



# BABA BIRTHDAY CARDS

Presented by Avatar's Abode Archive -  
From the Bruford Collection

ARCHIVAL PHOTOS

FURTHER INFORMATION

DIGITAL EXHIBITION

## THE COLLECTION

This digital exhibition presents photographs of the Avatar's Abode Archive collection of Baba Birthday Cards collected carefully over many years by the Bruford family and bequeathed to the archive by Bernard Bruford in 2023.

Currently being re-housed and archived for protection in perpetuity this precious collection demonstrates the forward-planning, love and care of those closest to Baba and how they celebrated Him across the world - sending a handmade/ hand printed greeting card every year on Baba's birthday to close lovers across the world

***Meher Year signifies the age of Baba's human form; Meher Baba was born in 1894. Thus, Meher Year Sixty-Nine, is the Gregorian calendar year 1963 and so on.***

***This archive display opened on the 25th of February, 2025, Baba's Birthday on "Meher Year One Hundred and Nineteen", including a physical display of the cards in Baba's house***

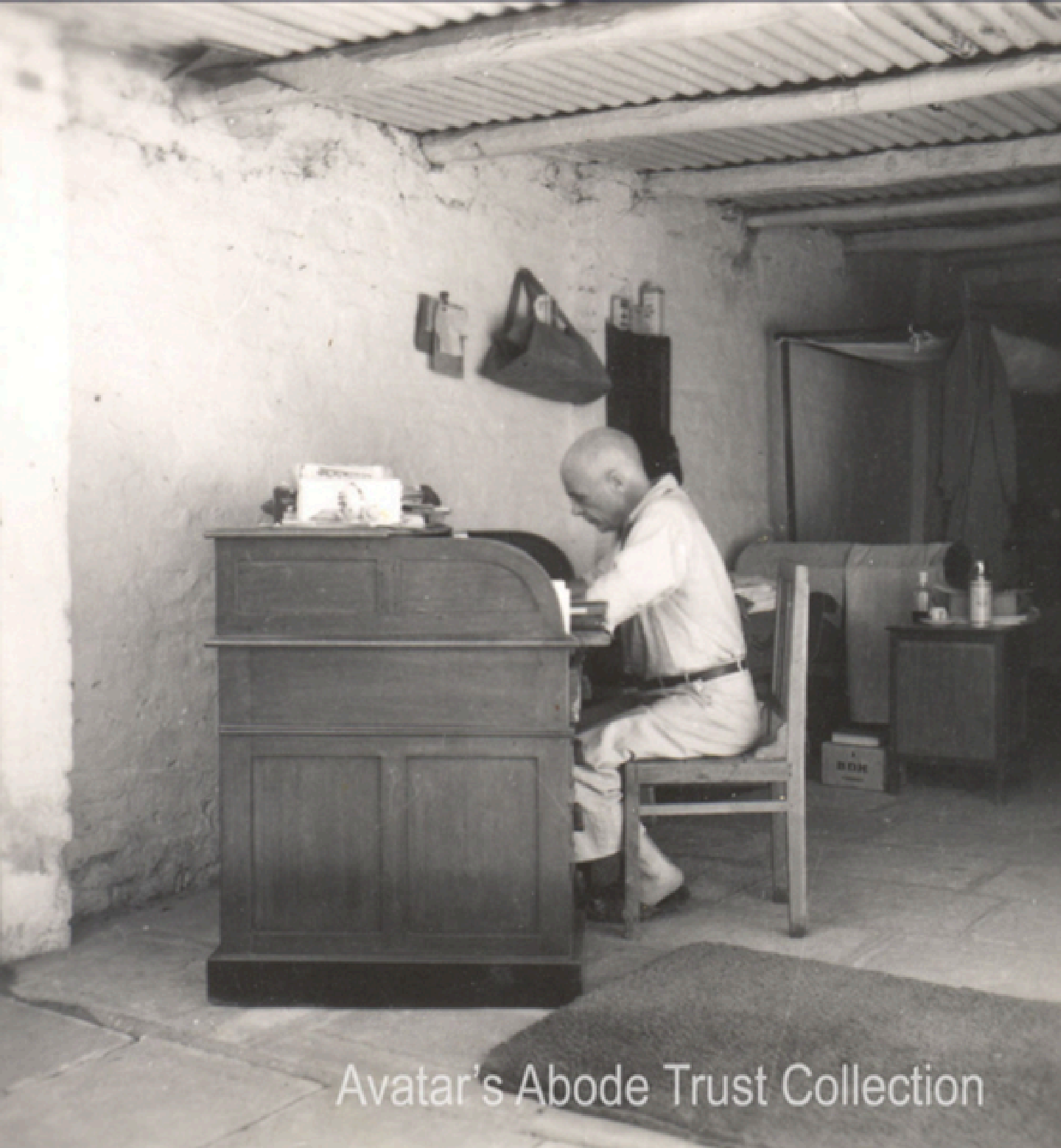




# FORMAT

As you may notice each card is unique but follows a consistent format as such...





## Francis' Poetry Inclusions

Several of the cards in this collection have poems by Francis Brabazon. From Birthday Card: Meher Year Seventy-Eight , the poem reads:

**Sing!      O sing Meher's name;  
ring,      heart-bells his boundless fame.**

**He is God and He is Man,  
at his Nod the world began.**

**He is truth and All-beauty  
he is true Infinity.**

**Cling! O cling to Meher's Name;  
Spring soul lightly in his game.**

**He is Giver, he is Friend,  
love's great River, Journey's-end;  
divine Sun that shines for all,  
the Same One for great and small.**

**-Francis Brabazon**

Avatar's Abode Trust Collection



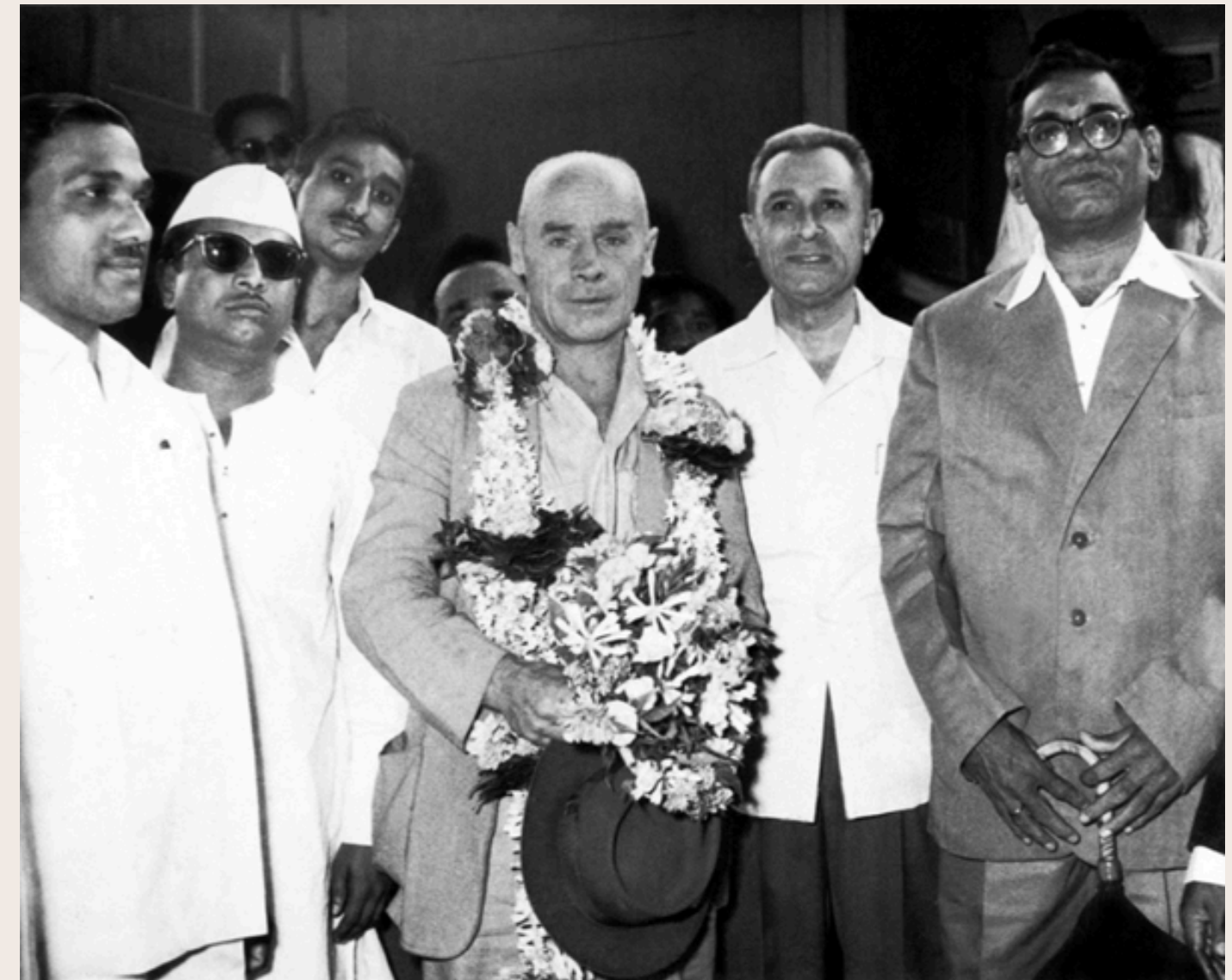
# The Kakaria Family and White Cloud Paper Mill

Meherjee Kakaria first met Meher Baba at Meherabad in 1927. He lived in Iran for many years and then settled in Poona ( Pune ), India. In Poona he established White Cloud Paper Mills, which was blessed by Baba himself.

It is beleived that the Birthday cards were made and printed at White Cloud Paper Mills, the Baba community here at The Abode are encouraged to reach out to the Archives to build a more full picture of these cards and their creation.

Many of the Cards are addressed from Meherjee, Homai (his wife) and his two daughters (Mehernaz and Pervin).

At the end of his life Meherjee was buried in the Lower Meherbad men's graves.



Francis Greeted in Poona, Meherjee on the far right.

Image: [www.meherbabatravels.com](http://www.meherbabatravels.com)





Meher Baba with Meherjee in 1956, Washington D.C. at Ivy Duce's home. Meherjee on the far left.  
Image: [www.meherbabatravels.com](http://www.meherbabatravels.com)





# Memories of Meherjee

*by Dr. Khorshed Pasricha*

In the oppressive summer heat of Bombay, over 50 years ago, Meherjee Karkaria came into my life as my future brother-in-law. My elder sister Homai had met him in Iran, and he had proposed. He visited us, to ask my father for my sister's hand in marriage. He was well-dressed in Western clothes; soft-spoken, social, neat, and compact. He met with my approval. He was fond of omelettes, and I cooked him one (Parsee style). My attempt met with his approval.

Meherjee talked of Meher Baba and His ashram to me. I had just finished school and was enrolled for college. I became curious about meeting Baba. Meherjee talked of Baba's kindness and expressed his utter faith and acceptance of Baba as his Master and guide. Since Meherjee came from a very orthodox priestly family of the Zoroastrian religion it was very impressive to me.

Meherjee's father had not approved -- he had gone to Baba's ashram to get his son back. Baba instructed Meherjee to go with his father, and Meherjee had obeyed Baba implicitly.

Meherjee made an affectionate son and brother to his family, and an affectionate and devoted husband to his wife, father to his children, and grandfather to his grandchildren. He would fondly play with his youngest grandchild Zubin.

Meherjee was one of the most obedient devotees of Baba. When Baba asked him to leave Iran and return to India 30 years ago, Meherjee dropped a prosperous business and returned as ordered. When Meherjee found himself lost and at sea in the business world of Bombay, Baba assured him "It is My responsibility to see you successful." Meherjee described to me how Baba guided him and helped him in his very successful industrial venture in Poona, where his firm has a monopoly on the manufacturing of filter paper.

I owe it to Meherjee to increase my faith and understanding of Baba. He never stopped talking of Baba's kindness, and how much he owed Baba for his success.

Meherjee described his last meeting with Baba to me. Baba was reclining on the sofa, very ill. He asked Meherjee to kiss him on the cheek, saying it was time for Him to go. "I have accomplished all that I had to on this earth." Baba asked Meherjee to receive Western devotees who had come for His Darshan. On returning from this duty, his wife told him about Baba dropping His Body. Meherjee gave generously in charity, saying "Baba has given me much more."

On my last visit to Poona in early 1990, we had talked and I had encouraged him to walk with the help of a walker. As it was time to leave Meherjee looked deep into my eyes, saying "Khorshed, I am sorry I could not serve you." I knew it was a goodbye, and that he was not afraid to die.

May his soul rest in the peace of Baba whom he so dearly loved and served.





# Materials

The collection presents a vast array of materiality and paper making methods, To create unique and beautiful colour combinations, patterns and contrast. Each card is made differently, with love and intention.

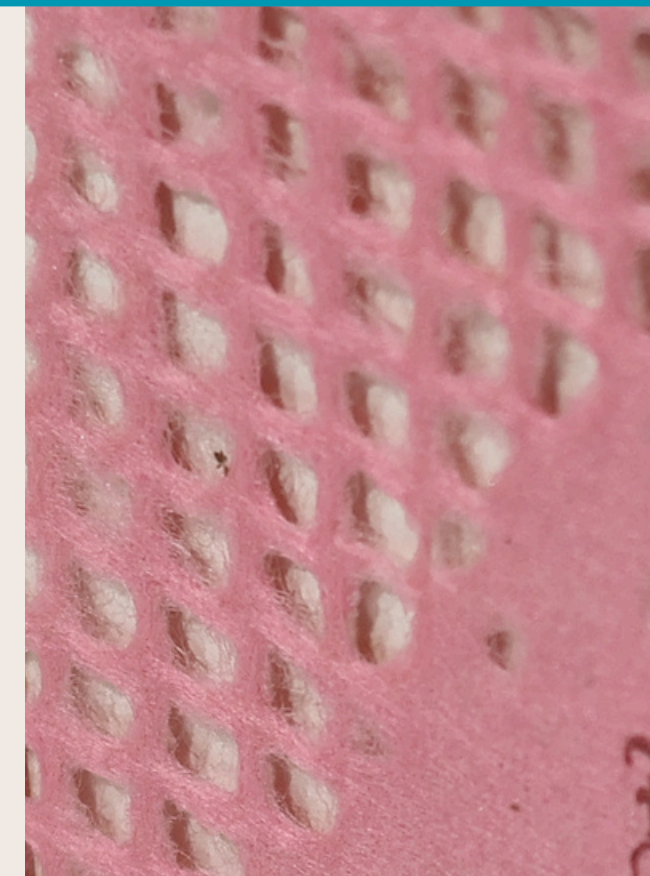
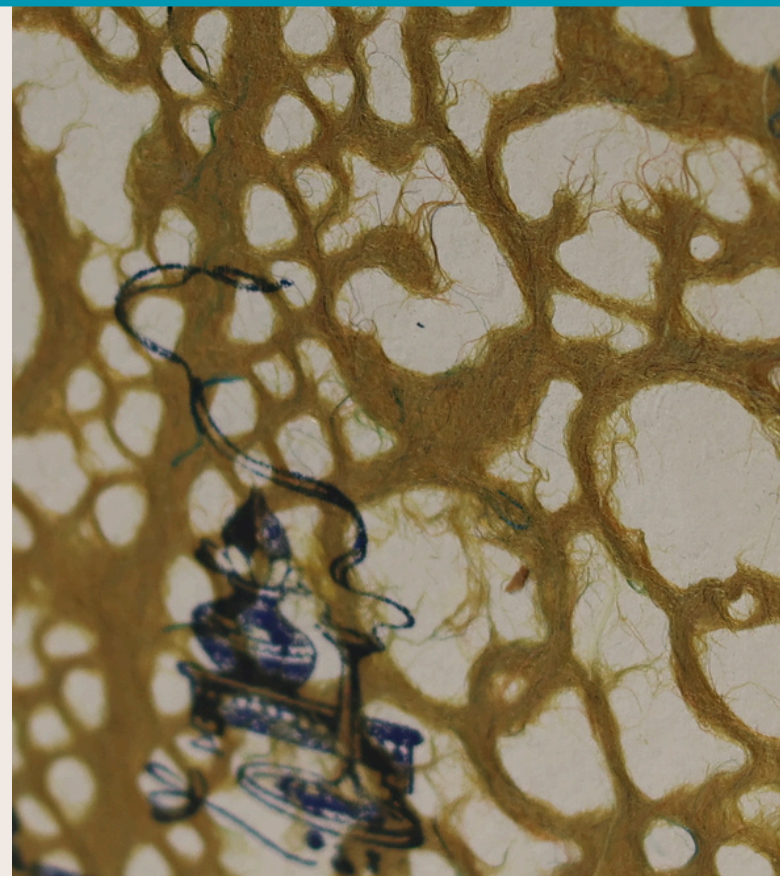
**Pulped and compressed vegetable matter including wheat husk and other organic grain remnants**



**Fine silk waste hand woven into a lace-like sheet and decopaged onto handmade savanna brown card**



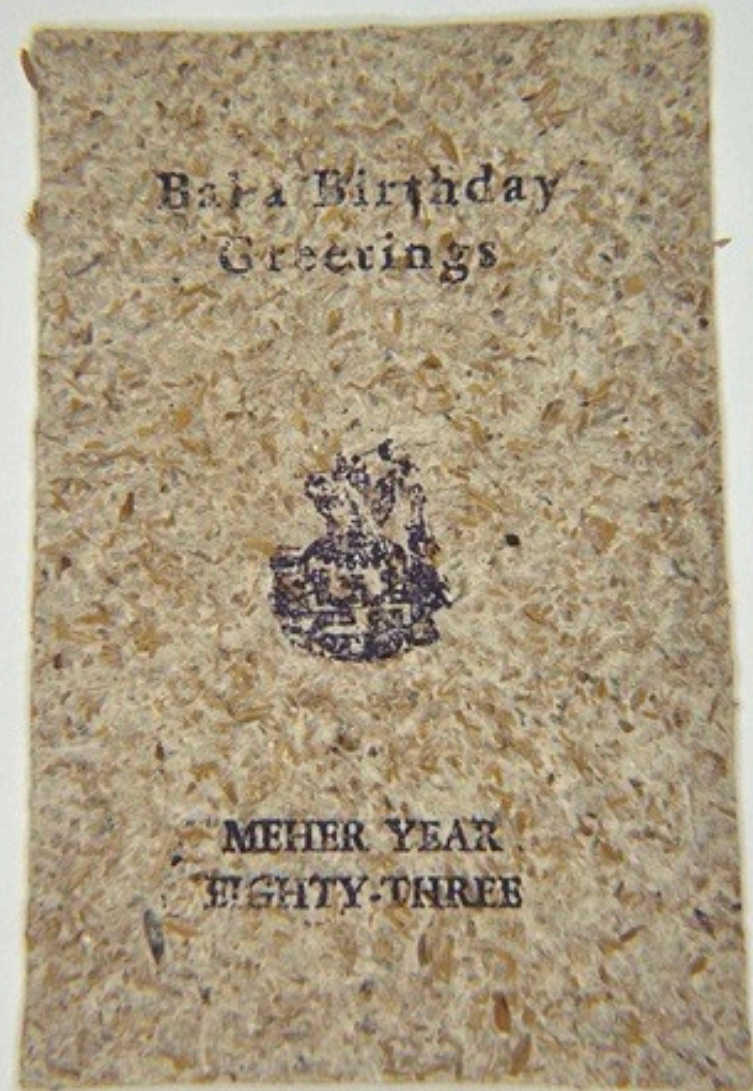
**fibrous cotton/silk rag pink paper - perforated using block cutting method and decopaged onto card**



**Silk thread added to paper pulp during process**



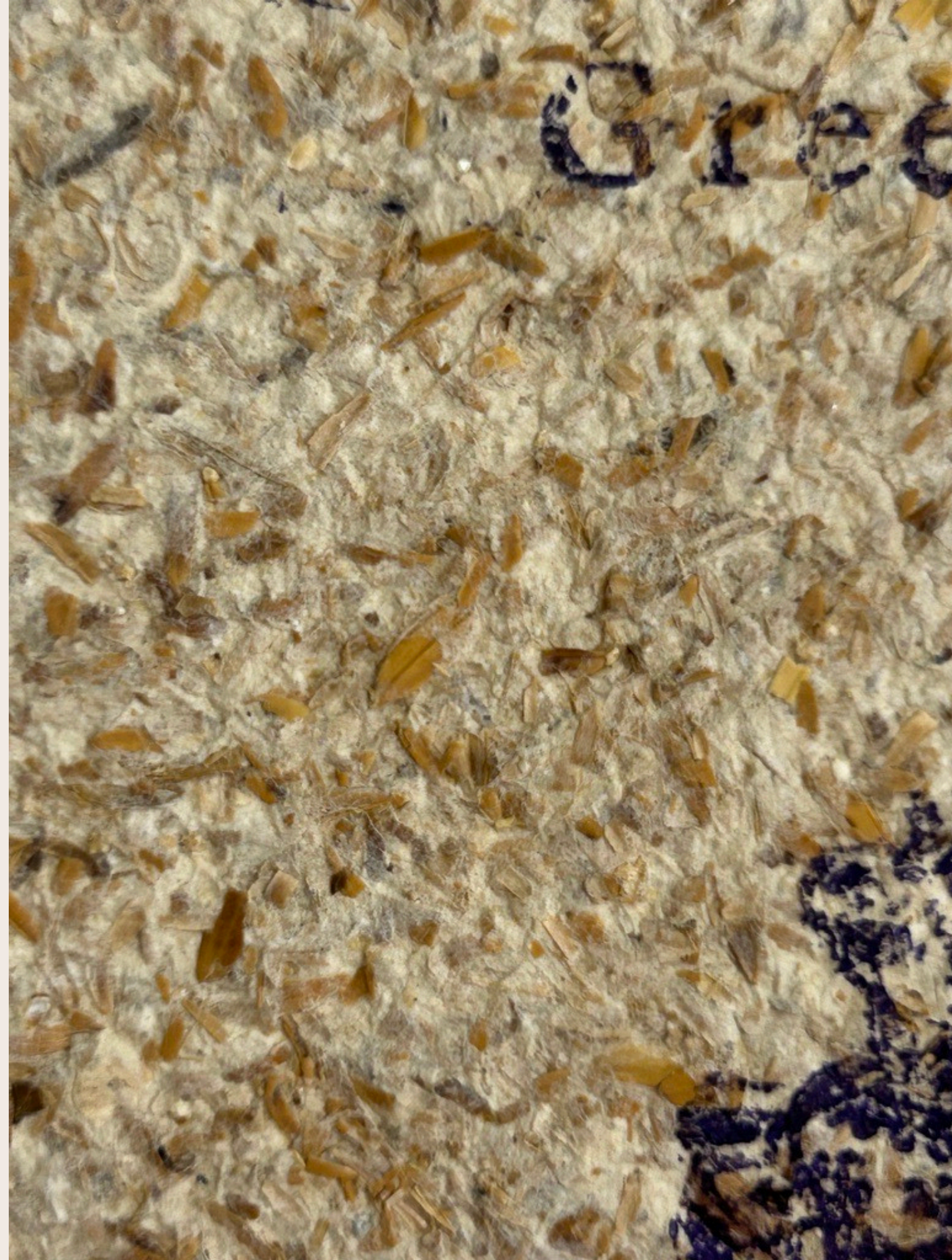




Baba Birthday  
Greetings



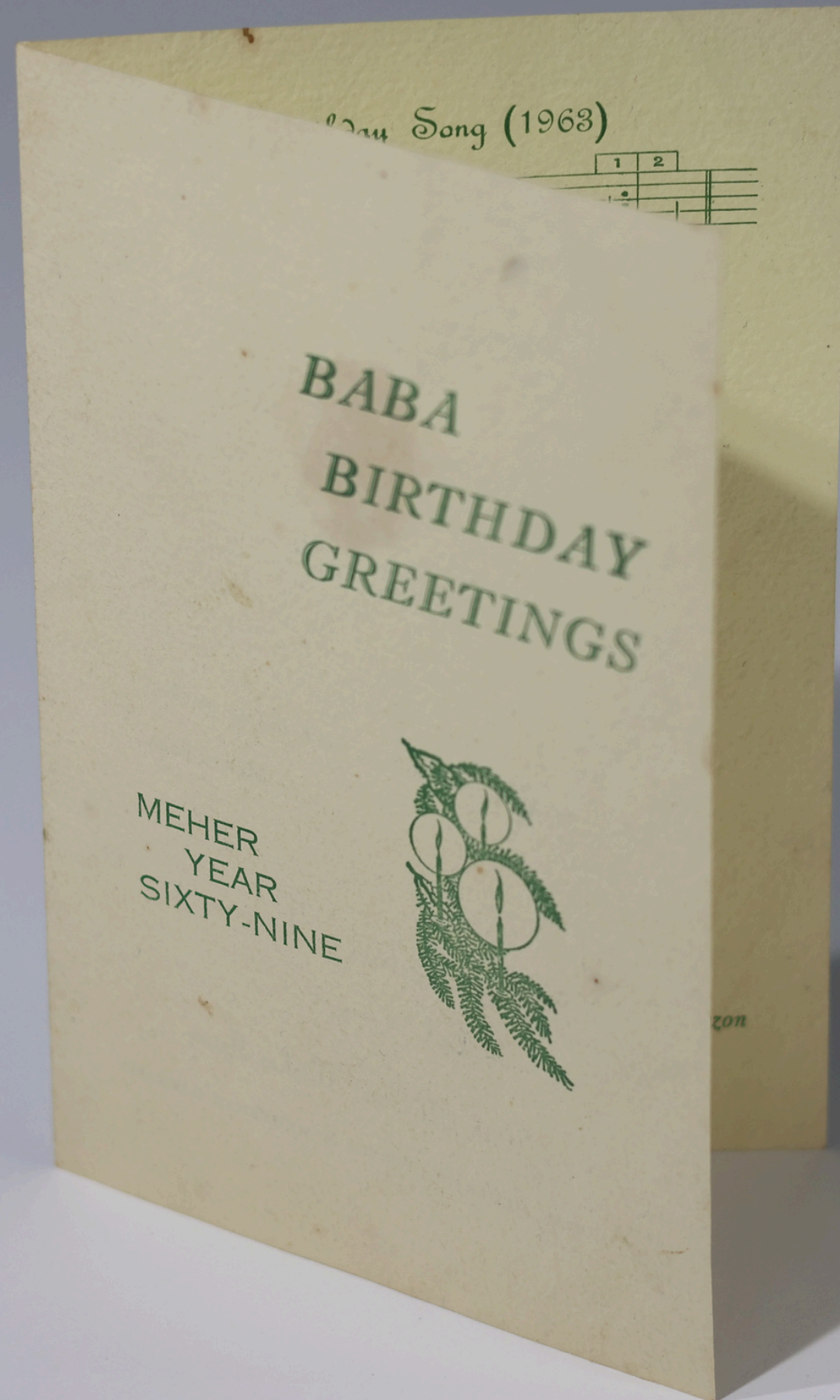
MEHER YEAR  
EIGHTY-THREE



Greetings



**Meher Year Sixty-Nine  
(1963)**





*"I have come not to teach but to awaken"*

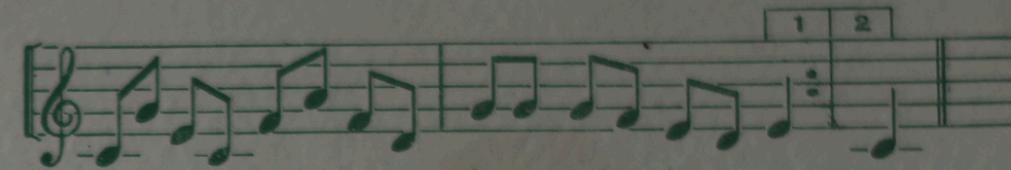
— MEHER BABA

To  
Dear John, Joan & the  
children

With All Good Wishes From

HOMAI, MEHERJEE, PERVIN & MEHERNAZ KARKARIA

## Birthday Song (1963)



Glad are we in you, dear Baba,

Glad are we in your Birthday—  
That you in your loving Kindness  
Came on earth with us to stay.

Round the Earth your love is flowing  
As a river wide and deep,

Making full and rich the harvest

That each, at Time's end, will reap.

Th' light of New Day now is dawning  
As a heavenly flower rare,

In its heart we are discerning

Your Face, Baba, dear and fair.

Hear my song, beloved Baba,

That I sing on your Birthday—

It's my pleading that you, Baba,

In my heart forever stay.

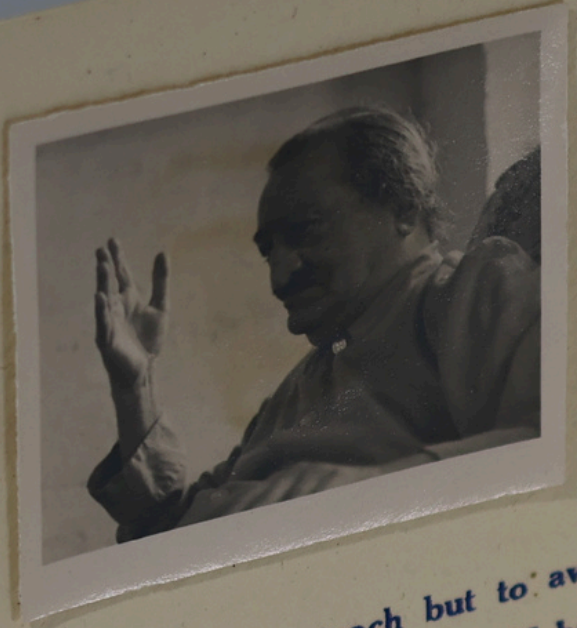
— Francis Brabazon



Meher Year Seventy  
(1964)







"I have come not to teach but to awaken."  
—Meher Baba

With All Good Wishes From  
HOMAI, MEHERJEE, PERVIN & MEHERNAZ KARKARIA

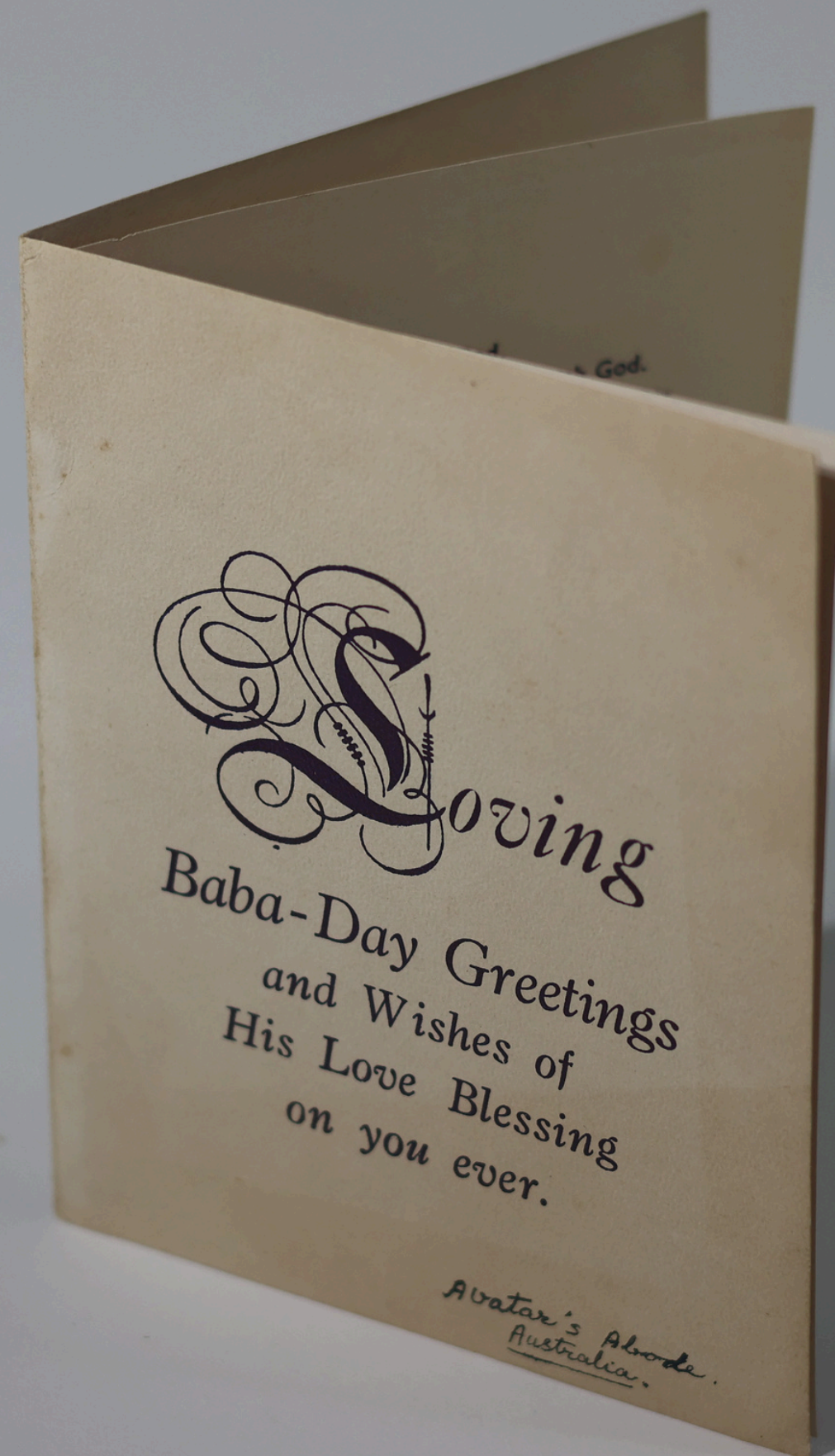
The aim of life is to love God.  
The Goal of life is to become one with  
God  
To do this, you have not to renounce the  
world,  
But to renounce the low desires, dis-  
honesty and hypocrisy.  
Then in the midst of activities you will  
be loving God as He should be  
loved.

—Meher Baba

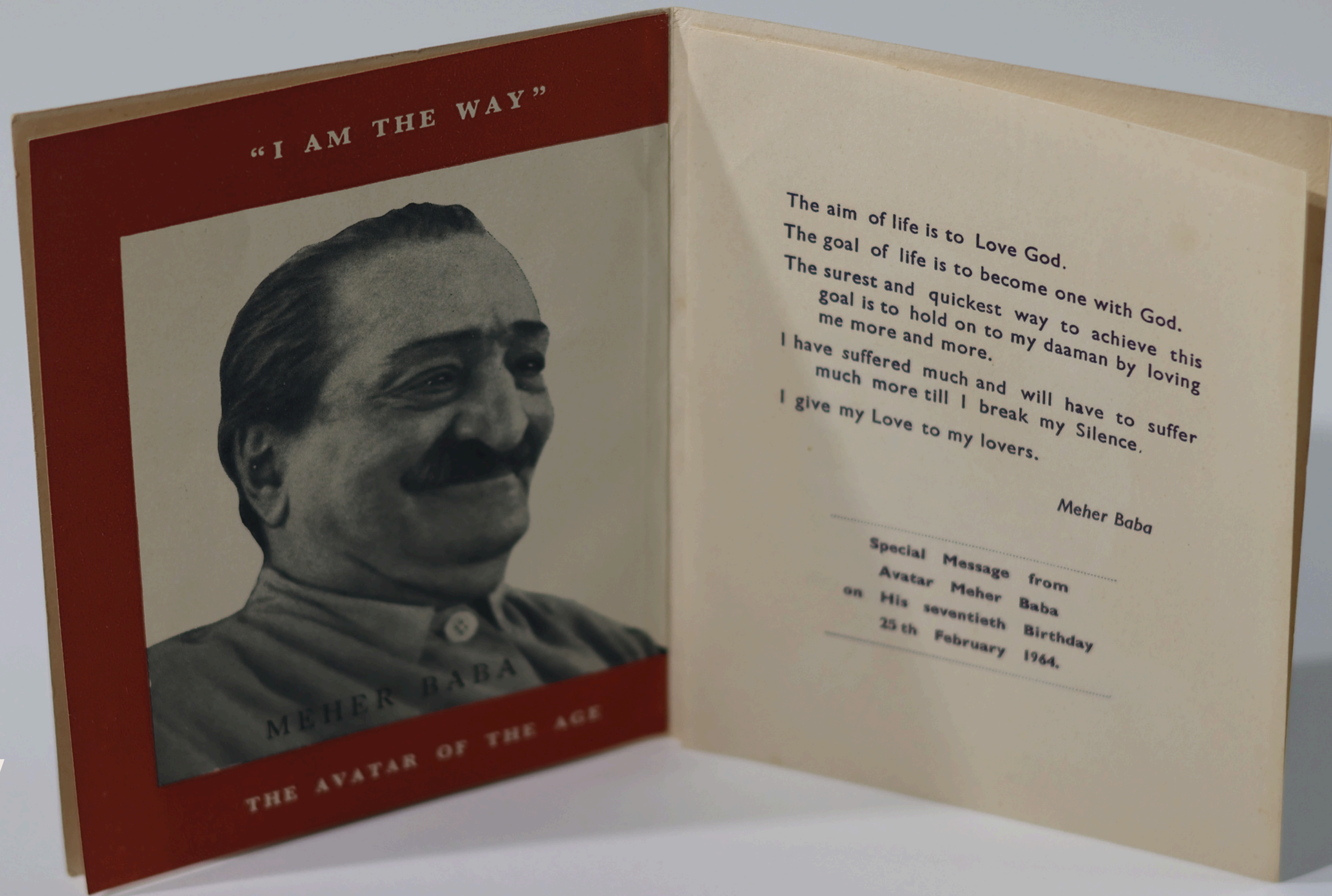
Meher Year Seventy  
(1964)



**Meher Year Seventy  
(1964) (2)**



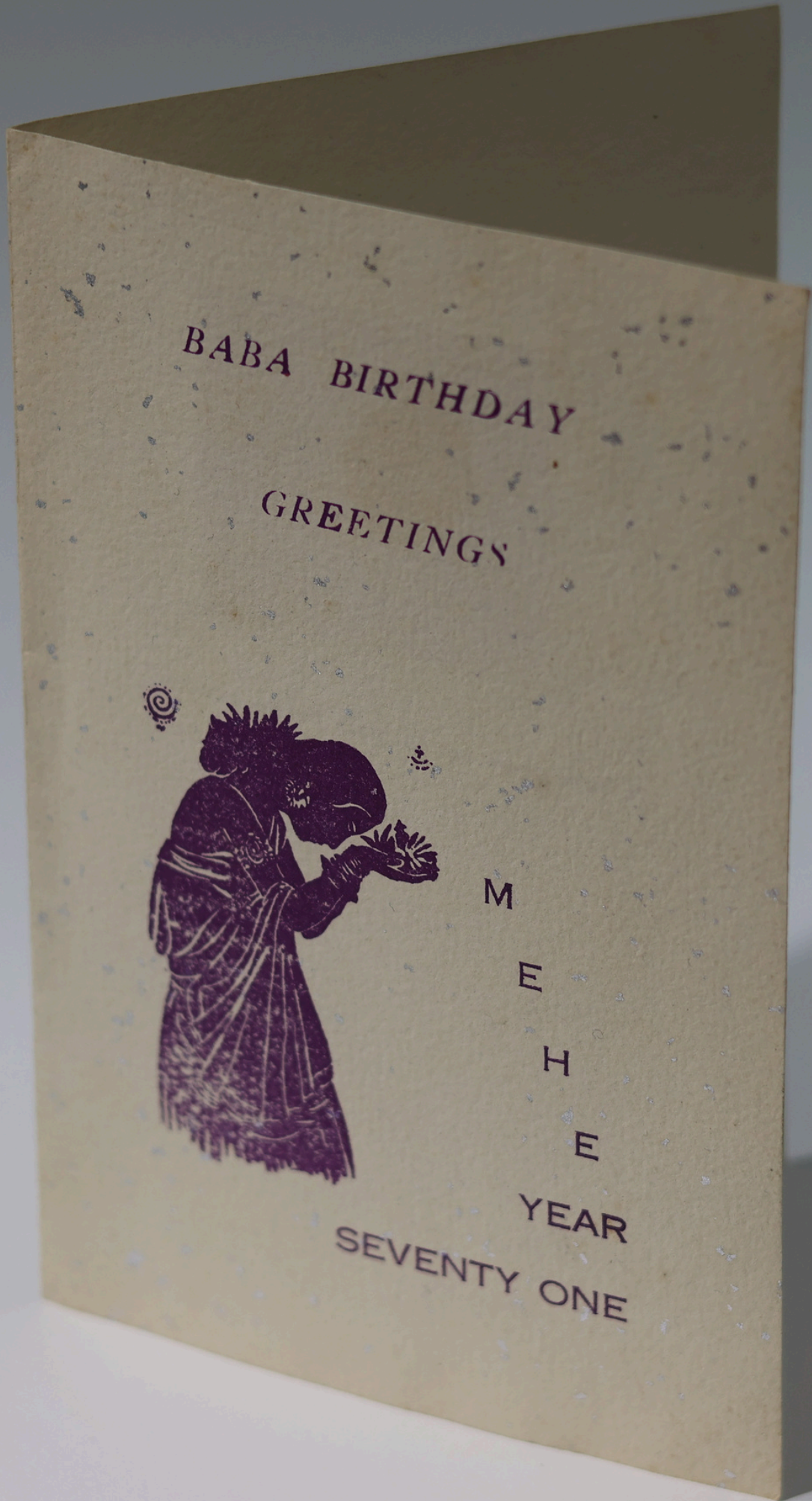




Meher Year Seventy  
(1964) (2)



Meher Year Seventy-One  
(1965)





Meher Year  
Seventy-One  
(1965)



"I have come not to teach but to awaken."  
—Meher Baba

To  
dear Mr & Mrs Buford  
& family

With All Good Wishes From  
HOMI<sup>a</sup> MEHERJEE, PERVIN & MEHERNAZ KARKARIA

Who is God-Man? The Brightness and the Love  
Whom men call different names; who made and makes  
Universes for Self-knowing and takes  
Infinite care of them; "comes down" to shove  
Us on our shining road—steel fist in glove  
Called by himself tempered wind for shorn sheep's sakes—  
By breaking our hypocrisies and fakes;  
Symbolized by the lion and the dove:

Who brings again another spring on earth  
After materialism's winter; sings  
Birds to singing, with fresh inspiration  
Fills hearts with harvests of dietary worth;  
Urges the Homeward marchings of all things,  
By giving each a glimpse of his next station.

—FRANCIS BRABAZON



**Meher Year Seventy-Two  
(1966)**





"I have come not to teach but to awaken."

—Meher Baba

With All Good Wishes From

HOMAI, MEHERJEE, PERVIN & MEHERNAZ KARKARIA

### THE BLESSED DAY

*The blessed, becoming day that we see  
From Meher beloved descending,  
We greet it with hearts' joyful minstrelsy  
And souls' pure and silent ascending.*

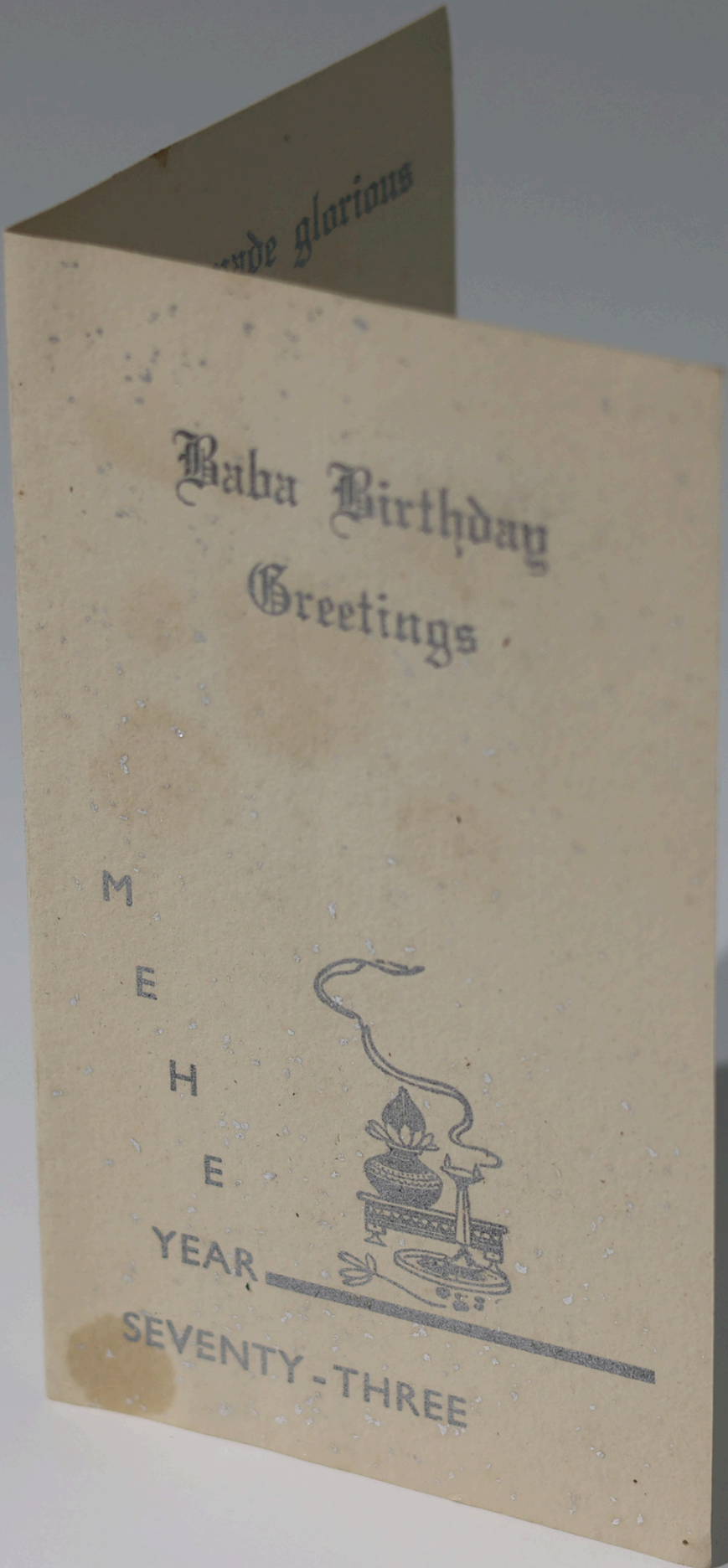
*The grasses and trees are whispering His praise,  
The magpie is carelessly flinging  
Around his jewels of "Meher Kee Jays".  
And the crops in his love are springing.*

*And while we all pray to Meher to keep  
Our hearts aflame with devotion,  
The sun bounces up from the ocean-deep—  
And all the world shimmers with motion.*

Adapted from a 15th century  
Swedish folk-song by  
May Lundquist & Francis Brabazon



Meher Year Seventy-Three  
(1967)







"I have come not to teach but to awaken"

— Meher Baba.

*With All Good Wishes*

from

Homai, Meherjee, & Mehernaz Karkaria

## Earth is made glorious

Earth is made Glorious  
When God-Man in love descends,  
Renewing it with His lovely Song.  
Through the compassionate  
Shining love of Meher  
We wake from sleep and sing His Name.

Ages have rolled away  
Since the first star-notes were sung;  
Earth is heavy with men yet unborn.  
Love's Song from the Silence  
Which began Creation  
Is echoed in our song of praise.

God-Man sang the First Song.  
It went leaping out in joy;  
From soul to soul it has ever gone.  
Rejoice! O Man, rejoice!  
The Ancient One has come —  
And Earth is dressed in all her beauty.

Adapted from a Swedish folk song  
by May Lundquist and  
Francis Brabazon.





**Baba's Birthday cards from years '63 to 81' not in Avatar's Abode Archive collection so far are: Meher Year Sevety-Four to Seventy-Seven, Meher Year Eighty and Meher Year Eighty-Six.**

**The Card Pictured has no year printed but is likely from one of the above.**





Baba Birthday  
Greetings



*With All Good Wishes*  
*from*  
Homai, Meherjee, & Mehernaz Karkaria

Cradle Song for God

Somewhere within the dark  
are the seeds of singing.  
Sleep, little Krishna, sleep —  
We cannot yet endure your Song.

Somewhere within the waters  
are the buds of speech.  
Sleep, little Jesus, sleep —  
We are not ready yet to hear your Word.

Somewhere within the pain  
is our new beginning.  
Sleep, little Meher, sleep —  
We are not prepared yet for our own Glory.

— Francis Brabazon

The Card Pictured has no year printed but is likely from Meher Year Seventy-Four to Seventy-Seven, Meher Year Eighty or Meher Year Eighty-Six.



Meher Year Seventy-Eight  
(1972)







It is only love that counts, and to have love  
you have to cross the threshold of the intellect.

— Meher Baba

*With All Good Wishes*

*from*

Homai, Meherjee, & Mehernaz Karkaria

Sing! O sing Meher's name;  
ring, heart-bells, his boundless fame.  
He is God and he is Man,  
at his Nod the world began.  
He is Truth and All-beauty,  
he is true Infinity.

Cling! O cling to Meher's Name;  
spring soul lightly in his game.  
He is Giver, he is Friend.  
love's great River, Journey's-end;  
divine Sun that shines for all,  
the Same One for great and small.

— FRANCIS BRABAZON

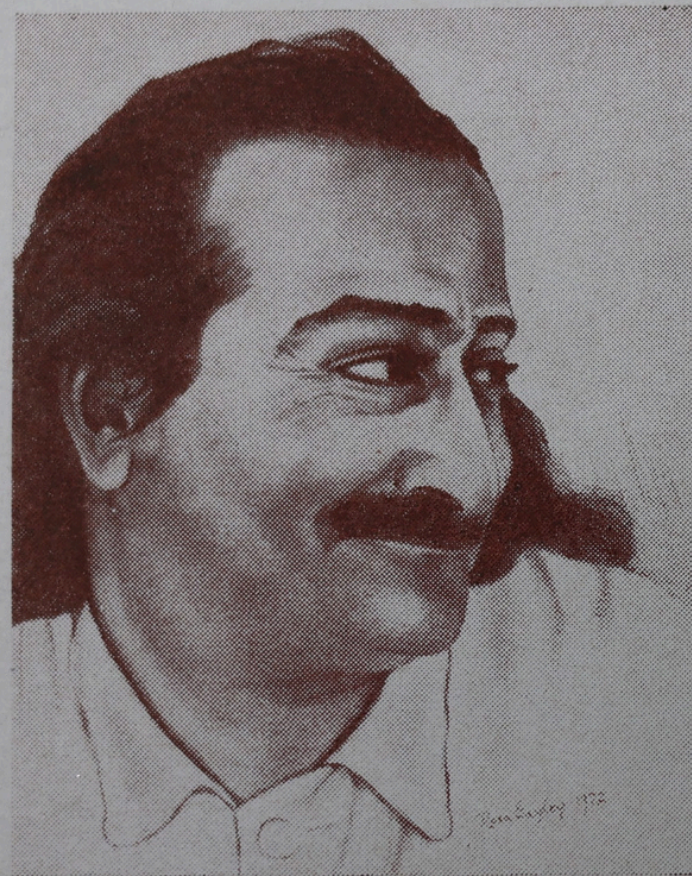


**Meher Year Seventy-Nine  
(1973)**





# Baba Birthday Greetings



*With All Good Wishes  
from*

Homai, Meherjee, & Mehernaz Karkaria

For The 79th Birthday of  
beloved Baba

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Let all rejoice upon this Day,  
Let each sing in accord  
And set out on the shining Way  
With his dear Friend and Lord.

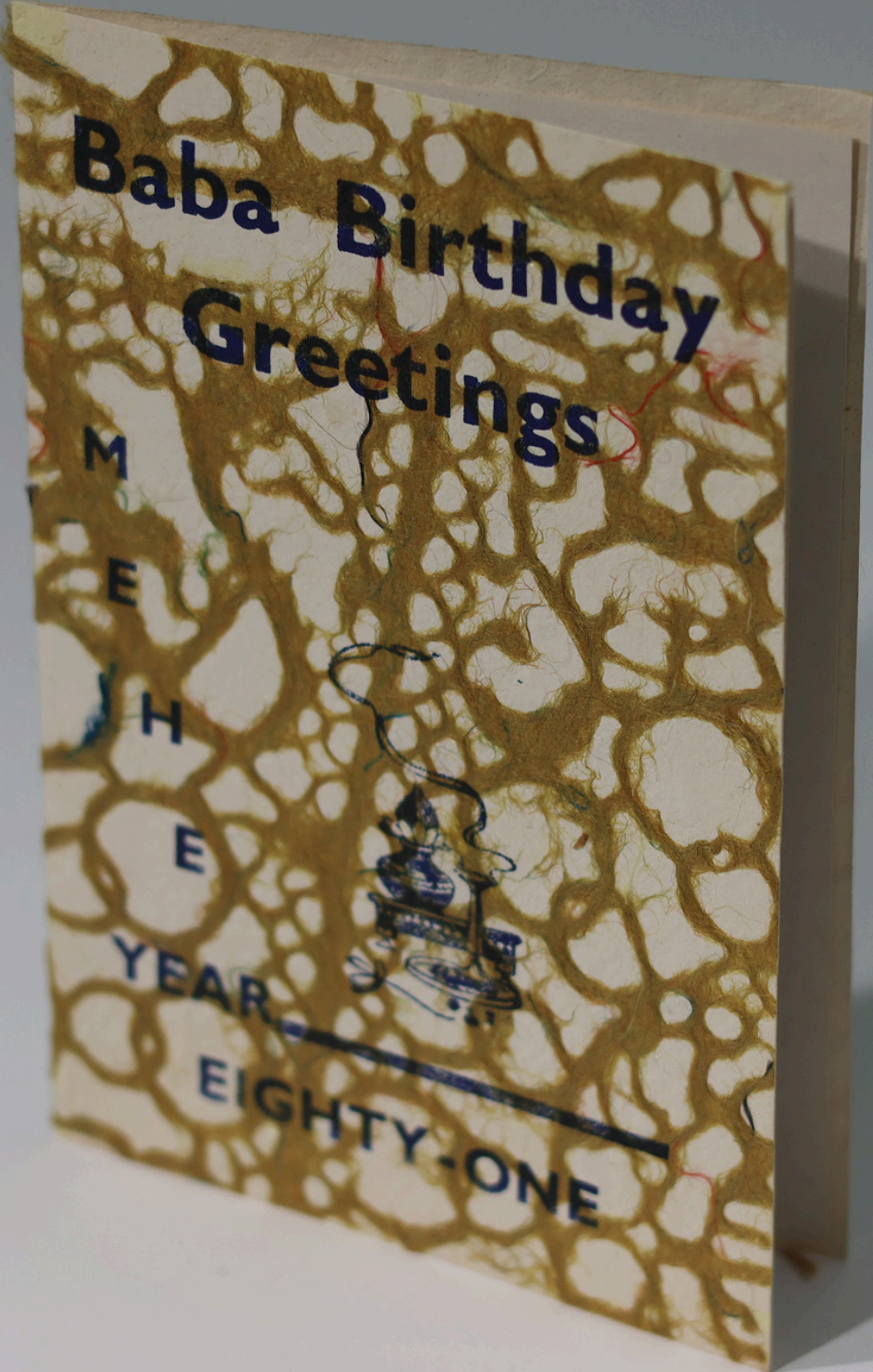
Let every living, moving thing  
Forget itself today  
And each, and all together, sing  
"Our Lord has come to stay."

"Meher Baba our Friend and Lord,"  
Let everyone proclaim,  
"Has come to plant in each His Word  
That we might sing His Name."

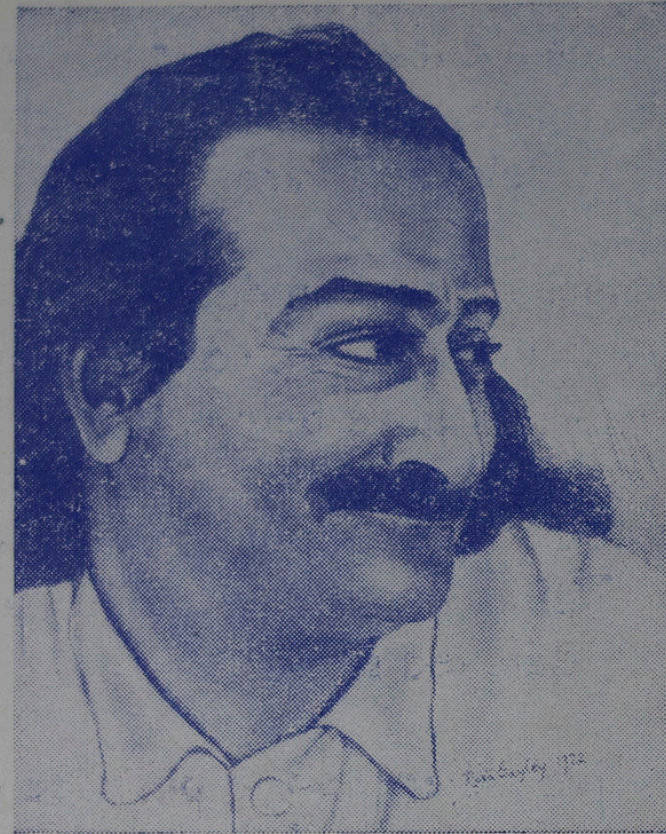
—Francis



Meher Year Eighty-One  
(1975)







It is only love that counts, and to have love  
you have to cross the threshold of the intellect.

— Meher Baba

*With All Good Wishes*

*from*

Homai, Meherjee, & Mehernaz Karkaria

When a man pursues the secrets of things  
contained in space, He is chasing the flying  
shadows of the Beloved's Face.

When a man dares dive deep within himself  
sharply eager for seeing, He comes at last to the  
experience of Self's pure being.

It is good to look out, search, examine  
every spore Till one picks up some man tracks  
leading to the Beloved's door.

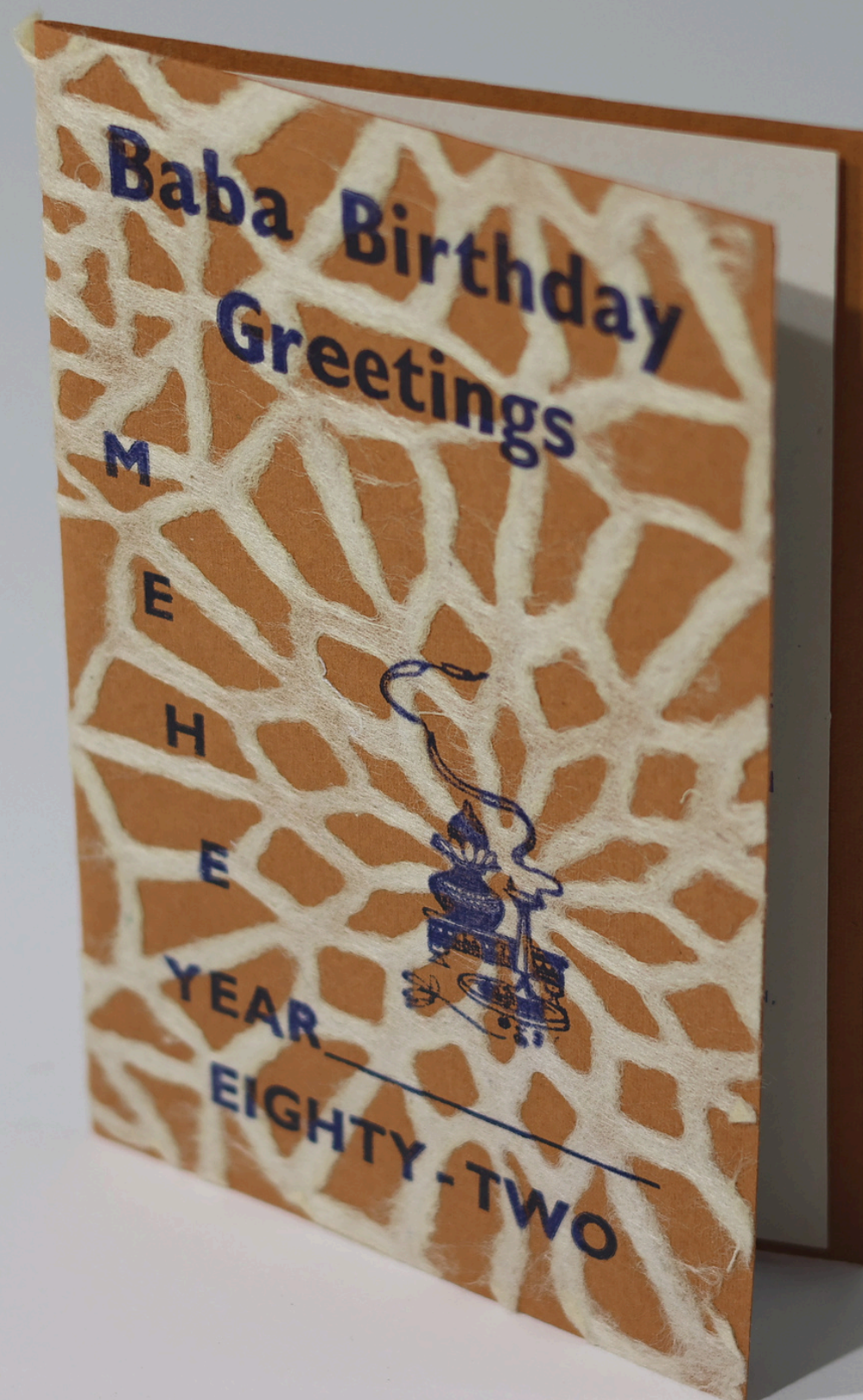
Our arrival there is the purpose of every  
road Whether we go as freemen or as beasts  
under a goad.

More blessed are the stones of the road  
that take us to sight of God Than a man who  
pursues the secrets of things contained in space.

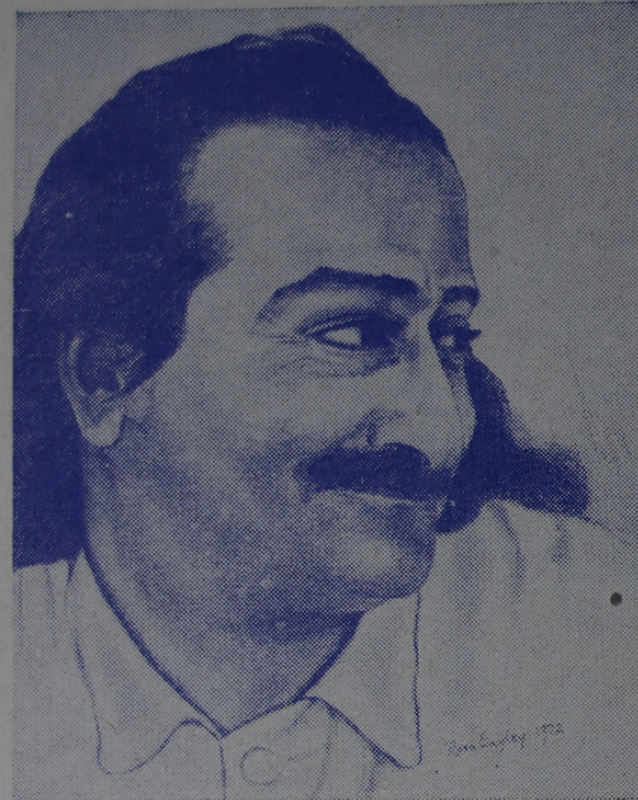
FRANCIS BRABOZON.



**Meher Year Eighty-Two  
(1976)**







It is only love that counts, and to have love  
you have to cross the threshold of the intellect.

-- Meher Baba

*With All Good Wishes*

*from*

Homai, Meherjee, & Mehernaz Karkaria

How the glory of your brow  
is the light of our safe journeying!  
The love of your eyes  
is the mirror of our revealment  
And the certainty of our arrival.  
How glorious you are as Man ;  
how helpless as God :  
So helpless that you could not hide  
your Godhood  
Even behind the walls of your pain.  
How very Man you are.  
How absolutely God.

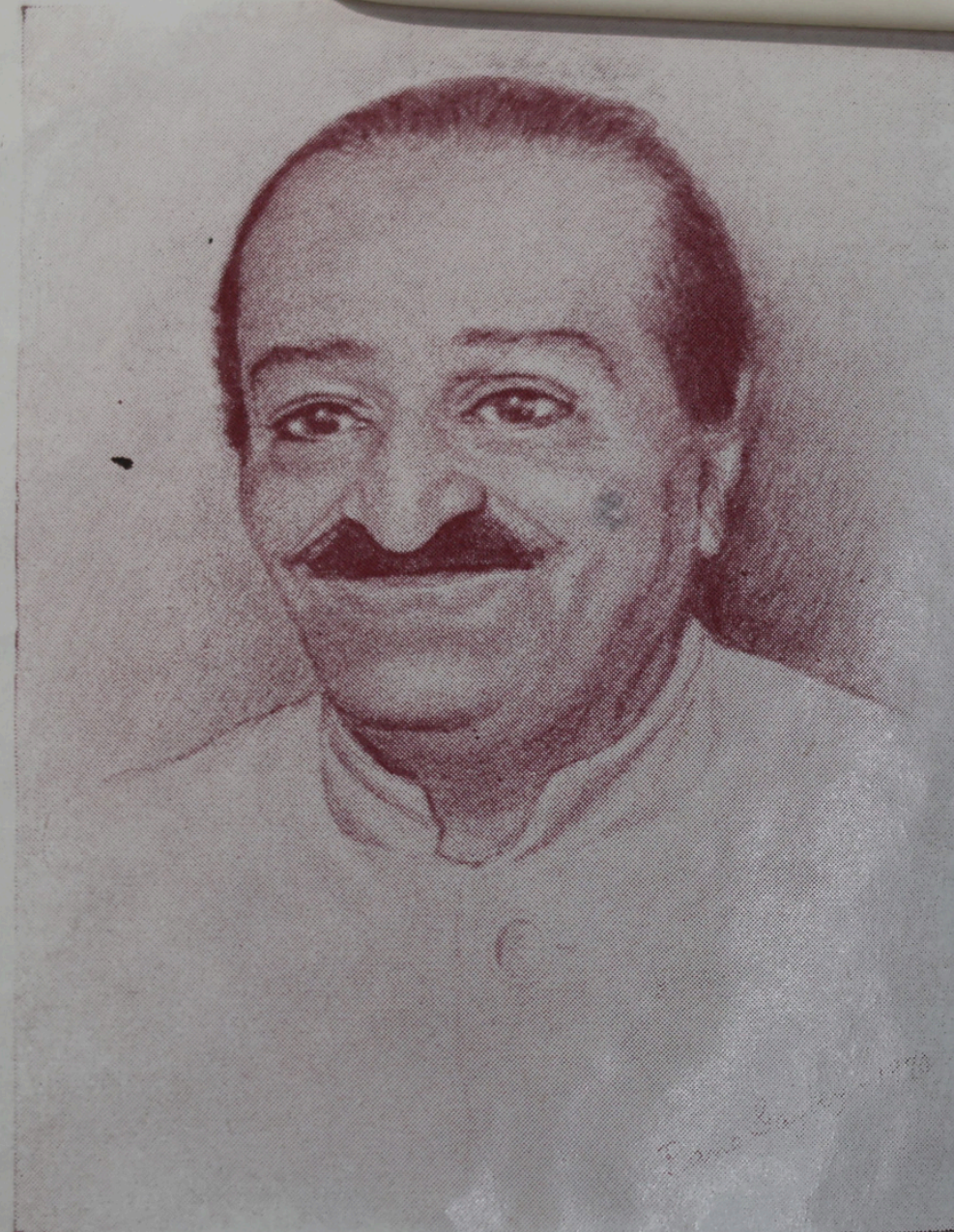
FRANCIS BRABOZON.



Meher Year Eighty-Three  
(1977)







*It is only love that counts, and to have love  
you have to cross the threshold of the intellect.*

—Meher Baba

*With All Good Wishes  
from*

**Homai, Meherjee, Mehernaz & Asha Karkaria**

**FOR MEHER BABA'S EIGHTYTHIRD  
BIRTHDAY**

Once more comes round the joyous Day of days,  
And you, within our hearts, sing your own praise.

But what is praise unless good works are done?  
And that means sacrifice of all that's won.

Still is the Wine Shop shuttered and He sleeps  
And leaves to each the sowing that he reaps.

Francis - enough ! This Vintner debonair  
Gives rise to our thin hopes and rich despair.



**Meher Year Eighty-Four  
(1978)**







*"True love is no game of the faint-hearted  
and the weak; it is born of strength and understanding."*

— Meher Baba.

*With All Good Wishes  
from  
Homai, Meherjee, Mehernaz & Asha Karkaria*

*Dear Joan,  
Bernard & family  
with much love from all of us  
Meherjee*

# FOR MEHER BABA'S EIGHTY FOURTH BIRTHDAY

If I knew the three worlds as your Creation –  
thought, energy and sensation (and knew not love);

If I had the sun for my play-mate  
to swing on the gate of Space flushed  
with a child's elation (and knew not love);

If I could lay out the stars in fresh patterns of relation  
and visit the 18,000 planets and understand each tongue  
(and knew not love);

And if I could look down into the seething earth  
and mark each tiny breathing – and knew not in each

Love's glorious and humble station –  
all my powers would be nought, a mockery and negation.

- FRANCIS -



**Meher Year Eighty-Five  
(1979)**







*It is only love that counts, and to have love  
you have to cross the threshold of the intellect.*

*—Meher Baba*

*With All Good Wishes.  
from*

*Homai, Meherjee Mehernaz & Asha Karkaria*

### THE MOMENT

The moment I tried to talk about love,  
I lost the little I had gained—

Yet ordinary conversation is the Snare  
The Hunter sets to catch the Hare.

It seems to be our fate  
to discuss and ruminate, and then  
Ask for Truth to be served up on a plate.

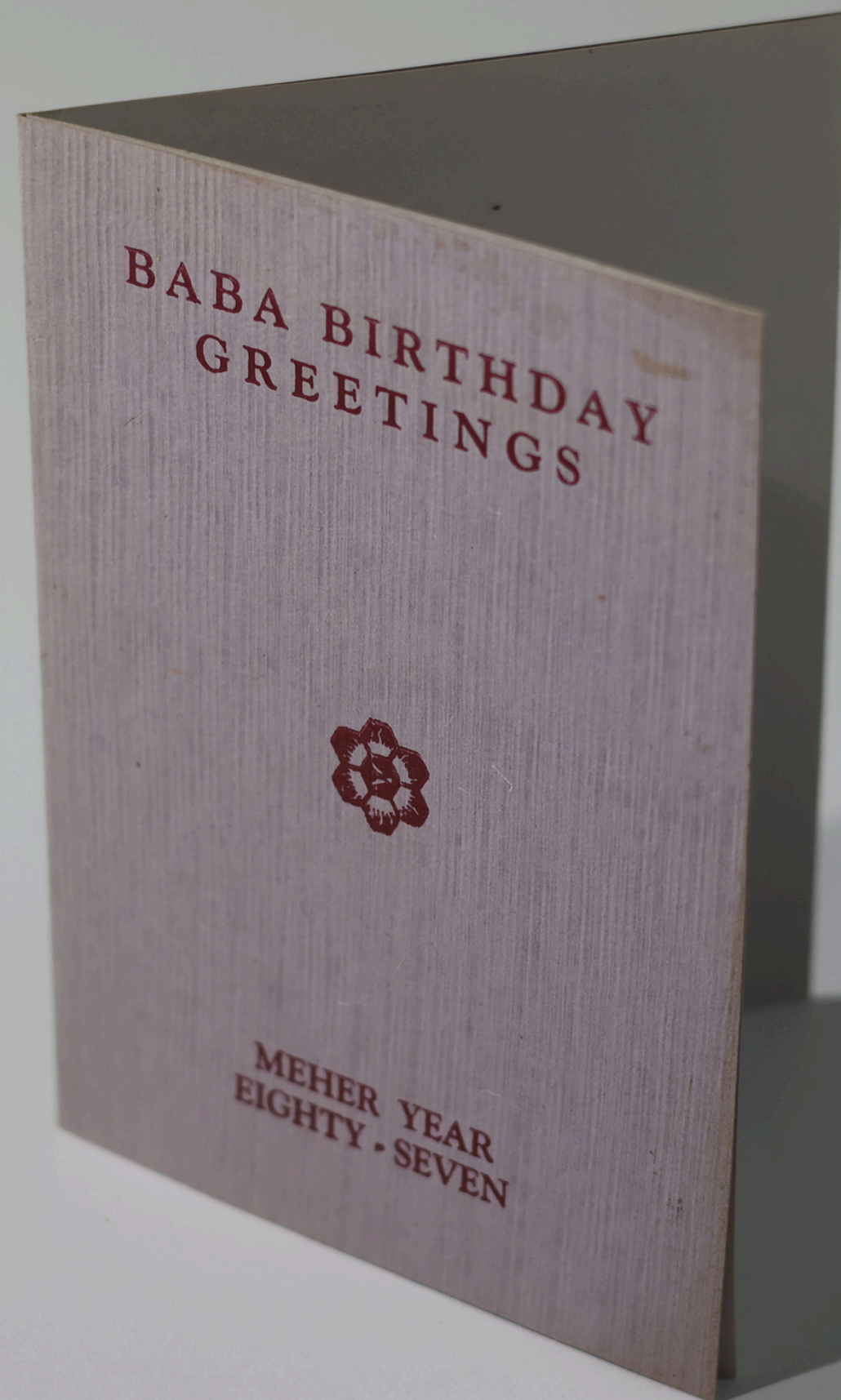
If only I had shut my trap and not complained —  
I might have kept the little I had gained.

FRANCIS

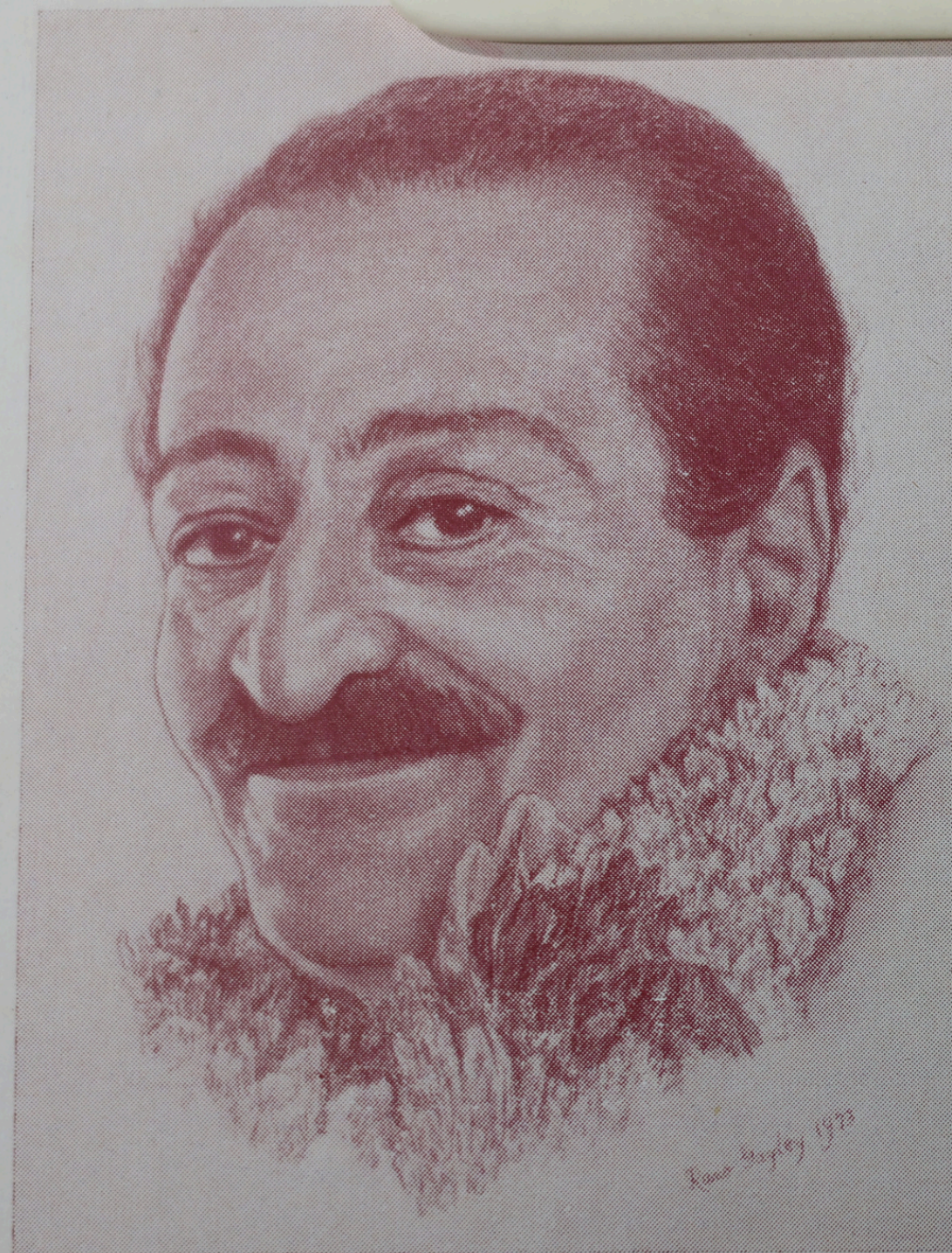
*To  
Our dear Joan  
family  
much love from  
Homai & Mehernaz  
25/2/79*



**Meher Year Eighty-Seven  
(1981)**







It is only love that counts, and to have love  
you have to cross the threshold of the intellect.  
—Meher Baba

## THE PILGRIMAGE

The dawn came up — surprising the sleepers in the garden;  
And the nightingales began preening their feathers before  
beginning their song to the Rose.

“ Be happy ! ” the Master told us, “ Leave the ‘ yea ’ and the  
‘ nay ’ to me :

Such matters are beyond your grasp and comprehension. ”  
How many of last year’s pilgrims reached the Goal of One-ness;  
But when the season of love turns round again, many will  
hoist aloft the banner of new hope.

I have repented—but the repentance of the hypocrite has  
no weight with the Simurgh

Call it ( our goal ) **One-ness** or **Such-ness**, or any other term  
If love is absent it is a waste of time being present  
at the roll-call for the Pilgrimage.

FRANCIS