

## The Brooklyn Bridge.

It is hard to describe the hardships I had to go through in order to get you this first hand, first revealed information, which is a real breakthrough in the history of humankind's quest to unravel the mysteries of its spiritual development. But I am determined to turn any stone on Earth to pave the Path before His lovers.

So after untold sacrifices, hair-raising experiences, etc etc, I discovered this incredible information:

When Meher Baba came to New York City the first time, during November 1931, while staying at Grove Street, He managed to escape His guards. (As you know, Baba's watchmen actually had to make sure that He didn't escape; it is true that they guarded Him at night from adversities, but the truth is, that they knew Baba had come to deliver a gift that He carries within himself. Each time the Avatar comes, He establishes a vortex point on Earth, and those who possess the location from where his vortex begins, are most fortunate from the spiritual stand point, and Baba's disciples wanted that treasure for themselves, of course). Baba built a decoy body made of straw under His blanket, left His moustache on the pillow, so the night watchman wouldn't notice His absence; and then Baba simply oozed out through the keyhole. Baba started walking towards the Brooklyn Bridge.

On His way He stopped in front of an open restaurant with its lights blinking in the cool November night.

"A restaurant opens after midnight?" Baba was wondering to Himself. But the wonderful smells of Ratner's Kosher Deli were irresistible, even for the Avatar of the Age. As He walked in, an old Jewish man greeted Him, and showed him to an empty table.

"Can I help you, sir?" asked the man kindly.

"How come you are open at such an hour?" questioned Baba.

(Baba was really \*speaking\*)

"Well, sir, an old Indian chief came just before we closed down, paid \$100 in advance, and asked us to stay open till the morning; he said that maybe a top VIP might come during the night, and we should be prepared. So, sir, if so you wish, you can take advantage of this. We've cooked all our Jewish specialties, and if by chance he doesn't come, it will all go to waste".

"Are you sure this is all kosher?" asked Baba carefully.

The man turned green from the insult: "Here is the updated Glat\* Kosher certificate from Chief Rabbi of NYC!" answered angrily the man.

"Well, well," responded Baba, smiling to Himself, "My Dad told me once never to eat meat if it is not Glat Kosher; so, what's on the menu?"

"We have gefilte fish with khraine\*, kneidel soup, kreplach soup, leg soup, kishke, tsholent, and of course, schnitzel with potato purée, we have....."

"Leg soup! Leg soup!" Baba exclaimed gleefully, and so leg soup was served quickly.

"Another one!" cheered Baba. And Baba gulped down six dishes one after another, dipping a whole challeh into the dish to the utter dismay of the proprietor.

"Do you know what they're doing to Me?" complained Baba, "They force me to play an Indian Guru, live on a half slice of old bread daily, keep silence all the time, and no Kosher Jewish food! It's bad for my spiritual status, they say!"

The man looked at Baba suspiciously since He wasn't exactly dressed like a local New Yorker, but in some odd mixture of Eastern and Western cloths.

"Are you sure you can pay for your meal?" The proprietor looked concerned.

"I don't understand much about money, but my men gave me a few coins, just in case." Baba let the man look into his wallet, and when the man looked inside, it was full of shiny gold coins!

"Just a few coins!" the man was stunned; "You must be a very rich and respectable Maharaja!"

"Not rich, nor a Maharaja; I used to sell juice at my Dad's shop; I would buy a bottle for one rupee, and sell it for two; 15% profit is good enough. As Dad used to say, don't rip off the customers."

And all the time Baba kept on devouring dish after dish, to the utter consternation of the entire staff; Baba was literally emptying the entire kitchen of food!

"Why are you staring?!" quipped Baba.

"Because You already ate more than fifty people can eat!"

"It is more than ten years since I ate properly; I have a big hole in my stomach! I am tired playing this Guru shtick! What's there for dessert?"

A young boy got out from the kitchen with a dirty towel in his hand, and started to wipe off Baba's spotted table; Baba looked dismayed.

"A young Jewish boy working at such a late hour!?!?" Baba glanced at the proprietor with ice cold eyes.

"Hard times, mister," responded dryly the man.

"What is your name, boy?" asked Baba kindly,

"Irwin Lewis Levinson, sir", answered the boy shyly.

Baba patted his cheeks kindly; "Don't worry boy, I'll keep my eye on you!"

They brought from the kitchen a huge pot full of creamy, spongy, sweet vanilla pudding,

"I guess there is no need for a dish, you might as well eat it right out of the pot and empty this one too!"

Baba just nodded His head in agreement, and emptied the entire pot with one gulp!

Baba got up happily, took a few coins from His pocket and placed them on the table.

"Keep the change!" Baba grinned.

"Stinking rich Maharajas! He could feed an entire village from what he just ate!"

Exclaimed angrily the proprietor after Baba left, "And what shall we do when the real VIP will come?!"

Baba walked out quickly towards Brooklyn Bridge.

Baba climbed on the very top of the first tower, and there He created the most powerful vortex opening to Heaven, so powerful, that even if the most unfortunate person will reach it, his destiny will be totally changed. Now what happened was that Baba exhaled this vortex point from His right nostril. But what we don't know, is the POSITION He placed Himself on the tower. He could seat facing East or facing West, so we have a problem locating the exact point from which this vortex point starts.

Why is it so crucial? You can say that the entire neighborhood should be prosperous, and this is true; one can get what he wants in NYC. But suppose you are the ugliest hag on Earth. You want Apollo to be yours. Just place your right nostril exactly on the location Baba placed His right nostril, then inhale. Apollo is yours. It is not only that Apollo will be yours, he actually will fall madly in love with you, the ugliest hag on Earth. And now, at last, you can walk proudly in Times Square, Apollo holding gently your furry arm, looking at your dimpled face with complete adoration, while all the chicks are all fainting from jealousy!

But I know you; you will say, what is the problem? Sit once on the peak of the tower, once facing eastward and inhale, and once facing westward and inhale; most probably you will hit the right spot. Wrong! You don't know Baba yet! If you inhale from Baba's left nostril, your wish will work out backwards. Well, I am not sure what can happen to the ugliest hag on Earth if she misses the spot. Would it be that Apollo might become an ugly nudnik? Maybe the ugly hag would become princess charm, and Apollo will become an old haggard creep? How then would you walk in Times Square?!?!

Nevertheless, the secret about Baba's vortex leaked; I think it appeared in His Missing Book, after the Book was found, three hundred years after His passing. So of course the Manhattanites and the Brooklenites claimed the holy spot for themselves; what triggered it was that that ugly hag really took her chances, gave it a try, and won!

The Manhattanites claimed that since Baba set on the Tower close to Manhattan, the Tower is theirs; But the Brooklenites claimed the Tower for them, hence for no idle reason the bridge was called after Brooklyn. Soon they started to fight, because the District Court refused to deal with this issue, since religion was separated from State. From fist fights they resorted to armed conflict, and this went on for 2256 years. Millions have died, and no solution was seen in the offing. All waited for the second Coming of Baba, but alas, He didn't come; not as Meher Baba, definitely not the same features, so go figure.

But at last one wise man got up, and said: "See folks, we already killed 6,585,798 people on the holy site; about 8 people a day, mostly young men and women. How about this - we will make an altar at the bottom of the Tower, and will sacrifice every morning a young man or woman? One day from Brooklyn, and one day from Manhattan. It sounds cheaper to me." And all celebrated the wisdom of that wise man, and started the holy sacrifices in order to please Meher Baba.

And NYC was quiet for 42 years.

Maybe.

Etzion, November 2000

Traditional Jewish dishes:

\*Glat - literally flat. Meat which was found after slaughter flawless by all religious standards. Glat Kosher: The highest standard for perfect, holy food as ordained by Master Moses.

\* kneidel: a ball of dough boiled in chicken soup. (Matzo Ball)

\* kreplach: stuffed meat in dough, cooked in soup.

\*kishke: stuffed intestines. A Jewish sausage.

\* tsholent: traditional Sabbath meal, made of meat, potatoes, beans etc, baked all night in an oven.

\*khraine: horseradish. White root, extremely hot. Usually mixed with beet.

\*challah: Twisted white bread made especially to celebrate the Sabbath day.