

Portion of narrative written for "The Palm Reader"

Babaji was a man of few words, if any, and what I did learn of him and his deeply spiritual upbringing was told to me by his disciples. Apparently, he had been orphaned as a very young child and collected into one of the decrepit orphanages that were run by the Hindu church in the central Indian state of Madhya-Pradesh.

It was just over one year later when a group of three nomadic men visited the orphanage. The name of these men escapes me, but it was a term that meant they were holy men who had become detached from the traditional vein of the Hindu church and had found a separate "calling" as it were. The way these three and Babaji were completely drawn to each other that day, as I am told, was uncanny.

Their request to take the young boy and raise him met no objection whatsoever from the orphanage, and so Babaji began his journey towards what his much younger disciples called "enlightenment" - with the good fortune of doing so at such a young, impressionable and formative age.

As the years passed Babaji grew from a boy into a young man. While others his age devoted the bulk of their thoughts to securing love and the material possessions of common life, Babaji's only focus past his own sustenance was immersing himself in understanding the energies of human existence and how they manifest themselves in ways that are beyond the scope of common men.

Palmistry, the ability to read a person's future by the lines of their hands, was one area he came to be prolific in. He was every bit a prodigy in this discipline and many others, just as the three nomads had known he would be when they were deeply compelled to visit the orphanage that afternoon all those years ago. As his beard grew in and signified his passing into manhood, he was at the cusp of becoming one of the few preeminent "seers" in this region and would soon become a wise man of great repute.

.....