

Guruji Vachans....

"Sada parivar wapas aa gaya (my family has finally come back to me)."

"Tera naam ki hai? (what is your name)," he asked me.

"Sukhmani", I answered proudly, since I was very fond of my name. "Bada changa naam hai (it is a very nice name)," he replied.

The next day when we entered the temple, Guruji suddenly looked at my mother and said, "Tu Karminder Kaur di beti hai (you are Karminder Kaur's daughter)."

"Tenu pata hai tu mere kol 70 saal di tapasya baad ayi hai? (do you know you have come back to me after 70 years of meditation)," he said.

His eye balls started to rotate and in them I saw something; but I was so scared that I quickly looked away. Guruji smiled and asked, "do you know what transmigration of souls means?"

He further asked, "do you also know that a lot of souls from the West have taken birth in India this moment?"

"Aaj main teri beti nu Shivji de thore darshan karwate (today I have given your daughter a bit of Shivji's darshan)."

"Bring betel leaves worth rupees 100, I shall do Sukhmani's operation tomorrow,"

"Apni beti mainu de de (give your daughter to me)," Guruji told my mother one day.

He laughed at my foolish thoughts and said, "dono meriyan khaas betiyan han (they are both my special daughters)."

One morning, as I walked into his room, he said, "lo aa gayi nastik (here comes the atheist)" for the first time, it hurt me to hear that from him but I kept quiet. He gave me one long look and then said, "nai nastik nai hai, rab naal naraz hai. Tenu lagda hai Rab dusare loka da hai tera nai (no, not an atheist, you are angry with God. You feel that God does for everyone else but not you)."

"Main har janam wich tera Guru siga, tenu ki lageya main tenu is janam ch chadd deyanga? (I have been your Guru in each of your past lives, what makes you think I would let you go this time?)"

"Come and press me feet." I quickly got up and started pressing his feet.

"Mere dono pairan te padam hai (I have padam in both my feet)," said Guruji.

"Guruji why are your hands turning blue?", mom asked, sounding concerned. "Asi Shiv (I am Shiv)," was all he said and smiled.

Guruji lovingly called my mother "Sukhy aunty." One day, he called her and said, "Sukhi aunty tu roj do baje sawere uth ke Guru Nanak nu ardas kardi hai ki niche aao te meri betiyan di shaadi karao (you get up at two am every morning and pray to Guru Nanak, asking him to come down and get your daughters married)."

Guruji smiled and said, "Tu Rab nu bulaya kardi si, le main hun aa gaya haan (you asked God to come down to help you and now I am here)."

"Har kisi nu mahapurushan da mahaparshad naseeb nai hunda. Khaao te dekho sari bimariyan door ho jaan gi (not everyone is lucky to get mahaparshad from a mahapurush, eat and your ailments will disappear)," said Guruji. And we all ate like it was our last meal.

Many years later when Guruji was in Delhi, he said, "I see you do not have the kind of a temper you had when you first met me." I agreed and laughingly said, "Guruji, even I am surprised that I do not get angry very often now." Guruji laughed loudly and said, "mirchaan khila khila ke tera main gussa kateya hai (its thanks to all the chillies that I have fed you.)"

His love was what I was looking for all my life. "You all have been given admission," said Guruji.

"What does that mean", I asked foolishly. Guruji replied, "I have accepted you all as my disciples." I was obviously very happy to hear this but I had to ask him another foolish question.

"Guruji does not everyone become your disciple once they come to you?" "No," he said, "nai, har koi mera chela nai ban sakda. Hale te kai loga nu admission form hi nai mile. Thanu sareyan nu admission ta mil gaya par tusi saare different classes which ho. Kaun kis class wich hai oh mahapurush da secret hunda hai. Asi nai bata sakde (not everybody who comes to me can become my disciple. Some people have not yet been given admission forms. Even though you have got admission, you are all in different classes and that is a secret that saints do not reveal. Although I treat everyone equally my blessings are according to your individual levels)."

"Sukhi aunty, kal gaddi 90 te chal rahi si (Sukhi aunty, you were driving at 90 km per hour yesterday").

"Kal main tera saara toona apne utte le leya. Toona inna strong si ki sirf ek mahapurush hi kad sakda si. Tu 45 di umar cross nai karni si te teri death ahi ji honi si ki koi dekh nai sakna si. Tere baad eh toona Sukhmani wich te usde baad us de agge bacche wich jaana si (yesterday, I took all the black magic done on you on to myself. Your black magic could only be taken off by a true mahapurush. You would not have crossed the age of 45 and would have died a death that your family could not see. After you, this effect would have gone into your younger daughter Sukhmani and after her death, it would have further gone into her daughter." This is when I understood why Guruji came into the temple and said to me, "kalyan ho gaya tera."

"Main tuhanu saareyan nu apni sharan wich le laya hai. Hun koi kuchh karega ta us nu mera samna karna payega. Daran ki koi lod nai (I have taken you all under my wing. If anyone tries it again, he will have to deal with me. You have nothing to fear.)"

"People who indulge in black magic will have to face severe punishment in hell because they are harming people and interfering with God's plan. 99 per cent of people today indulge in black magic and visit tantriks to find shortcuts through their problems, they dont know what seeds they are sowing."

"Tenu new life ditti, Sukhi aunty, aish kar (I have given you a new life Sukhi aunty, enjoy)," said Guruji.

"Get your elder daughter married," Guruji told my mother one day. At first, my mother just said yes and kept quiet. After a few days, he again forcefully told her, "Sukhi aunty, tu roz swere uth kar Rab nu kendi si meri beti da vyah karan waste thale utero, hun main aaya hoye haan ta tu sundi nai (Sukhi aunty, you always prayed to God to come down and get your daughter married; now I am here to help you and you are not listening)." My mother said, "Guruji, I dont know where to find a suitable match for her." That is not your problem. The boy and his family will be coming tonight to the temple," Guruji said.

As we entered, he said, "Sukhi aunty, what have you got for me?" Not wanting to give him the dress in a bad condition, we said, "Guruji, we have not got anything." No, you have had a dress made for me and matching shoes, bring them to me, I want to see them."

"For this dress, I had to come last night to your house and change the bundle of money," said Guruji.

"Guruji, so you changed the money?," asked my sister in surprise. "Yes, I had to or you would have been late."

"Sukhi aunty is your shopping complete?," he asked my mother one day as we visited him.

"Guruji, I cannot find a coloured kundan tikka anywhere. I have been to all the old jewellers but none of them have it. What should I do?," mom was very worried as we did not have enough time to have one made especially to match her set.

"Go tomorrow to Patiala and you will find one," said Guruji.

"Guruji, how will I accommodate so many people if the weather remains so bad?," my mother said.

"Dont worry," said Guruji, "it will be a warm and sunny day on the third." Sure enough the rain finally stopped on the second and on the third, it was indeed a beautifully warm and sunny day.

After the wedding, Guruji ordered his sangat who came with him from Jalandhar to follow him back to the temple. When this lady reached the temple she quietly sat down in one corner feeling miserable over the loss of her necklace. Guruji walked up to her and threw her necklace in her lap. "Here aunty, is this why you have been sulking all through the wedding?"

As told by Guruji much in advance, my sister was soon blessed with a beautiful healthy baby boy. During the first few months of my sister's pregnancy, her test results were not coming normal. One day, he asked, "Where are you showing her? Who is the doctor?" When we named the doctor, he immediately said, "dont go there, there will be a death at her clinic." Guruji instructed us to change the doctor and gave us the address of another lady doctor. As soon as we started going to the new doctor, all my sister's test results came to normal.

Guruji would often call her to the temple and bless her. He even said that her pains will start in the temple itself. Sure enough on the sixth of February, at about nine pm, my sister was having langar at the temple when her pains started. Guruji blessed her and we got her admitted to the clinic. My sister was in a bad shape.

The mouth of the uterus would not open so the doctor finally took a call to wait another few hours before doing a caesarean. Since Guruji had told us it would be a normal delivery, my mother and I rushed to him to seek his guidance. He told us that it will be a normal delivery and that there was nothing to worry. Just as we got back to the clinic, we saw the doctor taking my sister to the operation theatre.

She told us that it was very strange that the uterus opened and she is hopeful for a normal delivery. On the eighth of February, my nephew was born. Guruji kept his name Rajdeep and told my mother, "Sukhi aunty, I have given you a soul by choice. You can make his birth chart if you wish and you will be surprised to know what I have given you."

One day, soon after the delivery, Guruji called me into his room and asked me, "Sukhmani, go ask that lady doctor if she felt anything in the operation theatre. She will tell you that she feels a presence in the theatre each time she does a case. Ask her if she joins her hands and prays to God before doing deliveries. And tell her that I have been watching over her for the past many years." Doctors being doctors, I was not very hopeful on getting a reaction from her.

Four years later, Guruji again blessed my sister with a daughter. Each time the parents would go to Guruji to ask him for a name, he would say, "I will keep it after thinking about it." This went on for about two months and one fine day, Guruji called up my sister late at night and said, "you are to name your daughter Pearl. Dont call her anything but Pearl. Even diamonds have imperfections, but a Pearl is pure." I thank Guruji for giving us these children as they have brought a tremendous amount of happiness into all our lives.

One day the temple curtains got changed. The old ones were washed and ironed and kept aside. Just as we walked in, Guruji told one of the caretakers to put all of the old curtains in our car saying, "the curtains in Litlu's room need to be changed. The one near the dressing table are torn." My sister was always called Litlu by Guruji, he never used her real name.

As much as we tried to recall, we could not remember any curtain to be torn or damaged in that room. He further added, "all three of you must sleep in the room with the new curtains." By all three, he meant my mother, sister and me. We never understood why Guruji wanted us all to sleep in one room but we had learned over these few days never to question him.

"Guruji, why are the curtains turning black?", my mother finally took the courage to ask him.

"I am curing the negative influences of planets on all three of you. Since my temple curtains are charged with my energy, they are taking all the effect on to themselves," said Guruji, "keep sleeping in the same room." We did as we were told, and for over a year, the curtains kept getting black until one day we realised, they were not getting as black as they used to.

"Guruji, the Shiva idols in our room seem to come alive and breathe each time we pray to them, is it our imagination?", asked my mother. "These are blessings, dont stop here. You must go beyond this. Go back and do away with the idols. Leave them in some temple," said Guruji.

The next day, someone in Guruji's sangat called saying, "we were sitting with Guruji last night and Guruji mentioned that your entire family has been given the divine darshan of all the ten Sikh gurus, is it true?" Before we could say anything, he further added, "Guruji has given us instructions to come see the room where you were given the dashing." This confirmed what we had seen the night before.

Just as my mother opened the door of his room, Guruji laughed and said, "So? Did Parvati ji finally give you darshan that day?" We put our heads down and were ashamed of our foolish conversation that day. Guruji laughed and hugged us both.

Each time I would go to Guruji, he would say something to me like, "Last night you got up twice to go to the toilet" or "this afternoon you had two chapatis" or things like "Sukhi aunty, before coming to me you wanted to colour your hair but since there was no colour at home, you first went to the market and bought one, coloured your hair and then came."

We would all wonder how he knew. "Not only that, then when you left your house, Gill uncle (my grandfather) forgot his watch so you turned back from the Sector 36 roundabout and went back. Isn't that right?" My mother answered. I would often think as to how he knew all the minute details but never got around to asking him.

One morning, Guruji called up home and told us all to chant 11 'malas' of a particular path. He told us not to use the prayer beads but to use 11 almonds to keep track of the number of malas done and to use 108 black grams as beads instead. This path was to be done at two am every morning for a few months. Needless to say, I found the path extremely difficult to pronounce and many times, would fall off to sleep in the middle of my chanting, only to be woken up and told by mom to re-do everything.

"Guruji had sent his car for you and wants you to join him for langar. I have instructions to take you and Sukhi aunty in Guruji's car and have been told to tell Gill uncle to follow in his car. We must leave now," he said.

I was super excited to travel in Guruji's car. The car was full of Guruji's fragrance and the experience was divine. Guruji was waiting for us at a disciple's house. As soon as we touched his feet and sat around him, he told my mom, "Sukhi aunty, every morning when you said your prayers, I used to be present." Very foolishly I asked again just to confirm, "Guruji, did you actually come to us, all these days?"

He smiled and said, "yes, weren't you the one who kept cribbing about the path to be a tongue twister?"

I got my answer but I needed more proof. Reading my thoughts, he added, "go back home and check, at the moment you have white bed sheets with blue flowers on them." He was right of course and I was rather ashamed of myself for doubting him.

On seeing Guruji, he was not very happy to know that Guruji was bald and not a Sikh. Disappointed, he went back home only to be woken up by Guruji at night, lying down on a bed besides him. Badly shaken and scared, he sat up and Guruji changed his appearance to that of Guru Gobind Singh ji. Addressing the gentleman by his name, Guruji said, "you came back disappointed because you saw I was bald?" Feeling rather ashamed of his assumptions, he fell at Guruji's feet and thus became a disciple and visited Guruji often.

Another spiritual gentleman whom I have known for many years, visited Guruji along with his elder brother. Guruji called them both inside and filled up his double bed with diamond sets. He asked the elder brother to pick up any one that he fancied. He joined his hands and begged Guruji not to put him in the web of maya (materialism). Guruji then asked the younger brother who was very spiritual, "what do you want?", asked Guruji.

"Guruji, please give me the divine darshans of Guru Nanak Dev ji," he replied.

Guruji smiled and walked out of the room. After about three months, the younger brother was in meditation in his prayer room that was locked from inside. Guruji called out to him and said, "wake up, you wanted darshans of Guru Nanak and now the time has come." Guruji disappeared and for about 45 minutes this gentleman had darshans of Guru Nanak Dev ji. Later on this same person was blessed with the darshans of all the ten Sikh gurus, Meera ji and Kabir ji.

Many people in the sangat have seen Guruji in the form of Shivji. A friend of mine, sitting next to me in the temple, suddenly started crying. She got up and ran out as if not being able to see Guruji. It seemed very strange to me as I had never witnessed anything like this before. On being asked what is causing her to cry like this, all she could say was that she could not look at Guruji's eyes.

"His eyes are shining so bright that it is blinding me. I cannot see Guruji sitting on the aasan, instead I see Shivji," she said.

"Guruji, what is wrong with her?", I asked. "I have given her the divine darshan of Shivji, but she is unable to bear it. Not everyone can handle being given a darshan,

people can even go mad." This is when I realised that it is easy for Guruji to give darshans but it is not easy for us humans to bear the impact of such an experience.

One day while sitting with Guruji, he told me, "I have blessed your grandfather with the darshans of Shivji, next is your turn." Needless to say, I was on top of the world. My grandfather was a saintly man and never told anyone about his spiritual experiences. After probing him for two long days, he finally admitted to having had the darshans and all he said was that it was an amazing experience that cannot be explained in words.

On being asked why she sees lions on his body so often, Guruji would tell my mother that the lion is a symbol of Shiv. There were times when faces would develop on all ten finger tips of my mother's hands. She again asked Guruji why she was seeing such things on her hands and he would smile and tell her that they were all the different "roop" (faces) of Shivji.

"Guruji, God can come to us in any form, even as a beggar. We are not always polite to beggars. Please tell us how we can save ourselves from making a mistake of shunning away God if he ever comes to us in such a form," I asked Guruji, feeling ashamed of the number of times I had been rude to beggars.

Guruji, ever so understandingly, replied, "kuchh de nai sakde ta hath jod ke man wich keh do ki maaf karo. Je oh asli sant howega ta samajh jaayega (if you cannot give anything to a beggar, dont be rude. Just fold your hands and say please forgive me and if it is a saint or God, in a beggar's disguise, he will understand."

He further added, "Gupt daan deya karo. Is tarah daan deyo ki right hand ko pata na chale ki left haath ne diya hai. Hamesha left hand se daan do kyonki left hand khulla daan karta hai. Right hand hamesh sochega ki main kuchh wapas rakh lawan. Gupt daan aur gupt path se garbh jooni se mukti mil jaati hai (you must indulge in charity, but charity must be done in such a way that your right hand does not know what your left hand has given. Always give with your left hand as it will give freely. Your right hand will always want to hold some things back. Charity and prayers done on the quiet, without anyone knowing is the only way to liberate your soul from the cycle of life and death.)"

"Guruji, what else can we do to attain moksha?", I asked. "Help the needy, feed the hungry and read the Shiv Puran. This is the easiest way to attain liberation in this kalyug," he said.

The prashad used to be brought to the mandir just before the sangat started to arrive. I would then cook it enough for Guruji to distribute it with his hands. One

day as soon as Guruji touched the parshad, he asked me, "Sukhmani, who has made the parshad today?" I presumed like always, it must be Saraswati and told him so.

"No, today the parshad is not nice, someone else has touched it," he said. Although he still distributed it but kept telling me it was not nice. I never noticed anything wrong with the texture, it looked the same as always and did not understand what was wrong. I rang up home to ask Saraswati what had happened and she said that the second maid had entered the kitchen for a few minutes and she did touch the parshad.

I apologised to Guruji for the mistake but was still confused as to why some people were allowed to touch his food while others were forbidden. Sensing my dilemma, he said, "asi har kisi de hath da khana nai khaa sakde. Kise kise ki vibrations khaane de wich aa jandiyen han. Main har kisi de ghar bhi nai kha sakda, kai logan da paisa sakhat hunda hai. Sirf mainu hi pata hai kaun mera khana bana sakda hai (a mahapurush cannot eat food prepared from just any hand. Some people have negative vibrations, which while cooking goes into the food. That food then harms us. Also I cannot eat food from certain families, even though they may be very nice. Only I know who can prepare my food and who cannot)."

"Guruji, what is the significance of the parshad that you distribute?", I asked.

"Is parshad which meriyan blessings hai. Eh parshad sirf aj de waste hi nai, main 25 saal agge tak tuhanu is de naal bless kar sakda haan. Parshad mandir wich hi khaa ke jaya karo, aithe dawai bahar mathai (the parshad I distribute to you all is charged with my power. I take all your bad karmas and give you blessings. My blessings may not be for just today but may be for an event 20 years down the line. Eat all of what is served in the temple here itself, for here it will act like medicine. The moment you take it home, it becomes less effective)."

Every evening we would bring fresh flowers for the temple as well as his room. I soon noticed that the ones in the temple stayed fresh for at least three to four days while the ones in his room had to be changed every day as they would get burned. Not able to stop myself, I asked him, "Guruji, why do the flowers in your room get burned around the edges while the ones in the hall remain fresh for many days?"

"Sade wich jedi power hai oho aag de gole wangu hai. Jado main meditation wich baithda haan, inni power produce hundi hai ki sanu overflow karni paindi hai. Is heat naal tere phool murjha jande han. Jadon main sangat wich aasan te baithda haan, us wakht main thaude saareya utte is power nu udel da haan (the power in me is like a ball of fire. The heat generated during my meditation is what causes the flowers to get burned. Every night when I sit on meditation, the power in me builds

up to such an extent that I have to let it overflow. When I sit on the aasan amongst all of you, is when I let the power overflow)."

"Paani, chai, langar aur parshad wih meri power hai, jo milda hai khaai challo, mana na karo. Kade bhi parshad nu bandna nai. Jo parshad tuhanu mileya hai usnu tusi hi khaana hai, je bandoge ta na tuhada bhala howega na hi jis nu ditta, us da (The water or the tea that you drink here, the langar and the parshad, are all infused with my power, so never refuse anything that gets served here. And most importantly, never share your parshad with anyone. What I give you is for you alone and not for anyone else. If you share it then neither you nor the person you share it with get benefitted)."

Each morning when Guruji got up from meditation, I would go into his room to clean it and the fragrance would be so strong that I sometimes had difficulty breathing. It was as if hundred bottles of perfume had been broken in that room. Being the curious person that I am, I just had to know the source of this beautiful fragrance all around you?" He laughed at my foolishness and said, "it is not a perfume." I felt a bit sheepish but I had to probe. "Then what is it? Guruji, please tell me why was the room so fragrant when I entered it this morning?"

Guruji then explained, "Eh khushboo meri body di natural khushboo hai. Karora, arban mahapurushan wicho kisi ek wih eh khushboo hundi hai. Shivji wih eh khushboo hai (this fragrance is in my body. One in a billion mahapurush will have this fragrance. Lord Shiva has it)."

"Sukhmani, look at that photograph, everyday amrit flows out of it," Guruji said. I got up to see the photograph but could not see the amrit flowing. I did, however, notice that the photograph, although laminated, was getting puffed up as if due to moisture. I was asked to smell it and sure enough the photograph had the same fragrance. Every day, when I entered his room to clean, I would first go to the photograph hoping to see the amrit flow.

One day as I entered Guruji's room to clean it, I noticed a yellow patch on the green coloured carpet. Assuming someone had dropped something, I began to scrub the patch vigorously. Just then Guruji walked in the room. "What happened?", asked Guruji. "Guruji, there is a yellow patch on your carpet that I am trying to clean but it is not going," I said.

"Oh that! That patch got burned last night therefore, it is discoloured. Now touch it and see. I have just taken out amrit from that patch as well," he said.

Guruji was obviously aware of my activities and was rather amused. If by chance, I would forget to collect something of his, he would quietly push it towards me and

point out, "Sukhmani, dont you want this?" I would then quickly grab it before anyone could think of throwing it away. One thing that I always had my eyes on were his shoes.

"Close the mandir today and tell everyone I have gone out," Guruji told my mother and I. "Sukhi aunty, you distribute the parshad on my behalf and after everyone has gone, come and tell me what happened." As instructed, we closed the temple and told everyone that Guruji had gone out.

We distributed the parshad from the gate to the sangat as and when they came. Some accepted his orders, took parshad and went back. Some questioned us about his whereabouts while some got angry with us and never took the parshad. As we finished and went in, Guruji told us exactly what had happened at the gate. He named the people who did not accept the parshad that day.

"Do the same thing tomorrow," said Guruji. As instructed, we stood at the gate the next day to distribute the parshad. Again the same people questioned us and got angry with us, some accused us of telling lies, some quietly accepted Guruji's orders and went back. After we finished and went in, Guruji again gave us the details of what had happened.

"Guruji, what was the reason behind this?", I asked. "Jis tarhan tusi koi cheez nu khreedan to pehla test karde ho, main bhi chela banan to pehla test kardha haan. Ahankaar Rab di raah te chalan nai denda. Kade bhi apne Guru nu discuss na kareya karo te hamesha us di gal maneya karo (just as you test something before buying it, I too test people before I make them my disciples. Ego is the biggest deterrent on the path of spirituality. Never question the Guru's orders and never try probe about your Guru)."

My mother and I were sitting with Guruji in his room when suddenly he said, "The Shiva idol at the Chhattarpur temple has been installed." I knew that Guruji's temple was being constructed in Delhi but beyond that I knew nothing.

"I was there and I even took out a sound from the idol." I could just say "yes Guruji" as I did not understand how he could be in Delhi when he was here with us all the time. The next day, a caretaker from the Delhi temple came with a box of sweets to meet Guruji and tell him that the Shiva idol had been installed the day before. Guruji just looked at me and smiled. Similarly, we were again with Guruji when he asked both my mom and me to press his feet.

"Press my feet and I shall take a nap," he said.

My mother and I were busy pressing his feet when he woke up and asked, "how much time has passed?" I looked at the clock and said, "half an hour Guruji." "Just half and hour? I have already been to America." A saintly person visiting Guruji once asked me, "do you think Guruji is sitting here?" I looked at Guruji and said, "of course, he is, he is sitting on his aasan, cant you see him?", he smiled and nodded.

"This is just his body, Guruji is somewhere else." That is when we realised that Guruji had the ability to be at two or more places at the same time.

Guruji often said, "jeda mere bahut nazdeek baithda hai us da kalyaan main last wich karda haan. Main ta kone wich baithe logan ka pehla kalyaan karda haan (people who come and try to sit close to me are the ones I bless last, I bless those who patiently sit at the back or in corners, trusting in my ability to see them even through walls)."

"I feel like eating paneer tikkas today," I told my mother as we were getting ready to go to Guruji's temple. As soon as I entered Guruji's temple, I completely forgot about having made such a statement. Guruji was getting ready to attend a function at a disciple's home that day and asked to join him. After the function, Guruji instructed a few of us to follow his car.

I presumed he was going back to the temple, but instead he drove into a five star hotel. Going straight into the coffee shop, he sat down and asked us all to order whatever we wanted. I still did not remember the comment about the paneer tikkas and ordered a cold coffee and sat down to enjoy it along with Guruji's divine company. I never came to know when Guruji ordered a plate of paneer tikkas and as it was brought to the table, Guruji pushed the plate in front of me saying, "aaj saadi beti nu paneer tikke khan da man hai, saari plate khaa ja (today my daughter feels like eating paneer tikkas, eat the entire plate. Never had I ever felt so loved and cherished before, and so, I ate away with tears in my eyes)."

One night at Guruji retired into his room, I gathered all the parshad utensils and his bedsheets that needed to be washed, and started to walk towards my car parked outside. Just as I sat down at the passenger side, there was a knock on the window. I was a bit startled to see Guruji. How could this be possible? I just left him in his room; there is no way he could be out here as well. With all these thoughts going on in my mind, I rolled down my window and before I could say anything, he said, "Sukhmani, from tomorrow learn how to drive. There will be a time when you will drive in Delhi to come and see me." Me? And Drive? Didnt he know that I was mortally frightened of driving because of a massive accident I had on the Bombay-Pune highway?", I asked my mother.

"There is no way I am going to learn how to drive," I said.

My stubborn resolve only lasted a day and I soon enrolled with one of the driving schools in Chandigarh. Every afternoon, Guruji would tell me about my progress or rather the lack of it! "You could not put the fourth gear today?" or "You cannot reverse the car well yet." This was all I would hear for the 15 days training I took with the school.

Many times I have heard him say that "I go to those who cannot come to me." And this was so true!

My mother and I waited for him to come out of his meditation and when after a few hours, he did, my mother asked him, "Guruji, why do you come to hospitals?" "Sukhi aunty, have you read the Shiv Puran?" My mother replied in the negative and Guruji further added, "kai baar Shivji nu Guru da roop le ke aana painda hai apne bhagatan nu moksh dilawan waste (many times Shiv takes birth in the form of a Guru to free his people from the cycle of birth and death and grant them moksha)."

An ayurvedic doctor often visited Guruji and Guruji would humour him by getting his pulse read, or by taking some medications from him. "Guruji, you are not unwell, why do you eat all these medicines?", I asked.

"Meri body tuhadi bodies wangu nai hai. Meri body light hai. Eh sab dawaiyan mera kuch nai bigad sakdi (my body is not like yours. It is full of light. All these medicines cannot have any effect on me)."

As usual, the words did not sink in. The doctor came everyday and I would frown each time, he gave Guruji more tablets. On sensing my unhappiness, he then explained, "main Ayurveda nu bless kar raheya haan. Ik time aaoga jad Ayurved bahut demand wich howega. Main is doctor nu bhi award dilwana hai (I am blessing Ayurveda through him. There will be a time when Ayurveda will be much in demand. I am also blessing him so that he can win an award soon)." In less than a week after this discussion, the same Ayurvedic doctor won an award.

One morning, Guruji visited a dentist who was his follower, for a tooth extraction. He called my mother to accompany him to his clinic. On reaching there, they were told that there was no electricity. Guruji sat on the chair and told the doctor to do the extraction.

"Guruji, there is no light," explained the doctor. "Just plug the machine in and it will start, I dont need electricity." The doctor did as Guruji said and sure enough the machine started. The extraction was done successfully and Guruji was given a list of medicines to eat. In the afternoon, I made a list for Guruji stating what

medicine is to be eaten at what time. He read the list and said, "this is very confusing, give me all the medicines now and lets be done with it."

"Guruji you cannot eat all of them," I said.

"Do you want to eat one? You can eat one too," said Guruji.

"No Guruji, I am fine," I said.

To my horror, he took all of them, about six or seven in number and gulped them down in one go.

"Now, I am fine," he said. He gave me a sweet smile and went out of the room. So much for the list!

One morning, Guruji rang us up from Delhi and instructed us to bring a certain Ayurveda doctor to him immediately. "Guruji does he know about you?", I asked.

"No, just tell him your Guru is unwell and you need him to go check him up," said Guruji.

"Dr Saahab, mera pancreas kaam nai karda, koi dawai de deo (doctor, my pancreas is not working well, give me some medication for it)," said Guruji. He checked Guruji up and prescribed some medication. Guruji then instructed us to leave for Chandigarh immediately after langar. As soon as this doctor had langar at Guruji's temple, his pain disappeared and slept peacefully all through the journey back to Chandigarh. Guruji called us the next day and told us that had the doctor not come to Guruji, his appendix would have burst.

"What are all those boxes and medicines on your table?", he asked me.

"Guruji, I am taking those to lose some weight," I said.

"Really? You can lose weight like this? Give me your capsules and shake to drink also." I went to the kitchen and quickly made him a glass. He ate the capsules too. That day he never mentioned anything but after a few days when I went to Delhi to meet him, he told me that by drinking the shake and eating the capsules that day he had taken all the negative effects on to himself and that if I do not stop taking these things, my kidneys would eventually fail. He gave me his leftover water in his glass and told me to drink it.

"Go home and check you weight, I have made you lose two kgs," he said. Sure enough, as I reached home and weighed myself, I was two kgs lighter.

In the afternoon, when we went to our daily cleaning of the temple, Guruji called us into his room and asked, "have you got your original papers from him".

"No Guruji, he has point blank refused to give them to us." At that moment, he kept quiet and the day went on as usual. We stayed with Guruji till six am and just as we got home we got a call from Guruji to come back. Guruji again expressed the desire to be taken to the Military Hospital in Chandimandir. "Sukhmani, get me something to wear," he said.

I opened his cupboard and took out a newly dry-cleaned dress. I cut the cry cleaner's tag and made Guruji wear it myself. At the hospital, he went on to one of his disciple's office and sat down on the examination bed. He sent the doctor and the few others who were there on various errands and only my mother and I were left. Suddenly Guruji put his hand in his pocket and produced the original documents.

"Congratulations Sukhi aunty, here are your original papers, now you own a farm," he said.

I knew his pockets were empty when I made him wear that dress, so where did they come from?" Guruji, we have been with you throughout, how did you get these papers?" I asked, still in shock.

"Guruji can do anything," he said and smiled.

The land was completely dry. We went to Delhi and Guruji asked us about the tubewell. "Have you put up a tubewell yet?", he said.

"Guruji there is not a drop of water on that land," I said.

He smiled and said, "that is not possible, drill again at the right hand side corner of the plot," he said.

"So Sukhi aunty? Sitting here in Delhi, I have taken out water on your land. Water in that area had dried up since the past 100 years, for you I have blessed that area with water. Distribute this water to everyone who requires it but dont ever charge money for it, if you do, the water will dry up," he said.

When the land was being prepared for sowing, there was a pair of 'naags' (snakes) that were sighted. Unfortunately, the workers and villagers got together and killed them both. When news got to us we were very upset and went to Guruji.

"Why did you kill them? They were a pair of ichha dhari naags," said Guruji. We were extremely upset on hearing this and told Guruji that we were not at the site when the incident took place. Had we known, we would not have let it happen. Guruji then told us to do an upai (remedy) to rectify the wrong that was done. The day the upai was done, the same night I saw two naags in my telepathy. They both came on to my bed and said thank you before they finally disappeared. When next we met Guruji, he told us that both of them had been finally liberated.

As Guruji entered the temple, he asked, "why havent you turned on the waterfall?", he asked.

"Guruji there are snakes sitting on the switch, we are scared to go in," we replied.

"Go now and switch it on, the snakes have gone," he said.

We went again and saw there were no snakes and turned the pump on.

"Jadon bhi saap dekho ta hath jod ke Guruji da naam lo te oh chale jaan ge (whenever you see a snake, fold your hands and ask it to leave, it will leave, it will leave without harming you)," he said.

The Chhattarpur temple is so blessed that when the construction started, there were a lot of snakes on that land. I had heard there was a pair of 'ichha dhari naags' there as well. "Guruji, are there any ichha dhari snakes or is it just a myth?", I asked. "Yes, they do exist, there was a pair on the Chhattarpur mandir land, but now they have gone," Guruji said.

Guruji replied, "eh suchi than hai. Aithe bade mahapurushan ne bhakti kiti hui hai. Aithe di vibrations badi high hai (this land is very pious; a lot of rishis and saints have meditated on this piece of land over many years)," he said.

We were all taken aback. We were all very shaken by the incident and when we went back to Guruji, the first thing he said to us as we entered was, "so the? Did Ganeshji open his eyes for all of you to see? Small green eyes?", he said.

"Eh mandir sach di than hai. Main apni bahut powers is mandir wich paiyan han. Jinni wari is mandir wich aaoge, tuhade bure karam sudhran ge (this temple is a place of truth. I have put a lot of powers in this place. Your bad karma will keep getting better each time you visit the Chhattarpur temple)," he said.

I tried telling him that I dont like and each time I would try to open my mouth, he would stop me by saying, "dont say no to tea that gets served here, it is not just tea, it is my blessings for you." That would shut me up.

"Let me teach you; mother and daughter, how to make tea," Guruji said one day as we sat in the Jalandhar temple. My mother and I were asked to watch and leave as Guruji busily went about making tea. What I saw was a big vessel half filled with water and half milk. In that Guruji put two handfuls of tea leaves, four handfuls of sugar and one handful of green cardamoms. "Doesnt Guruji know about the invention of spoons?," I thought to myself as I watched in horror.

"That tea is going to taste so sweet," I whispered to my mother.

"Do you know how to make tea boil faster," Guruji asked.

"No Guruji, is there a way," I asked.

"Yes, watch this!"

He took a big ladle and kept it inverted in the vessel full of tea, and within seconds, the tea came to a boil. He strained it and took two containers with which he cooled the tea and worked up froth on top.

"This is how I like my tea," said Guruji.

He then poured it into glasses and made us drink it.

"Sukhmani, tell me if you have ever had better tasting tea anywhere else," he asked.

As I took a sip, I was actually surprised to know that the tea tasted perfect. It was neither too sweet, as I thought it would be, nor was it too strong.

"Guruji, this tea is just perfect," I sheepishly admitted.

"Good, now that you know how to make it, Sukhi aunty, you will make my tea and Sukhmani, you will make tea for my sangat," he said.

I nearly dropped my glass of tea on hearing this and Guruji gave me a look that meant, "it is an order."

"Guruji is calling you inside," someone was sent from inside to call me. Since my pot of tea showed no signs of coming to a boil, I left it as it is and went into Guruji's room.

"What is taking you so long to bring tea?," questioned Guruji.

"Guruji, tea takes time to boil, give me five more minutes," I whispered.

"How much time does it take to make two cups of tea," he impatiently asked.

I gathered all my courage to finally tell him, "Guruji, I did not know the measurements for two cups, so I am making a pot full of tea." As I braced myself for what I thought would come next, I was pleasantly relieved to hear Guruji laugh.

"Make a good cup of tea for my brother-in-law, and make it quick as he has to leave soon," Guruji said one day.

As I entered Guruji's room, Guruji looked at me, smiled and said, "today, you have finally learned how to make tea."

"Guruji, why do you serve so much tea in the temple?", I happened to ask him one day.

"Jedi chai tusi mandir wich peende ho oh meri blessed kiti hundi hai. Kai log ta bas mandir wich chai pee kar hi cure ho jande han. Yaad rakho, jeda glass tusi chak leya oh tuhada hai. Kisi hor nu pass na kareya karo, blessings transfer ho jaangiyan (the tea that you drink here acts like medicine because I put my power in it. Half of the sangat gets cured by just having a tea here at the temple. Only pick up a glass for yourself, and dont pass it down to anyone else. What you pick up is for you and you alone)," he said.

"No, I dont want you to work just yet," he said. "But why," I pleaded.

Not having the courage to go up to him with my resume, I sent my mother to give it to him. She was then asked to keep it under his aasan in the room. Many days went by and when I did not get any response from Guruji, I asked him, "Guruji, when I had finished my interiors, someone in Delhi had promised to give me a job, please can I join him?"

Guruji asked me details of that person and after a long thought, he said, "no." I was very upset that Guruji had once again said no and that too without giving me a valid reason for it. Many days again passed when one day Guruji called me to his aasan and introduced me to an IAS couple sitting with him. Guruji then told them about my job offer with that particular person in Delhi and as soon as the wife heard his name, she said, "Dont every think of working with that man. He has a very bad reputation." Guruji then looked at me and asked, "now tell me, do you still want to go work for him?"

I felt bad that I doubted my Guru's decision and said, "no Guruji, I will do as you say."

"Aunty, bacha leya main aaj tenu (Aunty, I have saved you today)," he said.

All women disciples were affectionately addressed to as "aunties" and the men as "uncles". "Yes Guruji, this is the third time you have saved me," she said.

"Ki karan? Main tenu utte bhej ta haan te Rab tenu thalle bhej denda hai. Tu hale ik - do wari hor up down karegi (what to do? I keep sending you up to God and he keeps sending you back, it seems he does not need you to bother him yet. So you will keep doing this up down a few more times)," Guruji said. He had an amazing sense of humour.

In another incident, there was a great enmity between two landlords of a particular village. One of them happened to be Guruji's devotee. He was being threatened by the other party that if he tries to cut his crops, they would kill him. He came with his problem to Guruji and Guruji said, "Go tomorrow and cut your wheat crop fearlessly." "But Guruji, they have threatened to kill me if I step close to my fields," he told Guruji.

"Dont fear, just do as I say." Guruji said.

The next day when he reached his fields, he saw a huge wall of Guruji surrounding his entire land. He cut his crops fearlessly and even went and sold them and his enemies never bothered him after that day.

A family kept getting up to take leave from Guruji as they felt it was getting very late and Guruji would make them sit down.

"Now, sit with me for a while long," said Guruji.

When finally they were allowed to go, we asked Guruji why he kept them for so long.

"The gas cylinder in their house has leaked. Had I allowed them to go earlier, they would have gone home and switched on the light, which would have cause the house to go up in flames and resulted in their death. Now it is safe for them to go back."

A family was carrying a big amount of money in a briefcase for some work. When they reached home, they met someone and while talking to them forgot they had kept the briefcase on the scooter. The briefcase, with a couple of lakhs, stayed put on the scooter all night in a busy street. Next morning when the family realised their briefcase was missing, they ran out to look for it. The briefcase was there as they

had left it the night before. When they went to Guruji, the first thing he said to them was, "aunty, you kept me standing out all night. I had to brave the cold to protect your money."

My neighbour is someone who visits pundits and soothsayers pretty often. One day her daughter was very upset so I gave her a small photograph of Guruji to keep with her. The next morning, however, she came running to me, "my mother wants me to return this photograph to you, and I hope you dont mind."

"No, I dont mind at all but what happened?," I asked her.

"Guruji, I saw my house surrounded by a beautiful light, what is it?," I asked Guruji after I had witnessed a beautiful glow over my house.

"Eh meriya blessings han. Meri protection tuhade saare ghar de utte hai. Jis de ghar main chale jaawan, us parivaar nu kade path karan di lod nai paindi. Tusi saare protected ho (That is my blessing and protection to your entire family. Any house I visit need not bother to do prayers for the rest of their lives. You are always protected)."

"Guruji, you have the strangest ways of curing people," I asked him one day. "Mainu tuhanu cure karan waste kuch karan di lod nai hai. Meri power hi tuhanu cure kar dendi hai. Tusi human beings di mentality ahiji hai ki jaddon tak main kuchh karan nu na dewaan, tusi believe nai karoge ki main cure karta hai (I dont need to do anything to cure you people. My power is enough to cure you once you come near me. If I dont tell you to do something, you will not believe I have cured you. A human being's mentality is such)," he said.

"And why do you cure diabetics with sweetmeats and jalebis and ulcers with hot spicy chutneys? These are the things one must avoid when diagnosed with these illnesses," I asked.

Guruji laughed and with a naughty look on his face answered, "Eh mera test hai. Main dekhda haan ki kaun mere te full faith rakhda hai. Jera ta mere te faith rakh ke khaa janda hai us di sugar main jad to kad denda haan. Jo insaan agar magar wich fas jaanda hai, us da pura cure nai hunda, jab tak main na chaahan (That is my test. I see if you have enough faith in me to trust me with your life and health. Those who do eat the sweetmeats without hesitation, inspite of high diabetes, those are the ones who pass my test and whose illness I eradicate from the root. Those who get into ifs and buts will not be cured fully, unless I choose to."

He went on to explain, "mere kol ilaj mangan na aaya karo. Mere kol sharda te pyaar naal aana chahida hai. Mainu sab pata hai. Mangan naal tusi mahapurush

nu apne level tak thalle khich lende ho te khud nastik ban jaande ho (dont come to me for cures, come to me with faith and love and I will cure you without you asking me to. Dont bring a mahapurush down to your level by asking him to cure you, by asking you become a 'nastik')."

"Guruji, what about the spoon that you use to cure people, how does that work for you," I asked.

"That spoon is my stethoscope; I can see everything in it," he said.

I remember being treated numerous times by the application of that spoon and there were days when the spoon became so hot that one could not hold it. I never had to tell what was hurting and he would always seem to know. Apart from the spoon, I have had many a treatment done by use of beetle leaves. They were always kept over the area that needed treating and many a times they too used to become hot and seemed to burn with the heat.

"Why beetle leaves? Can any other leaves be used," I asked Guruji.

"Beetle leaf is the purest; it is because of this reason that it is a favourite with all God," he said.

"Guruji, what about the copper vessels and pots you bless and give to certain people to drink water out of," I asked. I wanted to know if it was good to drink water out of copper vessels in general or was there something more to it.

"Tambe di garvi meri blessings hai tuhanu tuhadi full life waste. Usda paani roz amrit baneya karuga te tuhanu bimaariyaan to door rakhega (those are my blessings to you for your entire life. The ones I have blessed will remain blessed and the water will turn to 'amrit' and will keep you away from diseases)," he said.

Guruji was having his tea when he suddenly placed the leftover tea in front of one of them and said, "aunty, drink it." She in return told Guruji that she does not drink anyone's leftover tea.

We recognised her to be the same lady who had refused to drink Guruji's leftover tea. "Aunty, jaddon main apna mahaparshad tenu ditta si, te tu kehendi si I dont drink jhootha, us din main is hi bimaari da illaj ditta si. Je tu us din meri chai pee lendi, ta is haalat wich na hundi (Aunty, that day when I gave you my tea, you said you dont drink other's leftover tea, but I had foreseen your illness and had given you my tea for this reason only. Had you accepted my blessings that day you would not have been in such a condition)." We all knew that our Guru was too kind and forgiving and would still save her and that is exactly what he did.

"Guruji I dont like going to the dentist. I hate that chair and I am very scared," I told Guruji one day. With all due respect to all dentists around the world, I never was their biggest fan.

"What happened?", he asked.

"Guruji, I have been diagnosed of a deep bite, I had to be rectified as a child but it seems to have relapsed. The doctor suggests braces." Being in college, I was, just as any other young girl, not keen on having my looks spoiled.

"Does that mean your teeth will fall off sooner than other people's?," he asked.

"Well yes, something like that. What should I do?," I asked.

"You dont want braces?," he inquired.

"No Guruji, I wont look pretty," I said.

Guruji chose to test me at that moment. He said, "there is a fakir in Panchkula who applies a paste on a person's teeth and the teeth remain good for five years, go to him."

"Fakir? Why should I go to fakirs when I have you? Besides, he can just cure me for five years. What happens after five years? I want a permanent solution." He laughed and said, "cant have you look old with all your teeth falling off, show me your teeth." On seeing my teeth, he commented, "you have teeth like mine." He pushed some of my teeth, then pulled at some and finally said, "there you go, I have cured your problem. They wont fall off now."

I was mighty pleased and needless to say, never went back to that dentist. The next day when I reached the temple, I was told Guruji had gone out and that I should wait for him. Within an hour, Guruji walked in and went straight to his room. He called my mother and me inside and I saw he was in pain.

"Guruji what happened?," I asked.

"I have had an operation done on one of my teeth and that is hurting badly. Tomorrow I have to go and have same procedure done on the other side," he answered.

My heart sank, I had a real bad feeling about this and as I was about to ask him, he nodded in affirmation, "Yes, I have taken all your dental problems that were yet to come on to myself."

A patient of hernia once came to Guruji in severe pain. "Guruji please bless me I dont want to undergo an operation," he begged.

Guruji looked at him and said, "ok, if you dont want to undergo an operation then do one thing for me while I am out."

"I will do anything Guruji, please help me," he went on.

"Carry all my flower pots that you see here to the terrace, and bring all the ones on the terrace down. Remember you must not take anyone's help." Having said this, Guruji went out of the temple. In Guruji's absence, he very sincerely did as he was told.

In spite of having pain he had so much of faith in his Guru that he was willing to die trying. He soon realised that the more pots he carried, lesser was his pain. When the last pot was left to bring down, Guruji came back to the temple and called for him.

"So, how many pots are left?," Guruji asked.

"Guruji just one more to go," he replied.

"Bring the last one down as well or else the operation I have performed on you will be incomplete," Guruji jokingly said.

He brought down the last pot and that was the end of his pain. He never had the problem of hernia again.

In Chandigarh, where Guruji used to go for his evening walks, there was an old lady with a stick who could hardly walk. One day Guruji just kicked her walking stick and continued walking. That lady became so furious with Guruji that she walked behind him hurling abuses at him. Guruji continued walking unfazed. After having taken almost half the round of the park, he said, "Mataji, instead of abusing me why cant you see that you have walked all this distance without a stick whereas earlier you could hardly even walk with its support."

"You have always had chest pains," he asked me.

"Yes Guruji, ever since childhood," I replied. "You have a tiger's paw on your chest that is why it hurts." I never understood the meaning of what he said, I still dont. With his finger, he traced a line on my chest and said, "today I have changed the direction of one of your nerves. Your chest will not hurt after today." I have never had that pain again.

He would make our pimples disappear by just touching them. "Guruji kalyankari bhi hain aur shingaarkari bhi," he would often say.

"Guruji, they could easily have travelled by road. Why did you stress on them to fly?," I asked.

"Kai logan da illaj na te zameen te na paani te ho sakda hai. Is layi mainu unha nu hawa wich udana painda hai cure karan waste (there are some people who cannot be cured on land or on water, therefore, I tell them to take a trip by air so I can cure them in air)." There was nothing that he could not do.

"Asi mahapurushan da mood hunda hai. Sanu pata hai keda best time hai tuhanu bless karan da. Je main 11 baje tuhanu bless karna hai te tusi 10 baje uth khade ho ke kaho ki asi hun jaana hai ta tusi meri blessings miss kar jaonge. Fir saadi mauj 5 saal nu aaye ya 50 saal nu, asi keh nai sakde. Is layi jaden mahapurush agya den, ta hi ghar jao (we, mahapurush have our moods. We know when it is the best time to bless you. If suppose my mood has come to bless you at 11 pm and you get up to take leave at 10 pm then you will miss out on my blessings. My mood to bless you again may or may not come in the next five or fifty years, I dont know. Therefore, always leave when I tell you to go and not before."

"Je main kisi nu hath la deyan ta us da rom rom shudh ho janda hai. Je tusi mainu hath la lo ta 1000 path ka phal milda hai. Je main tuhanu gale la leyan ta 5000 path da phal milda hai. Sirf ek mahapurush hi panj choran to mukti dila sakda hai," he said.

I remember a day in Jalandhar, when one of Guruji's disciples, distributing langar told Guruji that the dal (lentil) may fall short as there were a lot of people that day. Guruji very calmly ordered that disciple to cover the utensil containing the dal, with a cloth.

"Dal de donge te kapda paa deo aur paayi challo, kapda chuk ke dekhna mat. Dal sab nu पूरी हो जाओगी," he said. Sure enough, the dal was served to all and did not finish.

A lady visited Guruji's temple for the first time. She had an ailment that Guruji pointed out and she agreed.

"Langar kha ke jaa," Guruji told her.

During langar, Guruji gave her three chapatis to eat. She ate two and kept the third in her purse thinking she would go home and eat it since she was already feeling quite full and had to travel. The next time she visited Guruji, Guruji asked her, "ki haal hai aunty? Bimari door hui ke nai?", Guruji asked.

"I am much better but still about 20 per cent of it is left," she said.

"Oh is waste kyonki tu ek roti guruan di purse wich paa ke le gayi si, ki Guruji nu ki pata chalna hai. Jadon main kuch khan nu denda haan, oh is mandir wich hi khaani chahidi hai, ithe dawai te bahar mathai," he said.

"Spoons now allowed," he would say, and smile at our incompetence. If you had curry left on your plate, you had to eat another chapati, it was as simple as that. In Chandigarh thankfully, the spoon finally showed its presence.

In Delhi, Guruji started giving us langar seva. Each time we went to Delhi, he would say, "chal sanyasi mandir mein" which meant we were to partake in the making of langar. My sister, mother and I would reach the Chhattarpur temple in the morning where the langar was prepared for the night. The preparation of the langar was an enjoyable experience and we all thank Guruji for considering us worthy enough to prepare langar for his sangat.

One day a lady requested Guruji to allow her to make langar, to which he said, "Aunty tenu hale 25 saal hor lagan ge mere langar wich kam karan nu. Har koi mere langar wich kam nai kar sakda."

"That is not possible Guruji, we did not have that many chapattis," I said. The moment I uttered these words I realised I had made the mistake of doubting my Guru. I quickly apologised and kept quiet. "Tuhanu ki lagda hai sirf tusi hi aithe langar khaa ke jaande ho? Tuhanu ki pata tuhade naal kaun kaun langar khaa ke janda hai. Tusi log ta langar di keemat hi nai jaande ho. Utte ta rishi muni tarasde han is langar da ek niwaala khan waste. Mere hukam naal oh bhi langar chhak ke jaande han. Jason main kehenda haan ki inne loga ne langar chhakeya hai, us de wich unha di bhi (people from the astral word and saints) ginnati kar ke kehenda haan," he said.

Regarding preparations of food at home, Guruji always insisted that the wife must cook food with her own hands.

"Aurat nu apne hath naal ghar wich khaana banana chahida hai," he said.

Sensing my hesitation to leave, he said, "fikir na kar, main tere naal telepathy karanga." Being a student of psychology, I knew what telepathy was but had never experienced it. That night when I went home and slept, I had my first telepathy with Guruji. Next morning, we decided to ask Guruji about it. As soon as we entered Guruji's temple, he asked, "kyon fir? Dekhe nazaare? Main tere kol tin weri aaya si."

"Guruji, those dreams....", I could just say this much when he interrupted me.

"Dreams na keh, oh dreams nai han. Main tere naal telepathy de through gal kiti hai. Jadon bhi main dikhda haan, oh mere darshan hunde han. Mera dream koi nai le sakda, mera dream le kar ta dikha," he said.

One night, my walkman just refused to work and would stop after two to three minutes without any apparent reason. Finally I gave up trying and decided to sleep. That night Guruji scolded me. "Main tere naal telepathy karan waste wait kar rehaan haan te tu eh teen tabar sunan ton hatdi nai," he said.

"Kamliye, eh chhote kapdeyan wich kuch nai rakheya. Tu suit wich soni ladgi hai, suit hi paya kar," he said.

The next time I went to Delhi and Guruji was doing a satsang where was telling someone, "Dilli waaleyaan nu pata hi nai mahapurush nu kiwe milan aana chahida hai. Kudiyan chhote chhote kapde aur penta pa ke aa jaandiyaan han. Mahapurush nu milan aan layi suit paa ke aana chahida hai. Main bhi kirpa suit waaleyan te zyada karda haan," he said. And he looked at me and gave me a big smile.

In one telepathy, Guruji gives me the full address of someone and tells me that someone is very sick. Since the address was of Delhi and I was in Chandigarh on that day, I asked Jo aunty in Delhi to check out if the address was valid. I told her about the signs I had seen, like a railway track next to the house and a bit about the house. The next day this is what she had to say, "I went looking for the house and sure enough the number was right. I tried to knock but no one came out. Just as I was about to give up, a gentleman came up to me and said, should knock at the door for you?"

He knocked and a girl of 17-18 years with her mother behind her opened the door. I made up a story to get some information. I told her that Mrs Bawa from Chandigarh has sent me and are you Mrs Grover? The girl immediately replied, "aunty you have the names mixed up. My mother is Mrs Bawa and we have relatives in Chandigarh whose name is Mrs Grover." I was shocked at the coincidence. Then

I asked them if someone in the house was sick, and she said yes they had someone who was rather unwell.

After Jo aunty told me this, I decided to ask Guruji what has to be done next. We told Guruji that Jo aunty had been to the house so what are we to do next? Guruji replies, "bas hun theek hai, ho gaya." Maybe by sending a member of his sangat, Guruji had actually sent blessings to the person who was unwell in that house. Guruji's way of working is beyond our understanding.

In one of my telepathies, Guruji shows me that I am a small girl of three to four years. He is showing me my parents' wedding. He then tells me you have to go into this family. "Tu meri pyari beti hai, tu is parivar wich jaana hai," he said. I get up in the morning and describe the place where I see my parents getting married, to my mother. She agreed that the place was exactly as I had described.

One friend of mine who was always a third divisioner, walks in and Guruji tells him that he will be an executive officer in a bit firm (and today he is working in one). In my dream, I am thinking that if a third divisioner can get a good job then Guruji, what about me? Guruji turns towards me and writes something on my forehead with his finger.

All I remembered was that the letter 'i' and 'e' were part of the word that he had written. Many years passed and I would always wonder what Guruji had written on my forehead. Just recently, it stuck me that I had become an interior and landscape designer and both the words 'interior' as well as 'designer' have the letters 'i' and 'e'.

After Guruji's mahasamadhi, my mother was woken up by a strange light coming from an idol of Shivji that I keep in my room. Since the idol was made of a material that glows at night, my mother did not think much of it and went off to sleep. At night, Guruji comes to her and tells her, "Sukhi aunty eh murti hun khatam ho chuki hai, is nu mandir de aa te mera bal roop le ke aa."

"Jadon bhi tusi mainu dekhde ho (in telepathy or dreams), uth kar 15 minute Om Namah Shivay da jaap kiya karo ya ho sake to samadhi laya karo kyunki main uthe hunda haan," he said.

A few months before my grandfather was to fall ill, Guruji started giving us hints. "Sukhi aunty, your father is a saint, you must keep him happy. Take him out somewhere and all of you enjoy," Guruji often told my mother. We were sensing that something was probably going to happen to him and started spending more time with him. On the 11th of May 2001, Guruji's mother was cremated at Dugri village. After the cremation, Guruji told his family to feed my grandfather langar first.

"Give langar to Gill uncle first, he has to go," said Guruji. We did not realise the meaning of his words since according to us Daddy, as I lovingly called my grandfather, had no plans of going anywhere. After langar, we were the first ones to be given agya or permission to go and as my grandfather bowed down before Guruji, he said, "Gill uncle, full blessings. It is now time to go." I still did not understand the meaning of Guruji's words until halfway to Chandigarh when my grandfather showed signs of sickness. As soon as we reached Chandigarh, he had a major paralytic attack and his left side was paralysed. I tried to ring up someone who I knew would be with Guruji at that time and requested him to give the phone to Guruji.

Guruji came online and said, "I have given him my full blessings, dont worry, just take him to the hospital." We rushed him to the Government Hospital in Sector 32, Chandigarh with just Rs 4000 in our possession. Since my mother and I were living with him, we never questioned him about any of his bank accounts or where he kept his money. As we reached the hospital, I saw we were not alone. Guruji had sent his sangat to help us with the initial formalities at the hospital and for emotional support.

The major issue that was bothering me and my mother was money. How and where were we to get it? The very next day my mother's cousin came and handed her Rs 10,000 with the help of which my grandfather's treatment was started till my uncle (mother's brother) took over.

My grandfather stayed in hospital for three months with a break of one-and-a-half month when he was sent home. "Your grandfather will come home just once," Guruji had told us much before time. In the first phase of his stay in hospital, he was conscious and would always be doing paath. His eyes would be closed but he could describe everything going on not only at the hospital, but at home as well.

One day I rushed to the hospital without having my milk and as soon as I opened the door to my grandfather's room, he said, "today you have not had your milk, you are hungry." My uncle would give me money by the day for the medicines and tests and at night I had to return him everything that was left. I could not, however, use that money on my mother or myself.

During the 12-hour stay at the hospital, I would sometimes feel hungry and there would be no money to eat anything. I rang up Guruji and told him of our situation and he said, "je Rab rijak patthar wich baithe keedhe nu bhi dinda hai te tenu kyon nai dawuga? Rab saareyan da intezam karda hai."

My grandfather too would talk about Guruji visiting him and would often talk to him. I questioned Guruji about the strange happenings in the hospital room and the things my grandfather was talking about. Guruji told me, "Tenu ki pata us kamre wich ki kuchh ho raheya hai. Tere nanaji jo keh rahe han sab sach hai. Main unha nu roz nazaare dikha reha haan. Main unha nu sab kuchh dikha ditta. Unha ne inna kuchh dekh leya ki hun thalle aan da unha da man nai howega."

"That means he will not get better," I asked. "Oh bimaar sirf tuhade waste han. Apne bache hue karam khatam kar rahe han. Hun mur ke janam maran wich nai aange. Teri te teri maa di sewa likhi hai, hass ke kar lo. He is in bed for the two of you, it is your karma to serve and look after him. Do so with smile," he said.

Words uttered by my grandfather:

God is light and light is love. I see light of all colours. The light says - you are mine.

Daddy, who is God? Can you see him?, I asked. "Yes, I see God, God is light."

The light speaks to me. It says here love is your guide. I see love and I see light. Light is reality.

Daddy, will I ever see the light, I probed. "yes, you can see the light when you learn to love. Love even those who you dislike, love your enemies and the light will love you."

Will this light cure you or will take you with it, I asked. "Mujhe saath rakh legi."

The light speaks to me. It says I am here. Light loves you and you love light. The light says you must come to me. When you love light, the light will love you.

Daddy, who is Guruji, I asked. "He is light," he replied.

Guruji aaye hain, kehte hain sab theek ho jayega. Jo hoga theek hoga, jo hona chahiye woh hi hoga. Chinta mat karo.

Daddy, how long will you be in hospital, I asked. "A short while, not very long," he replied.

Guruji is Shiv. He sometimes comes to me as Guruji and sometimes as Shivji. Guruji Shivji hain. Mujhe kehte hain, kuchh der ki takleef hai, theek ho jaayegi.

Why has Guruji come into this world, I asked. "To look after his people and to cure them. He has a lot of power and can do anything," he replied.

Sachkhand mein din raat paath chalta hai. Guruji ki kirpa se wahan bahut aadmi hain.

Guruji maalik hain, saari duniya aap chalate hain. Jo chahe kar sakte hain. Agar apni asli power dikha dein toh duniya paagal ho jayegi.

Guruji aaye hain, keh rahein hain sab theek ho jaayega. Tumhare parivar se mere purane sambandh hain. Mujhe is ghar mein aakar bahut achha lagta hai.

"Daddy, what relation did we have with Guruji," I asked. "Mahapurush nahi bata sakte. Apni marzi se aate hain. Hum sab se bahut pyar karte hain," he said.

Whenever I get a bit worried, Guruji comes to me and tells me not to worry. He has a strong light on his forehead. This human form that he has taken is only for you, he is pure light. He controls everything and has everything in his hand. Many times he comes and sprinkles amrit on me.

Dont ask for anything. If you have to ask, ask for Guruji.

Guruji ke matthe se bright light nikalti hai, jis cheez ko haath laga dete hain, wo safed ho jaati hai.

Guruji has come, he is sitting on my bed but is not saying anything. He is constantly looking at me.

Guruji aaye hain, kehte hain, ghabarana nai. Main kehta hoon maalik, aapke hote main kyon ghabraoon?

Guruji has come, he is telling you (my mother and me) to remain happy.

Guruji is in the room. He is saying be happy. Why are you not happy? I only need your love.

Guruji aye hain, kehte hain, Gill uncle jithe tu pahunchna si pahunch gaya. Jahe ji mauj karda si karenga. Tainu sab kuchh mil gaya hai. Hor ki lena hai? Iston zyada hor kite nai milna. Guruji de bagair light nai hai.

Today Guruji showed me 'chitte kapre waali duniya' - a place where everyone is dressed in white and everything seems to be white. It is a very beautiful place and 'Guruji maalik hain. Maalik kehta hai ek hi Rab hai aur Rab light hai. Baaki maalik da hukam nai hai thuaanu hor dasna.

Guruji aaye hain, kehte hain tum bhi (mother and me) duniya mein fase hue ho, aur maangte ho. Dont demand. Jo maalik deta hai liye jao.

Maalik kehta hai, mang le jo chahta hai. Maine kaha maalik, jo tune diya woh bhi theek, jo tune nai diya woh bhi theek. Toh maalik ne kaha, is liye nai diya ki kahin mujhe bhool na jao.

Maalik kehta hai apna udhar chuka le warna pachhtayega. Mera chai aur khane ka udhar hai. Monday Shivji ke din logon ko chai aur langar khila do.

Aaj subha ghantiyon ki awaz aayi, Guruji mere paas matti colour ke kapron mein aaye aur bahut hase. Maalik bahut sundar hai.

"Daddy what does God look like," I asked. He said, "agar shakal pata chal jaye toh log duniya chhod de, itna khoosurat hai."

Aaj Guruji ne mujhe ek aisi duniya dikhaayi jahan bahut bade aur sundar phool hain. Sau saal tak un phoolon mein khusbhoo rehti hai. Rajaaon aur maharajaon mein in phoolon ke peeche jang ho jaati hai.

Oopar ki duniya bahut sundar hai. Zyada der tak nai dekh sakte kyonki aankhe chundhiya jaati hain. Jin logon ke karam khatam ho jaate hain, wahi sachkhand mein rehte hain.

I asked Daddy if I too had many debts to pay off. Debts like food, clothing, money etc. He replied, "haan, bahut karz chukane hain. Khaana khila, kapde baant, par oopar paisa nai chalta, sirf pyaar chalta hai."

Guruji maalik hain. Sab se oopar hain. Shakal alag hai. Guruji Shivji hain. Shivji ko dekhna bahut mushkil hai. Insaan ghabara jaata hai. Par main nai ghabaraya.

"Daddy, have you seen Shivji," I asked. He replied, "Haan, maine bahut baar dekha hai. Mujhe darshan dete hain. Kabhi main unke paas toh kabhi woh mere paas aa jate hain. Mujhse kehte hain, yeh duniya woh nai jo tu samajhta hai."

Guruji di saade upar poori kirpa hai. Jab tak Guruji hain hamara koi kuch nai bigaar sakta. Maalik da sade upar hath hai.

Zarooratmand ko chhorna nai. Khilao, pilao, daan karo. Gareeb ko do. Ek ki jagah dus aayenge. Khud bhookhe reh jao par bhookha aadmi ghar se bhookha nai jaana chahiye. Yeh nai kar sakte toh tumhara kya faida hua?

Guruji tumse is liye pyaar karte hain kyunki tum dono khaane ka daan karte ho. Is daan se uncha koi daan nai hai. Daan na dene se tumhara nuksaan hai aur kisi ka nai.

Kaho ki hamare paas sab kuchh hai, kisi cheez ki koi kami nai hai toh fir sab kuchh milega. Agar kahoge ki kuchh nai hai toh tum kangaal ho.

One day, Daddy repeated what I had already seen. "Light around our house. Guruji ka koi roop nai hai. Shyaam ko khade hokar dekho tumhare aas paas kitni roshni hai. Hamare ghar ke aas paas Guruji ki light hai, Guruji ki kirpa hai."

"Guruji se maangna band karo, patience seekho. Wait karna seekho aur maalik ki raza mein raho. Jaise woh rakhe us haal mein rehna seekho."

I asked Daddy if I too could ever see Guruji the way he was seeing him and he replied, "You will have to work for it."

We were going through hard times and sometimes I would ask Daddy if we too would ever see happiness and he would reply, "tumhare paas Guru hai, is se badi khushi duniya mein koi nai hai."

"Daddy where does Guruji live," I asked. He replied, "Guruji ki kutiya hai. Usme bade bade heere jade huae hain. Itni light hai ki koi dekh nai sakta. Tum soch nai sakte woh kitni sundar jagah hai. Wo kutiya pahad ki choti par hai. Whenever Guruji comes to me, he comes with his sangat. He does not like being without his sangat. Guruji ne mujh par bahut bakshish ki hain. Mujhe uda kar le jaate hain, maine saara world unke saath dekh liya hai."

I asked Daddy one day, "Daddy, is there someone above Guruji." And he replied, "Haan, unki bhakti. Inke level tak koi nai pahunch sakta. Wo toh aap maalik hain. Mujhe sab kuchh dikha diya hai."

"Daddy, why did Guruji take form and come himself if he was the creator? Could not he send someone else," I asked. To which he answered, "Duniya itni kharab ho gayi hai ki decision lene ko inki power ki zaroorat hai. Sab unke hukam se hota hai."

Since Guruji's mother had recently expired, I was curious to know where and how she was. We were with her during her last days in hospital and had grown a special bond with her. "Daddy, where is maataji?", I asked. "Maataji bahut change thaa te hain. Othe har koi nai jaa sakta. Hun asi bhi chale jaana hai," he replied.

Daddy spoke of his past life where he owned a shop and Guruji often came and sat there with him. "Guruji used to call me Mr Clean, because I kept my shop very clean. That is why he is so fond of all of us now in this birth," he said.

One particular day, I am ashamed to admit, I was too tired to even get up when Daddy instructed me, "make tea for Guruji and his sangat." Unable to even move my head, I took advantage of Daddy's closed eyes, thinking he could not possibly see, and said, "yes Daddy, I have made it."

"You call yourself a disciple of your Guru? You have not made the tea. You have lied," he said. Feeling ashamed, I pulled myself out of the bed to make tea for Guruji. Wanting to test my grandfather's ability to see even with his eyes closed, I put the mug of tea in front of Guruji's photograph kept in another room and prayed to Guruji to accept it. I then went to my grandfather's bed and asked him if Guruji had got the tea? "Yes, now Guruji and his sangat have got their tea," he replied.

On another occasion, Daddy told me his mother was with him and that I should make tea for her. As I got up to make tea, he said, "she wants to have tea in the pretty tulip mugs in the kitchen. She finds them very beautiful." The mugs with the pretty tulips were given to me by my sister during Daddy's stay in hospital. He had never seen them nor was he ever fed from them. There was just no way he could have known about them, but he did.

Many people kept visiting him including Guruji and I was constantly making tea for his 'visitors.' "Guruji has shown me that very bad times are going to come," he said one day. "Daddy, how do you see all this," I asked him. "It is like a TV screen in front of me, I am shown a lot of things like this," he said.

One the 24th of July, 2001, I woke up to see Daddy very restless. On asking him of what was the cause for his restlessness, he replied, "Guruji aaye the, mujhe kehte hain aithe aa. Maine kaha Guruji main to apahij ho gaya, chal nahin sakta, kaise aaon? Fir bhi main ghisat kar unke peeche chala. Main gate se 4 feet andar ko wo jagah hai jahan Guruji ne mujhe japphi daali aur pyaar kiya. Mujhe Guruji kehte hain, tujhe maine promote kar diya. Aaj ke baad maine tujhe sab kuchh diya. Maine kaha, Guruji, main itna sab kuchh le kar kya karoonga? Toh Guruji ne kaha, tere jaise aur bahut honge tu unme baantega."

My mother and I were instructed to go to that very spot and click a picture. "Jis jagah par Guruji ne mujhe bless kiya hai, wahan unki nishani milegi, uski photo kheench lo. Jis din us photo ko tum apne puja ki jagah par lagaoge, sab kuch theek ho jaayega," he said.

With these instructions, we went outside in the driveway and four feet towards the inside, we saw a Shivling made on the concrete floor. I clicked a photograph of the Shivling, I could not see anything else. Daddy's condition began to deteriorate and I forgot about the photograph completely.

People asked me "why when Guruji called your grandfather a saint, did he suffer so much," one day, I asked Guruji the same question. "Guruji, please explain why he suffered so much when he never harmed a soul in his life. He was so pious and kind. Why?"

Guruji very patiently explained, "Sukhmani, tenu ta sirf is janam da hi pata hai, mainu ta unha de 84,00,000 janam da pata hai. Tin mahine hospital wich rakh ke main unhe de karam khatam kite han. Sirf thore je karma picche unhanu nai te fer janam lena paineda. Hun oh free han."

"7 janam jadon Guru nu paan di itcha aur koshish karde ho tad jaake tuhanu pooran Guru milda hai," Guruji said once.

"Har maa apne bacche di Guru hundi hai jadon tak baccha 10 saal da nai ho jaanda. Usde baad asi mahapurush take over kar lende han," he said.

As Guruji once said, "khaana, peena te sona ta asi saari jooniyan wich karde haan. Manush janam wich Rab ne dimaag dita hai ta ki asi us Rab nu pa sakiye. Jadon baccha maa de garbh wich hunda hai ta cheekha maarda hai ki hey Rab, mainu maafkarde. Main duniya wich jaa ke tera naam japanga. Par jadon baccha bahar nikalda hai, te usnu duniya di hawa lagdi hai oho sab kuchh bhul jaanda hai." It is to remind us of this promise that a true Guru appears.

As Guruji said, "Main tuhade bharam door karan aaya haan. Tusi kehnde ho ki billi rasta kat jaye ta kam kharab ho janda hai. Billi waddi hai ki Rab? Rab de agge kuchh nai tik sakda."

"Tuhanu pata hi nai main tuhanu kina bless kita hai. Kucch saal baad tuhanu pata chaluga jadon tuhade saamne koi khada nai ho sakuga te tuhade saare dwaar khul jaange," he said.

"Asli Guru rasik - vairagi hona sikhande hain. Pura rasik hona, narkaan wich paa denda hai te pura vairaagi vi grihasth chhada denda hai," he said.

"Grihast bahut zaroori hai, grihast wich reh ke Rab nu yaad karna chahida hai. Jadon husband wife di sewa karda hai aur wife husband di, ta isto wadda sukh kahin nai hai, eh hi swarg hai."

"Jadon Rab rooth jaanda hai ta Guru sambhal lenda hai par jadon Guru hi rooth jaaye ta fir kite jaan di thaa nai."

"Guru lakh di bhi te kakh di bhi blessings kar sakda hai. Guru blessings de kar waapas bhi le sakda hai."

"Jadon mere kol aande ho, apne logic aur dimag jodeyan kol chhad ke aao."

A Guru is above God. "Guru number one te hai, Guru di sangat dooje number te hai te Rab teeje number te hai."

"Rab tuhade lekh likh ke tuhanu niche bhej denda hai, Guru tuhade puthe lekhan nu sidha kar sakda hai. Guru agge Rab di bhi nai chaldi."

"Guru di ustat karni path karan to bhi waddi hai. Saare greh seedhe ho jaate hain te zubaan shudh hondi hai."

I asked once, "Guruji, how does the soul look?" "Tuhadi soul machis te lage masale jinni hai. Jadon tusi mere kol aande ho, main tuhadi soul hi dekhda haan. Baaki mainu kuch nai dikhda, tusi sab chhote chhote keede makore wangu lagde ho," he replied.

Guruji then narrated a story to us. Pandavas went to Lord Krishna and asked him that when they were following him for so long, then why he gave the entire kingdom to the Kauravas. On hearing this, Lord Krishna replies, "by giving them the kingdom and the wealth, I have put them in maya. As for you, I am cleaning your soul."

"Mainu bhi tuhadi aatma shudh karan aaya haan, jis din tuhadi aatma shudh ho jayegi, us din tuhanu sab kuchh mil jayega," he said.

ABC of Guruji

Guruji once told us that there is an ABC that applied to his disciples.

A -- no accusing

B- no blaming

C - no criticising and

Unconditional love and hope.

"Mainu bina kisi ichha de pyar karo, fer dekho nazare," he said.

"Hope kade nai chhadni chahidi. Jadon hope chhad dende ho taan negativity attract karde ho," he said.

"Guruji, how does one find out who is a true Guru and who is not," I asked once.

"Puran Guru nu kade bhi publicity nai चाहिदि हन्दि. Oh kade bhi bodyguard aur gunmen nai rakhuga. Je Guru wich power hai ta oh apne aap nu protect bhi kar sakda hai. Je oh apne aap nu nai protect kar sakda, ta apni sangat nu kiwein protect karuga? Os de wichon khushboo aandi hai jo 100 saal di tapasya baad mildi hai. Us de mastak wich noor howega. Us da mattha roshni wangu chamkuga. Mahapurush nu kutte, more ate hor jaanwar pehchan jaange te rola paan lag jaan ge."

"Guruji, we cannot give you anything, what should a disciple then offer to you or to your photographs," I asked and he replied, "mahapurush pyaar de bhukhe hunde han, saanu bas pyaar te sharda hi चाहिदि hai. Guru nu phool chadaya karo. Kade bhi badam te pista nai chadhana चाहिदि hai."

"Kis gal da ahankar? Neeme ho jao. Neeve rukhan nu hi phal lagde han. Neevi than te jiven paani aap chal ke aanda hai us tarhan hi neeve loga kol blessings aap chal ke aandi hai. Moorakhon ke hum daas, bas eh gal yaad rakho."

"Bakri saari umar main main kardi hai, par jad mardi hai usdi cham da tumba (a musical instrument) banda hai jisdi aawaz tu tu hundi hai, fir oh pachhtandi hai te rab nu kendi hai, rab bas tu hi tu hai," Guruji said once.

A Guru, to test you, may give you everything you want and then quietly watches if you are able to handle it or you will get arrogant. If even a bit of arrogance or ego creeps into you, you are at a risk of losing everything.

"Main 8 podiyan fata fat chada denda haan, nauvi paudi te aa ke main pichli 8 paudiyaan khich lenda haan. Jine ahankar na kita oh theek hai warna banda ahankar de mare fir pehli paidi te pahunch jaanda hai."

"Jadon tusi sochde ho ki Guruji ne usda kam karta te mera nai kita, tusi 5 saal pichhe par jaande ho," he said.

"Guru to ek mangna hunda hai te ek man na hunda hai." (There is something called asking from a Guru and another thing is beleiving and accepting a Guru.)

"Mangeya na karo. Jadon baar baar mangde ho ta saanu dena pe janda hai. Tusi galat cheez mag lende ho aur saanu deni pe jaandi hai. Tusi chhoti cheez mang lende ho. Kya pata asi tuhanu kinni waddi cheez dena chande haan. Mango na. Jis haal wich rab rakhe, rehna चाहिदि hai."

Guruji would often tell my mother, "Sukhi aunty, you would have one kg gold in your locker," and my mother would always correct him and say, "No Guruji, I

hardly have anything." Many times he would out of the blue tell her, "you will have a house in Jaipur" or "open up a petrol pump" and again my mother would say that she did not want anything but him. Then finally one day Guruji made these vachans:

"Kade bhi mahapurush nu toko mat. Main jado bhi kuch keh reha hunda haan, oh meri blessings hain tuhade waste. Mere kehan naal hi oh gal ho jaandi hai, par je tusi mainu toko ge taan blessings othe hi khatam ho jaandi hai."

While sitting in his room, one day Guruji asked my mother, "Sukhi aunty, dus tu mainu ki samajhdi hai?" My mother replied, "Guruji mere waste ta tusi maalik ho, nirankaar ho."

He then did the following satsang with the two of us: "Mera koi form nai hai, main light wichon form le ke aaya haan. Main Shiv nai, mahashiv haan. Main apni file aap kad ke aanda haan, marzi naal aanda haan te marzi naal jaanda haan. Main koi Guru nai dhaareya. Main dus dwaar toh bhi utte haan. Mainu tuhade warga ban ke, tuhade wich reh ke tuhada kalyaan karna painda hai. Je main apne asli roop wich aa ke baith jaawan taan tusi log dar ke mare mere kol na aawoge. Roz sawere suraj mainu namaskar kar ke chad da hai. Mere samne saare greh hath jod ke khade hue han ki maalik, hukam karo te asi tuhade waste mar bhi sakde haan. Tusi log ta kitchar wich ho. Main kitchar wich aaya haan tuhanu kaddan waste. Mainu hath laan naal tuhada rom rom shudh hunda hai. Mere kol chal ke aan naal tuhanu 10 ashvmegh yagya da phal milda hai. Tuhade bure karam jal jande han te acche karam ubhar ke aande han. Main apne body da har ek part alag kar sakda haan. Tusi log mainu pehchaan nai sakde, urdi hui chiriya nu sab phad de han par jera tuhade naal baitha hua hai usdi koi keemat nai karda. Jadon main chala jaawan ga, fir yaad karonge ki kaun aaya si. Main ta jagat tamasha dekhna aaya haan."

"Guru naal inna pyaar howe ki jaden lipstick bhi laao ta os wich bhi tuhanu Guru hi dikhe."

"Pyaar karo Guru naal par dar ke pyaar karo."

"Log mere kol chhoti chhoti cheeza mangan aande han, asli cheez koi nai mangda, jisda mere kol bhandaar hai."

A living Guru is a blessing not all of us are blessed with and if you have one, or had one, then you are truly blessed. Whenever you go to a Guru, even if the Guru asks you as to what you want, always say "baksh de" or bless me. Never ask for anything. A true Guru is aware of your problems and needs and when the time is right will give everything without your asking. In fact, will give you more than you could have ever asked for. Such is the greatness of a true master.

"Je mang ke litta te ki litta?", he said.

Guruji often said this and stressed on the fact that a Guru should never be told about your problems. A Guru always knows. If a Guru has to be told of your problems, then he is not a true Guru. Getting something from your Guru without having to ask for it has its own charm.

"Kalyug wich rab bahut chheti mil jaanda hai."

"Main taan saste wich mileya hoye haan, tuhanu meri kadar nai. Kar lo mere sir te aish jinni karni hai."

"Guruji, how do you choose your disciples? Is there a criterion?", I asked.

"Jis tarah tusi mitti da bartan khareedan to pehlan, usnu thok baja kar dekhde ho, ki oh kite kachha ta nai us hi tarhaan main bhi thok baja ke, poori tasalli kar ke hi bhagat banaunda haan."

"How do you test us?", I asked.

"Jis tarah beri te phal lageya hoae, main pehlaan beri nu hi hila denda haan, jera ta kachhe hunde han dig jaande han, jere reh jaande han ina nu main fir pakanda haan. Pakeyaan nu main fir nimbu wangu nichor da haan. Nichuran baad bhi jeda mere kol aanda hai, oh hi is test nu paas karda hai. Main fir usdi har ek chhoti to bhi chhoti zaroorat da khayaal rakhda haan."

"Guruji, a lot of people, including me are going through so much sorrow inspite of being under your care. Could not God find anyone other than me?", I asked.

"Aisa nai hunda, main agle pichle karam sab balance kar reha haan. Dukh bahut zaroori hunda hai. Dukh wich hi asli spiritual progress hundi hai. Jiwen aag wich tap ke hi sona nikhar da hai, usi tarha dukh wich reh ke hi asli nikhar aanda hai."

"Jera mere kol kisi nu le ke aanda hai, us da main kalyaan karda hi haan, leyaan aale nu bhi isda phal milda hai."

"Meri sangat wich kaun kis class wich hai oh sirf mainu hi pata hai, eh mahapurushan di secret hundi hai. Asi sab nu barabar treat karde haan, par main pyaar unhanu unhadi degree de hisaab naal hi karda haan."

"Jadon main tuhanu daant da haan, us de pichhe tuhada bahut badda kalyaan hunda hai."

As Guruji often said, "Jithe tuhadi soch khatam hundi hai, othe meri soch shuru hundi hai."

"Sukhmani, Guruan de mandir wich dhakke bhi karma waaleyan nu hi milde han. Murkhon ke hum daas. Tere grah oh le jaande han (In a Guru's temple, if someone treats you badly or is rude to you, consider it a blessing in disguise as they are taking your bad karmas. Remain humble)."

"Main sangat nu tuhada parivaar bana ta, eh hi kaam aaogi, hor koi kam nai aayege (I have made this sangat your family. In times of need, they will come to your help and no one else)," Guruji said.

"Jinni weri sangat wich aaonge te baithonge, unni weri tuhade putthe lekh sidde ho jaan ge," Guruji said. Guruji stressed on the importance of his sangat and doing satsang.

"Mainu oh hi bhagat pyaara hai jisnu meri sangat pyaar kardi hove. Jisnu meri sangat na pyaar kare oh mainu paa nai sakda," Guruji said.

Two months after Guruji took mahasamadhi, he gave hints to many of his sangat, including my mother and me. He showed me in telepathy, his dead body and that I am crying at his feet. Suddently I hear Guruji's voice telling me, "tu ro kyon rahi hai? Main ta itthe hi haan."

Guruji called my mother to stand and do satsang. "Dus Dilli waaleyan nu mahapurush ki hunde han? Aj tak koi mahapurush dilli nai aaya hai. Dilli nu shraap mileya hoye hai. Main pehla Guru haan jera Dilli aaya hai. Dilli aale mainu samajh hi nai sake, sab vikaraan wich paye hue han. Aina nu na maya mili na ram. Aina bura time aan wala hai. Koi kam nai aayega, sirf Guru hi kam aayega. Bhare bazaar chad ke phajonge, phajne di than nai honi. Dus Dilli waleyaan nu main tere father nu ki nazare dikhaye han. Main is pariwar nu rab dikha ta," he said.

"Koi mainu sawaal karda hai. Guruji, us bande da bhala kyon kita? Oh taa bura hai. Asi taa saareya da bhala karna hai, jo bhi saade kol aayega, us da bhala hi howega. Eh hi ta fark hai tuhade wich te mahapurushan wich. Dus inha nu ki koi photo asli Guru naal nai mildi. Asi 10 saal de dite Dilli waaleyan nu par koi nai samajheya, aithe ta paisa hi bolda hai. Asi bhi jagat tamasha dekhan aaye han. Asi bhi hun dukhi ho gaye han, asi bhi hun chale jaana hai (pause)... Punjab," he said.

That night Guruji gave us permission to go back to Chandigarh the next day. All through our drive upto Gurgaon, where we were staying for the night, we felt his fragrance with us. That night Guruji came to me in telepathy and said, "is hafte fir aana hai Delhi."

"Guruji main kaise aaon? Mere paas car nai hai is hafte," I said. Guruji smiled and said, "Tenu aana hi payega." Little did I know that Guruji would leave us all on the 31st of May and that I will have to come back as foretold by him.

"Main agla janam bhi mahapurush da hi lawaanga."

Q: Guruji, why, in both your temples, is Shivji's photograph always placed below Guru Nanak Dev ji, when you yourself say that Shiv is the creator?

A: Eh Shivji di namrata hai (this is due to Shivji's humility).

Q: Guruji, what is the true purpose of building the Chhattarpur mandir (bada mandir)?

A: Saanu mandiran di lod nai hai, asi ta chappal paa ke tur paina hai. Eh mandir main tuhade waste chad ke ja reha haan. Eh sach di tha hai. Main is mandir wich roz naye nazare dikhane han. Ik din aaoga jaden Shivling wichon dudh apne aap pargat howege.

Q: Guruji why does Shivji hold a trishul in his hand?

A: Trishool Bhrama, Vishnu aur Mahesh ka prateek hai. Yeh teeno ko Shiv apne haath mein rakhte hain. Is liye trishool pakarte hain.

Many times I had read stories where saints had cursed their disciples or others who had wronged them so I asked Guruji about it one day.

Q: Guruji sant shraap kyon dete hain? Unko toh aur bhi patient hona chahiye kyonki wo path karte hain?

A: Ek sachha Guru kabhi kisi ko shraap nai dega.

- Mandir wich inna rush ho jawega ki ek din gate tak line lageya karugi. Fir Guruji Chand wich nazar aange.*
- Guru ko jaan aur daan koi nai de sakta.*
- Guru di ustat karni path karan to bhi behtar hai.*

Someone commented that Guruji has very delicate hands and this is what Guruji said, "main delicate nai haan, je main chaahan te tuhanu saareya nu ek hath naal

chak ke bahar mar sakda haan. Jalandhar baithe main phook maar ke Bombay banda saad (burn) sakda haan."

- *Mainu hawaai jahaj di koi lod nai, main ta aap ud ke chala jaanda haan. Adde ghante wich main America ho ke waapas aa jaanda haan.*
- *Sau saal di tapasya baad hi body chon khushboo aani shuru hundi hai.*
- *Jis de ghar main chala jaawan, us nu saari umar path karan di lod nai.*
- *Jadon Guru kol aande ho ta tuhada bhala sochna saada kam hai. Tusi saare apne paap di pand mere kol chad ke meri blessings le kar jande ho.*
- *Kadey bhi Guru kol apni sarkari gaddi wich milan na aaya karo. Apni private gaddi wich, apne paise kharch ke aaya karo, ta hi phal milda hai.*
- *Main har Shivratri nu apna ang ang alag kar dinda haan.*
- *Teerath (pilgrimage), padarth (wealth) ta Guru de charna wich rul de han.*
- *Loga nu mahapurush rakhne hi nai aande. Unha nu phool wangu rakhna painda hai, har minute unha da dhyaan rakhna painda hai.*
- *Jadon bhi koi change kam karan jao, kadi bhi 3 log ghar to na challo, 3 to kam ya zyada bande hi ghar to chalne chahide han.*
- *Kade bhi paune wich ghar ton na chalo. Hamesh ghanta tapa ke chalo.*
- *Kade bhi ahankar na karo ke main kisi nu khaana khilaya hai. Rab us bande da ration pehlan hi tuhade kol bhej dinda hai. Tuhanu ta guest da shukar karna chahida hai ki oh tuhade ghar khaa ke gaya hai.*
- *Mere kol aa ke mangeya na karo. Mainu sab pata hai kis nu kad ki dena hai. Mang ke nastik na bano. Ki pata main koi waddi cheez deni howe te tussi chotti mang ke baith jao.*
- *Roz ek chapter Shiv Puran da padeya karo. Eh main kalyug da upaye tuhanu ditta hai. Shiv Puran tin weri padhan naal tuhanu samajh nai aayegi. Jadon chauthi weri padhonge ta jaake tuhanu usda mazaa aayega.*
- *Gupt daan aur gupt paath dus saal karan naal tussi garabh joon wich nai aao ge.*

- *Dharti nu koi namaskar nai karda jera ina kuchh dendi hai te tuhada bhaar sendi hai. Hun inna paap wad gaya hai ki dharti bhi cheeka maar rahi hai.*
- *Suraj bhi hun budda ho reha hai.*
- *Vairaag changa hunda hai. Jadon tak vairaag nai hunda, path shuru nai hunda.*
- *Kisi sonde hue nu jagana nai chahida.*
- *Sair sab rogaan da illaj hai.*
- *Ghar wich ek wele jyot zaroor jalani chahidi hai.*
- *Balad (bull) di jooni de baad manukh janam milda hai. Balad hamesha budhwar nu bimaar honda hai te budhwar nu hi marda hai.*
- *Accidents, war, suicide ya hor koi unnatural death baad soul pret jooni wich chali jandi hai. Mahapurush di kirpa naal hi oh kaddi ja sakdi hai warna saalon saal bhatak di rehndi hai.*
- *Maala kade pherni nai chahidi. Khaas karke index finger naal te kadi bhi nai pherni chahidi. Maala pheran naal ahankaar wad da hai te index finger ego di finger hai.*
- *Sab di life wich opportunity teen baar knock kardi hai. Mahapurush bhi teen mauke dende han, je te sun lo te changa warna fir asi bhi chup ho jande han.*
- *Functions Guru naal celebrate karne chahide han, baaki sari partiyan te itthe hi reh jaangiyan. Saade naal manayi party maran baad bhi naal jawegi.*
- *Finance da kam kade nai karna chahida hai, kisi di aah lag jandi hai.*
- *Mere dil wich army waaleyan layi soft spot hai. Oh saari umar desh layi gawa dende han te retirement de baad una de hath kuch nai lagda.*
- *Agle yug wich Baba Sri Chandji fer aange.*
- *Neem de patte te namkeen daliya lassi wich paake khan naal bimari nai lagdi. Haldi bhi khaani chahidi hai, changi hundi hai.*

- *More sab to pure animal hai. Sab to changa te asli chor (chawar) sahib bhi more de pankhan to hi baneya hunda hai, gurudware wich jo dekhde ho, oh nai.*
- *Mainu milan to baad sidde apne ghar jao. Vichon kite rukna nai. Positive vibrations ghar le ke jaaya karo.*
- *Jo tusi khaande ho us da effect soul te pinda hai. Simple khaana khaya karo. Human body meat khan waste nai bani hai. Meat path wich vigan hai. Apni body nu shamshan ghat na banao.*
- *Rab da rasta bahut hi kathin hai. Nangi talwar te chalan wangu hai. Talwar di nok te pahunch ke bhi giran da dar hai. Gode ghis jaande han.*
- *Je mere kol asli cheez leni hai ta apna ghar jala kar te apna sar kaat kar apni hatheli te rakh ke mere kol aao.*

On being asked by someone as to why his sangat consists mostly of the rich and high profile people and not the poor. "Gareeb de main paise nai kharchanda. Una da main unha de ghar ja ke kalyan kar ke aanda haan. Kade safedi (whitewash) nichon utte jaandi dekhi hai? Hamesh utton thalle aandi hai. Us hi tarhan je main utte da ek bhi bande nu sudhar devan, ta us de thalle dus bandeyaan da sudhar ho jawega."

- *Photograph to amrit koi nai produce kar sakda. Aj tak kise ne nai kita. Eh sab path de kaaran hai. Oh hi mahapurush kar sakda hai jisde kol power ho. Bulb ta hi jalda hai je pichhon current howe.*
- *Jo insaan apni early life wich bahut dukh dekhda hai, us di life end wich sukhi nikal di hai.*

On being told that he wears beautiful dresses, "Mera dress dekhyta ki dekhyta? Eh ta roop bhi mera asli nai hai, main ta light haan."

- *Aurat rab nu dil to yaad kardi hai. Aadmi apne dimag to yaad kardi hai. Mahapurush kol aurat hi apne husband nu leandi hai, par aurat kade mahapurush nai ban sakdi.*
- *Sirf Shiv hi mukti de sakde han.*
- *Gutka padhna ta pehli paudi hai. Pehlan path padhya janda hai, fir mu jabani kita janda hai, us de bad man wich kita janda hai par hoth te zabaan*

hil de han. Jadon path man wich simeraya jaye, te hoth ya zabaan bhi na hile, oh asli path hai.

- *Log path karde han dar ke, ke aaj path nai kita ta pata nai ki ho jaoga. Eh ta tusi us chidi wangu ho jedi pinjre wich band hai aur bahar billi baithi howe. Is tarhan dar ke path karan da koi faida nai hai. Rab naal pyaar karo, kalyug wich rab cheti mil janda hai.*
- *Rab da ditta hoye sab enjoy karo. Change kapde paao, sab kuch enjoy karde hoye bhi apne aap nu unattached rakho.*
- *Mahapurushan di bahut lambi udari hundi hai. Asi lambi sochde haan. Jithe tuhadi soch khatam hundi hai utthe sadi soch shuru hundi hai.*
- *Phone te har gal bigardi hai. Phone te kadi bhi kuch kam nai karna chahida. Kisi di problems bhi phone te nai sun ni chahidi. Tusi una di negativity lende ho te oh tuhadi positive energy le jaande han.*
- *Sabziyan kam khaaya karo. Dal naal roti khaao. Ek time aaoga jadon kanak wich bhi keeda pe jaoga, ki khaaonge?*
- *Soft drinks te cheeni khan naal haddiya kamzor ho jaan giyan.*
- *Je man changa te nalke da paani bhi Ganga.*
- *Jis da pyaar mahapurush naal pe jaaye us nu duniya ek tamasha lagu ga te sab fikka lagu ga.*
- *Koyal da sham de wele bolna bure time de aan de sign hai.*
- *Inne bure time aa rahe han ki je India nu koi bacha sakda hai ta oh mahapurush hi han.*
- *India ch ik hi Bhrahma ji da mandir hai par time aayega jado hor Bhrahma ji de mandir banan ge.*
- *Jo kuch bhi ho reha hai, oh Shiyji da karop (anger) hai. Ganeshji di murtiyaan da dudh peena, meteor showers hona, sab chatkaar nai han, bure signs han. Nature naraaz hai. Tusi nature to nai jit sakde.*

- *Husband te wife da relationship best friends di tarhan hona chahida hai. Aaj kal bacche naal bhi friends di tarhan hi rehna chahida hai. Baccheya nu kade maarna nai chahida.*
- *Husband te wife nu ek hi almaari wich apne kapde rakh ne chahide han. Is naal ghar wich khushiyan bani rehendiya han.*
- *Kabir ji nu 17 saal lage Guru dharan karan nu. Main tuhanu saareya nu apne kol bithaye rakhda haan. Tuhanu ta Guru bahut saste ch lab gaya.*
- *Kade to minute baith ke soch ki rab ne ki miracle kita hai human body bana ke. Tusi log ulta ahankar wich firde ho. Guru di kirpa de bagair koi bhi spiritual raah te nai chal sakda.*
- *Doctor je sahi howe ta next to God hunda hai. Poets, doctors te judges, je theek raah te hon, aur spiritual path te chalan ta unha de wich bhi rab basda hai.*
- *Judge de kol kade sifaarish nai lani chahidi, case puttha ho janda hai.*
- *Darshan sab mangde han par unha nu nai pata ki darshan nu seh paana bahut hi mushkil hai. Paagal bhi ho sakde ho.*
- *Kade bhi mere to mangeya na karo. Jado bhi mattha tek de ho te keha karo sanu is kichhar to kad lo.*
- *Paath inna powerful hai ki sab kuchh theek kar sakda hai.*
- *Butterfly da dikhna te light da flicker karna messages hunde han rab de.*
- *Kaudi cheeja khaaya karo jive neem te amla. Eh masudeyan nu majboot te khoon nu saaf karde han. Haldi bhi khaani achhi hundi hai.*
- *Saamp sab to pure hunda hai. Grihasti wich sher sab to number one te hai kyon ki oh life ch ek baar hi sex karda hai reproduce karan waste.*
- *Many times my mother has seen Guruji take the form of a lady. On being asked, he said, "Shiv bhi main haan, te shakti bhi main haan."*
- *"Tapo raj, rajeo nark," very often Guruji would repeat these words to his sangat. It means, "tap se raj milta hai aur raj se nark."*

- *Changa character hona bahut zaroori hai. Rab khon maaf kar sakda hai par bad character di maafi nai hai. Is di maafi sirf ek mahapurush hi de sakde han.*
- *Kade bhi barsi (death anniversary) nai manani chahidi. Tusi soul nu waapas khich de ho te soul aukhi hundi hai. Barsi te chup kar ke daan karna chahida hai.*
- *Hamesha natural cheezan naal nahana chahida hai. Besan sab to best hai.*
- *Maa baap di sewa karni chahidi hai. Is de bina kuch nai milega.*
- *Computer de samne ghante, do ghante to zyaada nai baina chahida. Microwave te cell phones bhi bimariya karan ge.*
- *Jis de nak te til hunda hai us wich bahut ego hundi hai.*
- *Gussa chandaal hai, eh galat kam karwanda hai. Gusse nu control wich rakho.*
- *Aap paath kareya karo. Kisi hor to karwaan da koi faida nai hai. Paath karna zaroori hai. Jis tarhan tusi aithe bank balance rakheya hoye hai ki zaroorat wich kam aaoga, us hi tarhan utte bhi bank balance chahida hai.*
- *Mahapurush di mehar gupt hundi hai. Asi kade bhi nai das de ki asi kis waaste ki kita hai.*
- *Main apne waste te apne parivaar de waste zero haan. Mere parents nu sangat wich aana mana hai te main tuhanu sab nu naal bithai rakhda haan. Main unha waste kuch nai kar sakda. Main unha nu moh maya to kaddan aaya haan.*

What to eat and what colour to wear on each day of the week:

<i>Monday</i>	<i>white</i>	<i>kheer</i>	<i>for purity & peace of mind</i>
<i>Tuesday</i>	<i>sky blue</i>	<i>kaala chana</i>	<i>to dispel unfavourable stars</i>
<i>Wednesday</i>	<i>green</i>	<i>hari sabat moong dal</i>	<i>to dispel clouds of gloom</i>
<i>Thursday</i>	<i>yellow</i>	<i>besan ki kadi</i>	<i>for your Guru</i>
<i>Friday</i>	<i>cream</i>	<i>Gur (jaggery) ke chawal</i>	<i>for prosperity</i>
<i>Saturday</i>	<i>black</i>	<i>kala chana</i>	<i>to ward off ill effects of Shani</i>
<i>Sunday</i>	<i>red</i>	<i>rajmah</i>	<i>for happiness</i>