

Grace Happens
By Barbara Graham

I have come to Germany to be saved.

Not from Satan in that Jesus-rapture-float-up-to-heaven sort of way, I have come to be saved from myself.

It might seem odd for a Jewish pilgrim from New York to be searching for salvation in Hadamar, the tiny village where Joseph Mengele conducted his evil experiments half a century before, but this is the town where many devotees who travel to see Mother Meera stay.

Born in India in 1960 to farmers, Mother Meera was recognized to be an incarnation of the Divine Feminine when she was just eight years old. It is said that she was put on earth to help human beings prepare for transformation to a higher level of consciousness. In her book *Answers* she explains that her purpose is “to help humans and to make them happy, peaceful, contented, harmonious, and loving.”

I want to be all of those things. More than anything I want to stop being afraid—of everything. Still, I’m not sure whether a person who is, confusingly, both a skeptic and a true believer—i.e. me—can be helped, but I’m hoping for a little grace.