

Remembering Filis Frederick

by

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I have finally decided to jot down some memories of my old friend Filis Frederick. The story I have to tell is inevitably partly my own story, too. I do not know how to tell it any other way. Also, some of the dates are undoubtedly incorrect and so are sequences, but for the most part, I think you will get the gist of what an extraordinary person she was.

I was twenty-five-years-old on that first day of my employment at Mattel Toymakers in Hawthorne, California where I was hired to work in Package design. It was late 1965.

As I walked into that company's front doors, a breathless, overweight, ill-dressed, fifty-ish woman greeted me and told me her name was Filis Frederick and that she and a few people met for lunch in the company cafeteria each day. Then she invited me to join them on my lunch hour.

I thought it strange to have a woman, who did not know me and who appeared to have little in common with me, ask me to lunch, but since I was new and knew no one else with whom to lunch, I did look for her in the crowded cafeteria. Holding my tray and feeling a bit forlorn, I suddenly spotted her waving hand, summoning me to join her and her companions. Among them, was Peter Justin, who now lives in Ojai, and a few sculptors and engineers, who just seemed to be there because of Filis. She quickly intro-

duced me, and then her friends resumed their conversation, which comprised of asking her advice about this or that as though she were an oracle. I just sat there dawdling over my food and wondering what sort of group I had inadvertently joined. Mainly, I could not fathom why anyone would want to ask this unlikely person anything pertaining to their personal life, yet there they were, asking her if a husband was doing the right thing, or if they should try for another job, etc. (A couple of years later, Jurgis Sapkus, the talented sculptor of Baba images, joined the lunch group. At Mattel, he was a doll sculptor and incidentally, he lived a few blocks from Filis when she lived in Manhattan Beach. Since she did not drive, he often drove her to work).

(As for Meher Baba, He was never mentioned in the lunch group and I don't think any of us knew anything about Him, because Filis never mentioned Him at work. Later, when I went to her house and saw pictures of an odd looking fellow wearing a crown who she said was her master in India, I was so distressed I closed my eyes rather than look at any of the pictures of him that she had all over her house. I just didn't want to consider that this woman, of whom I had grown very fond, was really just a deluded, lonely spinster grabbing at straws.)

It was difficult for me to hide from Baba's pictures in her house with-

out putting my hand over my eyes or closing them. Nonetheless, that is precisely what I did. Though I had become very close to her, like a son or daughter would be, I simply would have nothing to do with her Indian master. Anything else, just not that!

Since she didn't drive, she had a lot of difficulty accomplishing chores like shopping, etc. As a consequence, she elected me to drive her to the market and other errands. This was not easy for me, because I had a young son and as a single mother I had endless errands also, but my fondness for Filis necessitated my hurriedly helping her, before rushing to pick up my boy from his sitter and making dinner, etc. I did not live close to Filis so those were hectic days, but they were fun, too. Filis had unusual insights and a sense of the ridiculous and I had quickly become another of those fans of hers who realized that she did not see things the way anyone else did. Realizing that she was psychic was not out of the realm of possibility to me; I had grown up believing in seers. My mother told me that my grandmother had once joined a gypsy band and could tell fortunes so naturally, I, at first, classified Filis into that category, like the people at work had. However, Filis was non-plussed over casual attitudes toward her gift. She explained that she had always been psychic, even as a child, and it used to be even more developed than it was now. She also said it

had been difficult to deal with so she had asked God to do away with it and He had taken a lot away, though a lot was still left. (She made sure not to refer to Baba when speaking of God in those days.) These sorts of statements, though remembered by me now, mainly flew past my logical mind, though I tended to take note, and then dismiss the parts I could not understand, like asking God for anything. However, I think, even then, a part of me knew that taking note might pay off someday.

Filis sometimes dabbled in astrology, numerology, and palm reading, which fascinated co-workers at Mattel and me. We used to gang up on her and hound her about our futures, mainly about boyfriends, money, jobs, etc. We clung to any answer she gave and soon her following around the company grew larger. She tried to explain karma to us, but none of us were interested in the big picture. We wanted immediate answers about our involvements. She took our attitudes lightly and even used an *ouija* board or Tarot cards to answer us. (Ask a silly question. Expect a silly answer!)

I know now that she was playing with us, but this was a fascinating new world for me, and my co-workers. At that time, I knew little about the occult, nor had I any previous interest in it, but now I was dazzled, and a little frightened. As a child I hated ghost stories, they terrified me. I still got chills when the *ouija* board, operated by Filis, conjured up invisible someones.

I think she was amused with our fascination with her, and I know she loved having the attention. I

also think that she was roping us in by tickling our imaginations. Once, at work, a little group got together and we insisted she tell us which horses would win in the last two races at Hollywood Park during the racing season. Because we got off work in time to catch those last two races, we were determined to make some extra money with her help. She actually agreed to help us. Still stringing us along, she took the racing sheet, swung a needle pendulum over the names, gave us the needle's choices and we were off to place our two-dollar bets on her choices. More often than not, her picks either won or placed (came in second). At worse, they showed (came in third), so we started to annoy her more and more. Finally, she put her foot down and refused to help us gamble anymore. She said it was fun while it lasted, but it really was not what she should be doing with her psychic ability. We were devastated. Her horse picking was the closest thing to a belief system that anyone of us cared about. However, she still read our palms and told us tidbits about ourselves, like, "you'll get a good job," or "you're a Gemini. You could write well," or "you'll have two children," but she never again swung the pendulum to cater to our passion for gambling; however, she did use it to predict whether someone pregnant would have a boy or a girl. Those were the days before amniocentesis. Whatever she said, we never lost our fascination with her and we made as much as we could from even her slightest conjecture. Now that I look back, I think we were like fish being reeled in, but too stupid to know it.

At this time (in the mid-60's to mid-70's), I had a close friendship with Henry Miller, aged 74 at the time, who was like an icon in those days (Henry Miller wrote: *Tropic of Cancer*, *Tropic of Capricorn*, *Nexus*, *Plexus*, *Sexus*, *Colossus of Maroussi*, to name just a few). He was my hero and my preoccupation. I had read all his books and, if I knew what a guru was, to me, it would have been Henry. (I have written an account of this time and it is published in the *Nexus Journal* dedicated to Henry Miller*.)

About Henry, Filis had a negative view. She was not at all a fan of his writing. Now, I can see that Henry was so completely opposite to any of her interests, it is amazing how much she cared for me in spite of my attachment to him, an attachment that had me spending my spare time cooking dinners for him, going to parties with him, or visiting his home to attend gatherings with his eclectic group of friends, some of whom I also grew to adore (by the way, most of Henry's friends and Henry himself ultimately heard about Meher Baba and none of them was negative about Him. In fact, Henry put a picture of Baba on the wall in his den).

One day, as I was slaving over a dinner for Henry, Filis called me and asked me to come to her home immediately for a quick lunch. She said she had two young men who were unexpectedly visiting her and who would be far more interested in meeting me than spending the day with an old lady like her. I balked, explaining that my son was with his dad and I was cooking for Henry, but Filis insisted, saying she rarely asked me for anything and

this was important. Actually she asked me for favors all the time, but I promised anyway on the agreement that I would make a quick trip from Brentwood where I lived, to Manhattan Beach, which was took 45 minutes, spend a half hour at her house and then leave.

The two young men happened to be Allan Cohen and Rick Chapman. Allan had just gotten his PhD from Harvard in Clinical Psychology and Rick had just returned from his Fulbright to India that he had gotten when he attended Harvard. They were both peers of mine, age wise, though much more educated. In any case, we hit it off immediately.

Filis quickly told them why I could not stay long. "Susan prefers the company of Henry Miller to us," she said sarcastically. This perked Rick up who said he was also a great admirer of Henry's. Filis gave one of her little shrugs as if to say, "Another fool." I was used to that attitude so I let it go, even when she made eyes to heaven, a habit of hers when a subject about whom she disapproved was broached.

Despite the short time I had to spend with them, it took less than twenty minutes for Allan, Rick and I to become friends. I felt as if I had known them all my life. Sometimes, I miss those days. We were young and best of all, Baba was still in the body. There was also a lot of interest in mysticism. People were speaking about God and love. It was the sixties and Allan and Rick were in the thick of the times. They were spreading Baba's word anywhere they could, which necessitated them to travel a lot.

Those travels often brought them to L.A., and when they were in my territory, they stayed with my son and me. We looked forward to their visits. Since I had a nice apartment in a good neighborhood with two guest couches in my living room, the choice was obvious for them. Especially since the price was right. During those times, we all had silly, innocent, heady fun with the boy toys I brought home from Mattel. I soon found that boys of all ages never outgrow playing with war toys, which were not politically incorrect in those days. We had an arsenal of weapons that sounded like real machine guns and western rifles. Allan, Rick and my son Jon were often waging world wars or wars against outlaws all around my house. Sometimes, more than one war was going at the same time.

I usually cooked tuna casserole, my budget offering, then we went to whatever speaking gig they had. Since they never had enough money to rent a car, I was their car service. They spoke on radio and TV against drugs and for Meher Baba. Of course, my son came along, because I could not afford a sitter, and he always listened to them more carefully than I did. (My son was five when I first met Allan and Rick and was around eleven when they stopped staying with me.) Though I heard their talk shows, I mostly thought they were cute and fun and I did agree with not using drugs, but when the subject of Meher Baba came up, they lost me. Ironically, in 1966, my three best friends were Allan, Rick and Filis, yet I had no interest in Baba at all.

Mentioning Rick and Allan here is important to my story, because they, along with Filis, were instrumental in bringing me to the most important role in my life, which was to become another struggling, bleary-eyed, dysfunctional Baba lover. Thank god, I did not know that then or I might have run so fast that they would never have seen me again. All I knew at that time was I loved those three people, even if they believed in someone about whom I could not relate. I simply forgave them that one failing, because they had so many redeeming qualities and they were like my real family.

Some time in 1967, about a year after I had met Rick, he was again staying with me when I had my first dream about Meher Baba. I think Henry Miller who believed in the Buddha and often told me about reincarnation inspired part of it. Maybe Filis who often spoke of karma and reincarnation inspired the other part. Who knows? I like to think that Baba had enough of my resistance and finally decided to drag me into His arms where I belonged.

In this dream, I saw the Buddha who was surrounded by people. He was very shiny and everywhere he walked the moon followed him and constantly lit him in a way that made him appear shimmery. We were in a garden where I kept asking people who that man was and they kept saying, "Meher Baba." I kept answering, "That's impossible," but I kept getting the same answer. I then went over the Buddha, who everyone called Meher Baba. When I was next to him, He waved his arms and all the people

disappeared. At that moment, I saw myself become transparent and I began to transcend into Him, then I felt my face hit His as though I had disappeared into Him. The last thing I heard him say was, "Remember seventeen is not twenty-seven," and I awoke.

I was in such a state of flux that saying I was confused is an understatement, but I did know one thing, I believed that Meher Baba was God, whatever that meant to a person like me who had primarily been interested in men, clothes, and fun. I woke Rick and described the dream to him. He then asked me to describe the garden in which the dream took place.

Apparently, my description of what I could recall resonated with him, because he told me to get ready to go to Filis' house, because he wanted me to see some pictures. I was still in a daze. Luckily, it was a Saturday. My son was at his dad's so we could quickly get to Filis' house without my having to deal with a small child in my state of confusion. Upon entering her home, Rick quickly showed me pictures from an album Filis had of Meherazad. I had an immediate feeling of déjà vu as I recognized Meherazad as the place where I had just seen the Buddha, called Meher Baba, in my dream.

I repeated the dream to Filis. She was in her glory as she told me that one of the legends of the Buddha was, "It was as if the moon shone upon him." Then she told me that the moon represented woman and that I had no doubt once followed the Buddha who was now reincarnated into the form of Meher Baba.

She said that when one gets God realized, they feel as though their face is slapped as it transcends into God. She also said that I had just had an experience of what that would be like. As I think back, I never questioned any of her sources. I always took her information as gospel and still do.

Well, do not think I thought I was god realized when she said that to me, but I did feel as though I had an inkling of the truth and I wondered how many millions of years I would have to go through to have it actually happen. (I am still wondering!)

That day, another miraculous thing happened. Filis told me why she had greeted me at the door of Mattel on that first day of my new job well over a year before.

She said, "I was looking out of my window on the second floor when I saw you walking into Mattel. I got up, and as quickly as I could, I made it to where you were. That is why I was so out of breath when you met me. I had rushed so much I hadn't time to think of what to say so all I could think of doing was to invite you to join me for lunch. I was flustered. You see I had recognized you. I knew you were my son in Jerusalem almost 2000 years ago. We followed Christ together, and I knew you would be a follower of Baba's one day, though I must say now, it was a lot tougher than I thought to get you here." She then said, "You could see why I couldn't explain my odd behavior to you then. You would have thought I was crazy."

I laughed and said, "What makes you think I don't think you are now?"

As for the seventeen and twenty-seven, she said that they were both spiritual numbers and that I would one day know why they were mentioned in the dream. I am still wondering that, too.

She also expounded on what it was like to follow Christ. She said that when I was her son in Jerusalem, we were working in the fields and when Christ walked by, followed by a band of a few people, he was so compelling that all we could do was to drop our tools and run after him. She said that was how being with Baba was now.

Sometime during that day, I said to Filis, "Well, I have no idea why it will make any difference to me if God is in human form. I always kind of believed in God, but it never did me any good. Life has been tough and I expect it will remain so."

Filis then touched my arm and looked into my eyes. She said, "It will make a difference." At that second, I felt an electric shock go through my arm and I believed her. There were times when she seemed other worldly, when she would roll her eyes as if she could see into the universe and its secrets. That was one of those times.

I had thought I knew her since she had been one of my closest friends for well over a year, but now that I wanted to hear everything about Baba and could actually look at the pictures she had of Him without wanting to block them from my

view, our relationship really took off. She became in some ways like a parent to me, and always a mentor. I had not realized before how wise she was and how learned. She was indispensable for advice; she was also indispensable for getting me through that initial honeymoon phase with Baba, because I was starting to have experiences, like when I would walk into a dark room and it would suddenly appear lit with tiny lights that were not there. Since I had never taken hallucinogenic drugs, having experiences like those unnerved me and they did not help my concentration, which made it difficult to work for several weeks.

Then there was the inevitable crash where I was just where I was before I fell in love with Baba. I had all the responsibilities, bills, and lack of time, yet all I wanted to do was read *The Discourses* or other books about Baba to find out what I was supposed to know about the new life I was leading. I had entered my own version of *Neverland* without a clue. After all, I had not been a student of mystic thought or any type of esoteric philosophy. I had spent most of my intellectual currency devoted to Henry Miller!

Filis helped get me through the ups and downs with her inimitable calm personality. I used to have a joke about Filis, "If you walk into a room where Filis is and you yell, 'the world is coming to an end in fifteen minutes,' she would say, 'would you like coffee, dear, or would you like tea?'" Few who new her laughed. They knew that was precisely what she would say under those circumstances.

Filis *really* understood that we do not die, that we just leave this body and go on. She remembered her past lives so she was undaunted by most things that happened around her, though she was completely aware of them. She did not consider being psychic a gift. She considered it a kind of curse, but I often think that the anxiety and stress most of us experience that is grounded in our fear of dying were absent from Filis, so if she were not psychic, she could not have had that sort of knowing placidity.

I began going to Baba meetings with her around L.A. Before 1968, most Baba lovers were over 50. They were also few in numbers. To recruit new members, Filis told me that she placed ads in various publications, saying, "Find out about God in Human Form." I could not believe she did that, nor could I fathom anyone responding to such a bizarre ad. And for quite a while, I was right.



Murshida, Filis, Jack and my son Jon around 1970 at the airport to greet Murshida. Mike Thorne and baby in background.

Still, I continued to go to meetings with her and the older people, glad that my son's dad was a willing

babysitter, because I could not have put a child through those monotonous meetings.

I remained the first twenty-something to come to Baba in L.A. for quite awhile. It looked like that would never change until Billy Grey, a twenty-year-old surfer, showed up at Filis' house in the middle of the night some time in late 1967. Frightened, she said she prayed to Baba then opened the door to this fine physical specimen who had seen a poster of Baba in Baja California on which her address was listed. It turned out that he was the harbinger. Soon after, Jack Small showed up from Baja who had also seen the poster. He, too, was in his twenties, ill, strung out from drugs and using a crutch. Though highly educated, his mind was blurred from substance abuse, but he recognized Baba as the avatar from the picture on the poster and was an immediate convert (the picture was of Baba as "The ancient one" that Rick had put on a poster which apparently had wide distribution since it made it all the way to Baja, California).

We began to kid Jack by calling him "Christ on a crutch," because he had long, wild hair, a beard, raggedy clothes, and was limping, hence the crutch. When Filis first saw him, she thought he would fall over so she ran into her room, took out some 15 year old Prasad Baba had given her and made Jack eat it. She said that is all she could think of doing. She said, laughing, that if it didn't kill him, it would cure him. Of course, he got well quickly and she said that was due to the Prasad. There was no doubt in her mind about that.

For several months after Jack and Billy showed up, Filis, Jack, my young son Jon, and I, spent a good deal of time together. We were like a little band of Baba's.

At this time, though Baba was in seclusion in India and did not want any correspondence, Filis insisted on sending Him a picture of me with my son sitting next to me. A few weeks later, we received a cable from Mani saying Baba had touched our faces in the picture and He sent His love blessings to Susan and Jon. My feet did not touch the ground for a long time after that.

Then came a slew of former LSD *truth* seekers who suddenly realized that God could not be found in a pill. Some even came responding to Filis's ads. Overnight, the L.A. group was huge. Filis took the throngs in stride as though she were born for those young people who clung to her every word and who became immediate Baba followers. In a very short time, our Baba group had gone from a few mainly elderly people like Dana Field (a man in his 70's who wrote endless letters about any subject to all his acquaintances) to a group of around 500 twenty-somethings. This was around the end of 1967 when the term "Meher Baba Manifesting" was happening before our eyes on a daily basis. The group very soon got so large that the only place we could meet was in public parks or at the beach where we had wonderful picnics and outings.

It was at this time that we began to call Filis "The Mother of the Hippies". She was in all her glory. She



This is a copy of the picture Baba touched of Jon and me that Filis sent to India.

was a queen dressed in house-dresses and flip-flops and her subjects wore tie-dye and bare feet. I was the only one wearing suits and dresses. Since I was not a former druggie, and I was a few years older than the fray, I started questioning, "Who am I and what am I doing here?" Not for the spiritual reasons Baba cited either. My version had more to do with "How did I end up with all these scruffy hippies?"

After we went to the Last Darshan, things changed again. The hippies became business people and parents, and Filis fit right into that transition. She had the gift of relating to all people. Though she looked older than her actual age, she had the spirit of a young woman and loved to tell us stories. She said that in World War Two, she had foreseen all the major battles and that the people killed in those days sought her out and made her spend her nights in the subtle world leading those dead souls to the light. She said the times were so exhausting, she thought she might drop her body, too, from never being able to rest. She also said that she was saved

from having to do that now, because when she met Meher Baba she asked him to take away her psychic ability and He had agreed to lessen it. She also said that Baba weakened some of her other psychic powers so she was much freer than she had been when she was younger.

She also told us about past lives she remembered. She saw herself as a Peruvian Incan child sacrificed by being locked in a cave and left to starve to death. She said she remembered the last stone being put in place and when there was no more light, all that was left was to die alone. Her tale was chilling and she said she often looked for documentation on the subject, but did not find it. Ironically, fairly recently, *National Geographic* wrote about the discovery of ancient Incan children that had been sacrificed in caves by being walled in and left to starve to death. Filis did not live long enough to have her recollection confirmed by fact.

She also told of being one of Aknaton's daughters in Egypt when Baba was in a minor incarnation as Aknaton and Mehera was his wife Nefertiri. Filis saw Egyptian paintings of that family at the Metropolitan Museum when she visited the Tut exhibit with Billy Files and she pointed out which daughter she was from one of the Egyptian paintings. She later told me that it was painful for her to go to museums that had mummies in them, because she could feel the pain that had gone with the suffering of those times

She seemed to have many recollections about lives that she and I shared. According to her, once we were sisters in Japan. We were poor and our parents sold us as Geishas. She was cunning in that life and she managed to save enough money, after many years, to buy us out of that bondage, but she said I had refused to go, because I had liked that lifestyle. (She donned a mischievous smile when she told me that one).



Filis as my maid of honor signing as a witness to the marriage.

She also told me that we were once sisters in Egypt and that she was very political, always trying to free women from lives of hardship (she was also a feminist in this life) and she was imprisoned often for touting women's rights. The last time she was imprisoned, her sentence was death. That was when her sister, me, took action. To aid in her escape, I killed guards and bribed others to secure her freedom. In that life, I was brave and ruthless when it came to protecting her and we managed to get out of Egypt and to safety together.

She also recalled living in Atlantis. That subject has always been a fascination to me. Just the idea that Atlantis really existed is a thrill, but hearing all about it in detail from Filis still stirs my imagination.

According to Filis, Atlantis was a very advanced civilization. They could fly, they had advanced brain surgery, and they did not use fossil fuels. On Atlantis, mind power was the main form of energy. They had a huge crystal (she said it was something like quartz) that was in a dome surrounded by people who could concentrate in unison, and through their combined mind power, they could fly airplanes, create electric power, light buildings, etc.

On this continent, the avatar was a boy and since he was so young, political factions grew between groups of priestesses and priests. Some followed the avatar; others insisted that a previous avatar was the true god. There was much rancor between the factions that became worse and worse until one of the adversarial factions assassinated the young avatar, which caused an immediate upheaval. The continent shook, and then began to tear apart. Everyone tried to escape, but Filis said only a few succeeded. She also said that she and I were among the lucky escapees. She then told me that I was a young priestess allied to a high priestess (Elizabeth Patterson in this life) and that she had saved both of us by taking us on her boat with some other priestesses in her order.

Filis also said that when Atlantis was in its heyday, they sent their

criminal class to Egypt to serve their sentences there as slaves and when Atlantis disappeared, those slaves of Egypt were actually more advanced than the Egyptians and some of them were responsible for showing the Egyptians how to engineer and how to do brain surgery, but nothing in Egypt was as advanced as it was on Atlantis. Also, those slaves believed in one god, which was much more advanced than the beliefs in Egypt at that time.

Filis also said that most of the mysteries like Stonehenge and other advanced engineering around the world, like that in South America, that was accomplished in ancient times, is due to knowledge that the various escapees of Atlantis brought with them. Though they were reduced to working with primitive equipment and they were few in numbers, they did what they could with what was available to them.

Filis even recalled a lifetime when she and I were sisters and Bili Eaton was our mother. She said it was in New Orleans and Bili was a terrible mother so Filis and I had to raise ourselves. Years later, when I moved to New York and became friendly with Bili, to whom I bear a remarkable resemblance, she told me that she had never wanted children in this life, because she knew she would be a terrible parent! Some things never change, I guess. Ironically, Filis was Bili's connection to Baba, too. Bili told me that she thought Filis was one of the most remarkable people she had ever met and she, too, loved her very much.

Filis was my maid of honor in 1972 when I married again. That marriage, like my others, did not last, but she was a great maid of honor. I am including a picture of her in that role here.

Years later, she tried to help my dear friend Chico, who had a problem with drugs and drink. Long before his problems began to manifest seriously, she told him not to drink alcohol. I thought it was strange at the time, but sure enough, the problem loomed large not long afterwards. However, even her good advice did not help him. He died of drug and alcohol abuse in 2003.

She tried to warn people many times. I remember once a young man was visiting her while I, too, was there. He had come on a motorcycle and when it was time to leave, she told him to grab a ride with me and come back the next day for the motorcycle. He laughed it off and said that was not possible. The punch line is, he did have an accident that night. He was hurt, but he did not die. She later told me that it was not ethical to tell people something bad was about to happen to them. She could only try to warn them, but that it was not easy to change fate, that most people are in a hurry to meet theirs.

A message came from India that Baba was going to have another Darshan beginning in April 1969. A hum of excitement went through our large Baba group. We had to get passports, visas, and shots. Harder still, we had to get the money to take such a long trip. Murshida Duce and Filis worked in

tandem to get a charter jet to take the two groups from Northern and Southern California. As I recall, the price by charter was \$700. Many of us quickly raised the cash, and first come first served got seats. Not long before this, Judy Stevens and a group of Baba lovers opened a Baba bookstore in Venice where we all hung out when we could and it was there that we arranged to get our shots. It turned out that one of the fathers of a young Baba lover was a doctor who was willing to give 200 of us shots for free!

Before we were completely inoculated, Filis received that dreaded phone call from India informing her that Meher Baba had dropped His body. When she called me that early morning of January 31, 1969, she was crying. I quickly rushed to her house and we sat staring into space in a terrible haze. Filis said that her greatest heartbreak over losing Baba in the body was that she could not see all of us meet Him. She said she was looking forward to that more than anything.

Much happened after that. The charter was cancelled and we were all forlorn until word came from India that we should go anyway. Many who were slated to go to the Darshan when Baba was in the body dropped out and for those who opted to go anyway, there was a scramble for seats. I was lucky to get one, then I gave mine to Dana Field when Murshida Duce asked those who could afford to go with her to give their less expensive seats to those who could not. I ended up having the privilege of travelling with Murshida and some of her Sufis, which I wrote about in *The Awakener*, called a *Fairy Tale*

for *Old Souls*. Ironically, Filis got sick at the last moment and did not go to Darshan with her group after all. That was a huge disappointment for us all. She was as devastated as we were.

There is so much more that I could write about her, and will at a later time, but I think this is enough to start the ball rolling for others to add their recollections. There were many of us who had close relationships with her. The twins: Terri Adams and Lynn McGuire, Billy Files, and Jack Small, are a few of the people who knew her very well and they could be good sources of information.

P.S. Filis' version of history is the only one I still believe. I wish she were here to expound further. About Astrology, she said that once it was a perfect science; the information had been stored in the library in Alexandria Egypt, but when it burned down, the information was lost. She said that astrology today has a lot of upside, but it's incomplete so the best astrologers need to be psychics, because they are the only ones who can recall the essential truths of that science.

Oh, she also told me that no one can die before his or her time.



Filis in Myrtle Beach some time in the 80's.