

AFRICAN NEWSLETTER 7



African Miracle:

Just felt the whole world should know that Mothers always looking after us. She may have not have come to Africa yet, physically as we know her, but she resides here in the heart of all her Africa children.

A few weeks prior to the African seminar in Benin, something within Rajen said go. Immediately on that day, Rajen went to the Travel agency to see if there is any flight to Benin. He bought the ticket, and got some beautiful African pamphlets (pictures of Masai's).

On his way, he gave lift to two African builders. They saw this photo of the Masai's. They seem really captivated by this picture.....at the same time the Sahaja music from Ivory Coast starting playing on my audio system.

Rajen asked them why they were some engrossed in this picture. "We are Masai'sfrom the northern region of Malawi was their reply. Masai's in South Africa, Johannesburg...Mother **has brought them here for something special.** Rajen explained to them, how the Masai's people in Kenya took to Sahaja Yoga, and coupled with the cool vibes from African sahaja music in the background they took their self-realization from Mother. **Why this miracle is being mentioned, is that, this just one of the many stories of people from Africa coming South Africa in the search of Gold.....well they finding something more precious, they find God.**

On the 7th August, Rajen boarded the plane and left to the beautiful land of Benin. The flight was long, but really interesting vibrational. The coolness of Southern Africa. Was this the land there is continuous wars, Aids and every other possible problem?

Rajen reached the airport. He waited impatiently for the Benin yogis to pick him from the airport. An hour passed, and he got worried (and he calls himself a sahaja yogi). Then he remember he had no address of the centres, did not know the surname of the yogis, he **COULD NOT SPEAK FRENCH**,.....what to do now!. All he had.....yes all he needed.... was the big pendant of Shri Mataji.

The French speaking taxi drivers (all surrounded me), pointed to Mothers photo. ' I will taking you there'.....that was the only English they knew.

Rajen jumped in this nice BMW and was on his way.

A few kilometers from the airport, something within Rajen said, 'get out from the car'. But how does he tell them, he cannot speak French. **Mother please help.** Bang! What's that, the tyre busted.

The driver slowly drove his car to a African side-road garage. They could not open the tyre. That was strange. **Mothers got something planned.** The poor driver plodded along for another few kilometers, his car was taking a pounding. He stopped; his car could not go any further.

Rajen jumped out, and believe it, there was a big photo of Mother in the shop, 2m from the car. A yogi was sitting and meditating. **THANK YOU MOTHER.** Yes, he was the son of the local Sahaja leader.

The route to paradise is long, hard and treacherous, but with Mothers blessing, we will get there.

SOUTH AFRICA

Kauan Yin:

One of the 108 Names of Shri Mataji is
"You are Kauan Yin
"Om Shri Mataji Verily You are Kauan Yin"



There is still much scholarly debate regarding the origin of devotion to the female Bodhisattva Kuan Yin (also know as Quan Shi Yin and Kwan Yin). Quan means to inquire or look deeply into, Shi means the world of people, or generations, Yin means cries. The Boddhisatva of Compassion was inquiring into the suffering (cries) that has come down the generations. Kuan Yin is considered to be the feminine form of

Avalokitesvara(Sanskrit), the bodhisattva of compassion of Indian Buddhism whose worship was introduced into China in the third century.

Quan Yin is one of the most universally beloved of deities in the Buddhist tradition. Also known as Kuan Yin, Quan'Am (Vietnam), Kannon (Japan), and Kanin (Bali), She is the embodiment of compassionate loving kindness. As the Bodhisattva of Compassion, She hears the cries of all beings. Quan Yin enjoys a strong resonance with the Christian Mary, the Mother of Jesus

The iconography of Kuan Yin depicts her in many forms, each one revealing a unique aspect of her merciful presence. As the sublime Goddess of Mercy whose beauty, grace and compassion have come to represent the ideal of womanhood in the East, she is frequently portrayed as a slender woman in flowing white robes who carries in her left hand a white lotus, symbol of purity. Ornaments may adorn her form, symbolizing her attainment as a bodhisattva, or she may be pictured without them as a sign of her great virtue.

Kuan Yin's presence is widespread through her images as the "bestower of children" which are found in homes and temples. A great white veil covers her entire form and she may be seated on a lotus. She is often portrayed with a child in her arms, near her feet, or on her knees, or with several children about her. In this role, she is also referred to as the "white-robed honored one." Sometimes to her right and left are her two attendants, Shan-ts'ai Tung-tsi, the "young man of excellent capacities," and Lung-wang Nu, the "daughter of the Dragon-king."

There is an implicit trust in Kuan Yin's saving grace and healing powers. Many believe that even the simple recitation of her name will bring her instantly to the scene. One of the most famous texts associated with the bodhisattva, the ancient Lotus Sutra whose twenty-fifth chapter, dedicated to Kuan Yin, is known as the "Kuan Yin sutra," describes thirteen cases of impending disaster--from shipwreck to fire, imprisonment, robbers, demons, fatal poisons and karmic woes--in which the devotee will be rescued if his thoughts dwell on the power of Kuan Yin. The text is recited many times daily by those who wish to receive the benefits it promises.

The Goddess of Mercy is unique among the heavenly hierarchy in that She is so utterly free from pride or vengefulness that She remains reluctant to punish even those to whom a severe lesson might be appropriate. Individuals who could be sentenced to dreadful penance in other systems can attain rebirth and renewal by simply calling upon Her graces with utter and absolute sincerity. It is said that, even for one kneeling beneath the executioner's sword already raised to strike, a single heartfelt cry to Bodhisattva Quan Yin will cause the blade to fall shattered to the ground.

Thus altars dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy are found everywhere--shops, restaurants, even taxicab dashboards. In the home she is worshipped with the traditional "pai pai," a prayer ritual using incense, as well as the use of prayer charts--sheets of paper designed with pictures of Kuan Yin, lotus flowers, or pagodas and outlined with hundreds of little

circles. With each set of prayers recited or sutras read in a novena for a relative, friend, or oneself, another circle is filled in.

Quan Yin carries the Goddess and Divine Mother aspect of Buddhism. The same Goddess and Divine energy carried by the Virgin Mary in Christianity. In Hinduism it is carried by Shakti, wife of Vishnu, by Parvarti, wife of Shiva, by Radha, wife of Krishna, and by Sita, wife of Rama.

CONGO (DRC):

A Sahaja Yogini from Togo and working in Paris is there has assisted to get sahaja Yoga started in the beautiful country of Congo. This is their story.

Beatrice arrived on the 10th of April and discovered the country still completely devastated by the war with Rwanda. The vibes of the country was typical Africa, with serious left side problems. The vibration however changed with a bit of postering, a havan and puja.

The first public program was held on Sunday 18/04/2004. Mother's lovely appearance attracted approximately 120 seekers. The program was held in a huge cinema, with Mothers video projected on to a 10m screen.

French:

Pays dans un état terrible et c'est peu de le dire. vibrations impossibles à l'arrivée: cathes au mooladhara, swadhastana, nabhi, coeur centre et agya à l'arrivée. cela a duré 2/3 jours. Après affichage pour le programme public, et des flacons d'eau vibrée en même temps; pooja de Pâques, havan à Shri Ganesh, à Shri Durga, les choses se sont bien dégagées. Premier programme le 18/04; avec 120 réalisations. Deuxième prévu le 25/04. Nous faisons cela dans une salle de cinéma et les vidéos sont projetées sur grand écran; du luxe Beaucoup de chercheurs, fourvoyés dans des trucs innommables. Je reviens la semaine prochaine sur Paris

Just some Sahaj Knowledge about Cameroon:

Jai shri mataji

Sahaja yoga in Cameroon going well in two main towns.

Yaounde, capital of Cameroon. Centers in areas we yearn for their creation or rehabilitation are

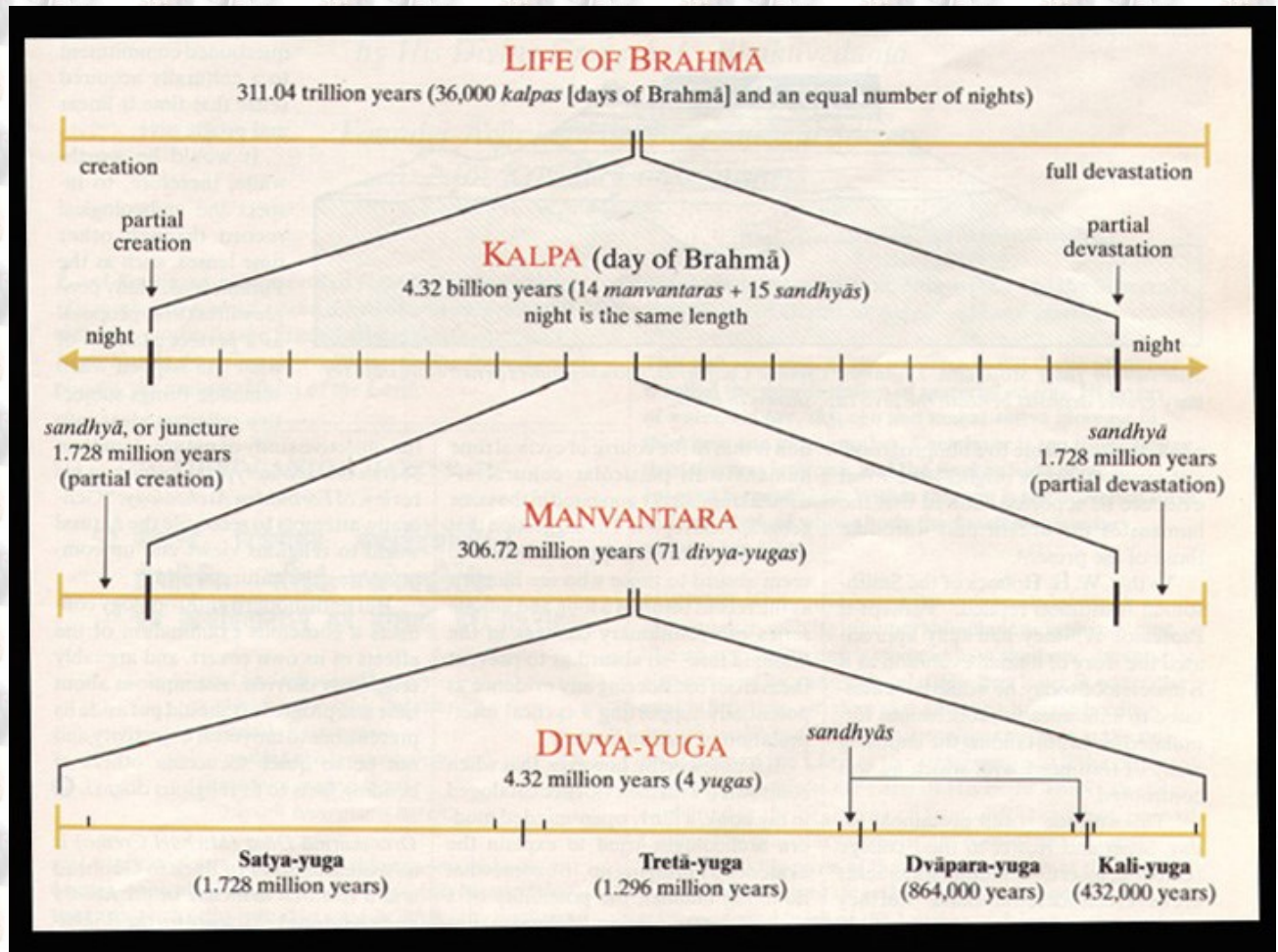
**Mbalmayo center
Sangmelima center
Eseka center
Bafousam center
kribi center
Tonga center
Banyo center
Kienke center**

**Douala,
economic capital of Cameroon have three center
Douala city center I
Douala city center II
Douala city center III**

We humbly ask for the World attention on the successful growth for these centres.

Namaste

LIFE OF BRAHMA:



HISTORY OF BENIN:

Dancing :

There is a huge variety of religious and cultural dances that you might encounter in Benin. Some dance is choreographed in groups, but more often it's individual, intricate and amazingly expressive. Dances occur during special festivals such as La Gani , a celebration of culture and identity, but also during spontaneous celebrations. Be on the lookout for dancers as their life-affirming ceremonies are likely to be the most enrapturing thing you will see in the country.

General Knowledge:

The aspect of Beninese culture that has garnered most interest worldwide is the practice of voodoo, an animistic religion observed by about 70% of the population. The belief is a polytheistic one that sees an interconnectedness of human and spirit worlds. Voodoo is, in a nutshell, the worship of the spirit in all things. A darker side of Benin culture is the widespread practice of female genital mutilation (FGM) - commonly described as 'female circumcision'. Though roundly condemned by international health experts, the practice remains quite widespread, particularly in the north of Benin where some studies suggest that as many as 50% of women have undergone the ritual. Government efforts to eradicate FGM have failed, probably due to the deep-seated, 6000 year old nature of the practice, the social difficulties faced by many women who have not been altered and the healthy profits made by the old women who commonly perform the operation. : We've tried to make the information on this web site as accurate as possible, but it is provided 'as is' and we accept no responsibility for any loss, injury or inconvenience sustained by anyone resulting from this information. You should verify critical information like visas, health and safety, customs, and transportation) with the relevant authorities before you travel.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY:

"To Know The Reason Why"

Another coffee cup, another espresso. The steam from the cup slowly meandered its way into the sharp afternoon air, as Steve watched the passers by. Both his hands were wrapped around the cup for warmth. The rising caffeine laden steam brought back memories of a yoga class he went to, where lots of incense was burned. He preferred to watch the smoke rather than perform the difficult stretching exercises. Eventually he concluded that all yoga was a path to physical pain rather than inner peace.

Six months earlier his wife had died, cancer. Steve was looking for something to take away his suffering, and maybe fill the void in his life. He missed her coffee. She always made it with the right amount of sugar, at just the right temperature, how did she manage to get it right each time? The coffee was striking painful memories, to make it so well she must have really loved him.

Staring at the now cold and empty cup, a silent prayer came to mind;

"I feel like I want to give up
never see another coffee cup
how can you change me, to feel like anew
my life has been hard, if only you knew"

He raised his hand, requesting the bill. A young guy, probably a student due to his lazy dress sense slowly wandered to the table with the bill, and the two complimentary sweets. Steve always gave a tip of 8 percent of the total, which for a single coffee was not that much, so he stood up and rooted through his pockets looking for some extra change.

Something caught his eye. In the corner of the shop, there was a little poster on the wall. Gazing at it while pushing some extra change into the waiter's hand, he wondered why he felt drawn to the picture of the lady on the poster. Reading further, he realized that it mentioned yoga (his personal dislike), but also meditation.

Perhaps these guys do something different, maybe there are no exercises. At the bottom of the poster was the line "Free of Charge". Although he felt guilty for being attracted to it because it was free, he also realized that he had nothing loose by giving it a try.

"To rest a while is what I seek
from all the woes of the week
to just sit down and say a prayer
and let my spirit take me there

**to let the worries float away
and let my spirit, have its say
I feel like I am at the end
What for me, did God intend?**

**Looking for a rest divine
I saw poster where I dine
such a Mother did I see
could her gaze be on me?**

**Sipping coffee, thought a bit
it's nearby, I'll make the trip
paid my bill, and then I left
who put the poster there, the chef?"**

Noting that the class was to begin in two hours and was only a few minutes walk away, Steve decided to do some nearby window-shopping to kill the passing time. He knew that if he went out of the area he might not return, and eventually forget about the whole idea. There was nothing else for him to do anyway, lonely, sad, and looking for some answers or at least just some relief.

Strolling through the shopping mall, he looked at the women's clothes, thinking what would have suited Sarah, his wife. She liked to wear something simple, clean and elegant. Although not a dedicated follower of fashion, her dress sense leads you to believe that she was aware of the latest styles. Often her impulse buys became popular trends. Steve always marveled at her ability to tune into the collective awareness.

As twilight came and the street lights switched on, Steve briskly walked to the venue through a light shower, making everything appears hazy like a Monet painting. His heart was always moved by Monet, whom he thought was a spiritual man that painted the spirit or essence of life rather than life itself. Steve felt a deep gladness that someone in heaven had made everything look like his favorite paintings.

On entering the small hall, he was ushered to a seat. Looking around he noted that everybody was quite normal and no one seemed prepared for anything extraordinary, or difficult. Some people did appear brighter than others, either by a shine on the skin, the tone of the voice, or just a smile. He felt deeply comforted by such people and wanted to walk up to each one and say "Hi", but shyness and a lack of conversational topics prevented him. To kick off the class a boyish faced man almost skipped to the front, introduced himself, welcomed everyone, and began talking. Steve was surprised that some of the points made during the introduction were relevant to him. There was also a video of a lecture given by the founder of the Yoga, Shri Mataji, at which Steve was very impressed since She seemed so normal and Motherly. There was a

strong feeling of comfort and peace coming from the TV. After the video there was the meditation itself, which was surprisingly simple. Steve left his first class with a big smile on his face, and some tea and cake in his stomach.

Over the next few weeks the experience grew, as did his enjoyment of life. Though the pain of Sarah's death had still not eased. Then one evening, while sitting in front of a picture of Shri Mataji, he cried for a long time telling Her how he missed Sarah. That night he had a dream.

Steve was on a balcony, overlooking a vast hall. The furniture and decor was similar to an English aristocracy palace, but the house itself looked Indian in construction. In the centre of the hall was a very long table, at which hundreds of people sat, danced, sang or ate. Their faces glowed with a shimmering light, and Steve was shocked when he recognized people from the Yoga meeting. Just then he heard a whooshing sound behind him, spinning around he saw an Indian Lady walk smiling towards him, then turn a corner into another passage. This was the Lady in the poster, the Lady whom they talk about at the meeting, Shri Mataji Nirmala Devi. He rushed up the tunnel to follow Her. As he hurried after Her down the dark dimly lit tunnels the sound of the singing and dancing grew steadily fainter, until there was only the sound of his feet pattering along the dark stone corridor.

Waking up with wet feet! He was in a huge leaf floating down a gently moving river, with luminous green reeds on either side. Steve could not swim, and was becoming nervous. Attempting to return to the palace he bravely tried to paddle with his arms, but almost fell into the deep water. There was already some water at the base of the leaf. After some time though the fear passed, and he stopped paddling, allowing the river carry him in whatever direction it would take, even at the risk of being stranded on the leaf and the river for the rest of his dream.

He eventually relaxed so much that his eyes became heavy as he gradually fell into a relaxing sleep on the leaf. As this happened he realized he was now standing on a balcony, overlooking a vast landscape over which the sun was setting. Shri Mataji was standing next to him. "The sun is now setting on your fears my son", She said, "you are no longer in the wilderness or lost on the river, you have found my house, and it inside it your brothers and sisters."

He felt a tremendous sense of peace, but then Sarah came to mind.

"Sarah has written a poem for you", Shri Mataji said as She handed Steve a folded piece of paper. "Thank you", said Steve, too stunned to know how to respond in such a lucid and beautiful dream. He read the poem;

**to be an angel, who treads the sky
to be an angel, who knows the why
look for thy wings, with inner eyes
we cannot bear your inner cries**

**we are waiting for your call
upon which, we light the all
so you will have inner eyes
to be an angel, and tread the skies**

**we will keep you safe at night
we will light your chakras bright
who are we, beings you never see
the Adi Shakti, reveals all to thee**

**to be an angel, who treads the sky
to be an angel, who knows the why**

**now you are one with all of us
rejoice, rejoice, for now you must
never will you cry again
'kept with joy, for no more pain**

**in the sky and in the heart
in the day and in the dark
with sword and shield, you never see
remove all foes, and keep you free**

**for one day soon, you will tread the sky
and be an angel, and know the why.**

**Newsletter contributions to be forwarded to Rajen.
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