically that just meant dropping off, not a lot of possessions, a few things, and going somewhere for Sahaja Yoga. And typically on the rebound after from that, coming back from each of those adventures, you know I'd have this marvelous green patch of business, and new client consulting success, and so on, and everything would suddenly come to me in a flurry. **I realised much earlier that I always had after 1983 what I needed, absolutely had what I needed, and you know I never had cause to doubt, or to concern, or petition Mother.**

I did have **one interesting thing happened in Hong Kong.** I was living in Hong Kong, and I had been to a program at this place called the Charter House which was a new building, a brand new hotel, and getting out of the taxi out front of the hotel somehow my wallet had come out of my pocket, and a fair amount of money had come out of it, about 500 odd dollars lost and I was due to fly back to Australia. So when I discovered my wallet was kind of gone, I went back up there and I found it in the street. The money was missing, and I admit I thought oh well that's not terribly fair, here I'm doing our Sahaj Yoga work, (whether or not it was my fault I had dropped my wallet, and I had done lost 500, and you know, gosh). So I thought you know, oh well, whatever it is it is, you know, I didn't know how to explain it or whatever, but anyway I had to fly back to Australia just after that. And so I went to the airport to fly out.

So when I got to the HK airport, at that time still on Kowloon Island, and Cathay said **"look apologies, we've overbooked the flight, if you want to, and can, come back tomorrow, and don't mind, we'll give you an upgrade to business, and we'll give you five hundred dollars for making that decision. OK?"** I said no worries. And then they said, but if you hang around, you might have to wait here, but we might be able to upgrade you and get you home tonight, but we won't know until the last minute, is that okay?" All of which all just happened on that night. **So I was given the \$500 and finally a first-class ticket back to Sydney with Cathay that night. So I really laughed and thought well "you know my petition was heard".**

So you know in that sense I've never doubted that there will always be enough. So having said that you know the country, times, people in business, and living collectively, with other people etc, we have been through plenty of economic undulations and so on, but when you've had a taste of success and you found it hollow, then it's no longer about materiality, it's not about only

gratification, at that level. So in fact you know it's I think, if your focus is there, the Divine supports you, that's as simple as it gets, it might put you to some testing sometimes, but yeah.

Interviewer – so in relation to a lot of your early services did you see in some way that it was a calling, or did you feel compelled, or just totally surrendered, to what Shri Mataji asked you to do, because you did a lot of work in different countries in those things.

Well I think the most that we can be is a good instrument. I think that's the best we can be. We can be a tool for the Divine and ultimately realize our own divinity, so I think surrender is just the end of story, first, and last, surrender is the story, and if you get clear direction from Shri Mataji to your own request, to do something, to me that was as Peter said before, it's a no-brainer. There's no question of going or not going. It's great joy to go, and i've had that experience, where at different times in different roles, I mean when Mother first formed the trusteeship here, she made me a trustee, and so on, and so on, you feel and know you're on that magic carpet. You've got the Divine attention on you, and everything is just you know, you say pick up your chair and walk, and they do. You know everything works out, so you have that Divine support and um so there was no question of not going. I have always felt, beyond receiving it myself, that there's only one thing to be achieved, and that is **to share the experience and to help work it out in the World.**

I had one experience when I hadn't been in Sahaja long, **a dream and it was very very profound.** I dreamt I was like Rip Van Winkle, I woke up and I've been asleep, I was under this tree, this vast tree, and I was covered in twigs and branches and everything and you know it was uh it was a revelation that I've been asleep for a very long time and this tree had grown and it manifested and had been spread out and done everything and I had this overwhelming sense of loss that i hadn't seen it. I hadn't been part of it. I hadn't participated, and it was a sense of grief that was so strong, and it stayed with me for days it was like ah, it was like an unreal experience. So anytime anything came up that gave me a nudge to say 'this is not right', because in spite of my humble demeanor, I can get quite cross with people. So anytime i had that that notion that I'm either gonna react, you know I'm either gonna smack somebody in the mouth, or run away, I'd be, I was held in check by this experience, that I'd had, which is ... **'whatever you do, do not cut yourself off from the Reality of this,** in spite of the appearances, in spite of the collective, or by the leadership, in spite of dramas that are unfolding or anything that you can think of, you to the core know what this is, and so do not cut yourself off'.

Interviewer – during trying exercises you went through, and you know obviously you met challenges, you know there were, there are difficult times so the fact that you've gone to do something for Humanity, yet you know you hit difficult times, was that a challenge to your faith in any way or how would you console those, through those issues?

I think that if you're a yogi, it's a journey of course as everybody will say, but at different times um you'll go through something, you'll fail personally, others will fail, you'll have doubts. Whatever it is, and there begins a rebuilding of your spiritual edifice – so it does for me, so what happens to me is, I sort of dismantle everything and then I put it back together again “no this is you, you do know, you have had, that is right, that is correct, that's it” and so you can check that on vibrations, yes, okay, and so when there's been doubts or they've been big issues and big problems, um you have to stay the course, there's no there's no other game in town, as i've often said to people. Once you start working on yourself, on your spiritual Ascent, because that's really the only game in town, **once you seriously set out on the great Journey Quest – What are you going to do? Are you going to tangent, and go off, and go away?** I think you know maybe in other lifetimes I've done that, and I've had that experience, where, don't do it again, you know don't go there.

Interviewer – what can you say about your own personal revelation in those times that you've been with humanity in relation to the nature of the qualities of God?

I was gratified early to hear that Shri Mataji said and reiterated my own understanding that there is a God the Father transcendent Sadashiva and there is God immanent as Mother, and therefore God

the Father is to be aspired to, and **God the Mother will take you on that journey, She'll cleanse you, She'll nourish you, She'll purify you, She'll perfect you, She'll correct you, and She'll ultimately take you into the Presence and then the Unity of the Divine Father,** and that's really what we have, where we're headed for.

***Interviewer* – a lot of people will be asking what was it like, what did it feel like, how did you cope with the experience? Was it you know beyond imagining, the awe of God, but yeah as an individual from the human heart how did it feel?**

When I first got my realisation in Perth that's true, Shri Mataji wasn't there, it was just a video and yet I had no doubt at all this was remotely, this was the Lady, this was you know, it just came to me completely, so in that experience I didn't think that I was going to see much difference in being with Shri Mataji in person. So the first time I saw Her, it was in India in person, and She was across, She was taking lunch, and it was a group of yogis there. It was basically in this large area yard, more like a grove, and Shri Mataji was nonchalantly you know taking Her food, and as soon as I saw Her there, physically my chakras went mad, I was ping-pong, and ringing, and you know and I suddenly got the realisation that there is a lot of difference being in Her physical Presence. So you can know another on the subtle, and we do know Mother on this level, but also being in Her company or presence, was going to be different. And so I wasn't expecting that, I was expecting it to be the same, because I felt that we knew Her based on subtle.

So I would say to people who are you know saying '**oh I never saw Her, I never met Her**' and yet She's as accessible now as She was then and the fact that there is always available, there's all these recordings, all these videos, and there's any amount of photos that really transmit to you Her essence.

So the real essence of who Shri Mataji is not about anything external, it's about Shri Mataji is internal, and She's within you. She's your divine Mother, within us She is your Kundalini Power, and She knows you intimately, She's been with you forever, and therefore She's going to take you, you know, where you want to go.

So if you're a Seeker, if you're seeking the Divine, and I think everybody is a seeker potentially, and I think that Divinity is intrinsic, and hopefully it will be all made available to everybody over time. I hope there's not going to be a line drawn in the universe somewhere, and you know people are lost, but um I just felt Her immediately, via video and via the picture and via my intuition and my new vibrational awareness uh immediately.

And if you're not feeling the Presence and Vibrations, you should just jump into it and work on yourself until you do. I really can't say for anybody else, I just know that for me, it was a super profound experience. And yet you know, I've also seen people come to programs, and have very profound experiences first up, walk out the door and not see them again, so I'm at a bit of a loss to explain something that for me was so obviously new and interesting, and for other people as either you know, whatever it is, something else.

***Interviewer* – In the earlier days, yes fair to say that it was not an easy time, particularly in Australia, with some very strong leadership and some personal challenges, many people dropped off at that time and found that too difficult. How did you reconcile what happened in those days and come through that?**

I realized that whilst we talked to people about spontaneous self-realisation, it's a very progressive and ongoing thing, virtually an evolutionary thing and whilst we can facilitate evolution, you know it's not an instantaneous thing. Everything works out over time, me and everybody else in Sahaj, so some of the people involved who were difficult, and I think the Collective supported me. There were people who you know, who I had immense regard for, who were there from the earliest. B. (Boghdan) was a good example, when at one stage I was ready to split, to up and go, you know, and somehow innocently moved, he just swanned up alongside me,

and arm around my shoulders and we wandered off to you know to buy, you know a make believe coca-cola, (CampaCola) you know and things like that, but the Collective I think, that's the other answer to that question,

Where would you find Mother now? You'll find Her in the Collective. And when you put your attention towards Her. The fact is that, when we do sit down, and we do put our attention on vibrations, or we watch a video of Her. And the person who picks the tape what was heard that night, that's from beyond relative time, both the decision, and the messages and energy...

So you will find Mother in the moment, and in the Collective, and I don't mean that you should only hang out, and be a groupie, ah that's not an appropriate term, but you know you shouldn't be just a fundamentalist, or a die-hard.

You're expected to keep and develop your discretion, but when the Collective is together, and Mothers talks are on, and that type of thing, there Mother is definitely manifesting. And the decisions even by those people who think they know whatever they think, you know, in spite of ourselves, we get looked after and in spite of ourselves the right thing works out and even things that appear adverse are very character building you know.

You do have to expand your sense of self to encompass uh larger and larger um spheres of concern and interest, because if you diminish, and I think Peter said it before "if you don't meditate you start to diminish instead of flowering and unfolding and evolving and being instrumental, you start to disappear."

So Mother is very much here, and it sounds grandiose, but She is here. And as an incarnation's work, as Christ is here, because they've worked it out in their lifetime, they've come on Earth, they've had enough impact and influence on Humanity, to work out their chakra, of their situation.





Maha Shivaratri Puja 1984

A very special event in India

Maha Shivaratri Puja Pandhapur – Feb 29 1984, with Shri Mataji in India on tour, was a most auspicious and special event for us as Sahaja Yogis and for all Humanity. It remains indelibly cut into my being and is my most often replayed [video talk](#). It includes the penultimate revelations and insights into the Spiritual Reality and into the progressive realisation of God-Self experiences. It was not only informative, but transformative, and at its core is about who Shri Mataji is and why She was on Earth, working out the possibility of enmasse God Realisation through Kundalini Sahaja Yoga.

About Pandhapur. India is the Yoga Bhoomi, the Great Land of Yoga, and Maharastra is called the Land of Saints. Pandhapur is known as the religious capital of Maharashtra, and there is an annual pilgrimage to the revered Vitthal Temple, on the banks of the river Bhima. Lord Vitthal, an incarnation of Lord Krishna, God of Yoga, appeared there to a devoted son and Shri Mataji spoke of this story as a lead-in to talk. Great Saint Dnyaneshwar sang praises to Lord Vitthal. He released Hindu scriptures from Brahmanical control, especially the Gita, which he popularized by translating into common people's languages. Saint Tukaram was another great saint, a devout man who led in the propagation of the Bhakti doctrine. Shri Mataji speaks of him in this puja.

Before the Puja. We the travellers on India tour, mainly international Sahaja yogis, were travelling around Maharastra in a convoy of about 4 Indian 'red buses' and staying in clean, well-catered circumstances, whilst Shri Mataji conducted incredibly crowded public speaking events, as well as organising us to visit holy places, and give talks to the yogis, and to conduct some pujas. This particular Puja we knew was to be very special and a site had been set up on the Bhima riverbed, some short distance from the town and temple. Our camp was also slightly out of town and we had an easy day to prepare for puja that evening.

The vibrational momentum began to build all day and by the time we had our dinner quite a crowd of locals had gathered at the yogi camp. We had also quite a crowd of Sahaja Yogis and some family members and some children with us. It was decided to use the buses to ferry us down to the riverbed puja site and so the buses filled up and we the touring yogis were not on the first convoy. As those buses did not return quickly it was decided we should walk down through the town to the puja place, and so we set off.

The problem with powerful spiritual experiences is that they do defy description. This location, our intention, the attention, and the company of yogis setting off on foot in this holy place to worship our Father God with our Divine Mother, elevated us all into a high state of Grace and Presence. We were not sure where exactly we were going but wafted down into the town together and we were actually feeling and sharing this Grace pouring through us and from us as we walked. I was aware that a few great saints had trod these streets and somehow I felt in their company as we walked. After some time we paused in our journey and when we got to something of a small square or intersection, not sure exactly where to go, we decided to Bandhan our situation.

Divine providence is sought when you 'put something in Bandhan'. Within a minute a white car came into the area and stopped alongside. It was Shri Mataji in person! She smiled and took our few kids in Her car and gave us directions and was gone, just like that. We walked on and were relatively close but still paused again as unsure, and again put on a Bandhan, and again in that moment, Her car appeared! There's no timing like Divine timing. Her driver gave us further help and instructions and soon we were at the puja site. As we settled into meditation the Vibrations really welled up as Shri Mataji Herself spent some time in deep silent meditation and we all went very silent too.. Her opening words were *"So now we all have arrived, its all right."*

The Mahashivaratri Talk by Shri Mother began with a reiteration of how ‘topsy turvy’ these modern times are. How difficulties are inherent and how we must have patience and understanding. She referred to the local story about Shri Vittal and the temple and the stone and then She began in absolute earnestness to explain about God.

“That God Himself is capable of all sorts of miracles” and so began the greatest spiritual dissertation that you are ever likely to hear. Her monumental insights range from beginner’s Kundalini experience and stages, up through vibrational awareness, bringing enlightenment to your brain, and the final nuances of becoming, up into Non-Duality.

FULL Maha Shivatri Puja Talk is Below

I would like to convey if we can the depth, the profundity and strength of the Vibrational impact that we experienced during this talk, and then we went further during the three part puja process that followed, where Shri Ganesha, the bedrock of Innocence was worshipped, as was Shri Gauri the ever pure or Nirmala Mother of this Life and Reality, and Shri Shiva, God the Father, or Source of Consciousness, and Witness of Her Divine Play, was worshipped and celebrated.

There are great moments in your life that you regard as, or understand, are pivotal. In much the same way as I had first heard Shri Mataji, less than a year before this puja talk, speaking to me about the relationship between Shri Krishna and Shri Jesus, from inside a pyramid church in Huston, She was now there again, but in person, answering my most in-depth questions about the Sprit, Awakening, the Kundalini and Becoming. How I felt during this talk was beyond words. My Sahasra was opened to such an extent that I literally felt almost cut into, down through the brain and opened up into another dimension.

Afterwards, as we walked out onto the riverbed sand, I had such feelings that I was rendered speechless and trudged slowly like a somnambulist. I do not remember what else happened after that. I was just somehow removed from everything. It was only well into the following day that I was again coherent. Subsequently we heard that Shri Mataji had gone into a very deep slumber after the puja and attendants were not sure She was exhibiting life signs for many hours. It was an extraordinary event and one that you will get some of that experience if you pay full vibrational awareness to this [video talk and puja celebration](#).

Mahashivaratri Puja, Pandharpur (India), February 29th, 1984

FULL TALK “Detachment & Enlightenment of Brain,”

So now, we all have arrived, it’s all right.

Now, this place has been chosen because they said that there are lot of horrible people the other way round. Still, we are having their problems (laughing). All right. You see, you must know these are modern times, and modern times have lots of complications. (Translation from Marathi: “Has everyone arrived? I will first speak in English, then in Marathi.”)

In these modern times, a place which is supposed to be a holy place becomes the most unholy place. It’s such a topsy-turvy condition these days. And when we are trying to establish something very fundamental, it’s like a little seedling that has to come out of the stones, you see. It has to fight lots of things, so **we have to keep our brains intact and be sensible about everything, and try to see what we can achieve through our patience and understanding – is very important.**

Today I think is a very great day for all of us because this place is the place of Viraat, of Shri Vitthala. Is the place where Shri Vitthala appeared to a devoted son and when he asked Him that,

“You better stand on a brick”, He stood there. And they say that He stood there waiting. Some people say that the statue that we see came out of the Mother Earth on this sand and that’s what Pundarikaksh carried saying that, “These are the ones who came to see me and my parents; and I was busy with them, so they are standing on the same brick which I threw.”

Now the whole story has to be taken in a very sensible way, with the common-sense in it. **That God Himself is capable of all kinds of miracles. We, who are created by God, are doing some things which look miraculous.** Say, if you take about hundred-year-old situation of this world, we can say that today we are seeing many things which could be miraculous. Hundred years back, nobody could have thought that they could have all these arrangements done here, in such a far-fetched places.

But all these miracles come from the power of God. So we are the creator of that wee bit, very wee bit of that miracle. So all the miracles of God cannot be explained and should not be explained. They are beyond our minds, and, **to make people feel the presence of God, God can do anything.** He can move into all the three dimensions and also in the fourth dimension. He can do whatever He feels like. That’s what you have seen now in your every day-to-day life, how many miracles take place to all of you, and you can’t understand how it works out. Even it works out on things which are not living, and people are quite amazed how these things happen. **So we have to believe, now, after seeing all this ourselves, that He is God, and He can do anything that He feels like. And we are nothing. We are nothing. There should be no rationality about it – of understanding God’s miracles. “How can it be? How could it be?” You can’t explain.** Only when you achieve that state of mind where you believe, through your experiences, that God is all-powerful. It’s very difficult. This concept is very difficult because we are limited people, we have limited powers, and **we cannot understand how God could be all-powerful because we, we haven’t got the capacity. So, this God who is our Creator, who is our Preserver, the One who desired that we should exist, who is our existence itself, is an all-powerful God, all-powerful. He can do whatever He likes with you. He can create another world, He can destroy this world. It’s only if He has to desire.**

My idea of coming to Pandharpur for Shiva Puja was this: that Shiva represents the Spirit, and the Spirit is residing in all of you in your hearts. The seat of Sadashiva is on top of your head, but is reflected in your heart. Now, your brain is the Vitthala. **So to bring Spirit to your brain means enlightenment of your brain. Enlightenment of your brain means the limited capacity of your brain has to become unlimited, in its capacity to realise God.** I will not use the word ‘understand’ – but ‘to realise God’ – how powerful He is, how miraculous He is, how great He is. The another is that the brain of man can create – of course, out of the dead; but **when the Spirit comes into brain, then you create living things, living work of Kundalini.** Even the dead start behaving like living because you touch the Spirit in the dead.

Like the nucleus inside every atom or a molecule has the Spirit of that molecule. And if you become your Spirit. We can say the brain of a molecule or an atom is like the nucleus, body of the nucleus. But the one that controls the nucleus is the Spirit that resides within the nucleus. So now you have got the attention, or the body – the whole body of the atom – then the nucleus, and inside the nucleus is the Spirit. In the same way – **we have this body, the attention of the body. And then we have the... we have the nucleus – is the brain. And the Spirit is in the heart. So the brain is controlled through the Spirit. How?**

That around the heart there are seven auras which can be multiplied into any number, seven raised to power sixteen hundred, which are the ones which watch the seven chakras, raised to power sixteen hundred – sixteen thousand (7^{16000}), sorry. **Now this Spirit is watching through this aura; watching – I am again saying “watching”- through this aura.**

This aura is watching the behaviour of your seven centres in your brain. Is also watching all the nerves that are working in the brain – “watching”, again. But when you bring the Spirit into your brain, then you go two steps ahead, because when your Kundalini rises, She

touches the Sadashiva and Sadashiva informs the Spirit. Informs in the sense – reflects in the Spirit. So that's the first state where the watching auras start communicating through your different chakras in the brain and integrating it.

But when you bring your Spirit to your brain – this is the second state – then you really become self-realised, in the full way, in the full way because then your Self, that is the Spirit, becomes your brain. Action is very dynamic, it opens then the fifth dimension in the human being. First, when you become Realised, collectively conscious, and start raising the Kundalini, you are in, you cross the fourth dimension. But when your Spirit comes into your brain, then you become the fifth dimension – means, you become the doer. Our brain, now, for example, says, “All right, lift this thing up”. So you touch it with your hand, you lift it up. You are the doer. **But when the brain becomes the Spirit, the Spirit is the doer, and when Spirit is the doer, then you become a complete Shiva – self-realised.**

In that state, if you get angry, you are not attached. You are not an attached person to anything whatsoever. If you possess anything, you are not attached. You cannot attach because Spirit is detachment, is complete detachment. You don't bother about any attachments whatsoever. Even for a second, you are not attached. Now, I would say, to understand the detachment of Spirit, we should study ourselves very well, clearly: “How are we attached?”.

We are attached, firstly, by our brain, mostly by our brain because all our conditionings are in our brain, and all our ego is also in our brain. So all emotional attachments are through our brain, and all our egoistical attachments, also, are through our brain. That's why it is said that after Realisation one must try to practice the Shiva Tattwa by practicing detachment.

(Translation from Marathi: “Please, give me the shawl. It's so cold because of Shri Shiva”)

Now, how do you practice this detachment? Because we get attached to something, of course, through our brain, but through our attention. **So we try to do what we call Chitta Nirodh, is to control your attention: where is it going?** In the practice of Sahaja Yoga, if you have to rise higher, you have to improve your own instrument, and not the instrument of others. This is one thing one should know, for definite.

Now you just watch your attention, where is it going. Watch yourself. As soon as you'll start watching yourself, your attention, you'll become more identified with your Spirit. Because if you have to watch your attention, you have to be your Spirit, otherwise how will you watch it? So, now, see where is your attention going. First, the attachment is, in all gross ways, to your body. So we see Shiva – He has no attachment to His body. He sleeps anywhere. He goes to the cemeteries and He sleeps there because He's not attached. He can never be caught up by any bhoots or anything, nothing of the kind. You see, He is detached. The detachment is to be watched and seen through your own attachments. **Now, because you are realised souls, not yet the Spirit, has not come into your brain, of course, but still you are realised souls. So, what you can do is at least to watch your attention, you can do that.**

You can watch your attention very clearly, by seeing where your attention is going. And then, controlling your attention also you can do. Very simple: to control your attention you have to just remove your attention from this to that. Try to change your priorities. All this has to be done now, after Realisation – a complete detachment. So the body demands comfort, try to make body uncomfortable a little bit. Try. What you think it to be comfortable, try to make it little uncomfortable. That's why people went to Himalayas. You see, coming to this place itself has caused us lot of problems (Shri Mataji laughs). But going to Himalayas – you can imagine.

So after Realisation, they used to take their body to Himalayas, “All right, go through all this. Let's see how you act?”. So what you call the penance side starts now in a way. It's a penance

which you can do very easily because now you are realised souls. With enjoyment, little try to make this body... For Shiva, it doesn't matter whether He is in a cemetery or in His own Kailasha or anywhere.

Where is your attention is, you see. That your human attention is hopelessly bad.

Very entangled nonsense it is. "We did this because of this". There's an explanation. Or others have to give an explanation. No explanation is needed to be given, or to be accepted, or to be asked for. No explanation. To exist without explanation is the best way. In a simple Hindi language, "Jaise rakhahu taise hi rahu": "*Whichever way you keep me I'll remain in that state, and I'll enjoy*". Further in this poem, Kabira says, "If you make me go on an elephant" – means the royal conveyance – "I'll go. If you make me walk, I'll walk". "Jaise rakhahu taise hi rahu". So no reaction on that point, no reaction. First no explanation, no reaction.

Now, second is about food. But that's the first seeking human beings had as animals. No attention on food! Whether you have salt or not, whether you have this or that – no attention on food. Actually, you should not remember what you ate this morning. But we think as to what we are going to eat tomorrow. **We consume food not for running this body, but for sort of a more satisfaction of tongue pleasures. Once you start understanding that pleasure is a sign of gross attention – any kind of pleasure is a very gross sensationalisation – sensations. Very gross it is.** But when I say, "No pleasures", means, doesn't mean that you should become serious people and people of, sort of, as if somebody is dead in your family! (Laughter, Shri Mataji laughs)

But you should be like Shiva. So detached. He came on a bull, which was running very fast, to get married. He was sitting on a bull with His two feet like this, you see, and the bull is running fast and He is holding the bull. The feet like this! (Shri Mataji laughs) And He's coming for His wedding. And with Him are coming people with one eye, without noses, all kinds of funny people coming with Him. And His wife feeling quite embarrassed at the nonsensical (Shri Mataji laughs) things people are talking about Shiva. He is not bothered what's His reputation would be, this thing. But that doesn't mean that you become hippies. You see, this is the problem is: that once you start thinking like that, you become hippies.

Many people believe that if you try to behave like Shiva, you become Shiva. Many believe that way: that if you take ganja, you become Shiva because Shiva used to take ganja. Because He used, He was consuming all that to finish off from this world. For Him what does it matter whether it's a ganja or anything? Give Him anything, He'll never get drunk, no question. He is consuming all that. Or they think if they live like Shiva, the way He was detached about things, least bothered about His appearances. **What appearance Shiva needs is that, whatever He appears as His beauty.** He doesn't need anything to be done.

So, attachment to anything is ugliness. Is ugliness, is nonsense. But you can dress up whatever way you like, or even if you are in the most ordinary dress, you will look the most magnificent person. But it's not that if you, if you say that, "All right, so under these circumstances, let us go about on a one sheet wrapped around". The beauty that has evolved within you through Spirit, gives you that power that you can wear whatever you feel like – makes no difference to your beauty, your beauty is there all the time.

But have you achieved that state? And that state only you achieve when your Spirit enters into your brain. With ego-oriented people is more difficult, and that's why they cannot enjoy things. At the slightest pretext, they topple down. And Spirit, which is the source of joy, just doesn't come in, doesn't show. The joy is beauty. The joy itself is beauty. But that is a state one has to achieve.

Attachments come by various methods. If you go little ahead with it, then you have attachments of your family, “What will happen to my child? What will happen to my husband? What will happen to my mother, to my wife?”, this, that nonsense. Who is your father and who is your mother?

Who is your husband and who is your wife? **For Shiva, He doesn't know all these things. To Him, He and His Power are inseparable things. So He stands as singular personality. There is no dual... duality.** When there is duality, then only you say, “my wife.” You go on saying, “my nose, my ears, my hands, my, my, my, my.” Go, go, go deep down. Till you say “my”, there is some duality. But when I say, “I, the nose”, then there is no duality. Shiva the Shakti, Shakti the Shiva. There's no duality. But we live throughout on our duality, and because of that, there is an attachment.

If there's no duality, what is the attachment, you see? If you are the light and you are the lamp, then where is the duality? If you are the moon and you are the moonlight, then where is the duality? If you are the sun and you are the sunlight, you are the word and you are the meaning, then where is the duality? **But when there is this separation, there is duality, and because of this separation, you feel attached.** Because if you are that, how will you be attached? Do you see that point? Because there is a difference and a distance between you and yours, that's why you get attached to it. **But it's me, who is the other? This whole universe is me, who is the other? Everything is me, who is the other?**

But it's not that, it's a brainwave or a ego brain wave. So who is the other? Nobody! That's only possible when your Spirit comes into your brain, and you become part and parcel of Viraat Itself. Viraat is the brain, as I told you. Then everything that you do – when you show your temper, when you show your affection, when you show your compassion, anything – **is the Spirit that is expressing, because brain has lost its identity.** The so-called limited brain – it has become the unlimited Spirit.

I do not know, I really do not know how to give an analogy to a thing like that. But what we can do is to understand it, that if a colour is dropped in the ocean, the ocean becomes colourful – is not possible. But – try to understand, if a little colour, limited colour, is dropped into the ocean, the colour loses its identity completely. Think of the other way round. If the ocean is coloured, and is poured into atmosphere or onto any part, any – any little wee bit, or onto any spot, onto any atom or anything, it all becomes colourful.

So the Spirit is like the ocean, which has the light in it. And when this ocean pours into the little cup of our brain, the cup loses its identity and everything becomes spiritual. Everything. You can make everything spiritual, everything. You touch anything, is spiritual: this sand becomes spiritual, the land becomes spiritual, atmosphere becomes spiritual, celestial bodies become spiritual. Everything becomes spiritual. So is the ocean that is the Spirit, while your brain is limited. So the detachment from your limited brain has to be brought in. All limitations of brain should be broken, so that when this ocean fills that brain, it should break that little cup, and every bit of that cup should become colourful. The whole atmosphere, everything, whatever you locate, should be colourful.

Colour of the Spirit is the light of the Spirit; and this light of the Spirit acts, works, thinks, coordinates, does everything.

This is the reason today I decided to bring Shiva Tattwa to the brain. The first procedure is to take your brain towards the Shiva Tattwa by telling it, “See, where are you going, Mr. Brain? You're putting attention to this, you're putting attention to that, getting involved – now detach, become the brain yourself, only the brain. Detach! Detach!” And then, take this detached brain, completely filled with the colour of the Spirit. It will automatically happen. As long as you'll have these limitations to your attention, it will not happen. So one has to really, deliberately do this tapasya, every individual.

I'm with you; so you don't need any puja that way. But that state has to be achieved, and for achieving that state, you need the puja. I hope so many of you'll become the Shiva tattwas in my lifetime.

But don't think I'm asking you to suffer. **There is no suffering in this kind of an ascent. If you understand that this is the complete joyous state, that is the time when you become Nirananda. That's the joy named in the Sahasrara, the name of the joy is Nirananda, and you know your Mother's name is Nira. So you become Nirananda.**

So today's worship of Shiva has a special meaning. I hope whatever we do in the outward way, in a gross way, happens also in the subtler way. **I'm trying to push your Spirits into your brains, but I find it rather, sometimes, difficult because your attention is still involved. Try to detach yourself. Temper, lust, greed – everything. Try to reduce.** Like in food I told today Warren, "Ask them to eat less, not like gluttonous people". You see, once in a while, on a day of a big banquet or anything, you eat more, but you can't eat every time like that. It's not a sign of a Sahaja yogi. Try to control. Try to control your speech. Whether you express temper in your speech or you express your compassion or you are artificially compassionate – try to control. I know, some of you may not do much. It's all right. I'll try to tell you many-a-times. I'll try to help you. But most of you can do it, and you should try that.

So, on a deeper level, from today we start our Sahaja Yoga, where some of you may not attain. But most of you should try to go deeper. Everyone. For that, you don't need persons who are very well educated or well placed in life. No, not at all. **But people who meditate, dedicate, go deeper, because they are like the first roots, which have to reach for others much deeper, so that others can follow.**

Now for today's Puja, we'll have a very short Ganesh Atharva Sheersha. Just a – not washing my feet or anything much on it, but is a saying of Atharva Sheersha, and you can put... (Translation from Marathi: "That is during Shiv puja there is no need to wash my feet, as it's already pure")

Shiva is all the time clean, pure, immaculate. So what are you going to wash the Immaculate? One may say that, "Mother, when You wash Your Feet, we get Your vibrations in the water". But so detached that there's no need to wash, at a state where you get completely washed, completely cleaned out.

Then we'll have a Devi Pujan because Gauri, who is Virgin, is to be worshipped. So we'll say the hundred-and-eight names of the Virgin, then we'll do the Shiva Puja. I'm sorry, I cannot tell you everything in one short speech all about this, but detachment must start expressing itself in your Realisation. Detachment. What is surrendering? Is nothing because when you are detached, you are surrendered, automatically. **When you are holding onto other things you are not surrendered, that's all. What is there to surrender?** I am such a detached person, I don't understand all that. I mean, what am I to get out of you? I am so detached. Nothing.

So today I hope we all pray that, "Oh Lord, give us strength and that source of attraction by which we give up all other attractions of all the pleasures, of joy of ego, of everything that we think of, but we should fall into the pure joy form of the Shiva Tattwa. Absolutely."

I hope I've been able to explain to you why I am here today, and why today is a very big day. You all who are here, are specially very lucky people, who should think that God has been kind to you, that He has chosen you today to be here to listen to this. And then, once you get detached, you'll start feeling responsible – abhiyukt – responsible. But a responsibility, not giving ego, but responsibility which is executing by itself, which is expressing by itself, manifesting by itself. May God bless you all.



Shri Mataji: As Bhavani, as the consort of Shiva, She doesn't wear anything very ornamental. As if the oneness with Shiva sucks in all that is manifesting outside. So not much ornaments or anything are to be used. Again this is to make you understand – on rational level it's difficult.

But all this manifestation is when you are not one with Sadashiva. But once you become one with Him, then your identity is lost, no duality anymore remains. So the question of “me and my power” does not arise, “me and my power” become one.

