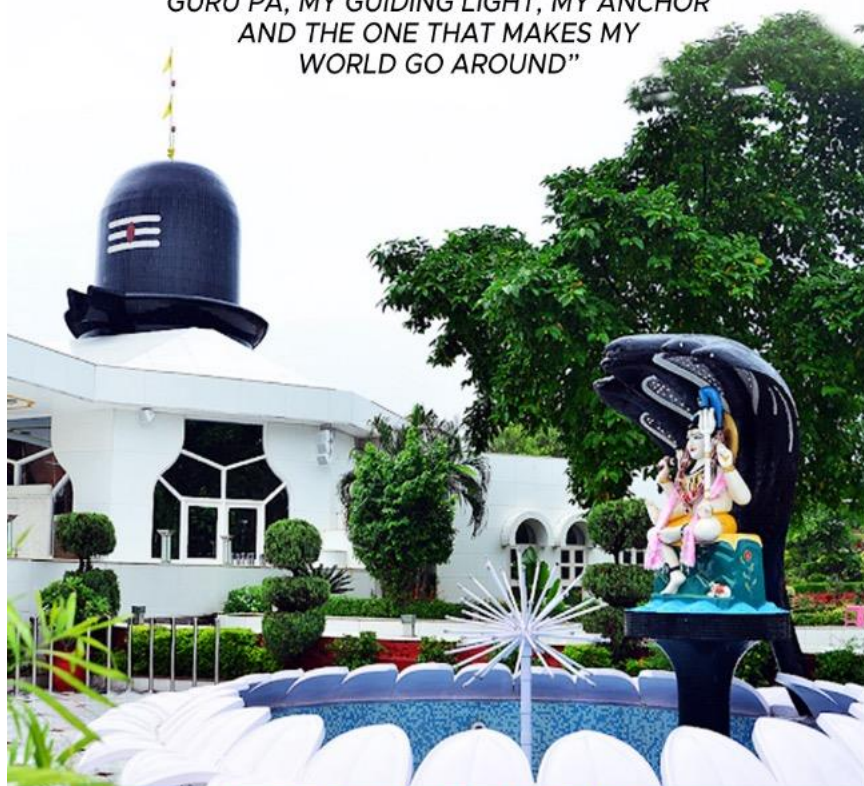


Tu Hi Tu

*"MY HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO YOUR LOTUS FEET, MY
GURU PA, MY GUIDING LIGHT, MY ANCHOR
AND THE ONE THAT MAKES MY
WORLD GO AROUND"*



AARTI KAPUR

Tu Hi Tu

Aarti Kapur

A Tribute to My Ever So Loving Guru Maharaj

Tu Hi Tu by Aarti Kapur

Foreword by Anita Kumar

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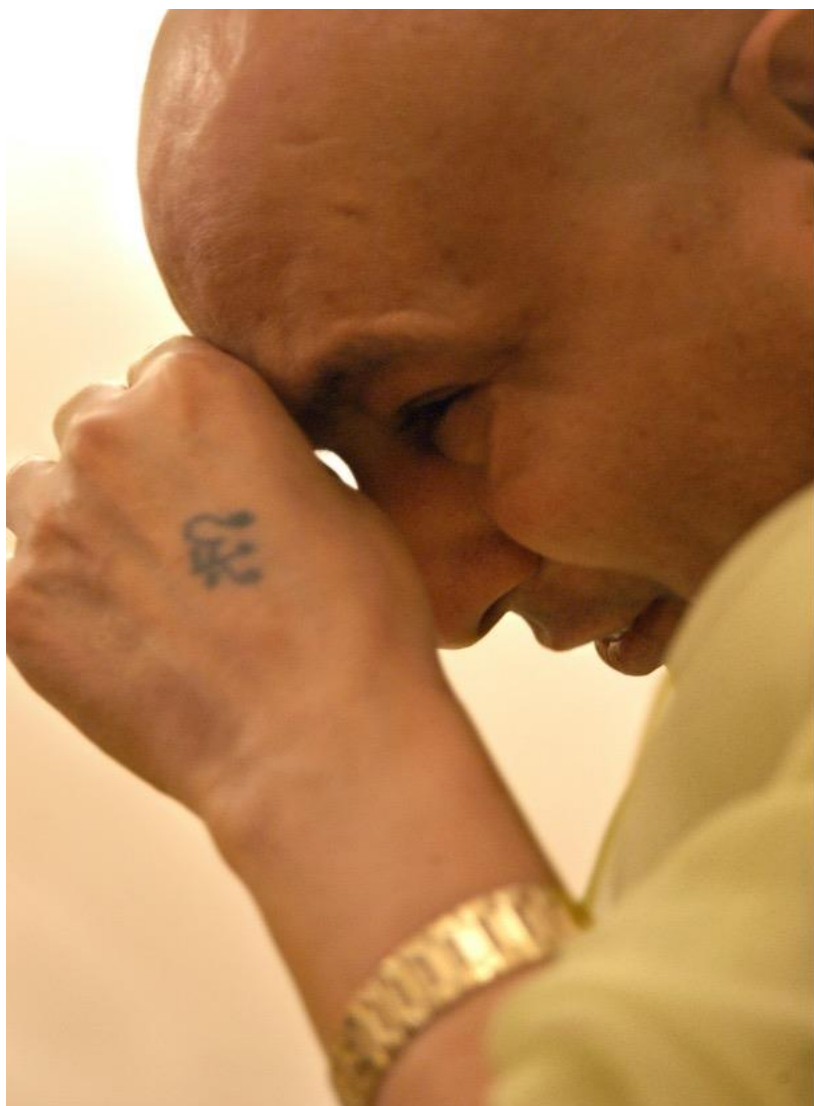
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Tu Hi Tu - My GOD (Guru on Duty)



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Foreword

At first glance my heart was reassured of having arrived at its natural home and my soul gloated with pride in having done so. As Guruji stated, “Guruaa da naam kharaab hai. “

Sangat back then was few and far between and the rest were filled with cynicism and skepticism.

Those encompassing my life and those who are in the heart of it almost estranged me believing me to have lost the plot.

It was His infinite grace and divine love that gave me the realization that I had arrived. Where we stand depends on where we sit. Sitting with Him evening after evening enabled me to take my stance on never letting Him go. He once stated, “You can forget and let go but I never do.“ Again it is His grace that we remain connected to His unfathomable supreme self.

Then began the actual journey as a soul having a human experience. Physically I was crumbling but spiritually it seemed I was coming together.

On moving to India in ‘88 I felt life had dealt me a losing hand. Asthma, hole in the heart, eczema and an ailing marriage combined shattered me into pieces and there was no fixing me.

Every changing season transported me to the ICU where steroid injections were administered to render me temporary relief.

It was all so transient, and nothing seemed worth my while except raising my daughters whereby the struggle of emotional and physical health prevented me from offering my optimum as a mother.

Compromises can be potentially healthy when life meets us half way but here I was alone with no one to hand hold me, to reassure me that I was worthy of happiness and that life potentially does offer the greatest riches from love to enduring friendships and more.

I became a cynic as my mind and body were afflicted with pain.

Pain in life is inevitable and suffering is optional but in my case I suffered immensely as I knew no better.

When darkness pervades the ability to light a candle is sometimes removed from the conscious mind.

The candle was lit and more. He lit it and He illuminated my soul with hope, faith, and a life compliant with the moral, and spiritual compass.

Guruji cannot be described but can and is experienced by each sangat with their Satsangs that bare a strong testimony of Him being the Supreme power Himself who descended the earth to lift us from our darkness and to illuminate every corner of our being with strength, wisdom, courage, beauty, and the wealth of knowledge needed to live our optimum lives.

He cured me of my skin condition, asthma, and many more ailments. He first grants us health and then irons out other karmic creases like relationships, work, and finances.

“I am a practical Guru” He would reiterate.

We do not need to grip the anchors of rituals and rites. Superstitions are superseded with practically living an honest, confident, and simple life.

His ideologies are easy to grasp from being humble, compassionate, and giving and following His teachings in letter and spirit.

Practice makes progress and attending Satsangs refuels our spiritual engine to help maneuver us in the direction that He stands.

Einstein had said, “There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle and the other is as though everything is a miracle.

With Guruji in the heart of our lives every moment is a miracle and beyond.

The wonder of His venerable presence in our lives makes us all wonder what life was before He had so graciously taken us into His Sublime fold.

Life was shallow and now deep. It was empty and now spilling over with His love and the love we feel for His creation.

I observe the world with a fresh perspective, loving every tree, mountain and the heavenly skies; all His immaculately crafted landscapes.

Gratitude is what fills me to be able to write this foreword for this profoundly blessed sangat, Aarti whose devotion and love for Guruji knows no bounds and is blessed to be able to articulate her love for Him in this wonderfully written book.

May Guruji continue to Inspire her and all sangat to spread His light so that darkness hiding in the remotest corners of our beings is also eradicated and therefore substituted with His resplendent presence.

My humble urge is for each reader to feel Aarti’s emotion in her words as it resonates with our own. We will see our own beauty and divinity in the pages of this book as it elevates is to realize our own selves.

In the end Our master said, “I have come to awaken the Guru within you.”

With love and Light,

Anita Kumar

Preface

Jai Guruji, I am humbled before your divine presence, my Lord. You, the supreme lord, have bestowed upon my soul the taste of the elixir from your celestial realm.

Shukrana is a small word, but it aptly captures my gratitude as I embark on this tribute to our beloved Guru Maharaj. This tribute, however, is boundless, transcending the confines of this lifetime. Aseem, and Anant, a simple way to describe it.

Where do I even begin? Through this divine journey, I wish to offer the readers a glimpse of the magnificent world of spirituality, condensed into these few pages. A world far beyond the realms of so-called logic and science. It was a seemingly random evening in early 1999 when His Holiness allowed me to step into his darbar. Unaware of the profound impact that awaited me, I merely followed my parents' suggestion to join them. Little did I know that my Lord was rewriting the script of my destiny...



Chapter 1 - Entrance to the Indra Loka

It is a moment etched in my memory forever. My parents, Lt. Gen. Chander Kapur and Mrs. Sheel Kapur, had taken me to meet Guruji the night before my admission into his divine institution. The sight that greeted me was awe-inspiring - the radiant face of Guruji, sitting on a regal red chair, surrounded by his devoted sangat. His flowing robe added to his majestic presence, exuding kindness like an emperor of compassion.

The atmosphere was filled with positivity, and the melodious shabads in Punjabi language played in the background, even though I couldn't fully comprehend their meaning, they were soothing to my soul. As we approached Guruji to bow down (do matha tek), my parents introduced my sister, Puja, and me to his holiness. With a gracious gesture, Guruji invited us to sit closer to him, and in that moment, a divine connection was formed.

Intrigued by my surroundings, I began to observe the sangat (Guruji's followers) around me. The atmosphere was serene, and people seemed at ease, sitting casually and relaxed. Some were in a meditative state, immersed in the devotional music of the Gurbani (shabads) being played. Others appeared to be attentively listening to the soulful verses, absorbing the divine wisdom they held.

As a young and curious mind, I couldn't comprehend everything that was happening, but I felt a sense of calm and tranquility in the air. It was as if the worries and burdens of the world had been temporarily lifted, and everyone present was basking in the spiritual aura created by Guruji's sheer presence and the sacred surroundings.

As the sangat continued to pour in, Guruji warmly greeted each devotee with a radiant smile, acknowledging their presence, gesturing Namaskar (with folded hands) as they paid their respects, and did matha tek (bowing their head) at his lotus feet. His interactions with the sangat were filled with care, joy, and laughter, evident from the smiling faces of those who conversed with him. The atmosphere was brimming with positivity and a sense of belonging, as if we were all part of an extended spiritual family.

After about 45 minutes, Guruji rang a bell placed on the right side of his table, signaling a sewadar (volunteer). Within moments, a tray filled with mithai (sweets/prasad) was brought before him. With a graceful gesture, Guruji invited us to come forward and receive the prasad from his hands. There was no prescribed order or formality; we simply formed a line and followed the example set by the other sangat. As I approached Guruji, I noticed that the prasad he was offering was abundant and overflowing, much more than my hands could hold. What he offered with one hand could not fit into both our hands. It was a beautiful metaphor for the abundance of love and blessings he bestowed upon his devotees, without any limits or restrictions.

In those moments of receiving prasad from Guruji's hands, I felt an indescribable connection, a sense of divine grace embracing my soul. There were no lectures or formal teachings; the experience itself was enough to ignite a profound spiritual awakening, with a little spark within me which became insatiable. It was as if Guruji's love, wisdom, and blessings were transmitted directly through that simple act of sharing prasad.

In Guruji's darbar, there were no rigid rules or rituals; it was an environment of pure love, devotion, and surrender. The energy was contagious, and everyone present became part of a harmonious symphony of faith and spirituality, flowing together with the divine current that Guruji embodied.

As I left the darbar that day, I carried with me a deep sense of peace and contentment, knowing that my soul had encountered something extraordinary, something that would forever change the course of my life. From that moment onward, Guruji became not just a spiritual guide but the very essence of my existence, guiding me through the journey of life with boundless love and grace.

Indeed, the experience at Guruji's darbar was beyond the realm of logic and science. The abundance of prasad and the continuous flow of blessings were a testament to Guruji's divine grace and power. When the second round of prasad arrived, Guruji gestured for us to come forward once again. Despite feeling a little full, I eagerly followed his call, knowing that his prasad held a special significance.

As we hesitated about taking some prasad back home, we sought clarification from someone in the sangat. “Idhar Dawai, Ghar par Mithai” Meaning they explained that when we eat the prasad in Guruji's presence, it becomes blessed and carries healing properties for the individual. However, if we were to take it back home, it would lose that special essence and become like any other mithai (sweets). The only exception to this was if Guruji specifically gave prasad with the direction to take it back.

Though it might have sounded strange, I had witnessed firsthand the miraculous impact of Guruji's prasad on my mother's health. Despite being a diabetic, she had consumed a generous amount of prasad at the darbar the previous night, only to find her sugar levels normal the next day. It was a clear indication of Guruji's divine power and the potency of his blessings.

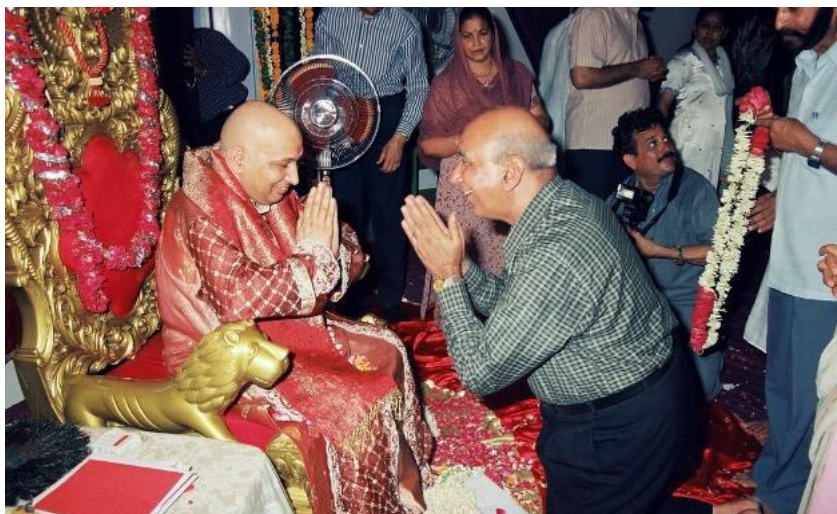
This was just the beginning of the incredible journey of divine experiences and miracles that unfolded in Guruji's presence. Each interaction, each blessing, and each moment spent in his darbar revealed the boundless love, compassion, and healing that Guruji showered upon his devotees. His divinity knew no bounds, and he transcended the limitations of the material world, guiding us on a spiritual path that was beyond comprehension.

In Guruji's presence, the laws of nature seemed to bend, and the ordinary became extraordinary.

He was not bound by conventional norms or explanations; instead, he operated on a plane of divine wisdom and grace. It was a world where faith and surrender were the keys to unlocking the mysteries of the universe.

Through these awe-inspiring experiences, my understanding of spirituality expanded, and my connection with Guruji deepened. I came to realize that he was not just a physical being in beautiful robes but an eternal presence, an omnipotent force that resided within the hearts of his devotees.

Guruji's blessings were not limited by time or space; they transcended all barriers, reaching out to us whenever we needed guidance, strength, or solace. The magic of Guruji's love and grace continued to unfold, enriching every aspect of my life, and drawing me closer to the divine realm he embodied. In his darbar, miracles were an everyday occurrence, and I was blessed to be a witness to the miraculous unfolding of his divine play.



The vessels who took me to my Guru's Darbar- my mother and father.

Chapter 2 - And the Journey Continues

Having tasted the elixir of Guruji's darbar, we found ourselves irresistibly drawn back for more. Days turned into weeks, then months, and the magnetic pull of His presence only grew stronger. No matter how exhausted we were after college or how tired my father was after a long day at work, the yearning to be in Guruji's divine presence was unwavering.

Upon entering the satsang, a remarkable transformation would occur. The weight of fatigue and stress seemed to lift, and a serene calm enveloped us. In that sacred space, worries and anxieties had no power; they simply couldn't touch us. The time spent in satsang was a blissful immersion in pure divinity.

It was only upon leaving the darbar that we would gradually return to the realities of the world. Yet, the profound impact of the satsang would linger within us, like an eternal flame that illuminated our souls. Each visit became a cherished memory, and the longing to be in Guruji's presence remained an ever-present thread in the tapestry of our lives.

As a curious teenager with a penchant for questioning the status quo, I was filled with numerous inquiries about the practices in Guruji's

darbar. One of the puzzling aspects for me was why people would lovingly press Guruji's hands and feet.

Another question was the significance of sharing satsangs, as some experiences seemed too personal to be shared publicly. These doubts lingered in my mind, but as time went on, I began to understand the profound meaning behind these practices. Praising the Lord not only helps others connect but it helps us to expiate our own Karmic debt.

In the presence of Guruji, I observed a diverse congregation, including technocrats, bureaucrats, politicians, top defense brass, and high-profile doctors, among others. Initially, I wondered why there were fewer representations from the underprivileged sections of society. However, as I delved deeper into the essence of Guruji's teachings, I realized that He is beyond the boundaries of social distinctions. In his darbar all are ONE.

Guruji's darbar attracts people from all walks of life, and His love knows no discrimination. He is the universal lord, embracing every soul with the same compassion. The individuals sitting at His feet, regardless of their social status, are drawn by an inexplicable pull towards the divine. It became evident that these powerful and influential individuals sought something beyond just worldly gains – a spiritual transformation, solace, and inner peace that transcended material desires. Things that influence or money could NOT buy.

Over time, I began to cherish these moments more, and even today, I find solace in revisiting those memories in my mind. The mere thought

of Guruji's darbar becomes an instant "pick me up," filling my heart with joy and tranquility.

As my understanding deepened, I realized that the true essence of Guruji's teachings lies in selflessness, compassion, and universal love, a treasure that is accessible to all who seek it with sincerity and devotion.

The essence of satsang is beautifully captured in the saying, "Jo satsang kare uska bhi kalyan, aur jo satsang sune uska bhi kalyan." This profound truth emphasizes that engaging in satsang, the act of sharing and listening to spiritual experiences, brings blessings and well-being to both the speaker and the listener. It is a divine exchange of energy that enriches the hearts and minds of all involved.

Guruji's analogy of being a flowing (behti) Ganga represents His boundless love and compassion, which are available to all like the sacred waters of the holy river. He encourages us to share the knowledge of His presence with as many people as possible, so that they too may benefit from His divine grace.

Indeed, Guruji does not require any form of marketing, for He is the embodiment of Mahashiv, the ultimate divine consciousness. He took human form to bless His sangat, guiding us towards liberation from the cycle of birth and death. As a complete Guru, He holds the key to unlocking the spiritual potential within us, leading us to freedom and ultimate fulfillment.

Understanding the true intent of satsang, I realized that it serves to spread awareness, not just for the benefit of the speaker , but for the collective good of all beings.

By praising a true Guru and sharing His teachings, we purify our karmas and uplift ourselves spiritually. It is a selfless act of devotion, a way to express gratitude for the profound transformation that Guruji brings into our lives.

In the divine presence of Guruji, satsang becomes a sacred communion, an opportunity to dive deep into the ocean of wisdom and love. It is a timeless journey of spiritual growth and realization, where the bonds of ego and separateness dissolve, and we become one with the cosmic consciousness. Through satsang, we align ourselves with the eternal truth, experiencing the bliss of divine oneness.

The healing power of Guruji's touch is truly miraculous. People would press Guruji's hands and feet, and in return, they experienced relief from their ailments. I vividly recall an aunty who was suffering from leg pain. When Guruji graciously allowed her to press his legs, she experienced relief from her pain. These experiences are a testament to the divine energy that flows through Guruji and how His presence can alleviate physical and emotional suffering.

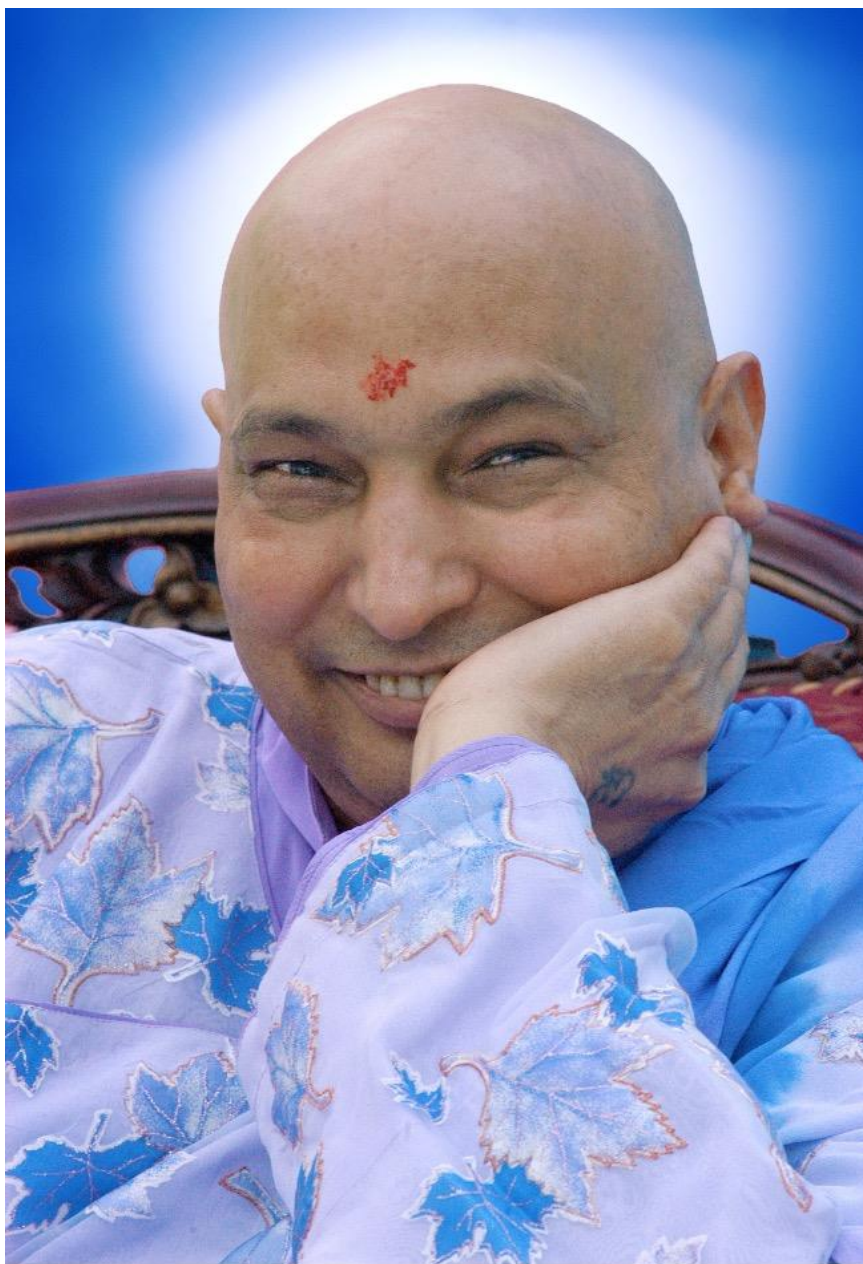
Visiting Guruji's birthplace, Dugri gaon, in the Malerkotla district of Punjab, was a heavenly experience. It was an opportunity to witness a different facet of Guruji's sangat, which was distinct from what I had seen in Delhi. In Punjab, I encountered devotees with profound love

and devotion, who were deeply connected to Guruji. Their expressions of love and dedication were heartwarming, and I witnessed Guruji showering them with boundless affection.

Guruji's compassion knows no bounds. He would often say that if people are needy and unable to reach Him, He finds a way to reach them. This exemplifies Guruji's selflessness and His commitment to helping those in need. He does not restrict His divine grace to a select few but showers it upon all who seek His blessings with a sincere heart.

That visit to Dugri gaon was truly an eye-opener, revealing the vastness and inclusivity of Guruji's love. It served as a reminder that His divine presence is accessible to all, regardless of their background, economic strata, or circumstances. The memories of that visit remain etched in my heart, and whenever I close my eyes and think about those times, I am filled with joy and peace. It becomes a constant lift me up rejuvenating my spirit and reminding me of the profound love and grace of Guruji.





Chapter 3 - My Personal Experiences Start to Cement my Faith

The wonders and miracles of Guru Maharaj were not just hearsay; I had personally witnessed them with my own eyes. I had seen magical transformations and healing occur in the presence of Guruji, and my own life was touched by divine moments.

One such unforgettable incident took place at Empire State, also known as Chota Mandir, on MG Road in Gurgaon. On a random evening, just before leaving, I mustered the courage to seek Guruji's blessings specifically for my economics exam. To my surprise, Guruji started asking me questions on topics of elasticity, supply, and demand, one after the other. An aunty sitting next to him, who was affectionately pressing his feet, pointed out that Guruji was actually giving me the exact questions that would appear in my examination paper. I took mental note of those questions, studied them again at home, and miraculously, with Guruji's divine guidance, I passed the Delhi University economics exam with distinction. It was then that I realized that there was much more to Guruji's darbar than just a "feel-good factor." His powers of foresight and forewarning were truly awe-inspiring.

Guruji's abilities went beyond the confines of science and logic.

I had personally witnessed my mother's sugar levels normalize after consuming an abundance of sweet prasad, a feat that defied medical explanations. It was evident that Guruji possessed the unique ability to scan our lives, see our past, and predict our future. He knew exactly what was happening within the four walls of our homes, understanding our innermost thoughts and actions.

This realization only deepened my faith and belief in Guruji's divine presence. His all-knowing and compassionate nature reassured me that I was in the presence of a true master, one who could guide and protect me through life's journey. As I continued to experience these divine moments, my devotion to Guruji grew stronger, and my understanding of the boundless love and grace He bestowed upon His devotees expanded.

Several days after the miraculous incident with my economics exam, I was at my college campus when my dad's phone rang. Without thinking much about answering unknown numbers (which I normally don't receive), I picked up the call and to my surprise, I instantly recognized that unforgettable voice - it was Guruji calling me! He asked me lovingly, "Ki kar rahin hai?" which translates to "What are you doing?" At that moment, I was in the company of my friends, and my heart started racing. I immediately walked ahead of my group to speak privately. Surrounded by classmates, I felt a sense of embarrassment. How could I explain to them that the master of the universe was calling me?

It may have been shallow thinking, but that was my initial reaction. Little did I know that in the future, I would treasure a phone call from Guruji more than anything else in the world.

In a hushed tone, I responded, "Guruji, I am in college, and I have my dad's phone." He lovingly repeated what I said in Punjabi, acknowledging the situation. He said to me, "Acha, daddy da phone tere kol hai? Shammi aajayen, daddy nu naal leke aayen aur mummy nu ghar chad ke aayen." This meant, "Alright, do you have your dad's phone? Come to my darbar tonight, bring your dad with you, and leave your mom at home." I felt a mixture of excitement and nervousness. I couldn't believe that Guruji was inviting us¹ to his darbar again.

After college was over, I called my dad while on my way to his office in Connaught Place. I informed him about Guruji's summon and urged him to join me for the visit. We reached home, quickly freshened up, and prepared to leave. I remember it was a non-sangat day, as Guruji had reduced the number of days the darbar was open to the public from daily to four days a week. My mom asked where we were off to, and we told her that Guruji had called us but had instructed us to leave her at home. Though she was visibly disappointed, Guruji's hukum (order) had to be followed. The pull of Guruji's love and presence was so strong that nothing else mattered. We knew we had to be at his darbar, and so we went, eager to receive his blessings and guidance.

When we reached the Chota Mandir, we were greeted by Sudama ji and Col. Joshi uncle, who were expecting us.

They ushered us into Guruji's bedroom, where Maharaj was sitting comfortably on the couch with his legs crossed. Guruji was in a light mood, playing with his flip phone and engaging in casual conversation about the current state of affairs. In a few minutes, Guruji was served a drink in a covered silver glass. He took one sip and graciously offered me the rest to drink. My joy knew no bounds as I tasted the divine nectar of coconut water. It was hands down the best drink in the whole world, and I relished every last drop of it.

A little while later, Guruji made a call to an aunty from the Sangat named Santo Aunty. At that moment, we had no idea who he was calling, but he asked her, "Ki banaya hai?" which means "What have you cooked today?" She must have replied to Guruji, though we couldn't hear her response. Soon after, Guruji said, "Chal phir tayari kar le, asi lok aa rahen hai," instructing her to get the dinner ready as we were all coming. He said this to her in Punjabi and then hung up the phone.

One of the most beautiful aspects of Guruji's Sangat Pariwar, more so now, is the instant bond formed with just two powerful words - "Jai Guruji." With these words, a strong connection is established, and Guruji would often remind us that the Sangat is our real family. He taught us to live life to the fullest, celebrating with Sangat dances in his darbar on festive occasions and enjoying the most delicious langar prasad that had the power to relieve us of physical ailments. Love flowed freely in his presence, and there was no place better than being part of his divine Sangat.

The account of that night continues to replay in my mind. Guruji summoned Col. Joshi, and as they prepared to head out to get his car ready, Guruji casually mentioned that he would come in General Kapur's car. My dad asked our driver, Mishra ji, to bring the car around, and he was initially going to sit in the front seat. However, Guruji intervened and commanded him to sit with Col. Joshi, while he himself sat in the backseat of our car next to me. The thrill of having the opportunity to ride next to the Lord himself was indescribable. Even today, I find it difficult to put into words the immense joy I felt at that moment.

While I was overwhelmed with happiness, I also felt a sense of nervousness being so close to Guruji. The aura around him emanated a heavenly fragrance from all ten doors (referring to the ten energy chakras in Sikhism), which I got the rare privilege to see and inhale from. It felt as if Guruji was bestowing his blessings upon me, opening his Pandora's box of blessings, and showering them all on me. It was as if he was providing insurance coverage for my life ahead, foreseeing everything that lay ahead for me. That evening, being face to face with the Lord, remains the highlight of my life to this day. The memory of that divine encounter will remain etched in my heart forever.



Chapter 4 - Getting a Priceless Gift for Life

The love and appreciation Guru Maharaj received from his sangat were reciprocated with unmatched warmth and affection. It was heartwarming to see some people bringing boxes of chocolates, and other small tokens of love for him. Although he would distribute everything back among his devotees, the joy of offering something to him was truly ineffable. On my birthday of year 2001, I mustered the courage to present him with a box of chocolates. With his characteristic grace, he accepted the gift and then handed it over to another aunty from the Sangat, Roma aunty. However, the most precious moment for me was when he removed his plain maroon juttis and said, "Le chak tera prasad" - meaning, "Take my shoes, it's your prasad."

My joy knew no bounds at that moment, and I proudly cherish those juttis to this day. These juttis, symbolizing the prasad from Guruji, have absorbed all the negativity and hardships that life has thrown my way. They act as a protective shield, warding off the challenges, and reminding me of his constant love and blessings. Though the juttis may have worn out and torn over the years, they hold immense value as the sacred prasad gifted to me by the Lord himself on my special day.

Ever since that memorable incident, I continue to share chocolates with Guruji on my birthday, honoring our special bond and keeping our beautiful pact intact. The love and connection with Guru Maharaj have only deepened over the years, and his divine presence remains a guiding light in my life.

In the year 2015, on the day of my birthday, which happened to fall on a Thursday, I was heading to Guruji's temple filled with regret as I had forgotten to bring a box of chocolates. It saddened me to think that I might not be able to keep our cherished pact of sharing chocolates with him on our special day. All I had were a few loose candies that I had put in my jacket, hoping to offer them while sitting in the temple.

However, in a moment of divine intervention, an aunty (Manju) appeared out of nowhere and told me that she had just returned from India, and someone had sent a gift for me. It was completely unexpected, but to my astonishment, when I opened the box, it was filled with chocolates! There was no doubt in my mind that Guru Maharaj had orchestrated this beautiful surprise for me on my birthday. I felt overwhelmed with love and reassured that he always cared for me, and us all, even in the smallest of details.

As the years have passed, my faith and devotion in Guruji have only grown stronger. Being in his divine presence is like finding a peaceful sanctuary right at home—a place of complete solace, devoid of any stress—a place where joy and happiness flourish—the darbar of our beloved Guru.

With each passing year, my love for Guruji deepens, and I continue to feel extra blessed and loved on my birthday. Being in his fold is the most wonderful place on earth, a getaway that is always close to home—a place of spiritual nourishment, where worries dissipate, and the heart finds solace in the love of the Guru.

Guruji's keen sense of humor was truly one of a kind. He had a way of lightening up the atmosphere with his witty remarks and playful nicknames for different groups and professions. It was all in good fun and added a touch of laughter to the serious moments.

For those in the Indian Administrative Services, Guruji would affectionately call them "I Am Sorry," which I'm sure brought smiles to their faces. The Sangat from Noida earned the endearing moniker "No-Idea," which must have been met with chuckles and nods of agreement.

PhD, which usually stands for Doctor of Philosophy, was humorously altered to stand for "Pagal Hone ka Darr," playfully teasing the pursuit of higher education and the fear of going crazy in the process. Similarly, Guruji's humorous interpretations of "Wife" as "Worry Invited For Ever" and "Husband" as "Horse Under Severe Burden And No Diversion" must have elicited laughter and nods of recognition from married couples.

Even dental professionals were not spared from his amusing wordplay, as BDS (Bachelor of Dental Surgery) became "batti dandaan da sarvanaash," poking fun at the dental degree by humorously

suggesting it leads to the ruination of all 32 teeth. LLB was lado lado bhaiyon aur behenon (a playful dig at Lawyers for insinuating fights and divide).

Guruji's humor brought joy to his sangat, and his ability to find lightness in life's intricacies was one of the many endearing qualities that endeared him to all who had the privilege of knowing him. His jokes were a delightful reminder to not take life too seriously and to find laughter and joy in every moment.

Guruji also loved to play matchmaker. Sometimes when I would do matha tek, he would jokingly tell me, 'Badi changi kudi hain, hoon phir munda phasa le, te vyaa karwale' (You are a very good girl - trap a boy and get hooked). I would turn crimson every time he said this. Finally, when a proposal came my way, we showed him pictures of the potential candidate, and Guruji said, 'Yep, go ahead!' With his blessings and approval, I got married in Chandigarh.

He sent lots of sangat, but he did not come himself for the occasion. However, during a moment of solitude when everyone else had gone down to look at the Baraat (the groom's entourage in Hindu weddings), I suddenly smelled his fragrance filling up my room. In that moment, I felt assured of his presence, which he later confirmed. In our next meeting after the marriage and before leaving India, I asked Guruji why he came for my sister's marriage and not mine.

He responded, 'Main aaya te si,' which meant 'I did come,' and I immediately understood what he was alluding to. My husband and his

family were certainly not connected to Guruji at that point in time, but that changed a couple of years after being married.

In fact, I had been telling my husband ever since we got engaged to meet with Guruji, but he would make excuses on some pretext or the other. His time had not come yet, but he did get an invitation to his darbar in May of 2004. Upon their first meeting Guruji did tell him - Tu anna nahin chanda si, main phir bhi tenu bula lita- translates to - you never wanted to come here but I still called you.

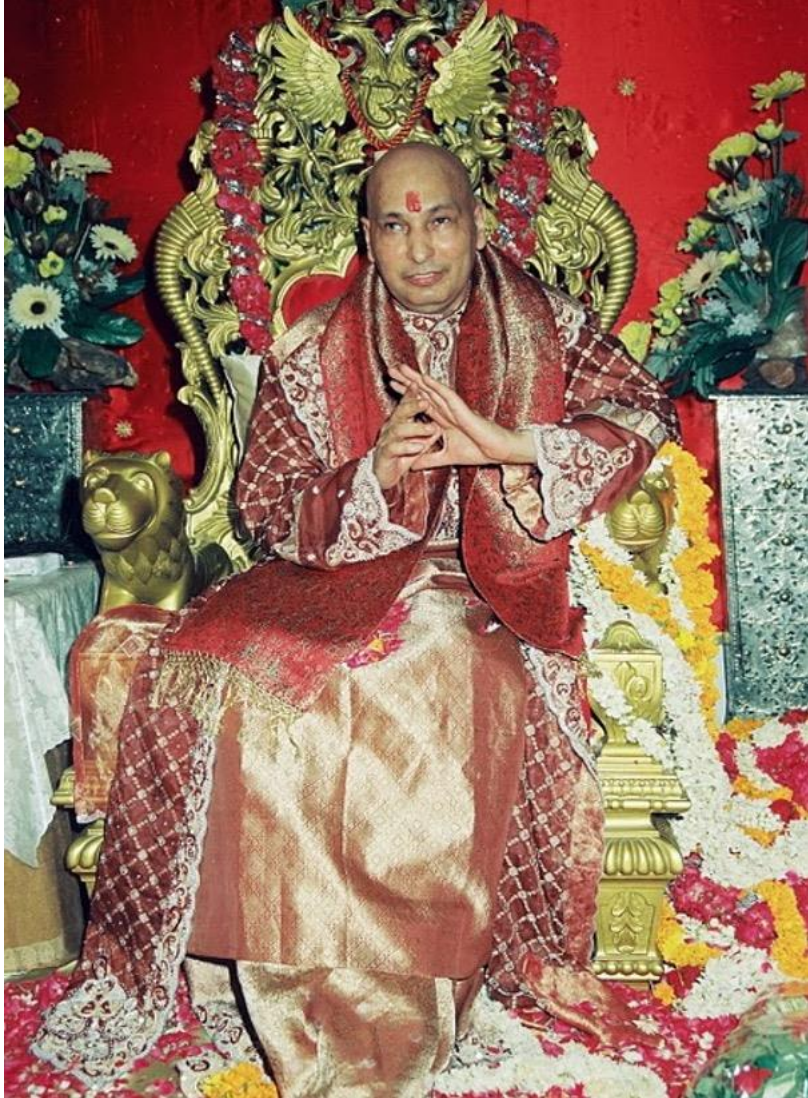
The shabad baani that we listen to points to the meaning of Rasik Varaagi Guru, and our Guru was just that - the loving and detached Guru. He was the one teacher who not only taught us how to live life but also helped us cement our bond with the higher forces in the world of spirituality, slowly transforming us into better human beings.

While we were singing, dancing, and making merry, he was working behind the scenes, healing, and guiding us in our journey of self-improvement. I vividly recall the New Year's Eve of perhaps 2001 when he made Gytri aunty and me amongst others dance to the tune of "Ek Punjaban dil chura ke legaye." As we were joyfully dancing, little did we know that he was simultaneously scanning our bodies and curing us of known and unknown ailments. His divine grace was always at work, even in the moments of celebration.

Guruji, I miss you dearly, and I deeply yearn to be able to touch you and talk to you in the physical and tangible sense (though I know you never left us spiritually).

Aarti Kapur

Your physical presence was a source of immense comfort and guidance, and I cherish every memory spent in your divine presence.



Chapter 5 - Life Across the Seven Seas

After my marriage, I left India in 2004 to start a new chapter of life on a different continent. Despite being far away from Guruji's physical presence, his blessings continued to shower upon us. We were blessed with a beautiful daughter, Aanya, in the first year of our marriage. However, the joy of motherhood was marred by a herniated disc that caused chronic back pain, leaving me feeling paralyzed and helpless. The pain attacks were so severe that I had to frequently visit emergency rooms for spinal injections.

In my time of distress, my parents approached Guruji, who, in his usual gracious manner, blessed a copper tumbler (lota) for me. This lota was sent overseas, and believe me, the blessed water from it became my source of healing. From the time I started using the blessed water in 2005, I have not returned to the emergency room for back pain.

Guruji had a unique way of bestowing his blessings upon his devotees. At that time, he instructed his sangat to either get a copper tumbler or a jug. In our case, he asked my parents to get a copper jug for the four of us - my parents, sister, and myself. When we brought the jug to him, he opened the lid and asked for our date of birth. After chanting some mantras into it, he returned it to us with his divine grace.

He advised us to clean the jug with our own hands using Nimbu (lemon) and Namak (salt) or Ash - no soap should be used.

He also emphasized that we should not hand it over to the servants for washing. This way, whenever we clean the jug, we would be reminded of Guruji and his blessings. The water in the jug could be consumed in the morning, and the remaining water could be used for showering. Then, the jug should be filled up at night, and the routine should be repeated every day. The jug need not be cleaned daily, but we could simply rinse it.

This sacred ritual of using the blessed jug became an integral part of our daily life, and it continues to be a source of strength, healing, and connection with Guruji's divine grace, even across continents.

Life was proceeding as usual until my first-born, Aanya, turned four years old. One day, while playing, she suddenly fainted, and our world turned upside down in a matter of seconds. At that time, I was pregnant with my second child, Amyra, and found myself alone in the house with my daughter in such a critical condition. The shock and fear were overwhelming as I saw my previously healthy child lose consciousness. In a state of panic, I immediately dialed 911 (the SOS emergency number) and rushed Aanya to the nearest hospital in an ambulance.

Thoughts of the worst-case scenarios filled my mind, and I feared that she might have swallowed something harmful. Holding her tightly in my arms, I hurried down the stairs despite being a few months

pregnant and quickly got into the waiting ambulance. With the sirens blaring, we reached the hospital within minutes, and her father reached there too.

Over the following period, Aanya had a couple of similar episodes, which left us deeply concerned. After thorough medical evaluation, she was put on medication to manage her condition. However, with Guruji's blessings and divine grace, she eventually started to improve, and the need for medication gradually diminished. A few years later, she was successfully weaned off the medications, and her health improved remarkably.

With Guruji's continued meher (blessings) and love, Aanya has grown into a healthy, young, and fit lady. We are eternally grateful to GuruPaa for his divine intervention and the gift of good health that he has bestowed upon our daughter. His presence and blessings have been a constant source of strength and reassurance throughout our journey, And we humbly offer our heartfelt gratitude to him. Thank you,

GuruPaa!



Chapter 6 - Initiation of Satsangs in the Tri State

In March 2010, my second daughter, Aamyra, came into this world, bringing immense joy to our lives. Soon after, in April, we received a call from a sangat, Meera aunty informing us about Guruji's satsang, and we were thrilled to attend. Gradually, attending these satsangs became a regular monthly occurrence, and the sangat began to grow steadily. By 2011, weekly satsangs were being conducted in New Jersey, and the love for Guruji continued to flourish.

On March 15th, 2014, a significant milestone was achieved as the first international Guruji temple was established in New Jersey, (no coincidence) on Aamyra's birthday. This event was foreseen by a sangat in India, who had a dream of a temple with an entrance from the rear of the building and a 4-year-old girl playing with balloons in the darbar. Remarkably, the dream materialized as the temple was indeed established on March 15th, Aamyra's fourth birthday, and a devoted sangat member, Komal aunty, (also their bua) brought balloons to the first satsang. It was an extraordinary moment, as balloons are not a typical offering for satsangs, which usually feature sweets and flowers.

These events served as a reminder that everything that occurs, whether perceived as good, not so good, or challenging, is part of Guruji's divine plan.

We may not always understand his designs, but we must accept them for the sake of our own inner peace and sanity. In his shelter, we must never question or doubt his intentions. Instead, we continue our lives with devotion, chanting his name, expressing gratitude, and engaging in actions with the purest intent. We surrender the rest to Guruji, knowing that he knows all that has happened, is happening, and will unfold in the future. In his divine wisdom, he guides us on the path of love and light, and we trust him completely.

Between 2010 and 2014, life presented us with numerous transformative moments. While the satsangs began and Aanya and Aamyra filled our lives with joy, a significant challenge emerged in 2011 when my then-husband, Vikram, lost his T-Mobile dealership contract, resulting in the abrupt closure of all his stores. With two young kids and no source of income, it was undoubtedly a nightmare, especially in a country like America. Despite the trying circumstances, something remarkable happened – we continued to live our lives without anyone being able to perceive the internal struggles we faced. People would ask me how I managed to smile so much, but deep inside, I knew it was my protector, my Guru, who was helping us radiate positivity even during these trying times. This experience taught me that satsangs are not solely about happy endings, but about

maintaining faith and resilience during the most challenging moments, knowing that Guruji will carry us through the storms of life.

For fourteen long months, we lived against hope, but amidst the darkness, a ray of light finally broke through.

Both Vikram and I got a breakthrough in our professional lives, and since then, there has been no looking back in terms of our growth and success.

Guruji's divine presence and blessings have been instrumental in guiding us through the hardships and transforming our lives in unforeseen ways. It is during the darkest moments that his grace shines the brightest, reminding us to hold on to faith and stay strong, for he is always there to lead us towards a brighter tomorrow. The journey may not always be smooth, but with Guruji's love and support, we can overcome any challenges that come our way.

On May 19th, 2012, we hosted our first satsang at our home in New Jersey, and the journey to that moment was filled with Guruji's divine guidance and blessings. It all began with a satsang at Kalpana aunty's place on March 18th, 2012. Some sangatis (devotees) suggested that I host a satsang at my place since I was one of the oldest sangat members. However, I humbly replied that my little one was too young, and I would do it when Guruji himself guided me.

That very night, Guru Maharaj visited me in a dream, and it was not just an ordinary dream, for when he chooses to appear, it is a divine

visitation. In the dream, I saw Guruji pacing up and down our living room, dressed in a black and red chola. There was a gathering of sangat, enjoying langar (a communal meal). He even showed me the langar plate, consisting of Saag, Dal Makhni, and Makki di roti.

The date he revealed was May 19th, 2012, which meant that the satsang was destined to take place at our home on that day! When I woke up and checked the calendar, my excitement grew as it fell on a Saturday, a perfect day for the gathering.

However, there was a challenge. At that time, we had no source of income, and Vikram suggested booking a club house instead due to space constraints at our townhouse. But the dream had shown Guruji pacing in our living room and kitchen area, so I knew in my heart that the satsang had to happen at home. Due to Vikram's apprehensions, we tried to book the club house but found out it was already reserved for a party. Interestingly, that party never took place, as if Guruji had intervened to ensure that the satsang unfolded exactly as he had made us envision it.

With unwavering faith in Guruji's design, we proceeded to host the satsang at home, even though we had no financial means at the time. It was a testament to Guruji's divine planning and his ability to turn circumstances in our favor. The satsang at our home turned out to be a beautiful and memorable event, with Guruji's presence and blessings guiding every aspect of the gathering. This experience further reinforced my belief that Guruji's grace transcends all obstacles, and he takes care of every detail when we surrender to his will.

The preparation for the first satsang at our home was filled with challenges and uncertainties, but Guruji's divine guidance and blessings ensured that everything fell into place perfectly. One of the concerns was what to serve with chai (tea) to the sangat.

I had a specific menu in mind, but the question was how to get the required items in bulk when we had no source of income. Yet, I knew in my heart that Guruji was in charge, and I had complete faith in his plan.

I remembered an uncle from the sangat, Anurag, who used to travel back and forth between India and the US for business. I called him, and by Guruji's grace, he agreed to come on the day of the satsang, May 19th, 2012, instead of his initial plan of arriving on Monday the 21st. This allowed him to bring all the meetha (sweet) and namkeen (savoury) snacks from India on the day of the satsang, just as we needed.

As for the langar menu, Guruji had shown me Sarson ka Saag, Dal Makhni, and Makki ki roti in my dream. Although I had never cooked these dishes before, I trusted Guruji's guidance. We managed to get all the necessary ingredients for the saag and dal. Making saag for 80 people was a daunting task, for me but Guruji's grace was evident as everything fell into place, and the saag turned out to be delicious.

The only challenge left was making Makki ki roti for so many people. However, Guruji's unique ways came to our rescue again. An aunty from the sangat had a dream where Guruji instructed her and another

aunty to make 150 rotis each. This solved our problem, and all the langar was sorted out with Rashmi aunty and Taj aunty helping with roti prasad

As the day of the satsang approached, everything seemed to happen seamlessly, guided by Guruji's divine presence. The satsang took place as Guruji had shown me in the dream, and it was a beautiful and blessed event. Rashmi aunty, had a dream, interpreting the significance of having a green item (Saag) in the menu, which signified prosperity. True to her interpretation, our financial situation turned around miraculously within just two months of starting the satsang, and our lives changed for the better.

This entire journey was a testament to the power of Guruji's grace and the unwavering faith in his divine plan. His blessings and presence guided us through the most challenging times, and we experienced firsthand that satsangs are not just about happiness, but they also teach us to have faith and surrender to Guruji's will, even in the most trying times. His love and blessings continue to be the guiding light in our lives, and we are forever grateful for his divine presence.

Blessings always
Guruji

Chapter 7- Showers of his Blessings

In July 2012, I had another significant dream that brought immense relief and hope. In the dream, Guruji conveyed that Shani (Saturn) was very angry with, Vikram. He mentioned pulling out Vikram's spiritual dossier or file, indicating some sort of spiritual intervention or protection. Guruji explained that he had to fight hard with Shani, but ultimately, they won the case, and everything would be alright. This dream came at a crucial time when Vikram was seeking to get re-employed. Soon after, he had an upcoming interview for a Vice President role at a startup company in Manhattan.

Transitioning from running our own business to corporate life and seeking a high-level position added its own challenges. Most top positions are filled through internal networks or referrals, making it rare for an external candidate to secure such a role. However, despite these hurdles, Vikram's interviews went well, and he was offered the VP role at the salary he desired. This miraculous turn of events was undoubtedly a result of Guruji's blessings and divine intervention.

I couldn't be more grateful for Guruji's presence in our lives, guiding and protecting us during the most challenging times. His love and grace have always been a source of strength and support, and through his divine guidance, we have experienced countless miracles. Jai Guruji

for his boundless blessings and the assurance that everything will be okay, no matter how difficult the circumstances may seem.

In 2012, I re-embarked on my journey into the corporate world of America. Despite having no other launching pad (like my father's influence had I been in India), Guruji's guiding light illuminated the path for me. Although challenging, I never doubted that anything is possible in Guruji's world, where the word "impossible" becomes "I am possible."

Leaving my 2-year-old daughter at daycare and commuting from North Jersey to Princeton for my IT training was tough. However, in the midst of this, I received a wonderful opportunity. Express Scripts, through Cognizant Technology Solutions, offered me the role of a Business Analyst. The process was interesting and included a dream that provided an indication of my success.

Before the in-person interview, I had a dream of Guruji pacing on a campus, and to my surprise, the venue turned out to be the same campus I had seen in my dream. This dream filled me with hope and confidence that I would get the job. However, weeks went by without any word, and my husband began expressing doubts about the job offer. Yet, I remained steadfast in my belief, convinced that this place was meant for me.

Miraculously, within the same week of my husband's skepticism, I received a call from the same place, offering me the same role as a Business Analyst but on a completely different team.

It was a reaffirmation of Guruji's divine presence, orchestrating the opportunity in His own unique way.

Through His blessings, I embarked on a fulfilling career journey, all made possible by Guruji's divine guidance and unwavering support. Jai Guruji for making the impossible possible and leading me on this incredible path in corporate America.

Starting my new role as a Business Analyst was nerve-racking, as I had no prior experience in this field and felt unprepared for the tasks ahead. Writing business requirement documents and dealing with IT-related matters seemed like a daunting challenge.

However, destiny had its own plans. In the few days before I officially received my work laptop, Hurricane Sandy struck the east coast in 2012, causing widespread damage and disruptions. This unexpected turn of events further delayed the start of my work by a couple of weeks. But here's where Guruji's grace and protection were evident once again.

While many areas in New Jersey and New York suffered from flooding and power outages, our living place remained unaffected. It was almost as if Guruji had created a safe bubble around us. We enjoyed a paid vacation during those days, spending time together, watching movies, and simply relaxing. It was a blessing in disguise, as the chaos caused by Sandy meant there were no immediate business requirement documents to write.

Guruji's blessings continued to pave the way for my success at work. Despite being assigned to write a business requirements document for a team, a coworker came to my aid and took over the task entirely. Guruji's divine plan unfolded once again, sparing me from the pressure of delivering something beyond my level of expertise. The document was completed flawlessly, and my coworker's assistance ensured that it met the client's expectations.

As the year came to an end, we found ourselves working at the command center on December 31st, 2012, and into the night of January 1st, 2013. Little did I know that this very night would bring a significant turning point in my career. During this time, I had the opportunity to meet a business leader at Express Scripts, who offered me a role on his team. This role was different from being a business analyst and marked the start of my journey in a lead/management position.

With Guruji's grace, I was able to transition into a role that suited my skills and passion better, and I excelled in my new position. Not only did this change provide me with greater job satisfaction, but it also came with a significant increase in salary. Once again, Guruji's blessings proved to be the guiding force that led me to new opportunities and a prosperous career.

That said, there was always a void that I knew I had to fill quickly because I was placed in a role without any foundational knowledge. This meant I had to take a few courses and certifications without even having the required years of experience!

With Guruji's voice in my head, I signed up for the PMP certification (Project Management Professional), which required a certain amount of work experience. I filled in the application and fabricated my work experience so I could at least take the test. However, my application got flagged in a random audit, and I had to provide additional information regarding my work experience. Luckily, I managed to get the head of my department to sign the letter, and my application was approved. Once I signed up and had a date for the exam, I began studying hard. That exam, for those of you who know, is very "by the book." People with years of experience often fail this exam because answering the questions based on everyday experience won't suffice. The study guide, also known as the PMBOK (Project Management Book of Knowledge), was incredibly dry and voluminous as well! Nevertheless, I took the exam and passed in one shot. At that time, it was a huge sense of accomplishment - not having the experience and still daring to take this certification. Thanks to the voice in my head, which was his, Guruji kept steering my life in the right direction and continues to do so.

Life went on, and my career trajectory was looking good. I moved from Cognizant to Deloitte. This too felt like a satsang because I never fail to acknowledge that I got everything sooner and more than I deserved. For that opportunity too, a recruiter reached out to me out of the blue on LinkedIn, and Guruji carried me through eight rounds of interviews, both on the phone and in person. With the new job came more responsibility and travel every week!

I did this for two years, and while it did create a vacuum at home, life was moving at neck-breaking speed. Each day unfolded a new set of challenges, and with every challenge came immense blessings.

Between 2013 and 2014, we acquired two homes. The first home we purchased was the condo we were living in. The closing was a couple of days away, and I was excitedly telling everyone about our plans to become homeowners for the first time. Vik was hesitant and would always say, "You should talk only after the work is done." However, my excitement knew no bounds! There was this deep-rooted confidence in me that if this is meant to be, it will happen. Right before closing, we discovered a few hidden costs, which meant that we were about \$11,500 (I think this was the exact amount) short. If we did not have that amount, the entire deal could have fallen apart. Please believe me, *sangat ji*, the next day I received an unexpected wire transfer from Cognizant, my employer, for that exact amount. I was not expecting it and knew in a jiffy that he (*Guruji*) had pulled some strings! The closing happened, and we bought the home we had been renting since 2009.

The second home, which we lovingly called *Guru Aashiana* (home), was also a gift from Him. It was a dream house for sure, and we held monthly *satsangs* (prayer meets) for 5 years in this home together. I found this home online, and it was the only one we physically saw. Vikram was reluctant to even see it initially because it was in the suburbs, far from work. However, when we saw it, he realized that this

was also the home that Guruji had shown him in a dream, so we immediately agreed to buy it.

During our visit, we met our neighbor who looked like an old Guruji sangat too, and he also convinced us to move in.

We felt his energy and presence in every corner of this home. The chair that Guruji sat on and the table that was used for his satsangs made it to our home darbar after 7 long years. The table was used during the time of the Claire Farm satsang and the Gurgaon annual satsang every year while Maharaj was in his physical form. In 2007, my father thought of giving that away for use by the Gurgaon annual satsang organizers, and I had told him not to because someday it would find its way to our place—and it did, 7 years later on the eve of Thanksgiving. Such is his divine grace!





Chapter 8 - His Blessings, Today, Forever and Beyond

I look back at May 31st, 2007, the day he left his chola, as a black day in our lives. But it is also Guruji who taught us to look for the silver lining in the darkest of clouds. When he was in physical form, he was bound by the limitations of mortality, despite being a highly enlightened and elevated soul. However, after leaving his physical garb, he broke free from those shackles and limitations. He became formless, his power was limitless, and his sangat multiplied manifold.

I vividly remember that fateful day because on May 29th, 2007, I had to undergo a D&C procedure (we had lost the second child I was carrying). I was an emotional wreck, feeling terribly alone, and the fear of the unknown was tremendous. I didn't know how painful the procedure would be, nor did I know the recovery time. With no help at hand and a 2-year-old at home, I was a bundle of nerves as I went into the operating room. In an effort to find comfort, I took a small clip-on Swaroop of Guruji (those were the only ones available back then) and attached it to my clothes.

I requested the staff to let the Swaroop stay with me as is. When they asked me who it was, I replied, "It's my GOD." Clinging to the Swaroop, I was put to sleep. From that point on, I have no recollection

of the procedure itself—how it happened, what occurred. I felt no pain whatsoever during or after the D&C.

Of course, I returned home with a lot of mental agony, but there was NO physical pain. Our extended families, living thousands of miles away, were deeply concerned about my mental well-being. Though some cousins in the state came over, I still felt isolated, left with a 2-year-old to care for, and all our parents could do was call to check on me.

So, they called me the next day on the 30th, but alas, there were no phone calls the night of the 30th or the morning of the 31st. I called my mom, feeling somewhat disappointed and ready to complain, but when I heard her voice on the line, she was sobbing helplessly like a child. My heart sank, and I immediately asked her, "Papa ko kya hua?" (meaning, "Mom, what happened to dad?") assuming the worst.

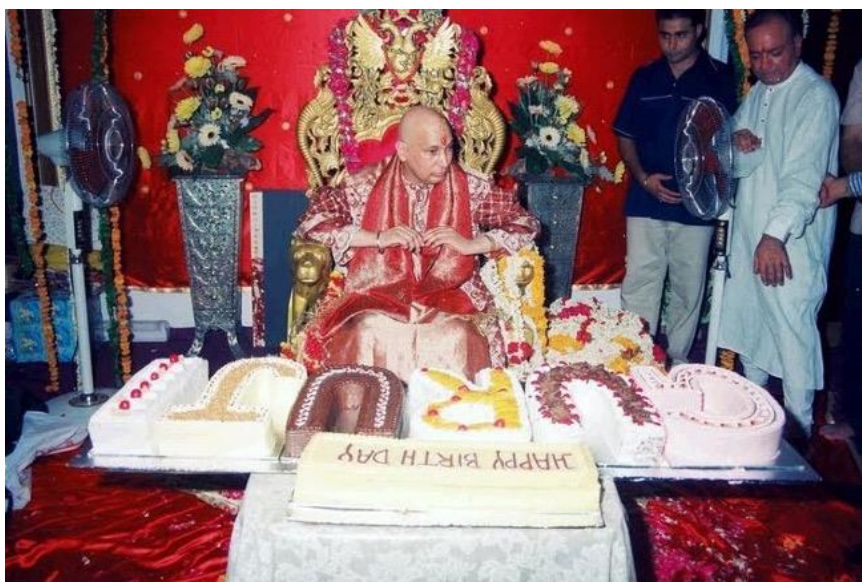
That's when she said, "Guruji is no more," and her exact words were, "Hum anaath ho gaye" (meaning, "We are all orphaned"). I still get goosebumps reliving that unreal moment. So many thoughts plagued my mind - how can someone who gave life to millions of people give up his own? That's when all his words started to make sense - "Maine chale jaana hai," (meaning, "One fine day I will just leave,") and "Hum maha purush apni file aap kholte hain aur ap band karte hain," (meaning, "Great souls like me decide when to come and when to go.") "Mere jaane ke baad linean lag jaan giyan," (meaning, "After my departure, people will queue up in lines for my darshan,") and "Those lines will be really long." This was all part of a grand design

orchestrated by Guru Maharaj, but his sangat back then was deeply impacted.

We were so accustomed to having this tangible place to go to, this Guru who was physically present. Simply put, we could not imagine life without Him. The good news is that, barring the tangibility factor, the feeling is still the same. There is no life without Him even right now!

While Guruji was still in his physical form, I received a diagnosis of Polycystic Ovarian Disease. Seeking his guidance, I went to Guruji, and he simply said, "Haldi wala doodh pi" (have turmeric milk).

After he left his physical form, I experienced something extraordinary. I received the same message, but this time it came randomly from another member of the Sangat, Shruti. Interestingly, she had no prior context or knowledge of my interaction with Guruji. It was as if he wanted to serve me a reminder through her. This incident stands as just one of the many examples of how Guruji continues to guide and validate his presence, whether it's through telepathy, the Sangat, shabad baani (divine hymns), or a satsang (spiritual gathering, and experience sharing). When it's a message from the master, you will know it and feel it, and there's an unmistakable sense of divine connection.



Chapter 9 - The Only Certainty in Life is Uncertainty

As mentioned earlier, my job at Deloitte required a significant amount of travel, but it also provided me with valuable experience that qualified me for a bigger role. During my time at Cognizant, I found myself immersed in the Salesforce space and eventually joined Deloitte's Salesforce practice. Salesforce was a highly sought-after field then, and it remains so today. However, the journey wasn't easy; I had to obtain numerous certifications, but the effort was undoubtedly worth it. Each failure I encountered brought valuable lessons and fueled my determination to succeed.

As time went on, the excessive travel took a toll, and I realized that my kids needed me to be more present at home. It was then that I considered the possibility of working directly for Salesforce itself. After all, I had been using and mastering the application, and the idea seemed both promising and financially rewarding. In my mind, I was convinced that this was the best career move for me.

One day, a thrilling opportunity presented itself through my best friend for what I considered my dream job at Salesforce. I went through all the interview rounds with excitement, feeling confident that I would secure the position. However, Guruji had different plans

for me, and despite my hopes, I didn't receive the job offer I was longing for.

As humans, it's natural for dejection to bring us down. Despite feeling crestfallen, I held onto the belief that something better awaited me. Being in Guruji's sharan (protection) made the recovery process faster because faith brings acceptance and endurance. While every satsang doesn't lead to a happily ever after, each experience offers valuable lessons if we are willing to learn.

The previous interview process, though disappointing, served as valuable preparation for what came next. Almost 11 months later, another opportunity arose through a consulting firm called Slalom. The recruiter reached out to me, and I underwent several rounds of interviews again. Interestingly, around the same time, Salesforce also contacted me for a different position.

For the final round at Slalom, I was invited to their NY office at One World Trade Center. They asked me to keep my morning free to conduct all the rounds in one day. However, as luck would have it, due to unprecedented traffic related delays, I arrived at the office at 9:20 AM, which was 20 mins later than the appointed time making my first impression rather shaky.

My complacency and preference for the Salesforce opportunity, made me less nervous during the interview at Slalom. I wasn't too hyped about getting in and was just going through the process because it came my way. However, meeting the people at Slalom changed my

perspective. I was impressed by their local consulting model, and the idea of a break from constant airport travel appealed to me. I thought this could be the right move for me.

Soon after, I received an offer from Slalom, which I accepted. To my delight, within a day, I was assigned to a client site just twenty-five minutes from home. This was a commute I hadn't experienced in ages, and it brought me great joy.

I am deeply grateful to Guruji for guiding me back home. I firmly believe that everything that happens is part of his grand design. Even if we may not immediately understand the reasons behind certain events, acceptance, faith, and surrender become the core mantras during such times. Guruji's divine protection is always with us, but it's our stubbornness and overconfidence that sometimes lead us to believe we know what's best for us.

My experiences while traveling for work taught me invaluable lessons. Some events left a lasting impact on my life, but if I complain, I wouldn't be practicing what I preach, right? Life is filled with occurrences every day, and we have the choice to either accept them as they are or make changes when needed. My life was about to undergo a significant change, marking the beginning of new opportunities and chapters.

I am immensely grateful for the wonderful life Guruji has blessed me with. He has made me able-bodied, provided me with a home, and bestowed boundless love from Himself and his sangat (followers).

Guruji always keeps me on my toes, guiding and inspiring me every step of the way.

In late 2019, I had the incredible opportunity to plan a five-day spiritual retreat dedicated to Guruji. It was a flying visit to India and within those five days, we visited all the holy centers associated with Guruji. The journey took us from Bade mandir to Dugri and Jalandhar, then to GK and finally Empire Estate. On the last night before departing, I attended and shared my journey with Guruji at the Select City Mall in Delhi. During the satsang (spiritual discourse) and ustad (glorification) of Guruji, many sangat witnessed Guruji's chola's dupatta moving from one side to the other. Several clips captured this extraordinary phenomenon. At the time, I was unaware of this occurrence as I was deeply immersed in expressing my love in my own words towards him. It is possible that this movement held a symbolic meaning beyond my comprehension.

The entire trip was a dream come true, meticulously orchestrated by Maharaj himself. The experiences I had throughout the journey are beyond words and cannot be fully documented. Every aspect of the trip fell into place effortlessly; it was like a satsang in itself. This was not my plan; it was solely guided by Guruji. My burning desire to undertake a trip dedicated to Guruji was met with his divine intervention, and he took care of the rest. This journey reaffirmed the power of our thoughts—our deepest wishes can manifest into reality. That's why Guruji often emphasized, "Changa socheya karo" (always think positively).

Chapter 10 - There is Never an End to His Satsangs

"Jab tak saans hai tab tak satsang hai" (as long as we are breathing, there is satsang) - this profound truth resonates deeply. Satsang, the company of truth or the association with the divine, is a perpetual state that has no beginning or end. It is an eternal journey that continues beyond this life, and the one thing we carry with us beyond the realms of mortality is His naam (His name).

Putting an end to satsang sharing is an impossible task, for there is no termination to this divine communion. Guruji's presence and teachings endure, and he communicates with us through various means. One such way is through dreams, where if we are fortunate enough, we can see Him and feel His guidance. Recently, on March 23rd, 2020, Guruji appeared in my dream, directing me to start having chai (tea) with Him. In the dream, we also went to Edison, a place in New Jersey, for some mithai (sweets), and he asked for bread pakora (an Indian savory). Interestingly we had just started Monday satsangs and the very day I did have bread pakora sewa at the temple. It was a delightful and uplifting experience to see Him in this ethereal realm. Even in the midst of the world's struggles during the pandemic, Guruji continues to reassure us that all will be well.

I had a profound realization about how Guruji had protected my little one in the past, and I feel compelled to briefly share the experience. Around the year 2015, I began having random nightmares that something bad was going to happen to my daughter, Aamyra.

As the frequency of these distressing visions increased, her father also started having the same nightmares. I kept this to myself, not wanting to scare him even more. But the visions grew more vivid and real, causing deep concern.

Eventually, he confided in his mother, and out of fear and worry, they sought the advice of an astrologer. Initially, the astrologer was hesitant to look at the horoscope of a child under 12 years old, but with some persuasion and sharing of the background, he made an exception. Unfortunately, our worst fear was confirmed—the astrologer identified bad greh (negative planetary alignment of stars) affecting Aamyra, and he stressed that it was crucial to take extra care of her until she turned 8, or else we could lose her.

This revelation intensified my paranoia, particularly because in 2014, I had faced a difficult decision regarding an abortion. I carried immense guilt for going against Guruji's will in interfering with the potential life of another soul. In that instance, I was carrying a boy, and my mind was constantly consumed by questions about why Guruji was trying to bring this soul to life through me, only for us to intervene and prevent it for various reasons I won't delve into here.

The astrologer's warning about the potential risks to my daughter, Aamyra's life if we didn't put a ruby (red stone) on her for protection created tremendous pressure on me. The elders in the family strongly advocated for following this advice, assuring us that it wouldn't harm her.

As a mother, I held Aamyra's well-being above all else, but I was caught in a conflict. As a devoted disciple of Guruji, I was not inclined to wear any stones as a means of protection. I firmly believed in emphasizing Guruji's blessings over astrology when guiding others. Despite the pressure, I decided to take a stance. I suggested that Aamyra's "red ruby" would be Guruji's locket attached to a red thread.

Determined, I went to Guruji's sacred space in our home and searched through a drawer filled with Guruji's lockets. The locket that I instinctively grabbed was a picture of Guruji, with him wearing red attire! Although I didn't have a red thread, I used a mauli, a sacred thread, and tied it around Aamyra's neck along with Guruji's locket.

The next day was Sunday, and our routine was to visit the mandir as usual. On that particular day, an uncle had come from India and shared his satsang with everyone. After the satsang, we proceeded to the langar room to perform our sewa (service). During this time, Vikram called me out from my sewa, which was quite unusual. He informed me that the uncle wanted to share another satsang. I expressed that I could listen after finishing my sewa, but he insisted that I come immediately.

The uncle began sharing his satsang, explaining that he initially wanted to deliver it in the darbar (prayer hall) but couldn't find enough time. He proceeded to narrate a miraculous incident about a little girl who had passed away. As her body was being taken for cremation, Guruji's car crossed paths with the funeral procession.

Guruji declared that the girl was his devotee and that her time to leave this world had not come yet; she needed to be revived. He gave her a red thread and a red locket and placed them around her neck, and miraculously, the little girl came back to life. According to the uncle, that girl still visits the Bade Mandir.

What astonished me was the uncle's next revelation. He mentioned that he had brought strong red threads for lockets and offered to distribute them in the temple. This sent shivers down my spine because it felt like Guruji's message was meant for me. I had resolved not to put a stone on Aamyra, instead believing that Guruji was her ruby, her protector. Now, Guruji seemed to reaffirm that belief by not only giving her a red locket but also a red thread to go with it.

It's been many years since that incident, and Aamyra continues to wear the same thread around her neck. She is now a big girl, and I am eternally grateful for Guruji's divine protection and guidance in our lives.

Chapter 11 - Life after Pandemic- Satsangs Go On

We are because HE is! Absolutely, the essence of our existence lies in Guruji's presence. Some of us realize this profound truth, while others are yet to discover it. Guruji is the ultimate creator of the universe, and each individual has the freedom to worship Him in various forms and ways, or choose not to, as per their beliefs and preferences.

The pandemic has brought significant changes to the world. Many of us have experienced the painful loss of loved ones, leading to a shift in our work patterns and perspectives. Amidst all these changes, Guruji's presence, grace, and existence have remained constant in my life. Throughout the challenges of Covid, I went through life-altering events, and yet, my faith in Guruji has only grown stronger with time. Faith can be delicate, susceptible to shattering with even the slightest disturbance. We, as humans, have a tendency to complain, but even amidst adversity, Guruji's divine presence has been my anchor.

The year 2020 brought about significant transformations for me. I made the difficult decision to move out of my long-time marital home and went through a divorce. Additionally, my father was diagnosed with stage 4 cancer, and eventually, he passed away. I still remember the day I first found out about my dad's condition- It was May 15th

2020, the onset of the weekend and I got his reports from Neelam Duggal aunty in Gurgaon, now Gurugram and immediately sent it to our doctor friends, also sangat, Teena and Puneet. They confirmed it did not look good and I was the first one to know about it even before my parents knowing it. These life-altering events came together in a challenging package.

Three years ago in 2020, leaving my marital home was one of the toughest decisions I have ever made.

Home is where the heart is, and no one sets out to build a home with the intention of breaking it apart. Life unfolds, and sometimes, two people may grow apart, leading to gaps and wedges that develop over time. This was no different in my case.

Marriages are indeed special, but their longevity depends on respectful communication and understanding between partners. The key to sustaining a successful marriage lies in healthy, open, respectful communication, mutual understanding between two people. It is all about how the two make each other feel, and both have an equal level of accountability. Joint prayers, ardas (sincere requests), and focusing on growing in the same direction while deepening the spiritual connection helps. Material possessions cannot fill the emotional void that may exist within an individual.

In one of my rare and precious dreams or telepathic communications with Guruji, I had a brief conversation with him. In the dream, I expressed my desire for immense understanding, friendship, and

healthy communication with my husband, despite having a life that others may dream of with a home, fancy cars, and a live-in nanny. Guruji responded by saying, "kissi nu bhi mukamal jahan nai milda" (No one can have it all), and he continued to explain that even if we find that perfect relationship, some health issues may arise.

The message in that dream was profound—no one truly has it all, even if it appears so on the outside. Therefore, we must be cautious and thoughtful in what we ask for. Guruji's wisdom taught me to be mindful of my desires and to think carefully before seeking anything. We often tend to be complainers, but Guruji exhibits immense patience with us. While we may get angry, Guruji, being Nirvair (having no enemies), stands as an embodiment of divine traits.

As I found myself drifting away from my husband, I grew close to my colleague at work, Victor. Feeling heard and understood effortlessly in his presence was comforting to me.

Victor appeared to be a simple and approachable man, making our friendship feel natural and just meant to be. I was grateful to have him as a friend and even invited him to my home to meet my family.

One day at work, Victor noticed Guruji's picture on my desk and asked if Guruji was my father. I explained to him that Guruji is not just my father but also the father of the entire universe. This was his first introduction to Guru Maharaj. Excitedly, I shared that we have a temple in New Jersey and regularly hold satsangs at home. Being non-Indian, Victor had many questions about the concept of a satsang. I

described it as a gathering where we all listen to Gurbaani (holy hymns) together and meditate collectively, yet silently. Both sound and silence have a unique impact on our beings, and they are different ways to connect with the divinity within us.

I encouraged Victor to come to Guruji's satsang with an open mind and heart, experiencing it for himself without any preconceptions.

I didn't want to influence him in any way but believed that if he approached it with openness, he might feel Guruji's presence in his own way. Guruji handpicks his sangat (devotees) and determines the timing and purpose for their inclusion. Perhaps, in Victor's personal struggles, Guruji extended an invitation to him.

Despite the language barrier and the practical American mindset, Victor's connection with Guruji was almost instant. He had his own interactions and experiences that he processed and understood in his unique way. Soon enough, he became a regular participant in Guruji's satsangs. His deep connection with my Guru made him even closer to my heart as a confidant. As life events unfolded, and I decided to move out, he stood by me unwaveringly. Whether it was right or wrong, I couldn't tell, but it was happening, and he was there as a steadfast support.

Change is inevitable, and it can bring about anxiety and uncertainty for anyone, including myself. As the saying goes, "when it rains, it pours," and during such times, we rely on the ever-present presence of Guruji to guide us through.

Facing multiple changes in my life, both in relationships and on the job front, I found myself at a crossroads, pondering the question, "kya karun?" (What should I do, Guruji?). I prayed in my own way, hoping for an answer or any indication from Guruji. He has a way of responding, not on our time, but on his own, and in his own way. My only wish was to interpret his signs correctly.

As the saying "Jo maange thakur apne se, soi soi deve" suggests, we ask, and Guruji gives, but do we truly know how to ask? What to ask for? Speaking for myself, perhaps not. With relationships facing challenges and seeing my father lose to a terminal disease, alongside the desire to move away from my travel job and seek more stability, it felt like too much to handle all at once. Going purely by my feelings, I felt like I needed to hit a reset on all fronts.



Tu Hi Tu



Chapter 12 – He’s Always Around to Help his Devotees

As I was preparing myself to make the difficult decision of losing a long-term relationship, it required immense courage and strength. During this phase, I became a hopeless seeker, desperately looking for signs from Guruji. This was unlike my usual self, but the situation left me feeling completely shattered.

Then, unexpectedly, I received a WhatsApp message from an unknown number, and it contained a voice note from a woman introducing herself. She mentioned her name and explained that she knew of me, even though I didn't know her, and she had to go through several search sources to find my number. She shared that she had a dream, and in that dream, Guruji conveyed a message to her, instructing her to pass it on to me. She took some time to reach out to me, but she finally turned to Guruji again, saying, "It's your assignment given to me, by you, to convey this to Aarti aunty, so Guruji you will have to help me find her as well" and eventually, in May of 2020, she was able to obtain my contact information through another sangat (devotee) Shreya in New Jersey.

Reading the message she conveyed about her dream brought tears to my eyes; it was truly incredible! As believers in a direct connection with

Guruji, we can often discern whether something is authentic or made up. In this case, it felt like a genuine message from the Divine for me. The lady who shared this dream with me didn't know me, had no ulterior motive, and had never contacted me before or after. Yet, Guruji's message came to me through her dream darshan precisely when I was deeply concerned about how my decision to move out would be perceived.

I had been worried about how my actions would affect my self-respect, character, and the image I had built over decades as a sangat member. I feared that it might become a subject of mockery.

In her message she said, she saw a dream where I was a Lecturer sitting in a classroom setting. That lady who got the dream was my student in my dream. In that scene I picked up my phone and read something, with a typical I don't care type of a smile on my face. I then tell that lady, "the things people say and fabricate"! Then Guruji comes and says "unu kehde jo loki keh rahe hain, ya soch de paye haan usdi parwah na kar" (meaning tell her that that she should not worry about what people say, nor should she get consumed by their opinions and their perceptions). Then in her voice note she said Guruji loves you a lot and I don't know why he made me say this line to you!"

Receiving this specific message at the right time, out of the blue, reassured me that Guruji's will, his way, and his timing were at play. It was a profound reminder not to be consumed by the opinions and perceptions of others, but rather to have faith in Guruji's guidance and love.

Taking Guruji's message as a signal to move forward, I decided to proceed with the difficult and painful process of separation, despite the fear, darkness, and shame it brought.

It was far from easy, but I held onto my trust in Guruji and watched his magic unfold, knowing that his love was guiding me.

Amidst the separation process, the market conditions during the COVID-19 pandemic became unpredictable. House showings were not happening in person, making it challenging to find a suitable home. I came across a listing online that caught my attention, and I liked what I saw in the pictures. However, a few days later, the listing was unexpectedly removed. The inventory of available houses was limited due to COVID-19, and it seemed like the one option I had liked was gone.

It was crucial for me not to move too far from our current location to avoid disrupting the children's school district, and I also wanted to keep them close to their father. Therefore, I focused on finding a home within the same district. Despite the uncertainty and anxiety surrounding the housing market during the COVID-19 pandemic, I came across the same home listed again, this time at a lower price. Many people were speculating that the housing market would crash during COVID, making it a challenging time to buy. However, seeing the house relisted at a lower price, we decided to make an offer.

The financial aspect of acquiring the new home was also a miracle in itself. Since I still had the previous big home under my name, obtaining

another loan was uncertain. However, Victor came forward to cosign the loan, and I kept praying to Guruji that if it wasn't meant to be, let it fall through. But miraculously, the deal went through seamlessly.

While we awaited the possession date, I started to plan how to furnish the new home. One of my dreams was to create a dedicated prayer room for Guruji and a bedroom for Guru Maharaj. During COVID, delivery times had become significantly longer, taking months instead of weeks. However, when I found a beautiful red bedroom set for Guruji, we decided to order it, knowing it might take a few months to arrive. To my amazement, Guruji's bedroom set arrived even before the closing date and before we moved in. It was the first piece of furniture to be delivered at the new address, and I interpreted it as another sign of Guruji establishing himself at home even before the rest of the family moved in.

The move-out date is etched in my heart forever. It was a sad day for every member of the family in more ways than one. The movers came, took our stuff, and I left the children behind with their dad so I could get a day or two to settle in the new place. Even though Victor was there to help, I felt like I had left my soul behind in the home I had moved out of, and I truly felt like a fish out of water. We had a job to do, to turn this house into a home. That, along with my job, kept me distracted and my mind occupied. How everything was flowing and coming together was incredible - it felt like Guruji's hand was guiding me all along or I could not have done anything.

Another thing that was deeply weighing me down was the condition of my dad and my inability to travel to see him due to COVID and everything else that was fluid.

It was a difficult time for me emotionally and mentally, but I held on to Guruji's presence and grace to navigate through it all.

Dad's health was deteriorating, and during this time, we would talk every single day, multiple times a day, using FaceTime calls as the closest thing to in-person contact. I was yearning to be with my family, and fortunately, in Q3 of 2020, I was able to go and spend time with them.

When Guruji enabled me to travel to India, I took back home the Jutti prasad I had received from him almost two decades ago. Deep within, I felt that my dad needed it more than me. That week spent together felt like a precious family reunion, with just my sister, my parents, and me. During that visit, my father and I also had the opportunity to do a virtual satsang together as a father-daughter duo. It was a beautiful and cherished moment.

Upon returning to the US, I left the Juttis with my mom and dad so that my father could face his battle with this terminal disease with strength, grace, and dignity. The Juttis from Guruji became the biggest symbol of hope and reassurance during those challenging times.

Chapter 13 - Time and Tide Wait for No One

As 2020 came to a close, I couldn't help but reflect on the challenging year it had been. The finalization of my divorce, settling into my new home, and dealing with my erratic emotions left me feeling like an emotional wreck. Throughout it all, Victor stood by me unconditionally, and I felt immensely grateful for his support.

Amidst all the difficulties, the real miracle was that I managed to keep my faith in Guruji intact, in fact these tribulations even strengthened it more. Guruji's presence and guidance were the pillars that held me up during those trying times. Without him, I knew I would have been utterly lost. My focus on Guruji became more profound than ever before, and his love and blessings kept me going.

One of my most significant desires was to have my parents by my side, living with me in our new home, so we could face my father's battle with cancer together. Each passing week brought more uncertainty and the diminishing likelihood of my father being able to travel overseas. Yet, we clung onto a flickering hope in our hearts, and that hope was nurtured and kindled by Guru Sahib himself. His divine presence kept us going, and we entrusted everything to him, knowing that he would take care of us.

In February of 2021, my dad's health took a serious downturn, and he had to be admitted to Medanta hospital in Gurgaon.

As a cancer patient, he needed to see the doctor frequently, but each time he went, he carried Guruji's juttis with him. Despite being in and out of the hospital regularly, my dad miraculously never contracted COVID-19, even during the severe second wave in India.

Around this time, my daughter Aanya was turning 16, and I wanted to celebrate her milestone birthday at home, albeit on a smaller scale due to the circumstances. We were unsure if the celebration could take place because of my dad's hospitalization, but I assured Aanya that Guruji would not let her down. If my dad got discharged, we would proceed with her birthday celebration as planned. Even during his hospitalization, we would sometimes hear my dad talking about Shiv Puran, and he even requested the Mahagranth (holy book) to read during his stay.

True to Guruji's grace, my dad was discharged from the hospital, and Aanya's sweet 16 celebration took place as she had wished. On March 1, 2021, I decided to fly back to India again the very next day itself, planning to stay for about 10-12 days. Before leaving, I wrote a private letter to Guruji, expressing my heartfelt request for him to stay with me and enable me to bring my parents to the US soon. I left the letter under Guruji's Charan in my home's darbar.

When I reached India on March 3, 2021, I had to go with my dad to meet the head of oncology at Medanta. My mom and I decided that I would take my dad along with our domestic aid to see the doctor.

Despite his frailty and significant decline in health since I last saw him in October 2020, he held Guruji's Jutti Prasad close to his chest with utmost care and caution during the visit.

All of us went to the hospital, leaving Dad and our domestic aid sitting outside. I entered the Head of Oncology's cabin alone. It was the most painful and dreadful conversation to have.

The doctor sat me down and straightforwardly said, "I am sorry to share with you that there is nothing else we can possibly do for your father. It is just a matter of days." Those words hit me like bullets, piercing through my heart and brain. Gathering myself together, I responded, "So, you are saying we just sit and watch him die as the days go by? We'll be left wondering whether it will happen today or tomorrow?" After a pause, I added, "I would like to take my father back to the US with me."

He looked at me as if I had horns coming out of my head. With angst and disbelief in his eyes, he said, "You want to take a stage 4 cancer patient, who God only knows has hours or days left, with no lungs, on a long flight from Gurgaon to NJ? Even people with healthy lungs have a hard time breathing flying at an altitude of 40,000 feet. How do you think he will manage?" He went on to say, "I cannot approve this; the airline will not take him without my clearance, and I will not give

you that. You will force the airline to make an emergency landing because the General will NOT make it."

Hearing those words, tears welled up in my eyes, and my heart pounded so fast. I stood up from the chair, folded my hands to do Namaskar, and said, "Thank you, Doc. Where your medical science ends, my Guru's divinity begins." I left, trying to mask my emotions, knowing I had to face my dad with a poker face.

I saw my father looking towards me with eager eyes. He asked, "So, what is the next course of action?" With a gulp, I said, "Papa, we will take a break from all the treatment here in India and explore some potential options in the US." The drive home was silent, and my mind raced, trying to process and digest the worst news my ears had ever received.

I had to act quickly, wasting not even a millisecond. The clock was ticking, and with each tick, my father's breaths were on a countdown.

I made a couple of phone calls to seek opinions. Second-guessing myself, I wondered, "Am I doing something gravely wrong by wanting to take him back?" I wanted to keep fighting; the doctors had given up, but I was not prepared to. Was I striving to achieve the impossible? There was only one superpower that could make the impossible possible.

The flight had to be booked soon, and covid protocols had to be in place. This time, it was going to be a one-way flight for my dad. Many questions filled my mind. "Will he need an oxygen cylinder? How

many cylinders will he possibly need on such a long flight? Will the airline even take him? Will he make it?"

These thoughts and questions pierced through my mind. As a family, we decided to prepone my return, originally scheduled for March 14, to ASAP, and the entire family (Dad, Mom, my sister, her daughter, and me) would be flying back to the States.

My dad, who was tired of fighting this terminal disease with all his might, asked me, "How will I endure this flight? I can barely even walk on my own." I held his hand and reassured him that we would fight this like true army soldiers. We were on a battlefield, with time and cancer as our enemies, but we would overcome this together. He smiled, reminiscing about Guruji Maharaj, my father always had his Swaroop by him.

A date was decided: March 9, 2021. Now, how does one pack up their entire life, wrap up, and be ready to leave in just four days? Booking tickets was the easiest part, but what about everything else that came with this decision?

The house that my parents had lived in for years had to be packed, and the walls that adorned beautiful memories had to be stripped. It was a lot to pack, but even that wasn't the real challenge. The real dilemma was finding an answer - was this the right move, or was I, in fact, putting my dad's life in danger? I felt the same PTSD I felt when I was moving out of my marital home. On March 7, 2021, we decided to have an intimate satsang at home. It was the four of us as a family,

gathering together after almost 2 decades, and we invited a few other sangat members to join us.

Everyone we invited came, and as we all sat down to meditate, tears flowed nonstop - not just from us, but from everyone in the room. By then, most people knew about our plans to take dad away from Gurugram (Gurgaon). During the meditation, an aunty named Anju was praying to Guruji, seeking a sign or permission to validate if taking dad with us was the right decision. No one knew what was going on in her mind, but she was looking for some presence or validation to confirm her doubts.

After the satsang, another aunty named Neelam Duggal randomly started to share how she felt Guruji's presence. That's when Anju spoke up, revealing that she was seeking confirmation during the satsang, and she felt that it was an assurance from Guruji that taking dad to the US had been blessed. Dad couldn't sit through the satsang but joined for Aarti, ate just a little prasad, and then went back to lay down.

With only a couple of days left to the D-day, there was a scarcity of oxygen cylinders. However, we managed to get one that would last for 2-3 hours. We were all scared, knowing that if required, this would be insufficient, but we had no other choice.

Over the weekend, something crossed my mind, and I asked the family to check their passports for visa validity and expiration dates. Everyone had valid passports and active US visas except my niece

(Tamanna), whose passport had expired! Imagine discovering this over the weekend when we were slated to fly out on Tuesday evening. All hell broke loose, and my niece was panic-stricken.

That evening, we were supposed to go to Bade Mandir, and she prayed feverishly to GuruPaa to make the impossible possible. She needed her passport renewed in a day (with only Monday and Tuesday available, and the flight was at night).

Being a minor, she required both parents, and her dad (my brother-in-law Tarun) was not in Gurgaon; he was in Pune. However, he agreed to take the first flight on Monday AM into Gurgaon from Pune, and both parents rushed to the embassy for emergency passport issuance. Someone from the Gurgaon sangat (Anil Malhotra) helped pull a few strings, and by Tuesday afternoon, my niece had her passport ready. Until the 11th hour, we didn't know if she would be able to accompany us or if she'd need to go back to Pune with her dad. She was ecstatic to learn that she could join us on the travels back to the US.

On Tuesday evening, March 9, 2021, we had a lot of sangat who had come to see us off. Our close friends, Anand's drove us to the airport. With heavy hearts, we embarked on our journey with 16 bags amongst the 5 of us. The support pouring in from all quarters was unforgettable!

Given the number of passengers and bags that needed to be transported to the airport, we had large cars. In addition to the bags, we had 2 massive swaroops (framed pictures) of Guruji that had to be

packed in wooden cartons and transported as well. The van with the bags and the large swaroops led the entourage, and all passengers followed that cargo van, which led us to the airport.

I was feeling nervous as only ticketed passengers were allowed to enter the airport in India. Anand's stood outside, while the 5 of us and 3 porters went in to help with the check-in.

I had a firm gaze on my dad, and my heart was beating very fast. Would the airline refuse to take him, as the doctor said? I took everyone's passports, and we did check-ins one person at a time. Surprisingly, no issues were created, and all the suitcases were tagged with no fuss about the weight or even the sheer number of bags. The only problem arose with the two large wooden cartons containing the large picture frames of Guruji Maharaj. The cartons were so large that they couldn't go through the X-Ray belt at the airport. Despite trying to open the cartons, they were still too wide to pass through the X-Ray machine. We had no choice but to send them back, hoping to bring them on a ship or find an alternative form of transportation, maybe even airlift them.

It seemed as if those swaroops were with us, ensuring that the check-in process happened seamlessly. And indeed, the airline did not deny flying my father. They didn't even ask for any clearance, as the doctor had predicted. It was a relief since we had no medical clearance to begin with, and we could have been stuck right there if they had asked for it. The timing was so perfect that we didn't have to wait in a lounge; we went straight to the airplane. My dad, with his firm handshakes,

greeted the air hostess, and soon enough, we were all seated and ready to go.

The first worry was behind us, and now the jaap started to ensure that the next 15 hours would be uneventful. Would he need oxygen? How would he manage going to the restroom? Will he make it? Will he keep breathing? All those thoughts engulfed my mind once again, and without really speaking them aloud, I knew my sister and mother were in the same mental space.

I connected my phone to the airline Wi-Fi and stayed in touch with the sangat. Jaap (chanting) was happening not only in Gurgaon but also in the US. Everyone was doing ardas (prayers) for a safe landing. Time seemed to pass so slowly. Dad was in his seat with his eyes closed for most of the journey. We took turns to check if he was still breathing... Fourteen hours later, the touchdown happened, and tears automatically streamed down my cheeks. He had made it without even needing to touch the one oxygen cylinder. There was no emergency landing; we had arrived safely in New Jersey.

As we unbuckled ourselves, we all got a **STRONG** whiff of Guruji's fragrance, which seemed to surround us all, even through our double masks. We all said together, "Guruji is here."

Some fellow passengers had noticed the love and concern the entire family was exuding towards dad. They told my mother that it was beautiful to silently witness the care we showed him throughout the journey.

We deplaned and walked towards immigration. Dad looked feeble, but he was such a trooper!

As we waited in line to see the immigration officer, he asked for fingerprints and a retina scan for all passengers entering the US. We all took turns, completing all the formalities. When it was Dad's turn, it was as if the officer didn't even see him. He skipped the retina scan and fingerprinting, and we went through the process smoothly, without any hiccups. It was incredible and couldn't be explained, but it happened. Soon, we collected our bags, and Dad sat with me in the front seat of the car. I drove him home from the airport, with shabads playing in the car. I couldn't believe this was happening, but it was.

A big van was rented to transport all the bags, and the whole family sat with me. We all arrived home, and Victor was there to help us get oriented and situated again. My father looked so drained and disoriented. It was March 10th in the US, and March 11th was Shivratri (a special occasion to celebrate Lord Shiva and Goddess Parvati) in 2021.

As soon as we reached home, Dad was made comfortable on the bed. Despite the jet lag and the unpacking to do, there was a burning desire to have a small satsang at home on Mahashivratri, coincidentally at a time when it didn't clash with the temple celebrations in New Jersey. There was much to do, and most importantly, an ailing patient as the clock had not stopped ticking. We had to get him medical help in a foreign land pronto!

It was heartwarming to see the support that poured in as soon as the news of Dad's arrival spread.

Getting through the 10th was extremely tough, but on the 11th, the Satsang happened, and it turned out even better than we could have planned for. The Shivratri Satsang was truly magical, with every little detail catered to. We had ber (special fruit), special dumru cupcakes, mehendi cones, and the most magical part was when Dad received Akhand prasad from a sangat in NJ (Neeta aunty). The Amrit varsha from the shiv murti at her home, oozing honey, reached Dad on the day of the Shivratri Satsang. That was also the day when Dad was able to come down to the basement and pay obeisance at Guruji's lotus feet in his darbar. The videos from that night have been added to the treasure chest, cherishing those precious moments.

Shivratri Satsang was over, and soon it was day 2, March 12. The focus now shifted to finding medical treatment for our father. We knew we had to take every single chance to fight and combat this disease.



Chapter 14 – Blessings Galore

That day began with an early morning phone call from a sangat member in Australia, Saakhi. Her enthusiastic voice on the line urged me to listen to the satsang happening on Zoom at that moment. In her excitement, she asked for the exact date of our departure from India. I responded, "March 9," and she proceeded to share what was said during the satsang.

In the satsang, a lady related to Col. Joshi was sharing her experience. She said that on March 9, she had a dream where Guruji told her that "he had to leave India and go to America for some urgent work." In her dream, she questioned Guruji, saying, "Okay, if you are leaving, Guruji, then why don't you also visit my son?" Guruji replied, "Your son is in Canada, but I have to go to America for a very specific cause." Upon hearing this, the sangat member from Australia called me with excitement, confirming that it was Guruji himself who flew with dad.

The light bulb in my head turned on. Of course, it had to be Guruji holding him through the long, arduous journey. Every time I went for darshan and requested Guruji to come to America, he would always say, "Aavanga, aavanga, America General Kapur naal aavanga" (I will come for sure with Gen. Kapur). This statement had been forgotten after Guruji left his physical form. In fact, he had told my parents to go to America even when I was not settled there yet.

He said, "Chalo Gen Saab, chalo America, Uthon hi agge chalna hai" (You've got to go to America, and from there, you will go onwards). At that time, no one fully understood the meaning.

When my parents heard this, they tried to tell Guruji that I was in Africa, not America, they also told Guruji that they don't even have current passports. Guruji insisted that they get their passports reissued. My dad had not renewed his passport ever since he surrendered his diplomatic passport back to the government of India after his retirement. This interaction was not a coincidence but a reinforcement from Guruji.

In moments of despair, tuning into him and his teachings provides a unique way to find answers. His guidance and presence continue to be a guiding force in our lives, even beyond the physical realm.

During the time my dad was here, Guruji connected us very closely to our neighbor, who was also a member of the sangat, though we didn't have a close relationship before. It was during my dad's stay that Guruji brought her into our lives more than ever. It was no coincidence; she was Dr. Kusum, who headed up the emergency room at Robert Wood Johnson, which was conveniently close to our home. It was evident that Maharaj was paving the path for dad, ensuring he had the medical attention he needed. Dr. Kusum was a godsend and took care of my father like a daughter would. Additionally, Victor stepped in like a son, tirelessly taking care of my father without having to be asked.

With a smile on his face, he devotedly attended to my father, who had become like an infant.

The support from the sangat poured in here as well, just as it did in Gurgaon. Everyone wanted to visit him, but due to his delicate health and the presence of Covid, not everyone could.

Vikram and other close friends came to visit. An aunty from the Sangat, Seema, helped us get the right type of bed for Dad to ensure his comfort. All the resources were coming in, and we even had a dedicated aid for his care, thanks to the guidance we received. It was truly remarkable to witness all this support and assistance, especially without an official green card, which is usually unheard of. The timing of how everything came together so quickly was nothing short of fascinating.

On one particular day, Kusum decided to take dad in to ensure his vitals were fine and, if necessary, administer the required fluids. She had arranged for a wheelchair and staff to be waiting for dad at the curbside of the hospital. Despite the lobby being filled with patients, she reserved a private room for him. It was a challenging time given the ongoing pandemic. During this visit, I saw my dad talking normally and even looking a bit cheerful. He expressed his love to me and said, "Guruji ka naam aur kaam badate rehna" (continue to spread Guruji's name, glory, love, and light). Even in the midst of his sickness, all he could think about was his Guru and praising Guruji's glory.

Dad was quickly put in contact with a local oncologist at the Cancer Institute of NJ (CINJ), and securing an appointment so swiftly was undoubtedly Guruji's grace. Despite the extensive progression of the cancer, the doctor decided to take on Dad's case. The overnight copying of CDs with his reports, so we could share them on time, felt like a true miracle, and there were countless other instances of Guruji's grace that I possibly cannot begin to recount and list here.

The doctor decided to order blood work for Dad at home to explore the possibility of finding a gene marker match that could help identify the next course of treatment, if any.

The next day, a technician came home to draw blood. Upon entering Dad's room, she heard the mantra jaap playing and immediately found it soothing, despite not understanding its meaning. She made her first attempt to prick Dad's vein, but due to his thin and shriveled veins, they collapsed, and she couldn't get any blood. Nervously, she said she couldn't continue as it might cause discomfort and was against the law. The test required two full test tubes of blood, and after failing twice, we were disheartened, knowing how desperate we were to conduct this test to hopefully find a match, which hadn't happened in India.

Seeing our dejected faces and understanding our hope for the test, she decided to give it one more try. On the third attempt, at her own risk, she pricked Dad's vein, and miraculously, blood began to ooze out. She filled the first test tube and managed to get the second test tube half full.

There was a jubilant smile on our faces as she wrapped up and said she had collected just enough to run the tests. The results would be known in the next 2 days, she informed us before leaving.

Being a caregiver to a cancer patient is an emotional rollercoaster, and only those who have experienced it can truly understand the volatility of the swings. Some days were good, while others were not so good, and the situation could vary by the day or even fluctuate by the hour.

A couple of days later, we received a phone call from the doctor, and to our disbelief, a match for a new medication was found. Although it was late in the treatment process, the doctor believed it was still worth a try. This medication was relatively new, still under clinical trial, but we were determined to give it a shot. Filled with immense gratitude, we contacted the manufacturer, and they agreed to courier the medication to us overnight. The next day, we held in our hands the pills that could potentially grant my dad more time.

However, there was one catch – these pills had to be swallowed directly. They couldn't be crushed or mixed in food; they had to be consumed immediately. Leaving them in the mouth could result in losing their potency. As dad had lost his appetite and was finding it difficult to swallow easily, getting him to take the medication in the required manner was a challenge.

In addition to the new medication, we were also administering some ayurvedic medicine that had been couriered from Mumbai, India.

We were open to trying anything that was recommended in the hopes of providing some relief and support for dad.

On the day the cancer medication arrived, dad was extremely weak and restless. We had to call 911 for emergency assistance to get him to the hospital. Once there, he was admitted, and during the Covid pandemic, only patients were typically allowed inside. However, an exception was made, and my sister was allowed to stay with dad as his caregiver. We sent the medication to the hospital, hoping that the medical staff would be able to get dad to swallow the pill as required. Despite their efforts to stabilize him under medical care, they faced the same challenge – dad was simply unable to swallow the pill and kept it in the corner of his mouth. The pill was dissolving in his saliva, which was not recommended, so they had to manually extract it from his mouth.

The hospital staff, despite being experts, was unable to help him swallow the medication. Nurses and doctors tried their best, but all their attempts were in vain. Dad's condition did not improve, and we felt dejected witnessing this struggle. First, there was no medication that matched, and finally, we found a pill in a foreign land that did match, but now the patient couldn't consume it.

During his moments of delusion, dad said something that reminded my sister and me of great significance. It so happened that one day, I was covering for my sister Puja at the hospital, and she was home. We were on the phone discussing dad's situation, and she mentioned seeing a vision from Guruji, which involved the color yellow.

We were trying to decipher what it meant, thinking of yellow-colored foods like halwa or besan roti, but then dad uttered something in the background that sounded like the word "Rakh" (protective armor). It clicked in my mind – it was the Rakh that Guruji had given dad over two decades ago. Guruji had instructed him to keep it away from everyone, and it was wrapped in a yellow cloth. When we were moving dad to the US, I saw the package, but its content remained a mystery. Now, we realized that the Rakh was what dad needed.

We quickly brought the Rakh to the hospital and placed it under dad's pillow.

The next morning, a miracle happened – Dad swallowed the cancer pill! The hospital staff was astounded and couldn't scientifically explain the sudden change, but as his family, we knew what had happened. Over the next ten days or so, dad remained in the hospital, and we could see significant improvement in his condition. He became more coherent, chatty, and we started to believe that this could be his turning point.

During his hospital stay, Dad formed a close bond with his nurses named Hope and Faith (one of them was a transgender Jew). He cherished their care and considered them as part of our family. Dad would often talk to them about Guruji and Shivpuran, and they listened with genuine interest.

Finally, on April 28th, 2021, the hospital decided to discharge him and sent him home in an ambulance.

We were overjoyed to welcome papa back home. Additionally, the big swaroops that we had left behind in Gurugram because they couldn't fit through an X-ray machine had also arrived at our doorstep a couple of days prior.

At 10:58 am ET in the morning, my dad arrived. We eagerly played the welcome band, ready to receive him back home. Even our landscaper, who happened to be upfront, saw my dad for the first time and complimented his smile, saying, "Your dad looks so happy." Dad was brought out by the paramedics, wearing a smile and his hands folded in a namaste position. We welcomed him warmly, and then the family guided the staff to the bedroom on the ground level, where dad was staying. They made him comfortable on the bed and left.

I still vividly remember that I had a work-related conference call starting at 11 am, so I went to my office to join it. The rest of the family stayed with dad. During this time, dad asked my mom for some milk and a cookie; he was talking, and we felt this was the best we had seen him in a while. He even spoke on the phone to my sister's husband, reassuring him, "I will be fine soon."

However, just a few minutes later, about 15 minutes to be precise, I heard my sister yelling urgently, "Aarti, hang up and come right now - something happened to Papa." I immediately dropped the call and ran to Dad's room. To our utter shock and disbelief, dad had stopped breathing. No one knew what had happened; it was so sudden and shocking. How could he be talking one minute and then the next minute not breathing with his heart stopped?

In a state of panic, we made another 911 SOS call, and within 5-7 minutes, the paramedics showed up again. They asked us all to vacate the room as they needed to perform CPR on dad. We went downstairs, crying, and anxious, to Guruji's darbar at home. My sister Puja was inconsolable, hysterical, and in her heightened emotional state, she saw dad's face appear in Guruji's Swaroop at home. She noticed a clear image on Guruji's forehead, which was hard for her to control.

Meanwhile, the medical team tried to revive dad's heartbeat with two rounds of CPR but unfortunately, they were not successful. As we looked at each other, it became evident that dad had left us. In desperation, we prayed feverishly and frantically, hoping for a miracle to bring him back. The pain of losing a loved one is indescribable, and no one can ever be fully ready for such a loss.

Prayers were answered when, minutes later, they said they revived him and would rush him back to the hospital to put him on life support. I believe he only came home because we all were praying daily for dad's return, and Guruji made that happen against all odds. Every single morning, I would wake up and look at Guruji, and all I would say was, "Guruji - papa."

That day was unnerving, with too many swings in one day. We did not want to see papa intubated. I still remember there was a satsang on May 1st in Pennsylvania (Divya aunty), and that was the day his tubes were removed. We all were so thrilled to see papa breathe on his own again, off the ventilator.

He opened his eyes, and we all surrounded him as they (the hospital staff) did that like a ceremony, where we were all invited to watch the tubes come off. His vitals were fine, and he was stable, but alas, that lasted only 26 hours.

We got a call the next day that he had to be put on the ventilator again as he couldn't breathe on his own, and since then, every single day, we were asked about when we wanted to finally remove the tubes. Every day after that was spent in the hospital in hopes of a miracle, but the cancer was ravaging through his body.

It was not the other organs or his vitals that were the problem. Even if they supported his breathing artificially and kept his vitals stable, the cancer was eating him up. Seeing papa in this condition was nerve-racking - we would all take turns to be with him and talk to him. It was evident that he could hear us but couldn't respond back to us. We had the mantra jaap (chant) playing 24 x 7 in the ICU ward. In fact, the staff said they wanted that for the other 29 rooms they had on that floor. Those were the days of simply having a monologue with papa. We missed hearing his vibrant and ever so commanding voice.

During those days, we would spend time reflecting on things that my father always said. He would say, "Spread forward Guruji ka naam and kaam (his name and mission), spread his love and light, connect more sangat to him and his path." He repeated this to us personally and through his satsangs generally.

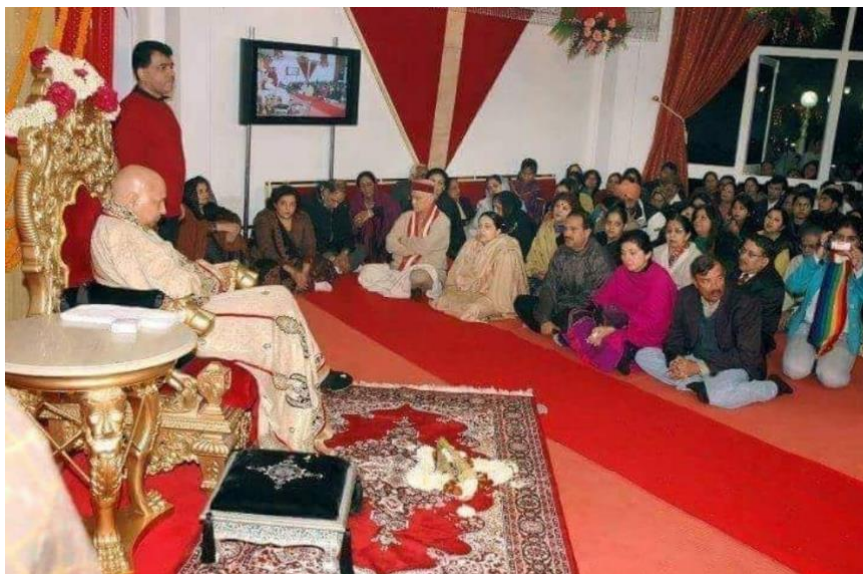
Time was crawling, and each day the medical staff would ask us when we should pull the plug. Guruji had given us enough time to mentally prepare ourselves, as this was now the writing on the wall. Anyone who comes must go, and death is the biggest reality. In the meantime, another aunty from India, Gauri had reached out saying that she does Shringaar (embellishes) Guruji's swaroops and if I wanted one, I should order one quickly. In my mind I had to start preparing for my dad to leave us, and for that I ordered a new swaroop that will be used for the prayer service in hopes that it will arrive overseas on time.

Guruji had not taken dad because we were still holding on to him very strongly. I started to get random messages again from sangat from different parts of the world: "Gen. Kapur will be okay, he has work to do on other planes, but his daughter is not letting him go. Guruji is saying stop worrying." Despite hearing this, it was so hard, and he had to bestow the strength on us to muster the courage to let him go.

On the morning of May 17th, 2021, we decided to remove all the tubes and relieve papa. The doctor told us that it is just a matter of a few minutes probably and he will pass. All day he was breathing peacefully on his own, and all of us had gathered around papa. The day went by, and at night, only one person could stay back, so I did. That night was a tough one. I sat on a chair watching dad, knowing that he can stop breathing any second. It was Monday evening, and I told dad aloud, "Papa, do you remember 20 some years ago when you and I went to Guruji, and it was just us, and no one else? Today, it's the same thing, it's just us here, so please don't quit tonight and keep breathing. We

don't want to make that phone call at home in the middle of the night." I did not leave him alone for a second until the night staff change happened, and they came to the room. I was relieved to take a quick bio break. In fact, that night, some sangat (Aarti) came down outside the hospital to give me langar, but they were not allowed up, and I refused to go down, thinking what if his heart stopped beating when I went down to get food. So I stayed by his side the entire night. That was gruesome for me, but I wasn't alone at all. My family, Vikram, friends, everyone lent an ear to provide emotional support.

The morning of May 18th, Tuesday, the entire family arrived to be with Dad. That fateful morning, I whispered in my dad's ears, holding his hands, that it was okay for him to go. I said, "Papa, I know you have bigger and better work to do with Guruji, and we will be okay, I promise. You are free to go." Seconds after these words were spoken, at approximately 11:11 am ET, we saw a straight line on the monitor, and he breathed his last. Puja and I saw a silver-like spark come out of his head, rise, and leave the room. We saw this with our bare eyes, and that was his soul leaving his body through his head. Within seconds, it left our sight. We all stood there, howling inconsolably. He was gone. He left us behind in this worldly ocean but was in a better place now at his lotus feet, relieved from all the worldly sufferings. He played his part to the hilt while he was here as a husband, father, soldier, and Guru Sangat.



Chapter 15 – To Thy Sweet Will, We Surrender

The news spread like wildfire, and the local sangat at NJ poured in from all quarters to offer support; such is the unconditional love of Guru Pariwar. Papa was also very much loved and well respected by the Sangat all around the world. He was loved a lot by Guru Sahib too while Guruji was in his physical form. Experiencing that love firsthand, which Guruji gave to his handpicked sangat, is the biggest blessing.

Papa was given a royal sendoff amidst the COVID-19 pandemic when people were saying goodbye to their loved ones over FaceTime. The world saw a time where performing last rites became challenging due to the unprecedented situation we were facing. Nevertheless, the support from the entire family here was simply unforgettable, and the funeral organized was befitting of one for an Army General. Seema aunty, Vikram, Amit Rai, Victor, Sethi's, Duggals, Bhatla's, Anil, Shivani, Jiya, Karan, Aarti, Ruchika and so many others (cannot list every single name, and any omission is not intentional) ran around to ensure he received the proper Army honors that a soldier deserves, even in a foreign land. He was draped in the Tiranga (our tri-color flag). Friends, family, ex-servicemen, current Army personnel, and the sangat from all over the world, along with the bade mandir management, tuned in to pay their final tribute. We were in immense

gratitude for how this was all orchestrated in unison. All the granddaughters, Aanya, Tamanna, Aamyra, offered heartfelt eulogies for their nanu (granddad).

They say the soul never dies. The body perishes, but the soul, which is the size of the black head on a matchstick, lives on and is indestructible. For many days after, we felt Dad's presence around us. We witnessed our large-screen TV move on its own, and it is so heavy that even if we try to move it, it takes a lot of force to do so. One morning, while reminiscing about Dad, we saw the breakfast plate move on the kitchen counter. There were many other small occurrences that made us believe he was still around, making his presence known in those initial days.

His tervi (13th day after death) fell on May 30th, 2021. The custom made swaroop had arrived on time. Since Dad's passing, my morning connect with Guruji had become simply about Shukrana (expressing gratitude), and there was nothing else to ask for. The one word I would say - "Papa" - was with him now. We were all grateful for the extensions he had given to papa so many times, on so many occasions (Guruji had told Dad in person, "Gen. Kapur, new life, go!"). This conversation had taken place many years ago at Empire Estate, and it is also documented in the "Light of Divinity," the only book that was put together under Guruji's hukum, meaning command/direction.

There was only one thing I had on my mind, and this was strictly between Guruji and me. I really wanted papa to stand up and share satsang, one last time. I specifically expressed this wish, hoping that

Guruji would grant it, as it had not happened since the end of October 2020 when Dad and I shared satsang together for the first time. This was the only unfulfilled item on my wish list.

But I know that Guruji always gives us way more and better than what we can imagine or deserve. He is jaani jaan (knows it all and he listens), and he validates our thoughts and desires in the most unexpected ways.

On May 29th, which was the 30th morning in India, I received a text from a sangat in Gurgaon - Moromi aunty. She asked me to call her as she wanted to share something with me. When we spoke, she described her dream, and it was truly remarkable. She said, “I saw Gen Kapur, dressed in all white - **STANDING** and sharing satsang at bade mandir. The bade mandir was full of sangat, everyone wearing white, and uncle was sharing beautifully.”

As soon as she mentioned that he was standing and sharing satsang, tears rolled down my cheeks. Guruji had listened to my heartfelt wish and had already granted it in a different world. It was as if he reassured me that everything was taken care of, and he sees beyond our limited perspective. His Tervi happened beautifully amidst a torrential downpour, and the sewa done by the sangat pariwar to execute that satsang was truly memorable. We are infinitely grateful for all the support and love we received during that time. There was also a shabad dedication specifically for that day from a London Sangat (Tani aunty and Arpan Uncle), and it was a beautiful rendition and tribute to GuruPaa.

2021 brought about too many life changes for me – the emotional upheaval that came with my remarriage and the profound loss of my father, all in one year.

It was a time of turbulent emotions and immense mental pressure, but amidst it all, I held on to one assurance - that Guruji's plans must be better than ours. Without a Guru, there is only darkness - Gur bin ghor andhar, and we can only navigate this world as he enables us. He is the foundation of our existence, and in my mind, there is no bigger truth than this.

Often, we find ourselves sulking, complaining, and questioning the impediments that come our way, but Guruji always lifts us up and keeps us going. We all have an expiration date, and what lingers on in this world through our souls till posterity are the seeds we sow. Through countless births and rebirths, we return to settle our karma. Nothing and no one cross paths by chance; it is all pre-ordained and pre-destined. The only bond and relationship that we will carry beyond this physical plane is the one we cement with Guruji. May he grant us the gift of solidifying that bond to its fullest potential.

In this material world of Kali Yuga, we find ourselves consumed by pain, anger, greed, agony, lust, and a tendency to blame others. We seek revenge and easily forget that true surrender lies in letting Guruji handle it all for us. He sits among us, ever ready to sort out our troubles and guide us towards the path of love and devotion.

I often find myself wondering what my father's soul must be doing far away, in the divine presence of Guruji. My heart tells me that merging with the divine light is the best place for him to be. We live in hope of reuniting at Guruji's lotus feet someday. Until then, we patiently wait and strive to expiate our karmas with our best intentions.

Our Guru left us with profound yet practical lessons to follow. As human beings, our main purpose is not to amass wealth, but to seek and remember God through our thoughts, words, and actions. God resides in godliness, and He lies within each of us. There is goodness in every soul, and we need to unlock and nurture that goodness by helping and uplifting one another. We all make mistakes, but we seek realization and forgiveness.

As Guruji's sangat, we are all His children bound together by the garlands of His love, despite our many differences. There is no greater miracle than realizing that we all belong to His divine fold. Life, death, ups, and downs are all part of His grand design, and the purpose of writing this is to sow the seeds of faith that will continue to germinate, grow, and spread manifold.

Indeed, the Guru is eternal, while we are mere mortals. He is immortal, guiding and illuminating our paths. It is our duty to spread the gift of faith and strength, especially during times of despair, as we all face battles, known and unknown. Guruji is like a self-consuming candle, providing light to the entire world, and his light continues to attract more and more of the sangat.

Tu Hi Tu

Often, we search for signs and symbols, following various individuals, but we forget that the true Guru resides within our very core. His divine presence is always there to guide and support us on our journey. We need to turn inward, connect with the Guru within, and let his love and light shine through us, empowering us to face the challenges of life with courage and grace.



Chapter 16 –There is No Beginning and There is NO End

Satsangs are a never-ending journey of sharing Guruji's love, light, and name with the world. Our goal is solely to spread his divine presence far and wide, knowing that once we have done our part, it is between Guruji and the soul to take the journey forward.

The profound truth is that God came amongst us to give, to shower his blessings upon us. Are we truly able to recognize this divine presence in our lives? Are we capable of receiving and retaining his blessings without losing them to negative traits like arrogance, ego, anger, and greed?

Every trial and tribulation we face in life is an opportunity for growth and learning. Are we truly absorbing these lessons and evolving as spiritual beings? Or are we consumed with complaints and forget the immense burden Guruji is carrying by taking 90% of our karmas upon himself?

The most precious gift Guruji bestows upon us is unshakeable faith, the gift of bharosa daan, along with the ability to chant his name from the depths of our hearts. This unwavering faith and devotion lead to naam daan, the offering of our sincere praises and prayers to Guruji.

With this gift of faith and devotion, we can navigate life's challenges and sorrows, knowing that Guruji's divine grace is ever-present, guiding and protecting us on our journey back to him. Let us cherish this gift and make the most of the opportunities to grow spiritually and spread his love and light to all.

I will summarize some of the guiding principles to live by, although I recognize that we are all a work in progress:

- Always remember Guruji - in happiness or sadness, knowing that he understands and knows everything.
- Never think you are superior to anyone else, irrespective of education or economic status - we are all equal.
- Consider your intent behind every action, as it holds supreme importance. Qualify and self-check your intentions.
- Avoid getting involved in endless arguments and repeating your point excessively - it doesn't make us better than others.
- No need to follow mindless rituals or promote unnecessary superstitions.
- Help everyone, regardless of personal feelings, and do so unconditionally if possible.
- Respect all religions, embracing diversity and unity.
- Cultivate an attitude of gratitude, appreciating life's blessings.
- Focus on nurturing a pure heart, free from malice and negativity. Our Guru is “Nirvair”- free from grudges

- Make time for daily prayer and nam jaap (chanting God's name).
- Understand that prayer is not just asking for things but connecting with the higher being to offer gratitude and love.

In conclusion, I would like to share the words "Tu Mera Raakha, Sabni Thai, Ta bha Keha Kara Jiyo" - You are my protector at every place, so why should I fear?

As noted earlier in the book, I reiterate that this tribute is eternal, transcending beyond this lifetime. My heartfelt thanks to Guruji for all his blessings and guidance.

The Gurugita reminds us of the significance of having a Guru in our quest to realize our true self. A Guru clears all obstacles on this journey of self-realization and devotion. Obtaining knowledge of the self should be the ultimate purpose of our life, and the Guru takes on the enormous responsibility of guiding us on this path.

Let's adopt a new ABC moving forward:

A - Acceptance. Embrace unconditional surrender, even though it might be challenging.

B - Believe. Have unwavering faith in Guruji's timing, ways, and plans.

C - Continuous Shukrana. Never cease to express gratitude, regardless of circumstances.

Thank you, Guruji, for choosing us. Forever and truly yours.







