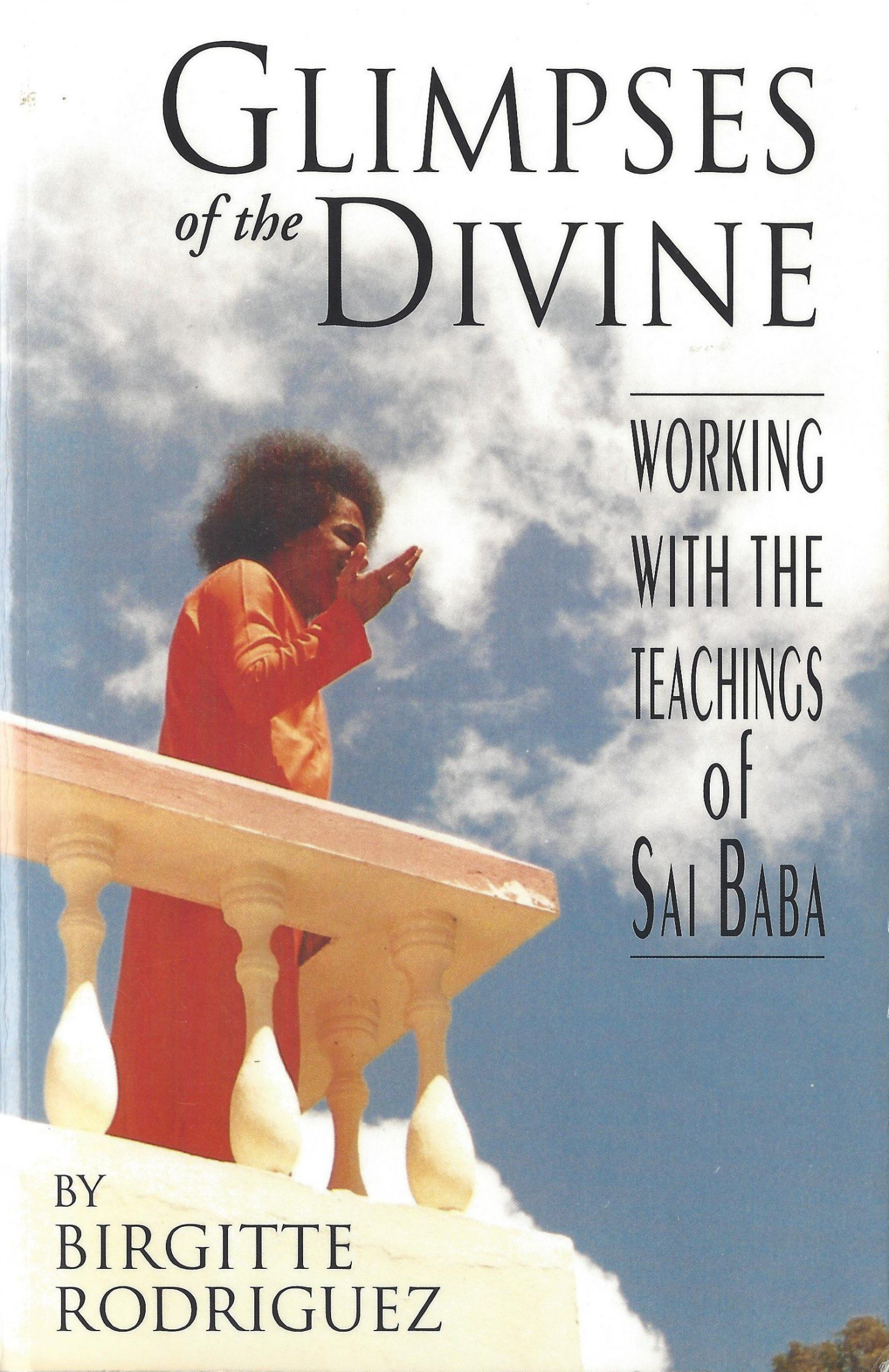
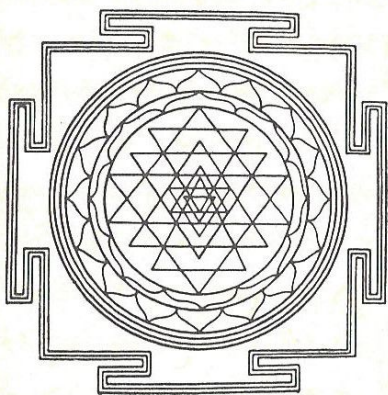


GLIMPSSES *of the* DIVINE

WORKING
WITH THE
TEACHINGS
of
SAI BABA

A woman with dark curly hair, wearing a vibrant red sari, stands on a balcony. She is looking out towards the right, with her hands held together in a prayerful or reverent gesture. The balcony has a white railing with decorative balusters. The background is a bright blue sky filled with soft, white clouds. The overall mood is serene and spiritual.

BY
BIRGITTE
RODRIGUEZ



A Reading from the *Book of Bhrigu*

In the first week of May, 1990, while on my way to New York, I made a two-day stopover in Bombay to try and get a reading from the famous *Book of Bhrigu*. Phyllis Krystal, in her brilliant book about her experiences with Baba, called *Sai Baba: The Ultimate Experience*, explains that she first heard of the *Book of Bhrigu* from a friend. She and her husband discovered “that there were several copies of the original text in the care of pandits who were able to translate it from the original language in which it was written. . . . We had been told that this extraordinary book is mentioned in the Bhagavad-Gita and had originally been written on palm leaves by a sage called Bhrigu who is reported to have received the contents during deep meditation. It describes the lives of certain people who would arrive at some future time to consult it.”⁴

Phyllis eventually found a pandit in Bombay who had custody of a copy of the book, written on palm leaves, and I obtained his address from her.

I stayed overnight at the same hotel I had used two years earlier when Baba was visiting Bombay. The next morning, as I was trying to make arrangements at the reception to hire a taxi for the one-and-a-half-hour drive to the pandit’s home, a gentleman who had apparently overheard my conversation

⁴Phyllis Krystal, *Sai Baba: The Ultimate Experience* (Dorset, UK: Element Books, 1990), pp. 20, 21.

came forward. He said he was going in that direction and invited me to join him. Two other men were in the rear seat of the car and we soon discovered that we all came from the State of Andhra Pradesh (Sai Baba's birthplace). They were delighted to learn I was a devotee of Baba's. After a pleasant drive through the sprawling city of Bombay, which took an hour-and-a-half, I was dropped off within walking distance of my destination.

The pandit lived on the first floor of a large apartment house in a nice area of Bombay near the sea. I rang the doorbell, and almost immediately it was opened by the pandit himself, as though he had been expecting me. Everything had gone so smoothly I began to get the funny feeling that perhaps this whole episode had been prearranged! I was asked inside and introduced myself to the learned man, telling him only that I was on my way to New York to see my son and daughter-in-law.

I had prepared a list of the most important events in my life in case he wanted to know them, but he didn't ask any questions, other than my date of birth, so I volunteered nothing. He then asked me to go downstairs with him to the courtyard. He indicated I should take off my hat and shoes and step out into the sunlight. I did so, but had to leap quickly back into the shade as the asphalt was burning hot. In the end he allowed me to wear my flat Indian sandals. The pandit then took out a ruler, not the normal kind marked in centimeters or inches, but something that looked like a scientific or astrological ruler. "I am going to measure your shadow," he said.

When he finished, we returned to his apartment where he sat down at his desk, took out pen and paper, and began writing some strange looking calculations. He told me he was making calculations based on the measurement of my shadow. Then, from what appeared to be an endless number of palm leaves, he took out one bundle of leaves. From that bundle he selected just one leaf. He showed it to me saying,

“It is written in Sanskrit.” The text was executed in exquisite handwriting, almost like a work of art in itself. It looked as though each letter had been formed with infinite care, perfection, and love.

He handed me a writing pad and pen so I could take down his reading. He began: “You have a long life . . . your guru is Sathya Sai Baba” (I had not mentioned I had a guru of any sort). “You do the Gayatri Mantra. . . .” (I was astonished at this. I chant the mantra morning and night, every day, regardless of where I am.) You are a high incarnation.”

The pandit continued, saying, among other things, “Baba loves you . . . you are now writing a book about Baba” (indeed, I was and this volume is it!). “The book will be successful . . . you are very happy in India . . . in this body your mission is yoga meditation, writing books, staying with Baba, Gayatri Mantra and social work.” I then asked what was meant by social work. He replied, “Writing books. Baba will help you.”

The pandit then went on to make a number of completely accurate statements about my son and daughter-in-law concerning their work, personalities, health, and relationship with each other and with me. I was particularly surprised when he announced that my daughter-in-law had just recently been awarded a Guggenheim grant for her work as an artist. He concluded with a number of statements of a highly personal nature relating to my own life.

I left the pandit feeling completely confused. I struggled to grasp the fact that thousands of years ago this most beautifully handwritten leaf, from a historically famous text, had been compiled about me, my son, and my daughter-in-law! Yet the facts read by the pandit were accurate and beyond dispute, despite the fact that he had never seen or heard of us, and was given no information whatsoever about us. To this day he has not even set eyes on my son and daughter-in-law. Time alone will test some of the predictions contained in the

Book of Bhrigu about how the future will effect the three of us. Clearly there is much that is beyond the ability of the human mind to fathom.