

Tu Hi Tu Hi

“My humble tribute to your lotus feet, my Guru Pa, my guiding light, my anchor and the one that makes my world go around”





Tu Hi Tu Hi

Anantam shukrana mere mallik ki appne mujh jaise shuniye ko mauka baksha ki main aapka gun- gaan kar sakun.

Infinite gratitude for giving a nobody like me an opportunity to narrate my journey.

Guruji ki Aarti



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Preface

Jai Guruji, I bow down to your lotus feet. For you, my lord, chose my soul and gave me a taste of your divine kingdom.

Shukrana is a very small word but yet the most apt to start and end this tribute to our oh so loving Guru Maharaj. The more pertinent observation here is that this tribute is unending.

I don't even know; from where do I begin? Through my enigmatic journey, I wish to give you readers a taste of the magnificent world of spirituality summed up in just a few pages.

The world that is far away from all realms of logic and so-called "science". It was a random evening in 1999 when his holiness allowed me to set my foot into his darbar. I did not know where I was, I was only there because my parents had suggested that my sister and I join them. I thought that I was pleasing my parents, but little did I know that my Lord was re-writing my destiny...



CHAPTER 1

Entrance to the Indra Lok

My parents Lt. Gen and Mrs. C.K. Kapur (Chander and Sheel Kapur) had visited Guruji one night prior to my admission into his institution. I vividly remember setting my eyes on the most 'noorani' (radiant) face. He sat there on a red chair surrounded by sangat (guruji's devotees/ followers). He wore a gorgeous flowing robe and sat majestically like a kind emperor. The entire place emitted a lot of positivity. There were shabads (devotional music) playing in Punjabi language. I could barely understand them at that moment, but they were soothing to my ears. As we approached Guruji to bow down (do matha tek) my parents introduced my sister Puja and I to his holiness. He gestured us to sit close to Him.

I'm speaking from my memory and trying to jot down my first impression here. I started to look around in a very curious manner, observing those around me. I immediately noticed that people were sitting casually and looked relaxed. Some were in a meditative state and most just seemed to be listening to the Gurbani (shabads) being played.

Entrance to the Indra Lok

The sangat kept coming in - Guruji would greet and acknowledge them as they came and bowed down. I watched Him have a conversation with a few which seemed to be a jovial one because I could see people smiling ear-to-ear. After about 45 minutes or so he rang a portable bell that was kept on the right side of His table and signaled a sewadar (volunteer). Within a few minutes he received a tray full of mithai (sweets/prasad). Guruji moved his hand in a manner as if gesturing us to come and we all formed a line to get prasad from his hands. What he was giving from his one hand could not fit in both my hands! There was no rule book being followed, neither was there any discourse being given by anyone. We just followed what the other sangat did and went with the flow.

The crowd stepped out to finish the prasad. We did that as well returning to our previous places once finished. After a few minutes another tray of prasad arrived and Guruji pointed his fingers towards us as if he were calling us for a second round. I gladly went along with my sister but felt a little full. I asked someone if it was ok to take some back home and was told - "If we eat here it is blessed prasad for the individual but if we bring it home it loses its magic and merely becomes mithai. It loses its healing properties."

As strange as it may have sounded, just the previous night we saw all logic and science fail. My mother who is a diabetic had so much mithai there, only to see her sugar reading was normal the next day!



My mama and papa – the vessels Guruji used to make our connection

CHAPTER 2

And the Journey Continues

It is like having tasted the elixir - there was something about his darbar that kept us coming back for more! Days went past...that turned into weeks...then months. No matter how tired we were after college, or my father was after a long day at work, there was a pull that drew us to Him. And once there, it felt like all the fatigue and stress was leaving you. While sitting in satsang no worry could touch you. It wasn't until right after leaving that I felt we were back to reality. But that time spent in satsang was nothing but pure divinity!

Back then I had a curious brain of a teen and till date I like to question the status quo. I had so many questions that plagued my mind. For one, why are people pressing Guruji's hands and feet? Why do people need to share their satsangs? Some seemed too private and intimate to be "asked" to share publicly. Why do I just see crème de la crème at his darbar? If he is the lord of the universe, which today I don't have an iota of doubt, then what happened to the poor and the needy people?

And the Journey Continues

I mostly saw technocrats, bureaucrats, politicians, top defense brass, and high-profile doctors sitting at his feet. That also actually re-enforced the fact that there must be something that these people are getting. If these powerful and influential people are sitting at his feet and investing their time, they have to be getting something in return. The human being by nature is a very “self-centered” species and we don’t like to waste time unless there is something in it for us.

The essence of satsang - Jo satsang kare uska bhi kalyan, aur jo satsang sune uska bhi kalyan. (Doing satsang - experience sharing - benefits both the doer and the listener). Guruji kehte they ki who ek behti hui Ganga hai- zyaada se zyaada logon ko batao taki unka bhi Bhalla ho sake (He is like a sacred river flowing, let more people know so maximum people can benefit from his presence).

Guruji did not need any form of “marketing”. He is Mahashiv who came in human garb to bless his sangat. A pooran (complete) Guru who came amongst us to help our souls break free from the vicious circle of life and death.

I understood the intent of Satsang was to spread awareness for the benefit of all those around us. Also, by praising a true Guru we expiate our karmas - hence sharing and listening to satsangs was an exercise that was meant to benefit us more than anyone else!

And the Journey Continues

People would press Gurujis hands and feet and that would also relieve them from their ailments. An aunty was relieved of her leg pain when Guruji gave her an opportunity to press his legs!

Besides the many satsangs, the opportunity of visiting his birth place, Dugri gaon (village) in Malerkotla district of Punjab, was heavenly. It answered my question on where the other “sect” of his sangat was. I saw a different face of his sangat in Punjab. They were so different than what I saw in Delhi, and I saw Guruji ooze as much love if not more. Guruji would say that if people are needy and can't reach me, I find a way to reach them. That visit was eye opening. Till date I relish and cherish those memories. I close my eyes and think about those times and it becomes an instant “pick me up”.



CHAPTER 3

My Personal Experiences Start to Cement my Faith

I had already seen and heard people talk about the wonders of Guru Maharaj. I had seen healing and magical transformations happen in front of my own eyes. I do have my share of divine moments as well. The first occurred on a random evening while sitting at Empire state, also known as Chota Mandir, on MG road in Gurgaon. Just before leaving, I mustered the courage to ask Guruji for help with my economics exam. He started asking me questions on elasticity, supply and demand - one after the other! An aunty sitting next to Him pressing his feet said “beta note karo Guruji Aapko aapka question paper bata rahe hain” (Make a note of the questions, he is telling you your exam paper).

My Personal Experiences Start to Cement my Faith

I went home, studied those questions again, and lo and behold! Sure, enough based on his guidance I passed the economics exam with distinction. That's when I realized there is a lot more than a feel-good factor to this darbar. Guruji truly did have the powers to foresee and forewarn. He had defeated science long back when my mother's sugar levels came normal after eating so much meetha (sweet) prasad. By now it was clear to me that he had the ability to scan us and see our future. He could predict anything he wanted. He knew exactly what we were doing behind the four walls of our house.

Several days later, when I was at my college campus - the phone rings. I was carrying my dad's cellphone so I picked up (normally I would never answer unknown numbers). On the other end I hear this unforgettable voice and instantly I knew it was Him!

He asked me most lovingly - Ki kar rahin hai? Which means, what are you doing? I was in company and immediately started walking ahead of my group. I was surrounded by some of my classmates and felt embarrassed by the call. How would I explain to my crew that in this date and age a Guru was calling me? Shallow thinking but true! Today I would give an arm and a leg to get a phone call from the master of the universe!!!

My Personal Experiences Start to Cement my Faith

To continue, I said in a very hushed tone – “Guruji main college mein hoon aur papa ka phone mere paas hai” (I am in college and I have my dad’s phone) - as if he did not know that! He very lovingly replicated what I said in Punjabi - acha daddy da phone tere kol hai? Shammi aajayen, daddy nu naal leke aayen aur mummy nu ghar chad ke aayen (which meant come to my darbar tonight, get your dad, and leave your mom at home). Soon after college was over, I called my dad in route to his office in Connaught place. I told him that Guru Maharaj had summoned us and we needed to pick him up from there. We reached home and quickly went to freshen up. I recall it was a non sangat day. Guruji had reduced the number of sangat days from daily to four days a week. My mom asked me where we were off to and we said Guruji called us but instructed us to leave her home. She was visibly disappointed but Guruji’s Hukum (order) needed to be executed. When we reached the chota mandir, Maharaj was in his room on the couch. It was just us, Sudama ji, and Col. Joshi Uncle. Guruji was in a light mood and was chit chatting generally about the current state of affairs. Within a few minutes his drink of coconut water came in a covered silver glass. He took one sip from it and gave me the rest to drink. My joy knew no bounds! It was hands down the best drink in the whole world. I’ve had the sweetest coconut water from different parts of the world but that nectar was DIVINE! I gulped it down till the very last sip.

My Personal Experiences Start to Cement my Faith

A few minutes later, Guruji called an aunty from Sangat by the name of Santo Aunty. He asked her on the phone - Ki banaya hai? (what have you cooked today?). She must have replied something to Guruji that I could not hear and soon after he said “ok then keep the dinner ready, we are all coming”. He said that to her in Punjabi and hung up the phone!

The beauty about Guruji’s sangat parivar is that we are always more than ready to welcome each other with just the use of two powerful words - “Jai Guruji”. With these two words a bond is formed instantly. Guruji would say sangat hi asli parivar hai. (Sangat is your real family). He sure taught us to live it up, doing sangat dances in his darbar, eating the best and the most delicious langar prasad that would relieve us of physical ailments. Have you ever heard of an option better than that?

He then summoned Joshi uncle and just as they started heading out to get his car ready Maharaj said I will come in General Kapur’s car. Dad asked our driver Mishra ji to pull up the car and was going to sit in front when Guruji commanded him to go sit with Col. Joshi. Guruji came and sat next to me in the backseat of our car. Now I think back to that wonderful moment - can you even imagine the thrill of being able to ride next to the lord himself? I have no words, even today, to quantify my joy.

My Personal Experiences Start to Cement my Faith

However, when I think about how I felt at that moment, I was a little nervous. I received the opportunity to inhale the most heavenly fragrance from his ten dwaars (doors). I still don't know why Maharaj was bestowing his blessings on me that day. It felt like he opened his pandora's box of blessings and showered it all on me. He was giving me insurance coverage for my life ahead. He had the ability to foresee everything. That evening, being face to face with the lord, remains to be the highlight of my life till date.



Empire State Mandir

CHAPTER 4

Getting a Priceless Gift for Life

As much as Guru Maharaj loved his sangat, he also appreciated receiving love. I would see many people bring boxes of chocolates for Him. He would of course distribute everything amongst his sangat, but the thrill of bringing something for Him could not be described. On my birthday I also mustered the courage to offer Him a box of chocolates. He so graciously accepted the box, took it in His hands and handed it over to another aunty from the Sangat (Roma aunty). He was wearing a pair of plain maroon juttis. He removed them and said “Le chak tera prasad” (take my shoes, it’s your prasad). Oh, my Guruji! That moment my joy knew no bounds. I proudly possess those jootis even today and I know that jooti prasad has taken a lot of bashing on itself. I have kept them wrapped in a cloth but they have torn up and have worn out without anyone ever having worn them (because I got them in a brand-new state from Maharaj).

Getting a Priceless Gift for Life

This only points to the fact that all the negativity and the hardships that life has thrown at me have been absorbed by the prasad given to me by lord himself on my special day. Since then, on my birthday, I always share chocolates with Guruji, keeping our little pact, intact!

Fast forward many years to 2015. My birthday fell on a Thursday, and I was headed to Gurujis temple but had forgotten to get a box of Chocolates. I was feeling terrible about the pact being broken and not being able to share chocolates with Him on our special day. I had a few loose candies that I put in my jacket and consoled myself that I would offer those while sitting in the mandir (temple). All of a sudden, an aunty comes to me out of nowhere and says she just returned from India and someone had sent something for me from there. It was totally unexpected, but I thought it must be a box of sweets - lo and behold! When I opened the box, it was a box of chocolates! I had no doubt in my mind that Guru Maharaj had orchestrated this for me on my special day. I really do feel extra loved on my birthday, year after year...

As the time goes by I have no doubt in my mind that this is the best place on earth to be in. A getaway so close to home, a zero-stress zone, a happy place - our Guru's darbar!

Guruji also had a very keen sense of humor. He said the funniest things when he was in joking mood.

Getting a Priceless Gift for Life

Anyone from Indian Administrative services was called **I Am Sorry**; Sangat from Noida was referred to as **No-Idea**; PhD stood for **Pagal Hone ka Darr**, Wife was **Worry Invited For Ever** and Husband was **Horse Under Severe Burden And No Diversion** - so on and so forth.

Guruji also loved to play match maker. Sometimes when I would do matha tek he would jokingly tell me; badi changi kudi hainhoon phir munda phasa le, te byaa karwale (you are a very good girl - trap a boy and get hooked). I would turn crimson anytime he would say 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 did not come himself for the occasion. I did smell his fragrance fill up my room for a few minutes when everyone else had gone down to look at the Baraat. At that moment I was engulfed in his sweet scent and was assured that he was present, which he later confirmed. I asked Him why he came for my sister's marriage and not mine to which he responded "main aaya te si"- which meant I did come, which I immediately understood. 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.

Getting a Priceless Gift for Life

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.

The shabad baani that we listen to points to the meaning of Rasik Varaagi Guru, and our Guru was just that. The one teacher who taught us how to live life, while helping us cement our bond with the higher forces in the world of spirituality – transforming us slowly into better humans.

While we were singing, dancing and making merry he was actually healing and working on our transition of becoming a better version of our own self. I recall the new years eve of perhaps 2002 when he made a bunch of us dance to “Ek Punjaban dil chura ke legaye”. As we were dancing he was scanning our bodies and curing us of known and unknown ailments. Guruji I miss you and deeply miss being able to touch you and talk to you.



CHAPTER 5

Life Across the Seven Seas

I left India in 2004 after my marriage. I had embarked upon a new phase of my life in a whole different continent. Life went on, Guruji blessed us with our beautiful daughter Aanya in the first year of being married. Sadly, I developed a herniated disc as part of the delivery and my back pain became so chronic that I felt paralyzed and helpless. Every pain attack meant a visit to an emergency room and injections directly in the spinal cord. My parents went to Guruji, who as usual very graciously blessed a lota for me, which was sent overseas. Believe you me, I had blessed water for a couple days and since 2005 I have NOT returned to the emergency room for backpain. Guruji used to bless a lota per his own sweet will.

Back then he would instruct his sangat to either get a copper tumbler or a jug. In our case, he asked my parents to get a copper jug which would be used by the 4 of us - my parents, sister and me. We brought Him the jug, he opened the lid and asked for our date of births. He then chanted some mantras into it and returned it back to us.

Life Across the Seven Seas

He said, try to clean this with your own hands using Nimbu (lemon) and Namak (salt) or Ash - no soap. He also said we should not hand it over to the servants to wash it. Whatever you can drink first thing in the morning drink and shower with the remaining. Then fill it up at night and repeat the routine every day. We don't have to clean the lota everyday - can just rinse it.

Life was going on pretty normally until my first born Aanya reached the age of 4. She fainted all of a sudden while playing, turning my world upside down in seconds. At the time, I was pregnant with my second child, Aamyra, and alone in the house. I was so shocked and scared seeing my hale and hearty child suddenly pass out. I called 911 and rushed her in an ambulance to the nearest emergency room. I thought she had swallowed something, and the worst thoughts had clouded my mind. I grabbed her in my arms, ran down a flight of steps (was a couple months pregnant) and got into an ambulance. With the sirens blaring we reached the hospital in minutes.

After a couple subsequent experiences very similar to this one, Aanya was put on medication, and with his grace was eventually weaned off. With his Meher and grace she has been medicine free for 7 years now and has grown into a healthy, young and a fit lady. Thank you, Gurupa!



CHAPTER 6

Initiation of Satsangs in New York, Tri State Area

In March of 2010, my second daughter Aamyra was born. The next month I get a call from an aunty (Meera) that Guruji's satsang was happening and we were delighted to attend that! Slowly that became a monthly cadence and the sangat slowly started to increase. By 2011, Satsangs in NJ were being held on a weekly basis. The first international Guruji temple was established on March 15th, 2014 in New Jersey, which also happened to be Aamyra's birthday. A sangat in India had this dream that a temple had been established that has an entrance from the rear of the building and a 4-year-old girl is playing with balloons in the darbar. The 1st satsang happened on March 15th . Aamyra had turned four, the entrance was from the rear of the mall, and a sangat walks in with balloons on the 1st satsang. Who comes with balloons for a satsang?

Initiation of Satsangs in New York, Tri State Area

So, everything that happens, whether we perceive as good, not so good, or ugly, is his plan. And in his sharan we must never question his design. We just need to continue our lives, chanting his name, doing shukrana, and doing everything we do with the best intent possible. Leave the rest to Him!

Between 2010 and 2014, many life changing moments occurred. Of course, the satsangs started and Aamyra came into our lives, but soon a major curveball hit us. In 2011, my uncle Vikram lost his T-Mobile dealership contract and all his stores were shut down overnight. I wasn't working at that time and we had two young kids. No source of income is a nightmare in a country like America, but much to our amazement we kept living the way we were. NO ONE could tell from the outside what the internal situation was. In fact, people would ask me how I smile so much. I knew it was my protector, my Guru, who was helping me radiate positivity in such trying times. That's the moment I realized that satsangs are not always about happily ever after, but they are about keeping faith in the most trying times and just somehow knowing against all odds he will carry you through the storm!

After fourteen long months of living against hope we both finally got a break and since then, in terms of professional growth, there has been no looking back.

Initiation of Satsangs in New York, Tri State Area

We did our first satsang at home in New Jersey on May 19th, 2012. There is a satsang behind this date as well. So back on March 18th, 2012, there was a satsang at Kalpana aunty's with a handful of us. Someone said oh Aarti you have never hosted a satsang at your place. I was told I was the oldest sangat around and I should do it. I simply said my little one is too young and when the time is right Guruji will himself guide me and I will gladly do it.

The same night I see Guru Maharaj in my dream, and as you know, when you get a dream it's not really a dream but Maharaj visiting you! We cannot dream about Him till he chooses to come visit us. That night was my lucky night. The dream was as follows - I see Maharaj pacing up and down our living room in a black and red chola. I see there is sangat sitting and eating langar, he even showed me the langar plate which consisted of Saag, Dal Makhni, and Makki di roti. The date he showed me was May 19th, 2012 and basically it meant that satsang was to take place in my home on that day! It was early morning and I reached for my cell phone to see the day, hoping it wasn't a weekday, and the phone tells me it's a Saturday! I was very excited but the only downside was that he gave me the direction to conduct a satsang when there was no source of income, not a penny coming in. Well the date, venue and the menu were given by Him so it had to happen without a doubt!

Initiation of Satsangs in New York, Tri State Area

I woke up in the morning and told Vik about the dream. He said this is the first time we are doing satsang so expect a lot of sangat. Our townhouse was small so he recommended a club house. I was reluctant to book a club house because I had clearly seen Guruji pacing up and down the living room / kitchen area. He called the club house confident that we would be able to book it but to his disappointment they said on that particular day it was booked for a party. Coincidentally, that party never happened, this was Guruji's way to ensure that the satsang happened at home. So, hearing what he heard, there was no choice left. Despite all his apprehensions about where and how, this was happening exactly in accordance to his design.

Now the second challenge was what should be served with chai to the sangat. The main menu was shown but I wanted to serve something specific with chai prasad and quite honestly my concern was how will I get what I want in bulk. We needed to feed approximately 100 people at a time when we had no source of income coming in! Again, a reminder to the readers, know that at all times he is in charge - all we need is complete faith on our end, and by his grace I had that wealth!

I thought about an uncle from sangat (Anurag) who used to make trips back and forth between India and US back then.

Initiation of Satsangs in New York, Tri State Area

I called him that morning and he confirmed he was coming back to the United States for a meeting on May 21st. I said uncle can you come on the 19th instead and he agreed instantly. It was by Gurujis design that he was able to reach on the day of the satsang with everything we needed (meetha and namkeen for the chai came from India on the day of satsang!). My parents sent me exactly what I wanted to serve for the 1st satsang at my home.

The langar Guruji had shown to me was Sarson ka Saag, Dal Makhni, and Makki ki roti (moong dal halwa had come from India). Now to me Dal was ok but Saag and Makki ki roti was a tough menu. I had never made any of this before and was wondering why Guruji did not show me Paneer Makhni instead, which would have been much simpler.

So as the d-day was approaching I had to be ready. I went to get the ingredients for Saag one night prior with no clue what even went into it. I walked into an Indian store and literally said “bhaiya I need to make saag for 80 people, how many boxes of what should I buy?” The man at the shop looked at me as if I had come from a different planet. He said madam aap saag banao ge, I said bhaiya just give me sarson, broccoli and spinach. I bought bags and bags of green leaves not knowing how I will clean, cut, and cook it the next day! Guruji is great, the next day I woke up early and things happened so seamlessly as if I had been cooking this daily. The saag turned out to be delish - there is only one more time I have ever made it since 2012, and that too for satsang only.

Initiation of Satsangs in New York, Tri State Area

Now the saag was taken care of, the daal was easy, the snacks were coming - the only thing left was makki ki roti. It was impossible for me to make so many rotis and it's incredible how Guruji solved for this. I was not looking to buy them and could not make them either but his ways are unique. An aunty gets a dream that Guruji told her to make 150 rotis with another aunty who will make the same number. Sure enough, that solved our problem. Langar was all sorted and the 1st ever satsang of Maharaj was all set to happen at our place!

Another aunty had a dream telling me why he told me to keep a green item in my menu. Green signified prosperity and she said now that this satsang is happening your financial situation will quickly turn around. Her interpretation was not off, within two months of doing satsang and fourteen months in total things did turn around miraculously.



CHAPTER 7

Showers of His Blessings

So in July 2012, after surviving over a year of living hand to mouth with no running income and two small kids, I get another dream. Guruji says shani was very angry (referring to Vikram). Aur main teri file nikaal di hai, I had to fight very hard with shani (Saturn) but we won the case and everything will be ok. Now during that exact time Vikram had an interview scheduled for VP of a start up in Manhattan. Now if you have been running your own business for a couple years, your mindset changes, and switching back to corporate life was a change. That combined with wanting a job at a certain level made it even harder. Top positions in most companies are filled quickly via internal networks and very rarely do organizations bring a candidate without any referrals. However, the interviews went well and he was offered this role at the salary he wanted - Jai Guruji.

I was not too far behind on getting launched into the world of corporate America...I had never worked here and this was even more challenging but, in his world, even the word impossible means - I' am' possible!

Showers of His Blessings

It was a rough couple of months of leaving my 2-year-old at the day care and driving from North Jersey (where we lived at the time) to Princeton for my IT training. However, in Oct of 2012 I was offered a role of Business Analyst at Express Scripts, via Cognizant Technology Solutions. So, after a phone call I was called onsite for an in-person interview. That morning I had a dream Guruji was pacing up and down a campus, and when I got to the venue it was the same campus. I thought to myself, this is an indication that I will perhaps get this job! I completed the interview, came home and started telling people that I would get this job as a business analyst at Express scripts. One day went by, then a week, then a second, and finally a third week passed without a word. Vikram started telling me that they normally don't wait to fill these consulting positions for so long. By now you would've heard from them and the very fact you didn't means that you did not get the job. I was fixated on my dream and confident that this place was meant to be. The same week I get a call from the same place for the same role but in a completely different team. They did a phone screen and I was offered the role on the fly. Same client, same role but for a different team.

I started working immediately but was extremely nervous because I had never been a business analyst in my life and knew nothing about IT, writing business requirement documents, etc.

Showers of His Blessings

I had a few days before receiving my laptop so I was basically getting paid for doing literally nothing and then came Sandy! The east coast was hit badly in 2012 with Hurricane Sandy which further delayed the start of my work for another couple of weeks. This also meant no business requirement documents to write. While everything in NJ and NY came to a standstill with flooding and power outages - the place we were living in did not have a single power outage and it was a paid vacation where we hung out, ate and watched movies. Life came back to normal a few weeks later and I finally got my laptop. We were already in December and I was assigned a job of authoring my first ever business requirements document for a team. Now the client thought I had about 7 years of work experience in this field but alas that was far from the truth!

Again, sure enough who comes to my rescue? My main man - my Guru. A coworker offered to help and ended up authoring the entire document. As his plan would have it, I did not write one word in the document. That year our team ended up working the command center from December 31st, 2012 into the night of January, 1st 2013. It was that night that I met a business leader at Express Scripts who offered me a role on his team - which meant that I did not have to be a business analyst anymore! That was a turning point in my career and since then there has been no looking back. I have always been in a lead / manager type role since. Not only was I able to get out of a space I was not comfortable being in but my salary was doubled too.

Showers of His Blessings

That said, there was always a void that I knew I had to fill rather 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 his voice in my head I signed up for the PMP certification (Project Management professional) which needed a certain amount of work experience. I filled in the application and made up my work experience so I could at least take the test. Sure enough my application gets flagged in a random audit and I have to provide additional information around my work experience. I was able to get the head of my department to sign the letter and my application was approved. Now once I signed up and had a date for the exam, I started to study hard. That exam, for those of you who know, is a very by the book exam. People with years of experience fail this exam because answering the questions based on your everyday experience won't cut it. The study guide, also known as the PMBOK (Project management book of knowledge), was such a dry book - and a ginormous book as well! Anyway, I took the exam and passed in one shot. At that time, it was a huge sense of accomplishment - not having the experience yet still daring to take this certification. Thanks to the voice in my head which was his - he kept steering my life in the right direction and continues to do so.

Life went on and my career trajectory was looking good. From Cognizant I moved to Deloitte.

Showers of His Blessings

This was also 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 8 rounds of interviews, on the phone and in person. With the new job came more responsibility and travel every week! I did this for 2 years and while it did create a void at home, life was moving on at a neck breaking speed, each day unfolding a new set of challenges and his blessings shining through it.

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 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 (think this was the exact amount) short and if we did not have that the entire deal could have fallen apart. Please believe me sangat ji the next day I get an unexpected wire transfer from Cognizant, my employer, for that amount. I was not expecting it and knew it in a jiffy that he had pulled some strings! The closing happened and we bought the home we were renting since 2009.

Showers of His Blessings

The second home, that we lovingly called Guru Aashiana, was also a gift from Him. A dream house for sure and we did monthly satsangs for 5 years in this home together. He had shown this house to Vik in a dream, and we only saw one house in Monroe before firming this up. I feel his energy and presence in every corner of this home. The chair that Guruji sat on and a table that was used for his satsangs made it to my 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. Such is his divine grace!



CHAPTER 8

His Blessings, Today, Forever, and Beyond

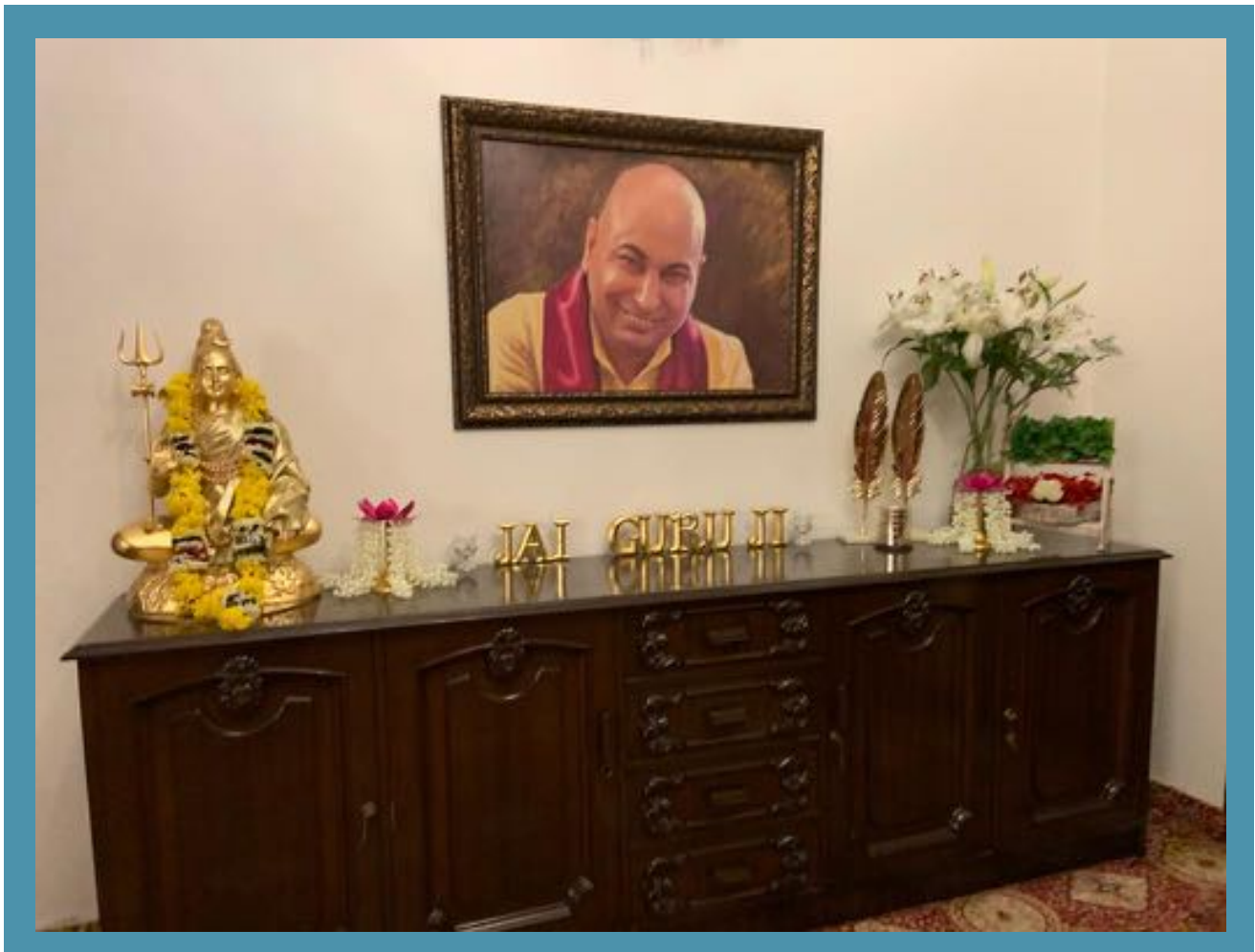
I look at May 31st, 2007, the day he left his chola, as a black day in our lives. But it is also Guruji who taught us to look for the silver lining in the darkest of clouds. When he was in physical form he was bound by the physical limitations of being a mortal despite being a highly enlightened soul. However, after leaving his physical garb, he broke free from those limitations and his power as well as sangat increased multifold. I vividly remember that fateful day because on May 29th, 2007 I had to get a D&C done (from an abortion of the second child I was carrying). I was an emotional wreck because I felt I was alone, and the fear of the unexpected was tremendous. I did not know how painful the procedure would be nor did I know the recovery time. I had no help and had a 2-year-old at home. I was so nervous going into the operating table that I took a small clip-on Swaroop of Guruji (those were the only ones available back then).

His Blessings, Today, Forever, and beyond

I told the staff that this Swaroop will stay as is. They asked me who this was and I told them it's my GOD. I held on to it and was put to sleep. I did not recall anything - when the procedure happened, how it happened, etc. I did not feel any pain at all during or even after the D&C. I went home of course with a lot of mental agony but NO physical pain whatsoever. My parents, who were thousands of miles away, were very concerned about my mental wellbeing. I was alone and had a 2 year-old on my hands to care for but all they could do was call. So they called me the next day on the 30th but alas no phone calls the night of the 30th or the morning of the 31st. I called my mom almost disappointed, ready to complain when I heard her voice on the line...she was sobbing helplessly like a child. My heart sank and I just asked mom – papa ko kya hua? (mom what happened to dad?) That's when she said Guruji is no more and we are all orphaned. I still get goose bumps re-living that unreal moment. So many thoughts plagued my mind - how can someone who gave life to crores of people give up his own. That's when all his words started to make sense - maine chale jaana hai, hum maha purush apni file aap khol te hain aur ap band karte hai, mere jaane ke baad linean lag jaan giyan etc etc... He always said one fine day I will just leave, and saints like me decide when to come and when to go. Sangat will come 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 place to go to, this Guru who was tangible. Simply put we could not imagine a life without Him. The good news is barring the tangibility factor the feeling is still the same. There is no life without Him even right now!

His Blessings, Today, Forever, and beyond

Here is the difference. While in his physical form when I was diagnosed with Polycystic Ovarian disease I went to Guruji and he said haldi wala doodh pi (have turmeric milk). After he left his physical form I received the same message but randomly from another Sangat. I was told that Guruji told that sangat to tell me to have turmeric milk. This lady had no context of my prior interaction with Guruji and came to me out of the blue. This is just one of the many examples of how he guides you and continues to validate that it is Him who is talking - either directly through telepathy or through a sangat or shabad, or a satsang. When it's a message from the master, you will know that and just feel it!



CHAPTER 9

The Only Certainty in Life is Uncertainty

As mentioned earlier, my job at Deloitte came with a lot of days on the road. It also helped me get better qualified for a bigger role. When I was at Cognizant I got launched into the Salesforce space and was hired at Deloitte in their Salesforce practice. Back then Salesforce was the space to be in and still is. It was not easy, I had to obtain many certifications but it was well worth it. Every failure encountered came with a lesson and a stronger drive to succeed. Travel had become excessive and my kids needed me at home. So, I decided why not try to get into Salesforce itself? After all I have been using and learning the application, what if I got directly employed by Salesforce? It seemed very promising and lucrative - I was convinced that this was the best thing that could happen to me.

Well I got an interview opportunity through my best friend for my dream job. I cleared all rounds and got to the final round. I thought this is it, I got this! But Guruji's plans for me were much different.

The only Certainty in Life is Uncertainty

We are humans, and as such dejection can bring us down. But as crestfallen as I was, I knew there was something better for me. Recovery is much quicker when are in Guruji's sharan because we have faith. Faith gives us acceptance and endurance! And every satsang is not happily ever after, but every experience teaches you something, as long as you have the willingness to learn. The entire interview process was helping me prepare for my next job. Almost 11 months later another opportunity came my way via a consulting firm by the name of Slalom. The recruiter reached out to me and I went through several rounds again. In parallel Salesforce also reached out for a different position. Now I was called for the final round in person at the Slalom NY office at One World Trade Center. They had requested that I keep my morning open so all rounds can happen on one day. I was supposed to report there at 8:45 AM ET and as luck would have it I reached the office at 9:20 - talk about the first impression....

But I was not nervous, I admit I was complacent because I wanted to focus back on the Salesforce opportunity. Yes, I had read a lot about this firm, its inclusive and great culture but my heart was set at Salesforce. The meeting went really well – it was only after meeting people at Slalom I had a change in heart. The local consulting model was music to my ears. I needed a break from the airport so I thought this might just be the right move to make. I got an offer almost 3 weeks later and accepted it. Within a day I was assigned to a client site twenty-five minutes from home. I had NOT had that commute in ages, it was a delight.

The only Certainty in Life is Uncertainty

I am so thankful to Guruji for bringing me home. I also know everything that happens is part of his grand design. It happens for a reason - we may or may not understand it immediately but in times like these acceptance, faith, and surrender is the mool mantra. And by the way, the department at Salesforce where I interviewed had 25% of their staff eliminated, only a month after joining Slalom. He always protects us, it's our stubbornness and over confidence that leads us to believe that we know what's best.

My time on the road helped me realize many things. Certain things happened that left a permanent mark in my life, but if I complain then I am not practicing what I preach right?

Things happen every day, we either chose to accept them, or we make changes. My life was in for a change and some new beginnings.

I have had a really good life that I am eternally grateful for. Guruji made me able bodied, gave me a home, and lots of love from Him and his sangat. He always keeps me on my toes. Recently towards end of 2019, I planned a five-day spiritual retreat with Him. In just five days I covered saare Guruji ke dhaam. The day I landed I went to Bade mandir, next day to Dugri and Jalandhar, then GK and finally Empire Estate. On my final night, right before heading out, I attended and shared my journey with Guruji at the Select City Mall in Delhi.

The only Certainty in Life is Uncertainty

The trip was a dream come true directed by Maharaj himself. The experiences throughout my trip cannot be documented. The way everything fell into place was a satsang in of itself. This was not my plan, it was his. I just had the burning desire to take a trip dedicated to Guruji - he did the rest.





CHAPTER 10

There is Never an End to His Satsangs

Jab tak saans hai tab tak satsang hai (till we are breathing there is satsang) and I think this is probably the only thing we carry beyond this life... his naam (his name).

How do we put an end to satsang sharing - tera ant kisse nahi paaya (there is no beginning and no end to this)? However, this book should come to an end, right?

He continues to talk and he makes his presence felt. If you are lucky enough you can see Him in your dreams (this is one way he chooses to come and talk to you). He very recently did come in mine and this time after a long, long time. Just this past Monday (March 23rd) he directed me to start having chai with Him. As this world is struggling through a pandemic he continues to reassure that all will be well.

There is Never an End to His Satsangs

It suddenly struck me how he even protected my little one, and will briefly describe it. I started getting these random nightmares that something bad was going to happen to Aamyra. The frequency started to increase and this was in 2015. They were scary and soon enough her dad also started to get the same visions. I did not even tell him because he would get even more scared. Those visions started to feel more and more real. He shared these dreams with his mother and out of concern and fear they went to an astrologer. At first, he said he will not see the horoscope because the child is too young, and they normally do not see horoscopes for kids below 12. She urged him to make an exception and after giving him the background he agreed. To our worst fear, he confirmed that she had really bad greh (stars) and it was imperative we take extra care of her till she turns 8 or we will lose her.

I heard this and was even more paranoid because just in 2014 I had an abortion. It was such an impactful decision and I carried a guilt of going against Guruji's will. This fear and guilt had me constantly wondering why Guruji was trying to bring another soul to life through me. It was a boy that I was carrying. I decided to not keep the child for numerous reasons that I will not get into here.

The astrologer very strongly warned us to put a ruby on her to protect her or we were on our own and making a choice that could risk her life. There was tremendous pressure on me to make this choice of listening to the elders who were prescribing something they said would not hurt her.

There is Never an End to His Satsangs

As a mother, Aamyra's well-being was of paramount importance to me. However, I was nonetheless conflicted. As a Guru bhakt, I did not want to wear any stones. We always preached people to believe most in Guruji's blessings and not astrology. I took a stance; I said her red ruby will be gurujis locket attached to a red thread. I got up and went to Gurujis space in our home and dug my hand into a drawer that had gurujis lockets. The locket I grabbed was a picture of Guruji in red! I did not have a red thread so took a mauli (a sacred thread) and tied it around Amy's neck.

Now next day was Sunday, we went to mandir as usual and an uncle had come from India. He shared his satsang and after that we went into the langar room to do our sewa. Vikram called me out from the sewa, which was unusual. He tells me that uncle wanted to share another satsang. I tell him I can listen after sewa but he insisted that I come. The uncle said he wanted to share this satsang in the darbar but did not have enough time. He said there was this little girl who had died. Her body was being taken for cremation when Guruji's car crossed paths. Guruji said she is my devotee and her time to go is not now - she needs to be revived. He gave her a red thread and a red locket and put it around her and that girl was revived. According to him that girl still comes to the Bade Mandir. After that he said I have brought strong red threads for lockets and if you you'd like you may distribute it in the temple. I don't know the validity of the satsang but I got goose bumps because that was Guruji's message was for me. Because I took the strong resolve of not putting a stone on her and Guruji being her ruby, he gave me a red locket and a red thread.

There is Never an End to His Satsangs

Five years later Aamyra still wears it around her neck - the same thread and she is now 10!

Forever grateful for his blessings even as I navigate through what I consider the most challenging time of my life. Life is about learning and growing and I see myself going through a metamorphosis. With that change comes tough choices and decisions. Most of the world may view this as my ego perhaps but I prefer to see this as my self-esteem and my Guruji's guidance. I promise I will be back to talk about the part two of my journey soon.

When we feel alone is also the time when we feel his presence the strongest.

Don't mean to leave you on a cliff hanger but certain things cannot be written just yet! Guruji is my rock, my guide, my mentor. He is my pride, my joy and my biggest wealth.

Blessings always
Guruji

With my head bowed in his lotus feet my earnest prayer to Him is Guruji rakhin charna de kol.

The scent of Him still lingers, his smile and voice still echo in my heart. I miss you my father, my protector - keep shining your blessings on each one of us today and forever.

Sada Shukrana Maharaj - Jai Guruji - Dhan Dhan Guruji - I thank you for being my guiding light and letting me relive my memories with you.

“Hamri Karo Hath De Rachha, Pooran Hoyi Chit Ki Iccha, Tav Charnan Man Rahe Hamara, Apna Jaan Karo Pratipara”

My humble salute to you, thy sweet savior- our heartfelt obeisance toward your feet Guru pa - the ever-omnipresent divine light.

My final prayer for all is please grant SEWA (selfless service), SADHNA- SATSANG (meditation) and SAMARPAN (Surrender) to us all.

Guruji ki Aarti





