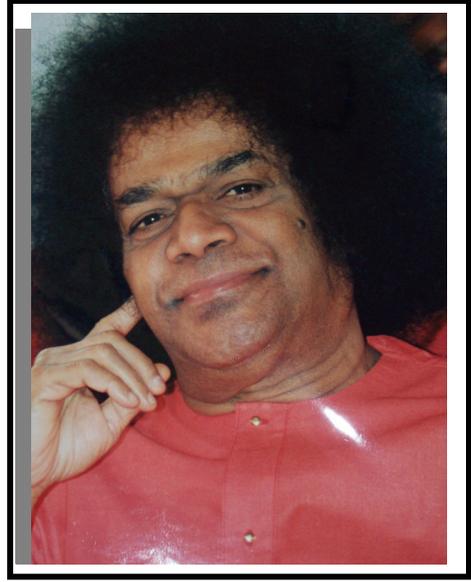


August Newsletter, USA

Sathyam Special Birthday Edition



Amazing Grace



Deep sleep is often compared to Samadhi (spiritual trance), for, the senses and the mind are transcended and the ego is immersed in itself. It is in bliss, but, it is not aware of that bliss, for, wakefulness alone gives that knowledge. So, what can grant realization is the awareness of the waking stage and the bliss of the sleeping stage. Concentrate on the point, where one is having these two: that is the moment of victory. Mark the word 'Sama dhee' - it means balanced, unruffled intellect, and equanimity in the face of grief and joy, pain and pleasure, rejection or rejoicing. One who has attained that stage will be indifferent to fear or favor, to hate or love, to praise or blame. Where there is only One, how can even thought arise? That is the true Samadhi- the Being - the Awareness and the Bliss.

*"Surrender is not about losing control. It's about allowing a higher
Wisdom to take charge over one's life."*

Bhgavan Sri Sathya Sai Baba



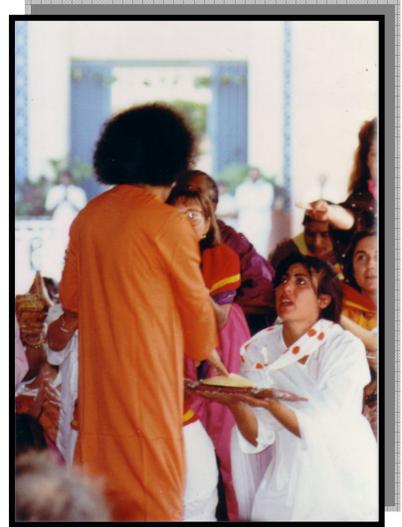
Whether you know it or not, it doesn't matter, you are GOD without the body and mind. If you eliminate what you know for just a split second and who you think you are, you are left with who you really are, and what will never change. So go out and play your game and know that it doesn't matter: you are who you are. If you know it you benefit, if you don't know it, it doesn't matter anyways.

An individual, as a body and mind, is an instrument for True which her or his Oneness has been pronounced, announced and declared. Some say We are Instrument, some say "I AM THAT", it doesn't matter. The body is always instrument for Divine Omnipresent, Omnipotent and Omniscient. That is why there is no difference between us, the only difference is our understanding, that is all.

Sathyam

From Sathya Sai Newsletter, USA
Baba's 80th Birthday Commemorative Edition, November 23rd 2005

From Darkness to Light



As it is impossible to paint God on a canvas, so it is impossible to write about God.

Even the mere use of language in attempt to name the Nameless creates a painful separation. Therefore I will attempt only to share one of my early experiences of Sri Sathya Sai Baba, with the hope on conveying to you the powerful transformation that has resulted from the blessings of my Master. In order to truly know who He really is, the ideas of separation should not exist. To understand the power of this interaction, one must shed judgment and surrender to the mysterious healing potential that exists in the midst of the heart that is willing, ready, and full of yearning.

We each have to know Sai Baba by His Oneness and not by a concept of what we think He is or should be. Even if we think He is God, what does this mean? Do we really know what God is or is not, or do we just have a concept or belief in the images we have created in our mind about Him? Baba's teachings are aimed toward the destruction of these concepts and beliefs.

His teachings target the breaking down of every image in our mind in order for us to see what is beyond all these ever-changing images. By this method we eventually see the nothingness of the mind. As our images fade away by intense inquiry toward the source of the mind, we witness the mind devoid of images; there, we behold pure consciousness, or Being - Awareness - Bliss as Baba calls it, *sat-chit-ananda*.

We have among us, One who is ready to set us free: free of illusionary judgment, free of misconceptions, free of the relative world. May we ever avail ourselves of the freedom that He is here to offer us by His Grace.

Now I would like to share with dear readers one of my early experiences with our beloved Baba, and how I was led of His guidance:

This body was born and raised in Iran, in a predominantly Islamic society. Although my family and I did not practice Islam, its presence was undeniably and deeply ingrained upon my consciousness. I saw this clearly on the day that I met Baba. The first darshan for me was not pleasant at all, as it is pleasant for most people. I understood that my initial feeling of skepticism was due to the fact that Muslims worship only the formless, and this belief unconsciously had affected me. Therefore an overwhelming fear and doubt stole my precious moment- a moment I had waited for all my life. I was terrified at having committed the worst sin by coming to this ashram in the first place, where people were treating Sri Sathya Sai Baba as God. I was shocked to see that even though, until that moment, I had not practiced Islam, how easily I was persuaded by those feelings of resistance. Fortunately a force or strong prompting from within kept me around for the remainder of our trip. On Christmas Eve of 1981, Baba gave us an interview.

During this stage of my life, I felt so completely wounded by life that I barely crawled into the interview room. I was sobbing and whispering to myself, "At last I am home." Immediately Baba let us know by His remarks about our lives that He knew us inside and out; then merely by the wave of His hand, He made so much *vibuthi* for me that it would have been enough for many more people.

Although most people would appreciate His *vibuthi* and feel fortunate to receive it, such was not for my case.

Before I went on our trip to India I recalled saying to myself, "I hope that Baba does not make me *vibuthi*." I remembered having read in the Avatar book that Baba makes *vibuthi* for people. I think I was scared to accept the *vibuthi*, because unconsciously, I was fearful of change. Since change represented an area that was unknown to me, and as much as I was there to get His help, I was also resistant to receiving it.

At that time I had two enormous enemies coexisting in my feelings. One was fear, and the other doubt. These two "thieves," as I used to call them, would rob me of every precious moment. On that first day with Baba, the two thieves marched as soldiers in the form of thoughts toward my mind, until my mind became a battlefield of illusionary emotions. Baba, knowing full well what was going on inside me, completely ignored my dilemma and created much *vibuthi*. I looked at His face; He was beaming with a smile of radiance. I said, "Baba should I take it for my children?" He answered, *No! You eat all of it. I will give you more later for your children.* He knew my plot. He went around the room to other people, and yet kept His eye on me, so I could not cheat.

When I finished eating some and pouring the remainder all over myself, He came back and filled my palms once again. I looked at Him to ask what was going on. He indicated to me to eat the second helping. (Indeed it was a helping.) I looked at my husband with a look of helplessness. My husband had an ear-to-ear smile on his face.

This was my first physical contact with Baba. He was teaching me to trust Him, so that He could help me to fly. He was saying, *Cooperate with me in the mending of your wings.* Since I had been doubtful and fearful from the very first time that I saw Baba giving *darshan*, I decided to come clean; I turned to Him and said, "Baba I doubt and fear you." I figured either He would get offended and ask me to leave the *ashram*, in which case I could blame Him for it, or He would successfully free me from the two thieves.

He looked at me with a great deal of affection and deep, deep understanding. He said, *Don't worry. I will take care of it.* He gave unexpected and unconditional understanding and love. This was just the right remedy for such a wounded bird. I felt much more at ease after that, and I said, "Baba I have suffered so much." He answered. *Yes, Yes, I was there beside you.* I asked Him how to end it, and He said, *Listen to your conscience-voice.*

At that time I was so young, sick, and inexperienced that I had no understanding of what the inner voice was, so again I said, “But Baba, I don’t know what the conscience-voice is.” He simply said, *You will*.

This is the power of the *Sadguru*. The words spoken by Him are like thunder, tearing back the curtain of ignorance. From then on, His teachings in the form of the conscience-voice continued.

For me Baba is the *Asatoma prayer* (“Leads us from the unreal to the real, from darkness to light, and from death to immortality”), the *Gayatri* mantra, every scripture, every pilgrimage, every path – and His presence is beyond all faces and forms. He is the One who lovingly takes us from unreal to real; He is the One who points us to our true existence. He is beyond recognition, yet the face beyond everything that we recognize. He is beyond understanding, yet everything that we understand. He is beyond love, yet everything that we love, and ultimately the greatest Truth is that He is you and I.

Until we have experienced our ultimate Self, it is impossible to realize who He is, and Baba will continue to remain a mystery. For those of us who truly are ready to receive what he is here to give, I would recommend to dive deep, and there you will find Him as Thyself. Until the many is seen as one, the One remains unseen.

I would like to say to all my Iranian brothers and sisters, and all the people reading this who are struggling with doubt and fear in their lives, that there is not only hope for us, but there is total freedom awaiting us.

Our Baba knows how to turn our weakness into strength. All we have to do is trust Him, listen to our inner Truth more than the stirrings of the mind, and to love our Guru with all our heart and soul until we realize that there is no difference between Guru and disciple.

I would like to thank my most precious, my Nozzanin, my Baba – for all the patience, love, and grace that he has showered upon our family.

Sathyam

Reno, Nevada

Sathyam's Message

“Desire Black & White”

(12/05/06)

Poor the mind, dressed in black and white,
Going through the cycle of time,
Repeatedly discontent,
As it sees the light, it's already dark,
Smashed between like and dislike,
Moaning like a wounded dog,
Poor the man,
Whose name and form is mixed and created in this black and white.
(In other words name and form is made out of the mind.)
Tossed between pleasure and pain, Puppet of a needy mind
Pity the chain that is tied to his neck and the end to the tree of life.
Pages upon pages form his misery upon the canvas of his life.
Oh mind dressed in black and white,
Listen, listen ever so carefully:
All the information you have gathered as knowledge of survival
Empty and yet full of pain.
I say to you, “Spit your knowledge, fear, hesitation and doubt,
Spit your concern of duality, of good and bad.
Let the man with his mind clothed in black and white
Die on the altar of wisdom and light.
Be a witness to this crucifix
That frees one from the cycle of birth and death.
Listen the wanderer in the mind.

Watch the caravans of never ending thoughts marching before you.

Move not, shake not, fear not, I am with you.

That I AM is, was, ever will be, without color, pure, unaffected, ever there.

Free from stories and death.

Creation is not outside of you ,

Rather created from the series of movements in the color of black and white.

The cries of agony and joys are this black and white,

And yet they are intertwined.

Free yourself of color, bleach away its duality

By staying in the colorless ground of I, SELF, THAT.

It is very profound, in that we live in the black and white and we are tossed between two extreme colors. Until there is an agony of release and then the bleaching starts and the chain loosens.

Creation is not outside of us, it is made of the black and white. In other words, creation is imagination of the mind. Where we are sitting, it is inconceivable what I am saying, but that is all I can do, I don't know how to prove that fact to you. One has to experience it for oneself to see the truth of it.

We came before the creation, so the creation was not after us, we were after that. When I say "we" I am not talking about the person, I am not personalizing it. If you think of yourself as an individual, yes it appears as though the creation is outside of you, but If you take your body and name, you will realize that in that the creation started forming.

Don't believe the mind. World is reflection of your mind. When you see who you really are, the Reflection of your mind is only Light, Oneness. World is not outside of your consciousness. When your consciousness is pure, the world doesn't exist for you.



*“If you look into my Eyes, I will look into your eyes. By looking into my Eyes,
you see yourSELF” - Sathyam*

تقدیم به خاک پای معلم عزیزم، ساتیام

تو جان منی نی ای ز اندیشه من	از دل نروی یار پسندیده من
در مزرعة عشق توئی ریشه من	تا بذر حقیقت بدلم کاشته ای
تا آنکه بدادی به کفم تیشه من	از عشق تو فرهاد شدم کوه به کوه
در شام سیه نوری و آئینه من	چون جام جهان نما نشانم دادی
پر از گل و لاله گشت این پیشه من	آزاد شدم ز بندگی ای یاران
در غرفه عشق توست چون پیشه من	بازار دلم بی تو کساد است دگر
در مکتب عشق توست آدینه من	گر خاک رخت سرمه کنم کم باشد
جانا نروی ز دل توئی دیده من	گویند رود ز دل که از دیده برفت



با عشق فراوان، تولدت را از صمیم قلب تبریک می گویم، تهمینه



“On THE WALL”

Silence is the base to all activities. It is important to close the shop of imagination, to sit and bathe the five senses, the mind and the body in it. There are a lot of places to go to like bars, clubs, gyms, hospitals, etc. where people go to have mental or physical relief. For us silence is very crucial and this can be carried over if we choose to carry it over. Take silence as your companion. Just be very vigilant with the silence as you open your eyes. Look around and still be aware of that silence; as a witness in the silence and as a witness in the world at the same time. Be a witness to this silence and as a witness you can carry it every where. If not, there will be two of you separated from that silence; two. When we are in the deep meditation we get used to silence, and when we are in the world we are bombarded with the inward noise and outward noise. You have to stand at the line between the two, the witness of the noise and the witness of the silence. Part of each and yet none of the above. Being in it and yet beyond it is the **“Art of Living.”**

That witness is alertness, the watcher of the silence and the noise. Then you find out that you are neither. This is an extraordinary freedom because you can shift your attention to either the silence or as a witness to the noise. We prefer one to the other but both have to be watched as if one is a continuation of the other. The manifest and the unmanifest, the breath in is the unmanifest, you let it out and it is the manifestation. Man, woman, unman, unwoman you have to co-exist with each other, just like breathing. If you keep it in you die if you keep it out you die. Witness is the position of the yogis being on the wall, you don't jump on either side. Never completely get involved with either side. Have a deep meditation side and yet crawl out to the other side. You must be consciously aware of this witness, and that will put you apart from the in and the out, and that will give you a feeling of totality. Witness is on the wall not taking any sides.

Sathyam

6/14/06



My sweet Goleh Sathyam,

I honor and treasure this day where the divinity chose to place you in a vessel and transport you to this material world. I know it would have been so much easier to not have taken this body and all the responsibilities which were assigned to it. So I am extra grateful for the fact that you did agree to this lifetime of extraneous divine work. Because of that I am grateful that you have taken me under your wings. I know sometimes I can be a piece of work due to my old tendencies; but I do appreciate that you never give up on me even when I am ready to give up on myself. Thank you for seeing that spark of divinity in me consistently even when it is overshadowed by so much craziness and dialogue in the mind.

Thank you for giving me glimpses of a life that I never imagined in my limited mind as a possibility, thank you for pulling me out of a gerdab (undertow) when the unreality is drowning me even if I may have no clue that I am drowning. You are the parent I never had in the material world and like the lioness that you are you have carried me so well in your mouth. I trust that you may have to drop me to the ground and allow me to walk on my own and I also trust that you will prepare me completely for that day.

You know that you are my world and you dictate to me how my life needs to be lived from the minutest to the grandest decision. Because of your love for me and your always showing up in my world my love for you is beyond explanation for it is exponential in nature.

Thank you for my life and our times together.

Aida



امروز صبح وقتی از خواب بیدار شدم، شمع روشن کردم و روبروی مهرابم نشستم. چشمانم را بستم و قلبم را دیدم. قلبم را به شکل آکاردئونی دیدم که با موج شدید عشق تو فشرده می شد و بعد وقتی باز می شد، نوای دلپذیری از آن بر می خاست. و بعد چشمانم را باز کردم و شروع به نوشتن کردم.

خودم را دیدم خود با خود و خود بی خود
که چگونه بی رنگ و محو بودم و چگونه حقیقت و عشق به آن مرا رنگارنگ کرد و سپس دوباره بی رنگ
رنگارنگ، همواره بی رنگ.

دیدم که چگونه رایحه بهشتی "خود" را نمی بوئیدم و گذران های نا پایدار را می بوئیدم.

عشق به حقیقت و بوئیدن رایحه آن مرا در خود غلطانید.

دیدن را دیدم، نه آنچه که می بینی، آنچه که نمی بینی

و در آنچه که نمی بینی همه چیز را از ماورا تا ماورا می بینی.

من دست فشردنهای عشاق، در آغوش کشیدن های گم گشتگان و قفل شدن یک نگاه در نگاه رها کننده الهیت را دیدم. آنجا که فشردن دست حقیقت را از آغوش کشیدن های بی عمق تمیز می دهی و بعد در نگاه حقیقت رها می شوی و آنجا همه را در آغوش می گیری.

من یک معلم را دیدم، یک "حقیقت"، که می گوید آزاد باش، "من" و "تو" یکی هستیم. پرواز کن، بال های ما یکی است. و من در هر لحظه این آگاهی، تولد "خود" را دیدم.

"تولدت مبارک باد"

با عشق

نیلوفر



To Love You In The Silence From My Heart And Soul

**To love you in the silence from my heart and soul,
Is to understand that I would never be in your loving arms,
Nor in the embrace of the warmth of your body,
Nor in the heat of your flames.**

**To love you in the silence from my heart and soul,
It's to know that my love For you is so secretly intense,
And is more than just a feeling,
It's something that it will go beyond any boundaries
And only you could reach, For only you, are the thief of my heart.**

**To love you in the silence from my heart and soul,
It's like cultivating an imaginary garden of roses,
That every day more and more, My love grows stronger for you,
That each part of my bones is craving and yearning for your love.**

**To love you in the silence from my heart and soul,
Is more than just a breath of air , That I need to live,
It's me loving you, and missing you, It's wanting our souls to unite,
And become one single soul.**

**To love you in the silence from my heart and soul,
It's carrying the cross of a love that is real, that will climb any mountains,
And swim any ocean, It's wanting our love to be deeper than the deep blue sea,
That I would go through any extremes, To capture the love I feel for you,
I love you, with all my heart and soul.**

**My Nazanin, my Most Precious and my Divine Treasure, Sathyam,
From the depth of my heart, I thank you so very much for all the Love, Grace and patience that you
have showered upon me and my family.**

With deepest Love, much gratitude and humbleness,

Gopi

داستان را بسیار خلاصه کنم،

از دوران کودکی وقتی در شاهراه زندگی قدم بر می داشتم، به هر کوچه تاریکی به امید یافتن چیزی پای می نهادم. کوچه ها ترسناک، تاریک و تنگ بودند، به انتهای کوچه می رسیدم و فقط با بن بست و دیوارهای سخت مواجه می شدم. با وحشت بر می گشتم و دوباره خود را به شاهراه اصلی می رساندم. شاید در کوچه بعدی امیدی باشد و چیزی انتظار مرا بکشد، باز به کوچه دیگری پناه می بردم و در گودال های ترس می لغزیدم. در تاریکی چشم ها به دنبال نوری می گشتم، با نگاه التماس می کردم ولی افسوس! باز هم بن بست، باز هم وحشت، باز هم تاریکی، و من دوباره باز بر می گشتم تا کوچه دیگری را تجربه کنم....

دوران کودکی، با تجربه کوچه های وحشت سپری شدند. گریه های شبانه من در رختخواب و بالشهای خیس هر شب و دعاهای نجات از ترس و خفگی به منبعی که اصلاً نمی دانستم چیست بالاخره در دوران جوانی معجزه ای آفرید و خداگونه ای فانوسی به دستم داد. از آن پس کوچه ها را با فانوس می پیمودم و هر بار که به بن بست می رسیدم، با فانوس، راه باز گشت را می یافتم و به کوچه های بعدی پناه می بردم، تا اینکه نازنینی بار دیگر دستم را گرفت و با چشمان بی انتهایش به من فهماند که لزومی ندارد که به هر کوچه ای سر بزنم و بفهمم که این یکی نیز بن بست است. او با نگاهش به من گفت که فقط به یک نقطه بنگرم، و به کوچه ها بی محلی کنم. و من چنین کردم. نگاهم را از کوچه ها بر گرداندم و به یک نقطه نگریستم و دویدم. هر چه بیشتر و بیشتر می دویدم فقط به خود نزدیکتر می شدم. هر وقت سرم را می چرخاندم تا نگاهی هم به کوچه های اطراف بی اندازم، "خود" کم رنگ تر می شد و کوچه ها پر رنگ تر می شدند و با کشش شدیدی مرا به درون خود دعوت می کردند. اما یک چیز را می دانستم و آن اینکه دیگر کوچه های خیالی و دروغی را باور نخواهم کرد، چرا که آنجا چیزی جز وحشت و توهم منتظر من نیستند. و من با رحمت آن خداگونه، فانوس را به دست گرفتم و عشق آن چشمهای بی انتهای نازنین را باور کردم و خود را عاشقانه در آغوش فشردم و تولدم را رقص کنان و مستانه جشن گرفتم.

با ارادت به "حقیقت"،

پانته آ



I have often wondered how come a little girl from Romania ended up half-way across the world, in the Biggest Little City in the World – Reno, Nevada. I left Romania in 1992 to go to school in the United States. I spent two years in a small town in Missouri, by the name of Nevada. Then, I transferred my studies to Reno, Nevada, making it my home for the last 15 years.

A little more than four years ago I happened across a little store downtown Reno and was enthralled by a sign in the window: “Tuesday nights, meditation, at 7 PM.” The owner of the store spoke very highly of the teacher – an American lady, born in Iran, who led people into meditation and had a unique approach to spirituality. With some anticipation, the next Tuesday night I went to see for myself. And thus started my love affair with the Truth.

What I saw, heard, experienced and felt intrinsically in my being, spoke to my heart and soul. My attention was immediately grabbed by our loving, beautiful, peaceful and serene Sathyam. I was taught how to meditate, and I slowly learned to become quieter and more aware. With love, patience, and practice, the Truth was revealed and felt. I had always felt the grace present in my life, but I now had some tools for tapping into its source. With every Tuesday night, the search for peace, freedom, awareness, and bliss – the Truth – slowly but surely became my intention.

It’s been said that we can’t always see the forest for the trees, that we need someone with a new and fresh perspective to show us what we haven’t been able to see – that which is right in front of our eyes. With unconditional love, Sathyam has been my indicator and compass ever since I was fortunate and privileged to meet her. To my questions and feelings of disbelief at my luck, Sathyam explained that “my number came up” and advised that I should better not dare give it up ☺ No chance of that! With God’s unwavering love, grace, and help, I intend to keep it!

I often wondered why I ended up in Reno, Nevada. Now I know: with God’s grace and blessing, I came here, or better yet, I was brought here to meet Sathyam. And to be shown the way home. Words fail me when I wish to describe the love, gratitude and immense reverence I feel towards Sathyam. But I know that, while unexplained, there may not be a need for words. From the bottom of my heart, THANK YOU, SATHYAM!

With all my love,

Mihaela





**I'm not here to bring you peace, I'm here to demolish ignorance and ignite wisdom, I'm here to help
unwind the false and remake you in Truth. – Sathyam**

آن شاه دلم آمد و من طعمه آن شاه شدم
آن دلبر جان آمد و من مست و خرابات شدم
آن لعبتِ جان آمد و من بی غم و دیوانه شدم
آن نعمتِ عشق آمد و من خاکِ سمرقند شدم
آن شهید و شکر آمد و من زنده و جاوید شدم
آن گوهر بحر آمد و من صید و غزل خوان شدم
آن نور خدا آمد و من شاهد و آزاد شدم

آن باد خزان آمد و من بی من و کاشانه شدم
آن جام جهان آمد و من در ره جانانه شدم
آن سرور جان آمد و من غالب امیال شدم
آن یار دلم آمد و من عاشق دلخسته شدم
آن همدل آمد و من بی سر و بی قال شدم
آن عید و بهار آمد و من بلبل و پروانه شدم
آن دولتِ عشق آمد و من دولتِ پاینده شدم

تولدت مبارک

ساتیام عزیزم ، نازنینم، حقیقتم،

با عشق بیکرانم، تولدت را با احترام و تواضع فراوان به تو، به خودم، به بابا و به تمام عالمیان، خصوصا به عاشقان
راحت و همچنین به خانواده عزیزت تبریک و تهنیت عرض می کنم.

با عشق فراوان،

گوپیه ساتیام

The last Farsi poem explains my spiritual journey after I met my Guru, my Beloved, My Nazanin, Sathyam. It's the story of how ignorance, old beliefs, and concepts are getting destroyed and demolished after the TRUTH is met, Believed, Trusted and Obeyed. It's the process of elimination of what I had collected since they told me I was born through many lifetimes. It's the joy of falling in LOVE with TRUTH, burning like a butterfly around the candle of the Truth in that selfless LOVE, and feeling the joy of seeing things with the single EYE, the joy of playing the worldly game but knowingly, the joy of not going with thoughts, the joy of being asleep to the world and being awake to the Truth. It's the joy of finding HOME, entering the kingdom of God, the joy of not living an ordinary life anymore. It's the joy of tasting the real Freedom, and the joy of living in LOVE and TRUTH with every breath.

My Nazanin Sathyam,

Thank you for bringing Light, real Love and Joy into my life. With my deepest Love and appreciation, I would like to say "[Happy Birthday](#)" to You, myself, Baba, and everybody in the whole universe, specially to the seekers of your Truth and also to your dear family.

Gopi

As Baba says, Self-Confidence is the foundation for Self-Realization. Because Self-Confidence brings Self-satisfaction, Self-satisfaction brings Self-sacrifice, Self-sacrifice brings Self-Realization.

Self-Confidence however is the foundation. Having Self-Confidence is about the SELF which is unmoving, unchanging and unshakable. We have to develop confidence in its existence. The more confidence you have in that conviction or in the Truth that you are beginning to accept, the more it will show itself and you will see it taking shape in your life.

Everything comes and goes including love. Even Divine love expressed in the form is temporary. What is eternal is wisdom. If you are given the wisdom, you have received the highest love because wisdom and love translate each other.

Sathyam

4/30/06

Sathyam's DVDs, audio CDs and Transcripts from her classes, conferences with Iran and books are available . To access those, please contact nazzanine7@yahoo.com

