



Faith & Gayatri

ONE WINTER EVENING IN THE LATE NINETIES

when my wife Birgitte and I were working independently on an SSSIO project for the Sai Center in Copenhagen, Birgitte suddenly shouted out loudly, “Mother is lying on the floor, she cannot get up. We must drive to Vordingborg and help her.” I replied, “Wait! How can you be sure of this?” She said, “I was looking at Baba’s picture next to the computer. Suddenly I had a feeling that my mother is lying down on the floor! We have to drive there now!”



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I knew inside that it was true, even though I said, “That is not possible. We are 105 km away; there is a violent snowstorm going on, and there is no roadside assistance should something go wrong. Let us first call the homecare facility, as they are in the same city. They have a key to your mother’s apartment.” We called the people at the homecare, who agreed to drive to my mother-in-law’s home right away. After about 30 minutes the phone rang. Birgitte was right, and they said that my mother-in-law lay cold and exhausted on the stairs since the golden bracelet in her hand was caught in the railing. They helped to move her to the bed and called the doctor on call.

Birgitte and I decided to drive the long distance to Vordingborg, where my mother-in-law lived, even

though there was a heavy snowstorm and a warning not to drive because of hazardous road conditions. We started driving over roads covered with about 20 cm of snow. When we reached the highway, as we reached the ramp, I told Birgitte, "Now Baba has to drive the car, this is too dangerous for me."

I stepped on the accelerator and moved into the outer lane of the road and let go of the steering wheel. The speed slowly reached 110 km per hour. The snow was everywhere, with visibility below 50 meters. The snow swirled into the windscreen, and it was impossible to see anything. **We both began continuously chanting the Gayatri Mantra.** I knew that we did not have enough gasoline for the drive, but we had enough to reach the next gas station about 40 km ahead, where we could refuel. Several times I thought, "It is crazy, that I am not holding the steering wheel!" But every time I grabbed the steering wheel, the car started to swerve and skid, and I could not steer the car. "Sorry, Swami!" – I called out loudly.

I refueled at the next stop and entered the shop to pay. Two men from the roadside assistance team looked at me, and I asked them about the highway condition ahead. They replied that everything was closed, with no roadside help and no snow removal, and the Police strongly discouraged us to be on the road.

I got back into the car and told Birgitte, what I just heard about the road conditions ahead. I started the car and drove back on the highway, moved to the outer lane, and released the steering wheel. Then I stepped on the accelerator and said to Swami, "You steer the car, I will step on the accelerator."

Later we saw the red taillights of other cars. They were driving at a very slow speed in the inner lane. I blinked my headlights to warn them that a fast-moving car is approaching. Some cars appeared to be stationary, while we drove past, as we were going so fast! Again, I thought: "It is crazy, that I am not holding the steering wheel of the car, and the speed is too high. But again, whenever I touch the steering wheel, the car starts swerving and I cannot steer the car." When I released the steering wheel again, the car straightened up and continued driving smoothly through 15-20 cm of snow, with occasional higher snowdrifts. **We were constantly chanting the Gayatri and praying for Swami's help. It was evident, that He was steering our car!**

After an hour and ten minutes, we arrived at Birgitte's mother's home. At the same time, another car pulled up ahead of us. We figured that it might be the doctor on duty, as he had a medical bag and walked to the front door.

All of us entered the first floor, where my mother-in-law lived. After the doctor had examined my mother-in-law, he said, that she only got cold from lying on the stairs, and it was not a major illness. He asked us, where we came from, and we told him, that we lived in Copenhagen about 105 km away. He said, "You must have been on the road for several hours." I said, "No, only about an hour." Then, he replied, "I drove 15 km, from Praesto to here, and it took me one and half hours to get here!" We had nothing further to say.

How can anyone explain Swami's miracles of love?

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