

The Guru

by Larry Strattner

As they rocked in his recliner the baby boy plastered on the front of him slept. A humming noise he made in his throat insured the kid remained unconscious. He remembered the noise from rocking his own long-gone son who had also fallen asleep right away when rocked while he repeated this noise over and over. Too bad he couldn't bottle and market the recipe. A surefire baby soporific would be worth a fortune.

The kid, Otto, squirmed in his arms seeking another comfortable position. He'd been asleep for twenty five minutes.

Otto's mother, Gloria, who lived upstairs, trusted him with occasional short babysitting assignments while she made a quick run to the store. Daytimes only. After all he was eighty five years old. Gloria didn't want to take a chance on his staying power after five in the evening. No matter. He enjoyed Otto, feeling his short baby breaths as they rocked.

He made the noise for Otto. Hmmm, hmmm, hummm, hum, hum, hum. He paused before the last hum. Two quick hummm or hums, pause a beat, and then the third hummm or hum. Rhythmic.

The rocking kept him from realizing he was slipping into a meditative state. He'd always associated meditation with sitting still. Gloria had only asked him to watch Otto a few times over the last couple of months. During Otto's last two visits he had zoned out while rocking the kid without even realizing what was happening.

Today Otto was making little noises harmonizing with his hummm and hums and after about ten minutes he felt away from himself, above himself, somewhere outside, in the sky. He was in a trance yet alert, realizing he was going somewhere important,

reaching, journeying toward understanding of a higher truth so long lost.

It came to him, a flash, bright, clear, enveloped him, washed over him, with a power of certainty he had not felt in many years, it flabbergasted him with its immediacy and he knew it for all it meant. Otto had done a load in his diaper.

