



OM

THE
DIVINE
LIGHT

ANITA KUMAR

Anita Kumar was born in the UK with a hole in her heart. Brought up in a tradition-bound family where she was groomed to be an ideal homemaker, Anita was frequently hospitalised for asthma and allergic skin disorders. India seemed to be an ideal escape from these seasonal ordeals, and her prayers were finally answered when she married and moved to Delhi. However, the fairy-tale wedding soon turned into a nightmare, with the city's inclement weather only adding to her woes—physical and psychological.

A well-established calligrapher and painter, Anita's first book, *Turning the Page*, records her life-altering journey under the protection of her Guruji. Her inspirational journey has touched many lives steeped in darkness, only to help them find themselves through the divine light of Guruji.

The Divine Light, Anita's second book presents the satsangs of some of those who have surrendered to Guruji's will and are the happier for that today.

Her forthcoming book *Anything Goes* shall be shortly published.

The Divine Light

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The Guru comes before God. God has laid down the laws and thus God too is bound by those very laws, and remember, God is all just. God cannot be lenient to some and unsparing to others, unless the case is presented by the Guru. When the Guru seeks for karma to be changed or altered, God consents. The Guru is like a mother—all merciful and with a heart that beats and bleeds for the disciples, but the Guru pays a price that is so excruciating that nobody can decipher or comprehend.

—*The Fakir*, Ruzbeh N Barucha



Beloved Guruji

Let no man in the world live in delusion. Without a Guru
none can cross over to the other shore.

Guru Nanak

Let us be the medium of your expression to inspire those in darkness, and to inject joy into those who long to enrich the journey of their lives by seeking your sacred love.

Let us be the instrument of your purpose by paving the way of faith and surrender for others to follow. We, the torchbearers, have bowed before your feet, sat in your divine aura to be entrenched in your eternal love. You taught us to love and trust again, and unveiled the illusory pleasures that are both transient and often self-destructive. You placed a mirror before us to show us our true reflection. You polished and scrubbed us of our karmic filth, and made us worthy of your love. Let us always do that which makes you proud of us.

Let us remain ever true to you by not erring or going astray. Loosen the shackles of our desires and tighten your own loving

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grip on us. You are the ever-blooming flower and we the bees that come to you for your divine nectar. Let us remain into your fold and at your lotus feet. Bestow on us your grace and compassion and prepare us for our onward journey.

We offer you our humble satsangs and experiences of truth, written in words that cannot possibly capture your infinite grace. They are, nevertheless, shared purely in the spirit of inspiring and kindling cast-iron faith in others, to help them eradicate all the darkness from their lives to emerge into your eternal light.

Jai Guruji!





Acknowledgements

I would firstly like to thank our Guruji Maharaj, for lending us his support and encouragement to share our satsang experiences, in the spirit of seva. Satsangs are imperative as they kindle the light of faith and devotion in others while they reaffirm our own. They teach us to trust again, so that we are able to live and love without scepticism.

My love and blessings to my daughters, Anishka and Sonakshi, for their unflagging encouragement and support; they are the wind beneath my wings.

My love and gratitude to my brothers Rajan, Ajay, Sanjay and Sanjeev, for reading the first book and instilling the faith in me to do it again; and my sisters-in-law Rittu, Selena and Kajal, for their belief in me.

My everlasting love to my mother who embraces me irrespective of my good and bad! My love and gratitude to my

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father who guides and guards me from his heavenly abode, of which I am certain.

My deepest gratitude to those who have taken out time to share with me their journey through the power of faith, and my guru parivar who is always there for me at every hour. I cherish each one of you with all my heart and soul.

My heartfelt thanks as always, to Mr RP Sharma for taking this forward with his unfailing faith and infallible devotion, to enable others to seek Guruji's light. Thank you, also, for giving me the responsibility to endeavour to express our devotion to Guruji, which in reality, can only be felt!





Foreword

The spirituality of wonder knows the world is charged with grace, that while sin and war, disease and death are terribly real, God's loving presence and power in our midst are even more real.

Brennan Manning

A wonder at the most basic level is something that astounds us, inspires us and takes our breath away. Wonders, in the field of spirituality, are testimonies of the power of faith, and are a clear evidence of the presence of divine forces in the world; and wonders that create faith are synonymous with miracles.

Gurujī's temple is full of wonders; its divine pulse can be felt in its silence and through the connection the devotee makes with it—a connection that helps the individual to experience further miracles. In fact, its unique and exceptional attributes are validated by those who came before us; their experiences, more often than

not, drawing us deeper into the realm of wonder. It is a peep into a subject so vast and uncontainable that a few man-made words can never quite capture its essence and spirit.

The supreme architect and artist, Guruji himself, erected this wonderful structure but it is the sacred onus of the devotee to surround oneself with prayers as well as the divine vibration of the temple; to protect oneself from the negative elements, seen and unseen.

With Guruji's grace, I, with the help of other devotees, have endeavoured to bring some of these sublime experiences to my readers, in the spirit of sharing and inspiring. It is also important to know that even though I may have been typing the words, it is his will, his words and his doing. This book is about him and by him, our beloved Guruji.





Prologue

As your faith is strengthened you will find that there is no longer the need to have a sense of control, that things will flow as they will, and that you will flow with them, to your great delight and benefit.

Emmanuel Teney

The temple beckons us with its cool, caressing breeze, embracing us with its unconditional love. By merely being in its space, its magnetic charm and chaste environment, our mind and body are purified.

The magnificent entrance with its rich marble pillars summons the seeker to its inner splendour. The opal, intricately carved doors welcome us into his kingdom where his energy pervades, in and out. We bow to his *gaddi* (seat) that is gilded and carved magnificently, putting any royal throne to shame. It symbolises

his untold power and pre-eminence and it is where we offer our humble and often inane prayers:

Guruji, could you...Guruji, would you...Guruji, please... this and that...and thank you ever so much...Oh and don't forget I want it all by such and such time! Much appreciated—Your ignorant, don't-know-a-toss child.

His seat too exudes his fragrance in the same manner as the air of the temple. An awe-inspiring *Shiva linga* (sacred symbol representing Lord Shiva) sits majestically and meaningfully on the roof. Fully blossomed flowers bedeck the path, meandering around the rear of the temple where his swing and meditation cove sit comfortably for devotees to prostrate before them.

Once we regain our breath from enjoying the awe-inspiring structure of the temple, we absorb the beliefs and values it upholds. On a Monday, from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. warm *samosas* (a savoury) and *chai prasad* (blessed tea) warm our hearts and nourish our souls as we engage our minds in *satsangs* (experiences in truth) and imbibe the aura of this unique haven.

The *samosas* not only tickle our taste buds, but the experience of savouring it as a *prasad* acts as medicine for the physical, mental, and emotional ailments that accompany us to the temple. The tea that is served also includes a delicious sweetness that is both tantalising and curative. What better method of healing can anyone ask for? '*Yahan pein davai and ghar mein mittai*' (What is medicinal here is a mere sweetmeat at home), stated Guruji, every time a devotee endeavoured to sneak some *prasad* into their bags to take some home, to eat later or to share with other members of the family.

Then there is the *langar* (food from community kitchen) from Thursday to Sunday, in the evenings. This mouth-watering *langar*, also with its unique medicinal value, is a lovely combination of rich spices and herbs in delectable vegetables served with the well-rounded *chappati* (Indian hand-made bread) on which 'Om', the sacred symbol, has often manifested itself.



After silently and reverently eating to savour each flavour along with other devotees, we feel neither heavy nor weighed down. In fact, in my case, there is always appetite for more! The hunger is insatiable and the thirst unquenchable. The more we travel on this path, the more we want to go.

With the passage of time noticeable shifts take place in our lives. What is a priority at one time no longer holds any value. Through regular visits to the temple, Guruji steers us in his direction and away from the transient joys of the world. He takes us from the unreal to the real.

He blesses us, his devotees, in every way when we start visiting the temple for meditating (and not mediating), eating the langar as a prasad (and not consuming it as a meal), and connecting with him through his principles. We all arrive with our core issues, and provided we are transparent about our human frailties, Guruji lends us the strength to calmly accept our *karma* (the concept of 'action' or 'deed' that sets in the motion of cause and effect) while he takes over to cleanse it.

Blessings are often unseen; hence we may become disheartened when circumstances appear to remain the same. Know that Guruji is there, for each one of us, without exception. He first cleanses our contaminated souls; we may reap the benefits of that process either here or hereafter, but we never go unnoticed and our prayers never go unheeded. Just believe and then take a step further and surrender as that is the greatest offering to your master.

'Trust' is the prerequisite to any operation, but somewhere in the fraudulent and fake ways of the world we all learn to mistrust, and become territorial and self-centred. We disbelieve and doubt the integrity of the other, at first glance. Our suspecting eyes and mind keep us away from the simplicity that Guruji and his temple that can nurture in us.

Here, in his presence, we trust and love at first sight; we give without the thought of a reward, and, most importantly, through our faith, in a wider context, we learn to eradicate the fear that



the world instills in us. The outside world that is fragmented is no longer ominous to us as faith becomes the centre of our chosen society and that is what keeps us together and strengthens us.

The one key element to satsang, *seva* (selfless service) and *simran* (remembrance) is humility that connects us to humanity; to know that it is all Guruji's will and that he chooses our role for us that will be in sync with our temperament and innate character. '*Apni "mein" de de, Anita, aur phir dekh asli nazara* (Give me your ego, Anita, and then see the real wonder),' Guruji would say. By remaining connected to the practice and philosophy of Guruji, we retrace his footsteps, ensuring we do not stray. He lends us his protection at all times. Guruji restored my faith in God and in love, and in all that he represents: truth, divinity and beauty.

There are many of us who voice our experiences and others who feel them but do not express them in words. Instead, their actions, which have purified over the time, speak for themselves. We all celebrate life and dance to the divine tune as we collectively sing his *mantra* (sacred words) '*Om Namah Shivay, Shivji Sada Sahay. Om Namah Shivay, Guruji Sada Sahay.*' This makes our heart beat and keeps our pulse racing.

As I began writing this book, I had absolutely no idea where it was going and who was going to share their satsangs. The few that have been added and the many that have not, all have one thing in common—Our love for Guruji—which is the most powerful prayer. Through the blessings we gained, we learnt to share, inspire, instigate and instill faith in those who want to believe, and reaffirmed it in those who already do. Most importantly, the satsangs have restored our faith in God and mankind and all the good they represent. We talk our walk of faith to others so they too may follow him.



Faith renders us the might to do right
With his mercy and grace
We come out of the shadows to his light.

May he pave the way
Allowing us to follow his footsteps
For us never to stray.

May his love fill us to the core
For us to share with all
And to be at peace forever more.

Om Namah Shivay, Shivji Sada Sahay.
Om Namah Shivay, Guruji Sada Sahay





1

Gratitude

Gratitude unlocks the fullness of life. It turns what we have into enough, and more. It turns denial into acceptance, chaos into order, confusion into clarity.

It can turn a meal into a feast, a house into a home, a stranger into a friend.

Melody Beattie

Each of us, no matter how blessed we may be, simply need to be reminded of, ever so often, and revisit the time when we were not as blessed!

As my eyes feasted on the menu, in the plush in-place restaurant situated in the high-end mall in Vasant Kunj, Delhi, I observed the pencil-thin women walking across to the buffet. They were mindlessly heaping food on their plates, returning to their table of ten or twenty other fat-free women, and then laughing so loud that it resonated all around making every head turn. Of course,

they had much to laugh about with their tiny waists and huge designer handbags, I thought. This quickly triggered the desire to have a fat-free meal that may assist me in dropping a few inches like them!

The hard decision-making moment of what to order from the extensive menu arrived with the waiter glancing over me. Contrary to what I had decided, I hurriedly ordered for some comfort food instead! So much for ‘mind over platter’ and ‘positive shrinking’! During that split second, however, I practically brooded over every aspect of my life—from my mid-life crisis to my mid-riff crisis; my inner eyes travelling down from my facial lines to my waistline; to questioning why I had no dates, no time and where my life was headed to. Gosh! If ever there was anyone with an attitude of ingratitude, it was most definitely, yours truly!

It is clear that there are moments when my self-esteem jumps out the window and my confidence walks out the door, but by allowing myself to be consumed by this attitude of ingratitude, many side effects grip me; one of them is lack of faith.

On the arrival of my dish, that would far from reduce my stretched waistline or offer the promise of a glowing complexion, I glanced up to see a familiar face. The lady before my eyes seemed to have frozen near the buffet counter. After putting her plate down she waved at me excitedly. I saw the awe and wonder in her gaze as she played dumb charades with me from the other side of the restaurant.

Since I couldn’t catch on, I hurriedly walked towards her only to be complimented...‘This is unbelievable! Your skin is glowing and you look stunning. What, on earth, happened?’ she exclaimed. I smiled and just managed to squeeze in a word—‘Guruji happened!’ She placed her hand on my head and said, ‘God bless you. Always be happy. Unbelievable!’

On returning to my chair to join my friends from whom I had abruptly walked away, one of my friends, Anju, asked who



the lady was. I responded with some self-satisfaction that she was someone who, a few decades ago, gazing at my afflicted skin had impulsively commented at a social gathering, ‘Hope your daughters are okay and don’t suffer from the same problem!’

Ouch! As if my skin was not sensitive enough. The comments had placed another painful layer on my already troubled skin, bruising my morale, further. ‘I am sure she didn’t mean it the way it sounded,’ I justified, when one of my friends stated: ‘With the grace of your guru, it has cleared, so let’s just be thankful for that.’

When my skin and asthma were in focus, the rest of my issues had paled into insignificance, but now that they are fine, my mind has started focusing on other things, like the waistline!

‘Anita, introspect and reflect on all that you have accomplished since coming to your guru,’ my friend reminded me. ‘You are looking younger than you did ten years ago, your girls have gone to the universities of their choice, you are living your life on your terms and you are talented and well-travelled. Above all, you are alive! With your grave health conditions, you would’ve ended up in the grave! You have a wealth of blessings that are invaluable.’

‘You know we are all the same,’ another chipped in. ‘We are enriched in incalculable ways but we are not ready to give even a pound of gratitude or an ounce of acknowledgement to the one who is responsible for the changes in our lives. Your all-merciful Guruji turned his gaze towards you when the world turned theirs away.’

We broke into laughter listening to her elaborate our human frailties: ‘We want one blessing after another, and then, when something is not in line with either our desires or our expectations, we blame our guru, our God, our friend, our neighbour, our neighbour’s dog, the traffic, the weather, the present or former mother-in-law, our ex-husband or the current one, our shrink, our lawyer, the government and whatever else!



There were eight of us; though we all ate without counting our calories, the rest of the lunch certainly shifted focus to counting our blessings, instead!

The realisation dawned on me that if it weren't for my Guruji's blessings, then this lady wouldn't have complimented me—therefore, never got a chance to redeem a bad karma. That's Guruji for you; his blessings are often internal and unquantifiable and go unnoticed. In this lifetime he has levelled out so much; especially with my health and my relationships, even with people I was merely acquainted with. Situations that were frightening to me previously, are no longer like touching lightning! He has given me the confidence to live with my chin up.

I am not a huge fan of lists, but that evening I was filled with so much joy that instead of staring at life and imagining it to be half empty I wrote a gratitude list, and once again I felt contented and cheerful. The past in many respects, enabled me to appreciate my present and I began to view my life with a positively, confident approach.

'Cheers beautiful friends of mine! I am just about to share my vows with you!'

On holding a large slice of pizza in one hand that was oozing calorie-laden cheese, I began, 'I take you, my beloved food to be my lifelong companion. To have and to hold from this day forward, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till obesity do us part!'

This time the focus of the restaurant turned to us as everyone at our table laughed thunderously. I gazed intently at all my girlfriends, one by one, while I savoured the pizza and relished that perfect afternoon—just what the doctor ordered! I understood how fortunate I was to have and to hold, from this day onwards, these loyal friends, till death did us part.

We smiled, giggled and then we all laughed again to celebrate life, the glow of happiness settling on our faces and gratitude permeating our beings. One small incident triggered a plethora



of gratitude for my Guruji and awakened us to the meaning of life when perceived with the right attitude. The reason to be appreciative turned to revelations of the blessings we enjoyed, enabling us to feel deep gratitude, a deep sense of joy in my heart that is practically constant today.





2

The Formula of Faith

Faith is the workings of consciousness behind all
manifestation of dreams and desires.

Anonymous

Seeking is good, but questioning? With a mind that swings like a pendulum, like anyone else's, I too have my share of shortcomings; one of them is the tendency to question.

Before he went into *mahasamadhi* (the act of consciously leaving one's body by a spiritually enlightened one), Guruji, once, stated to me: 'Anita, if you want your answers, then keep on coming here. I speak to you through satsangs, *shabad* (words of the guru), langar, meditation and telepathy. Each will keep you connected. So be regular. Consistency in faith will deepen your quest, and you will cease to question someday!

‘For faith to work for you, you have to work at faith. Don’t apply your mind as that is what separates you from the truth. Feel me in your heart and see me with your inner vision. Time is of the essence, so keep coming back and watch your life unfold before you in the most unimaginable ways.’

Then he continued, ‘Where else will you get such easy blessings? You eat good food, imbibe the melodious *gurbani* (sacred hymns) and shabad, drink the divine nectar in the form of tea, and meet like-minded people who will become your *guru parivar* (family), someday. People are forever willing to take, but when it comes to giving they can’t even give me their time. *Galat kam vich loke pe gaye ne. Puti chal rahe hai duniya. Rab nu koi nahin yad karda* (People have gone astray, the world has turned a wrong corner and no one remembers God).’

Guruji’s blessings are no quickfix. This is not instant coffee that you pour yourself into the *sangat* (association of like-minded people) once, mix with the satsang, add a spoonful of langar to your cup, leave feeling satisfied that you’ve done your share by drinking a cupful of faith. Now it’s up to him to bless you eternally, until you are drenched in everything you have ever wanted!

‘Oh, but I’ve been coming for weeks and nothing has happened!’ say some as if Guruji is obliged to come and bless us. Another may enquire, ‘Is it ok if I come once a month? I work and get very tired and then of course there are 55 invitations I have to attend to. You know the social obligations!’ An all-time favourite is: ‘You know it’s too far to come, so I remember him at home. I have a photograph of him in my temple along with this other guru I believe in!’

Guruji taught me an invaluable lesson—What you send out comes right back to you. What you give is what you get. If you smile at the world, the world will smile back at you, and if you frown, do bad, do good, do nothing, do something half-baked then that is what will be returned to you, sealed with a loving kiss! You hurt someone and life will hurt you right back. If you take care of your parents, your children will take care of



you in the winter of your life, but if you neglect them, then you too will be neglected... .

We may not be good in maths but we all know these simple rules. However, it's sometimes convenient to ignore them in our fast-paced life where all that matters is 'I, me and myself!' We can solve our everyday issues to get it right, but at times we turn the other cheek, or we manipulate our moves and wonder why we encounter pitfalls, and then we despondently question, 'What did I do for things to half-baked have gone so terribly wrong?' Maybe we miscalculated! Maybe we forgot that depending on our good and bad actions, we will continuously reap new struggles and rewards.

Guruji's mere presence is incalculable grace that transforms life and I bear testimony to it. From the moment we prostrate our head at his lotus feet, he begins his work. In Guruji's presence the equation of life plays out differently. On meeting Guruji, and being embraced by him, the intensity of my karma was reduced; my desire to understand the purpose of seeking his light multiplied. Guruji divided his grace amongst his disciples, including me, and added depth and meaning to my existence. He taught me to trust God and his people and he taught me the power of love. He changed my inner and outer visions. Only Guruji has the power to change the unchangeable, to give us happiness that is measured not only by material comforts but by the spiritual growth that enables us to strike a healthy balance between the two.

He taught us the formula for true happiness, and graciously suggested that we add his name to our every experience, to multiply our joys and divide our blessings by inspiring others through our own experiences. That formula ensures sustainable peace of mind too. He taught us, loved us, rewrote our life's script, inspired the urge in us to seek *his light*, and then left his physical body, leaving us in the care of his mystical guidance which we fathomed slowly but surely.

When Guruji took his mahasamadhi, most of us felt abandoned and were at sea without his physical presence, a few even refusing to



ever enter the temple again. Questions poured in: How would the temple run? Would there be a successor? Is Guruji really no more? How will he heal without knowing what is wrong with us? Do we even need to bother coming to the temple if he is not really there? If he is no longer present for us to discuss our problems with, how shall we relate or connect to him? Should we, the old sangat, hold our own private satsangs as the new ones do not recognise us?

The whys and wherefors are natural and must be asked. I too asked and then with time Guruji unfolded the answers to the questions we had; he restored the faith of those who were faltering, and confirmed and consolidated theirs who never lost it. For those who had never seen him, Guruji blessed them by enabling them to connect with him with pure faith and positive surrender.

There was a barrage of questions that came my way too. Once I had my faith restored, I responded to the doubts, giving the situation a shape with my personal vocabulary of spiritual expression and experience. At the end of the day, I realised that it's our own journey and each of us learns through our very own experiences. Coming to Guruji is not a one-off experience or a one-stop shop where we will get it all at one go.

Our insights take time to crystallise; hence it is imperative to be regular as only through regularity do we evolve in our understanding and wisdom. It may take a while, but with unflinching faith, we become connected with the guru and his wisdom, and that connection alone makes us stable and reliable as individuals.

'Insaan rab nu pul gaya hain (Mankind has forgotten God),' said Guruji more than once. He gives us signposts and on following them we get to where we need to be, and not necessarily where we want to be. Surrender translates into a language that has a vocabulary of positive living with God by our side and this guarantees his protection.

Before continuing with my journey I would like to pause a minute and share with you, the reader, a letter I wrote to our



beloved Guruji when I foolishly thought that he had passed away. It is reflective of the mindset of most devotees. Forgive me Guruji for my pin-thin weightless thoughts!

Dear Guruji,

When you left your physical body I felt abandoned and unanchored. I was left with a sense of desolation and isolation as well as a feeling of bereavement and bewilderment. I was personally experiencing a deep emotional meltdown while the world was going through a financial one!

Faith was in short supply at the temple too; my ailing heart having fallen into an emotional recession. Neither was I taking nor was I giving in the world of faith. In missing you, I missed the essence of truth! In whining and worrying over my loss, I was withdrawing from you, but thankfully, not for long. As I sat in my living room in Delhi with your photograph before me, I cried and called out to you. That very moment, the bulb in the room burst and a certain light of realisation dawned upon me!

The sun may not be visible to the naked eye, but it doesn't vanish. 'Oh!' I exclaimed out aloud while reciprocating the smile that you were giving out from your photograph! You haven't gone anywhere! The bulb is destroyed but the electricity remains. Today, your power is ever more evident with the growing sangat and the shifts in my own life. From a mood of despair, I shifted to a mood of confidence and joy.

My face lit up even as temporary darkness pervaded my living room and my life. You are here Guruji, and with that enlightening thought, my journey continued with more verve and vigour than ever before. I realised that you healed me not only of my physical ailments but my mental ones too!

I was more faith-focused than ever before and sprung back with renewed vitality. I felt truly enriched once more as you breathed new life into my devotion. I surged forward to actively engage myself in satsangs as you had instructed me, in the spirit of injecting faith in others. I signed up for a lifelong marriage to my seva till you, Guruji, do us apart!



I must confess Guruji, that I am guilty of one wrongdoing. With my failure to see or feel you, I began seeking my answers from others. Everyone else's messages clouded my judgment that inevitably interfered with my relationship with you, my Master. Since you were and are the centre of my existence, I ought to have built bridges with you, communicating only with you. I forgot that there could be no mediation between you and me, only meditation! How can anyone be brokering an agreement in the temple between you and me? There are no go-betweens.

This demonstrated my lack of wisdom, but now that better sense has prevailed let me not err again. In the same breath Guruji, to err is human and people who come to find solace in you seek instant answers in their desperation. For that they look towards each other instead of turning their gaze towards you. We all stray, whether it is in the temple or in life, but it is our duty to manoeuvre ourselves back to seek the light.

What I have learnt from the university of life is that in the subject of faith we never walk alone, so the unspoken support of the sangat is very reassuring as they are our guru parivar. However, it is only your voice that needs to be heard in the temple through our silence as only you can lend shape and depth to our disjointed lives.

Faith that stands on authority is not faith but ego, so lend me the wisdom never to lead or to be lead by others. We are all equal before you and the only element that makes some of us stand apart is the way we perceive faith and what it stands for. Someone once said, 'The great act of faith is when a man decides that he is not God!' On this note, let me, along with your other devotees and disciples, walk your path with humility as you always stated that people with pride would fall. Faith is also synonymous with fair play, so let me never look down on others but instead, enable them to look up to you with their palms joined together.

Everyone in a family will have a viewpoint, and no two people can ever be the same. Opinions shall vary as they do in the temple, yet let me love them in the same way as each individual, without exception, is your child. Let neither me,



nor anyone else, cast aspersions on each other as everyone is doing their best to love you. Let me focus only on you and not the differences as I do not wish to miss the bus in this lifetime. It is a challenge to keep the eye on the ball as there is a host of distractions to divert the mind, but with your grace I shall remain anchored and abide by what you have always taught us: See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil.

Let my motto be, 'Live and help others live.' Let me not dwell on the 'if' in L.i.f.E, not 'what if' or 'if only.' Let my basic instinct of sustaining your philosophies through your blessed satsangs remain strong enough to overcome the wrong in me first and then in others. I embrace your simple philosophy of living simply and remaining anchored only to you. With my life's clock ticking, please enable me to come ever closer to you by being an instrument of your purpose and expression.

Guruji, let me always live with a resonating gratitude that permeates my life and those of others, to draw them onto your path. Let me live in accordance with your will. Lastly, let me be the voice of faith with all humility, humanity and my ever-warped humour!

I thank you and I love you.

Your-once-upon-a-time-wavering-child-in-a-nearby-land!

Anita

The divine sculptor, Guruji, chips away unwanted elements from our being to build us into well-carved people. During this process there is inevitably some pain, but once his work is done we become his masterpieces. The prerequisite is absolute trust in the sculptor to make you the best that you can be. 'Leave it to him, and he will never leave you,' is the formula of faith.





3

Life's Contradictions

We learn to appreciate life through contrasts and we learn to understand ourselves through contradiction.

Anonymous

Life is full of contradictions and so is faith. I believe that we all embody contradictions, and getting drawn to contradictory situations is very easy.

I once had a salad without a dressing, accompanied with a full-fat milkshake! I have eaten a large bagful of tortilla chips with a couple of granola bars at 1 p.m., and then claimed that I had skipped lunch! On one occasion, I went to the health club, sat in their cafeteria and read the paper for an entire hour while moping over the ugly events across each page, and then returned home without doing any workout! Instead, I just worked out how terrible the economic and the political situation of the world had

become sans the spiritual! I must confess the worst contradiction was when I went faithfully to Guruji's temple, with all pure intentions to absorb his divine energy, but on arriving there, I received a call from a friend and I drove back and met her at the cinema instead, wasting three hours that I could have otherwise spent being wise, on a nonsensical movie!

Our behaviour may be bizarre and baffling at times, but that is what makes us human. We were never handed a life's manual; we have to figure it out for ourselves, re-learning things even when it's kind of too late! I mean, I certainly cannot go back to university to study and build a respectable career for myself. I cannot turn the clock back to be more judicious about other life decisions either. Since life is a one-way street, with his grace, I look forward to better times that lie ahead.

I sat alone in the local café in the suburbs of Manchester and my organic soup arrived and broke my thought process. On sipping my first spoonful, I received a call from the Delhi sangat urging me to write a sequel to *Turning the Page*, my first book.

Writing the first book was plain sailing as so much disaster had taken place in my life, words had simply rolled off my tongue in my satsangs as well as on paper! Now, with his ever-showing grace, I am good! Life is good and there is nothing to document!

I had a few more sips of the organic soup for my thoughts to become organic too when I realised that every moment of our lives is a satsang, and blessings never grind to a halt. They are ongoing, being showered on us as heavily as the monsoon rain. Our every breath is his grace, but while changes keep occurring in our lives, blessings go unnoticed as they are subtle, albeit not slight. They are certain and not a coincidence, so knowing this and experiencing it on a daily basis, how can I turn around to anyone and state, 'Sorry mate, but there is nothing else left to write about!'

I am not a celebrated writer, but I certainly know that with his grace, I shall be able to articulate his blessings that are as clear



as day as deep as the seven oceans and as infinite as the blue skies. I understood after my last sip of the soup, that it wasn't about me that I was going to write, although, I will be dipping into my own experiences as I swim in the ocean of his blessings, but it is primarily about others, those who have abundance to share, but haven't had the opportunity to say it the way it is. While some hesitate, others lack the confidence.

I was both hesitant and lacked confidence when I was first asked to stand up and offer my satsang to a hundred or so people. Guruji with a voice of authority had commanded, 'Stand up and tell people what your guruji has done for you. Short *vich suna vi!* (Make it brief).'

I perspired buckets, felt my heart pound and my legs quiver! I was convinced that if I stood up for too long I would have a cardiac arrest! When I somehow managed to get a few words out, I mostly fumbled, and I desperately hoped that Guruji would pardon my nerves and ask me to sit down and never make me repeat such an uninspiring performance! I was convinced that I had failed to move anyone! I was not able to float anyone's boat but instead, rocked my own by speaking and making a life-size fool out of myself.

Guruji simply laughed later and said, 'You don't know how to do a satsang! *Tenu satang nahin karna anda!*' 'You sure are right there my friend!' I had responded in my mind but felt terrible as I knew my Punjabi sounded Greek, and my cut-glass English sounded like a language from another planet!

Before he discarded his physical body, he had instructed me to engage myself in doing satsangs. 'How contradictory,' I had thought! 'On one hand he is rightfully stating that I don't have a clue about how to deliver a satsang, and then he is commanding me to do what I don't know how to do!'

In time, with his grace, I began to speak effortlessly and eloquently, and I had been showered sufficiently with his



blessings to be able to touch others' lives. He had enabled me to find my voice.

Human emotions are the same everywhere as are human issues. Whatever I shared was relevant to many, and with the passage of time, I began my satsangs across the continents. As time went by I realised what a huge following he had the world over—from India to Kuwait, Australia, New York, California, Canada, England, Ireland, Seattle ... his reach was phenomenal. I am convinced that very soon his all-pervading light will touch every nook and corner of the world.

I foot the bill for my most enlightening soup, and headed home to write the first inspiring note. The following day I ardently began making phone calls to Delhi to see who wanted to share their experiences. Meanwhile, I wrote my own! This implanted in me an attitude of gratitude that became so deeply rooted that I could never again state that there was nothing more to ever write about.





4

Revisiting His Blessings

He who believes wholly, receives wholly.

Anonymous

The best insights come during the solitary moments of your life and on moving back to Manchester, I had many. I was 22 years old when I moved to New Delhi from Manchester; I resided in Delhi for 22 years and then returned to Manchester precisely 22 years later! The divine calculations were exact and well formulated. ‘What am I doing in Manchester after all these years? I have no friends and no sangat here in Manchester, so what is the real purpose of my being here?’ These questions ran through my head incessantly, and each time I looked at his photograph that sat comfortably next to my bed. ‘Guruji what is the plan?’ I would plead.

Guruji had once very casually suggested that I return to my birthplace. He didn’t say when, but I had frowned at the idea.

‘No way Guruji!’ was my prompt response, but of course he knew better; after just three years of him saying so, I was back to where I didn’t feel I belonged anymore, to give birth to a guru parivar, here in Manchester, which seemed far-fetched at first. The words ‘Jai Guruji’ seemed foreign on foreign soil! I was nostalgic and I decided to pen down my sentiments on Delhi while vaguely watching BBC news.

Dear Delhi,

I miss you!

Even though you are filled with contradictions I still love you.

The heavy-laden traffic, all the pollution, noise and the dust, yet in the same choking breath, you are so full of warmth and hospitality that it becomes worth being jammed amidst the aggressively restless cars, for hours!

In recent times, you have become excessively materialistic. The dominant thoughts in people’s mind are – ‘my next phone, my next car, my next handbag and shoes’; some even go the extent of – ‘my next husband or wife or boyfriend, girlfriend’ or whatever!’ People indulge in devotional prayer and worship to solicit only material gains and there is a temple at every corner to facilitate this.

But, you are vibrant and you are vivacious. You always have something up your sleeve that makes you exciting and thrilling. You frequently offer us something to talk about—the good, the bad and the ugly; the scams, the scandals and many other sensational happenings—and we never cease to discuss your obvious contradictions of the very rich and the very poor.

Your canvas is splashed with many hues, but the predominant one for me, is the spiritual that makes you reasonably stable and sane. It kind of levels things out, so you’re intelligent too!

What balances my scales is Guruji’s *temple* (hermitage). The energy and the vibration of that place uplifts me and shifts my perspective of you! The temple has protected me from your insanities while it has enabled me to see the good in you too!



I have grown to love you since you have grown! You have evolved and matured in the same way that people who believe and follow Guruji's philosophy have! You have a direction and so do we, the followers. You are growing as a city as we are growing as people in you!

Kindly do not become arrogant that your scenery is stunning. It is only because Guruji resided there and he blessed you, Delhi. Now his energy pervades the entire city, and countless city dwellers are still being blessed on your soil. Your reason for growing and evolving is him! Mind each step, mind your ego—for you are because he is!

May Guruji keep purifying you before you lose yourself!

Love and light,
Anita

And then there was a stream of blessings flowing ceaselessly, more so after moving back to the UK. At the time, the reason for me to shift back was primarily to take care of my mother. She had been diagnosed with pulmonary fibrosis, and since both my daughters were studying in the US, I did the needful by flying back to be at her side, and start afresh with my life. But on stepping on the English soil, I was devastated; it felt foreign to be settling back again after a couple of decades. Patience and perseverance, however, are the key to happiness in the realm of faith. Guruji had willed for this to happen, hence I trusted there had to be a deeper meaning to it.

In the same month that I returned, September 2010, my guru sister Anisha and her husband, Gautam Mehta came to visit me here and together we flew to Portugal for ten blissful days, driving from one city to another. Since I drove most of the way, I overcame some of my unfounded fears and developed more self-confidence. We had a gala time and once we returned, we took the train to central London for a couple of nights to conclude our two-week long trip together.



All through the stay we felt Guruji's energy permeate our days. We were in complete sync with one another, and it was a trip we will always think of very fondly of, picture-perfect as it was, by his grace.

Once I returned, my younger brother Sanjay was taken ill, and remained in hospital for a long time. My faith was shaken a bit, but my other younger brother Sanjeev, from Delhi restored it with his positive attitude and his abiding faith in our Guruji. Within weeks Sanjay was discharged, but a cloud still loomed over our lives as his kidneys were partially damaged as a side effect of his illness.

Between mom and Sanjay, life was not easy, but then after the rain there is sunshine; only a month and a half later, Sanjay, his wife Kajal and the boys along with mom and I, all travelled to Tenerife, Canary Islands, where Sanjeev also flew in from Delhi. It was a dream as all of us were in complete harmony. Mom was so elated to be celebrating the New Year, she danced the night away, the happiest that I had seen her in a long time.

On one sunny but breezy afternoon, Sanjeev and I had lunch by the sea on our own. The two of us chatted endlessly about Guruji and life, and reflected on the past and the future. We were truly immersed in the moment with only Guruji on our minds with the waves of the water soothing our souls. As we ate and chatted, the cool breeze blew in our direction. Suddenly there was a strong whiff of Guruji's aroma, and we both fell silent! Neither of us acknowledged the whiff to each other at first. Instead, we sat stunned for a while. We both broke the silence together and asked the other if there was anything out of the ordinary that had just happened!

Since we were on the same page we broke into laughter, happy to be bathed in his divine love. We were euphoric and most excited that Guruji came to bless us in Tenerife, Canary Islands.

It was 1st January 2011. We made our way back to the sea and sat beside it to chant 'Om Namah Shivay' and to thank him for



new beginnings. Heaven is a place on earth when Guruji resides with and within us, and it is then that we get to take him with us, no matter which corner of the world we travel to!

On my return to Manchester, my daughters, Anishka and Sonakshi, insisted I meet them in Delhi the following day. They had just returned for their winter break. Their wish was my command. I flew in for a mere couple of weeks because subsequent to that, they were to return to their respective universities in the US; I wanted to return quickly too not entirely comfortable leaving mom on her own in Manchester. As I set foot on Indian soil once again, I gladly inhaled the polluted air, and felt truly at home! 'I love you, Delhi!' Take a wild guess where my feet carried me first!

As I entered Guruji's temple I heaved a sigh of relief and then on breathing the cold winter air, I thanked him for getting me back. 'I missed you Guruji,' I uttered in my head. I gazed at his photograph that sat beside his gaddi, and on bowing I seemed to hear him scold me, 'You are repeating to everyone in England, and on the phone to the sangat here in Delhi that your guruji has forgotten you. If you say this once more then I will actually forget you, so mind your word, Anita! *Tu kamli hai* (You are ignorant).'

The telepathic scolding was as clear and as vivid as if he was actually there. My heart suddenly skipped a beat as I sat there before him, reduced to tears. The refrain, 'Guruji has forgotten me and that's why he has sent me back to England,' had almost become a habit. My thoughts had turned negative and I knew I had to shift gears before my life was taken over by pessimism.

We usually have no idea of what is beneficial to us in the long run. The dramatic shift in my life had left me and my mind wandering! I was not in a good place with my attitude, and very often, I concealed my bewilderment with a poorly made-up confident smile as if I knew exactly where my steps were taking me in life.

This trip was full of new resolutions and many revelations too. It was on this particular trip that the woman who had taunted me on my skin issues several years ago had been left speechless



on seeing me. Guruji's blessings were very apparent indeed, and could not possibly be denied.

I bowed to his photograph and repeated several times, 'Sorry Guruji, I truly am. I am ignorant of what is good for me. From now on, I will not question your decisions, and I will gladly walk the path that you have set for me. I'm a self-confessed pessimist who insists on seeing the dark before you push me to see the light that so evidently shines upon me. Please forgive this foolish child of yours who will probably always need shaking up from time to time, every day to be precise! Thank you for everything good and everything that appears to be not-so-good, but I'm reasonably optimistic that they will all turn good in the end.

'Gosh! I talk so much and now I better go as I have only two weeks here and I need to catch up with my daughters, my friends and my guru parivar, so I will catch up with you just before I leave for the all-the-time-raining city of Manchester that grows dark at 3 p.m. in the winters. Gloom permeates my heart as there is no sangat there to lighten the darkness. Oops! Sorry! Here I go complaining again. Just kidding! I love the incessant rain, and depression! It's amazing!'

As I bowed to leave, I could almost hear him saying, 'Go , impossible child of mine, and have a great time! *Ayesh kar aur complain na kita kar* (Enjoy life and stop complaining).'

That entire trip, from the very word go, was a big blessing from Guruji. Every moment was extraordinary as I was invited out for all three meals in a day! My social calendar was spilling over and I had never felt such deep and overflowing love pour into my life from all quarters. I was shining and I felt the gush of his blessings in my every breath. My bone of contention with Guruji dissolved soon after returning from Delhi. Towards end January, in the thick of the snow, after a thick layer of blessings from the supreme, I had my very first satsang in Manchester!





5

Kuwait Satsangs

The well never runs dry, and the seven seas never cease to flow. The reservoir of his blessings immerse us in his ever-flowing and ever-growing love.

Anonymous

My mother and I, returned to Delhi most enthusiastically, end February just in time for *Shivratri* (a Hindu festival) at his temple. I was overjoyed to be back to what I considered home. The doctor who had stated that pollution in Delhi would not do mom any good had clearly forbidden this trip. Her condition may worsen he had warned; hence we too refrained from making any plans, initially. I had, however, shared my longing to be in Delhi for Shivratri with Sanjeev and it is he who reassured that Guruji would find a way to protect her and that we must talk to her physician once more.

At my insistence, mom consulted her specialist once again. After examining her, he turned towards me and asked how eager she was to get the green signal from him. I smiled and told him that she was only too keen, and miraculously, that settled it!

Once in Delhi, I sipped my rich Indian cardamom and ginger tea with friends, family and my guru parivar on a daily basis. Tea was poured into the cups as people flowed into my place, and I into theirs, for satsangs and otherwise, at all hours! There was a heavy downpour of joy and jubilation in my heart as I celebrated life with all its quirks. I thanked Guruji for this trip many times over in my heart. I realised how deeply I felt for the sangat in Delhi, most of my social friends having been converted to sangat!

On attending a satsang at Bamby Singh's place, post Shivratri, for the first time since my arrival, a gentleman approached me, asking me if I would go to Kuwait to do a satsang. Even though I had seen him on many occasions earlier, we had never exchanged pleasantries. I took this as Guruji's message as he did not seem to ready to take 'no' for an answer. I promptly agreed, and further exchanged numbers to coordinate the dates and to fine-tune the travel arrangements.

I was learning to go with the flow. Without dilly-dallying, I flew to Kuwait a few weeks after a grand celebration of Shivratri at the temple. On arriving in Kuwait, I received a heart-warming welcome. After settling down with chai prasad at Raj Uncle's and Gauri Auntie's, residence, I began my first satsang amongst a handful of devotees. It was late night, and soon afterwards, I retired to my room that I shared with their daughter, Nitika who was visiting her parents from Seattle, where regular satsangs were held too. The next evening was Raj Uncle's birthday celebration; I was asked to do my satsang in Guruji's *darbar* (audience), where over 600 Indians came together. During the days that followed I spoke endlessly; sometimes three times a day, at every meal including high tea! The gush of energy and enthusiasm in the sangat from Delhi and the sangat that resided in Kuwait was altogether uncontainable.



Their hospitality was incredible and their love for Guruji and his sangat was immeasurable. As for Raj Uncle and Gauri Aunty, they are well and truly entrenched in Guruji's devotion, holding satsangs every Mondays, without fail, and connecting hosts of people and all their social friends to sangat! They are doing Guruji's work with utmost dedication and devotion.

The human body is incredibly expressive, and it talks to us in various ways, particularly to warn us that something is amiss. I was practically dragging my feet in Kuwait, unnaturally fatigued with body ache to accompany it. I would hit the sack by 10.30 p.m. while the rest of the countless sangat would celebrate in Raj Uncle's and Gauri Aunty's basement that had been converted into Guruji's durbar, with music and dance. I would excuse myself as I couldn't imagine dancing in my state even in my wildest dreams. I would sleep restfully only to awaken to a breakfast that was fit for a king, garnished with satsang! We even squeezed in jet-skiing! All this while, however, my instincts told me that some malfunction was taking place in my body and Guruji was at work. Being in Kuwait and doing satsang till kingdom come was not incidental. It was the very cure, the very remedy for my malady.

I returned to Delhi after a surreal time in Kuwait. I was overflowing with the love that I had been bathed in, and the abundance of satsang. On arrival, I was compelled to visit my gynaecologist by an insistent friend, Rahul, who instinctively knew that something was amiss with me. My neighbour-cum-sister, Rati, who is also Guruji's devotee, accompanied me and the results confirmed surgery. My family and friends, who are practically all sangat too Meenu, Selena, Sumi, Rati, Hapu, Dimpyji and Ravi, all accompanied me to the hospital, at the crack of dawn, for me to undergo a hysterectomy on 2nd May.

The following day, after being discharged and a successful laparoscopic procedure, I experienced excruciating pain in my abdominal area. After two days, I was back in hospital, and this time I was given intravenous antibiotics for ten days, and I had



regular ultrasounds. Going by the reports the my gall bladder too had to be urgently removed.

My brother, Sanjeev observed the ultrasounds along with the doctor who explained the malfunction to him in detail. Besides having stones, my bile duct was blocked and there was sludge in my liver. Lovely! I thought. Sounds like a nice cocktail of damaged body parts! My second thought was unmistakably, ‘Where are you Guruji? Are you still around for me, or have you abandoned me?’

My roller-coaster faith was again dipping as I lay on the hospital bed looking for a hint of his love. At night I would whisper, ‘Guruji, where are you? If you have abandoned me because of any unacceptable behaviour that I may have engaged in, knowingly or unknowingly, then please forgive this insane child of yours. Only you can make me hale and hearty with a spoonful of sanity!’

On Wednesday, the doctor announced surgery of the gall bladder and unblocking of the bile duct. Two procedures would have to take place at one go. I was ready to run away. I wanted to sprint from the hospital to his temple and ask him where on earth he was! Perhaps he had lost his way to the hospital and that is why he hadn’t come to visit me, or perhaps, thought the drama queen in me, I was not worthy of his love because I may have displeased him in some way. I needed a sign. Where was he?

On Thursday morning, after having a shower, I sat on the hospital bed despondently, wallowing in self-pity, which I often did when life knocked me down. My CAT scan was scheduled on Friday evening, and in all likelihood, the surgery was to be performed on Saturday. The only decision left to be taken was my choice of three hospitals. As if I cared. I was almost benumbed by the thought when in my head I heard my most resigned voice stating, ‘Whatever!’

On Thursday at 3 p.m. Rohit Kapoor, a Guruji’s sangat, jovially galloped into my room with a life-size tub of ice cream. After a quick greeting, he headed for the refrigerator to store it. A few minutes later, Sumi, another sangat, marched in purposefully,



with a large box in her hand. I guessed it was a cake, but I gave it no more than a sweeping glance before I offered my most spirited visitors tea, just regular tea.

‘Chai prasad?!’ asked Rohit enthusiastically, looking at both of us. ‘Yes, of course and we will all drink it! Not tea but chai prasad,’ responded Sumi. ‘Sure!’ I replied with not even an ounce of zest that he and Sumi expressed with their radiant smiles. Sumi, then carefully took out the chocolate cake that had ‘Jai Guruji’ written across it!

I looked at it perplexed, but kind of ignored the sign! I lowered my head and sighed as I was feeling very dejected. Rohit, meanwhile, had been carrying Guruji’s CDs to distribute in the hospital. As he excitedly took them out of his bag, the doctor made his entry into my room. He took in the scene with a broad smile and asked what the cake was for. Rohit, immediately, started a satsang with utmost fervour and enthusiasm while Sumi very meticulously, began slicing the cake for all of us to share. I was almost rejecting it when suddenly there was a whiff of Guruji’s fragrance in the room. The doctor, after listening intently confirmed having visited Guruji on many occasions but had not been to the temple after Guruji had discarded his physical body.

We shared the cake along with a scoop of ice cream each, and as I swallowed my small slice there was a large chunk of belief that filled me. I had consumed a sizeable piece of faith that brought my spirits back. Rohit was incessantly and very confidently conducting the satsang while Sumi shared more slices, and I was being consumed by the entire aura of my room. Sumi then shared her satsang about how the bakery asked her more than once what to write on the cake. She repeated ‘get well soon’ twice, but on being asked the third time she nearly spoke to him with asperity when something took over and she unknowingly uttered the words, ‘Jai Guruji!’

Everything looked different now as hope permeated me. As the doctor was leaving along with the junior doctor in tow, he



confirmed that the MRI was to take place the following evening at 6 p.m. Rohit at this point stated audibly and audaciously, 'You may carry on with all your tests, but Anita will not need surgery. Guruji is with her.' I had a blank look on my face as the doctor let out a nervous laughter as if to say, 'All you cuckoos, please get real!'

Meanwhile, there was a flood of phone calls from Guruji's sangat reassuring me that all will be well and I will not require any surgery or procedure. It was almost like Guruji was speaking through his sangat and Rohit even spoke the way Guruji would have in a very distinct Punjabi accent. A ray of hope shone upon me as the aura of my room changed from grey to white, from dark to light, from sadness to joyfulness and hopefulness.

'Think positive and positive things will happen. You block your energy fields with your negative thoughts. *Changa sochiya kar* (think positive),' said Guruji once when I sat with him with doom and gloom painted all over my face, and with my heart swimming in an ocean of despair. 'You worry needlessly, Anita, and because you do, it shows that you don't have 'absolute faith' in me. *Asli cheej mangle* (ask me for the real deal). You haven't surrendered yet because those who have don't question, but in your case, your questions have no end!'

His words ring true even today after he has showered me, torrentially, with blessings that I am quite evidently soaked in. He has healed me, from my skin to my lungs to my heart. Even when I was whole and in one piece, I still had no peace within me! 'Live in peace with others but first make peace with yourself,' I recalled Guruji saying.





6

Other Operations

Where faith begin, doubt ends.

Anonymous

Guruji had once said that when you are sick, only your guruji would come and be by your side, and after leaving the physical body, my guru parivar will be there too.

At the time he spoke, I didn't quite relate to his words, but as I sat in the hospital, gladly savouring the cake but being consumed by the thought of undergoing yet, another surgery, I realised how fortunate and blessed I was to have this incredible support. With the benefit of hindsight, all that Guruji had uttered, unfolded.

The following afternoon, a Friday as I lay on my hospital bed, all the while my mind was on one sangat that Timsy Tuli was holding at her place in Gurgaon. Then, most unexpectedly, she rang to reassure me that I would not require surgery; the sangat

was praying for me, and that she would be sending me prasad once the satsang was over. I thanked her politely and also thanked Guruji for all the support his followers offered. I was meant to have been there in the satsang. Nevertheless, Timsy never forgot to include me in her prayers. This is testimony of Guruji's casual claim of how the sangat will one day become our true family.

At 5 p.m. Rohit, Hapu and Dimpy gently pushed me on the wheel chair to the car to drive me to the MRI scanning centre. On arrival, I was filled with trepidation as I had to go through the CAT scan, which was a claustrophobic experience. While I lay there, Hapu held my head and her hands very distinctly exuded Guruji's fragrance—it was strong and clear, without a whiff of doubt.

Guruji then spoke to me telepathically and my interpretation goes something like this: 'This is just a wake-up call for you. You will not undergo surgery but when a drastic change comes about in your life it is an indication for you to change. Firstly, you complain endlessly and then, you don't do as I ask you to. Being good is not enough as you need to do good too! It's the entire gamut of faith that counts. My word is law, but you always try and break it with your ego! Your questions are many, but have you tried to seek a single answer? No! And that is because like most, you are far too busy, asking, brooding, commenting, doubting, evaluating and fussing and grumbling, the a-b-c-d-e-f-g! You are a happiness-is-for-others-and-struggles-are-for-me kind of person!

'You do not read the *Shiv Puran* (hymns on Shiva) as I had instructed. You do not sit and meditate, again as I had suggested. You are full of don'ts and you expect only the dos from me! This wake-me-up-every-time-I-lose-faith call will not come again, so learn once and for all. Ask for the real deal before it is too late. Connect to my name and the rest will come at the right time, space and sequence. Go home and change your attitude the way you change your clothes. The shift will take place once you make the necessary change.'



I felt that Guruji, for the umpteenth time, was nudging me to get my act together, but my inert self was expecting him to do the work while I just did the work of complaining! I came out of the CAT scan as well as the conversation. After having the prasad that Hapu and Dimpy had got for me from Timsy's satsang that Friday afternoon, I returned to the hospital.

The following morning the doctor entered my room with a bewildered expression and stated, 'I don't understand what happened but your MRI report is absolutely clear; you can go home today. But, I have to confirm that there were certain medical issues but obviously a higher power is protecting you.' No surgery as Guruji had stated, first through his sangat and through a telepathic conversation during the CAT scan.

Guruji had stated before he left his physical body that my calligraphy was impressive. '*Tera handwriting puri India vich best hai* (Your handwriting is the best in India).' Guruji always had a way of making each of his devotees feel as though they were the most special! During my stay in hospital, he again spoke to me through sangat, Rohit Kapoor. Rohit sat with me in the hospital for four hours emphasising the importance of utilising my talent for Guruji. As soon as I reached home, after the heavy cloud had lifted, I placed my pen on paper and began sketching Guruji in calligraphy. I must confess that at first I was a bag of nerves as my thoughts were, 'How can I possibly sketch Guruji? I will not be able to do any justice.'

After a while, sketching endlessly with the pen, I produced many black-and-white prints of Guruji. I then reproduced them by getting them colour photocopied to distribute them amongst the sangat as seva. Now I wasn't just better and busy, but I was once again beaming with his blessings.

Merely two weeks prior to Guruji's birthday, Bamby, my guru sister called me for a meeting at her place to discuss Guruji's birthday celebration to be held at her place on Thursday, the 7th July. As I sat in her durbar, along with a couple of other people who



were to contribute to the arrangements, including RP Sharma, I became immersed in Guruji's painting that sat before us all. The lit candle emitted its luminosity on his life-like image and his presence could be felt distinctly that blessed morning.

We had chai prasad and ate other food that had been blessed before Bamby took me by surprise. She asked me to publish my book, *Turning the Page* as it needed to be gifted on Guruji's birthday along with many other presents. She only had a vague idea that I was writing my personal experiences with Guruji and how he had transformed my life and altered my destiny.

She had no idea about the nature of the book or how relevant it would be for the sangat. In fact, no one knew, including me, of how significant or relevant it could be. I had only consulted RP Sharma many months prior to this meeting on Facebook from Manchester. He had counselled me on its format and offered me his suggestions, but since I had reservations about publishing it, we barely spoke about it, until I arrived in Delhi, in February, 2011.

It was Guruji who had inspired me to connect with RP Sharma who I knew vaguely as another sangat. Knowing him was a pleasure and a privilege as his devotion to our Guruji Maharaj was an inspiration to me but we barely interacted. One fine day, he randomly suggested that I ought to pen down my experiences with Guruji, but I didn't act on that thought immediately.

So, here we were sitting in Bamby's home when my heart suddenly skipped a beat at its mention; the book was nowhere near completion. I shared my reservations about wanting the book published since it was a personal account, almost autobiographical, containing greater self-disclosure than necessary. I had written it as an expression of my love for Guru, and I wasn't sure if others would be able to relate to it.

My questions were answered in one moment of assertion! 'I want your book in precisely two weeks! On Guruji's birthday, we will distribute those books, so get on with the job!' demanded



Bamby! My thoughts were not open to negotiation, so I stayed silent while my heart pounded and became heavier as I wondered how it would be executed. My apprehension got the better of me as I hadn't even fine-tuned my language or given it a conclusion. I hadn't decided what font to apply, and there was no choice of a cover either. Gosh! A mammoth task lay ahead. Only Guruji knew how incapable I was of executing it successfully within the given time-frame and I recalled his words, 'You do your best and let Guruji do the rest!'

My mind was put to rest as RP Sharma came to my rescue promptly. He took over the entire publishing from beginning to end. Apparently, throughout the process he experienced Guruji's fragrance. Every phase of printing was a satsang and RP Sharma put my faith into context, paragraphing the power of devotion well. He did not get the work revised or edited as truth is difficult to revise or edit. The book was published precisely the way it was written. A day before Guruji's birthday the books were ready and on his birthday they were distributed. I am convinced that Guruji directed RP Sharma as the pages turned ever so smoothly in the two weeks, from the prologue to the epilogue.

I had arrived in Delhi in February and left in July. Before I left for Manchester in July, soon after Guruji's birthday celebrations, to join the rest for a family cruise to celebrate my elder brother Rajan's 50th birthday, I had the honour of arranging many satsangs in other sangat's homes. The satsangs and the langar I ate, before and after being discharged from the hospital, is what gave me strength.

The vagaries of my time in Delhi, are testimony to how Guruji eradicates our karma in the blink of an eye. He literally drives the vehicle of our lives. If he left the driving to me, then I would, without a shadow of doubt, be encountering many head-on collisions! From visiting Kuwait to getting hospitalised, making a quick recovery, to evading more surgeries, producing sketches,



publishing a book, to organising satsangs and connecting more people—are all Guruji's doing.

Another surprise element, after my return to Manchester, just before the family cruise, was Olga Bhatia's visit. She and her daughter stayed with me and we bonded like sisters, sharing the same taste in music, food, and our love for our Guruji! On her fourth day, we kept a small satsang at my place where she spoke incessantly about her love and devotion to Guruji. Subsequently, we danced to the divine beats. We were in complete rhythm with each other during her seven nights stay with me as Guruji had blessed every moment.

Another monumental satsang that must not be overlooked, occurred while I sat alone at the temple a week or so before my return home. It was a Monday, and as I was having my samosa and chai prasad when I was consumed by feelings of trepidation. I telepathically asked Guruji to keep me creatively occupied in Manchester, other than with satsangs. It was imperative for me to remain constructively occupied as I had a tendency to fall into mild depression if I didn't. As I sat pensively, the lady, in whose home I conducted my satsang during the month of March that year, approached me. We barely knew each other, and I recall meeting her and her family at her residence very briefly through Vippy Bharadwaj, who encouraged me to do satsangs there. I came away thinking what a beautiful family, but we never met again until this moment.

She was Anjali Bhalla, a devout Guruji devotee as was her entire family. She introduced herself and informed me of her art galleries. She was very well groomed and attractive and so was her daughter-in-law. I introduced myself as an aspiring artist who didn't really aspire much! We fixed lunch at her place, and on going there, we spoke at length about Guruji and how he alters destinies. It was a pleasurable afternoon, and I met her entire family, all deeply connected to Guruji. Anjali, to my surprise, offered to train me as an art consultant who could hold regular



exhibitions in Manchester as Indian paintings were a novelty there. I reflected on this for not more than a few seconds and I signed up for it immediately as I took it as a sign from Guruji. He was as usual, painting my life's canvas by adding another interesting element to it. We agreed that she would train me once I returned in August, for a couple of weeks.

Each time I reflect on the sequence of events during my stay, it is mind-boggling. Without his grace it would have been impossible for me to be swiftly back on my feet, holding onto my body parts that were to be taken away, to be given a job and to have published a book. No surgery had taken place but many more operations had been executed into his fold. I was on my feet and running and shortly afterwards, flying!

Following the celebratory cruise with my mother and my siblings and their family, I returned to Delhi for a brief visit of two weeks for my satsangs, and training as an art consultant. While I was there, someone in the temple asked me when the sequel to the first book was to be released. I looked at them quite blankly—other than in my mind, I had not even begun writing it! Yet another nudge from Guruji, I thought.





7

Satsangs Abroad

A journey that has been blessed by Guruji has no ending.

Anonymous

Before I headed to New York to settle my younger daughter, Sonakshi, back into her university, I met an uncle in Delhi who resides in New Jersey. The same person who had insisted I visit Kuwait, and now he wanted me to visit New Jersey, to do satsang. I was very excited at the prospect and reassured him that I would definitely do so if that was Guruji's will.

Although I will be respecting this gentleman's wish for anonymity, I shall not be able to stay quiet as far as my extraordinary experiences in New Jersey are concerned. This most blessed family with whom I had the honour of staying holds satsangs every Saturday, and Guruji's grace on this unassuming family is very obvious. Guruji used to state that ideally the entire family needs

to be looking in his direction for his blessings to multiply, and that was amply evident in this sangat's temple of a home.

On arrival, my guru parivar fetched my daughter, Sonakshi and me, from Newark airport, to be comfortably dropped all the way to our hotel in Manhattan, at 2 a.m. After two days, which was Saturday, another sangat member fetched me from my hotel to take me to the satsang in New Jersey. My guru parivar lived in a house that was exactly like Gururji's Empire Estate home. The entire layout was the same and the energy was also no different. On entering I felt Gururji's hand rest on my head. Barely two minutes later, the aunty, whose home it was, placed her hand on my head stating that I was like her daughter. I felt a gush of inexpressible joy wash over me that instant. I couldn't believe that I would be consuming the most delectable chai prasad and langar, and imbibing the most melodic shabad on foreign soil. This entire experience was testimony to Gururji's omnipresence.

After a few heart-warming hours, Ganga Sangat and her husband drove me safely back to my hotel accompanied with other sangat members. By next Monday, I got terrible withdrawal symptoms—having spent over six months in Delhi that year in 2011—I had an uncontrollable urge to have samosa and chai prasad. I relished the thought for a while and then broke out of my reverie to turn my gaze towards reality! I decided to walk down Madison Avenue and grab a bite alone as Sonakshi was busy settling at her university.

Just as I was planning to leave the hotel, Ganga called and stated that she would be taking me on a tour for the entire day. However, she insisted on meeting me in my hotel room as she was carrying chai prasad and samosas that she had freshly prepared at home. I could have fallen off my chair if I were sitting on one, and if I were standing, then I could have fainted, to say the least!

Faith, per se, is very fragile indeed; its very nature is temperamental; it tends to sway to and fro. Even the satsangs claiming Gururji is omnipresent, seem doubtful. However, when



even your thoughts are answered instantly and you experience a miracle yourself, that very doubt turns into clear, undisputed faith again.

On Tuesday, after checking out of the hotel and waving farewell to my daughter, I was fetched by the 'anonymous' uncle to be taken on a tour followed by meeting a sangat member, Joy, in Manhattan, who shared an incredibly powerful satsang. Following that, Uncle took me to New Jersey to spend two nights with his most beautiful and blessed family. Words simply cannot articulate my feelings for the love they showered on me during my stay. I was truly overwhelmed. My heart was overflowing with love in the same way it did in Guruji's physical presence.

Guruji takes us under his wing even when we do not know or acknowledge it. Every moment of my eight-days stay in New York was a satsang. There was protection throughout and I felt more at home there than I ever have in my own home. Guruji's love permeated the entire sangat there, who are dedicated and love Guruji with utmost loyalty and purity as they only believe and don't question. Not everyone is as inquisitive and inquiring like me!

Guruji would often state, 'You ask so many questions that you are unable to feel the answers! *Main tere dil vich rehena hun, Anita, par tenu mehsus nahin hondha* (I live in your heart, Anita, but you don't feel my presence).'

My interpretation today, after gaining an ounce of wisdom from Guruji's words, is that faith comes from the heart, not the mind. My mouth never moves in conjunction with my heart, but races to satisfy the head. I could question till kingdom come and most of us can!

On returning to Manchester during the first week of September, I attended a satsang at Parveen Sharma and his wife Raj's home. With Guruji's grace, the environment was overflowing with his love and, by then, I was feeling more at home there. A week later, I travelled to Barcelona, Spain for a long weekend with



a friend and after a few days I flew to LA for a week to be with my elder daughter, Anishka. Guruji was truly keeping me in the air! This too was a prayer that had been answered!

On returning to Manchester in the first week of October, I began planning our next satsang at my mom's place. It was quite astonishing how people were becoming more and more receptive to it. So much so, a dear childhood friend Sabina also expressed her desire to hold a satsang at her place in November.

I had decided to exhibit the artworks sent by Anjali Bhalla in the same place where the annual *Diwali* (festival of light) ball was to be celebrated. Along with the artworks came Guruji's large photograph to bless me for the exhibition, and within the three hours that I had exhibited, I sold six paintings! To celebrate my success, I left for Marbella, Spain, with my brother Sanjay, his wife Kajal and their two boys, Someer and Rahin, whom I have become increasingly close to since my time in Manchester. It was a surreal vacation with an immensely enjoyable bonding time with the family.

Kajal, my stylist during the vacation, transformed my wardrobe! She was, indeed, a very firm but effective fashion police, changing and enhancing my attire to help me look younger and trendier. She became the sister I never had and secretly longed for always. I blessed her incessantly as I felt this too was Guruji's doing.

It was at this point that I recollected Guruji's words when he commanded one day after healing me. 'You must dress up stylishly and not gain weight. Eat less and walk more!' Subsequently, in his casual tone he had continued, 'People are going to be astonished, Anita and this is your Guru's *meher* (grace) *Tenu main sona bana dita*. Stylish *ban ke reya kar*. *Main tenu bahut pyar karna*. (I have made you attractive, so dress up stylishly. I love you very much).'

At his latter words I shed a few tears as anyone would!

I had gained weight and I had lost my dress sense in recent times after Guruji had discarded his physical garb. Kajal gently manoeuvred me back! Guruji speaks to us in many forms, and he



came to shake me up from my slumber and a very evident inertia, through Kajal.

After I, the refreshingly ‘new’ me, with a complete makeover, returned from that invigorating vacation, I got down to calling people for Sabina’s satsang. I was excited and elated as I had never been earlier, my intuition telling me it would be an extraordinary event.

It was, in fact, the most significant day for me, a turning point in my life in Manchester. Up until then, I had felt rather unsettled in that city, having resided in Delhi for 22 years. I missed everything there: my friends; my calligraphy workshops, art classes at Triveni, which my dear friend-cum-sister, Seema Jajodia had introduced me to, and my regular satsangs. Life had been well-rounded and complete. I found it a challenge to find friends who were on the same wavelength in Manchester. In my mind, I had painted Manchester in black!

I confess to being such a terrible artist. With time, Guruji exposed me to attractive colours and I began to enjoy the new canvas painted by him. This is the very reason I insist to people that when they are enshrouded by the dark cloud of doubt, they should leave all to Guruji, but never leave him. It strikes me that this may be the difference between a believer and non-believer—perseverance.

I left for Sabina’s place in the morning to set up Guruji’s gaddi and to adorn it as stunningly as I could. My involvement was absolute as I felt a wholesome connection from the word go. The aroma of the langar wafted through the living room where I was setting up the satsang. I was so focused that for the first time in my life I actually succeeded in switching off my phone from morning to evening during those most inconceivably blessed hours. Again, I recalled Guruji’s words when he declared one day: ‘When you don’t disconnect your phone Anita, then you are not connecting with your guru. You can either remain connected to the world at one given point or to your guru. The choice is yours,



and accordingly, the outcome of your choices will stand before you. The time that you come to me is priceless but the choice of how much you imbibe is yours. These are trappings of the world that you need to come out of, for complete blessings. This time will never come back. What you lose you cannot regain. Think about it. *Ek din tu betke sochingi. Eh time vapas nahin ana.* (One day you will sit and contemplate: this time will not return).’

The shabad permeated the room as it did the sangat members’ hearts. I knew that Guruji had touched people’s hearts here as they sat in comfortable silence. Many were reduced to tears and many were moved when Parveen Sharma and I offered our satsangs and spoke about Guruji’s ever-flowing and ever-growing grace on us. I was both moved and brimming with energy when I left, seven hours later.

I was at the Britney Spears concert soon afterwards where I carried with me the most elevating and enriching experience ever. Throughout the concert, I didn’t sit for a moment but moved to the beats in perfect rhythm! I was on cloud nine as my heart, body and soul danced the night away. The satsang had taken me to a whole new level of appreciating life.

While I was driving back home from the concert, my thoughts went back to the incredibly powerful satsang at Sabina’s place that afternoon. Every individual there was deeply involved. They sat immersed in the energy from 12.30 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. and then left rather reluctantly! A lady approached me at the end, asking me when a satsang could be held at her place, and I remembered questioning Guruji’s decision for sending me back to England. He made me an instrument in initiating the satsangs but making people receptive is clearly his doing not mine. He is the doer and I am the worrier! Surrendering to him means letting go and letting him take over. When the wants and worries are surrendered, then Guruji takes over.

Whenever I spoke to Guruji in my prayers, a list of wishes would pour out on the paper. One of the umpteenth one was to



give me the courage and wisdom to hold satsangs in England. I spent many agonising hours worrying on how to initiate satsangs in a place like Manchester. 'Ask, and it shall be given.' True! You will get what you ask for, provided it is something good that benefits others too so be judicious and never act against your better judgment when asking or praying. Guruji, however, often reminded me never to ask. 'Just believe, Anita. Don't ask as you don't know what's good for you. You can see till this wall but I see far beyond. Your vision is finite, mine is infinite and if you have faith, then your guru will always give you what is best for you.'

I learnt that there is a very fine line between need and want, but my materialistic and worldly mind hesitated from disposing of my sack full of wants; I keep them stored away. With the passage of time, however, I realised the futility of each want and I dug my hand into that sack and got rid of them one-by-one. A deeper and a higher understanding emerged; I realised how meaningless my wants were, and so, now I want that which I need!





8

Guruji's Shabad-I

Our generation has had no great war, no great depression.

Our war is spiritual, and our depression is our
lives without the spiritual.

Anonymous

I was born with brown eyes, brown hair, and a fairly fair complexion that Indians particularly love—the 'fair and lovely!' type, and my height is also above average by Indian standards. I was born with certain talents, but also with a tendency to be laid back about certain areas of life that others take seriously.

My DNA is unique, therefore, my attitude, my beliefs and my perceptions, even if not one-of-their-kind, are different from others. My point is that we are all unique with different viewpoints and when we come to Guruji, each of us has a dissimilar perception of him. The level of faith also varies in each individual. Some are convinced that he is Shiva's light, while for

others, he is a healer and yet others, an enlightened master. I took him to be an enlightened guru with healing powers. My pea-sized mind couldn't fathom who he really was. At best, I saw him as God's messenger but today I'm more than convinced that he is more than human.

I'm not sure how to translate the word or the notion 'God', but I heard someone say once that G-O-D is Guru-On-Duty. He is always looking at us and looking out for us. He is there for us if you are there with him, heart and soul. The mind needs to take a vacation once you make that sublime connection with him. The vacillating nature of the mind does not allow us to love him in totality. It starts questioning, like mine does at times! But the only means to true happiness and salvation is to love the guru with the whole heart and pure surrender.

I have my own relationship with my Guruji and it need not match anyone else's. Guruji never asks, 'How do you perceive me?' He says, 'Surrender to me.' If you surrender 100 percent, you will receive 100 percent and if you give 40 percent, then you will receive 40 percent. What you give is what you receive. Simple mathematics! You can block your energies through negative thoughts, such as doubt, or you can unblock them by positive surrender. When you think positive, you allow his energy to filter through you, filling you with his love and blessings.

I have come to believe that as long as I am on the right path, all I need to do is walk because once I have committed to him then he will walk beside me. While walking I am bound to stumble at times too, but then I walk tall after every fall as I see the opportunity to learn in every difficulty. Perseverance in faith is the key, so no matter how long it takes, I have faith I will eventually see the light.

I recall one particular evening, sitting with him in his room, sipping tea and relishing the snacks that he had served as prasad. He sat pensively before he uttered, 'Anita, did you know that the Delhi sangat is very selfish? Materialism has taken over people's lives here.



They believe money to be God; hence there is no God in people's lives. Their pockets are deep but their lives are shallow. Their bank balances hold weight but their hearts are empty and hollow. This is not a good sign but people just don't get it. This is the reason I am here. I have come to show people the way because they have lost their true identity and are living in falsehood. Performing rituals is no good if you cannot perform good karma. What is the point in sitting in *puja* (prayers) for hours when your heart is full of avarice, and averse to doing and being good? People have truly lost it. *Vahem dur karan aya ha thoyada. Puja da ki faida jado karam apne teek nahin kithe*, (I have come to remove your superstitions. There is no point in performing rituals if your karma is not good).'

He turned his gaze towards me as I devoured the prasad rather ravenously, and continued, 'With money and power, you cannot acquire God, but you know, Anita, people mistakenly think that they can! Whoever has money in society is worshipped more than God. People salute moneyed people and then those very people get consumed by their oversized ego, and destroy society with their shameful behaviour. Bad times are here! When you disconnect from God you disconnect from the god force within, hence you go astray and indulge in all the wrongdoings. This leads to darkness and danger. People will go to parties every night but will think twice before coming to the temple. Their priorities are mixed up, but eventually things get the better of them and that is the reason why so many are going into depression. The air of Delhi is corrupt and polluted and people are morally bankrupt. Times ahead are rather miserable.'

I could see that Guruji was in the mood to talk which was a rarity in my view, so each time his loving gaze fixed on me, I didn't know whether to continue eating or to pause. He probably thought, 'This useless child of mine only wants to consume food and not be consumed by my words of truth!'

He continued like a flowing river—'You know, Anita, rituals are not right and superstitions are not super but in today's *Kalyug*



(the fourth and final era in the spiritual evolution of man), it is enough to do good. Be humble as humility is what draws you closer to God and arrogance takes you away. Be gentle, even with your domestic help. Speak softly with every soul you come across as each is God's child and equal in his eyes.

'People fail to realise that God does not see how much money you have accumulated in your account but how much good karma you have accrued. I have your balance sheet before me, so no one can fool me the way people think they can. Sometimes they have reprimanded their servants at home or spoken harshly to their children or spouse and then they come here with their false humility, bow to me and pretend to be good. If people really believe that I am omniscient, then why don't they mend their ways? Why do they believe that they can pull a veil of deceit over my eyes?

'When an individual walks in here, I open up their file. *Main file khol dena ha*. I see their soul and not their outer garb. I see the past, present and future, and they with their small minds, think that they can fool me. They put up an appearance before me. They are fools blinded by the drive and the desire to have more. They want more and want to be less! They are clueless about the impact of all this and the importance of that which is eternal.

'Everything transient and temporary will perish here, including all your worldly desires and demands. Your own body is not your own as that too will pass away. What is the point in holding on to that which is bound to slip away from you and leave you miserable in the bargain? People lack spiritual strength and they falsely believe that material power supersedes all. Prepare for your onward journey as life here is full of volatility. You don't know what awaits you in the next corner, so disconnect yourself from the greed for worldly pleasures and connect yourself to the godly path.'

More piping hot *pakor*as (fritters) entered the room and Gurujī looked at me hastily and then commanded the lady to serve



them on my plate. He knew I had an enormous appetite as far as prasad was concerned! I could eat like there was no tomorrow! I was also served more of the delectable piping hot chai prasad. The room was filled with the aroma of the prasad and his all-pervading aroma of roses. I was in seventh heaven as I nervously consumed the food and carefully imbibed the wisdom.

'Look at you, Anita! I have healed you, taking your sickness onto myself. *Kaun tera cancer teek kar sakta see? Tera asthma vi teek kitha, tere karam vi teek kete. Navi zindagi dete* (Who could've healed your cancer? I have cured your asthma and cleansed your karma; I have granted you a new life). Who else came to your rescue when you were ailing gravely? The fair-weather world abandoned you in your hour of desperate need. No one was willing to share langar with you. People would avert their gaze on seeing you and maintain their distance from you. You were in hell as you were living your life in isolation, and with a deep abyss of emptiness inside of you. Who filled you up, Anita, with spirituality? Who could have granted you a new life with new meaning and purpose? I have given happiness a new meaning in your life. *Ayesh kar* (Enjoy life).

'I have torn out the old pages of your book and rewritten your life's script! You are beautiful now, Anita. In times to come, your own parents and siblings, extended family and friends will all be astonished and then they too will come to me. You will become more beautiful. *Tu heran ho jayengi* (You will be astonished). *Tera sara parivar nu bless kar dita hai* (I have blessed your entire family).'

He digressed momentarily and I smiled! I loved him stating that I was beautiful! His words were music to my ears and I yearned to hear him say more about me! I stopped munching too, and I savoured his praises of me instead, and gazed at him in anticipation.

'Remember God before it is too late. Become one with his name. Feel the guru within you and be driven by him instead of



the worldly trappings. It is all an illusion.’ Oh, ok, so he was back to square one and I was on the tenth pakora and the umpteenth tea! ‘Anita, ask for the real deal. You still haven’t asked me for that. You know, people are fools to ask me for a job, marriage, children, their children’s admission, a car, a new home, a new husband, and more. The list is actually endless, but what they fail to take into account is that had they asked for the real thing instead, which is God’s name and a spiritual connection, then everything else would have got aligned. When you are in the spiritual path, everything you need and the worldly wants automatically filter out.

‘What was important to you yesterday holds no value today, so the futility of it all, so offload all your desires on arriving here. Desires, Anita, are the cause of human misery. People’s minds are infested with desires of all kinds, with no room for surrender. When imminent darkness befalls the world, nothing else can protect one but my name. I have come to give the real thing, but no one asks for it.’

By gosh and by golly, how yummy was the pakora prasad! In England, the Brits call them onion *bhajis* (crispies) and they sell like hotcakes! I tried them once and couldn’t understand what the fuss was all about. If they had the pakoras at Guruji’s, they would have savoured the real nectar.

‘This is not a one-stop shop! I haven’t opened a shop here that people walk into and brazenly demand what they want. They don’t need to ask, but they fail to grasp that concept and the flood of want pours in. If I don’t grant any of their wants, they turn their back upon me. They tell others that they came to Guruji, but didn’t get anything here. They treat me like a shopkeeper!’

Finally, he asked me if I was enjoying the pakoras which I clearly was! I sipped the piping hot chai prasad like a thirsty child but then I was just that. I was hungry and I was thirsty for more than I knew then, and he knew precisely what I needed. ‘Regularity is absolutely imperative in faith, and you know why? If you keep coming, I will keep filling your reservoir with all that



you require for your soul's growth. It is the journey of the soul that counts Anita, but people are too busy fulfilling the wants of their body. Keep coming and you will eventually see the light. Consistency in faith is paramount.

'When you go to my temple, you grow, but you must remember to leave behind all your 'ifs' and 'buts' before entering the gate. When you take off your shoes you must remember to take off your ego as well. Leave behind all your preconceived notions and your qualifications. Doctors have surrendered themselves to me after having failed in medicine. What good is their knowledge before the supreme power? People think 'seeing is believing' but in faith, 'feeling is believing'. Feel your guru, and your guru will guide you. I live in your hearts and through meditation you will feel me and become one with me.

'The vibrations of the temple change your vibration, bringing you to a higher frequency. People feel sad and low because their vibrations are low and spirituality lifts their vibrations. You come onto a higher level and then you attract good things in your life. High vibrations mean that you start living on high moral ground. Be good, stay in a good space and you will attract good. In these troubled times connecting to god force is your protective shield.' Guruji fell silent for a few seconds before he poured his words of wisdom into my subconscious mind again, for me to never forget them.

I stopped eating as I had polished off absolutely every morsel of pakora on my plate by then, and I peered into my glass to see if there was any more tea there, but that too was over!

'Eat, pray and be merry as the times ahead are grim. There will be an unstoppable shower of disease and pain. Cancer will be like a common cold and divorce and depression will be rampant since people are only living for themselves; greed has taken over; there is a spiritual bankruptcy in the world. Only your guru can get you out of the impending doom, so Anita, ask for the real thing. Do satsangs and bring people on the right path. Now that



you are healed, it is your duty and moral obligation to show others the way. That is how you will pay your debt to me. Now go!

As I bowed to leave, I realised what I'd had there for the past one hour was not pakoras but medicine. He purged me of my old, stale thoughts and renewed my mindset with more than I could and would ever fathom. He smiled at me broadly and his pure, sanctified gaze filled me with more love that moment than I had felt or experienced in all my lifetimes put together.

I bowed as was customary before getting up, and I said in my heart, 'Guruji, I love you.' A split second later he replied, almost telepathically, 'Yes, I love you too.' With my mouth wide open and my heart full of awe, I left his durbar knowing that 'truth is to be felt with the heart, and not understood with the mind.'





9

Lesson in Humility

There is no better time than now. The time to live and to love is now. The time to forget the past and to pave the way for a blessed future is now. Live now with humanity and humility.

Anonymous

To be humble, to live in harmony and to stay highly positive, is what Guruji taught us. Time and again, he reminded us that if we indeed loved him, we would neither raise our voice nor demonstrate any arrogance at any time, within the temple or outside.

‘People think I don’t know what is inside their hearts, but if they accept me as God, then they ought to follow my signposts to reach me. Those who follow their own rules, lose me along the way, and they lose out on the blessings.’

I learnt that free will is ours and it plays a key role in how we choose to behave and what we choose to believe in. But I also

learnt to listen to him as by surrendering to Guruji, I realised, I was always on the right path.

I also realised between the guru and devotee, there was no need for a mediator. When I, or any other sangat member conducts a satsang, it is essentially about the experience, and not about conveying specific messages to specific people. One needs to make the satsang inspiring, but the intent is not to play god and provide answers. The purpose is to help one to connect with the Guru, for his blessings, by praying, reading the *Shiv Puran*, regularly visiting the temple, eating langar, drinking chai prasad and listening carefully to the shabad as well as the satsangs.

It is also equally important that, during the time the shabad is playing, we meditate. Silence must be observed for utmost benefit as the final objective of every devotee is to connect to him and to become one with his light. The physical healing through the langar is merely a preparation for the physical to seek the spiritual. The light of divinity within each one of us is lit once we connect to him and his energy.

I recollect an instance during Guruji's physical presence when my mobile rang and he glared at me and told me to switch it off. I hesitated as I thought my daughters might try and contact me. I was entertaining this thought when he spoke: 'When you come here, I not only take you under my wing but all your near and dear ones you have left home. Absolute faith is knowing you are protected at all times by your Guru.'

I understood that switching off the mobile was also part of the growing and healing process because when I didn't my mind was always rushing to check my messages and missed calls that I never received!

Another aspect that I closely observed during Guruji's presence was the utter silence of the *sevakars* (those who engaged themselves in service, at the temple). 'Hush and Humble' was their behaviour. Never had I heard their voice, let alone being loud. '*Narmta bahut jaruri hai insaan de vich. Rab milda hai*



narmta nal (Tenderness is imperative as that enables you to attain God),’ Guruji would say. Doing seva is not plain sailing; particularly with the ever-increasing following. It requires patience, perseverance and persistence, all in the name of faith. Faith in Guruji encompasses all this and much more. When we disregard people’s feelings by being abrasive or insensitive towards them, then we are disrespecting our Guruji. We are going further away from him rather than towards him. Perhaps that is the reason he never asked me do seva as he knew I did not have the attributes of a humble, introvert, just, kind, loving, meek, nimble, open and patient (h-i-j-k-l-m-n-o-p) person!

On the other hand, it is vitally important not to cast aspersions on the integrity of the devotees running the temple. Guruji is the divine manager and he knows what and who works best, so maintaining respect for each other is a vital part of our own learning and growing. That is the very reason he advocated the importance of understanding that ‘faith comes from the heart and not the mind.’ The mind is what distinguishes each one of us, and our opinions and judgements of the other; hence unity comes from the heart as does our love for our Guruji as our only true focus.

Whenever Guruji stated something in his cool casual manner it meant without a shadow of doubt that it would come to fruition. Not everything is for everyone and he knows who fits where. He specifically told me to engage myself completely in doing satsangs, and with the passage of time that is precisely what transpired. Earlier, I would struggle to tie two words together but now they flow like a river. It was his will and his doing. With his grace, I even travel around the world to do satsangs which was inconceivable at one time. I now enjoy talking when I am asked to articulate faith, and I can do so till the break of dawn, but then I suddenly hear Guruji’s voice in my head, ‘Short *mein suna* (Tell them briefly).’ How I am to condense those eternal blessings in a few words, I still fail to figure out. I do my best and leave it to him to do the rest.



I personally learnt more and more after he left his physical garb that his law is set in stone and it cannot be tampered with. To err is human but to knowingly distort his truth is inadvisable. Harmony and humility are sacrosanct, within and outside the temple.

I do recall feeling unanchored once he discarded his physical body. I felt orphaned like most, and needed counselling from other devotees but with time I walked my path. I realised that he walks besides me and no one else can be a mediator between us. It is very easy, in our desperate hour of need, to look into another devotee's eyes to seek our answers. Particularly, if they are the so-called 'old sangat'.

'I am an old sangat, so I am special, and know-it-all' is a completely and utterly ridiculous notion for which I once got reprimanded by Guriji; I had tried to answer how long I had been with him. 'How do you know, Anita, how many lifetimes of search has finally got you here? When someone asks you this question, or for that matter how long it took the Guruji to heal you, do not respond to them; it may take a split second for me to heal one individual while it may take a lifetime to heal another. Such inane questions asked and answered go against the flow of blessings. Blessings flow when you allow them to flow without questioning, otherwise you create a blockage. Discourage people when they question too much. Explain courteously *mano aur mango nahin* (simply believe, don't question).

'Who is a guru? Very few are blessed to even understand it, but Anita, if you want full blessings, then fully surrender to me and then watch how your life unfolds. Free will belongs to every individual, so the choices are yours and the blessings are mine, for me to shower on you. Be a good human being first. Don't keep any filth in your heart for anyone. *Man hoya changa te nalke da pani vi ganga* (If the heart is clean then even tap water is like the sacred water of the Ganga). Be like a polished mirror and then life will throw back your own good reflection. People think I don't know their karma when they bow their heads before me.



I observe everything, so your intentions and your daily karma cannot be hidden from me. I know who is a flatterer and who is sincere in his devotion for me. I know who is here to stay and will never come back once he has got a slice of what he wanted. Then there is the 'let us try' category too! It is not in everyone's capacity to love your guru, Anita. The journey is arduous. Everyone comes to me roughed by life's challenges, difficulties and predicaments but I can begin my work only once they give up their 'I' and surrender to me.'

As I see it, I came to Guruji as a roughened plank of wood that had little value. I had been weather-beaten and wrinkled, wind-swept and craggy! I came to him and threw myself helplessly at his feet. Presumably, he had seen many like me before and after. For him to shape me, mould me, and polish me, to add value to my life, so that it could create value in others' lives, was easy! A piece of wood is just a wood until the rough edges are chiselled away to shape it into an aesthetically appealing furniture that can be of use. He breathed new life into my lifeless form! He gave me life force and a drive to be useful!

'Real love is when you remember your guru with every breath and every word you utter. In your every action, in your every karma you remember your guru. When you look in the mirror to apply your lipstick, visualise your guru standing behind you and thank him. When you came here, you were living in hell and you would have died it here too. Life is an accumulation of karma and only your guru can take the bad karma away.

'A human being is caught in the cycle of birth and death, forever. Only your guru can get you out of this cycle. Coming to me in this lifetime is a result of good accumulated karma of your past lives. You have earned this reunion, so don't lose it by doing wrong things.

'Everyone is a fair-weather friend but when your guru blesses you, even those relationships get purified. It is only with the meher of a guru that real love starts flowing between a husband and wife.



‘If you dive into the ocean of your guru’s love, you will swim to the shore, otherwise life will drown you with its burdens. In times to come your entire family will love you and they too will become my devotees. Friends and society will respect you greatly but that is all owing to my blessings. Always remember the bad times to appreciate the good that you have now. *Tu shradda vich pass ho gaye te main tenu* full blessings *dethiya ne!* (When you passed the test of devotion, I granted you full blessings!)

‘Your guru has levelled out as well as cleansed your karma as only he can; even while in hell, with his blessings you experience heaven on earth. Without my taking you under my wings you would have died in the December of 1997. Now that you have a new lease of life, enjoy its new meaning. Stay into my fold and live with simplicity. Where in the world can you get good langar, tea, shabad and blessings galore under one roof with good sangat?

‘Life can cut you very deep but only your guru can heal the deepest cut. I am not here to take, but to give but you must learn to take the real thing. People in this world are ignorant fools. They ask for that which is temporary with short-term benefits. What’s the point in that?

‘Times ahead are very volatile, and will make you very vulnerable, so learn the ways of real and lasting faith. Faith is the only currency that you will be able to count on in unreliable times. Be good and abide by my laws. Have blind faith in me. As for the sangat, be wise and not otherwise as not everyone is at the same level of submission. Trust me implicitly and do my work unreservedly. Do your good karma and leave the results to me. Ask for that which will render you happiness for all eternity and that is your guru’s name. *Nam mangle* and be happy.’

The guru removes the darkness of ignorance with *ru*—the light of wisdom. Guruji has undoubtedly removed the darkness of my life and lead me to the path of light. I can hardly explain the deep darkness I was spiralling into before I met him.



An air of arrogance may permeate the human mind when one starts feeling an ownership towards the guru: I have been coming to Guruji for such and such time, and he gave me such and such, this and that, hence I am special. These are misconceptions. No one is old or new. After being nicely reprimanded and having internalised the wisdom that Guruji imparted on that blessed day, while feeding me with one prasad or another, I have never dared to question or respond to how-long-this and how-long-that. I hear Guruji's voice in my head and I politely say to them, 'Just keep coming to the temple and you will get all your answers.'

My experience is that the ocean of wisdom and knowledge that lies here in the temple is infinite, that it is not humanly possible to soak it all in during one or two visits. The more we come back the more we learn about ourselves and are enveloped with peace and acceptance. Coming to Guruji as I understand is a way of life, and faith is a feeling within the heart, beyond the realm of proof.





10

Introduction to Satsangs

The greatest victory is the one you win over yourself through
the blessings of the Supreme One.

Anonymous

I am a mere mortal who has dived into my Guruji's immortal ocean of love to drink the potion of wisdom that enables me to live better on this earth.

This world for me as for many, is an arid land of struggle and strife, and Guruji's abode is an oasis of comfort. He is a balm to soothe our wounds and he is the dose of medicine that heals our broken spirits. He awakens our sleeping souls to become one with his light. Once we awaken, it is our moral duty to awaken spirituality in others.

Every life has a superb cast with family, friends and enemies all around, but only our guru can direct us, and enrich its plot

with depth, meaning and purpose. We don't want our life's movie to flop, so on giving Guruji the onus of editing or rewriting the script we allow ourselves to be in the hands of the divine director to enable us to act well; by following his cues with unerring accuracy, our lives can become a blockbuster! !

In recent times, I have been observing that it is always our struggles that make us take that first step towards faith. This struggle is common to all as we are each a part of a collective destiny, our karmic baggage always weighing us down either emotionally, physically or financially. By stepping into the temple, we embark on a journey of letting go and letting Guruji take over. He gives us that which is favourable for us in the larger scheme of things; he rewrites our script and enables us to walk a different path that is true and life-enhancing. All this, however, can take time, so patience, persistence and perseverance are imperative to feeling and seeing the change.

In Guruji's spiritual vocabulary, 'practical' was a very significant word as he always said that his teachings were not about theories or myths or religious doctrines; he altered our lives in the most practical ways. There are many layers, connections and aspects of this philosophy with no particular beginning and no end to this divine journey. Our grip may loosen at times as mine did on innumerable occasions, leading to complacency. I have sooner than later tightened the grip to uphold all that truly matters in the realm of faith. My issues paled into insignificance as my faith strengthened.

Each of us may hold Guruji in supreme reverence, but each individual's journey and spiritual growth are unique and worthy of being shared. I have endeavoured, with the grace of Guruji, to weave in many diverse experiences of various sangat members who started at point A and reached a point B—usually from the realm of doubt to belief, from 'Oh really?' to 'Yes actually!'; from 'How can that be?' to 'It happened to me!' Some asked big questions and received bigger answers! For others it was



faith at first sight but for many others it was ‘I-need-to-see-or-I-will-flee!’

There are all kinds; such is the world—a true melting pot of attitudes! And there is a time for everything. Sometimes no matter how much we endeavour to convince one to visit the temple, one remains defiant. Perhaps it is just not meant to be for some. When Guruji calls, they too shall swim with the tide.

Guruji used to state in his lighter moments, ‘My sangat does not comprise *any* Tom, Dick or Harry! I have actually been enriched by my encounters with several interesting and intelligent people in the sangat who come from different schools of thought, professions and philosophies.

There is a wealth of talent in our sangat, which I am proud to document today. I have endeavoured to compile satsangs from diverse backgrounds and professions: from lawyers and doctors to artists, yoga instructors to singers and musicians, fashion designers to photographers and entrepreneurs. Some were strictly non-believers; others fell in the types of ‘maybe,’ ‘let’s see,’ or ‘definitely,’ while still some were ‘confused.’ With his grace, they all turned into complete believers with no room for questions.

Some have been fortunate to meet him while others have made their connection after his mahasamadhi. Either way, Guruji has blessed them all with a reservoir of wisdom and experiential knowledge that they share today to ignite the flame of faith in others.

While writing *Turning the Page*, I had the privilege of meeting and becoming friends with RP Sharma. A devout believer in Guruji, he shouldered the complete responsibility of bringing out the book that went on to be distributed amongst the sangats across the continents: from India to Kuwait to England to New York and California. With Guruji’s grace the book motivated many to further seek his light and that is precisely the intent of this one too.

The following chapters entail some of the most inspiring satsangs shared by various devotees, all from different parts of the



world. Their experiences are life altering in unimaginable ways as each came with a baggage of karma and gradually witnessed the load lightening through his love and mercy. Some have met him; some have begun their journey very recently, not having met him physically but are deeply connected to him spiritually. They share different perspectives on the same endearing subject of our connection with our Guruji Maharaj and how he has enhanced and enriched our lives, affording us meaning and depth and a sense of purpose.

In this jet-set age—where time is more important than people, where technology has replaced human contact, where money occupies centrestage in people's lives—after having it all, we still have nothing. Here, everyone knows the price of everything, but the value of nothing and as soon as we start going downhill, no one wants to hold our hand. Our Guruji Maharaj not only gently holds our hand but also carries our baggage of karma on his shoulders to release us of its burden and to set us free. He teaches us the values we lost and gently brings us back on to the right path, and most vitally, gives us his protection.





11

Health Karma

Life and God are one. When we understand this, we see
God in everyone and in everything, including in
our own divine selves.

Anonymous

It was during my extended stay in Delhi that my personality took on a new guise. From a moderately introvert individual, I became reasonably extrovert and keen to be socially active. One of the most apparent reasons was to inspire people and to visit the temple.

Most people feel a vacuum in their lives which they are unable to fill, other than with the illusory mortal pleasures, and follow an eternal cycle of cravings, despair and despondency. Whatever we seek in life and exert our energy towards, we usually obtain. What we actively pursue or vigorously avoid will create our destiny.

As for me, I craved for my cappuccino in my all-time favourite Emporio Mall in Vasant Kunj with my younger brother Sanjeev! It was a Sunday and his rest day. For me, it was a very significant one as for my mind, it was working day!

As I imbibed the coffee my mind was imbued with people walking in the mall. I reflected on the emptiness in some people's lives that needed filling. As I watched everyone carefully, I exchanged pleasantries with some—air kissing as is the social norm in Delhi! Some stopped momentarily and others waved from a distance. I wondered, out of all the ones I knew and those I met through my brother, how many would connect to Guruji!

I then turned my gaze towards Sanjeev and thought to myself—what a huge transformation! My brother was actively engaged in partying *only* seven days in a week! I state 'only' because that too was not enough for him! During that phase of his party life, I could barely squeeze in a swift 'hi' and 'bye' during our limited interactions. Over the years, he mellowed as we all do, and moved away from the obsessions that dominate us and reduce the significance of God in our lives. And one day, Guruji took over!

I must confess I was ecstatic when he entered his domain for the very first time. This feeling of ecstasy stemmed from the fact that he was visiting 'My Guruji!' I even went to the extent of introducing them both and then smugly turning towards Sanjeev to say, 'That's my Guruji!'

Guruji just smiled as he was only too aware of my naïveté. He liked Sanjeev at first glance and stated, 'He is a good soul, Sanjeev Kumar Bijli. *Changa munda hai!*' His loving interaction with him was enviable: the tenderness with which he asked him to sit and have langar and then to regularly come and visit him. He soon turned his gaze towards me and smiled like I had gained his approval by getting him along. I had butterflies all along as I wasn't sure whether Sanjeev would like to visit him again or not. I couldn't contain my anxiety, so I foolishly turned to Guruji to



state that I wasn't sure if he would come again, to which Guruji replied, 'He will!'

Within a brief duration, Sanjeev and I bonded like never before, with the commonality of our beloved Guruji occupying centrestage in our lives. This regular sharing of coffee-and-chat and then having langar at the temple deepened our sibling connect. Finally, I asked him one day what had enriched his life—the wealth of his achievements or the richness of spirituality? He looked at me blankly as any unsuspecting brother would at a sister who posed the right question on the wrong day! I gauged his expression, and since he didn't seem to withdraw, I gently nudged him, to respond.

Sanjeev's notion of religion was ritualistic and unrealistic! On Mum's command he would endure long hours of chanting and bhajans by the dear *panditji* (a learned Brahmin) during the Hindu functions. He neither understood the words nor their significance! Plunging into ritualistic practices, however, is common to most Hindu families and they do so without knowing what they represent. It is totally lacking in the emotions that one feels at Guruji's where each devotee cultivates a personal connection with Guruji, and is emotional about the relationship.

He clearly stated that for him it was Guruji who had given him a feeling of completeness, and the knowledge that he was protecting him and steering him in the right direction. Guruji was the anchor as well as the navigator. He had given him a sense of balance that was probably missing in his life.

How gratifying and satisfying it was to watch my baby brother speak about Guruji and not check his watch! I have seen him grow leaps and bounds and I have observed his new approach to life. He has a fine balance of the social and the spiritual. Guruji used to call me, 'PVR Aunty' and now Sanjeev himself is a staunch devotee. Such is Guruji's foresight.

Of course one cappuccino was not sufficient, so in the interim period, I had a soya drink and we shared a toasted sandwich in



the name of langar as he shared his satsang and I simultaneously consumed both his sentiments and the blessed food! We both felt satisfied as we nurtured our bodies and souls. A look of contentment settled on our faces as it usually does whenever we engage ourselves in an activity that involves Guruji; and each time we feel him encompassing us with his love.

Here Sanjeev shares his sentiments in his own words:

Satsang by Sanjeev Kumar Bijli

‘I was told early on that I was born a Hindu into a world of myriad deities, multiple festivals and endless rituals. If your mom and dad endorsed it heavily, you followed suit. I ate my prasad, was vegetarian on Tuesdays and did my *Jai* (paying obeisance to God). Ours wasn’t a staunch household, but pujas during the holy days was a must. The *mandir* (temple) in the house was strategically located, and one had to pass it no matter where one was heading and do ‘Jai’.

‘Mom taught us the *Gayatri Mantra* and tried hard to get us to chant it every night before going to bed. The mantra still reminds me of childhood and invokes the warm feelings of being watched and looked after to give me inner peace. For years I continued to chant the *Gayatri Mantra* and found instant solace and calm. As I grew older though and went to college in the UK, my connection with God became a little fuzzy. It’s an age when you feel invincible; you are the smartest person around and can take on the world.

‘I was blessed with a great life, loving parents, equally loving older brothers and a sister and a great bunch of friends. God was relegated to a mere formality, and it was tougher to remember him in London as there are no temples at every corner and I had no idols in my bachelor pad either. I thought God had done his job with me and blessed me enough.

‘Years later, I realised, seeking God’s blessings is a commitment, a way of life and not an obligation. Blessed are those who can



truly make that connection. Years later, I also realised the people I admired most were those who made that connection and not necessarily the ones who were socially powerful, driving a Porsche Cayenne, or wearing a limited edition Breguet; although none of that would hurt once you are connected.

‘Once I returned to India, I started encountering many challenges in life. Stepping into the real world really is fraught with obstacles, decisions and failures. It was not easy settling back after being away for years and I had problems at work, but most importantly, I kept falling sick; from a freaky accident where I endured superficial burns, to meningitis and other problems—I had a frequent-flyer-card equivalent to the Apollo hospital.

‘I wasn’t even 30 years and God was really testing me. *‘Dukh mein simran sabh karen/ sukh mein karen na koye/Jo sukh mein simran karen/ Dukh kahenko hoye.’* I remember reading this *doha* (couplet) in school, but its significance was brought home to me recently. I was very confused and very low. Being sick and laid up in hospital is not how I wanted my life to be in my late 20’s and early 30’s. It affected my work and my mom was constantly worried about me.

‘On one of my trips to the hospital, my sister Anita, who by now had found Guruji, told me about him and insisted I go with her to see him. I thank her endlessly now for giving me the greatest gift of life and taking me to God. So one evening, in 1999 or 2000, we went to Empire State building, and walked into one of those cute and quaint little homes. There were people sitting outside, on the steps and inside in the hall.

‘This was the very first time I was going to a guru. I didn’t have any negative feelings as most do when they hear of a guru. Anita’s belief in him had also helped. I had seen changes in her life over the past few months, and was keen to meet him. When you seek, you do find and when you are on the path to finding, it is important to embrace it all with an open heart and mind. Are we not open to new experiences? The first time we drive a car, or go bungee jumping or have a drink. So, when it comes to seeking



God, embracing spirituality and trying to elevate ourselves to a slightly higher level, why be a pessimist?

‘As we went through a crowd of people sitting besides the wall on both sides, I saw him sitting on his gaddi. He was far from what I had imagined. No ordinary saffron robe, and no long unkempt beard and hair. In fact, he was wearing a colourful, beautiful robe and had a glowing, warm face.

‘After my sister introduced me to him, I think he said what a beautiful boy I was. I liked him instantly! I sat there on the floor for two hours—for a restless soul like me that is stretching my patience—but I didn’t feel restless at all. I looked around and found to my surprise that his devotees were from affluent and educated families. Initially that could have been a reason why I felt comfortable there, because I was in the midst of educated and intelligent people who I didn’t think would fall for any mumbo jumbo.

‘Years later, I also understood the significance of a sangat. One is likely to be more receptive when words of spirituality come from a well-to-do, worldly wise, educated person. And when we, the educated ones take the initiative to bring one or two people on this path, we not only transform their lives but also the lives of those around them. If we can experience an inner change and put that to good use, can you imagine the domino effect it can have on our society and the world at large?

‘That first night, just as my sister had warned, Guruji seemed to be scanning me—seeing my past, my present and my future. I didn’t have to tell him anything—you don’t need to, he knows everything. In fact, as a discipline, when I go to the mandir, I don’t tell him about my problems, ever. I go to have a chat with him, which I also have at home, in front of his photograph, or in the car, or at work—for he is everywhere and knows everything.

‘When we got up to leave, he asked my sister to get a brass *lota* (vessel) for him to bless next time and a ring with a diamond. I still wear the ring and the significance of the *lota* became clear



years later. After that I went sporadically with my sister, again, for very selfish reasons. Each time I felt low or worried, I would call her up and ask her to take me. I would get a lot of peace, delicious langar, and also get to hear people's satsangs.

'On one such occasion, I heard the satsang of a very old school friend. He was a science student, an astute, smart guy of our class who seemed hardly the kind who would get taken in by gurus. He told me how Guruji blessed him with a baby girl when doctors had given up hope. I saw the little girl, prancing around behind him and wondered at the blessings.

'I realised during my visits that he really does read your mind. I lost a dear friend in a car crash, once. I was very upset that day and so were my friends, Gautam and Mandira. I suggested to them we go and meet Guruji. My idea was to get some peace in his presence. After about half an hour of sitting there, I was conscious that my two friends were not at ease, so I started thinking in my head of ways to leave. To my surprise, which isn't surprising anymore, Guruji instantly called my sister and asked her to take us away. I felt ashamed and realised once again that nothing can be hidden from him.

'A few years later, our dad was diagnosed with cancer. He lived in England and my sister flew to be with him. I was to follow soon. She called to tell me how grim his situation was and asked me to go to Guruji that evening. None of us had any hope and the doctors had given him only a few months. I went alone for the first time to Empire Estate and sat in a corner. I kept hoping that he would call me so I could ask him about dad. He didn't and I quietly ate the langar and went to ask for his leave. I used to get very tongue-tied in front of him, and never understood his Punjabi although I am Punjabi and can speak the language fairly fluently. Somehow, when I mustered up the courage and asked him about dad he asked me not to worry and that nothing will happen to dad. But that was just the opposite of what the doctors had said. Miraculously dad



lived on for another five years. Guruji once again proved that he knew what the doctors didn't.

'Apart from the odd visit to Empire Estate and the Bade Mandir on special occasions, I lost touch with Guruji for a number of years. I wasn't even there when he attained mahasamadhi. I don't know why I lost touch, but I learnt from many people in the sangat later, that the same happened to them too. Maybe the time for your commitment, your surrender comes when it is meant to.

'I woke up again only a year and a half ago. Again, it was my problems that drew me to him. I had started suffering from some kind of neurological pain in my hands and feet and completely freaked out. I didn't want anyone in the family to worry, so I went alone to the doctors, and got tests, scans, X-rays done. The doctor gave me some supplements and told me it would take a few months to go away. But I wasn't convinced of the diagnosis. I spent hours on the internet searching my symptoms and convincing myself that I had one or all of the diseases listed there. I just did not have the courage to talk to anyone about it and felt very isolated.

'The fear, the doubts, and the anxiety were far greater than the condition I had. To the world, I seemed normal, but inside I was a very worried individual. I went to a tarot card reader, who also told me I wasn't well, so I got even more convinced. I didn't socialise and stopped going to the gym and put on a lot of weight and went into severe depression

'One day while sitting and moping in my room I suddenly thought of Guruji. I gravitated towards my bookshelf, not sure what I was expecting, but all of a sudden I found his book, *Light of Divinity* there. I had totally forgotten that I had that book. It was like Guruji drew me to him and so I started to talk to his photograph on the cover, hoping he still remembered me.

'At that very moment, a bird came and banged on my window and flew off. I have been in that room for the last 30 years and have never seen such a thing happen. In fact, it is almost impossible for



a bird to even come through and hit that window. This was clearly not a coincidence. That was him answering me. What more proof did I need? Thus, I restarted my journey to the Bade Mandir and this time there was no looking back.

‘I first started to go with my sister for langar every Friday. Gradually, over a few weeks, I attained my peace of mind and stopped worrying about having some awful disease. I sat and listened to the shabads again, heard the amazing and miraculous satsangs and regained peace. Much to my dismay, my sister decided to move back to Manchester to be with our ailing mother. Once again, I was devastated as my only connection to Guruji was leaving. I wondered how I would go to the mandir with whom. My sister very patiently explained that Guruji would find a way for me to go there regularly.

‘Miraculously, I found an old friend, a devotee, who decided to accompany me every Friday for langar. Over the next few months, Guruji healed me slowly of the physical pain and the mental anguish. Also, on numerous occasions, he gave me subtle messages and glimpses of his divine presence. To my hearts delight, I witnessed *amrit* (divine nectar) flowing from his photographs, his rosy fragrance showered on the sangat, a hand imprint became visible on his holy *jhoola* (swing), and an ‘Om’ on his holy throne.

‘One Monday, on my way to the mandir, I was complaining to my sister on the phone that Guruji doesn’t connect with me. We get rather greedy when it comes to his direct connection with us, and are always looking for signs. She told me not to worry and asked me to pray from my heart at the mandir. I did my prayers, had the scrumptious chai prasad, and was on my way out when I was stopped by an aunty who handed me a box. I hadn’t met that aunty before and she hadn’t seen me either. She said Guruji had sent me the box. When I opened it, it was a clock with the word ‘Blessings from Guruji Always’ on it. You need more proof? Just that day when I was low, and wanted him to connect with me, he



sent me a message that he is always there. I must also thank Dolly Aunty for being there for me that day.

‘We may not be even aware of the miracles that are happening in our lives now; the ills being averted, health and peace of mind being restored. Who knows what all he has already done. Guruji used to say that we must hear satsangs. Earlier I used to think, why is he asking us to hear about his achievements? The truth is in those satsangs there is always a message for you. A few months ago, at my sister’s satsang, a gentleman from Canada was relating his satsang. I was aghast when I heard him repeat exactly what I had been through; the illness, the internet search, the mental anguish, and the depression. It was as though Guruji wanted me to hear him intently. He had gone through the same doubts and had convinced himself that he had some dreadful disease and finally decided to come to Guruji and started having water from the blessed lota. I remembered the lota Guruji had given me! I had lost it and here he was giving me a message through a satsang that I was given that lota for a reason. I promptly got another one, and now I drink from it every morning.

‘A complete transformation had happened by then—the pain was gone, and I was not needlessly worrying any longer and even left for a holiday onboard a cruise liner. Thank you, Guruji, for enabling me to come out of my self-imposed hiding. I went back to the gym with a vengeance, and lost all the extra weight and was blessed with a healthy body. Not that everyone needs the lota. You are blessed the moment you enter his mandir. You are blessed when you have chai prasad. You are blessed when you have the langar. You are blessed when you do seva. Where else would you find a mandir where there are no pandits yelling at you, no one expects you to do any *daan* (unconditional giving), and where everyone comes in a disciplined fashion and surrenders.

‘You receive in abundance here. You receive the langar, you imbibe the shabad and hear satsangs which have a message for you every time. The prasad and langar is your medicine and you



have no idea what these are curing and cleansing you of. Yes, my idea of religion has changed now that I have met Guruji. It's no longer restricted to festivals. It's a way of life, it's a lifelong commitment. Just as you take out a few hours a week to exercise, or socialise, or go for walks, God just asks you to take some time out for him. Go to the mandir and be with him for a couple of hours a week. Just surrender, don't ask questions and everything will be answered; immerse yourselves unconditionally and watch wonders happen. Pray for everlasting connection. Guruji, please always be there with me and give me the strength and wisdom and sense to always remain connected to you and to thank you every day for a beautiful life you have given me. Jai Guruji.'





12

The Iron Rod

In the end, it's not going to matter how many breaths you took, but how many moments took your breath away.

Anonymous

Guruji could not stress enough on the importance of walking with our heads down, looking inwards, hearing no one and seeing no one but him. When we truly learn to deafen ourselves to the sights and sounds of the illusionary world, we hear and see the real. By reforming ourselves we reform the world and we can achieve that only through the power and the command of faith.

'You see the body, Anita, and I see the soul,' Guruji often said to me, and advocated the importance of never judging anyone. Each one of us has our own equation with him, and only he knows what that equation is. He often stated about certain individuals, 'Yes he was bound to come to me in this lifetime as well as he has

been coming to me in his previous incarnations too! *Haa une tha ana hein si. Pehle vi miliya si main nu!*

I am always stunned, and each time a wondrous incident like that occurs, I hear Guruji in my head, 'Keep watching, Anita. You will keep on getting amazed. Such is your Guru!' He sure is! Those very people we judge, at times inadvertently as superficial socialites, often connect at the blink of an eye, and Guruji's grace very evidently falls on them.

Strangely, but not surprisingly, we found an empty chair next to us while Sanjeev and I chatted about the many blessings of Guruji. From the moment we sat and shared to the moment we rose to take a stroll across the busy and buzzing mall, Guruji seemed to be accompanying us—of this we were sure. The next moment was testimony to this as I met Kamal Kumar, another devout and my guru brother now, a mere acquaintance then. Somewhere in his soul, he was waiting to be taken to the Bade Mandir for an introduction to Guruji!

Kamal was also strolling in Emporio Mall with his family when I bumped into him and just out of the blue, without any possible coherence and connection to the conversation we were having, I directed him to seek Guruji's blessings! I suggested that he accompany me to the temple the following day which was a Monday. I left no room for negotiation and arranged to meet him outside his 'Micasa Farm' adjacent to Tivoli Garden at 1 p.m.

Kamal Kumar a distinguished entrepreneur residing in Delhi, has been fiercely social and aggressively hard working. But no matter how entangled he has been with the worldly affairs, his strongest thread has been his connection with the divine.

He immediately agreed and politely replied, 'I would love to although I have met him just once a couple of decades ago.' Guruji would often state in his cool casual manner how we ought to get so-and-so person to the temple. Guruji had asked Mr Atul Kapoor, Binny as we know him, to get Kamal and that is when the two met the first time.



On arriving at the Bade Mandir, I looked at Kamal's expression and I observed that it was clearly a jaw-dropping experience for him. It was as if he had found something he had been searching for all his life. Was the search over, I wondered, or was this the starting point to his journey?

'Life begins here,' I thought to myself as Kamal gracefully accepted the samosa and chai prasad before he spent a few sacred moments inside with Guruji. He closed his eyes and fell silent, chatting telepathically with Guruji for a long time. There was an instant connect, perhaps, a rekindling of a relationship that had been lost somewhere in some life, coming to fruition in this lifetime. On meeting Guruji he met his God and that was amply evident. 'This meeting of ours is your earnings of many lifetimes and it is never a coincidence but a calling,' I was reminded of Guruji's words to me.

Guruji had, more than once, shown his keenness to visit Kamal's handicrafts emporium located on Mehrauli road, but Kamal had not taken any initiative and the thought had faded over time. Seasons came and went and Guruji discarded his physical garb. Kamal, meanwhile, was not in touch either with Empire Estate or the Bade Mandir, until 2011!

In March 2011, Kamal abruptly asked some of us to visit him at the emporium to discuss a satsang he planned to hold at his residence. After careful deliberation and discussion he came to the conclusion that he would like to hold the satsang at the emporium itself in its large, lush lawns—thus paving the way for Guruji to grace the occasion just as had he wanted many years earlier!

The satsang was special and the sangat was beaming with joy—the entire guru parivar happily imbibed the shabad, relished the delightful langar and also danced in the open air. Guruji's presence was palpable; his aura permeating the place and people while vocalist Siddharth's melodies filled the air. Kamal's wife Sangita, however, was not only absent from the preparations that day but also arrived at her own leisure, much later! But a few



months on, they held another satsang at their residence and a clear shift was immediately visible. Today, Kamal, his wife, Sangita and his children visit the temple regularly and here is Kamal's story of reconnecting with Guruji in his own words:

Satsang by Kamal Kumar

'Anita, met me several times in friends' homes, restaurants and malls and would always talk about taking me to Guruji, to the Bade Mandir. I had heard of Guruji from my friends residing in Empire Estate and they had mentioned about the revered *mahapurush* (extraordinary being). My time had not come to be at his lotus feet during that phase of my life, besides one single meeting many years ago.

A friend's wife, Nina, who was at that time living in New York, called me stating that she needed blessings to have a baby and I instantly responded, "You come to Delhi and we will go to Guruji," because I had heard so much about the miracles he could perform. I had not met Guruji personally till that time.

'When she arrived we planned to take *darshan* (beholding) of Guruji. Nina wanted a photograph of Guruji before seeking his blessings. So I called my dear friend, Binny Kapoor, and asked for one but he had none.

'We went to the Chhota Mandir and when we entered the room, we were told to wait for our turn for langar. People were eating in the most serene environment I had ever experienced. Guruji was sitting there and Mr Arun Shourie was pressing his feet.

'When our turn came, we ate the most satisfying langar. We had already had our dinner and yet we ate! When we were given a chance to touch Guruji's *charan* (feet), he smiled at Nina and gesticulated her to speak, but she was speechless. After a while, we were asked to go and again touch our forehead on Guruji's charan, and again he encouraged Nina to speak but she did not. I, on the other hand, was not encouraged to speak at all but anyhow felt blessed.



‘When we came out I asked Nina why she did not speak. She said she felt that he knew everything. As we stepped out of the room, we found a man distributing Guruji’s photographs! All the devotees who were there exclaimed in excitement, “Wow! We are getting Guruji’s photograph. How come?” I am sure that people who left before us did not get his photograph. We had asked Guruji for his photograph and he gave it to us. Such was Guruji’s way of showing his love by fulfilling our small request. Many years later, I was to experience his abundant blessings again.

‘In the month of November 2011, my son Vedhant, studying in Switzerland, sought my permission to go sky-diving. I did not want to discourage him or put any fear in him, so I gave him my permission, albeit reluctantly, and prayed to Guruji to protect him. Every time Vedhant and I spoke on Skype, I turned the computer around towards Guruji’s photograph and ask Vedhant to seek his blessings, and he obediently followed my instructions.

‘My uneasiness and fear for his safety kept growing as the days approached, and I kept praying to Guruji. His sky-diving programme kept getting delayed either due to adverse weather conditions or other reasons. Meanwhile, I sent Vedhant Guruji’s photographs, on his mobile and I also kept urging him to connect with Guruji.

‘During the last week of November, one of his close friend’s father visited them. They all went to the pub in Montana, in a group of 15 to 20 people that evening. At about 3 a.m. a fight took place inside the pub between Vedhant’s friend and the local boys of that area. The local boys ran away from the pub and Vedhant and a few friends along with the friend’s father, left the pub sometime later and were attacked by the local boys outside.

‘My son Vedhant, a six-feet tall, 110 kg boy was brutally hit on his forehead with an iron rod and he passed out bleeding profusely. He was rushed to the hospital and had 26 stitches. Other than being severely shaken up, the MRI and other tests



showed no other damages. It was my Guruji's *kripa* (largesse) that even after such a violent attack Vedhant was absolutely normal.

'Vedhant returned to Delhi a few days later and I took him to the Bade Mandir to pay his homage to Guruji. He obediently came along with me but he was sceptical and this was clear to see. As it was a Monday, we took Guruji's blessing and had chai, samosa and laddoo prasad and after relishing all this and feeling blessed by him, we went towards Guruji's jhoola to bow before it. Just then the iron jhoola began to swing on its own and Vedhant stood aghast. He asked me how this could be possible as nobody was touching it and there was no breeze either. I told him that he had his reservations about Guruji and this was his way to reassure him that he is there for all of us. Jai Guruji!'





13

Langar as Cure

Some come and go and others stay and grow.

Anonymous

It is in vogue to know and be part of the umpteen therapies available to us all to deal with modern-day stress. I do believe that in time Guruji unfolds our destiny and reveals to us our own truth, but often inadvertently, we state, ‘Guruji said this, and he told us that, but nothing in my life has moved. It’s like a stagnant lake. I may give it six more months here, or there is another guru down my colony who I’ll try out next! There is also this amazing astrologer, tarot card reader, Reiki master, Pranic healer, past-life regression therapist, EFT teacher, life coach, Feng Shui, Vaasthu... .’

Without the numbers of a few psychiatrists or counsellors in our mobiles, we are not complete and eagerly we take those numbers out to hand over to our emotionally ailing friends.

Guruji's most casual remark is set in stone. He always stated the importance of being god loving and not god fearing. Build a healthy and happy relationship with Guruji, trust him to do that which is right for you and don't confuse yourselves by going here, there and reaching nowhere!

He once stated, after I had gone to consult an astrologer, '*Mein teri hathan di lakheera badal detiyan nei the astrologer ki karega?* (I have altered the lines on your hand, so how accurate can an astrologer be?). *Jado mere kol ande ho the kithe aur jan di lor nain* (Once you surrender to me, you need not go anywhere else).'

Guruji is the celestial astrologer, counsellor, Feng Shui all rolled into one, and much more! It is all here in Guruji's *sharan* (fold) and if he has stated something then it will come to pass as Guruji's every casual remark has concrete meaning in it.

Patience and perseverance are the cornerstones of faith. Regularity too cannot be undermined as it is through regularity he is able to chisel away the negatives, sculpt out his work of art; and not always with the gentlest of hands! In his chiselling away the negative karma, we undergo discomfort, but with the passage of time we become more refined and part of Guruji's family.

Guru parivar—the sound of those words is music to my ears and a song to my heart. Guruji has afforded us a strong sense of belonging, creating a world within the world. We all fit in and know in the very depths of our being that we are in the right place when we are amidst other sangat family. For us, it is not about, 'try and if not say good-bye!' Rather it is with a never-say-die spirit that we forge ahead to one day reunite with our heavenly father, our Guruji. That is all we aspire for.

Some are born and some are made into Guruji's children. Shiva's devotees are bound to find their way to his temple. There's a natural gravitation to it, and somehow, through someone, or on their own, they do, in time, connect. All my connections I made in the year 2011, during my stay, were simply meant to be. They were a part of his divine design.



Vikram Baidyanath, another Shiva *bhakt* (devotee), crossed my path and I knew that he had to meet Guruji! I met him socially for the very first time at Rohit Gandhi's art gallery on the night of a show. My friend, Bonny Hazuria, and I were engaged in a conversation with him and although I remained tight-lipped about Guruji, my instincts urged me to push him in that direction.

In my head, I grabbed him! 'I don't know you at all, but you need to come to Guruji with me right now!' As far as my endeavours to connect people to Guruji are concerned, my social skills abandon me momentarily when the assertive me takes over, but here I did restrain myself all evening and by golly, it was tough.

Throughout our interaction I was choking with the words, 'Come to Guruji!' Now that I had met and exchanged pleasantries with him I was more than comfortable to invite him over for a satsang at my place. Without a moment's hesitation, he agreed and stayed to listen intently to the satsangs.

I do believe that when people are so receptive, it is Guruji's calling. Most of us as Hindus, can only think within the boundaries of our conditioning, schooling and environment. Fortunately we were raised believing in Lord Shiva as well as umpteen other gods, so owing to our openness we connect relatively easily except at times when there is a strong impulse not to believe in gurus!

As for Vikram, he very swiftly got into positive surrender that prevented him from getting entangled in the 'ifs' and 'buts' and the 'whys' and 'wherefors'. Subsequent to the satsang at home, he often fetched me from my residence to make our way to Guruji's temple. He took to Guruji and his philosophy rather smoothly and it was then that he confirmed that Guruji's calling came precisely when he needed it the most.

Vikram Baidyanath is now entrenched in faith as not only does he spend his time in the temple on Mondays but also ensures that he does not go alone. He escorts new sangat, his social friends, to the temple for a slice of heaven that he himself has tasted. Whether people come and go or are here to stay is not the concern. The real



purpose is to share with others our own blessings and to inject a dose of faith in them—Guruji wraps them in his eternal love and either alters their karma or neutralises them.

Life is not about achievement. It's about learning, growing and developing qualities like compassion, patience and perseverance, love and joy, and so forth. The prime goal, for every individual born is the growth of the soul.

Satsang by Vikram Baidyanath

'Coming in contact with Guruji is a very uplifting and heart-warming experience. It is an ongoing journey of many miracles and sustaining happiness. I would like to thank my dear friend for introducing me to Guruji last year in February 2011. May God bless her, but then I do believe that when our calling comes, then the person who takes us is merely a medium chosen by Guruji himself.

I recently underwent an appendix surgery. A couple of days after being discharged from the hospital, my stomach unexpectedly felt distended and indeed very uneasy. This disturbed the doctor and he immediately suggested that I get some intrusive tests done. I was in an uncomfortable state and my spirits were rather low. It was *Guru Purnima* (a Hindu festival) and I asked my cousin Rama *didi* (elder sister) to accompany me to Guruji's temple. She was herself mentally very disturbed as her daughter Heena was threatening to kill herself if she wasn't taken away from the hostel as she hadn't made any friends and was unable to adjust.

'The temple was overflowing with sangat that night. Five minutes after praying to Guruji, Rama *didi* received a call from her other daughter Neha stating that Heena had just called to say that she's indeed very happy now in the hostel, prefers to remain there and has made many friends! My cousin Rama *didi* was so happy and grateful that she was reduced to tears. I ate plenty of langar that night remembering Anita's words, "Guruji says that the langar is your medicine". But while walking out, I started



vomiting uncontrollably. I thanked Guruji, returned home and slept. The following morning when I woke up, my stomach felt fine, and that distended feeling seemed to have vanished too. I visited the doctor who, after examining me, confirmed that my stomach had recovered.

'Here, I must also state that after my appendix surgery, while I was coming to my senses, I saw my late grandfather and Hanumanji standing before me and Guruji, next to me, running his fingers through my hair. The vision was as clear as day and I felt truly blessed to have received Guruji's darshan.

'After her fabulous experience with Guruji, my cousin Rama didi asked my mom to accompany her to the temple. I was ecstatic when I got a call from them to inform me that they were on their way. After more than two hours, I tried to call my mother to ask her about her experience; her phone was not reachable and neither was Rama didi's. The driver's phone was not available either and I began to worry. After half an hour of trying to call them and not succeeding, I prayed to Guruji to keep them safe in his care. I was however, anxious and uncomfortable.

'After another two hours my phone rang and the screen said, 'Mom'. I was relieved. My mother sounded fresh and full of life. It turned out that she, Rama didi and the driver had lost track of time when they entered the temple, and had spent more than four hours there! I was amazed and astonished and inwardly very glad that they had taken to Guruji so well.

'Our experiences can never be summed up in a few futile words as it actually belittles the grace of our Guruji by endeavouring to do so. I can just state that Guruji has answered my most insignificant and meaningless prayers and my most profound ones as well.

'Just as going to school requires regularity if we are to learn, so does coming to Guruji; it follows the same principles. We cannot possibly believe that if we are to gain something invaluable, we can come only once or once in a while. Guruji turns us into empty vessels first and then fills us with all that we need to complete us in mind, body and soul, and that needs time. Jai Guruji!'





14

Guruji's Ganga

Faith is synonymous with a clean flowing river. Its nature is to simply flow and not be perturbed by its ebb.

Anonymous

As I stated earlier, we are not all peas from the same pod! We think differently and feel differently. Therefore the way we perceive Guruji is also different. There are many combinations and permutations of the way devotees identify with him.

'He is my God who appears in my dreams; he is my guiding and driving force.' 'He is Shiva's light, his avatar.' 'He is the master and the architect of our lives and the world and many worlds within it.' 'He is a divine healer.' 'He is the be-all-and-end-all of existence.' 'He is a guru with certain healing powers.' 'He is an enlightened master!'

Our expression of him varies as it inevitably and inescapably will. Not everyone writes with the same pen but the protagonist of our tale is 'One.'

As he stated time and again, 'Don't apply your minds but your hearts.' Your spirituality is not based on reason and every time you try and find logic in this, that or the other, you will end up in conflict with yourselves and with each other. Spirituality is synonymous with simplicity. Uncluttered lives means ridding yourself of your desires and surrendering to Guruji as only he knows what is best for you.

On this journey, with Guruji carrying us along, don't question the quest, only embrace and enjoy it as trust is the prerequisite to salvation. 'Come to me and I will give you salvation,' said Jesus. Guruji had similarly stated, 'Don't ask and what you need will be given.'

Let us not judge either as I confirmed earlier that the first impediment to our spiritual growth is 'I am so blessed that I know-it-all and that so-and-so is still an ignorant fool!' 'Guruji loved me like no other because I am so darn special!' Let us embrace each other as one and lift the others harder if they are unable to make the climb, but let us be careful not to judge.

Let us also be judicious when it comes to lending advice to anyone regarding their personal predicaments and ordeals as Guruji clearly advised us against entangling ourselves in others karma. We are not strong enough or wise enough to counsel, so let the divine counsellor guide each one of us individually.

As usual I was reprimanded by him whenever I acted against my better judgment as I often did! An individual approached me at the Empire Estate temple for some advice and pleaded with me to mediate between him and Guruji, to which Guruji forcefully responded, 'You must never seek blessings for another as it goes against the flow of your own blessings. I tell you to get other people along with you as that is your task and the rest is mine! Stop playing guru and tell people to



build a relationship with me by making that connection. You are ignorant, Anita!

I believe the path of faith is the only path where we need to constantly watch ourselves unlike in our worldly endeavours where we usually turn a blind eye to our missteps and slip-ups. We conveniently switch off our conscience and justify our base behaviour, 'It's the way of the world, to cheat, and unless we do, so too we cannot survive' or 'In Rome live like Romans, 'Everyone is corrupt in this world, so *sab chalta hai* It's all cool!' My all-time not-so-favourite is '*Yaar*, life is a party! You only live once, so enjoy!'

This latter one has far too many connotations to it and some people have taken it too far at the expense of hurting others and compromising on their ethics and morals. Particularly in Delhi, there seems to be an evident degeneration of morals and values, hence the growing divorce rate.

On surrendering to our beloved Guruji, however, our conscience awakens from a deep slumber. He arouses in us compassion and goodwill as well as the will to do good. As we begin to live our lives with heightened awareness and appreciation, and the knowledge that Guruji is protecting us, we no longer feel the need to compromise our ideals and values. In effect the more we polish our lives' dust-ridden mirror, the closer we feel to our almighty Guruji. Ultimately, the soul longs to move ever closer to him and to finally merge with him, the supreme light. Until then, however, it is paramount to do his work according to his will.

Courage is also an attribute that Guruji grants us in time. A social acquaintance once approached me stating that she was in complete disagreement with the distribution of samosas and ladoos at the temple. She was a non-believer and ridiculed the entire philosophy. As a dietician she had given strict instructions to her 'believer' clients to stop consuming the samosas and ladoos served at Guruji's if they desired to lose weight. She very proudly reiterated this to me before continuing, '*Aj kal ke modern zamane mein kaun ye sab manta hai yar* (In this modern era who believes in



all this)?' Gently but firmly I urged her not to meddle with other people's faith. Not everyone is on the same plane or platform, but they certainly have no right to scorn and scoff at others' devotion. They derogate and diminish the entire gamut of faith in today's so-called 'modern *zamana* (era)' without really reading into its meaning and placing it in the right context.

No one is urging anyone to give his or her life up to embrace the spiritual path. Renunciation was never Guruji's philosophy. On the contrary he used to say, '*Ayesh kar* (Enjoy life)', so that our lives became more meaningful and complete with the right balance between the spiritual and the material. Today, I enjoy the social scene much more because of the spiritual in my life and knowing that Guruji is blessing every moment.

I do pray to Guruji for the ignorant souls to see the light. I always remember Jesus' words when he was on the cross and he stated, 'Forgive them Lord for they know not what they do.' Of course, not all my social friends are Guruji's followers but there is a place in my heart that secretly desires for all to get connected to him! It is truly the need of the hour for people to embrace the 'True One.' He is the only certainty in this uncertain world.

My journey of meeting different sangat members from various parts of the globe has been phenomenal as I learn more by sharing my satsangs with them. Guruji's words ring true as he had stated, 'Sangat will spread in millions far and wide.' These are individuals with their respective beliefs, seeking the same light like you and me.

I met Geeta Gulati, known as Ganga Sangat, who has Guruji's site on Facebook. She resides in New York and I believe my first meeting with her was when I went to settle my younger daughter, Sonakshi to NYU, in 2010. Subsequently, she stayed with me in Manchester for a few days before she continued her journey to Delhi to the Bade Mandir to take Guruji's darshan. Within a few more months, I met her again in Manhattan and New Jersey at a satsang.



She came into Guruji's sharan very recently, after his mahasamadhi. She connected, perhaps, only a year and a half ago, but she believes that her connection with him goes back a long way.

Since childhood, she has been a devotee of Shivji. After attending a few of Guruji's satsangs, one night, while asleep, she had a vivid dream of Guruji.

Satsang by Geeta Gulati

'He gave me darshan and stated, "You are Guruji's Ganga." Subsequent to this dream, my mom confirmed my birth name to be Ganga as was on my birth certificate but they had changed it to Geeta because Ganga was very old fashioned then.

'That night I was compelled by Guruji to rise from my bed and to sit at my computer to create this site *Guruji ki Ganga*. This site was created in New York where I reside and have regular satsangs today. We all gather and collectively imbibe his divine energy in New Jersey, Queens and Long Island. I am certain soon they will start in Manhattan too with his grace.

'Through this site as well as regular satsangs, I have become more at home with Guruji's philosophy, and his extended family that is now my own. I am deeply connected as I conduct regular online satsangs with people from the world over who are an integral part of the guru parivar.

'Nothing is possible without his *hukum* (order) and I strongly believe that we all play the role that he himself has allotted us. My objective of being on Facebook and online is to delve deeper into my faith in Guruji and his sangat that I feel is my family too.'

By Guruji's grace, his birthday, 7th July was also celebrated at Ganga's residence along with many other sangat families. She felt jubilant and joyful, and more importantly, blessed.

'The spiritual journey with Guruji is so divine and delightful; the sacred space between guru and devotee is so pure, and yet so private that words cannot define those sentiments with the



same sanctity. I deeply love Guruji and I always wish to remain connected to his divine parivar for positive energy.

‘The very essence of life is to sense each moment’s happiness. Coming to Guruji’s sharan is the most sacred aspect of my life and everything else is secondary. Now I feel totally secure as a young child would on being loved and protected by its parents. I know whatever is happening in my life, good or bad, is all for my betterment. I trust Guruji implicitly and have complete faith and patience. My husband is also on this blissful journey. Deepak’s love and devotion for Guruji is very strong.

‘Deepak had been suffering from a skin ailment called psoriasis for sometime. But he is now totally cured with Guruji’s grace. Guruji instructed me to read a satsang from the *Light of Divinity* on the day he was diagnosed, and indicated me to use water from the blessed copper vessel which I immediately did. In a few days, his results were negative and there were no signs of the ailment on his body. This was truly a miracle and one of Guruji’s boundless blessings. Deepak is not only fine but his skin is better than what it was before.

‘Our beloved Guruji is guiding us all to evolve into decent human beings. Many of us have realised that our ego is dissolving after connecting to Guruji and our attitudes are changing. We look at the same event from different perspectives and in the process gain acceptance and peace of mind. Guruji has instilled in us to do only good deeds. We are fortunate to be in Guruji’s sharan as we share our satsangs with our friends and colleagues to bring them onto the path too. Our journey is continuing. We owe all this to guru kripa, Guruji’s blessings... . Thank you and love you Guruji.’





15

California Satsang

Most men pray for power, the strength to do things. Few
people pray for love, the quality to be someone.

Anonymous

I sat in downtown LA in my not-so nice Radisson Hotel waiting for my daughter, Anishka, to end her classes so we could spend time together. I vividly recall myself sitting on a chesterfield chair with tea in one hand and my i-Pad in another in which I played Guruji's shabad. I continuously gazed across the road from where I had a panoramic view of Anishka's university, USC. There was a chill in the air and a sheet of mist covered the space between the university and me. It was early October 2011, so even the usual Sunny California was far from bright!

For some inexplicable reason, I broke down while playing the shabad. I cried almost inconsolably as I sat in the room for hours

longing for Guruji Maharaj to connect me to the sangat there. I realised how spoiled I had become longing for the same love that I had been showered with in New York, less than a month prior to this visit. The reason for the breakdown, in hindsight, went much deeper, but at that point, I just longed to connect to Guruji through his sangat in California. They resided in Fremont, which was a six-hour drive from where I stayed, so I decided to give it a miss. Neither was I able to fly out to Seattle to meet the sangat there, so I stayed put and brooded instead!

The telephone in my room rang and I answered it nonchalantly believing it to be a call from the reception. Much to my surprise and delight, a lady from the sangat called and shared her satsang with me. Thank you, Guruji, for always being there for me when I needed you most in a lonely hotel room! I smirked at myself with embarrassment! I then apologised profusely to our Guruji for again doubting his moment-to-moment presence in my life and heard the satsang on the phone! Guruji had, yet again, proved his omnipresence and reassured me that he walks abreast never to leave me standing on my life's stage to perform solo! Each time I have encountered an emotional upheaval, he has reminded me, , 'Anita, this is not the end but only a bend!'

Satsang by Sandeep Jolly

'I am Sandeep Jolly and my husband is Sukhbir Jolly. We came in Guruji's sharan in April, 2011. My aunt, Renu and my uncle, Inder Singh, residing in India had learnt about the hard time we were undergoing. My husband had severe anxiety-depression and would wake up crying during most nights and had lost a noticeable amount of weight. Every day was a struggle as he was out of work too for a while. Owing to his stress, he shared a strained relationship with our daughter as well. Life was collapsing around us, at every level, and I was advised to go on Guruji Maharaj's site. Although I had lost faith in God, I wanted to *try out* Guruji as I was desperate and helpless.



'I began reading satsangs as they were testimonies of people's devotion. I would narrate them to my husband who gradually became intrigued and soon joined me in reading them!

'Before knowing how to pray to Guruji or receiving the spiritual connection, we were blessed with his fragrance. With time, the entire environment of our home became calm and composed. Nothing changed as far as the circumstances were concerned, but we were joyful and began viewing life positively.

'Subsequently, my husband's health began improving on its own without any medication because he deeply feared visiting doctors. I had read in a satsang that if you soak Guruji's photograph in water and drink it, then you are cured. I had done just that.

'I would like to share another satsang with you. We had a photograph of Guruji in our room and my daughters, 6 and 13 years old, were sleeping there while we were outside, watching the television. We heard my younger one crying as usual. I asked my husband to check on the girls as I thought they must have been fighting. When he went in and asked what had happened he got the prompt response, 'I am scared as Babaji is moving his hands!' My husband called me in but we failed to see what she could! My daughter witnessed the hands move for two days continuously. Guruji's blessings are innumerable and the most blessed day was when we connected to the sangat in California that showered us with unmeasured love. Satsangs are ongoing here and they are growing by leaps and bounds. His light is omnipresent and we feel truly blessed to have made this extraordinary connection. Jai Guruji.'





16

The Divine Designer

When the need gets stronger, the show gets easier.

Anonymous

By this time winter had set in Manchester, and I was wrapped up sufficiently in his love! First, it was Delhi for the first seven months, part of which was Kuwait too, and then the unforgettable New York. Within New York was my most prized visit to New Jersey where Guruji showered his love on me through the sangat that resides there and holds satsangs every Saturday. I am sworn to secrecy, so I shall reluctantly refrain from mentioning their names! They are Mr and Mrs Remarkable with their extended family of Mr and Mrs Incredible and their most beautiful blessed children! May Guruji keep them into his fold forevermore, and may I be blessed adequately to visit them every year!

Now I was back from California after having made a non-satsang trip to Barcelona, Spain too. Winter is gloomy as ever in

Manchester with the Brits describing it the best: 'It's as miserable as my mother-in-law!' Every man and his dog are grumbling about the weather in England!

To add some sunshine to my days, I prayed to Guruji to engage my mind in writing this book. I needed to immerse myself in it as Guruji had sent enough indications through the sangat. It was truly a colossal task, or so I thought as I only had a few people so far and what about the rest? The obvious questions occupying my mind were whether or not people would be receptive to the idea, and how on earth to approach them. My initial doubt and uncertainty were ironed out with a phone call from RP Sharma, my cheerleader and wisest friend who never stopped asking, 'Is it done yet?'

He advised me to call up the names that sprang to mind, urging me to trust Guruji as this entire exercise was his will. He also gave me suggestions on the format to be employed for the book and asked me to trust my instincts, to just get down to work and to leave the results to him.

Before my doubts reach epidemic proportions, Guruji always speaks to me through others who have unerring faith, keeping me steady and sanely safe! Thank you again Mr Sharma for enabling my doubts to ebb away rather swiftly, and for lending me the confidence to call my sangat family up, randomly asking them to share a part of their lives with me.

My guru parivar has many talented and accomplished friends. Jattinn Kochhar, a renowned fashion designer, is one such friend. He launched his label at the age of 19 in the year 1991 and since then has built a commendable portfolio. His ability to amalgamate his soulful Indian heritage with the urban influences has been the hallmark of his creations, and he is a truly blessed soul.

Living in the fast lane, in top gear, which demands all his time, energy and focus, he represents the modern man. If he doesn't give it his all, then the gear will automatically shift and on slowing down, he will be taken over. Such is the cutthroat world of competition.



Guruji too like Jattinn, tailors to the devotees' needs and brings a smile to their faces. However, unlike Jattinn, Guruji breaks the unbreakable threads of our karma and weaves new ones into our life's tapestry. He stitches the cloth of our destiny with careful threads of patience and perseverance. He interweaves the threads of love, acceptance and courage to lend shape to our cloth that we wear as a coat throughout this lifetime. He continuously cleanses this coat when it collects the dust of our not-so-good karma. He does not spin yarns the way the world does. Instead, he cuts the cloth according to our needs, tailors it with his eternal love, embroiders it with his blessings and enables us to become the models of excellence.

On surrendering ourselves to the divine stylist, he dresses us up in ways that were unimaginable to our limited creative minds. He grants us the perfect fit to suit the very fibres of our being in the right sequence, in the right space and time.

Satsang by Jattinn Kochhar

'After having been around for almost 40 years, I yearned for some direction and answers. I grew up having faith only in myself and nothing else. Deep-rooted anger, frustration, and to top it all, an overdose of ego making a heady and misleading cocktail of my life, leaving me devastated at times.

'My soul yearned for an anchor, for a guru but my false ego kept me away from finding the light that was always surrounding me. All I needed was to acknowledge it. Bitterness and negativity had taken over my existence. Desperately, I started seeking a way out. I dabbled in various life philosophies, met plenty of wise spiritual men, but my situation did not change. I had made the blunder of blocking any new thoughts or energies from passing through.

Along with all this I was expected to be a certain kind of a person and people refused to acknowledge any sincere efforts I made to be better. Misunderstood, misled and other 'mis-es'



made me believe I was a bad person. This soon started taking a toll on my health and body.

‘I was diagnosed with a degenerated lumbar five, leaving me bedridden for long periods of time. Lying alone on my bed, watching the world go by, random thoughts took me on a guided tour to hell. I would often breakdown and sob to my heart’s content.

‘Luckily, I knew it was a situation created by me, hence I had to come up with a solution myself. I would thank Almighty all the time, but refused to ask him for help and direction. To cheer myself up, I would go for my workouts every day—at least something positive I was doing, I told myself, but the workouts were still not getting me any worthwhile results.

‘Life was sort of chugging along with new challenges springing on me every single day. Basically, I kept failing in the same topic every day and with every failure, my exam kept on getting harder. With me not being in my right senses, my work obviously started getting affected.

‘I did not have the zeal to be cutthroat, shrewd, calculative and nasty, some of the attributes that most of us believe we need, to be successful in today’s world. To top it all, I was constantly battered by my near and dear ones, plunging me deeper into darkness, making me a walking mass of negativity.

‘Gunjan, truly my better half, my most severe critic, confidante and my grounding force is gifted with an innate ability to sense energies. I truly believe that she has made this journey to earth to elevate my soul, taking me closer to the almighty. Like mother nature, Gunjan has the ability to absorb all negativity and convert it into positivity. Her faith and conviction in anything she believes in surpasses my almost faithless existence. Over a year ago, she had a calling, and went with her mom and aunt to the Bade Mandir. She came back and shared an edited version of her experience that she deemed I would be interested in. She told me about the Shiva linga and the amazing energy there. I listened to all of it rather fleetingly.



‘Meanwhile, my lower-back problem had touched another level of degeneration, causing immense pain. All my trips to various doctors had been futile. I could no longer sit on the floor.

‘It was the first week of January 2011 when Gunjan took me to the Bade Mandir. My logical mind and the mountain of ego that I carried around with me stopped me from uniting with my Guruji. However, I could not deny that I felt good.

‘In the next few days, Gunjan got to know of a naturopath who I consulted. It was a matter of days before I started feeling better. Along with it came a bonus, something that we all yearn for—a fit body with abs, but I was oblivious to how and who had made that happen!

‘We were going to the Bade Mandir every week and I can clearly recall that on one of my trips my ego took over to convince me never to return. Once again, I was angry, frustrated and lost. Like always, his grace showed me the path. For someone who had been bedridden for two months, I could sit on the floor which was sheer ecstasy, and I began looking forward to visiting the Bade Mandir every week. I heard satsangs of various sangat on every trip of mine to the mandir. Undeniably, every satsang left me awestruck.

‘Surprisingly, like always, I never expected any miracles as I never asked for anything. Around April 2011, things were really beginning to worsen and the next couple of months everything in my life reached rock bottom. In August 2011, my entire design team, with whom I had worked for over last 14 years, abandoned me. My design unit was officially closed and I had no other means of paying my bills.

‘To my utter surprise I had a sudden surge of buyers who kept coming and buying clothes from my existing stock! I’ve spent more than half of my life doing design work. It was like these people and projects kept happening to keep me busy and ensured that I was able to pay my bills. I just could not find the right set of people to hire.



Despite all this turmoil, for the first time I was absolutely calm and peaceful as I had surrendered my plight to Guruji. He gave me the strength and the courage to go through this. Every time I needed someone to execute a certain order, help would come. There were fleeting moments when I would slip back into the dark abyss but was strong enough to bounce back to life.

‘I then had a clear realisation that all the excess baggage in terms of all the wrong people seemed to be subtly eliminated from my life, being replaced by new ones. I was only attracting the good.

‘In the beginning of the year, Gunjan was given a date for a satsang at our place and we had no means of putting it together. Slowly and steadily, all the work needed was happening like, getting the house whitewashed, wallpapering and rearranging the furniture.’

The year 2011, gave Jattinn’s life a new meaning. It had been a roller-coaster ride with all the possible twists and turns, until then. He and his wife were two weeks away from 2012, and they had the most beautiful satsang at their place on the 16th of December 2011: it was attended by over 300 sangat. Their entire apartment was so full that they had to accommodate the rest of the sangat at their parents’ apartment, just across from them.

‘The energy and the intensity of the bhakti that I felt that day was something I have never experienced in my entire life. The sheer sense of belonging to a guru parivar gave me an intense sense of belonging; to infinite love, affection, compassion and eternal brotherhood. The loneliness had been vacuumed from my existence forever. Jai Guruji!’





17

Karma Cleansed

Give yourself to such a guru that you'll never
have to seek again.

Satnam Kaur

I met Gunjan (Jattinn's wife) and their son and daughter on many occasions at the temple and at various satangs. Their daughter caught my eye every time and I felt she was a truly blessed child as she would sit and listen to the shabad with an ocean of patience and then merrily eat the langar with utmost devotion. She is as cute as she is charming as on seeing me she would stare at me for a while, but when I showed my willingness to speak to her she would shy away!

I asked Gunjan if she would like to share her satsang as I observed the devotion in her eyes. Guruji always advocated the importance of the entire family coming together to him; he said

the highest seva is the husband and wife taking care of each other and the greatest earning is the children they raise together turn out to be good human beings.

What a peaceful world we would live in if all the children of the world began their first step with Guruji in their hearts. I, for one, feel elated at the sight of young children setting the tone of their lives by connecting to him. Their lives will be far less complicated than ours as their young impressionable minds, unquestioningly, will enter adulthood knowing that Guruji walks beside them.

Being a yoga practitioner for over eight years and a yoga teacher, at every step on her path Gunjan Kochhar sought a guru. Her journey had a been a blessing as she met and keeps on meeting amazing masters, teachers, gurus, swamis and continues to learn from them. However, there was still a void that Gunjan waited to be filled.

Satsang by Gunjan Kochhar

‘Last year, my mother asked me if I would like to accompany her to the Bade Mandir. I was not interested and told her that I have enough gurus in my life! However, it was his calling and I finally visited the mandir. The door was closed that day, but I sat outside the main hall and meditated before leaving. It took me a couple of weeks before I went back.

‘After a couple of visits, I began frequenting the Bade Mandir every Monday as my mind was disturbed and my heart lacked peace. The energy of the temple would uplift me and heal me at a deep level. It is only when I started going on Mondays that my mother shared that it was her *ardaas* (a humble submission) to Guruji that I accompany her every week to the mandir, which was quite a distance from our residence.’

Every Monday she'd be at the mandir and every Friday at her satsang. Gunjan's visits made everyone suspicious at her place, including her mother-in-law and father-in-law.



‘With due respect to everyone at home, I did not feel the need to explain myself to anyone. I realised, then, that I was depressed and been so for over a year and a half. I suffered from palpitations, anxiety and fear after I had lost my dad. I could not share this with anyone, but I knew that I was not myself for a long time. Tears rolled down at every satsang but gradually as my heart opened up to Gurujī, those tears were not about pain anymore.

‘This is when I realised I had found what I was seeking all these years. He gave me unconditional love, which I had never experienced in my life before. I cried and sobbed like a child longing to meet my guru, until he made me realise that he lives in me always, 24×7.

‘Years ago, my husband and I were invited, by a friend who insisted that we accompany him for dinner to another friend’s party. Since it was not appropriate to go uninvited we were reluctant at first. However, when friend insisted we joined him. The host, needless to say, was taken aback!

‘We were told, rather sternly since we had already gate crashed we might as well have dinner. I somehow held my tears back during that public humiliation, but once we reached home, I broke down. This happened about 12 years ago.

‘Recently in 2010, I met the same lady again and realised that the pain still lingered in me. After Gurujī took me in his sharan, I completely surrendered and something miraculous happened. She sent in a request through one of her friends to find out if I could help her with yoga classes. Since I had stopped doing private classes, my friend was not sure. So when she asked me; I agreed!

‘Now I know why I said yes, because Gurujī had to complete this karmic cycle of mine with her. ‘I went across to her for the first yoga session carrying the fear of being spoken to in the manner in which she had spoke earlier. But when I saw her this time, there was only compassion in her eyes.

‘Who showed this to me? It was Gurujī! I saw her with his eyes and with his heart and went ahead. After I finished the



session, I sat in my car and broke down inconsolably. I could not thank him enough as I was carrying a huge karma myself by not forgiving her. It was also my ego which was hurt years ago. Guruji gave me a new vision and a new heart. Now I hold classes with Guruji's heart and mind.

'Regarding my work deal which went off track about three years ago, Guruji's blessings have completed that karmic cycle too for me. I would window-dress as a freelancer and had a project in hand for a store. Owing to a miscommunication between the owner and me, the entire project stopped half way and I abandoned it as the situation went out of hand.

'I began praying to Guruji and asked him if I could do the seva of bringing this client to the mandir. She would see me at various social events and ignore me or would, instead, audibly pass comments. This was embarrassing and I was uncomfortable around her. Finally, few months ago at one of the social events, she approached me and said, 'Hi!'

'I was somewhat unnerved and thought of stepping back, unsure of what she would say in public. Instead, she reassured me that she wanted to move on from that place of anger. I couldn't believe it and shared with her my ardaas to Guruji. Then she shared that she too had many friends in the sangat but had not been able to visit the temple. I felt like pinching myself and with immense gratitude for Guruji, I stood there and smiled at him, in my heart!

'Only Guruji can cleanse our karma. This life is his wish and his will, and I shall continue my journey now in bliss with him. I surrender my being to him and I do not wish to seek any more! I found what I was looking for, forever... . Jai Guruji.'





18

Words Set In Stone

The unachievable becomes achievable with his grace.

Anonymous

As I turned the pages of the satsangs, I realised the enormity and diversity in Guruji's blessings! From the minute to the mammoth, from the everyday and mundane to the extraordinary and unimaginable, his grace was all-pervasive.

One of my telepathic pleas to him was to cleanse my karma with my former husband. I was entertaining this thought, and as some of us understand, the power of thought cannot be undermined. Guruji used to advocate the significance of positive, clear thinking as our thoughts manifest themselves to become our reality.

It was a weekend, during October 2011, and as I went about my routine, I was dwelling on the thought that I must meet my former husband with his girlfriend. I had come a long way as

far as my personal growth was concerned and I had regained my poise and position in life, and I wanted him to witness that!

It was late evening when I received a call on my mobile and his number flashed before me! OMG—Oh Mere Guruji! Is there any thought of mine that you overlook?

I answered the phone and he asked if I would like to join him the following afternoon for lunch with his girlfriend as he would be in Manchester for business! Before this incident, I had never met them together, let alone have lunch with them!

My heart skipped more than a beat but I was still alive! I agreed once I caught my breath and then immediately turned to his photograph to chat about this!

‘Guruji, I know I asked you for this but I ask of you not to compromise my dignity and self-respect. Am I nervous? No, of course not because if I am then I haven’t learnt the lesson; I must remain calm, composed and indeed very charming! Earlier, just the mere sight of my former husband would make me uncomfortable but now I had moved on.

A friend of mine rang me the following morning asking me if I would like to join her for lunch! It was very unlike her to call as she lived quite a distance away. I was convinced that Guruji didn’t want me to go alone, hence she came for lunch, and all four of us had an affable afternoon and got on like a house on fire!

As we walked out of the restaurant, I turned around to them and blessed them both for eternal happiness!

Five years on from my separation, I had finally moved on in every respect. I was cheerful and chirpy and totally calm and composed. The cloud of my floating karma had finally lifted! My past had been cleansed and rinsed out, leaving no traces of any dirt whatsoever! I was free from the tight clutches of my history and clearly ready to begin a new chapter. It was also thanks to my past that I could now fully appreciate my present. Thank you again, my Guruji, for responding to some of my thoughts and for giving me a second chance in eradicating



those that are futile and ineffectual. What more of his supreme presence does Guruji need to confirm to us? You've got to take the good with the bad, smile with the sad, love what you've got, and remember what you had. Always forgive. Learn from mistakes, but never regret.

As I came home, I bowed to his photograph with appreciation and amazement and then patted myself on my shoulder and said audibly, 'Well done, and now you can travel light woman!'

Forgiveness is paramount to our spiritual growth and even though I understood its importance, I was not able to completely let go of the past hurt until that afternoon. I had specifically prayed to Guruji for this lesson to be learnt, and in doing so, I could move on to another level.

Towards the end of November, I attended a social gathering where I gave a brief satsang on Guruji, and how he prescribed meditation and its worth in daily life. From then on, with his grace, four women came to my place on a Tuesday where we engaged ourselves in a twin heart meditation followed by lunch. Post lunch, we had chai prasad and did the mantra *jaap* (repetition of a sacred name or verse) for ten minutes. All this while one of Guruji's vibrant photographs sat on the coffee table with candles lit before it. It was my secret tactic of connecting more people from Manchester to him!

I thought this may have been a one-off occasion, but the Tuesday meditation classes grew and now I accommodate more than twelve women at my place, at a time. Guruji's grace showered on everyone and piqued their curiosity to know more about him and his philosophy. These very women also attended the satsangs that are held on a monthly basis at various people's home here. Men and women from the Indian and non-Indian community called in to ask if they too could join. Jai Guruji!

Guruji always has a plan for us even though a shadow of doubt as usual passed over me, until I recollected his words just after I walked out of my marriage. '*Tera kalyaan kar deta! Kalyaan*



tu kara gaye, Anita! I have blessed you. My full blessings are on you! I have made you a leader! Go back to Manchester!

I raised an eyebrow as he reiterated the latter two statements. Both were foreign to my mind—going to Manchester was inconceivable to me and the leader in me was not yet born; I was always a follower!

‘You must focus on satsangs. Do satsangs and hold satsangs. This is your seva.’ At that time, my satsangs lacked a flow and fluency, so again his words were Greek to me. The third statement, which I have never shared with absolutely anyone and the one, I am about to, rocked my world!

‘Get married!’ I looked at him aghast and appalled. I thought, perhaps, he had forgotten that I was separated and on the verge of filing for a divorce; signing on the dotted line was still a faraway dream! With my unconcealed emotion flooding me, I frowned while he just smiled! I was baffled and bemused and he calmly asked me to press his hand. While the thought of my prospective future sapped the living daylights out of me, he kept merrily telling me to press even harder.

Telepathically I spoke to him, ‘Guruji, have you by any chance forgotten that I am getting a divorce and are you aware that just the mere sound of the word ‘marriage’ makes my hair stand on end?’

Marriage had become a taboo word for me, and if at all the word ever came up, I related it to all that was negative! I had become hostile to the very institution and all that it stood for and Guruji very well knew that. I made no bones about how antagonistic I was and he just smiled. He would say humorously that a w-i-f-e is worry-invited-for-ever and a h-u-s-b-a-n-d is horse-under-severe-burden-and-no-diversion!

Guruji’s ways are most mysterious and none of us are meant to demystify his claim. In hindsight, I realise that his infinite vision is not meant to be questioned or opposed, only accepted. Life will and does unfold his every claim so surrendering to his will is the one and only way to true and sustaining happiness.



We all want that which is beneficial for the body and he grants us that which is favourable for the soul. Only he knows what lessons need to be learnt through what experiences before we climb higher on the spiritual ladder. In the same breath if we do not comply with his will then it is easy to fall off the ladder and we have to start afresh!

His foresight of sending me back to Manchester worked in my favour as I felt my life had a sense of direction and purpose and took on a new meaning. Besides taking care of my ailing mother I was holding regular meditation classes and satsangs. Mom was elated about this; Gurujji had breathed a new life into her home as well as into the lives of the Indian community around. My heart and soul were laughing too; contentment permeated my being for the very first time. Between all these activities, I was travelling extensively and ever so frequently too. The calmness that settled within me was evidently attracting more and more people to the meditation classes and satsangs alike. I was married to my cause and this time there would be no divorce!

I believe now, with the passage of time as Gurujji's children it is important to live in accordance with his law. It is not enough to visit the temple if we do not actively work on ourselves to become truly worthy of his love. On the other hand, our true healing can only be promoted in an atmosphere charged with his love and compassion so the temple occupies centrestage in our self-realisation. Regularity brings about inner change and evokes the desire in us to work on ourselves to make him proud of us.

He gives us life, love and light in abundance, but unless we embrace his each and every hukum to the letter, our lives will not be in sync with his will. Walking the path means to take every step in his direction, and that is the very reason he used to state that the path of spirituality is no easy task. It's a picnic to go astray and to engage ourselves in mindless activities, but there is a price to pay for that, and those who have immersed themselves in the dark will eventually knock on Gurujji's door for salvation.



The ultimate goal of every soul is to be liberated after the karmic cleansing has taken place. How extraordinarily blessed we all are to be into his fold. He settles our karmic scores and affords us *moksh* (liberation) because most of us get lost in our million and one desires, and are too busy asking for more. In my view that is such a waste of yet another lifetime; we will again need to go through the routine of choosing our parents and the life situation that will ultimately enable us to attain salvation. As soon as we are born, we forget why we came here in the first place and allow ourselves to get entangled in the illusory glitter and gloss of the world. Most of us get trapped in temptations and spiral downward instead of climbing up. One wrong thought can bring us down, hence we must be careful of the company we keep.

A good individual can become rotten in wrong company. When we educate ourselves through good books and good company that give us the right knowledge, we shield ourselves from the wrong. But the world today has very evidently lost the connect, so individuals will keep being born in a repetitive pattern until they follow and find the light.

On this note I pray in earnest to our Guruji Maharaj to lend us all the wisdom to be able to truly surrender to him for him to do that which is for our highest good.





19

Cancer Cured

With his ever-giving hands he turns the improbable
and the impossible around.

Anonymous

I called up Hitesh Tara. He was holding a satsang in le Meridien to mark a celebration he wasn't supposed to share with anyone prior to that. Meanwhile, I was jumping to my own conclusions and creating stories in my head about what that could be! Perhaps he had got engaged, or he had been promoted, or his sister was expecting again! His BBM was perplexing me and I tried desperately to decipher his cryptic statuses! On asking him he politely declined to share anything; he said it was Gurujī's hukum to share on the satsang itself. He suggested that I make a trip to Delhi if I wanted him to share the blessing that had been showered on his family.

I was sipping my morning tea while watching the terrible news about British economy. Grim times are here, I thought, and Guruji had said so specifically at the turn of the millennium. This was 2011 and tsunamis had already left their devastating mark. Now there were riots across England as close as my doorstep, which made me shudder. Young teenagers were actively engaged in crime, and arson had become commonplace all of a sudden.

Guruji had urged us to ask him for the real thing as bad times were imminent. Only he could see, the degree of darkness that was looming over us. *'Nam manglo. Nam de nal judh jao. Asli cheez koi nahin manga da* (Connect to the source, take my name. No one asks for the real thing). Turn the tide with your good thoughts and actions that will keep your head above water.' Literally, I thought!

I turned my focus to Hitesh again as the celebrations were well over, and I couldn't contain myself anymore. I was so anxious to know that I first asked him to BBM me the synopsis of his satsang and he did before he shared it in detail.

Satsang by Hitesh Tara

'It all started on 8th July, 2011, when my dad asked me to accompany him to the hospital when he was advised to undergo some stomach-related test in which general anaesthesia is administered. I did so, without understanding what the test was all about. On reaching the hospital I got to know that the test to be done was colonoscopy, something about which I had no clue. In layman's language, it meant taking photographs of the inside of the stomach. After the test was done, we went to meet the doctor who had the results pinned on his board. He started explaining in detail how there was a polypoidal growth in the rectal area. And then to my utter shock he said, "If you are thinking it to be cancer, we cannot say it with any certainty. We have sent a part of the growth for biopsy, and will be able to confirm thereafter. Meanwhile, get the CAT scan done."



'I froze. I had gone to the hospital rather casually that morning, thinking it would be a routine test and was not expecting anything so radical. I remember complaining to mom why Guruji has done this to us when we have been into his fold all the time. However, we started praying to Guruji for a favourable biopsy report.

'Few days later we had the biopsy report, which was in consonance with the CAT scan confirming it to be a rectal tumour that seemed cancerous. The doctor asked us to rush to the surgeon to decide on the future course of action. We met the surgeon who explained the positioning of the tumour, and how it could be removed by way of a two-stage surgery. There was a ray of hope when he informed us of another procedure—TEM, a non-invasive surgery—by which the tumour could be removed without cutting the abdominal area. We were advised to take dad for an MRI endoscopy and ultrasound so as to conclusively ascertain whether TEM was possible in our case.

'A day before the above mentioned tests were to be done, my family and I went to the Bade Mandir to pray to Guruji to see us through this phase and set everything right. I remember I fervently prayed to Guruji that night and begged him to give me a sign that he is with my family and everything was going to be fine. The moment I opened my eyes, I got the second chai prasad, a rare case in the mandir, which really made me happy and positive. I knew it was not a coincidence, but I needed a reassurance and I said to Guruji, if you give another chai prasad to Papa I would think you have treated him. After a while the uncle who serves the chai prasad came with the last tray of the day, crossed dad and went to the centre of the hall, paused and looked around and came straight back to give dad the chai prasad. We knew Guruji's way of working and this incident really made us positive and we decided to march forward fearlessly.

'The following day was *Guru Purnima* (a Hindu festival) and we went for the test. It lasted for around 45 minutes. During the tests the doctor was slightly confused and asked



dad when the CAT scan had been done. He came out and told me that though the tumour was there the position was such that it could not be taken out by TEM and also it could not be said with any certainty that it was cancer. We knew Guruji had started his treatment.

‘The doctors were surprised and looking at the results suggested another procedure for the removal of the tumour, commonly done in India. We thought it was Guruji’s way of making things easier for us as by then, we had already researched and found that there was no doctor in India who could do a TEM, thus we gave our approval for it.

‘The doctor asked us to get dad admitted after a couple of days, when dad, pointing towards Guruji’s badge that I was wearing on my shirt, started to tell the doctor about Guruji. After looking at Guruji’s photograph for a few seconds, the doctor told us that he wants to take a second opinion from one of his fellow doctor at AIIMS on whether the procedure he was contemplating was suitable or not, and told us to call him after a few hours. When I called him later, to my utter surprise, he informed me that he had got to know that TEM was being done at AIIMS, and there was only one doctor in India who was doing it.

‘The point here is that the doctor saw Guruji’s photograph and had the idea to call up AIIMS only to discover that TEM, the most suitable procedure in our case, was being done at a hospital only ten minutes away from our house. We went and met the doctor at AIIMS who asked dad to get admitted. Accordingly we got him admitted on a Monday for a surgery scheduled for Wednesday. On Tuesday, the doctor called us for a pre-operative check-up, and to our great shock, informed us that they would try to remove the tumour through TEM, but if during the surgery, they realise that it was not feasible, then they would take an intra-operative decision to do the major surgery, i.e., the two-staged surgery, the one we wanted to avoid initially.



‘Thus we were in a total dilemma but keeping our faith in Guruji and thinking he has sent us to AIIMS, we gave our approval for the surgery. On the same day, a very funny incident took place. Dad randomly checked his sugar level which had shot upto 350. The pre-anaesthesia team of the hospital, therefore, did not give its approval for the surgery to take place on Wednesday, and it was now postponed to Friday.

‘Contrary to what we should have felt as a delay, we were happy because on Friday we had a satsang scheduled at our place (with Guruji’s grace, we have a satsang at our place every last Friday of the month), and we knew Guruji was at work and that he wanted the surgery to be on the day of the satsang. We decided that my mother and sister would go and manage the satsang at home, and my brother-in-law and I would be there for the surgery.

‘On Friday the surgery was scheduled at 9 a.m., but due to some reason, it got delayed and dad was taken to the operation theatre at around 11 a.m. Now what dad remembered was that anaesthesia was being administered to him around noon, i.e., exactly the same time when the *jyot* (candle) is lit at the satsang at our house. The surgery lasted for around 2.5 hrs, which is exactly the same duration for which the satsang goes on at our home. Guruji’s *aarti* (a Hindu ritual) is carried out at 2:30 p.m. This was a clear indication from Guruji that he planned it this way to avert something grave.

Later, to our relief, we got to know that the tumour was taken out thorough TEM and the major surgery was not required. The tumour was sent for biopsy, and, after a week, it was confirmed that it was not malignant. In fact, it was not even a tumour but a simple polyp, i.e., just an unnatural growth. The doctor was completely surprised because deep inside he was sure that it could be cancerous, but we knew it was not his fault, but just another case of Guruji defeating medical science, and looking after his children with utmost love. Jai Guruji.’





20

The Voice of Truth

We cannot have peace on Earth until we learn to speak
in one voice. That voice must be the voice of reason,
the voice of compassion, and the voice of love.
It is the voice of divinity within us.

Neale Donald Walsh

By now there was a handful of sangats in Manchester deeply entrenched in their devotion to Guruji. With his grace, they were keen to share that which they had received.

Sabina Dhand, who also held a satsang in Manchester, is a childhood friend of mine, and a few years ago, on one of her visits to India, I took her to Guruji. She resides in Manchester and barely visits India. Five years ago, she made that blessed trip when she met Guruji, a few months before he discarded his physical garb.

Satsang by Sabina Dhand

'It was a Thursday and my friend, Anita, and I made our way to Empire Estate where Guruji held his satsangs. Anita had cautioned me not to expect him to speak to me, but to imbibe his aura, the melodious shabads, and to enjoy the blessed chai prasad and langar. The experience would enrich me, I was sure.

'I am a Hindu pagan and my belief in Lord Shiva was always very strong and somehow I knew there was a link. Though I am a proud Hindu I am also very rooted in English culture by virtue of being born, raised and educated in England; I have neither lived in the East nor spent much time there.

'I have my beliefs and have visited many spiritual sites, including the world-famous Stonehenge in England. Going to Guruji was an extension of my spiritual openness and even though Anita took me there cautiously, not knowing what Guruji's response would be like, I was very relaxed.

'As I bowed to him, he smiled and I burst into laughter as he cracked a joke in his native Punjabi lingo. I immediately noticed a strong Shiva influence around him. The similarity made me connect almost instantly. Guruji asked Anita who I was and where I had come from and then he went on to say, "She will go far and she is a good soul." I felt connected as a sense of peace and fulfilment flooded my being. Before I went back to England, I returned to him for more blessings and he smiled.

'Once I returned home to England and I took a step back from my experience, I realised its extraordinary nature and was convinced that he was Shiva's light. I have always believed in the phenomena of 2012, and that we are entering a new era, an era of spirituality and connectivity. It's a new age of beliefs and values and Guruji came to bring about that shift in consciousness in us.

'There are many more sharks that live on the land than there are in the sea, with greed and corruption taking the forefront. Times are unpredictable and uncertain and pure souls are being



challenged and the not-so-good ones appear to be conquering the world. This era is bringing the pure souls very quickly onto his path to level out their karma in these dark times. They are, further, getting more people onto his path as it is the need of the hour.

‘Meeting Guruji is never a chance visit but a choice made by the soul. In these troubled times he makes us wiser and stronger to fight the demons of negativity that seems to be so rampant and prevalent. I myself met him only twice in the physical garb but the impact was strong and lifelong. After a couple of years, I began to carry his photograph with me everywhere, particularly to the studio where I record.

‘What I observed during both my visits was that the high-profile people sitting around him who could be labelled as his inner-circle, were from ministers to actors, to eminent industrialists of India. The so-called VIP’s were very humble. I do believe that on visiting Guruji regularly does get people off their high horse if they are on it!

‘As they say, the roof is high in heaven but the gate is low. The elite, the so-called power mad and the powerful as well as the not-so-powerful and the aspiring, all dissolve before the all-powerful and omnipotent Guruji. We all realise that before him, we are all small, and smaller than us are our endless desires.

‘Subsequent to meeting him in Delhi, I visited my cousin, Narender Dhand, in Ludhiana, who I was totally out of touch with for many years. On entering his home, I saw Guruji’s photographs absolutely everywhere, and I had no idea that he was also an ardent follower. His home was comparable to a temple that was filled with Guruji’s energy. Now I understood that I was meant to reconnect with my cousin through Guruji, and that evening, he shared his experiences about his ailing son who was not meant to live beyond the age of seven. It was truly a blessed and blissful visit.

‘I personally believe that Guruji has sent Anita to Manchester to start his satsangs here as there is a desperate need for his



blessings here. In fact, the truth is that he has sent his sangat to many different parts of the world to spread his light from New York, to Seattle, Canada, California and farther afield. Society needs a balance and that is the reason Guruji descended on earth to save it from its own destruction.

‘As a singer-cum-songwriter, I had an amazing moment. I prayed to Guruji as my record company boss challenged me to sing a fantastic version of a 1960s song. The song had hit the number one pop charts for 22 weeks. The tune was and will remain one of my all-time favourites. However, singing it was a mammoth task, and I was fearful and apprehensive, but at the same time very excited about giving it my best. I doubted its acceptance once the recording was over. I was a bag of nerves once I made my exit from the world-famous studios ‘Abbey Road’ where the Beatles recorded most of their music and I too had recorded most of my songs. My edginess knew no bounds as I awaited a response from my manager. I felt I was interfering with perfection by singing a one-time hit, and all this nail-biting time I connected very deeply with Guruji.

‘The following day, after putting the vocal down, I realised that I had never sung with such intense passion before. I wanted to sing it again and again. I was indeed very pleased with the result as were the people in authority. My boss told me that the song was absolutely magnificent, and In fact, better than the original. He stated that I should be very proud of myself. I had actually completed the song in one take, which was unbelievable, but then I do know who gave me the inspiration!

‘I still cannot believe my own ability to have delivered such an extraordinary piece, and then the remarkable response of the critics. Without a shadow of doubt, I attribute this phenomenon to Guruji’s blessings.

‘After my recording, I held a satsang at my home in Manchester and the turnout was amazing as most of the people had never met Guruji, nor had they visited the temple, but they



connected to his energy instantly. It was a truly memorable day with many blessed moments.

‘Ever since I can remember, I had a special fondness for roses, and after meeting Guruji, my love for them grew. Mr Parveen Sharma, who lives in Manchester and is originally from Delhi, held a satsang a few months ago at his place. As I entered, there was a strong whiff of rose fragrance that came my way, and it also permeated the entire room. I was later told that Guruji came along with me.

‘The satsangs have just begun in Manchester, and they will spread like wildfire as Guruji is making people receptive to his divinity. It is a wonder that so many people from so many different parts of the world are connecting so rapidly. I, for one, am delighted that my entire family is getting connected and is looking forward to the regular satsangs here.

‘I feel very fortunate that Guruji is in my life, a central part of my existence that protects me at all times. I have his photograph in my car while I drive and he sits in my room to guard and guide me on this beautiful journey of life. He has added a new key to my life that keeps me on a high note. My heart sings the melody of peace and joy that I would always like to air through my music. Jai Guruji!’





21

Destiny Altered

Walking is easy but finding the right path
comes through faith.

Anonymous

Guruji never ceases to amaze me as the likelihood of identifying a sangat at my doorstep was far-fetched. Parveen and Raj Sharma, originally from Delhi, and now a short drive from my home, had become close family friends. Their equation with mom was as good as it was with me. There was deep gratitude in me for having met them. The sense of fraternity with sangat the world over is altogether special with Guruji's heart always beating amongst us. We enjoy regular dinners and chai prasad with an odd movie now and then.

Guruji had sent him and his wife to Manchester over five years ago to practice medicine and to hold satsangs here. Parveen shares his experiences in the following paragraphs.

Satsang by Parveen Sharma

‘How do you narrate your experience with the omniscient? Language is a tool of man’s mind and is, therefore, circumscribed by human limitations. Hence, to narrate one’s experience with the divine, the Sada Shiv—our Guruji—is an onerous task; the true essence of the experience may not be captured by words. Moreover, the mind is conditioned to think from the ‘me’ or the ‘I’ perspective, and the tuning with Guruji was about him and his vast magnitude of benevolence where the individuals were there by his will. However, he guides us to narrate the satsangs and I pray to him that I can convey the truth of his benevolence and bliss in my narrative.

‘I met Guruji for the first time in 2001, and at that time, I was working as the Senior Resident, at PGIMER Chandigarh, and hoped to progress there as the faculty. I went to meet Guruji with my wife, my brother and sister-in-law. When *bhabi* (sister-in-law), introduced me, Guruji said, “*Changa munda hai* (He is a good man).” When she said to him that I want to go to London, he smiled and said, ‘That’s why you have come?’ I denied it as I had gone for his darshan after listening to my brother. He then said, “Delhi *aaja* (Come to Delhi).”

‘Looking back today, sitting in Manchester, I realise it to be one of the many truths he would eventually utter. Not even a single word he said was casual; they conveyed his will and his benevolence. Soon, I started coming to Delhi from Chandigarh on work, although I had never foreseen it that way, and went to the UK thereafter, which was not planned either.

‘From that day, the journey unfolded as he had willed. What started with a visit once every few weeks or months, to Delhi, gradually became the fulcrum of my day’s work and a part of my life. The few times when I was blessed with a dialogue with Guruji, the subject was always seemingly casual but it would eventually alter the course of my life.



‘One day at the Bade Mandir, when I had paid obeisance to him, he asked, where I was from. I replied Mayur Vihar as I was living with my parents there. His gaze fell on me and he said, “You don’t look like it.” I just bowed for I could not understand what he meant. When I look back today, I realise that after finishing my high school I did my graduation in Calcutta, post-graduation in Chandigarh and was in Delhi for only two years. Then I came over to the UK six years ago. In fact, I have never stayed long at my parents place, and it is my elder brother Navin who has been looking after them.

‘In the meantime, he was showering blessings and guiding my family and me, without asking for anything. Contrary to the cardiologist’s advice mother’s unstable angina resolved without any surgical intervention; nephews epilepsy was cured without medication, and they are just a few examples of his kindness.

‘Moreover, he was guiding my professional and personal growth and evolution, which is a subtle but the most powerful experience. Difficult colleagues, difficult circumstances, were all resolved with unbelievable ease and I, a self-centred individual was blending with the sangat. I prayed for servitude and he granted me that for the two years that I was in Delhi, and those two years still remain etched in my mind as it was paradise on earth at his durbar.

‘There is nothing we can do for him as we do not comprehend even a fraction of his prowess. All we can do is surrender our ego to him, which obstructs us from receiving his blessings. Logic and science are again tools of the human mind and are inept at relating with the supreme power that our Guruji is. They can only predict the obvious whereas Guruji alters the laws of death and life; the numerous miraculous cures of innumerable sangat prove it again and again.

‘When I had been selected for the UK job, which was initially for two years, I bowed to him and stated, “Guruji, by your blessing I have been successful in my interview.” He looked at me and asked if I will stay in Hindustan. There lies a tale of



what could have been but we make our choices and live by them. I was at his feet and said, “As you say Guruji,” and then there was the moment, when he remained silent and then he said, “*Jaa doctra jaa* (Go doctor, go!).” His voice still reverberates in my bones and blood as I knew my Guruji had laid out my life for me. He conveyed the same to my family members. He blessed my wife as well, at the Chhota Mandir, thus reassuring us that we would always be under his care.

‘Having experienced the ecstasy of his darshan, I asked him if he would visit England, and he just smiled. I had been to Guruji’s gaddi at Panchkula at Dependur Uncle’s place, and asked Guruji if I could be with him in England, and he replied in negative. He then said, “*Satsang karya kar*” and the way was paved for that too in Manchester.

‘When we arrived there were no satsangs being held in Manchester; almost all my colleagues even the ones who were really supportive and caring were atheists. When I talked about Guruji they were not receptive at all. Gradually the idea of doing satsang receded in my head as well. However, he had willed it, and moreover, there were further blessings he had to bestow. Therefore, he took over the satsang chapter as well.

‘That is how I met Anita Kumar, December last year. She had even less reasons to be back in the UK and had not planned it, I’m sure. We did not know each other, and subscribed to different forums of Guruji, only over the internet!

‘However, our families exchanged our contact numbers at the Chhota Mandir, and we soon met. Since then with his guidance and her enthusiasm, we have had numerous satsangs in Manchester, and the sangat numbers keep swelling.

‘Our friends who have known us for years find it hard to fathom that we met only a few months ago, but Guruji’s sangat has been with him at his feet for many lifetimes. The journey continues and he reassures us repeatedly of his presence. His blessings have saved me from a serious accident, unscathed, and



delivered me from difficult legal cases in my profession. His blessings are boundless.

‘There are many truths, which I still have to learn as there are things that he had said. I’m sure he knows when to impart the knowledge to me. I wait with folded hands and prayers in my heart that I don’t deviate from his path and that he showers me with his blessings across all lives. Jai Guruji!’



MS

22

Guruji's Sevakars

When life shows you a thousand reasons to cry, show life
that you have a million reasons to laugh through the
grace of your guru.

Anonymous

I recall, and how can I ever forget anyway? Memories are usually unreliable as they fade with the passage of time into the yonder and then they feel like a distant reverie as if it happened in another lifetime.

On meeting my Guruji I remembered everything. My subconscious certainly did anyway. My soul, my bookkeeper knew too that this was not the first meeting. The familiarity of it all cannot be passed off as anything but a reunion. It was not a coincidence; it was a calling.

He was as striking as he was serene. His radiance was awe-inspiring and I simply longed for his glow! But then that was not

my first thought. No, it never is about our selfish demands and mindless desires when we come face-to-face with truth because the ring of truth is way too powerful and it makes us transcend the clutches of desires. Something higher takes over and we are left speechless.

I was ailing all over: a broken heart from a failed marriage; skin eruptions that was physically and psychologically distressing, and a mind that was so disturbed that I never noticed the rising or the setting of the sun. I was in darkness and I was spiralling downwards further into the abyss of dejection and dismay. On simply laying my eyes on him, I knew—a silent plea of 'never let me go, now that I am here' was all that my soul would cry out for, and cry I did.

The misery and the tears that brought me here, kept me coming back for more love than I had known in all my lifetimes. I was overwhelmed and wanted more of what I was beginning to receive.

My love and devotion deepened and I understood that life was more than what the naked eye could see. I wanted Guruji to show me more and make me more than what I had been. I wanted a transformation, and then there was a silence that took over and I realised that I wanted nothing, nothing but his grace.

The wants soon ended as my flight with him began, and that journey cannot be expressed in words as every true devotee of Guruji knows. I simply began to tune into the universal truths as time went by, and my commitment to Guruji became as deep as it was to my own life. He became as close as my next breath and my love for him became fathomless. My joys outweighed my sorrows and now my soul was smiling as I sat in a space of total acceptance even though the body was still afflicted. My spirits were soaring high too, and my higher self instructed my lower self to get out of the way as it had work to do. I became totally receptive to receiving Guruji's grace, and all I wanted is to settle myself every evening before his eyes amongst the sangat. I knew no one at that point as Guruji would make me sit adjacent to his



gaddi in a corner, and specifically asked me not to interact with anyone but him and that too telepathically.

I recall one evening when he was merrily distributing his photographs and I was engaged in pressing his feet. After every few minutes, I would glance up at him telepathically, pleading with him not to forget me! After several minutes he turned his loving gaze towards me and said, ‘What will you do with my photograph, Anita? Your guru resides in your heart!’ Imagine my ignorance!

On sitting beside him for a while longer, and being soaked in by his aura and his divine aroma, I delved on the thought of how fortunate each one of us was. Each one of us was being soaked in his love and grace, hence we were all one, not separate from the other. He was here amongst all of us to redeem us, and to remind us the reason for this incarnation of ours.

He came to cleanse our past karma and to grant us that which would give our soul wings. Some were able to grasp the essence while some just wanted to grab. Some realised the ultimate while others were still seeking, but all were on the path, and Guruji was and remains the final destination. The level of faith varies in each one of us but ‘faith’ is the keyword, nevertheless. As for me, I felt completely at home as I had found my light, and now the only yearning was to become one with it—not an easy task!

Speaking of tasks, I would deeply admire the devotees who, without fretting and fuming, served the sangat with serenity and selflessness and worked tirelessly and tenaciously—that was their love for their master.

A few individuals have left imprints on my mind from the days when we sat cosily beside Guruji in Empire Estate, and the sevakars expressed their love and gratitude through selfless work. What we offer Guruji by way of our love is just a speck in exchange of what he gives us. We are incapable of reciprocating his love and are eternally indebted to him, the True One.

Each one of us expresses our love and gratitude in the way we know best. Vippy Bharadwaj, of course, was one of the most



blessed sevakars I knew—Guruji himself had allotted him the task of serving Guruji. The other was Binny who lived next door and would hop across practically every evening for seva. To my mind, deeply blessed are such souls who have been entrusted with such a duty by God himself.

Binny's cutest-in-the-world daughter caught my attention much before I got acquainted with him as she would devoutly bow before Guruji every evening, followed by her pretty mother with light eyes!

Atul Kapoor, more casually known as Binny, was and remains a respected sangat as he revered Guruji and served him resolutely and religiously. Only the individual knows the depth of his love for his guru, and only the individual can endeavour to express it in his own words.

Satsang by Atul Kapoor

'I am Atul Kapoor and my journey with Guruji began around 1998 when he was in Delhi, and residing in the house adjoining mine.

'The first question that entered my mind when I watched people coming to meet somebody in the house next door was, "Who is Guruji?" This was the one question I asked when I came, and the answer was, "Guruji is God." I began going to Guruji every evening, and with each passing day, the fondness for him grew. His magnetism was so extraordinary that on meeting him once, one is bound to return to him again and again. In fact, I would be restless in the days as I awaited the union in the evenings.

'I guess I was destined to come into contact with him and it was a phase in life that was probably the most meaningful one in my life. I was destined to do seva and was the chosen one by him to do it firstly, for the sangat and then, for Guruji Maharaj, himself. This was an experience that had no parallel, and the joy it gave has no words to describe it. I made thousands of cups of tea for the sangat and also did the langar ki seva and fed thousands as I would be with Guruji till the wee hours of the morning.



‘The icing on the cake was when Guruji began to ask me to engage myself in his seva by running his personal chores and errands. This to me was the ultimate blessing, and a position that must have made thousands envious of me! This seva made me feel truly blessed, and being called by Guruji at any time of the day or night was the most fulfilling feeling that I had ever experienced.

‘During the years I spent with Guruji, I realised the importance of prayer and the power of *kirtans* (devotional songs), and the significance and joy of sangat. I experienced the emotion of seva during this period, and on witnessing many turn of events, I started believing in miracles.

‘Personally, my family and I had many experiences that were nothing short of miracles. Under the protection of Guruji, we felt safe and secure and experienced many instances where the power of Guruji was unveiled. If the experiences were narrated to a layman it would be difficult for him or her to believe in them.

“Guruji is God” was a common phrase that most people in the sangat used and believed in, including myself. However, there were times when our faith would be shaken, when things did not go the way we had wanted them to. The pendulum of faith is bound to sway to and fro until we learn to surrender.

‘My mother was a staunch follower of Guruji, and also visited him for many years. Then one day, she fell ill and passed away within a month. All that while, we had been praying to Guruji for her recovery, but that was not meant to be. It was here that my first question—“who is Guruji?”—was answered. I reflected on this deeply and then I got my answer—Guruji is not God. God is Guruji.’

My journey with the Almighty continued and my family and I continued to have many experiences with him. True to the writing on his photograph in his own hands, which has been part of our room and our lives since 1998, his blessings have always followed us.

‘The latest of his “Blessings Always” was in November 2011, when my wife Namrata was diagnosed with a brain tumour.



It was something that shook the ground below our feet, and the first thought went to Guruji.

'A day later, Guruji gave me darshan in my sleep and the entire dream was crystal clear. He was sitting in his room at Empire Estate and I peeked inside and he smiled in his usual manner and signalled me to come in. He was sitting with some people and did not say a word to me. He looked up and handed me prasad of almost a few hundred small rasgullas! There were so many that I was unable to hold them and the entire syrup spilled over me. The next second he was gone and I woke up.

'I woke up Namrata and told her about the dream and we decided to go to Empire Estate to bow before his photograph there. As we entered around 11 a.m., much to our surprise Sudha Aunty greeted us and asked us to come upstairs and have tea. We were sitting with her when she asked *amma* to get some sweets with the tea and when it arrived, I was in shock as the box of sweets was the same that Guruji had given me as a prasad in my dream during his darshan that morning. Such is the power of our Guruji and his ways of saying "Blessings Always." What is destined and willed will happen. There will be good times and bad times in our lives and that is what is God's will. Guruji is the human form of God on earth and God himself is present in the form of Guruji to guide us throughout our lives and to give us the strength to get through the bad times. Jai Guruji!'





23

Surrender

Surrender is not something that you can do. Surrender is an insight that the ego exists not, that, 'I am not separate.' Surrender is not an act but an understanding.

Osho

My impressions of Kuwait will never fade into the alleys of time as our experiences with Guruji and his sangat are imprinted on our souls. During my stay, I shared the room with Gauri Aunty's and Tyagi Uncle's very enlightened daughter Nikita Raj who is very evidently climbing the spiritual ladder with great swiftness and simplicity. She shared her experiences with me during my stay, and we were in tune with one another's sensibilities. Her life, her depth as well as her clarity and articulation at such a young age blew me away.

Satsang by Nikita Raj

I am Nitika Raj. Where do I begin to describe a journey that began many lifetimes ago? In this life, I met Guruji when I was around 19-20 years old, but he has known me forever. Now I'm 29, and my life has changed completely as a result of his divine grace. It's important to share that life has not been easy since meeting him. Rather, I have never seen more difficult times. But those experiences have been critical in facilitating my spiritual growth and deepening my connection with him. Guruji has changed, cleansed, and purified me from within, a process that is still ongoing, and will probably continue throughout this life.

‘With Guruji, I have learned to never say “Never”. Nothing is impossible for him, but because of that, it does not mean that we can or should ask him for anything. He always says *“Mango nahin* (Don't ask).’ When we ask, our human desires emerge from our limited vision and small minds. We ask for material things: job, economic security, house, car, good health, marriage, children, or perhaps, even spiritual moksh, nirvana. But all this is very presumptuous of us. We have a long karmic history that we, fortunately, do not remember, and we cannot begin to guess what awaits us in the future. Without knowing all this, we ask for what we want and we get very upset if or when we don't get it.

‘There is a grand karmic process at work that requires our humility, patience and perseverance to settle until things return to a balance. Guruji sees and knows everything. When we don't ask, we are trusting him to give us what is right for us, and he wants to give us what we need, not what we want. When we surrender, we allow him to take the reins of our lives, and steer us in the direction, which is our highest best path.

“Surrender”—you will hear this word repeatedly in Guruji's sangat. What does it mean though, in practical terms? Guruji values practicality greatly. It means no “ifs” and “buts”. It means *“Dimaag juton ke saath bahar chhod kar aao* (Leave



your brains outside along with your shoes).” It means neither doubting him nor his plan. It means that when we go through painful experiences, we trust that those experiences are as much a blessing as the joyous ones. When we can face our problems with strength, grace and humility, and instead of asking, “Why me?” we can learn to ask, “What does my guru want to teach me through this?” then we are open to receiving answers as well as his blessings.

‘In order to be filled with Guruji’s grace, we must first be empty. The human soul is like a vessel, or a pipe. It gets dirty, rusty, and clogged with lifetimes of karma. It gets filled with materialism and earthly desires. In order for Guruji to work on us, he has to clean us first. We are not even aware enough or powerful enough to clean ourselves. We are like children who are not potty-trained. Guruji trains us.

‘We think we know so much, or are so accomplished or have so much. Our first mistake is that we think. From ego stems all the other illusions—of doing, of having, of deserving. We are not even capable of simply being; of not thinking, or thinking nothing. We cannot stop the constant stream of thoughts long enough to find God in stillness or within us. We are led astray by our minds. Our highest purpose would be served if we were empty enough of ourselves, and our thoughts, our ego, our ideas of “me” and “I” become instruments of God’s divine will.

‘If you have ever seen Guruji’s famous autograph, you will notice he boldly signs in large black scrawl “Love Always, Guruji”; not “Love, Guruji”. God is in the big photograph as much as in every little detail because God is perfect. He made sure to write “Always” so that his children would remember that, even though he will not be saying it to us every single moment. If we really believe in him, if we trust Guruji, then we would never doubt his love for us, and that he is always with us. But it is up to us to always be with him—through our actions, words, thoughts and feelings. He is the sun, and we are his little *diyas* (lamps) all over the world that reflect



his powerful and radiant light. If we all were to serve with a true spirit the composite light could make the world so brilliant.

‘We often get insecure and our faith becomes dim because we have never known such unconditional and eternal love. When our faith is shaken, the light gets dimmer, and it becomes harder to connect with him. Then we become desperate for him to reach out to us, to give us darshan, or his fragrance, or a sign or a message that he is there with us.

‘We seek reassurance, and since he is so very loving and has limitless patience, he gives it to us. But in fact, this is a failure on our part. Our faith should be strong enough so that we can return to his “Love Always” message and simply believe in it.

‘There is no logic to trust. That is why it is called a leap of faith. We are the ones who need to take the next leap, and trust that he is carrying us through it all, and that even the cliff is an illusion created for our growth. Everything Guruji does is done for the greatest good of everyone involved. Never doubt that. In order to truly receive the unconditional love that he is always enveloping us in, we have to have unconditional trust, like Bambi Aunty describes in her book.

‘By constantly remembering God, we are constantly with him. Thus, via simran, he is constantly with us. Guruji once told Usha Aunty to connect with him telepathically, and that he would also respond in the same way. “Telepathy?” she asked. “How do I do that?” Guruji’s response was, “*Dhyaan mein*”. Dhyaan means meditation, but, literally, it also means concentration. We can connect with Guruji by concentrating on him. A friend once said to me that meditation is a practice in constantly failing to meditate. I have been failing at meditation for a long time, but now that I know the failure is part of the process, I am gaining the perseverance to simply come back when my attention wanders away, again, and again, and again, and again... . The more I return, the more I feel Guruji’s presence. Even when we fail at something, our ego gets in the way to tell us that we are no good



at it, so we should give up. The mind wants to retain control instead of allowing us to still it and let the soul take over. Witness that ego message, and do not let it get in the way of connecting with Guruji. It is this practice that lets Guruji connect with our devotion to him.

‘What can we give to God? It would be foolish or egotistical to think that we can offer him anything that is truly ours. All that we currently possess is given by him and is temporary; it can be taken away any minute. All that we can offer from our hearts is true love and gratitude, and perhaps, a flower.

‘We can offer back to him the free will that he so kindly gave us, to allow us to make our own choices and live as free people. I am grateful for that, and in every prayer to Guruji, I beg him to take it back, so that my life may unfold according to the divine will and with divine guidance. Our souls are on a journey to return home to the great soul we are all connected with. In order to do that, Guruji has revealed himself to guide us back to him.

‘My daily life is a blessing and a miracle because it has Guruji’s presence. To know God is to know the greatest magic, and the greatest magician. In each day there is freshness and openness; anything may happen while I am living life under his loving Eyes. Whatever happens, I know it will be a great gift from him to me.

‘I have already learned so much from him and from the very large sangat family he has connected my family and me to. He is teaching us to look after each other, to be selfless as much as humanly possible, and to have faith. Faith is truly the most wonderful gift of all. I never feel alone as I am always with him as he is always within me.

‘To Guruji, I can only say, “Thank you and I love you”. And thank you for loving and believing in me, now and always, especially when I could not believe in myself, but I am so grateful that I never stopped believing in you. If life were ever that hard again, I would still rather believe in you than in myself, Jai Guruji!’





24

The Family Connects

In faith there is enough light for those who want to believe,
and enough shadows to blind those who don't.

Anonymous

There are many dialogues that spring to my mind from time to time between Guruji and me, and one of them was exchanged in my hour of dejection.

'Guruji, my family frowns at the idea of me coming here every evening. They think I have lost my head! Their cynicism and scepticism get to me. Their bone of contention is that I am perhaps too young to be on this path and it takes me away from 'normal' life! Of course, their judgment of you may also be clouded.'

Guruji listened intently before he gave his subtle but sublime smile. He gazed into my saddened eyes and then softly replied, 'What do you think is the solution to this?'

I looked at him with a perplexed expression because if he didn't know, then who on earth did? I had not the remotest idea what needed to be done to rectify the situation and for my family to see things from my angle.

'Let me do one thing!' he stated gently after a moment's deliberation. 'I will call your entire family to me! *Tera sara parivar ek din mere kol ayega*, Anita!' I almost laughed aloud, but instead, I laughed internally and tightened my lips so as not to offend him! 'He doesn't know my family!' I thought.

A decade on, and most of my family members are devout believers and hold regular satsangs in their respective homes—Ravi and Meenu Passi and their mother; Ravi, Hapu, Dimpji and their extended family; Madhu and her daughter Diksha and many more. Besides, of course, my brother Sanjeev! The list is endless and most of them are regulars at the temple, particularly on Mondays. Then, there is my Aunt Veena Kumar and her daughter, Priya, and to top it my step cousins who also joined in for the satsangs in Manchester. Incredible! One of my step cousins was visiting Delhi recently, and he called me from the temple stating that he had tasted heaven, and urged me not to forget to call him every time there was a satsang in Manchester!

Blood family is one thing and then there is my newfound family who are my neighbours in the same apartment building, in Delhi. Rati and Shashi Kapoor became my friends-cum-family as soon as I moved in after my separation. They were my love and support while I rebuilt my life from scratch. The rough seas came, and I sailed through each storm with their continued support. Once I had gained composure and calmness I began regular satsangs in my home from September 2008, thanks to my dear sangat friends Vippy Bharadwaj and Anjali Kaura who initiated them at my home by organising these and getting the first langar. From then on Rati became actively involved in the satsangs and she would engage herself in seva!



She connected with Guruji and our bond strengthened as though we were blood sisters. We became each other's support through life's vicissitudes. Heavy storms came my way again in late 2009, when I underwent a series of illnesses for three months continuously. I lost my father the same year. That was an ordeal that dampened my spirits and I questioned my faith as dark clouds seemed to be looming over me with no sign of dispersing. The final straw was when I was again in deep waters in December, the same year. Sonakshi, my younger daughter and I were both struck with typhoid and Rati took her to hospital while I lay with high fever and was terribly feeble and faint. She and Shashi took charge and were beside us through the thick of this. They have been with me, heart and soul, through all adversities of my life.

Guruji had stated very precisely that I should buy this particular apartment in Panchsheel. He had described it to me and reassured me that I would be very happy residing there. I had seen at least fifty houses during my search for a new home, and Guruji placed his divine finger on this one even though it was well over the budget that dad had given me. I awkwardly asked dad if I could go ahead and he very assuredly agreed without batting an eyelid.

What crystallised here was that Guruji knew what was for my highest good, and even though I underwent many karmic storms, he facilitated my journey by showering me with his love through other people, and this enabled me to sail through. Today my neighbours, downstairs Mrs Sareen embraces me like a daughter; down the road I am blessed to have my Nargis Aunty, a consumer court judge and a devotee, who gives me unbounded love, comparable to a mother's; Shalini Khera, again a sister to me, lives one lane away!

Mrs Sareen, Rati, Shashi and his entire family, including his sisters and my sangat neighbours, all merrily and meaningfully contribute to the arrangements of each satsang before attending it. Some even encourage their extended families to come over even when they do not know anything about Guruji.



Such are his ways, incomprehensible to our pin-thin human minds! Life may not be easy at times but it certainly becomes simpler with his divine formula that includes the loving, any-time-of-day-there-for-you *sangat* and inspiring *satsangs*. What more can we ask of him? His love and grace knows no bounds. He has handed us the life manual that we never had before and now with his guidelines we surely cannot fall by the wayside. The signposts are simple and straightforward so staying on the track is really easy even when life is tough; Guruji has, undeniably, eased the bumps!

What Guruji whispered even in his casual divine voice came to fruition. He had said that my entire family would embrace him and even though I frowned at him, in utter disbelief, his words ring true today. Guruji occupies centrestage in each one's lives and we cannot envision life without him, anymore. The following is a *satsang* by my dear cousin, Hapu.

Satsang by Hapu Kapoor

'Jai Guruji! I am Hapu Kapoor and I met Guruji with my sister Anita at Empire Estate almost ten years ago with my family. We had *langar* with Guruji sitting amidst us. We discussed our issues and he invited us to the *Bade Mandir* for *Shivratri*.

'We never turned up as at that time, we met Guruji only for the sake of Anita. After *Shivratri*, I went to Empire Estate along with my sister-in-law Neeru and her son Sushant to seek Guruji's blessings, but Guruji didn't greet us well. Maybe he was testing us. My sister told me that Guruji used to say '*Main dukan thodi kholi hui hai, shraddha dikhao*' meaning 'I haven't opened a shop to fulfil all yours needs, show me devotion. I will fulfil you and give you all that you need once you show true dedication towards me.'

'In hindsight, I feel foolish as I thought Guruji was very arrogant, therefore, we never went to the *Shivratri* function and neither did we visit Empire Estate again. I now realise the blunder we made as Guruji wanted to bless my family and me, to be strong



enough, to handle the dark times that loomed ahead. I had been a witness to the miracles Guruji had done with Anita by curing her and taking her out of her problems, but I was still filled with doubts and didn't accept Guruji into my life.

'From 2008 to 2009, Anita held satsangs at her Panchsheel residence every Tuesdays. We went sometimes just for Anita, but most of the times avoided them. On one Tuesday, I went there with my cousin sister Meenu who has a boutique and Guruji had blessed her many years ago stating that her work would reach great heights. During that time, I experienced Guruji's magic on me as I heard satsangs of Roma, Shalini, Seema Mehra and Neeruji, and a few other people who were very close to Guruji. After listening to their satsangs, I was convinced about his blessings and this ignited a spark of faith in me. After that day, I started reiterating other sangats' miracles to my social friends, and family. Gradually, a certain peace and acceptance filled me.

'Anita and I had been very close since childhood but due to some issues, we had grown apart in our growing years. It was important to end those issues, and Guruji, once again, bonded us like never before. Anita always wanted me to seek blessings from Guruji as she had seen my struggle and strife in life, be it with health or finance. Anita also wanted my parents to be blessed by Guruji as they never had peace owing to my brother's and my problems, and now after so many years my mother and brother are both connected to Guruji and they find the satsangs peaceful and supportive.

'I have one daughter who was given to me by Sherawali Ma (a Hindu goddess). At the time of her 12th board exams, due to some emotional problems, she was not focused on her studies. During her exams, I went to drop her to her centre. Subsequently I went to Guruji's temple, the Bade Mandir and prayed for my daughter. It gave me immense positivity and strength. I called Anita that day and said I had found *swarg* (heaven). She was



overjoyed as Guruji had extended his blessings to her family as he had predicted. He blessed my daughter with wonderful marks and I thanked Guruji from the core of my heart.

‘Since childhood my daughter always wanted to go to the UK for studies and we were all prepared for it. Everything was finalised but my husband got emotional and could not take the fact that our only daughter would be going away from us.

‘Therefore, she did not go and instead she joined the best college in Delhi, Sri Venkateshwara College. Guruji did not disappoint her completely as he sent my daughter and me to London for a pleasurable vacation of 15 days. This trip was magical, and we received unmeasured love and respect from my brother, Rajan, my aunt and Anita in Manchester.

‘Guruji knew my husband would be encountering huge financial crises later: Therefore, he sent us for a holiday before it all happened and also stopped my daughter from moving there. While I was in London, my husband, Dimpy, went to Guruji’s temple for the first time and he called me from there to say, ‘Temple *babut achha hai* (The temple is really nice).’ From then on Guruji took us into his sharan, shielding us through the volcano of ordeals that erupted all around.

‘My husband was shattered, and at times he and I were suicidal, but the biggest sufferer was my daughter, Aatika, but surprisingly, she never gave up. She encouraged us both to visit the temple and to have faith and be positive. Dimpy felt immense peace from visiting the temple and attending satsangs. Anita compelled us to just stay with Guruji and surrender ourselves to him for him to take charge, and so we did. During our ordeal we often didn’t have a car to reach the temple, and Shalini Khera and Sunil and others from the guru parivar supported us with their satsangs and made us strong. This kept us afloat.

‘Once, when my husband’s blood pressure was not going down I was fraught with worry, and Shalini Aunty suggested that I dip Guruji’s pendant in a glass of water and give it to my



husband to drink every day. It became amrit for my husband and within a week his blood pressure became normal.

‘Once, when things were becoming stable, my husband and I were sitting in the temple and I prayed to Guruji to hold my hand. That night till 3 a.m., Guruji was holding my hand for it exuded his fragrance. I had to open my palm, though reluctantly and was very moved by the experience.

‘During 2011, particularly I witnessed his following grow very rapidly. My own sisters-in-law Neeru, Madhu and my brother Ravi and my mother have all become staunch followers.

‘About two years ago, there was an outbreak of fire at my sister-in-law’s printing press. The fire was uncontrollable, but with his grace the loss was minimal. My husband, Dimpy, asked his sister’s husband, to print photographs of Guruji in his factory and to distribute them in the temple. They took the suggestion and the outcome was very clear as they were showered with his blessings thereafter.

‘Sometime ago I felt an excruciating pain in my leg that prevented me from walking properly. I consulted a doctor who told me to take complete backrest and if it didn’t improve then he suggested I get operated. I was so shattered but my faith in Guruji kept me strong and my family urged me to divert my mind by taking up work. That is when I got into exhibiting suits. I set up exhibitions, received a positive response, and my leg recovered, and on revisiting the doctor he confirmed that there was no need for surgery. I understood my work was Guruji’s remedy for my ailing leg.

‘In December 2011, a fire broke out at our factory and my husband was distraught. Nonetheless, he handled it with strength and he recognised Guruji’s protection as there were no casualties. Our staff escaped unscathed. Prior to this Guruji appeared in my husband’s dream, in a green *chola* (long shirt) to hold a satsang at home. We, then, invited the sangat to our place for satsang. My husband is convinced that Guruji stands beside him in rain and in



shine as he minimises our loss. Thank you, Guruji, for embracing us and making us a part of your guru parivar that also encompasses my own extended family. Jai Guruji.'

Satsang by Neeru Tuli

'I am Neeru Tuli, Hapu's sister-in-law. It was ten years ago that I first met Guruji with Anita and Hapu, and my son who has a physical disability, but at that time, I didn't believe in Guruji. He didn't pay us much attention either and I didn't go back to him.

'A year ago, I visited Guruji's temple with my sister-in-law, Hapu, and this time, the minute I entered his temple I felt his divine presence. I found peace and comfort in his presence. On frequenting it a few times, I was concerned as to how I would continue visiting the temple as no one else in my family believed in his divinity.

'One day my son, Nakul and daughter-in-law, Nidhi happened to visit the temple with Anita and Hapu, and they felt precisely what I felt. Since they started visiting the temple frequently thereafter, Guruji's grace blessed me too as now I could accompany them each time!

'Since the past three years we have had several financial crises in our factory, including a major fire breakout after which my husband and my nephew even considered selling it off and starting afresh. However, my brother, Dimpy told me to print Guruji's photographs as we have an offset printing unit. We printed and distributed them in a satsang at our place where we completely rejoiced in his divinity. We don't know how and when a random client happened to come across our business and made it substantial once again and now the business has progressed so much that we work night and day with his blessing.

'Another satsang to be shared is that my mother was in great pain with no diagnosis even from specialists. By this time I had already attended so many satsangs and I had such a strong belief in Guruji that I requested him either to ease her pain or to take



her to his heaven. We consulted a specialist who recommended a very expensive treatment without promising any results. We left it all to Guruji's mercy and I got caught up with my life for a while and met my mother after two months. To my utter surprise, she was noticeably better without any medication or treatment, and was even visiting a nearby gurudwara without any assistance. She is reasonably independent.

‘Whenever I feel the need for Guruji's presence, he has always taken care of my problems, big or small. I can talk to him whenever I am happy or sad. I share everything with him and he is a part of our lives as a friend, father, teacher and everything else to me. He has blessed me with wonderful sangat friends and children who are there as my support in good times and bad times. Jai Guruji!’





25

Blessed Children

Blessed be children who bring about something of
heaven to our rough earthliness.

Anonymous

I absolutely admire and advocate the significance of very young people visiting the temple and connecting to our Guruji Maharaj. The earlier you embark on this journey the quicker you will get entrenched in faith and easier the future paths will be. Young minds flexible. Adults, after a particular age, are so set in their preconceived notions that it becomes difficult for them to embrace the new. Good habits, formed early, stamp our lives with a winning attitude and a deep gratitude. While the physical body engages itself in the worldly affairs their mind is connected to the higher ideals and that kind of living does not allow us to stray in this volatile world where our morals and values are always being compromised.

While conducting a satsang at the temple, one glorious, sunny Monday afternoon last year in 2011, during my lengthy stay in Delhi, a lady approached me with a barrage of questions. She had come to the temple for the very first time and was seeking answers.

‘Tell me, Anita, Guruji never told you what *pujas* (rituals) to do or perhaps a *havan* (fire ritual) once in a while? How could you get healed without him giving you any medication? Did he not prescribe anything? How is that possible? Did he not ask you to fast? I fast! That is the reason I will not eat the samosa as it contains salt and soooooo much fat no? I am a staunch Shiva bhakt, I read the *Shiv Chalisa* and I follow the rites and rituals to the letter! Besides Shiva I cannot relate to all this!’

Lovely! I thought and meanwhile, Guruji’s voice resonated in my overwhelmed head! ‘I have come to you in the era of Kalyug where mankind has lost its way. I have come to teach you to rise above superstitions, rites and rituals.’ Be practical. Live your life with the god force within you. Do good and be good; it is in good that there is God. ‘*Insaan rab nu pulgaya hain. Mara time ab gaya hain* (Mankind has forgotten God. Bad times are here).’

Whenever such an encounter occurs, I watch myself. I make sure I don’t lose my lid! Not everyone can see what a devotee sees. This too is his meher, but what I did say to her in a tight-lipped manner is to keep coming back as he would show her the way. Less is more, so speak less and absorb more. In our Guruji Maharaj’s domain it’s all about people and not prestige, it’s about the soul and not about status. It’s about the heart and humanity, and once we embrace this truth, he encompasses us with all that we need to know to live a rich and rewarding life.

All this while, in my mind’s eye I could see Guruji rolling his eyes as if to say, ‘Oh you lost and hopeless children of mine, cease to apply your minds in faith and employ instead, your hearts.’ Our Guruji Maharaj shows us miracles for us to believe. That is his compassion and, in return, we, at times, offer him a thankless



bow. Perhaps, some of us believe that to receive his unending blessings is our birthright!

‘Oh, but this time he didn’t answer my trillionth prayer, so I’m really not sure anymore what his deal is!’ ‘You know, maybe faith has an expiry date because I just don’t feel it coming my way anymore!’ ‘I personally think that he loves some, but not all!’ ‘You know this kind of thing is not for everyone, so it’s cool!’ ‘Well, we actually have a family guru so I’m sorted for life! He’s expensive but then we’re quite chilled out about it as long he does the work!’

Don’t speculate and, instead, just relate! Cease to ask and accept instead. It’s as easy as a-b-c, and that is probably why we find it so difficult! Simply show your will and he will show you the way. The rest is often inscrutable and unfathomable, but what is within our capacity is to make ourselves receptive to his grace. We are capable of silencing the incessant chatter in our minds that prevent us from receiving. We need to pause from the everyday soul-less activities that lead to more ambition and drive and, often, overdrive! The more we run to pursue our aspirations, the less chances of taking a deep breath to pause, rest and listen intently to the voice that speaks, that we fail to hear.

Coming back to the young receptive minds, their faith is uncorrupted and uncontaminated by a million and one questions. Even though they are more practical and more academic than we were at that age, they accept much more easily than our inquisitively razor-sharp minds that dissect the truth and then sit staring at it utterly and totally confused!

I personally have had the privilege of interacting with many of the young people at the temple and I find their perspective very stimulating. Everyone expresses their experiences in their own lingo.

Satsang by Aatika Kapoor

‘My name is Aatika Kapoor and I am turning 21 next month. My satsang is very insignificant compared to many others that I hear. Nonetheless, it is miraculous, hence inspiring. I began believing



in Guruji after seeing the dedication of my aunt Anita, and my parents. I am not religious but I am spiritual. I believe in the strength one derives from self-belief and the inner god force.

‘Since the past few years, I was very attached to an individual, but owing to certain circumstances, we had to part ways. We were not in touch for almost two years. Time elapsed but my feelings for him remained intact. I began going to the Bade Mandir with my parents and prayed to Guruji to either lend me the strength to overcome my attachment to him or to get me back with him. I prayed to Guruji every night before sleeping and again prayed for the same in the morning. After three to four months, my friend was back into my life again. Guruji has made me very strong since then and utterly positive. I feel everything has a solution and no sadness can surpass the ensuing happiness. So I await the good and overcome the bad through faith.

‘I had a dream of us having a satsang at my place and I witnessed amrit flowing out of his photograph. We held a satsang a few days later and the same thing happened in reality. Guruji gives us indications to do certain things and he answers our prayers. He gives me the strength to weather all storms and whatever happens, I feel he has done what is best for me. He has planned everything and I have implicit faith in him. I don’t attend regular satsangs but I am connected to Guruji in my own way and I talk to him every night. He is beautiful, loving and my closest friend. I observe my father’s suffering but I also see Guruji give him immense strength, and I love him for that too. He stands behind my father supporting him and I have faith that the clouds shall soon lift for the sun to shine through. Jai Guruji.’

Satsang by Gurbani Bhatia

‘I am Gurbani Bhatia and my blessed journey with Guruji started in April 2011. I am a pianist and have never received any formal training. I play with his meher or divine grace that he showers upon me. I have already released three instrumental albums.



‘Ever since I released my third album, I wanted to do a Sufi album but whenever I would sit down to make a list of songs, I could never select 12 songs but always ended up with more songs than required. One day I was attending a satsang and one aunty gave me a CD. I kept the CD in my bag thinking it to be a bhajan CD of Guruji’s, but when I opened the cover, on top of the CD was written ‘Jai Guruji Sufiana Songs’. I was ecstatic to see how Guruji showered his blessings on me. My fourth album has all the songs that Guruji selected for me!

‘In August, I received an offer to perform in Geneva and represent Incredible India. At that time, my passport was with the US Embassy for a visa. The event in Geneva was to happen from 4th to 14th August. With Guruji’s *aagya* (permission) we temporarily withdrew our passports. The next step was to apply for the Schengen visa but since we were pressed for time, my travel agent was not agreeing to apply for the visa. So we decided on taking the application to the Swiss Embassy and leaving the rest to Guruji. A day before the appointment Guruji showered his blessings and I was very happy that no matter what happens, Guruji is there with me, and that is all I wanted. With Guruji’s grace, we got the visa and flew to Geneva.

‘Since I missed out on the opening ceremony, I was now performing at the closing ceremony on 14th August. My Guruji and his miracles did not cease here. I not only performed at the closing ceremony but also performed for three days continuously, thereafter. The audience was in thousands and they were overwhelmed by my performance. After the concert, I got *halwa* (a sweet dish made of semolina) to eat and that too abroad, which was again his blessing.

‘Guruji is my only God and I can’t thank him enough for his blessings that he has showered upon me, and for taking me in his sharan, his protective and loving fold. He gave me an opportunity to play at the Bade Mandir on 31st December 2011, where I participated in the New Year Eve function, and gave a



solo performance. It is with the blessings of the holy master that I play the piano. I was given the opportunity to pay my homage from my heart and my soul. I was overwhelmed with a feeling of ecstasy, beyond any words, when I was performing

‘Guruji also blessed my parents with a new life. They were heading back home from Gurgaon one night around 2 a.m. when they met with an accident. A car collided with their car from the right side resulting in our car hitting the boundary wall on the left-hand side. The other car overturned. As soon as my father saw the other car upside down, without thinking of himself, he quickly ran and pulled the driver out. Our car was in a bad state but it’s Guruji’s meher that my parents didn’t even get a single scratch on their bodies. Our Guruji not only blessed my parents but also the man who was in the other car. I would like to thank Guruji for always walking beside my family and me. He is the umbrella in our lives who protects us from the negative elements. Jai Guruji.’

Satsang by Cameron Dutta

‘Whenever you hear the word “faith”, you immediately think of God and religion, yet we are too blind to see the other side of the word. Faith means belief and trust. All religions to some extent teach the same three rules: Love people. Be thankful. Love God.

‘It was a cold, blustery Sunday afternoon in 2008, when my mind started to gravitate towards the concept of God. Then suddenly, all sorts of perplexing ideas began to cross my mind. I had never been quite interested in religion or its foundation. However, I did know the basic premises of everything and always had a resolute feeling towards the divine. I had been brought up to think that God was the most important figure, and always felt a few chills and shivers. A certain feeling of guilt overcame me that day. I had to make more of an effort with religion and its practices but I was very reluctant.

‘So I did the one thing I knew how to do. I got down next to my bed, clasped my hands together and prayed. I had asked for a



sign or any form of guidance to know what I should do. I had read in a book about people receiving signs and calls from their religion, about the supernatural, in their everyday experiences. I had reached the conclusion that I deserved mine. It had occurred to me that it might appear in any shape or form. So I paid attention to every detail in my life which just happened to include my religious studies lessons too, and the subject of karma came along.

‘As soon as I had grasped the basic concept, it just clicked and I began feeling very relaxed about everything. It helped me not only to have faith but also to understand the world and everything in it. It was from that point onwards that I noticed every detail of life. I attempted to keep these joyous feelings wherever I went. I began reading another book when I was in seventh standard which led me on to the beautiful laws of the universe and the laws of gratitude and attraction. After being aware, I saw a great correlation between these laws and everything in my life just appeared to be constantly elevating.

‘It was not until recently that on attending Guruji’s satsangs and after listening to just a couple of the satsangs I knew I was doing the right thing. Now I am not afraid anymore. Life always has two choices, the easier one and the more difficult one. Naturally you would choose the easier one but the harder one may be more rewarding in the long run, and I know it from past experience. From everything we suffer, we will always gain. It doesn’t matter if anything bad happens to me because I know God will compensate me in different ways with inner happiness or good health. I know someone is always there by my side to take care of everything besides my loving parents.

‘I am truly thankful for my new-found faith in Guruji, and the satsangs held in Manchester but more importantly meeting Aunty Anita who has confirmed my beliefs. Trust your inner voice and take the leap of faith. I did and I’m sure you can too. Jai Guruji!’





26

Guruji's Shabad-II

Above everything else, be loyal to your Guru. Devote more time to seeking him. And be less concerned over lesser duties which, someday, won't exist anymore anyway.

Anonymous

'In today's Kalyug, there is so much uncertainty that Guruji is our only certainty. He is our stability in these unstable times. Your Guruji alone can give you *gyan* (wisdom) and that keeps the *shaitan* (evil) at bay. He gives you the light of knowledge and wisdom to protect you from the dark facets of life. Satsang, seva, simran and kirtan are the four most important elements in Kalyug. These elements fill you with spirituality, strength and serenity that will protect you from the undesirable elements of the world.

'Do you know how much I have bled and how many days I have suffered while healing you, Anita? In times to come you will

know why I have saved you from the face of death. You were to die in December 1997. No one could have done what I have done for you. *Kalyaan kara gayi tu, Anita.* (You have been supremely blessed). *Kaun puchhta hai dukh vich; koi kaam nahin anda, sirf tere guru ne tenu puchhiya vi the nal pyar vi kitha* (Who extends their hand in times of trouble? Only your guru has supported you and loved you).’

‘Spirituality, Anita, means living simply, in silence and positive surrender. It is important to live in a space of calmness, contentment and compassion with no agitation, arrogance and anger. Then your guru can fill you with his grace and absolve you of your previous wrongdoings. Negativity blocks you and hampers your spiritual evolution.

‘Moderation is the key to happiness, and indulgence in anything is wrong. Addictions and cravings must also be eradicated for the sake of good living. God resides in simplicity. In today’s world, people have lost their way and I have come to get you back onto the right path.

‘Some people go into depression, or resign to their ill fortune and begin indulging in all sorts of wrong deeds as a form of escapism. That is not only cowardice but it also means that the person has missed the point and accumulated more bad karma.

‘The soul has to evolve, by learning the lessons it has come to learn with positive surrender. Each one of you has come with a karmic account and I balance it for you on your surrendering yourselves to me. That is why I emphasise the importance of not asking but just accepting.

‘Already your lives are entangled in so much negative karma and then you go ahead, and entangle yourselves further! In time, you will disentangle yourselves from the web of desires to attain inner tranquillity and equanimity.

‘Only your guru can untie the tight knot of your karma. *Haazri lagana bahut jaruri hai. Meri nazara de vich rabo* (Your presence is important. Ensure that I can keep an eye on your wellbeing).



'All a devotee needs to do is keep coming back; the more often you visit the temple the better people you will become. You are like dirty vessels that first get scrubbed of all your dirt from the inside before I polish you from the outside.

'*Sirf mera nal connection lagao* (Just connect with me). *Gala nahin kitha karo mandir de andar ake* (Don't chatter in the temple). *Satsang kitha karo kyo ke eh time vapse nahin ana* (Do satsang as these times will never return). *Main har cheez bless kithi hai, thuede satsang de vich bahut blessing hai. Sunao aur suno.* (I have blessed everything; there is so much blessing in satsang. Do it and listen to it).

'Anita, when you sit at home, learn to remain in silence. Don't talk on the phone needlessly. You must attend satsangs and share your satsangs. That is your path. In times to come, you will participate in plenty of satsangs. For the rest, I have taken good care. You have no worries. *Ayesh kar! Kalyaan kara gyai!* (Enjoy life! You have my blessings).'

Guruji smiled as he concluded his sermon. It was very seldom that he spoke, and he didn't need to as the subtle but definite changes in our lives spoke audibly; when he did, his words penetrated my subconscious for me to draw strength from them through the remaining years of my life.

He would often remind me of how astonished I would be in times to come whenever I reflected on the times I spent with him. He told me that I would slowly realise his blessings, the seen and unseen, the tangible and the intangible as life unfolds. '*Tu dekhe tu heran ho jayege. Log thenu bara pyar karenge. Meri meher hai tere te* (You will be astonished. People will love you. My blessings are upon you).'

He irons out those problems and situations that were previously difficult. The very people who once judged me, embrace me today, the unfounded fears I had have fading into nothingness. What was a great effort earlier is now a cakewalk. Life is plain sailing most days, and then there are the high tides,



but then through the power of faith and my attitude, the rough seas become calm. I cannot change circumstances around me but through the power of faith, I can change my attitude. That has made me a winner in tackling most of my challenges. He has carefully pulled out the defeatist streak in me that would often weigh me down.

Guruji loved his children to dress well, in the most stylish manner, and to wear a smile as the finishing touch. Wearing a good, positive attitude is an invaluable accessory that enables us to stay afloat and inspire others to do the same. We love and live as his children and is his beacon of light. We are the torchbearers for those who are in the dark and wish to seek his all-pervading light. We have only to say, 'Yes' to his love, and he will envelop us in his grace and gently pull us out of the entanglements of the world.





27

Financial Karma

Don't trust to hold God's hand; let him hold yours. Let him do the holding, and you the trusting.

Anonymous

Guruji's temple, away from the unruly Delhi life, is our haven and heaven. On stepping in here we pause from the over-excited pace and over-energetic situations taking us nowhere. Busy minds on busy roads rushing here, there and nowhere!

However, once we arrive at our temple, a place of peace and protection, our once busy minds slow down with a calmness and contentment never felt or known before. It happened with me as with many others, and it continues to happen. My inner life changed to the extent that the outer one had little impact on me. I ceased to react to rowdy people, places or situations. The snail-paced but boisterous traffic on the roads also ceased

to bother me. I transcended the trivialities while focusing on the larger photograph of my journey of overcoming my personal hurdles and roadblocks through the power of faith.

With his grace, many of us have succeeded in shifting focus from the external to the internal and have learnt to deal with our difficult situations that often turn into predicaments, with a greater understanding of ‘this too shall pass.’ We hold on to the confidence and the conviction that Guruji is taking care of everything. In a sink-or-swim situation Guruji has always kept us afloat, no matter what.

We may feel defeated and allow ourselves to drown, but Guruji with his all-pervading compassion and love lifts us every time. Trials and tribulations are an inherent part of life and they will present themselves, but with Guruji walking abreast, we gain the strength to cross the ocean of worldly existence.

Sanjay Puri and his wife, Anu, would regularly visit the Chhota Mandir in Empire Estate during the days I too went there. We however, didn’t interact until recently, and that was the beginning of our friendship. As Guruji proudly stated, ‘When your guru blesses your relationships, they become pure and true.’

I knew Anu’s brother, Vikas Malhotra, a friend of my brother, Sanjeev. I would meet him occasionally in social circles. I now realise that every third person I am acquainted with in Delhi is either a devotee himself, or one or the other family member is. Soon his light will permeate every household and, as Guruji had stated, to enter the temple on any given day, we shall need to stand and wait in long queues. It’s already happening as every day the sangat is on the rise, yet the order and discipline of the temple has not been shaken. The management is commendable as it maintains system and order in the same manner as when Guruji was in his physical garb.

Sanjay is a devout follower of Guruji and takes pride in visiting the temple as a regular part of his lifestyle. His wife, Anu and he have langar, regularly, to heal their minds and bodies and to uplift



themselves spiritually. On the level of the soul we understand the significance of consistency in faith and how it enables the soul's purification. Sanjay's faith is pure and absolute as he holds on tightly to the love of his guru. Even in hard times he thanks Gurujji for the strength and wisdom to deal with his ordeal. He often shares his journey with Gurujji, on Mondays, at the temple as well.

Satsang by Sanjay Puri

'A close friend of mine, Arjun Saberwal, had taken me to Gurujji at Empire Estate practically ten years ago. Initially, I was full of scepticism and suspicion! Who was this flashy guru in elaborate apparel and a diamond studded gold watch? I was seriously wondering why I had gone there but then I closed my eyes for a while to soak in the words of the mellifluous bhajans that were playing. When I opened my eyes I unexpectedly felt lighter and more at peace with myself. When I went to take *aagya* (permission) after finishing langar, Gurujji looked at me and asked, "*Ki naa hai tera, kitho aya hai, ki kaam karda hai* (What's your name, where have you come from and what do you do)?" Once I responded, he simply looked up, smiled at me and said, "*Ja teri admission ho gayi hai, tu aya kar* (Your admission is done, you keep coming)."

'I had undergone a series of losses in business, which lead to personal difficulties. I had gone into depression and that is the reason I had gone to meet Gurujji that evening. When I was driving back home after having met him, I realised that the depressive feeling I had gone to him with had vanished. I was filled with renewed vitality and verve and it was precisely that which took me back to him the next day. My journey with my guru had begun.

'A couple of months passed by and one day Gurujji asked me, "*Teri gharwali ki kardi hai?* (What does your wife do)?" I told him that she was a tarot card reader. He looked at me and said, "Yes I know that and I also know that she sits at 1, MG Mall." He was



quiet for a few minutes and then suggested that I ask her to stop reading the cards at once. She's dealing with negative energy and it was bound to have an impact on her and the family. I went home that night but never conveyed Guruji's message to my wife as I knew what her reactions would be.

'Two weeks passed by and Guruji again asked me the same question, "*Teri gharwali ki kardi hai?*" I felt a bit strange that he was asking me the same question again but I responded yet again. He asked me what tarot cards were all about. To the best of my ability, I tried explaining to him the purpose of the cards without realising that I was only making a fool of myself!

'Guruji nodded and said that my wife should come and read his cards and everybody around, including Guruji started laughing. Then all of a sudden there was silence. He looked at me and in a very stern voice said, "I asked you to tell her to stop it! Why haven't you told her till now? She is playing with fire and it will have a severe impact on her." That night I went home and gave my wife Guruji's message. As expected, she turned a deaf ear to the message and continued with her readings.

'During one of her readings, after a few months, she had a harrowing experience. She encountered evil spirits who tried to possess her. With great difficulty and her presence of mind, she was able to break free from their clutches and rush out of the room. For months thereafter, she lost her peace of mind. At night when she tried to sleep, she would hear deafening sounds of breaking glass, and people calling out her name. Practically every night she would wake me up.

'Meanwhile, she had started coming along with me to Guruji but had not mentioned her experience or problem to him. One day, when we were sitting at Empire Estate, Guruji turned to Anu and said, "*Kyun Anu Aunty, ghar wich sukh shanti hai* (So Anu Aunty, is there peace in your home)?" Anu responded, '*Guruji, ghar wich sukh shanti hai par mera maan wich nahin* (Guruji, there is peace at home but not in my mind)." Guruji gave her



a broad smile but said nothing. When we took aagya and came out she told me that she would be sleeping well that night after several months. The shattering windows and name-calling were all history with one smile from Guruji!

‘Six months later, Guruji told Anu to take up a job and reassured her that he had blessed her to get one soon. She applied for a job with IBM and without any problem got it. A couple of months later Guruji teasingly asked her, “*Tenu tankha kini mildi hai* (How much salary do you get)?”

Anu told Guruji the figure and Guruji exclaimed, “*Ki, ye IBM wale murkh hai? Tenu itne tankha kyun denda hai* (Have the IBM people gone mad? Why do they pay you so much)?” Anu replied, “Guruji I get my salary on the 1st and it’s over by the 5th and after that I live on my credit cards and you are saying that I am being paid too much.” Guruji had a good laugh and said, “*Ja itna ho jayga.*” He gave a figure for the jump in salary.

‘While driving home she said the figure Guruji gave sounded impressive but since she had only been three months into work, it would probably be a year when she got her increment and then the figure would become that much. Just four days later, she got her increment and true to Guruji’s words, it was the exact figure he had blessed her with. Not a rupee less, and not a rupee more.

‘That evening when I went to Empire Estate I did not utter a word to Guruji as I thought it was better that she herself gave him the news. While I was taking aagya and touching his feet he asked me, “*Phir Anu Aunty tankha wad gayi ki nahin* (So, has Anu Aunty’s salary increased or not)?” I touched his feet again and replied, “*Hanji Guruji!* (Yes Guruji)”. He asked me for the figure and I told him that it was the exact one that he had told her. He smiled and said, “*Ye to kamaal ho gaya* (This is astonishing).”

‘Soon Anu got a promotion and went to Guruji that evening to share the good news with him. He congratulated her and told her that she would get yet another promotion within that year itself. Yes, she did get her second promotion that very year. Such was Guruji’s kripa and his ways of blessing her.



'Anu has never been religious but has been very spiritual. Once, on a Saturday evening, we were sitting outside at Empire Estate as there was a lot of rush that day. She closed her eyes and telepathically started speaking to Guruji.

'She said, "I have never asked you for anything and I don't think that even in the future I would want anything, but today I am asking you for something that has been on my mind for a very long time. I am working towards my ultimate goal in life. Please give me the strength and courage to meet all my challenges in this journey of life. If you feel that you can grant me what I desire and if it is the right thing for me, then please fulfil my wish."

'After langar, when we were taking aagya Guruji said, "*Beth jayo* (Sit down)!" and we both sat near Guruji's feet. That night Guruji made about 30-35 people sit by him post langar. Mr Inder Sharma, the owner of Select City Mall, was sitting at the rear, near Guruji's room, with his wife. Guruji called for him and asked him to come forward.

'As soon as Inder Uncle came towards Guruji, he just put his hand in the air and took out *akhand* (divine and blessed) prasad. Our eyes opened wide as we had never seen anything like this before. Such were our Guruji's powers. He then gave the big white laddoo to Inder Uncle and told him that he had blessed him. Inder Uncle was at a loss for words and wept.

'While Inder Uncle was holding the laddoo in his hand Guruji kept taking bits out of it and called us all one at a time for us to eat. 'While giving the akhand prasad to my wife he just smiled at her and said, "*Ja tera kalyaan kar detha* (Go I have blessed you)."

'It was almost 2.30 in the morning when we came out of Empire Estate and my wife had a very confused look on her face. We were seven to eight people standing together when she shared with us that she had asked Guruji for something and that too telepathically. Guruji, while giving her the laddoo, said '*Ja tera kalyaan kar detha.*' Does that mean whatever she had asked for had been granted to her? We all reassured her that Guruji must



have granted her the wish. I asked her what she had prayed for but she refused to tell me as she felt I wouldn't understand.

'The following day (Sunday) she again asked me whether or not her wish had been granted but she was still not willing to tell me what she had asked for. I got irritated and told her to go ask Guruji and clear her doubts herself. That night we were having dinner at my in-laws house when my phone rang.

'The caller, Roma Aunty said that there was a message from Guruji for Anu. The message was that whoever had the akhand prasad the previous night had been given moksh by Guruji. Liberation is what Anu had asked Guruji for and now she got her answer. She was shocked.

'Only God can grant moksh as it means the burning of all the karma of many lifetimes. In effect Guruji had granted moksh to Anu and me, along with all the 30 people who were present that night. This is the highest blessing to bestow on.

'Guruji would time and again reiterate that people who come to seek his blessings would never ask for their spiritual elevation and here Anu had asked for moksh and he had granted it instantly. Such was Guruji's supremacy; he was God who descended the earth in the human form so that we could identify with him.

'Anu was one of the few people who Guruji didn't allow to touch his feet. As she would approach him to bow down and touch his feet, he would always extend his hand to shake hands with her. Only he knew the reasons for his gestures but he would often state that he sees the individual's soul and its purity.

'I recall one evening on Anu's birthday in the year 2006, we were on our way to Hyatt Regency for dinner when Anu decided to dine in The Marriott, instead. She was missing Guruji and stated, "I wish it was a normal sangat day as we could've gone to the mandir to seek his blessings." As we entered The Marriott's lobby we saw Guruji standing there! He stated aloud, "You remembered me with all your heart and that is why I have manifested myself." He then blessed Anu making it a memorable birthday for her.



‘Another incident that springs to mind occurred during the summer of 2006, just before his birthday. For Anu it had become customary to visit her sister who resides in London, every June. However, she would always be back in time for Guruji’s birthday. This pattern of her going and Guruji asking her for her date of return and then blessing her with, “*Ja ayesb kar* (Go have fun)” had become the normal practice.

‘However, in 2006 he never asked her and she left without a word to him. Her return was booked for 5th July as she wasn’t getting an earlier date in time for his birthday despite her best efforts. On the 5th July, I went to Guruji and while touching his feet he asked, “When is Anu returning?”

‘Even though Anu had not mentioned it he knew that she had gone. I replied sheepishly that it was 9th July. He then went on to ask, “Why is she not coming for my birthday?” I told him that she was unable to get a booking prior to that, to which he replied, “How is that possible?”

‘I called Anu and asked her to try again and she reassured me that she had left no stone unturned in trying to get back in time for his birthday.

‘When Guruji enquired again I knew that he had blessed her return so I asked Anu to try once more for a new booking and sure enough this time she got it and returned on 7th July half an hour before schedule. She arrived at the Bade Mandir before I had anticipated and Guruji, before many people exclaimed, “Look at this girl, she has travelled all the way from London to be with me for my birthday.” He knew very well that it was all due to his blessings.

‘In May 2007, twenty days prior to him taking mahasamadhi, our doorbell rang and Gaurav was at the door. Guruji had sent a mobile phone through Gaurav as a birthday gift for Anu. This is the most priceless gift that will remain with her.

‘Guruji was and is omniscient; he knows it all. One day, when I had initially started visiting the temple, I was sitting near



Guruji's gaddi having langar. I was feeling low, While looking at him I stated in my mind, "Guruji please say something to me today." Suddenly he turned his sublime gaze towards me and said, "*Kya soch raha hai?*" Then he just smiled and my day was made. Of course he is God and nothing was ever hidden from him.

'My son Armaan had gone with us one day. Guruji generally asked, "*Ye kedi class wich hai* (Which class is he in)?" Anu told Guruji that Armaan was in class two but went on to say that he was very naughty and that we constantly get complaints from school about his studies. Guruji just looked towards me and said, "*Is da peyo keda padya si* (As if the father had ever studied)." I just thought, wow, he knew that too. I was an average student and just about made it!

'Once Anu and I sat in the car to go to Empire Estate and soon we got into an argument in the car, which snowballed into a major fight. By the time we entered Empire Estate, we were both quiet. Guruji just looked at us and said, "*Kyo lad de ho. Na ladya karo. Changi gal nahin hondi* (Why do you both fight, you should not fight, it's not good)." On hearing him say that, we all burst into laughter.

'In Guruji's sharan, everyday is a satsang and he turns black into white, rain into shine and sadness into joy. There are bumps on the road too, but then he gives us the strength to calmly go through our karma. My own business issues were very grave indeed. After my business losses in 2001, I had to battle a series of court cases. I owed huge sums of money to suppliers and bankers. I often spoke to Guruji about my problems and he told me, "This is your karma and you need to go through this cycle. Have faith in me. You are and will always be protected. Nothing will happen to you. Don't ever get scared." It is today that I realise the power of Guruji's words because no matter how grave the situation, I am always protected.

'I had a huge outstanding with my bank and in 2002, my account became NPA. I repaid 80 percent of this loan after



liquidating two assets. My bankers were willing to waive the entire interest portion on the loan but were insistent that the principal amount be paid fully.

‘In May 2005, I signed a settlement letter with the bank stating that I would repay the balance principal amount in monthly instalments spread over a period of 30 months. It was a huge pressure off my back and I was relieved. That evening I told Guruji about the settlement. He looked at me and said, “*Hali nahin bondi* (It will not happen yet).” I looked at him crestfallen and he said it would only happen when it would be time for it to happen.

‘Sure enough the settlement fell through. In 2007 the bank filed a suit against me for five times the original amount. I was shaken and disturbed. The court proceedings started and I kept going to and fro the bank trying to settle the matter but in vain.

‘In September-October of 2009, for six consecutive weeks I was engulfed by Guruji’s fragrance. I knew Guruji was blessing me or protecting me from impending doom. Two days later I got the settlement letter from the bank. The amount was even less than the principal amount, something that I had not bargained for.

‘I thanked Guruji and signed on the letter to give my acceptance. I had thirty days to repay this amount. I had no idea where the money would come from. It was my faith in my guru and I knew it would happen. I began paying in instalments. It took me five months to repay the entire amount whereas I was given only 30 days. All through the bankers were patient with me and kept accepting the instalments. The day I was on my way to pay the last bit of instalment, Guruji engulfed me in his fragrance, so much so, that I wept. It was his way of reminding me that although he was not there physically with me, he was still protecting me

‘In June 2006, I met with an accident on two consecutive Saturdays. I brought this to Guruji’s notice but he said nothing except, “Don’t bother about it.” Four or five days later he called me and said, “Go buy a new car.” I just looked at him and said



that I didn't want to as my business was not doing well and neither did I have the money. Guruji insisted, however, that I buy the car, so much so that the following evening he brought up the subject in the presence of my wife and father. Before I could refute, he said, "Now go and come next Thursday in your new car!"

I was rather undecided, and reluctantly applied for a car loan on Tuesday evening. I submitted the required documents and asked the agent how long it would take for the approval to come. He said that the file would go for processing the next morning (Wednesday) and it could take anything between 36 to 48 hours for the approval to come. That would mean that the earliest I could get the loan approval was Friday evening or Saturday. There was no way that I would get the car on Thursday as Guruji had instructed.

On Wednesday the application was put into the process. It was my daughter's birthday and we were celebrating when I received a SMS. The message read, "Your loan is approved." It was not even ten hours since the file had gone into processing. Even the physical verification of the proof of address had been carried out. I could not believe it and showed the SMS to my wife to which she replied that she was convinced that Guruji had a hand in it.

The following day, Thursday, was when I was supposed to get the car. I was expecting some payment from Germany from a customer. The payment had been made but I had not received it in my bank. The agent was frantically calling me to make the pay order for the down payment. Finally, I told the agent what the problem was and that I would have the pay order made on Friday or Monday. For me the loan had been approved before Thursday so the new car would be coming anyway a day or two later. At five that evening the agent called again to say that he was ready to accept a cheque and not a pay order as per norms. He said that the cheque would not be presented before Monday. I accepted his offer. I wanted a particular colour, which had just come out but was told that there was waiting of at least five to seven working days. I told him that I would wait. I thought



to myself since Guruji had already blessed me for a new car a few more days would not make any difference.

‘At 6 p.m. the agent called and confirmed that the colour had been arranged and the car would be ready for delivery at 7 p.m! All he wanted was for me to bring the post-dated cheques as he needed to complete the formalities and close the file. I realised that I only had eight cheques left in the cheque book whereas I was to issue 48 cheques, so I called up the agent and told him that I would take the delivery of the car on Monday, after issuing him a pay order and post-dated cheques. He agreed and the matter was closed.

‘I was driving back from work and the agent called to say that I could give him the cheque for the down payment and take the delivery of the car! As for the post-dated cheques I could give them to him a day or two later. I took the delivery of the car without actually paying for it that day. I reached Empire Estate and before I could reiterate the sequence of events to Guruji, he said, “Give me the keys. Let me bless the car!” Such is the grace and power of his words. Thursday meant Thursday even though I didn’t have the means to get it that day.

‘As stated in my satsang I had an avalanche of serious issues that could not have been overcome had it not been for his divine protection. Despite the turmoil and stress in my life he has protected me from health issues. I had high blood pressure, which Guruji kept in check. After his mahasamadhi, I had a big ulcer in my food pipe causing immense suffering. My only medication was the spicy langar. Spices are otherwise poison for ulcers. On eating the langar, I would say to Guruji, “I’m eating this spicy langar because I know you are healing me.” Then in August I had an endoscopy to check the ulcer’s growth and there were no visible signs of it.

‘Guruji’s every word is etched in stone so if he has said something in his once casual tone, it will come to pass. In 2003, Guruji had blessed me to start a new business venture. In 2006,



I asked him again and he nodded and said that it will happen. In 2007, he made my wife Anu and me sit till 3 a.m. and spoke greatly about the planetary positions. He spoke on many topics, including astrology and then he repeated what he had said earlier, “I have blessed you for a new business venture and when the time is right it will come to light.”

‘True to my guru’s words I have implicit faith that it will transpire as his every other blessed words have transformed into reality. Patience and perseverance are key elements to faith, and the love and protection that Guruji grants us along our journey makes it worth the wait.

‘During a journey with Guruji he not only blesses the devotee but also every other family member. Guruji cured my father’s asthma too. In 2004, he had excruciating pain in his back. An MRI was conducted and the doctor called me to his room and explained that sooner or later he would not be able to walk and would be bedridden. I told Guruji about this; it’s been seven years since then and dad is almost 82, and is fine as Guruji had said that nothing would happen to him. Besides minor pain he leads a normal life with Guruji’s grace. Jai Guruji!’





28

Rebirth

Let go and let Guruji drive the vehicle of our lives.

Anonymous

Once the individual is steeped in faith it can never be shaken off, but at times life takes over and the connection weakens. Guruji speaks to us but owing to our clouded mind, we fail to hear him, hence we spiral into doubt and despair. None of us can fathom the extent to which Guruji is protecting us but when we are close to a head-on collision, our eyes open wide and we realise a measure of his love.

It was early February 2012. I had returned from a pleasure trip to London. Sonakshi flew to Manchester to meet her grandmother and me, and subsequently both of us flew to Florence, Italy as she had signed up for a semester there. After settling her down, I flew back to Manchester and glued myself to the computer to

conscientiously write this book. I knew in the depth of my heart that again Guruji would send me off somewhere or another, so I must work diligently.

Meanwhile, a thick white sheet of snow had spread across Manchester and my niece Damini Passi, a sangat member, came from Birmingham to spend the weekend with me to take a break from her university. I decided to drive to the mall with her, which was a challenge as the snow had settled on the motorway.

Throughout the trip we played Guruji's shabad in the car and decided that we wouldn't talk but instead focus on the soulful melodies. We reached safely, spent a few hours there and on our return, two minutes away from home, my car skidded on the main road and I completely lost control.

There was traffic on both sides of the road and I screamed in sheer frenzy. I resigned to my destiny as there was nothing to prevent the impending accident. Guruji, with his outstretched hands stopped both the cars coming from both sides, and Damini and I escaped unscathed. I cautiously drove home and prepared chai prasad for both of us and lit a candle before Guruji's photograph as a mark of gratitude.

As I sipped on the tea I felt my entire body shake and my mind shudder at the thought of what could have been. I gazed at his photograph and said, 'Guruji, I'm not ready to go yet!' I have many more miles to go! Your grace is truly inexpressible and unfathomable. Thank you for always keeping me under your wing and for teaching me never to grumble but instead to be grateful for every moment as perhaps there would be no more moments had you not rescued me. You have taught me that life is not a matter of milestones but a matter of moments and now I understand the significance of "*Swansan di mala nal simran tera na*. (With every breath I recite your name)." You once said, "*Paat andar chalte rehana chaeda* (Prayer should be ongoing in your heart)," and "*Har pal apne guru nu yaad karo. Zindagi da ki pata* (Remember your guru every moment as you just don't know what's in store)."



Life is priceless and every moment is an opportunity to remember him and to become one with him. *Apne ego nu utharo aur phir dekho nazare* (Cast aside your ego and then see the wonders).’

Damini and I had gone to a sangat’s home that same afternoon of the impending accident and on being asked by the lady if Damini believed in Guruji, she had motioned her hand to mean maybe a little. After being saved from the accident Damini confessed to me that she had little belief in him until that moment. She said the accident wouldn’t have happened anyway because Guruji was bound to protect us but it was to give her a wake-up call. From that moment on I would see Guruji’s photograph on her BBM status as well as, ‘Jai Guruji’ written below it! Such are Guruji’s ways of connecting young minds to him as they are to pave the way for the generations to come.

When something is on the verge of being taken away from us, we begin to understand its value. Guruji has granted us life after life without our ever realising it. He blesses us every waking moment and during our sleep too. He prevents diseases from manifesting, and also heals us. Our remedy for every ailment—physical, financial, emotional or spiritual—is him. From a jungle of suffering he moves us to a garden of serenity and salubrious living. *Nam bheej lo*—Sow his name, his love and his light and that is what will grow abundantly in our life’s garden. Roses of compassion, calmness and contentment will bloom all around exuding love and harmony as they do in his temple and his temple.

My guru parivar comprises many poor souls who have been converted into pure souls! They exude Guruji’s love and their aura is filled with his presence. Their hearts beat for him and whatever activities they engage in is all for him. Through the highs and lows of their journey they have learnt to value life, love and his eternal light. Shalini Khera, my guru sister is an inspiration to me as she shares her pure and unconditional love for Guruji Maharaj.



Satsang by Shalini Khera

‘Guruji is *param atma* (divine soul). He is the master of the universe, the supreme light and the supreme energy. After coming to Guruji, I witnessed a host of changes taking place in my life. I gained mental peace, harmony and was spiritually uplifted. He taught us *Ishwar ka rasta* and *Ishwar se pyar* (The path to God is to love God).’

‘Earlier, I was a very negative person, but after taking refuge in him, I have developed a positive frame of mind. My husband, the son of a prominent insurance man, was pleasantly surprised when he visited Guruji for the first time. Guruji told him his father’s name, pointing out that he was “the son of Khera, well known in the field of insurance.” As we kept going to Guruji, many of my husband’s business problems were resolved.

‘Two years ago, I too bore testimony to one of Guruji’s many healing miracles. I had a serious medical condition. I could not see clearly from the corner of my eyes. I visited many eye specialists. My retina was tested and many other tests were carried out, but all the results were normal. Doctors were not able to diagnose the problem.

‘At last, I turned to Guruji. Guruji told me to bring a copper tumbler and to drink water from it. From the day I started using the tumbler, my vision became fine. However, a few years ago, I suddenly had fainting spells. I went to specialists who dealt in spinal injuries, to senior neurologists and orthopaedic surgeons, but they were unable to help me. After suffering for four months and going from one specialist to another, I was fed up. I got all the scans and an MRI done, but my problem persisted. I was bedridden and severely depressed.

‘I went again to Guruji with my problem. I told him that I was unable to sleep at night because I felt severe vibrations all over my body. He told me that he had blessed me and that I should have langar slowly. With his blessings, I was soon relieved of my



ailment. When I came to Guruji after he had healed me, he told me that he had blessed me with a new life. My rebirth was solely due to Guruji's grace.

'My husband too had a serious back problem. He was on medication for months, but his back pain was increasing by the day. We went to several hospitals but the doctors were unable to arrive at a diagnosis. The pain was so severe that for a couple of months my husband was unable to sleep. I went to Guruji and told him about it.

'Guruji inquired about my husband's condition the next time I visited him. I told him that he was still not fine. Guruji asked me to stop all medications and to start giving him turmeric and milk at night. The night he started taking turmeric milk, believe you me, my husband's backache was a thing of the past.

'On 31st January, when again we had an opportunity to have Guruji's darshan, he told us that he had blessed us and from now on my husband would not have any problems. Since that day my husband has not experienced any pain. He says he feels Guruji has given him superpowers.

'Since I have come to Guruji, my life, has been transformed. Guruji guides us at every step of life. We just have to think about him from the heart and Guruji is there for us. We are all extremely fortunate that Guruji is with us. Jai Guruji.'





29

Every Day is a Satsang

The curtain may fall on us someday but his blessings
never cease to flow.

Anonymous

Once while having chai prasad with Guruji, a stunning woman entered the room. Instead of focusing on Guruji my focus went on her! She was elegant and eloquent and she and Guruji engaged themselves in a conversation while I watched her enviously. ‘What an amazing glow this woman has!’ I thought. ‘I wish I could have her glow!’

After her last sip of chai prasad she placed the empty glass before Guruji’s *charan*. I was aghast as now my thoughts of admiration quickly turned to asperity! How dare she place the used glass before Guruji? How ignorant! How outrageous and obscene! She shouldn’t have!

Guruji, meanwhile, carried on speaking to her and then glanced at me and smiled tenderly. I smiled back at him. He smiled again and said, 'Anita *isnu samja ki guru de samne joota nahin rakhte!*' I froze as you can well imagine and as if that was not enough of a shock to my system he added, 'Anita, *tenu glow chaydeya? Tu rab da naam le te glow hi glow hai!*' (Anita, you want a glow? Chant the name of God you will find your eternal glow).

After the shock of realising that he is omnipresent and omniscient I smiled, touched his feet and prayed to him to purify my thoughts and to teach me not to entertain negative thoughts towards people, places or situations. Embarrassed, I got up after taking his consent and promised myself that I wouldn't be so shallow ever again!

I didn't succeed! Each time I would come across a man or a woman with a glow, at the temple or otherwise, I would sit and stare! Secretly I longed for a glow and then I came across Aarti Malhotra in the sangat and my eyes again froze as my mind audibly and audaciously spoke, 'Guruji, what a beautiful woman with an amazing glow. I want the glow Guruji!'

Here Aarti shares her incredible faith and how it has transformed and added a glow to her life. Her glow really does come from her connectivity and surrender.

Satsang by Aarti Malhotra

'We were fortunate to have Guruji's darshan in 2006. I believe it was a calling from Guruji. We never knew that the diamond era of our lives was going to begin. A builder friend of ours who was Guruji's devotee was about to construct a shopping mall. We went to their place to wish them on Diwali and also book a shop in his upcoming mall. As my husband signed the cheque to give him the token money, my eyes froze on a beautiful photograph of Guruji. I inquired about the photograph and my friend gave me a short introduction about the 'Lord of the Universe'.



‘She herself was new in Guruji’s beautiful world and I was so spellbound by his divine photograph that the next day I accompanied her to Guruji’s Empire Estate. I felt that some powerful energy was pulling me. I was instructed that I was not to start the conversation unless and until he calls us.

‘The moment I stepped in I was startled by the magical aura of the place. Guruji was sitting on the floor wearing trousers and a T-shirt. He examined me with his penetrating eyes and I shivered from head to toe. The moment I touched his divine feet he enquired in Punjabi “*Kitho aai hai* (Where have you come from)?” I replied, ‘Rajouri Garden.’ His next sentence was “*Jao mall wich ja kar dukan kholo* (Go and open shops in shopping malls).” I was shocked to find that he knew about a deal that we had finalised only a day earlier, something I hadn’t disclosed to anyone. This was the proof of him being *antaryami* (omniscient).

‘During that time my husband was stuck in a deep-rooted business problem. As introvert he never shared his problems with me either. He is a very honest and god-fearing person and believes in hard work and simplicity. Unknowingly, he cleared some shipments which were stuck due to legal problems and which could lead to Director of Revenue Intelligence, DRI, enquiries. He lost his peace of mind and was constantly haunted that he might land into some serious trouble. However, after his first glimpse of Guruji, he made an ardaas silently and prayed, “I am innocent, please save my reputation and my name.”

‘Today more than five years have passed, each and every person involved in this case has been questioned and punished, but by Guruji’s grace, no one ever knocked on our doors or troubled us. Guruji blessed my husband in the first meeting and told him “*Ayesh kar* (enjoy life).” By his kripa, his one-line blessing worked like a shield and protected us in this serious situation. We are really enjoying our lives in his sharan.

‘Then slowly my spiritual journey began with my eternal father. I feel that he is cleansing our body, mind and soul day



and night. He is working very hard with us. He has given me confidence, positive outlook, peace and faith. These are all his blessings that altered my attitude.

‘Sometimes I feel that when all the doors close then Gurujji opens his arms and embraces us, wipes our tears and takes us under his divine umbrella. His grace is so soothing and he only desires love and surrender from us. His unconditional and selfless energy guides us, loves us, pampers us and leads our ignorant souls towards the Almighty.

‘After his mahasamadhi, we felt like orphans. Though I had his physical darshan for only a few months I felt very safe and sound and complete with him. After losing him physically, my visits to the mandir discontinued for a few months but his blessings continued.

‘Once, while working in the kitchen, I fainted. My husband and my kids began weeping and after a few minutes I regained my senses but the left side of my face was left a little distorted. I felt weak and numb. My family doctor recommended a CAT scan for me as he was convinced of some serious ailment. I took Gurujji’s photograph in my hand and went for the test. I prayed to him silently to give me life for my children.

‘With his divine blessings all my reports were normal and my face returned to its normal shape in two days. Gurujji took all my karma and the ill effect of my stars on himself. To date, whenever I sit in meditation in the Bade Mandir, I can feel the vibration on left side of my face as if the Almighty is still healing me with his curative powers.

‘My father started visiting the Bade Mandir after Gurujji’s mahasamadhi. Gurujji always calls us before the arrival of problems. In the same way, he called my father beforehand and started his treatment by making him eat langar prasad and listening to satsangs. After a few months my father got seriously ill and his haemoglobin fell very low. He went in for blood transfusion where his blood got severely infected and gradually he went into a coma. I took him to hospital in a very critical state. He was put



on the ventilator and doctors told me that there was total organ failure, hence there were no chances of survival.

‘I kept Guruji’s photograph near my father but honestly, I too lost all hope of his recovery. The next day, I was amazed to find that my father had regained his senses and his life support system had been removed! He was sitting hale and hearty as if some divine force had gifted him with a new life. Guruji cured him with his magic wand!

‘If we say that Guruji has healing powers then we will limit his supremacy. He can bless us with anything and everything. Sometimes he puts us in situations to teach us life’s lessons. He creates an awakening inside us that constantly reminds us of right and wrong.

‘He has created a heaven for us in the form of the Bade Mandir. It has the blessing and magical aura of the lord himself. To help us tide over our difficult times, he sometimes gives us opportunities for seva. We cannot do anything for him. We do seva just to shed our egos and reduce our negative karma. He has mysterious ways of blessing us and transforming us into good human beings.

‘Every moment in my life is a satsang. I have witnessed moments where he has sent the departed souls again to earth in the form of babies. I have had experiences where he himself came down to protect my husband and son from serious accidents. His divine energy cured my daughter from severe typhoid in just two days.

‘I can go on endlessly and I have no words and expressions to thank him. He has always blessed us in spite of our weaknesses and faults. He has given me a deep understanding of life and God’s wondrous ways. He showers kindness and love to all his devotees. Jai Guruji.’





30

From Darkness to Light

His doors are open but it's entirely your decision to walk through them.

Anonymous

Each moment of mine spent in New York as I mentioned earlier was a satsang. During my stay, I met staunch devotees who loved Guruji with purity and simplicity. I love what Albert Einstein says, '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.'

I live my life as though everything is a miracle as Guruji walks beside me, and I know in my heart that if he didn't, I would have lost my way. I don't consider myself worthy of the wealth of blessings that I have received. The love and affection that I receive from the sangat during my travels and otherwise is all by his grace, and life minus the blessings would be lifeless!

Jaspal Uncle in New Jersey took me under his wing while I was there, and every moment was a satsang. I met very interesting people who inspired my own faith and ignited the flame of sacred love.

Jyotsna, known as Joy amongst her friends runs her own business in Manhattan and she enjoys her success. In addition, she is able to savour the flavour of love, respect and protection. The grace of Guruji was endless and eternal once she bowed before him and surrendered the gift of her life to him. Earlier, she was a troubled soul who battled arduously with life's difficulties. Lost in the wilderness of life, she called out for help and Guruji took her into his fold.

Joy was an embodiment of despair, dejection, desolation and depression, and guru came into her life and tore down those walls of destruction to rebuild her life anew, from rags and recklessness to material and spiritual riches.

Satsang by Jyotsna

'I was born in Nepal in an eminent family and I married into royalty. After dissolving my marriage, I moved to Manhattan in 1988 with my two children. I was in dire straits as far as my monetary situation was concerned. I then took up a job in the garment industry. I was the first Asian woman ever, in sales in Manhattan, New York. I held a distinguished position and my career began to soar as did my pride. I was featured in various fashion magazines, and, before I knew it, success went to my head.

The champagne lifestyle comprising fancy nightclubs, alcohol and limousines along with undesirable company meant that I was drinking a heavy potion of poison every night that would inevitably destroy my body, mind, and soul. Being a charming and charismatic woman, I had flowers at my doorstep every morning; my whole existence was a sham, but it fulfilled me at the time. I was frequently showered with gifts and compliments that totally swayed me.



'All this glory that I had attained was in the 1970s and the 1980s. I had reached my peak and after the zenith came the nadir. Neurological anxiety and fears as well as serious phobias began to develop. I began seeking help from pandits and gurus who took unquantifiable amounts of money from me. My condition worsened as my pocket was becoming empty from seeking guidance from money-making pandits.

'Five years ago, in June, on my birthday I was in deep depression. I asked one of my nursing friends to prepare a lethal injection for me as I needed to end it all. I had attempted suicide several times before this. I had bought myself a one-way ticket to the Niagara Falls; once I even bought rat-poison; on another occasion, I was planning to take an overdose of pills. On this particular night on my birthday I dressed up for my departure! I planned to go to the party that my friends had organised for me and, subsequently, give up my life.

'Before entering the party, I sat alone outside, in the neighbourhood and looked up at the sky. I challenged God to save me from my imminent suicide, if he was at all there for me. I felt that no one, not even he, would come to my rescue but how wrong I was.

'Suddenly the trees that stood before me disappeared and instead, there was a clear lush lawn ahead. A man in a white robe and white gown approached me. I ran towards him in haste and held his hand. I urged him to help me. I asked him to find me an apartment, a shelter for me and my children. I looked at him and suddenly there was Chopra Uncle standing there urging me to come to his place for satsang on the Saturday. I was baffled as I had no idea what he was talking about.

'The meadows turned back to normal and I was left alone once more. There was no one around me but I was no longer anxious. On the contrary, that experience filled me with hope and peace. I was no longer suicidal as I became connected to the divine. It was Guruji calling.



‘My journey with Guruji began and all my fears began to slowly dissipate. I attended the satsangs at Chopra Uncle’s place, regularly, and at that time I was bankrupt and homeless. I lived off the food that the sangat gave me. Never before had I been in such a dire situation with no food and shelter, but by now I knew, with Guruji’s blessings, a new world awaited me.

‘My daughter was married to a Muslim and had many issues, but after connecting to Guruji, many of them got resolved. She was told that she couldn’t conceive, but now, she has two beautiful children by his grace.

‘My fear of my abusive son knew no bounds as he had been on heavy doses of drugs for many years, but one day his violence stopped. He got minimum prison sentence for drugs, and after he was released, he gave them up and began to reform himself. During that phase, I was struck with stage-four cancer that was inoperable. I wore Guruji’s locket as I underwent chemotherapy, followed by radiation while Guruji carried on injecting a heavy dose of faith in me. Guruji blessed me as after the biopsy, they removed my kidney but no cancer was found. I told the doctors that Guruji had blessed me and they too smiled in agreement! As for my son, he is now studying for emergency medicare. Guruji has blessed him with a job, a girlfriend and respect as well as a steady and stable life free of substance abuse.

‘I began to see things that the sangat could not, but then I realised that the blessings that Guruji grants us are often exclusive to us. I began to clean up my life as my craving for alcohol and other intoxicants abated. I had life-altering experiences that were miraculous. I felt like I had been given a second chance in life, and this time I would reach my fullest potential as a capable and caring individual.

‘After gaining a wealth of experience in the garment business, I sought Guruji’s blessings to start my own business. Today, I run my own business in the main Manhattan garment district. I supply to all the eminent fashion houses in and around New



York, across the US, India, China, Spain, Jordan, Canada and many more countries. In fact, I'm expanding by the day, and Guruji's blessings are very evident as it was not possible to achieve the size and scale of business that I run, given my previous mental, financial and emotional state. I walked through his door to attain a taste of heaven and now I know that I was meant to go through the dark to seek his light.

'Seek him and you shall find him. He is the all-encompassing light. So no matter in which part of the world you remember him, you will get connected. Be open to receiving. It's your desire to connect that matters. Be it New York, New Delhi, Kuwait or wherever, Guruji is omnipresent, and he takes us into his fold once we bow to him and seek his light.

'Before my clients arrive at my office door, they greet Guruji with reverence at the entrance as he sits there during my office hours. He then walks beside me as I make my way home to the man who gave me shelter and solace.

'I have recently taken permission from Guruji to convert my home into Guruji's temple. The place is idyllic as it is surrounded by nature. Lakes, mountains and trees make a perfect canvas and to add to that is a boulder that resembles a Shiva linga. Jai Guruji!'





31

The Guru-Disciple Equation

I thought I heard the voice of God, and climbed the highest
steeple. But God declared, 'Go down again,
I dwell among the people.'

Anonymous

It is neither incidental nor coincidental when people cross our paths in Guruji's sangat. It is all his will as his heart evidently beats amongst us. We are either here to teach them or to learn from them. We are all mentoring each other in our own capacity to strengthen and support each other's call of faith. Guruji has taught us to go the extra mile for each another, with good sense and wisdom of course, out of sheer love for our Guruji Maharaj. Sturdy and steady is the support we get in the sangat, and there is a strong sense of fraternity and brotherhood amongst us.

I met RP Sharma on Facebook! I had seen him from a distance, and I was probably a blur in the sea of faces for him that he encountered everyday in the sangat.

I was writing my first book, *Turning the Page*, and needed an opinion on its relevance in the context of faith. His aura and personality shone through even through the computer, and Guruji's blessings on him were very evident.

Here he shares his blessed journey with Guruji and how the power of faith has given his life depth and meaning.

Satsang by RP Sharma

'The most amazing and beautiful experience of my life has been coming in contact with Guruji. In the subsequent paragraphs, whatever I am writing about a disciple's relation with Guruji is based upon my experience with Guruji and not something I have read or assumed. The relationship of Guruji and his disciple is a unique one in many ways. It is the only one that has no boundaries of life and death, no preconditions attached to it, and it is a bond that never ends.

'A relationship where everything is expressed without even a word being spoken; where everything that is in the interest of the disciple is granted without ever being asked. All follies of the disciple are forgiven unconditionally for Guruji's love is greater than any other love we have ever known. It is greater than even the love of a mother for the child as Guruji never ever abandons the disciple, howsoever bad the disciple may be. In fact, the weakest disciple gets the maximum attention from Guruji as he needs it more than others.

'Once a disciple like me walked up to Guruji and asked if he could be forgiven. Our compassionate Guruji replied, "Do you think I have an option? I am the only saviour and true well-wisher of the disciple who really knows what is good or bad for the disciple." Guruji's only concern is how to uplift the disciple spiritually. He may ensure this in many ways without the disciple ever knowing it.



‘A disciple is never alone for he is never out of the graceful gaze of his Guruji. Guruji always knows all deeds, words and thoughts of the disciple. Like a concerned mother, Guruji always watches over the karma of his disciple, slowly but surely inspiring him towards the best, and dissuading him from the bad while preserving his free will.

‘It is only the spiritual growth that is the focus of our Guruji, though the disciple may, at times, be worried more about his worldly concerns than the spiritual ones. As a matter of fact, most of the disciples in the nascent stage of their evolvment would get attracted to Guruji only for the fulfilment of their worldly materialistic concerns as Guruji is quite capable of fulfilling those too. It is then that Guruji intercedes and helps overcome the obstacles in the spiritual path.

‘Guruji himself is free from the delusions of worldly desires and it is not possible that he would ever like his disciples to remain caged in the endless web of worldly desires by fulfilling all of them. Initially, a less evolved disciple is more likely to measure the grace of Guruji by the yardstick of how many of his or her desires were fulfilled by Guruji. Eventually, when he progresses on the spiritual path and evolves with the grace of Guruji, his desires start diminishing and the measure of Guruji’s grace then changes to how little he desires with time.

‘All worldly desires arise out of some attachment or the other, and all the attachments are the result of karmic bondages created due to the karma of past lives resulting in latent tendencies the soul carries in it, also called *samskaras*. Our karma of the present life is governed by these tendencies. Guruji’s task is to ensure freedom from this bondage.

‘This is a slow but gradual process and all disciples, one day or the other, are bound to achieve it. The stronger the bondage, the greater would be the number of desires, resulting in a restless mind chasing those endless desires, and in the process creating even greater bondages for future lives. This then becomes a



vicious cycle, which the disciple can never break on his own till a guru arrives in his life.

‘The trinity of Guruji’s grace acts as a creator of a new being in the disciple, the destroyer of his old self and also the preserver of the newly created one. In this sense guruji is all in one, Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesh. No progress on the spiritual path is ever possible without a guru’s grace. It is the path of grace and not of effort. One may do endless jaap, *taap* (penance), puja, *paath* (recitation) or pilgrimages but nothing will happen till the time the grace of the guru appears.

‘The only precondition for Guruji’s grace is endless and unquestionable devotion along with complete faith. In today’s world, we are taught and trained to doubt and question everything on the testimony of reason and intellect. Faith itself is a rare trait, and with most of us, it is not as strong as it should be. Again, it is the grace of our Guruji who grants, protects and develops that faith.

‘Sometimes, in order to destroy the barriers of intellect and pave the way for the growth of faith, Guruji may perform certain so-called miracles. The objective of such miracles is only the creation of faith in the doubting minds and nothing else. Intellect is the biggest barrier in the path of spiritual growth, though it is a very useful faculty for day-to-day worldly life.

‘For a beginner on the spiritual path, it is the torch of faith which lights up the path till the time the disciple is blessed to have experiences of his own. Thereafter, he is on a stronger wicket of knowledge rather than mere faith. But in the initial phases, the intellect can and does give rise to a number of doubts that weakens faith. It is in these moments that Guruji would be compelled to intercede in some way or the other to defeat the intellect and deepen faith.

‘The ways in which Guruji acts in the lives of disciples are very subtle. Making too explicit a presence can often create its own problems in the spiritual growth of the disciple, from inflating disciple’s ego to making him too complacent. Disciples



in an exalted state of spiritual growth are only blessed with his explicit presence in the form of physical darshan even after the mahasamadhi of our Guruji. The presence of Guruji though remains in every disciple's life.

‘As the devotion to Guruji increases, so does his grace, and with that, there is a gradual but diminishing sense of worldly attachments. This results in less and less craving for worldly objects leading to a greater peace of mind and a perpetual state of unconditional blissful happiness. This paving the way for the soul's onward journey to higher realms leads to its ultimate submergence with the supreme.

‘There are many spiritual yogis, saints or other gurus who live far away from ordinary householders like us, and very few blessed and exalted people can be accepted as their disciples. Guruji Maharaj is an exceptional yogi who came and stayed amongst ordinary mortals like us, and till date continues to enlighten us on the path of spirituality.

‘Guruji's regime is totally unconventional. People from all walks of life are welcome: the rich and poor, the known and unknown, children and elderly and people all religions, castes, sects and communities. There are no sermons, no preaching and no taboos.

‘There is no formal process of *diksha* (initiation) though I believe Guruji took his own time in accepting people as disciples. The one who is accepted gets connected and gets to know directly from Guruji. Guruji has a direct connection with all disciples at all times, and no intermediaries or messengers are ever needed in a relation between the Guruji and his devotees. All prayers are directed to Guruji and all answers also come directly. I also came to Guruji through someone but then, thereafter, it always brings a direct relation. The person who brought you to Guruji is just a medium who has been selected by Guruji for that purpose.

‘Once you are into Guruji's fold he is with you twenty-four hours a day. This is not an exaggeration but a statement of fact experienced by everyone who has been connected with Guruji.



All your thoughts (forget words) are heard and answered by Gurujī day in and day out. One of the ways in which Gurujī makes his presence felt is his fragrance. After the mahasamadhi, Gurujī's fragrance has become the lifeline of many devotees like me.

'It is not only the sure sign of his presence in an astral form, but also a token of his blessings and a medium of expression, an invisible bond which keeps the breaths inseparably tied up with the holy master all the time.

'Once, sitting in the satsang in his holy presence, I was pondering over the meaning of the word 'guru' when suddenly he called someone and asked him to read out the meaning of the word guru from a book, and then looked at me asking if the same was clear to me. Not a word spoken and yet my doubt was cleared. I don't recall Gurujī ever preaching or giving sermons, and yet all my doubts were always invariably cleared.

'I once asked Gurujī why he didn't preach like other saints. He said, "They are just preachers and I don't preach because I do the practical." With the practical he referred to was the change in the devotee, which was more important than a mere theoretical preaching.

'Gurujī is invariably with his disciples watching over their karma all the time. I remember once I had a chance to visit an astrologer who after drawing my horoscope said you have the special blessings of your guru in your life. I said I have a guru and sure he blesses me but I don't think I have the special blessings as you are saying. I said so because in those days Gurujī would call some sangat members and offer them his *charan* (foot) seva and as I was not fortunate enough to have been offered the honour, I assumed it was meant only for those who were specially blessed and I was not one of those as yet. The next day when I came to satsang, Gurujī called me out of the sangat and offered charan seva and looked at me and asked, 'Are you specially blessed now?'

'On another occasion, Gurujī once asked me to have halwa prasad, and I had it with four people as is the practice. After we



had eaten our prasad, I saw someone carrying a bowl of prasad for Guruji and I thought that we did not get the prasad in the real sense as the prasad is what is left after Guruji has eaten but, in this case, we had eaten before Guruji so we did not get the prasad. Suddenly, Guruji called me and offered me prasad out of his bowl and I said this is exactly what I wanted and Guruji smiled and said, “I know what you want all the time.”

‘As a compassionate concerned guru, Guruji always keeps a track of all the activities of his disciples. I remember once I could not attend the satsang of Guruji, and one day early in the morning I had a dream in which Guruji asked me why I was not coming to the satsangs and also told me to come with my family to the satsang that evening. I reach Guruji’s satsang that evening with my family. As soon as Guruji came out of his room he noticed me and asked me why I had not come all these days. I said that I have come today, and he replied, “You have come when I have asked you to.” Thereafter I never ever missed his satsangs.

‘One day, after Guruji’s mahasamadhi, I was going to the satsang at the Bade Mandir, and that particular day there was no one to accompany me; my elder daughter had an exam and my wife had to stay back. My younger daughter, who was just 12 years old then, agreed to accompany me. On the way to the satsang, I prayed to Guruji to help me strengthen the faith of this young child. Then I asked my daughter ‘Do you want to see a miracle?’ She said, “Yes.”

‘I prayed to Guruji loudly that I want to have halwa prasad today in the langar. During langar, my daughter was very curious and she saw only ladoos being served in the langar and there was no halwa. She pointed it out to me and I said, “Just wait let our plate come.” When our plate came it had halwa and no ladoos and no other plate that day had any halwa, nor was halwa prasad served. Guruji surely created it to strengthen the faith of my daughter as I had requested.

‘It is a wonderful grace to be always connected with Guruji who can hear you any time, respond to your thoughts all the time,



watch over you and grant almost anything you desire. It is also a major responsibility on the part of the disciple to be able to generate only right and noble thoughts, words and actions and never to fall from that grace which a guru grants out of his sheer compassion for the spiritual evolution of the soul. Ego, at times, is the biggest hurdle that can often block the path of spirituality. The disciple has to be very cautious lest he falls in this trap.

‘Selfless service, a state of perpetual forgiveness and love for all are the sure antidote for the malaise of the ego. All disciples are equal and no one is smaller or greater than the other. It is a myth to think that some disciples who had the privilege of being in close proximity to Guruji during his physical lifetime are closer to him than others. The very practice of serving langar prasad to four people in one plate is meant to signify this message of equality of all sangat members and to promote mutual love and respect.

‘The langar and chai prasad served at Guruji’s satsang is no ordinary food; it is divine prasad which cures a number of physical and spiritual limitations in the lives of the devotees. There are many cases where incurable diseases of sangat members were cured just by taking the langar and chai prasad.

‘Sharing the experiences of Guruji’s grace with other sangat members blesses both the narrator as well as the listeners in many ways, and is a practice that binds the sangat members together by strengthening the common bond of faith.

‘Guruji’s photographs are not just pictorial representations but more; therefore, these must be kept with great reverence and respect. On numerous occasions the sangat members have had many experiences of Guruji’s live presence through his photographs. Guruji himself used to give out his photographs during his lifetime and therefore, the photographs should be given only to true devotees of Guruji.

‘The shabad gurbani played at Guruji’s temple is selected by Guruji and most of the time each member of the sangat gets



clarifications on his doubts of the day, through Guruji's shabad gurbani or the satsangs by the other sangat members.

'Once you are connected with Guruji, a hotline is established instantly between you and him. Almost on every question or doubt in your life, you can seek his guidance, and he replies instantly. He not only guides you, but also gives you the strength to choose the right path. He is there in every moment of your life in whatever you are doing and wherever you may be. He is the real companion in this journey of the soul and this companionship is beyond the boundaries of physical existence.

'The problem with most disciples is their inability to see beyond their physical existence. They remain too attached to their physical world and the needs of their physical existence. Guruji's focus is always on the spiritual needs of the disciple and his growth on the spiritual front. It is, therefore, quite likely that Guruji may not fulfil all the physical desires of the disciple, particularly when these are not conducive to his spiritual growth.

'However, if the physical needs of the disciple were likely to impede his spiritual life, then Guruji would definitely intercede with his grace. So one may pray for one's physical needs to Guruji but leave him to decide whether they really need to be fulfilled, for what is in the ultimate interest of the disciple is known only to Guruji.

'For most disciples, physical circumstances do affect their spiritual lives. It is, therefore, important that our physical circumstances are conducive to our spiritual growth. However, a stage does come in the life of a disciple when physical barriers do not impact spiritual growth but that happens at a very advanced stage.

'Therefore, Guruji would definitely ensure a conducive physical environment to pave the path for the spiritual growth of his disciple by ensuring proper health, finances and family circumstances. He would keep ensuring this till the time the disciple is so spiritually advanced that these things do not have an impact upon him



anymore. One must, therefore, become gradually more concerned with one's spiritual needs than the physical ones.

'Every time I do a good karma in my life, it gets immediate appreciation from Guruji in the form of a whiff of his fragrance. At times when my physical karma is not in sync with my spiritual life again the message is conveyed by blocking the fragrance till such time I am able to regret and cleanse myself in some way or the other. And not having Guruji's fragrance for even a day can be unbearable for a disciple; that anybody connected with Guruji can well understand.

'I remember one day when I was in a foul mood and took all negative decisions which could have been avoided with greater restraint and patience I came to Guruji in the evening and there was no fragrance nor did Guruji look at me even once. I felt dejected but soon realised my mistakes, and the next day corrected all of them and came back to Guruji. There was a lot of fragrance and Guruji smiled at me approvingly. Not even a single word was spoken, yet my karmic graph was corrected, yet again.

'Once you are connected with Guruji, everyone including your family, everyone you feel concerned about, your friends, relatives, servants, pets, everyone comes into the fold of Guruji's grace. All of them constitute your environment which affects your physical and spiritual life. Guruji ensures that the environment is conducive to your spiritual development. But as you advance in your spiritual growth, you may, at times, find the karmic or physical circumstances take a challenging turn.

'These are testing situations in a disciple's life—the higher the evolution, the more difficult the tests. These situations may take various forms like your health, the health of your near and dear ones, financial problems or problems of family members, etc. All these karmic situations are created to make the disciple work out the karmic debts and also for the soul to evolve the soul to higher levels after going through trying experiences. It is important



to retain faith in Guruji in such situations as nothing can ever happen in the life of a disciple that Guruji has not approved.

‘Guruji always gives more importance to the karmic graph of the disciple than to a ritualistic conformance to any puja, jaap or paath. It is, however, not to say that such ritualistic regimes are of no use. All satsang, puja, taap and more are effective only if the disciple’s karma is in sync with his spiritual objects, otherwise these empty exercises would not be able to take the disciple far on the spiritual path.

‘Of all the spiritual concepts, the principle of karmic cause and effect is perhaps the most complex. *The Bhagvat Gita* and other scriptures support the principle of karma and even otherwise, this appears to be the most logical explanation for various apparent inequalities and inequities in the world.

‘If one were to believe that one is born with some destiny which is beyond one’s ability to change, then one has to accept that one is born with some karmic baggage carried over from previous lives. This needs to be worked out in this life by going through various karmic situations one is fated to face. Every person who comes into your life is there to settle some karmic account with you. The karmic baggage can be emotional, physical, spiritual or financial. It would be settled in the same tenor in which it was created.

‘The problem, however, in working out the cobweb of these past-life baggage is that in the process, we invariably tend to create more baggage. This becomes a vicious cycle paving the way for many more lives to come. The baggage of good karma is as binding as the baggage of bad karma. The only difference being that chances of creating bad karma are more when working out good karma rather than when working out bad karma.

‘The bad phases in life like financial strains, illnesses, separations, etc. are the working out of the bad karma—these are much more educative and soul reforming than the good or normal phases of life. If one were to analyse one’s life, one would accept that the so-called bad phases in life taught the best lessons



and made one a better human being. The good or normal phases generally do not make the person evolved. On the contrary these can often lead to degeneration due to heightened arrogance, ego and lack of concern for others.

‘One should, therefore, go through the bad phases in life with a sense of equanimity and relief as one does get rid of karmic burdens and emerges a better soul passing through them. Also, the good phases in life must be tread through carefully, lest one unfairly tramples over many a not so fortunate soul thus creating future cobwebs of difficult and unpleasant karma. Jai Gurujji!’





32

Blood Infection Cured

If a task is performed in the consciousness that God is my companion, the impossible becomes possible.

Anonymous

Amit Aggarwal came for a satsang at my place in Delhi during my previous visit there, in the summer of 2011. That is when I heard his satsang for the very first time and the depth of his devotion left an impression on me. Every individual has its own unique relationship with Guruji but what is common is the love and happiness that we all collectively share and celebrate when we speak of him.

Satsang by Amit Aggarwal

'As a kid, while in school, I loved science and was a huge fan of Albert Einstein, the greatest scientist the world has known. I used

to read a lot of scientific literature, including new discoveries in medical science as I found it fascinating. Over time, my thinking had become scientific, logical and reason oriented. I was proud of my thinking style, and my scientific knowledge induced a certain amount of arrogance in me.

‘Having travelled and lived around the world for many years, I had developed a kind of know-it-all attitude. I came back to India in 2003. One day in 2004, my mom took me to Guruji, the Chhota Mandir and Empire Estate. Initially, I didn’t recognise Guruji as lord reincarnate or the lord himself.

‘However, soon Guruji read my most personal and private thoughts and shocked me many times as he showed me that he knew everything about me. I started realising that Guruji has supernatural powers and is God himself.

‘In October 2008, I fell very sick, with multiple unexplainable symptoms: pain in my stomach, headaches, body aches, fever, nausea, vomiting, scratches forming automatically on my skin, blood on my tongue, and couldn’t sleep due to headaches backaches, pain behind my eyes, burning sensations, etc.

‘I was in severe physical and mental pain. I was going through grave suffering. I visited many well-known doctors at Delhi’s top hospitals in, Max, Apollo, Ganga Ram, MAMC and even AIIMS, and spent incalculable amount of money, but doctors couldn’t understand a thing about my symptoms and couldn’t diagnose the problem.

‘Helpless and puzzled, I started doing research on the internet and realised that my symptoms were quite similar to a fatal blood infection caused by bacteria transmitted through a tick bite called the Lyme disease, which is unheard of in India. The Lyme disease is prevalent in US and Canada and is often fatal. I may have contracted it while abroad.

‘Lyme disease means living with such symptoms for the rest of one’s life. There is no cure for it and no medicine is effective. One has to take numerous medicines daily to alleviate the symptoms.



As the Lyme disease bacteria is not found in India, doctors here were clueless, and offered psychiatric help instead and referred me to psychiatrists. I felt more and more depressed and shattered each time I met a doctor.

‘My professional and personal life had come to an end and my family was disturbed. I was a mental wreck and had become suicidal. At times, it felt as if I was going to die. Half-heartedly, I was preparing to go to the US for treatment as doctors there have experience with such infections.

‘After ten months of suffering and agony, in June 2009, while thinking about Guruji, I recollected that once, in 2006, out of nowhere Guruji had said to me, “*Doctoran nu kuch nahin aanda* (Doctors don’t know anything)!”

‘I realised my mistake and started praying to Guruji with devotion. I prayed to Guruji to cure me. I also started drinking out of the copper tumbler Guruji had blessed. Surprisingly, the colour of the inner wall of the copper tumbler, started changing to dark brown-black, which never happened before; also the plate used for covering the tumbler, would automatically get mist droplets as if the water was boiled daily.

‘To my surprise, I started feeling better within a few days of praying to Guruji. The more I prayed to Guruji, the better I felt! I felt totally healthy in less than a month: all the body aches and suffering was gone, no nausea, no vomiting, no fever, no more scratches or headaches. I started feeling so well as if nothing had ever happened to me. Thus, Guruji cured me totally from a fatal and lifelong disease and gave me health and saved my life.

‘Later, it became clear why Guruji had said “*Doctoro nu kuch nahin aanda*” and that’s the truth. All the senior doctors and medical science are zero before Guruji. My health and life is all due to kindness, grace and love of Guruji. Guruji is God who showers blessings on his devotees so fast, so easily and takes away one’s suffering and pain, giving health and life, among other things.



The Divine Light

'He is Lord Shiva himself. We only have to be honest, sincere and pray to him with absolute faith and devotion. I have left myself in his hands, to his will, and I know Guruji is taking care of me every day. I feel his presence very often with the miracles in my life. Guruji thank you for loving and blessing me! I love you! Jai Guruji!'



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33

The Butterfly

First believe it and then receive it.

Anonymous

By February 2012, after being rescued from an imminent car accident in the snow, I had entertained the thought of visiting Delhi for a few months. The depth of my attachment to Delhi knows no bounds as Guruji's temple and the sangat are food for my soul. I am elated when I am in that space.

Man proposes but Guruji, our God disposes! I had returned from Florence, Italy, just a couple of weeks before and now Guruji was sending me to Paris! It was a bone-chilling weekend with the temperatures dropping to -8°C. The warmth of the people and the love in the air made all the difference. Catching up with Sonakshi, my younger daughter, and her friends made it a heart-warming weekend. I was convinced that Guruji was with me throughout

and I urged him in my heart to initiate satsangs here as well as in every nook and corner of Europe. I was also convinced that in times to come, that would be so!

One day, before my departure to Paris, we held Guruji's satsang here in Manchester, on 9th February, at Renu Lamba's residence, and the vibrations that filled the place were incredibly pure. More and more people were getting connected to him, and that to me was testimony of Guruji's presence here. During that blessed evening, Dr Parveen Sharma announced a satsang at his place to be held on 19th February, one day prior to Shivratri. As I was leaving, another lady approached me asking if she could hold a satsang at her place on 26th February! My heart and soul were laughing as I thanked Guruji for holding three satsangs in one month here whereas earlier there was one every three months!

After returning from Paris, I was determined to make Delhi my next stop and hopefully nothing would stop me again! My mother and I booked on a flight departing on 27th February, a day after the satsang. I had butterflies in my stomach as my excitement at a reunion with my guru and my guru parivar knew no bounds.

Speaking of butterflies, Raghu Rai is another blessed soul who expresses his love for Guruji through his photography. He has captured images of Guruji that delight the eyes of those who have seen him, and have been there during those priceless moments. He would look through his lens to freeze his eyes on his God in various stances. Those who haven't seen him get immersed in the beauty of each image and wonder what he was like in the physical garb. They connect to the photograph because the image is life-like.

Some photographs were of Guruji alone, and others with his sangat. Each tell a different story. We, the devotees, feast our eyes and fix our prayers on those sacred images. Guruji really does communicate through his photographs.



Seeing is believing. Hence, to believe in Guruji, in his physical presence, was easier for some of us but his mahasamadhi left some of us in the dark. It was not easy to process the physical loss and to develop further devotion. The moments spent with him can never be duplicated either. Raghu Rai relates one of the incidences when Guruji illustrate his presence after his mahasamadhi.

Satsang by Raghu Rai

‘In February 2008, Meeta, my wife and my daughters and I were sitting at our farm on a sunny afternoon with some guests. The adults were having wine and held a glass each in their hands. Meeta mentioned that it had been many days since we had any contact with Guruji. I shrugged; some things are beyond our control.

‘The very next moment, a butterfly came and started circling me closely. We were suddenly riveted to this sight. After a couple of minutes, it came and sat on my shoulder. I whispered excitedly: “Guruji is here.” I turned and kissed the butterfly. It started circling me again.

‘Meeta’s sister who had never met Guruji suggested an offering of wine to Guruji. The very next moment, the butterfly came and sat on the rim of my wine glass. I started narrating how Guruji was so different from others. I recalled how on New Year’s Eve, we sought his permission to leave his side early; he had known that we were going to a party and blessed our merry making with the words “Go enjoy your whiskey”. Listening to this Meeta’s sister insisted that I offer the butterfly a drink. The delicate little creature dived inside the glass and touched the surface of the wine, came out and started circling me again!

‘My youngest daughter, Purvai, who was sitting ten feet away from us complained, “When Guruji was around, he never spoke to me and even now he does not come to me.” That very instant it went circling my daughter. The joy on her face was amazing. After a few circles, the butterfly went to Meeta, flew around her several



times, and finally went and sat on her head. The whole experience lasted over ten minutes.

‘That evening I was sitting with Purvai. Suddenly she said, “Papa, listen to this story, very similar to our experience with the butterfly.”

GOD SPEAKS

*The man whispered, ‘God speak to me’
And a meadow lark sang.
But the man did not hear.
So the man yelled, ‘God speak to me’
And thunder rolled across the sky.
But, the man did not listen.
So the man cried out in despair,
‘Touch me God, and let me know you are here.’
Whereupon, God reached down
And touched the man.
But, the man brushed the butterfly away
...And walked on.*

‘The moment Purvai finished reading the story, the room was filled with Guruji’s fragrance.’





34

Food for the Soul

You only come to me when I want you to come to me and
that is when I have called you into my fold.

Guruji Maharaj

Each of us has our own glass, which is either half empty or half full of our faith and level of surrender. Our expression of our love and faith for our Guruji differs from that of others. Some of us are incessantly questioning while others are so intoxicated with the love that they cease to ask for anything but for our glass to overflow with his love and a deeper level of connectivity. Then there are those who have learnt to seek him in their day-to-day activities as Guruji had advised.

Guruji's love is omnipresent and can be found in everything and everyone without exception. Our love for him is further enhanced when we ask him to accompany us in all our activities:

from eating, entertaining, working and walking to gazing up at the stars and the moon, breathing the air that he blessed us with to our friendships and relationships, travelling, the simple everyday activities as driving and listening to music. He is in the shabad, jazz, pop and rock music, and in Sufi melodies and Bollywood songs too! Bamby Singh expresses her love for our Guruji through one aspect of her life that is music to our ears!

Satsang by Bamby Singh

‘When I met Guruji he had advised me to do a lot of prayers from the Granth Sahib to the *Shiv Puran* to the jaap, and meditation. This I did for a number of years until I reached a point where the moment I opened any Holy Book I would get physically sick.

‘Guruji had once explained that whenever we pray we absorb energies as gifts. Our bodies have to adjust each time to the kind of energy that is being gifted to us. So, one day Guruji told me, no more holy scriptures, shabad-kirtans, jaap or meditation. “*Kudrat vich menu dhoond. Filmy aur Punjabi ganeyon wich menu dhoond* (Find me in nature, in filmy and Punjabi songs).”

‘It was a Tuesday, my day to clean the Bade Mandir. I left the house in the morning, very irritated as I was used to doing paath and feeling that satisfaction, but I had achieved none of it. To top it all, I was not allowed to listen to kirtan, which was my favourite way of connecting with Guruji Maharaj.

‘It is a forty-five minute to a one-hour drive from my home to the mandir. About twenty minutes into the journey I thought to myself, why don’t I switch on the radio and listen to what Guruji may have to say to me. The song that was on, the wordings went as such: “Feel The Fire/My Desire/Take Me Higher/*Soniye*” (Song: *Tauba Tauba*, Movie: *Kaal*), and I was laughing like a little girl. Guruji, being Guruji, brought me back to the ground rather fast, with the next verse of the song that was apt enough for a *jogan* (female ascetic): “*O Aja Mahi Dhunde Yeh Ankhian/Tab Tak Rava*



Hai Main Thakia/Jogan Banke Pal Pal Main Tarsu/Mil Jao Tum Mil Jaye Duniya.”

‘This is how Guruji taught me to find him in filmy songs, songs that sometime can be so ordinary but when you interpret them with Guruji in your mind, they become beautiful. His presence changes a meaning of the song completely. Thus began my journey of finding means of uplifting myself spiritually in everyday objects, thoughts and actions.

‘In the journey of life, the real pleasure is to make Guruji your life partner and then to walk with him in all your activities. When you love your guru you will see, feel and hear him in every aspect of life. Employ all your senses to love him and to know him.

‘In one of the discourses, a *satguru* (spiritual master) assured his disciples, “Remember, when I am gone, you are not going to lose anything. Perhaps you may gain something of which you are completely unaware Right now I am available to you only embodied, imprisoned in a certain shape and form. When I am gone, where can I go? I will be here in the winds, in the ocean, and if you have loved me, if you have trusted me, you will feel me in a thousand and one ways. In your silent moments, you will suddenly feel my presence. My consciousness is universal.”

‘Guruji is in every particle of life. Hence, I have learnt to pray to him to heighten my awareness to see him in all things and situations as well as in people. I am still learning to let go completely for him to take over.

‘Letting go does not translate into complacency but living and doing our deeds with the knowledge that Guruji is the wind beneath our wings. I may be engaged in a project but he is the one doing it, hence he is the force while I am merely the instrument.

‘On this note, the only string that I pull now as his instrument is the string of faith. It is said that faith must be so strong that it moves mountains but the force behind moving those mountains is Guruji himself. My faith enables me to close my eyes, and in the silence of my heart, feel his heartbeat. My soul awakens to his beat



and sings the song of praise. Music is the ultimate connection between man and God.

‘With Guruji in our lives every day, every moment there is something to document. The following is yet another experience.

‘In November 2001, my daughters, Ayesha and Natasha, decided to go for Guruji’s darshan. It was a very harsh winter and Delhi witnessed many storms during that time. It took us two hours to reach Andheria from Friends Colony. There were many trees that had had been uprooted and caused traffic jams.

‘We were stuck at Andheria junction for half an hour. I told the girls that if the traffic did not move we would turn back. After sometime my husband and I realised that the girls were rather quiet. Both had landed on the back seat gazing out at the traffic from the rear window and whispering to each other.

‘Suddenly the lights turned green, the road ahead of us cleared and we sped ahead. In the rear view mirror, my husband Sati saw all the other cars stop and the lights turn red. Both the girls began to laugh and we asked them the reason and they said that they have been praying to Guruji “*Hamey jaladi bulao, hamey bhukh lagi hai* (Please call us quickly, we are hungry!)”

‘On reaching Empire Estate, we found Guruji with very few sangat members. I was ecstatic because I had a chance to sit next to Guruji, who was basking in warmth of a heater. Looking around I said to Guruji, “*Aaj tufan karke bahut kam sangat aai hai* (The gathering today is very small due to the storm).”

‘Guruji thought for some time and then said very quietly. “*Aaj maine bahut kam sangat bulai hai* (Today I have called very small sangat).” That was the first time I realised that we come and meet Guruji only when called.

‘The sensibilities of each devotee are very individual and so is the way we interpret our relationship with our Guruji. The one common emotion that we all share universally for him is our overflowing love, and each time we share our satsang, our eyes never fail to shine with love and adoration. Jai Guruji!.’





35

A Court Case Withdrawn

With his grace he turns a doubting mind into a devoted heart.

Anonymous

In satsangs we are strictly meant to avoid socialising because then our focus shifts from Guruji to the people! When people make the temple and the satsangs a forum to make connections and contacts with each other, they lose the essence of spirituality and instead start focusing on individuals!

Guruji would always tell me very sternly and firmly, ‘Don’t talk to anyone but me! You are here for me, so focus and concentrate only on me! This invaluable time will never return, so don’t waste these priceless moments.’

I hear Guruji’s voice in my head each time my interaction with someone in the sangat is not purely satsang or if it extends to more than just a greeting. Hence, I actively avoid a social

conversation in satsangs where space is created for imbibing only his voice and his vibrations. I understand now the significance of maximising my time when I am in his sacred space. Collectively we all try our utmost to conduct the satsangs according to his wishes and his divine will.

It was 19th February, one day before Shivratri; the Manchester sangat was celebrating at Parveen and Raj Sharma's residence. The satsang was incredibly tranquil. The shabad were soothing and serene followed by a delectable langar that I ate happily!

A young gentleman, Tarun, with his wife Sakshi sat quietly at the back imbibing Gurujī's aura while assimilating the spiritually charged atmosphere. I had merely exchanged pleasantries with them on two occasions before this and never knew the depth of their love for Gurujī. Each individual who connects to Gurujī has a story to tell. Their expression or eloquence may vary but the enthusiasm in their voice while sharing is the same. The zest and zeal, and often the miracles that Gurujī performs in our lives to connect us, leaves us breathless!

Satsang by Tarun

I came to Gurujī in early 2010, and that was the time Gurujī called me to him as he knew I would need his support in the coming days. I always believed in a higher power but was very cynical of so-called gurus. When I attended the first satsang for Gurujī in England, it gave me a sense of peace and calm; I was connecting to the higher power without anyone preaching and telling me to believe. It was a direct relationship between Gurujī and me. I was free to involve myself with him and surrender to him without thinking or questioning his powers.

'Over the last couple of years, I've realised that Gurujī has dramatically changed my life in the areas that were not working, and tweaked my life in numerous ways where all aspects that used to pull me in different directions seemed to align themselves in



the right direction. All the little cracks have ben miraculously taken care of and now there is smoothness in my life.

‘Guruji has always answered my questions. At one of the satsangs we went to, I had this thought going through my mind that I’m perhaps a little selfish about my relationship with my guru and don’t want to discuss all the positive things with other people who are still not associated with Guruji as I feel, when their time is right, he will be with them. I don’t need to tell anyone about the positive things that have happened with me, my wife or our extended family to convince them that Guruji is omnipresent.

‘No sooner had I had this thought another sangat member who was discussing his experience started speaking about the purpose of sharing our experiences during a satsang and said, “Satsangs are another form of healing by Guruji as the listener benefits from listening as much as the person sharing it. It is his medicine to cure people. It is not to spread his name or fame as that is not needed for him but for us.” As soon as I heard this, I felt ashamed that I was questioning his power.

‘I thanked Guruji day in and day out for all the blessings that I have had in my life in the last few years but I still could not bring myself to speak about it in a big gathering. It was a very intimate relationship that I shared with my Guruji and I was not ready to communicate it to others.

‘At the last sangat we went to in Manchester, it so happened that when the time to share our experiences came, my wife had a sudden shortness of breath which had never happened to her before and I was requested to speak about my experiences with Guruji. I took that as a signal from my guru to speak about something that could never have happened without him looking out for me.

‘From 2007 to 2010, I was in a partnership, running a business with a couple of other people. Around mid 2010, the partners fell out and I was forced to walk away from the business without my rightful dues. Being in business for the first time in my life, I



took it as a learning experience and moved on, putting a positive spin to it as what was done was done. I got a job and got on with life. A couple of months down the road, my former partners tried to get me to sign a compromise agreement, so I would not end up suing them for my share of the business profits. We started working on that with my lawyer but it fell through a couple of months down the road; I realised I was not going to get anything out of it; I was also to lose my legal right to the business. We pulled out of the negotiations and left it at that for the moment.

I left everything to Guruji and surrendered to him completely and blindly. We prayed and attended the satsangs regularly, which gave me unparalleled support and strength. Soon thereafter, there was an investigation against me and I had decided to hold Guruji's hand and refused to give into the illegal demands by my former partners. I was called in by the authorities for questioning, and that was the first time in my life that I had ever set foot in their premises. Everything was taken off me besides my Guruji's key chain as I stepped in. This was the first tangible sign I got from Guruji that he was there with me, and would let me come out triumphant, no matter how complicated the situation. My Guruji prevailed with me during that entire episode.

After the interview, I came to know that the case was going to court. The six months it took for that process, I could not understand how or why Guruji was letting this facade continue. What I imbibed in all the satsangs that I went to was, "Don't ask Guruji for something specific, simply trust his judgement and he will sort it out." Our faith was in him and I believe he kept my wife, Sakshi, and me mentally strong to put this kind of stress in the background and still get on with our lives.

Before the case went to trial, we had a few pre trial briefings and they were very scary. My lawyers were told that this case would go to trial unless I wanted to plead guilty to the charges. I was clear from day one that I was in the right. The last pre-trial hearing was in December 2011, and the case was supposed to



go on trial in January 2012. That day, I could not see my lawyer outside the courtroom. Neither could I see my case number on the electronic board. I was afraid I might have slipped up on something—the date, time or court number—and was afraid that it would land me in further trouble.

‘My lawyer called me at that moment and broke the news that the prosecution had finally decided to drop the case as they didn’t have the answers to all the queries that we had submitted in our brief. The judge ruled a closure of the case and asked it to reimburse the costs to me.

‘Throughout the ordeal, I felt Guruji made us stronger. All the self-doubts were answered and he carried us through it all. I had never discussed my predicament before but I accepted this as a sign from Guruji to share it at my satsang.

‘This satsang is more for my healing than for anyone else. If it enables someone to find a message to help him or her heal, then that would fulfil me no end. Through my devotion and the command of prayer, he took me from darkness to light. I have now come to understand his power and the power of prayer. Jai Guruji.’





36

The Power of Prayer

Prayer requires more of the heart and less of the tongue.

Anonymous

Praying is the humblest expression of seeking divine intervention by a believer in the karmic journey otherwise determined purely by the inflexible principles of karmic cause and effect. Praying is acknowledged in every religion and faith.

The karmic journey of life is always fraught with many uncertainties which give rise to many insecurities resulting from unexpectedly challenging situations. This often leads to a situation where even the most confident amongst us would feel hopeless and frustrated. The power of prayer works miracles in these situations.

The moment one sits in prayer to invoke divinity, spiritual energies get activated. This is not something that happens purely

at a psychological level. There is scientific and medical research to prove how the power of prayer arrests the release of hormones that trigger depression and other negative feelings.

There is no particular form and method of prayer. Prayers have to come straight from the heart as naturally as the cry of a child who seeks a mother's attention when in distress. Words are not important and, to an extent, not even relevant. It is not the mental or physical energy that carries prayers. It is the emotional energy that carries prayers. Without doubt, all prayers are heard.

Anybody and everybody can pray. It is not necessary that all prayers would be fully accepted; divine intervention is an exception and not the rule, yet no prayer would ever go completely unanswered.

Of all the forms of meditation, mantra jaap is the easiest to practice. 'Jaap' literally means a mental recitation of a particular set of sacred words for a specified number of times or duration every day. It can be done mentally without any aid or with the aid of the beads of any rosary. The sacred words are either a mantra to which the guru initiates the devotee or the name of any deity with which the devotee feels naturally attached.

One should develop a daily practice of mantra jaap from early life, though it can be started at any age. It is believed the moment the meditator sits in meditation, he instantly invokes the grace of the deity he is worshipping. Mantra jaap results in visible changes in the aura of the meditator, which can now be captured by the latest aura-capturing devices, a proof of how subtle mantra vibrations affect the person. Latest scientific research also proves that mantra meditation results in accelerated activity in those areas of the brain responsible for creating hope, love, happiness and peace.

It is generally believed that initiation by a guru is a must before one can practice mantra jaap. It is true that ideally an evolved guru who has perfected it over a number of repetitions should initiate the mantra. Mantra initiation by a *siddh* (one who has received liberation) guru is a very subtle process whereby the mantra is



literally planted as a seed in the *chitta* (soul) of the disciple. It is then left to the disciple to water the seed with daily practice and make it grow with time. However, one can do it without any formal initiation also if one feels a powerful pull towards a particular deity or mantra.

Like in any other form of meditation, faith is key in mantra jaap too. One must practice jaap with utmost faith and reverence to the deity or the mantra to feel its effect. A daily practice of mantra jaap recharges every part of the mind, body and soul and rejuvenates the meditator, the impact of which is quite visible in the form of enhanced glow on the face of the meditator immediately after the jaap. It results in greater tranquillity, concentration and better sleep at night. These are, however, the fringe benefits of mantra jaap.

The real benefit is spiritual evolution, which completely transforms the personality of the meditator from an outward seeking ever-thirsty materialistic soul to an inward-looking blissful and content one. The impact of the jaap is slow but sure. Practice makes perfect, so start with perhaps five to seven minutes a day and build up gradually to a time that brings about the inner and outer changes. *Om Namah Shivay, Shivji Sada Sahay. Om Namah Shivay, Guruji Sada Sahay* (I bow to Lord Shiva, the eternal saviour. I bow to Lord Shiva, Guruji the eternal saviour). Jai Guruji.





37

The Power of Satsangs

Company maketh the man. While good company can lead you to light, bad company can take you away from it.

Anonymous

Satsang or the company of truth exudes an energy that draws people to it. The finer implications of satsangs and their sanctity are inexplicable as they work on a level that is incomprehensible to our logical minds. Gururji stressed on the significance of attending satsangs as it is in that space where the lives of the individual changes through the finer nuances of the satsangs.

When we engage ourselves in shabads we learn to disengage ourselves from our worldly struggles; when we eat langar with other sangat, we learn to share and become one with others, soaking in shared experiences. This collective sharing in the presence of his aura and his grace heals our souls at a very deep level. Our karmic cleansing takes place as we tune ourselves into

the satsangs that become a way of life that breathe new life into our everyday existence.

To be totally immersed in the moment is paramount to our spiritual evolution as it is through stillness and silence that Gurujji is able to communicate his grace to us. It is in the meditative state that he whispers his love to us. He facilitates our spiritual elevation in our moments of complete silence and contemplation. It becomes vital for us, therefore, to behave according to his command for utmost benefit. Maintaining absolute silence, communicating only with him and disconnecting our mobiles, prepares us for his absolute grace. It is important to feel his presence in our every breath, visualising him with our eyes closed and believing that he is ever-present. It is important to sense him rather than to see him.

Satsangs are growing at the speed of light in every continent. In New Jersey, every Saturday; in Kuwait, every Monday and Thursday; in Canada, California, and Melbourne on various days; in London, they are held every Thursday at Tulika's residence, and in Manchester in various sangat homes on different days. His light is permeating in the lives and homes of incalculable people who are being bathed in his blessings.

It was one day before my departure for Delhi that we held a satsang at a lady's home in Manchester who accommodated about 40 people of whom 25 had never been to a satsang. Gurujji's presence amongst the sangat was very clear as his aroma permeated the entire home. Many sangat members experienced his fragrance as well and connected with him immediately. I was filled with a sense of deep satisfaction of knowing that Gurujji was connecting people very rapidly with him here in Manchester and even after my departure to India the satsangs would flow.

I thanked Gurujji for his presence in the lives of people who had never seen him but trusted his sublime presence. The sangat felt a sense of hope and inspiration as they collectively bowed to the supreme power. My mother was filled with renewed joy as she watched my life's purpose unfold before her. She was also taken



aback as she observed more and more of her friends greet her with, 'Jai Guruji!' This simply took my breath away. With this unmeasured feeling of gratitude, mom and I departed for Delhi on 27th February to visit Guruji's temple, and to be part of the larger sangat again.

On arriving in Delhi and reconnecting with the temple, I was filled with the realisation that I was deeply yearning for a reunion with our Guruji Maharaj. What I shared with him in his physical garb was difficult to substitute, but our journey continues without his physical presence. Endlessly long queues are witnessed and I was one of his devotees who awaited her turn to take his darshan. From the time I left Delhi last year in August 2011 to now February 2012, his following had grown enormously.

I silently recited, '*Om Namah Shivaya, Shivji Sada Sahay, Om Namah Shivaya, Guruji Sada Sahay*' as Guruji had instructed. He said that he had blessed the mantra and whosoever recited it on a regular basis would be blessed. I was assimilating the energy of the temple once again when I met Neeru who shared her satsang with love and devotion in her heart for the supreme one.

Satsang by Neeru

'Guruji has always had his own ways of blessing us. He would call us beforehand to bless us for something we were not even aware of.

'After coming to Guruji, I saw a plethora of changes happening in my life. Soon after coming into his sharan, my husband began to suffer from high blood pressure. It was a problem he had never faced before and the cause could not be pinpointed. Each time he would visit Guruji, he would say "*Dafa ho ja* (Go away)."' He would eat langar prasad as directed by Guruji which was considered medicine and then leave. Sometime later, it was detected that my husband had clots in the brain, which could have been fatal but were now in the back of his brain where they would not affect his health. Even before we knew the problem, Guruji had cured my husband of it. Guruji was not asking him



to go away but shooing away the illness that he was to develop. Such was his unmeasured grace for which I am eternally grateful.

‘My husband was also detected with a blocked artery for which the doctor had advised surgery. He took the langar each time he visited Guruji and consumed it as his medicine. On speaking to Guruji, he was told that he had already been cured! When the tests were conducted, the problem had completely vanished. In Guruji’s words, “*Doctora di doctori fail kar ditti*” (I have proved the doctors wrong).” Guruji was always showering his grace on us by healing illnesses that had otherwise remote chances of being healed. In fact, he heals us at all levels, from the financial to the physical, the emotional and the spiritual. When we witness the cure of our illness even our tiny doubts begin to ebb away and we accept him as our Lord.

‘I too had been detected with tuberculosis for which I only had langar and soon my illness was cured. It’s only faith and dedication as well as the devotion in Guruji that works for me and is my driving force of my life.

‘A small banquet that was set up in Delhi a few months ago. was on the verge of a closure. It looked as if the clearances for the banquet were not coming. But a few days later the files got cleared without any hindrances or effort on our part. With Guruji’s grace all the problems were resolved smoothly.

‘Since I have come to Guruji, my inner and outer life has been transformed. Guruji has guided me at every step. We are extremely fortunate to have Guruji in our lives, and without his light of wisdom we would be in the darkness of ignorance. Jai Guruji.’





38

Life Extended

If God brings you to it, God will see you through it.

Anonymous

It was my first Monday in the temple since my return to Delhi. On entering the gateways to my heaven I momentarily stood outside the Samadhi to gaze at the Shiva linga. I was awestruck as I inhaled deeply to breath in the salubrious air and the aura of this unique temple. With my every breath, I said, ‘Thank you Guruji for allowing me to soak my senses in your sublime domain. How blessed I am to be able to make the journey to be here into your fold. Thank you always and forever.’

I walked around Shivji’s statue set on a marble lotus and after bowing and paying my respects I made my way to the inside of the temple where I always envision Guruji sitting on his gaddi.

After spending a few quiet moments with him and praying for a sane mind in a sound body, I walked to the rear to queue

up for the heart-warming samosa, laddoo and chai prasad. Vikram Baidyanath and I sat quietly to relish the prasad. I was just wondering whether or not to share my satsang when one young attractive lady sitting next to us asked us to speak about Guruji and the temple. Vikram suggested that I share my satsang in the centre beneath the Shiva linga. I spoke endlessly as Guruji makes me. After speaking about my most sublime experiences, I was leaving, when I came face-to-face with Benu Gupta for the first time on this trip. She humbly and gratefully shared her journey with our Guruji Maharaj.

Satsang by Benu Gupta

‘I first came to Guruji when we were in Panchkula. At that time, I failed to understand who or what Guruji was all about. My mother was suffering from acute indigestion that Guruji cured. He gave her his socks, which have retained their fragrance till date. However, in our mind we still questioned if it was a mere coincidence.

‘Guruji then shifted to Greater Kailash in Delhi and I went to meet him once. I discontinued my visits when a friend influenced me with negative comments about him. I guess my break from him was also his will as I probably needed to undergo some karmic cleansing. The time to be at his holy feet came in 2004, when my sister-in-law, Seema Mehra, informed me that she was going to Empire Estate to meet Guruji. I decided to accompany her, and on meeting me, he asked me to come with my husband. I was apprehensive about communicating this to Rajeev. Luckily, on mentioning it to him, he agreed. Guruji showered unmeasured grace on Rajeev as he was suffering in health and in business. The simple remedies that Guruji gave Rajeev, made a world of difference.

‘There are many incidences when he showered his blessings upon us. On one such evening he made us sit in the mandir till 2 a.m. and we had three rounds of langar. On another evening, he



materialised a big misri laddoo and he handed it to Rajeev and told him to eat some and to keep the rest in his safe.

‘Each time Guruji gave Rajeev sweets as blessings, I would remind Guruji that he was a diabetic, but he would just smile because he knew it all. One day he gave Rajeev a handful of *jalebi* (a sweetmeat) to eat, and as a worried wife, I approached Guruji. He just told me to tell Rajeev to check his sugar the following day. Rajeev did so in the morning and we were pleasantly surprised to see that his sugar level was 74, which In fact, was slightly below normal!

‘Rajeev and I decided to visit him at Empire Estate to express our gratitude and to share the news with other sangat members when my bhabi, Seema Mehra, who had reached before us, announced Guruji had already told her that my husband’s sugar level would go down from 84 to 74.

‘He was and is the supreme power that still resides in our lives and knows what is good for us and grants us his boons at the right time, space and sequence.

‘My father, who was a hale and hearty man, was diagnosed with blood cancer. We went to Guruji for his grace and he said that even though the doctors had given him six months to live, he would grant him another five years and so it was!

‘Another satsang is that my daughter had a son and after three years of gap was trying for another child but was unable to conceive. I put forth the problem to Guruji who told us to wait for four months. He told us that she would have a baby the following year. Meanwhile, my son-in-law and daughter came to Guruji’s durbar on her marriage anniversary to seek his blessings. Guruji told my daughter to go into the kitchen to prepare halwa. It was then served to the few sangat that remained there. Guruji gave her more than his handful of halwa to consume while she sat before him and I knew that she would be pregnant and sure enough she was! Guruji blessed her with a baby boy.



‘In September 2011, I was on my way to the Bade Mandir when an astrologer called me on my mobile to warn me about my back. He could foresee a grave back injury and I thanked him for the warning although in my head I thought that whatever is meant to be will be. After my darshan, I was conversing with Guruji in my head stating that I couldn’t connect with him; I am usually so overwhelmed when I was near him that I would cry owing to my love for him.

‘The same evening, we had guests and my servant was serving coffee, and to get past the guest sitting beside me I had to get up. As I was about to sit I fell as he had removed my chair and my back hit the edge of my centre table. My shirt tore and there was blood all over my back. I was given first aid immediately. However, I wasn’t anxious because I knew that I hadn’t broken my back. I went to my room and cried before Guruji’s photograph inconsolably as I knew that he had minimised the effect of my injury. I thanked him for all his love and protection.

‘What is incredible even today, after Guruji’s mahasamadhi, is his ever-growing following in the temple and the world over. It is such a delight to observe people coming and receiving their blessings. He is taking everyone into his fold as every day, every minute, people are connecting with him. His grace be showered on everyone. Jai Guruji.’





39

Divine Messages

The sacred and special relationship of a guru and devotee is an eternal one.

Anonymous

Once a lady, on entering Guruji's durbar, said, 'Guruji, today I am introducing you to new sangat, to which Guruji promptly replied, 'I have met her before, in another time!'

Profound are Guruji's words and it will take us forever to fathom the depth of each of his statements. Since we have taken many births in various forms, we are unaware of how many lifetimes of search have finally brought us to his lotus feet. The reward of that search is being in his durbar, sitting and listening to the mellifluous shabad, partaking in the langar that heals us at levels seen and unseen, tangible and intangible; all of this while we imbibe his supreme aura in the temple that he, himself created.

The entire experience takes us deeper and deeper into the realm of faith and purifies our soul and then our thoughts, words and deeds. Once our lives have been aligned, then Guruji takes us even higher on the spiritual ladder. What we all need to be careful of, however, is not to ever take him for granted. It is not a given that he will keep us into his fold if we do not make efforts to reform words and actions. Guruji used to say time and again, 'You take one step towards me, and I will do the rest.'

The efforts are ours. We decide to visit the temple, to watch our behaviour, not to be judgemental, not to hurt anyone's feelings, to be gracious and to deepen our connectivity with him and him only. His sangat must be respected as they belong to him but the focus must remain on him and his will.

Karma, which is created at four levels, must be worked on at all times. What we think, what we speak, what we feel and do. We are unknowingly creating good and bad karma all the time. When the going is good, we must thank Guruji for the gift of good times and when things are bad, then we must thank him for the gift of the life-lesson. *Shukrana* (thanking) at all times is ever important for further spiritual growth.

The so-called new sangat are experiencing Guruji's grace and omnipresence and are strengthening their connectivity through their power of faith. With the passage of time, they are becoming more involved and evolved through their dedication to Guruji. Whether or not they have met him they sense him and get blessed in the blink of an eye. The intent needs to be pure while visiting the mandir as he knows with what intention all of us are coming to him.

He grants us that which benefits us in the long run; with time our short-term desires get dissolved as we begin to understand the bigger photograph. Surrender is a big word with a bigger meaning, and in time he makes us understand how it gets translated into our practical lives. There are no labels in Guruji's durbar but the so-called new sangat have incredible powerful satsangs after coming to his durbar with utmost purity in faith.



Satsang by Hitesh Kapoor

'I am Hitesh Kapoor from Punjabi Bagh, New Delhi. I was suffering from a disc problem in the lower back from 2009, and had visited several neuro and orthopaedic surgeons. I was suffering from an ongoing, intolerable pain in my back that was travelling to my right leg. The sensation could be likened to a hot needle being poked in my leg. At times, it was very demanding for me to get up from bed and I was not able to bend. It was an ordeal for me to pull up my trousers as all the physicians that I had consulted advised me not to bend at all.

'As the problem was escalating by the day, I took a decision to undergo the surgery (micro lumbar discactomy) in Fortis Hospital, Shalimar Bagh in January 2011. Before going for the operation my doctor advised me to go for an MRI. There was a marriage in our family on 24th January and so I booked my operation for 25th January. My mother, meanwhile, has been going to Guruji's Temple since July 2010 as one of our neighbours, Neeru Aunty, had told us about him. My mother was standing with Neeru Aunty and she was talking about my problem when she told my mother, "Tell Hitesh to come to Guruji's temple to seek his blessings and he will not need any surgery."

'My mother told me to accompany her, and in the first week of January, I went to the temple and had Guruji's langar prasad too. All the while, however, I was sceptical. After two or three days, I felt that the pain was becoming less. Hence, I felt that the operation might be a risky venture. I decided to consult another doctor and after about a week the doctor checked me and told me that the disc, which was touching my veins, had moved to an empty area and that was why I was having lesser pain. Of course, I cancelled the surgery and was able to enjoy the marriage functions with minimal pain.

'Subsequently, I started going to the temple every Thursday for langar and fasted for 16 Mondays. One day, while I was sitting



inside the temple a voice said, “*Tu char* Thursday *aana hai, tei main tenu theek kar devangaa* (You are to come for four Thursdays and then I will heal you).”

‘I told my mother about this. She asked for a large photograph of Guruji from Neeru Aunty and she gave us it to us. It was a Monday morning around 4 a.m., I was sleeping when I heard someone calling out to me, “*Chal utth* Uncle, *haazri de, main hi heghan, dar nahin, maino haazri de* (Wake up Uncle and present yourself in the temple. Don’t fear as it’s me calling out to you).” It happened for around 15 minutes and then I decided to worship the photograph of Guruji in our mandir.

‘Thereafter, I went back to sleep and the same thing happened again. Guruji spoke again about ‘giving haazri’. Two Thursdays had gone by and my pain was getting lesser and lesser. I was always a fitness freak but due to the disc problem, I was not able to go to the gym and neither could I go jogging. It was the third Thursday, and while sitting in Guruji’s temple, a voice said, “*Tu agle* Thursday *tho baad* Friday noon jogging *te ya gym zaroor jaaenga* (On Friday, after next Thursday you must begin either jogging or gym).”

‘I kept that in mind and after the last Thursday, on Friday I returned from work around 6:30 p.m. and fell asleep and the same voice spoke, “Uncle *utth chal* jogging *te ya chal* gym *aaaj nahin gaya te kade vi nahin jaa paaenga* (Uncle go jogging or to the gym today otherwise you won’t be able to stand).” I went jogging and all went well. It was the last Monday of my 16-Monday fast when I slept on Sunday night. After an hour or so I realised that someone was massaging the affected area with a thumb the entire night. It was like someone was healing my back and I felt much better next morning. I have been free from physical suffering for the past one year and the quality of my life has been enhanced. I am a devout believer now of our Guruji, the supreme one who can rid us of all ailments, be it physical, emotional, financial or spiritual. Jai Guruji.’





40

Paralysis Prevented

Happiness lives inside a room. It has a door, the door
has a key and the key is faith, if you lose the faith,
happiness can never be found.

Anonymous

By this time it was March 2012, and I was thoroughly soaked in Delhi satsangs. I had engaged my mind in making calligraphies Guruji and I engaged my soul in regularly attending satsangs and soaking in the aura of the temple. My fatigue was getting progressively worse and I noticed unwanted flesh around my waistline! With his grace I was still glowing!

I was meeting new sangat by the dozens and it was refreshing to witness the new mindset of the people coming as they recognised Guruji's temple and his philosophy as food for their soul. 2012, is a year when there has been a major shift in consciousness and an incalculable amount of people are connecting for his infinite blessings.

Many souls are being purified as a balance needs to be created between the good and the bad in the world. Guruji gently leads us all on the right path and the unmeasured joy he brings, enables us to live our lives with conviction and courage. He injects wisdom in us to live with utmost meaning and purpose. The human life is a rare gift and he teaches each soul to find the light before the darkness of Kalyug grips us in its tight claws.

His grace is unbounded as he blesses the individual on his or her arrival at the temple. As the individual bows before him with an open heart and mind, Guruji takes him or her into his fold. The journey of the soul then begins and never is the devotee left unshielded. He alters our priorities and attitudes and sets us on a path that is divine and eternally blissful. Such is Guruji's unmeasured love for all.

It was my cousin Priya's birthday in March and we held a small but blessed satsang at my place in Delhi. The sangat enthusiastically shared their miraculous experiences on being connected to our Guruji Maharaj. I felt deeply blessed to be able to hold yet another satsang in Delhi. Vandana then introduced herself to me and with love and gratitude in her heart she shared her satsang.

Satsang by Vandana Bahl Dua

'I went to the Bade Mandir for the first time in 2010. Although I went a couple of times I couldn't get connected with Guruji. I only went because of the simple reason that I was fond of the place and was attaining peace of mind.

'I worshipped Sai Baba of Shirdi. So, for me to it was hard to believe in Guruji. Hence, I stopped going for a while. But one fine day when I attended Geeta (Anthony) Auntie's satsang, I got connected with Guruji and there was no looking back. I have been going to the Bade Mandir religiously and regularly since April 2011, on every Sunday and Monday.



‘It was 29th February, 2012 on Mahashivratri when I was given the privilege of doing seva at the Bade Mandir. Since I was very unwell I informed one aunty that I wouldn’t be able to make it but I still wanted to visit the Bade Mandir to seek Guruji’s blessings. Out of sheer desperation, I went to my doctor and asked him to prescribe me a strong dosage of medicine so that I could gather some strength to go there. According to him, I had severe chest congestion and I was given intravenous deriphyllin to which I reacted very badly.

‘As I left, I could feel numbness in arms, hands and face. I thought I’d be fine, but it got progressively worse after I reached Qutab Metro Station. I called up my mother

and told her what I was going through. She advised me to come back immediately as she needed to take me to hospital but I refused as I really longed to go to the Bade Mandir.

‘When I reached, I was standing in the queue to go inside the mahasamadhi when my condition worsened. I told one of the uncles that I really needed assistance as I had a feeling that I was going to collapse. My heart was beating ten times faster than usual, my hands and face were totally numb, there was no blood circulation at all and I had turned absolutely pale. I could feel that I was getting a paralytic stroke.

‘Uncleji made me sit near Guruji’s mahasamadhi and gave me amrit to drink and at the same time he made an announcement for a doctor. I still insisted on going into the mahasamadhi room to seek Guruji’s blessings.

‘When I went inside the mahasamadhi, one of the aunts approached me and gave me a leaf to eat and swallow. I have no clue who she was and nobody ever saw her. My senses had come to a standstill. My brain had stopped working and I could feel that my life force was leaving my body. But while all this was happening, I was still able to move my limbs and could speak clearly. I am convinced that Guruji had saved me from an imminent disaster.



‘I then went into the hall and was made to sit right in front. I cried inconsolably because my condition was deteriorating with the passage of time. All the while I could see Guruji smiling at me, and sending me messages that I would be fine. After 30 minutes, I left the hall and sat outside the washroom on a chair and then a couple took me to the clinic.

‘On my way I could very vividly feel Guruji holding my hand and healing me. That was his way of blessing me and granting me a new life. I owe this life to to Guruji without whose grace I would have definitely collapsed. He came and reduced my suffering and saved me. Jai Guruji.’





41

Faith has no Religion

You are an ever-blissful soul, born to a rich heritage—which is yours for the asking. Only many of you do not ask. Have faith in your destiny and work gladly to attain it.

Anonymous

Sanjeev had planned to host a four-night stay in Singapore with 40 of his friends along with us siblings. My health was becoming a concern to me and in my head I questioned Guruji if all was well with me. My weight gain and weariness were a clear reflection of the malady within me. Even though I was dragging my feet everywhere, my faith and my will power were what kept me afloat. Guruji never allows his devotee to drown, no matter how deep the troubled waters.

My cousin Hapu and I planned to celebrate Sanjeev's birthday by holding a satsang at his place before we all took

off for Singapore to celebrate the special occasion with family and friends

Puneet Khurana, the renowned singer, filled Sanjeev's place with his mellifluous voice as our hearts were filled with gladness and gratitude. I was overwhelmed as I had prayed to Guruji while I was in Manchester to make this satsang possible. It was awe-inspiring as his energy pervaded the room, the home, the temple of our bodies and souls and the lives of those who were there and those who weren't. His grace filled every molecule of life itself and it was up to us to acknowledge it and to bow before it with deep reverence and ever-growing gratitude.

I met Madhulija Sud, known as Meeta amongst her friends, at various satsangs and then I met her again at our place. She shared an incredible satsang of a Muslim labourer. Faith has no religion, colour or caste. Faith is universal and it requires only an open heart coupled with an open mind.

Satsang by Madhulija Sud

'This is the satsang of a very ordinary person of the guru sangat, which is what makes it so extraordinary in the first place. And for those who wonder whether Guruji is still present amongst us, this small piece of writing will serve as a reassurance of his presence and omnipresence, his grace and his watchful eye over our lives.

'There was a poor, hardworking mason, or rather still is, working at a guru sangat's house, doing a paint job. Every day during lunch hour, he observed that the family served lunch to a bald man's photograph, bowed their heads before him in prayer and only after that would they proceed to eat from their plates. He wondered who the person in the photograph was and why he was revered so much. On being told about Guruji's grace and the Bade Mandir, he at once decided that he should pay him a visit at least once, not knowing that Guruji was no more in his physical garb.



‘But, being a Muslim he doubted whether anyone would allow him to step inside the Bade Mandir, let alone meet the guru. But in the following days he had a dream; a dream in which Guruji assured him that he had talked to someone inside the temple and that no one would come in his way. Not sure whether that was a message or sign, he followed his instinct and accompanied the employer and his family to Bade Mandir. At the entrance to the temple he saw a familiar face, a face that he had seen Guruji talking to in his dream, asking him to allow the mason inside the temple. The mason walked in, bowed his head before the samadhi, the Shiv *murti* (idol) the gaddi, and then the golden Shiv murti inside the hall, following what the other members of the guru sangat were doing. At the rear of the main temple building he received samosa and chai prasad and as he ate he tried to understand the satsangs that people shared.

‘A while later he decided to wander about in the temple. He saw Guruji swinging on the jhoola and a girl at his feet making a *rangoli* (design) of flowers on the floor. The mason quietly went and sat near Guruji’s feet. Guruji reached out into the air and gave the laddoo prasad that appeared to the mason. The mason ate the prasad and on finishing was given another one by Guruji. This time the mason put it in his pocket for his children and wife.

‘A few moments later, Guruji told the mason to keep coming to the temple, and the mason started feeling dizzy and blacked out. A few moments later when the mason regained consciousness, he saw Guruji wasn’t there and he went back to the rear of the main temple building. When the mason bowed his head there, he saw Guruji sitting inside in a white chola. He tried entering but Guruji stopped him. And that’s when the mason asked Guruji, “I am a poor man, but will you come to my humble home?” Guruji smiled and, from what I’ve been told, said “*Kamleya, jaa ayesk kar.*”



‘No one believed the mason when he told everyone he’d talked to Guruji. But when he talked about the akhand prasad, all doubts were put to rest. The mason tells us today that pain in his limbs that used to nearly kill him every day, the pain he tried to benumb with alcohol, hasn’t bothered him ever since he had the akhand prasad. His home now has Guruji’s fragrance in every nook and corner. He says that he has found his God in our guru.’





42

Travel Satsang

Happiness is a journey and not the destinations so enjoy the ride with Guruji walking abreast.

Anonymous

After hearing many inspiring satsangs, my family and I prepared ourselves for Sanjeev's birthday celebrations in Singapore for four nights. I was wondering in my head if I would be able to cope with the travel with my mounting weakness and weariness and then I wondered if there were any sangat in Singapore when Olga Bhatia texted me a contact within minutes!

After the blessed and most memorable merriments of Sanjeev's 40th birthday, I visited the sangat in Singapore with Sabina Dhand from the Manchester sangat and Amit Bhasin from the Delhi sangat. It was a real delight meeting Rana at his place where he diligently and devoutly holds Guruji's satsangs

every Monday. The purity in the sangat's practice of holding satsangs is on another level, overseas.

Their love is truly unconditional as they allow Guruji to drive their life's vehicle without any interference. As we chatted endlessly about Guruji's grace, I inhaled the aroma of langar. On foreign soil, eating langar is a real blessing, and we all ate like there was no tomorrow. Most satisfied, we wore a radiant smile of gratitude as we waved goodbye to the most hospitable sangat before heading back to our hotel.

I crave for langar and halwa prasad anywhere and everywhere in the world, especially since Guruji has paved the way for me to travel and do satsangs wherever I go. He renders me the reassurance that he travels with me, no matter where I go as I never feel alone or lonely on my trips. Initially, loneliness would set in but then he would shower me with love in abundance as a reassurance and now my journeys are plain sailing.

My all-time-favourite cuisine is langar and it surpasses any other meal the world over! It is both curative and heart-warming! What more can we ask for? What was brought home to me, once I was alone in my room and had time for reflection is how deeply and greatly blessed I was, and how greatly my life's canvas had transformed since being accepted by Guruji. I was finally comfortable in my own skin and could hold my own without feeling self-conscious. Guruji kept wheels under my heels, so I travelled far and wide to fulfil my personal joys while I shared my satsangs.

My body, however, was giving me clear signals that something was amiss and Guruji was, I am sure, healing me through the extensive travel that I was doing in the past one and a half years. I knew something was terribly wrong but I attributed my extreme fatigue to my hysterectomy last year. Post surgery, in May 2011, my energy level had dipped remarkably and it was getting progressively worse. My eternal faith in Guruji also assured me that he was protecting me, so that nothing appalling would happen.



I returned to Delhi to my home that was being refurbished by Astha Chopra, Guruji's staunch devotee. She became my third daughter and friend who embellished my home daily with her presence. Meanwhile, my soul sister and sangat, Sumi, insisted that I consult a physician. She felt that I needed to desperately get a routine health check. I again neglected it as after a week of my return from Singapore, I flew to Florence, Italy, to meet Sonakshi, my younger daughter.

Sonakshi and I spent incredibly memorable moments in Florence where she cooked my favourite meal of salmon, broccoli and spinach! We walked and talked through the Piazza del Duomo, shopped a little and had coffee by the river while she showed off her fluent Italian to the locals. I couldn't have been prouder and happier as I observed my daughter's overflowing confidence. It filled me with deep gratitude. I thanked Guruji in my heart while she booked us for four nights in Malta, at the Intercontinental in St Julian.

The two of us visited the scenic Comino blue lagoon, a stunning island with caves and aqua blue sea. The entire trip was blessed and beautiful other than my fatigue that now began to weigh me down. Sonakshi lifted me with her humour but she also gently nudged me to return to India to go for a routine health check. My growing waistline despite my careful diet also suggested something was wrong. However, we still managed to enjoy every moment.

I savoured the renowned soup from Tuscany, 'Ribollita' at the Piazza del Republica while waiting for my daughter to return from her class in Florence on the last day before heading back to Delhi the following morning. Guruji Maharaj had protected me throughout my trip as always and had filled me with an ever-growing gratitude for life and love that I found in people and places, no matter where I was in the world. I had understood through all my life's experiences and learning that happiness resides in the here and now. I sat alone in a cafeteria with Guruji



in my heart knowing fully well that savouring this moment would not have been possible without his eternal grace.

Sonakshi and I sat outside the Savoy Hotel, for our high tea, in the blazing sun, chatting and cheering each up, knowing that we were parting ways the following morning. We both missed the presence of Anishka and called her up in LA and shared our sentiments with her and reassured her that she was very much with us in spirit as we never ceased to discuss her!

Both happiness and sadness settled on our sunlit faces as we embraced the moment. I thanked Guruji in my heart and prayed to him to sow the seed of the desire to visit his temple in my daughters. I knew in my heart that Guruji would grant me this happiness too.

With life-long memories in my luggage, I headed back to Delhi where my mother awaited me as did much more!





43

Young Devoted Hearts

In youth we learn and in age we understand, but with
Guruji's grace, boundaries melt.

Anonymous

I sat contentedly under the full moon in the open besides Shiva's statue adjacent to Guruji's mahasamadhi room. Sumi and I sat in utter silence as we fully rejoiced in the moonlit night and the divine music that filled our souls. The night was magical at Guruji's temple and Sumi had made me promise that we would go for the last round of langar as we needed to assimilate as much of divine energy as we possibly could on this serenely blissful night. I also made a loose promise to her to get the health check done in the coming week. It was almost 11 p.m. and we both sat in utter silence as we were completely consumed by the celestial energies.

Nakul Kalia and Siddharth Taneja then came and sat next to us to share their most enthralling satsangs. I always find it pleasurable interacting with the youth as their faith is pure and pristine and with no pretence.

Satsang by Nakul Kalia

‘I am Nakul Kalia. I would like to share my experiences that I have had since coming into Guruji’s all-merciful fold. For the past four years, I was Sai Baba’s devotee. One day I was in Sai Baba’s mandir and I met my friend who had been ardently following Guruji for one year. She spoke about Guruji and then went on to say that she had darshan of Sai Baba in the *jyot* (lamp) at Guruji’s temple, the Bade Mandir. I was overwhelmed with excitement and longed to know more, so she took me to Dugri Dham, his hometown on 31st May. It was an extraordinary experience. I felt a strong fragrance of roses there which was something very strange for me. I then saw an ‘Om’ on Guruji’s charan, which left me blank for a while. I have never witnessed such a thing in my life; it was impossible for me to believe in such phenomenon. It was in June when my friend took me to the Bade Mandir and I went simply to get a feel of the place as if I was going to any other temple. On entering it I felt the vibrations there, which were so beautiful! It was clearly heaven on earth. I entered the hall, bowed at Guruji’s feet and sat there for a while. I was feeling something but I really don’t know what it was.

‘It was 6th October, 2011, my friend’s birthday for which I planned to gift her a beautiful photo frame of Guruji. My mother gave me ₹ 500 to repair my touchscreen phone but instead of repairing it I purchased the photo frame of Guruji for my friend. After gifting it I went back to my mobile; the touchscreen had started working automatically without any hassle and on my mobile Guruji gave his divine darshan by showing his lotus feet on it. This is how Guruji blesses all his children.



‘In 2011, there was an unexpected crisis at work. The company that my father works with had gone through a big financial loss, hence the salary of the staff had been delayed by three to four months. Since my father is the only bread-winner of the family, it was hard to meet the daily expenses. On January 30th, 2012 (Monday) I was about to leave for the Bade Mandir which I normally do every week. I checked my pocket money but it wasn’t enough to get myself there. I asked my mother for some money, but she refused saying that there was no need to go as I was in any case attending satsangs every day. I insisted on going and so she finally gave me ₹ 80 and I left for the Bade Mandir.

‘On reaching there I met an uncle who I was introduced to last year in 2011, at a satsang and we had exchanged numbers. He came to me and said, ‘Nakul Uncle *kuch de raha hoon mana mat karna, Guruji ka hukum hai*. He took out ₹ 3000 from his pocket and handed it to me saying ‘*Ayesh kar*’. I insisted that I didn’t need the money and couldn’t possibly take it from him. He looked at me mysteriously and went away. I really don’t know what was happening. I went back home and told my mother that one uncle gave me the money, which was quite strange. My mother with tears in her eyes told me to call that uncle to return it to him. I called and requested him to take the money back to which he gave a very strange response. He told me that he had not been to the Bade Mandir that day and that he had not given me any money. I was stunned and shell-shocked. Even my mother was taken aback. It was Guruji who came from nowhere and given me the money.

‘This is how Guruji assists his loving sangat, he walks in when the entire world walks out on you. His actions are beyond our imagination and his love for his sangat can’t be measured but can only be felt many times even today. Guruji is with each of his sangat. He is always there to make you feel happy, special and above all blessed. He has given me a deep sense of fulfilment and focus. Jai Guruji.’





44

Guruji Changes Priorities

There is no obstacle too great, no challenge too difficult, if we have faith.

Anonymous

After the langar I continued to imbibe the sights and the sounds of the energised temple with Sumi. She then whispered in my ear, after a prolonged silence that I needed to get a routine health check done. I informed her of my plans to visit the golden temple with my family for two nights, instead! She rolled her eyes in disbelief as I turned to the young, vibrant and faith-filled man who sat next to me, awaiting my attention to keenly share his experiences with Guruji.

I listened attentively to Siddharth as he shared his satsang with Sumi and me under the moonlight. By my estimates, he is not more than 25 years old, and yet he is so deeply devoted and

dedicated to our most revered Guruji. He has chosen his path well and someday will be inspiring many more to follow the path of enduring peace and eternal happiness.

Satsang by Siddharth Taneja

'I am Siddharth Taneja. The happiest day of my life was when I met Guruji in February 2007. My life was full of problems. I had an inflated ego, a negative attitude, anger, stubbornness, and impatience. I was spoiled beyond repair. After coming to Guruji, the tide had turned and he changed me. I had big dreams and high hopes which were impossible to achieve, but Guruji blessed me and gave me almost everything I ever wanted. Before coming to Guruji, I was depressed because things were not working out in my life and my US visa had been rejected; all I ever wanted was to settle there. I prayed to God that if he really existed then he would show me his presence; I didn't believe in him anymore. I was going to dispose the statue of Shree Ram and Hanumanji in the trash bin when my mother stopped me and forcefully took them away from me.

'Next day my aunt called me and spoke about Guruji on the phone. I agreed to take his darshan and everything started changing, thereafter. I found all my prayers being answered. My first desire was to have ₹ 10,000, to party in Ashoka Hotel's Capitol nightclub on my 19th birthday with two of my closest friends. I asked my parents and they refused. I then went to Guruji and he started staring at me with his *meher nazar* (blessed eyes) like he knew what was on my mind. The next day my cousin called from the US, after approximately seven years! He instructed me to go to Western Union as there was a gift waiting for me, which was ₹ 10,000, I was shocked!

'On 22nd May 2007, I had a flight to Mumbai at 9.05 a.m. and since I reached airport at 9 a.m. my dad started scolding me. I prayed to Guruji and told him that if I sit on this flight, I would believe that he is God. I went to check in and they



initially refused to let me board the plane but then a lady suddenly appeared and escorted me like a VIP to the aircraft. I called my dad and he was surprised!

‘One day I had to be at the gym but I had a flat tyre. I had heard at a satsang how someone had driven a flat-tyred car with Guruji’s grace. I was like a mischievous child who wanted to test Guruji and see if it was possible to still drive. So, I drove 3 km to the gas station and got my tyre checked. The attendant told me nothing was wrong with the tyre. I reached the gym and while working out I was thinking that Guruji could not have done this. Just then I, unexpectedly, met someone from the sangat which was a clear sign that it was indeed, Guruji’s doing.

‘Another day, I was sitting with my mother in the balcony when I noticed a little burn scar on my foot. I asked her how it had happened. She told me that when I was three-years old my cousin had dropped hot tea on my foot, while playing.

‘I was a little angry at my cousin and thinking about how careless he had been. Guruji appeared in my dream that night and said, “It was me who saved you that day as both your arms would have also got burned. Don’t worry, in your next life you will be very handsome.”

‘In my dream I was sitting with Guruji near his feet and pleading him not to leave me alone in this world and Guruji started smiling and said, “*Achha pehley audey wargha bankey taa dikha* (First become like him).” I thought this might be a dream.

‘After few days somebody said how he used to invite Guruji to his new home and Guruji always responded “*Awangey* (I will come).” Almost a year passed and Guruji didn’t come. He asked again and Guruji responded, “*Aaj awangey* (I will come today).”

‘That night in his dream he saw Guruji had come to his place and made halwa prasad for him that he ate while talking to Guruji. In his dream, he hugged Guruji tight and cried. In the morning, he got up and thought that it was just a dream and Guruji hadn’t come. In the evening, when he came to Empire Estate, Guruji smiled and



said, “*Yaar tu mainu chadd da he nahin sii mera sans ghutt gaya tu ani zor nall mainu jhappi pai* (My friend you hugged me so tight that you almost suffocated me!)” After that he fell at Guruji’s feet.

‘This is how guru answers our prayers and Guruji came in my dream and said, “*Ki tu meinu roz roz darshan wastey ardaas karda rehnda hai tenu pata hai kinni shakti lagdi hai tu kinna rabb nu yaad kita oo kadi aya tere sapney tu kadi suneya hai tere kisi dost ya relative key sapney main bhagwan akey gallan kardey ney rabb bhi apni shakti waste nahin karda* (Never think this is a dream because when you remember me and ask me to come and see you it requires a lot of strength to come and speak with you).”

‘After Guruji’s mahasamadhi I was really saddened as I believed that he was no longer with us now. I went home and cried then Guruji appeared in my dream again: I stood alone, lost in the mountains and Guruji came with his sangat. I fell at his lotus feet and the seva sangat tried to move me away but Guruji told me to let me rest my head on his shoulders.

‘We walked together and I cried asking, “*App kidar chaleygey* (Where have you gone)?” Guruji replies “*Main kithey bhi nahin gaya hun, tu ghar ja* (I haven’t gone anywhere, now go home).” I woke up after this dream at 4 a.m. and felt so much at peace after getting my answer.

‘I was travelling to Singapore and Thailand in June of 2007. On the first day of arriving in Bangkok, I lost my passport at the airport. I asked the officers and the people around for my passport but nobody knew English. I was so worried and started reciting ‘Ram Ram’ and the *Hanuman Chalisa* but nothing was working out so, I decided to tell the immigration officers about it and subsequently take a flight back to India.

‘I was about to call my parents when suddenly Guruji’s photograph came to my mind and I prayed to him. After a few minutes, a person came and returned my passport. I was shocked. I went out to say thanks to the guy but he was not there. Who could do this besides Guruji?



‘Guruji Maharaj can give us anything anytime but we really don’t know if it’s beneficial to us in the long run. I went to Guruji’s temple for 40 days and prayed to him that I want to earn plenty of money. I started investing dad’s money in stocks. The investments grew four times. After that I went crazy and started planning trips to New York and Vegas. I was also planning to buy a car and all this while I became defiant and was disrespecting my parents. For two months I didn’t visit Guruji’s temple and was enjoying life to the fullest.

‘Guruji then came in my dreams and said, “*Main tere naal naraz hann.* (I am upset with you).” I saw him sitting in the car with me and not talking to me. He was chatting with my parents in the dream and ignoring me. Money was the only thing on my mind and nothing else. Guruji, then, taught me a lesson as all my money went within a week in stocks. I am glad that he gave me a wake-up call and taught me to value the things that matter the most. I now live my life with good morals and values with a deep connection with Guruji. I now do ardass to Guruji *Mere ko apney sey durr kabhi nahin honay dena* (Please never let me go away from you).

‘He listens and I always feel close to him and he has changed me as a person. My parents are delighted at the change. Guruji used to say that he can give anybody anything but you don’t know if its right for you, hence just surrender to him and he will give you the right blessings for a happy and fulfilled life. Have faith and there will always be enough of everything you need so live life king-size and I certainly do with Guruji’s heart beating amidst my everyday life. Jai Guruji!’





45

No Old or New Sangat

All godliness has the same source and it is found in
places and in people.

Anonymous

I have felt Guruji's presence in most of my endeavours and engagements too, and recently, I have felt it in individuals who are deeply devoted to Guruji. Guruji speaks to us directly or indirectly but speak he does!

After a most fulfilling night, Sumi and I left for home and this time my dear friend and guru sister very firmly and almost forcefully urged me to get that health check done! 'You must do your karma, Anita, of doing the right thing and the rest Guruji will take care of. You must use your common sense. The free will is ours, remember?'

In the past one year I received two reminders from my GP, being registered as a NHS patient in England, to get

my mammography done as it was well overdue. I had never undergone the procedure and I very much ignored the notice. I didn't even think that I needed to give it a thought. Instead I continued attributing my excess weight as well as my exhaustion to the hysterectomy I had undergone.

Sumi reminded me that Guruji's light lives with and within us at all times; hence the symptoms of our illness cannot be ignored. The human body is the temple where Guruji resides, so it is vital for all of us to maintain sound health. It was Guruji she insisted who was urging her to elbow me. By this time I began to feel pestered by her and wanted to run from her! In my heart of hearts however, I also knew that Guruji can and does come in any form and it is he who was urging Sumi to push me.

Sumi, Sanjeev and I, along with another friend of ours, Shalini, dined out together one night before Sanjeev, my mom and my *mama* (maternal uncle) and I were departing for Amritsar. At the table Shalini and Sumi asked us if they too could join us and so we all decided to fly out for a two-night stay in Amritsar. On arriving there, we all headed for the Golden Temple at 7 p.m. It was the beginning of May, yet there was a cool breeze. It was almost cold! Sumi and I decided to remain in the Gurudwara while the rest of the clan returned to the hotel. As we sat alone inside, I prayed to Guruji to make his presence felt. We both sat in contemplation in our own space while imbibing the shabads that permeated our souls. We were both emotional and this was usually the case when the atmosphere was highly charged. At precisely 10 p.m., Sumi approached me with tears in her eyes and asked me if anything extraordinary had just happened. Before I could speak, she said, 'Guruji came, right?' I nodded teary-eyed and then she broke down inconsolably as she was most overwhelmed by the fact that Guruji's presence was felt anywhere and everywhere once we tuned in to him.

Since we were both on the same page, we decided to eat the langar at 11 p.m. before heading back to the hotel to join the rest.



I rested for an hour or two before having a shower to head back to the temple! Sumi and I arranged for the hotel bus to transport us back to the Golden Temple at 4 a.m. It was truly a divine moment and we stayed on till 7.30 a.m., returning to the hotel for breakfast. All the while we sat in silence and assimilated the heavenly vibrations that enveloped every individual present there.

Guruji's love was flowed through us and we were all in complete harmony and sync. He had blessed every moment of our journey and each one of us felt our own connection with him. Before making this trip I recollect thinking to myself that I need not go anywhere as I was very much at home in Guruji's temple. However, my mother longed to visit her hometown, Amritsar, after several years and so I felt obliged to go. I had prayed to Guruji to be there on the trip with us and so it was. The energy of the Golden Temple was both sublime and stirring.

Besides the meaningful and pleasurable bonding between my mom, my mama, Sanjeev and our two friends, I slept more than normal! Sumi again reminded me of the routine health check. As repetitive as it seemed, she kept insisting and then simply booked it a few days after we returned to Delhi.

Meanwhile, I attended satsangs at people's homes to inspire the sangat and to inject faith in them through my own miraculous experiences. I met Komal on more than one occasion at satsangs . She shares her journey after connecting with Guruji.

Satsang by Komal Ajmani

'I am Komal Ajmani. Guruji is our God. To express his blessings in words and talk of the immense love he showers on his beloved sangat is not possible. I feel very much blessed to share his grace as this is the only way we can thank him for his never-ending kripa.

'I don't feel ashamed to admit that the quality of life that I had before coming to Guruji was very poor as I was always surrounded by negative thoughts and vibrations. There was a deep insecurity in my life. After coming to Guruji, life took on



a new meaning. It was as if some divine light had entered from the dark to make things beautiful. There is now mental peace and spiritual bliss beyond words. The drive of life has gone on automatic mode where Guruji is taking care of everything. I have completely surrendered myself to his will.

I met Guruji in his omnipresent form. My family and I were going through a terrible phase of life. Our running business got sealed due to some MCD problem. We tried all possible ways to get it reopened. We lost all hope and started a new project. One day a family friend advised us to come to the Bade Mandir. We were seeking mental peace at that time so immediately agreed and went with them.

‘That was the turning point of our lives as Guruji took us into his fold. Once in the temple we felt completely blessed and relieved from all the worldly stress and strain. We began to visit the temple regularly with no selfish intentions but to seek peace of mind. But Guruji has his ways and timings for everything.

‘The lawyer who had completely given up hope called and told my husband that there was a possibility of getting the rescinding orders and needed to meet him immediately. In 15 days we got our clearances and started running our business once again. So it is nothing but Guruji’s grace and love for us.

‘My mother in-law was suffering from a bone disorder owing to which she walked with discomfort. As a result was very depressed. Doctors recommended a few injections but having spoken to some of her friends she was not convinced; she was also told that the shots were very painful. Time passed by and we had started visiting Guruji.

‘We used to come to Guruji twice a week and had langar prasad regularly. Guruji’s langar proved most powerful as my mother in-law without even realising got cured and she could walk even better than before! I too was suffering from acute acidity since childhood. I had not spared any treatment for its cure—be it homeopathy, allopathy, ayurveda, but all in vain. Now it is history



as the langar has cured me of the problem completely. Once you are into his fold, problems take the shape of blessings and all your worries disappear in his magical aura.

‘My husband and I went for a satsang in Sainik Farms. After taking langar prasad we went to take Guruji’s permission to leave. When my husband bowed down before Guruji his knee twisted and he could not rise up on his feet; the pain was unbearable. All the sangat gathered around us and tried all possible first aid but nothing helped. I did not panic at all as I had full faith in Guruji that he won’t allow anything serious to happen and it is just a temporary phase.

‘We went to the nearest hospital at midnight. The doctor on duty gave him first aid and told us to come the next morning to see the senior doctor as he felt there was something serious. We came back home. He was in a terrible pain the entire night. I gave him divine water with Guruji’s pendant dipped in it.

‘The next morning he woke up in the same condition, he could not stand on his feet and walk as the pain was unbearable. That minute I closed my eyes and told Guruji that you have tested me the whole night, my belief in you can never shake but now it is your turn to prove your love for me. I connected with Guruji like a daughter connects with her father.

‘Believe me, not even five minutes had elapsed and my husband rose from the bed, stood on his feet and started walking as if nothing had ever happened. I was touched to the core and could not stop crying out of happiness and love for Guruji. He is always there in good and bad times.

‘When someone asks me if I regret not having seen Guruji, my answer is very clear that Guruji decides the time for everyone. It can never be by our choice but if we are successful in surrendering to Guruji he holds the string of our lives and never lets us fall. His presence is crystal clear as we can connect to him at any point of time. He shows his presence in dreams, through his divine fragrance and messages from satsangs and



shabads. Life has become so beautiful and comfortable as there are no worries and confusions as we have realised the fact that everything in life is by Guruji for Guruji and with Guruji.

‘My mom had a satsang at her house and we decided to cook langar prasad ourselves. During the preparation, I sustained 90 percent burns my palm. There was panic all around but I was calm as Guruji gave me the strength to endure the pain. I told everyone to get back to seva and not worry about me. Time passed by and we were almost done with the preparations when I suddenly noticed that a layer of new skin had already started forming over the affected area. It was a miracle and everyone who witnessed it, was amazed. It was nothing but Guruji’s power to change lines on my hands while I was in his service. Our doubts were cleared when the same night Guruji came in my mother’s dream and held her hands and asked her, “*Dus tu ne kinna jina hai* (tell me how long do you want to live)?” My mom cried and asked Guruji, “Has my life come to an end?” He smiled and told her “*Ja bless kita* (Go! I have blessed you).” When my mom narrated the dream to me, we realised that Guruji changed my mom’s lifeline by burning my hand. We owe each and every second of our lives to Guruji. Thank you Guruji for everything. Jai Guruji!





46

Strength in Submission

True strength lies in submission which permits one
to dedicate his life, through devotion, to
something beyond himself.

Anonymous

Before arriving in Delhi with my mom, in March this year, I had telepathically complained to Guruji that my Delhi home was becoming increasingly shabby since I wasn't residing in it full time. I needed to refurbish it but only through a genuine designer who had young and trendy ideas, yet would be able to design my place within my budget.

After a few days of being here, Harry Uncle, from the sangat, called and asked me if I would share my satsang at a particular sangat's home. I willingly went there and while sharing, I started admiring the interiors of that home. I left the sangat's home

without knowing whose house it was. In the evening, Harry Uncle called again to request me to speak at an NRI home in Greater Kailash and he informed me that the girl whose home I went to that same afternoon would be fetching me.

As I sat in the car, I asked the girl her name and what she did, something I normally never asked. She said her name was Astha and that she was an interior designer!

As you can well imagine my surprise. I didn't spare a minute in inviting her to my place and before we knew, Gurujji had bonded us in a mother and daughter relationship. Besides designing my home we began visiting Gurujji's temple together too. We are both compatible and comfortable with each other as Gurujji always seems to be the centre of our thoughts and conversations. It is this commonality that strengthens our connectivity to Gurujji through each other's faith and trust in his divinity.

Satsang by Astha Chopra

I am Astha Chopra and I began my journey with Gurujji at the age of 24, in February 2010. Before coming into his fold I would get depressed and my health was not sound either. On entering the temple, I was engulfed by an energy that elevated and entranced me. Within months I also had the privilege of undertaking seva. My parents at this point did not accompany me, so I did an ardaas to Gurujji that evening to connect both my parents with him so that we could all visit his temple together as a family.

'Soon after coming into his fold, I was struck with acute jaundice and that is when my parents connected with Gurujji. My recovery was speedy and I bounced back in no time. My first meal, after recovery, was langar at the mandir! After the initial langars I would get Gurujji's darshan in my dreams. He would communicate very clearly with me; thus began my spiritual journey.

'My priorities as well as my attitude towards people and situations began to change as I began to feel a deeper connection to my Gurujji. He began to communicate what was right for me and



my soul, through telepathy and dreams. My visits to the temple increased in frequency as my inner changes were becoming clearer.

‘My acne was also cleared through my encounter with a sangat doctor. Delhi’s best dermatologist failed whereas the sangat that Guruji put me through to was able to cure me, in no time. This is how Guruji connects the dots. He is looking out for each one of us all of the time, and knows and does what is best for us.

‘I also underwent several emotional difficulties, which I could not handle earlier with greater grace and strength. He gave me the gift of positive attitude and he took away negative people from my life. I began to, increasingly, attract only good people with positive attitudes. My company improved enormously as I was now in a good space. The subtle and the solid blessings were many as my life took on a new direction.

‘The regular seva at the temple and in sangat homes was an expression of my love and gratitude for Guruji, for taking me into his fold and for always protecting me. Each time I clean the walls of the temple I feel that he is giving me strength and each time I clean the carved features of the temple, I am being given the patience.

‘I do believe that we are allotted a particular seva for a particular purpose. Seva gives me the opportunity to cleanse and purify my soul and teaches me the lesson of humility and humanity as we collectively work in the temple as an expression of our love and devotion for our Guruji Maharaj. We give a drop for the ocean of love that he gives us.

‘I am an interior designer by profession, but Guruji as the divine designer of my life has carved out a life for me that furnishes my mind and my heart with love, compassion and gratitude. He has embellished my days with meaning and focus that I earlier lacked. I have learned to surrender knowing he is the doer and I am merely the beneficiary. He showers me with blessings and I have learned to accept gracefully whatever comes my way. I know that he is always guiding and protecting me. I speak to him telepathically all the time like a daughter speaks to a father



and he always responds to me and for this I am eternally grateful to him.

‘My peers are still living a life that is void of spirituality; hence on a different path. I have cultivated friendship with other sangat members of my age who share the same vision and sentiment towards life. I am in a good space and I am unaffected by the glitz and the glamour of Delhi high life.

‘In a nutshell, on coming to Guruji, I have learnt that he gradually moves us away from the negative elements of the world to gently move us towards the positive ones. On coming to Guruji, I find more love in my world that keeps me smiling and my days shining with his sublime grace and love.

‘I do believe that I have surrendered my life to Guruji by accepting every obstacle and difficulty in my life as his blessing. I thank him for every moment in my life because with him in my world, I feel I have a sense of purpose and direction. Jai Guruji!’





47

Karma

Faith is beyond logic as it comes from the heart, yet it is the only logical choice.

Anonymous

Life is never easy whether you are a king, a queen, an ordinary or an extraordinary individual. Guruji had once said, '*Nanak dukhiya sab sansar* (The entire world is suffering).'

However, I am a strong believer of karma. The law of karma and its precision cannot be refuted. I also believe that we choose a certain path that enables us to learn certain lessons in life. I do believe I signed up for certain experiences in my soul form and I accepted an agreement made at that time that was most conducive for the growth of my soul. To go through them, Guruji holds my hand to facilitate my ordeals and to reduce them in intensity and duration. He gives me the wisdom to know that there is a

bigger photograph and to not get caught up in the drama of pain, suffering, heartache, isolation and loneliness. The knowledge that he is with me, no matter what, gives me the strength to go on.

Sumi had finally succeeded in getting me to BLK Memorial hospital for a routine health check on Monday, 7th May, and that was the beginning of a challenge that I needed to meet through the power of my faith and devotion.

After five long and laborious hours and Sumi's endless patience of sitting and waiting for me to get through the tests, the doctor approached me for an ultra-sound and a repeat mammography. After he had carried it out he asked me to come the following morning for an MRI on an empty stomach. They had caught something suspicious on the ultrasound, but did not state what it was.

In my heart I felt that Guruji was protecting me. So, whatever he was up to, he was reducing the intensity of my karma. I had symptoms of chronic fatigue, but I was certain that soon it would be addressed. I was simply too blessed to be stressed, and would go with the flow knowing that Guruji had his reassuring hand on me.

Immediately after the MRI, the doctor announced the urgency to carry out a biopsy. They asked me to take a breather and to come in on Thursday, the same week. I was calm and so was Sumi as the power of faith minimises any kind of human suffering. Faith also enables us to accept our karma and to detach ourselves from the discomfort or the pain that it may be causing us. I was learning to go through the motion by detaching myself from the emotion.

In my mind, the need for a biopsy translated into one disease, but neither Sumi nor I uttered a word as our submission to Guruji meant 'don't question' and the answers would unfold in the right time, space and sequence.

This was on Tuesday, 8th May, and there was a satsang at Astha's place that same afternoon. I reached her place at 5 p.m., by which time most of the sangat had left. As I bowed to our most



revered Guruji, I forcefully held back my tears but could feel the lump in my throat, gently aching. I knew very well that if someone asked me how I was doing, I wouldn't be able to hold back.

On eating langar, a sangat member asked me how I was! I broke down and then after a few minutes, gathered myself before someone asked me to sit ahead next to Guruji and to share my satsang. It was then that I broke down again, but this time inconsolably. I cried a reservoir of tears for an hour or so. I believe Guruji was cleansing me. I believe he had already healed and cured me a great deal.

Thursday, after the biopsy my entire family was informed of the possible ordeal I would need to go through in the days to come. My brothers and my sisters-in-law as well as my close cousins and sangat, all came together. Strong and sturdy forces usually do unite to render us the might and muscle to fight our ghastly battles. The family I was born into and the family that Guruji left behind for us, all extended their hand out to me. Bobby and Leena from the sangat had been there along with Astha, Hapu and Dimpy for the biopsy.

Sumi, Astha and I had gone for langar that same evening. In my heart, I knew that I had to go through my karma and Sumi was reflective throughout the time we ate sitting outside under the moonlit night, beneath the Shiva linga. I gazed up at it for strength. That's all I prayed for, strength and high spirits. I wanted to get through this without wallowing in self-pity. I needed to remind myself that if I was hurting, then Guruji too was hurting for me.

The guru and disciple relationship is bound together in an eternal clasp. My grip on faith had tightened further and a need to connect even deeper had dawned on me. Guruji expressed his love for Astha, Sumi and me by serving us langar three times. I was overjoyed as I knew this was a sign that he was holding my hand.

During the subsequent days we had langar everyday, which was Friday to Sunday. Then came Monday and my official biopsy



report was to arrive on Tuesday. Sumi came to fetch me at 5 p.m. to head to Guruji's temple. She sat in silence and I knew that she had unofficially called the doctor for the report. I knew my friend well as her persistence in getting me to go for the health check in the first place meant that she was ardently following the report too!

Mellifluous shabad were playing in the car. I was reflective and so was she, but then after a few minutes I couldn't resist breaking the silence between us. I popped the question and she broke down with the response; she had known it all along and I knew it the moment they suggested a biopsy; such are karmic cycles!

My head spun momentarily, but then I gathered myself in no time. 'Let's enjoy the temple,' was my affirmative response and she too became positive. 'We'll fight it. It's just another battle, the last shred of my karma.' To which she responded, 'It'll be over in no time. Go through it knowing that Guruji is beside you through and through. You will sail through it.'

My brother Sanjeev arrived at the temple and Sonakshi was also with me along with my other close friend Vikram and some of my other family members. We sat down to relish the samosa and chai prasad together at the rear of the temple beneath the invincible Shiva linga. No storm could ever move or shake it. The Shiva linga is one of the most sacred symbols of the ancient as well as the modern world. It is symbolic of divine creation. Its shape is a representative of the power of Shiva, the Lord of Creation, the masculine creative energy, the feminine energy, the seed that is fertilised to manifest the creative power in the dance of the cosmos. The Shiva linga stood on the roof for at least the past six years with the same indomitable spirit. Those who do believe in its unyielding spirit can imbibe its spirit to sail through the inevitable storms that come their way.

The sacred stone relates to the heart chakra too, and also to the manifestation of the love energy that resides in all of us. It also represents the harmony of them balance of the soul maintained within the balance of the universe. For me it represented all of



that, but most of all, it stood for unconquerable strength that I needed to fight my battle.

On Tuesday morning, the doctor at BLK Memorial hospital gently broke the news that I would need surgery. Guruji held my hand while the doctor gave me his diagnosis of all my reports. 'You have breast cancer and would need to be operated upon at the earliest. This cancer has been in your body for at least a year or more. You are very lucky as the cancer is in stage one, grade A. It is both operable and curable. You are a lucky woman.'

I am not sure how lucky I really felt knowing that I had cancer, but knowing that Guruji would shield me and minimise my ordeal made me feel very fortunate. It is said when you are devoted to someone or something, the object of your devotion becomes a part of you. Your own sense of well-being depends on whether they are flourishing. This makes devotion risky, but also profoundly rewarding.

Devotion is loyalty to a promise, vow, person or mission. It means you are consistently trustworthy and loyal. You are willing to sacrifice to uphold your commitment. It means staying the course, even if the challenges are great, and even if you find your energy and will weakening.

Guruji had healed me previously and he has enabled me to walk through many other emotional and physical ailments and now he would do the same again. He was there for me then and he is still there for me. He will give me the strength and the wisdom to take small steps to walk through this with positive surrender and acceptance.





48

My Cancer Treatment

Strength does not come from physical capacity. It comes
from an indomitable will.

Mahatma Gandhi

Over the years, we change, not only outwardly but also inwardly. I, for one, see things differently. I feel and respond differently to people and situations. Hence, having cancer was not as devastating to my mind today as it would have been a decade or more ago. I knew I would more than pull through with the efficiency and proficiency of my surgeon and, more importantly, with the protection of my Guruji, my God.

Besides my positive attitude to get through, I had no choice but to go under the surgeon's knife. Prior to the surgery, the tests and the procedures I underwent were more trying and tiresome than the actual operation. With Guruji's eternal grace, I learnt to disengage

my mind from the experiences. I went through the motions by detaching myself from the emotions. I felt at ease knowing that Guruji was holding my hand throughout each procedure. I was going through my karma without it disturbing me.

It all felt like a bad dream from which I knew I would wake up. Guruji had given me a spirit that was higher and mightier than the cancer, and his grace and love for me was far greater than the disease. Each time I felt the agony of the tests, I would gaze at Guruji's photograph in my hand and he would ask me, 'Who is bigger, your guru or the cancer?'

My response to my situation was very different from my previous responses to difficult situations. My reality was determined by my attitude, and Guruji had injected a dose of positivity in me while the doctors were busy injecting other drugs in me. My guru was far bigger than my cancer and that made the reality of my situation shrink. By this time, Anishka and Sonakshi had both flown back from their respective universities to be at my side. Their mere presence and their high spirits lifted mine and I was determined to set an example of strength before all.

I underwent the surgery that was successfully carried out and I would in times to come undergo radiotherapy and possibly other treatments to ensure that the cancer would be eradicated from my system for good. Guruji had and is enabling me to sail through the predicament, and I am eternally grateful for the undying support of my guru parivar, my own family and friends who have and are enabling me to lift the cloud.

A few years ago, I read *Man's Search for Meaning* by Victor Frankl, in which he states how attitude can enable man to overcome the most testing and taxing challenges of life. He had lived in a concentration camp where he lost his entire family to the atrocities and the brutalities of Hitler's dictatorship. Others' suffering puts our own suffering into perspective. I had three major benefits on my side: one was Guruji's grace, the faith of my daughters, and, last but not least, the gift of a positive attitude



that he had granted me. I was a winner and I had already won my battle.

The following Monday, after my surgery, I went for my customary visit to the temple and after sharing my satsang I met Ishita Yadav who then shared her satsang.

Satsang by Ishita Yadav

‘Just as the power of the langar cannot be undermined the power of satsangs also impacts us very deeply. Guruji used to state time and again that collectively the shabad, the satsangs, the chai prasad, the langar and the aura of the temple all heal you as their curative powers are beyond the scales of the imagination of the human mind.

‘The first time I heard of Guruji, was in 2002, from a close friend who had been going to Guruji for many years. I remember telling him how silly he was to believe in a guru, and that I would never go to him because I only believed in God. I had always been religious, and equally superstitious.

‘In school we were taught to pray to Jesus, at home I would see my parents go to Vaishno Devi (a Hindu deity) several times a year. Sometimes they would take us along. The most consistent family ritual was to go to Chhatarpur Mandir every Sunday.

‘Even though it was always instilled in me to believe in God, my prayers were always very selfish. I would start fasting every Monday during the exam season so that God would make me do well in my exams. I would tell God that I would donate a specific amount of money at a mandir if he gave me what I had asked for. Every prayer was more like a bargain and that seemed alright because it’s what everyone I know, did.

‘A friend of mine would mention Guruji to me, every now and then, and once he asked me if I would like to go and meet Guruji with him, but I said that I didn’t believe in such nonsense. Eventually, due to my caustic and disrespectful remarks, he stopped mentioning Guruji to me.



'In July 2010, I had a dream in which I was talking to the same friend on the phone, and he said that he was going to meet Guruji because it was his birthday and I said, 'But I thought you said has Guruji passed away?' That is all I remember of the dream and it wasn't the last.

'I started getting more and more dreams. Every time I would feel low in the car, I would see a car with a Guruji sticker pass my car. I had a feeling that it was all somehow connected, but I still couldn't understand it completely. I tried to talk to my friend, but considering the bad things I had said about Guruji earlier he never spoke to me about him.

'But Guruji found other ways to answer my questions. Suddenly, people I didn't know very well, but knew from school or college, started talking to me about Guruji. They gave answers to most of my questions, and guided me to his groups on Facebook. I had more questions and I remember sending a long message to Rama Aunty, asking about the guru; who he was, and why I was feeling pulled towards him. I didn't know then that she was one of the closest people to Guruji and obviously Guruji must have guided me to be with her.

'So I decided to visit the mandir. The first few times that I went there in the afternoon, I didn't know what was going on. I would leave without having the prasad, because I felt too shy to ask someone for it. Then someone told me to go for the langar, and I did. I remember I was very distracted. I was texting the whole time I was there, and was very put off by the fact that people were licking their fingers. I remember texting my friend who was close to Guruji, and telling him that as soon as I walked out. I didn't go to the mandir for a while after that.

'A few Mondays later, I thought I would go, and I was stuck in a huge jam and could not make it on time. So I drove back home, told my friend that obviously Guruji's miracles were for other people, not me, and that I was never going to the mandir again because he clearly didn't want me to be there.



‘For the next few months, I told people about how stupid I had been to get involved in such things, and laughed it off. I forgot about the mandir completely, and vowed never to get influenced by these things again.

‘In November 2010, I was in New Zealand on my birthday. I remember seeing Guruji’s photograph there, but I didn’t join my hands or bow my head. I no longer believed in him, so I just stared at it. I didn’t realise then that it was Guruji giving me his darshan so far away from home.

‘The next day, my friend Katyaini sent me a text saying that she had gone to Guruji’s mandir and that it was “awesome”. This was a little odd because both of us had had a very long conversation just a month ago about how idiotic the concept of gurus is, and how we should only believe in God. I replied to the text saying, “Yes, it’s really amazing, isn’t it? There’s so much good energy there.” I don’t really know what made me say that when I didn’t even believe in him.

‘I returned from New Zealand the next week and went to the mandir the next day. It was a Monday, and ever since, I’ve gone to the mandir every Monday (except a couple, maybe because I was too unwell to go).

‘Initially, I’d ask him for small, immaterial things. I don’t think I’ve ever asked him for anything material. I’ve never said Guruji please give me a Chanel classic or a Dior tote! I’ve asked him to make my temper disappear, for more love from those I love, for affection, for him to make me happy. I’m a very dedicated person, and I go all out for the people I care for, and all I wanted from Guruji was to make those people care for me with the same intensity. I’d ask him to make someone text me, and as soon as I’d walk out from the mandir, there’d be a text from that person on my phone.

‘I know that Guruji had started blessing me even before I went to him. But I always wondered why none of the miracles people spoke about happened to me. When they started, though, they didn’t stop. I always felt bad that I had never met him in his



physical garb. I wanted to talk to him, to hear his voice, to just be able to look at him. But Guruji told me through many satsangs, that it's a soul connection, not a physical one.

'I can only imagine how amazing it must have been to be able to see him and talk to him when he was physically here, but even now, he makes his presence felt through his fragrance, he gives so many darshans in the mandir and in my dreams, he answers all my questions in my dreams or through a satsang, and he does so instantly. I have hardly ever had to wait for an answer from him.

'I had read in many satsangs that we are not allowed to ask for Guruji's photographs, CDs, stickers, etc. That he finds a way to give them to us when the time is right. I presumed that downloading his photographs from the internet was not allowed either. So I removed his wallpaper from my phone, and deleted all his stored photographs from it. I apologised to him and told him that I would wait for him to give me his photograph.

'During the next few days, I realised how much I subconsciously depended on his photograph. Every time I'd be feeling stressed, I'd just look at his wallpaper, and feel an instant sense of calm. The fact that he was always looking out for me was extremely reassuring. So when the photographs were removed, I had some withdrawal symptoms—I became a bit moody. I couldn't explain to anyone what I was feeling and why I was feeling this way. Most of all, I could not understand why Guruji wasn't giving me his photograph when I needed him so much.

'The sangat said that Guruji's photograph was Guruji himself. So I wondered if by not giving me his photograph, he was telling me that he didn't want to be with me. I wondered if I wasn't good enough, if I was doing something wrong, but I got no answers from anywhere. So eventually I let it go, and stopped thinking about it.

'A few evenings later, I was walking in Lodhi Garden, listening to my iPod, and thinking about completely random



things. Suddenly, the music stopped playing. I stopped and looked at my iPod. The battery was very low, and I thought that was really odd because I had charged it before leaving home. I didn't think much of it, just thought that it was now time to get a new iPod! Then I realised that the wallpaper on the iPod was the same Guruji photograph that was on it before I had deleted all of them! I kept staring at it and couldn't move.

'The photograph stayed for about a minute, after which the battery came back to full charge, and the wallpaper came back to a photograph of my niece. I couldn't believe or understand what had just happened, and I tried to reason it. I thought, maybe while walking, I had accidentally tapped on a photograph of Guruji in the photo library. Maybe I hadn't really deleted all of them. Maybe it was a technological malfunction (even though something like this had never happened before, but then there's always a first time).

'I tried to think of every logical reason possible. So, I sat down on a bench, and scrolled through the photo library, and there wasn't a single photograph of his! Clearly, the appearance of his photograph wasn't an accident. Guruji had made it happen. I thought that he had left my side because I probably wasn't worthy, but he showed me that he was always there with me. It made me feel extremely happy and special. Also, I didn't realise it then, but in retrospect, this was probably his way of giving me approval to use his photographs as wallpaper.

'I had spent the whole of 2011 dreaming of what I would do on my birthday on 14th November. The plan was to spend it in Munich, and I would spend a considerable amount of time researching on the things to do in the city, everyday. By September end, it had become clear that I would be in Delhi on my birthday.

'The plan for Munich was delayed, not cancelled, and I was slightly upset because this plan had consumed me for a whole year. I soon got over it, and started to make other plans for my birthday. I now wanted to spend it with the people I loved and feel



happy and special. One thing that made me very happy was that the birthday was on a Monday, and I could spend a lot of time at the Bade Mandir. What could be more special than spending it with Guruji.

‘The days that led up to the birthday were really good, and I was feeling quite happy, but at 7 a.m. on my birthday, when I wasn’t even up, I got a call from one of my closest friends that the work he had trusted me with, which was going well in the past few days, had become badly messed up that morning. That was enough to ruin the only day I was looking forward to, all year.

‘It started with me being shouted at, and I spent all day trying to fix the damage done. I was under so much stress all day, and I complained to Guruji about spoiling the one thing that I wanted this year. I finally left for Guruji’s mandir late in the evening, and was only able to reach it by 7.45 a.m.

‘I couldn’t spend a lot of time inside, quickly finished my prasad, and before leaving, when I was waiting at the show stall, I heard someone say “Happy Birthday”. I had had such a horrible day, that by now I had completely forgotten that it was my birthday.

‘Hearing someone say “Happy Birthday” reminded me of it. I turned around, and it was just someone talking on the phone. And I thought, well at least someone’s having a good birthday. So I turned back, and a random uncle handed me a Guruji pendant. All this happened within a few seconds.

‘Obviously, this was Guruji giving me his blessings on my birthday. I was so upset all day because very few people called, those who did were upset with me about something or the other, and for the first time, I didn’t get a single birthday present and that’s when I understood why all my other birthday plans were not working out. Guruji wanted to call me to the mandir to give me his gift

‘Guruji giving me his blessings in the form of his pendant was the best present I could ever wish for. I had been coming to the mandir for a year, but I had never been given his photograph



or CD or anything else. He made me wait for a very long time, but at the end of it, it all seemed worth it.

‘My pendant was an ordinary plastic one, and my friend Katyaini had a fancier one. Once I was at the photo-shop where Guruji’s photographs are printed, and I saw a box full of the fancier pendants. I really wanted to ask for it, but I thought that the pendant that Guruji gave me on my birthday is of more value to me because even though it may not be as fancy as the others, it’s his blessing, hence more special. So, I decided against asking for anything else.

‘The next day, when I was sitting next to Guruji’s gaddi during langar, an uncle gave me Guruji’s CD. The entire hall was full of people, and I was the only person to have received it, so I felt really happy. When I came back to my car later, and opened the CD cover to play it on my way back home, I found the same Guruji pendant that I had seen at the photo-shop the previous day! It was so unexpected, and so amazing because I had completely taken the thought of that pendant out of my head! Guruji always gives us everything we wish for, but he tests us first. If I had asked for the pendant in the shop, it would just have been a material thing, not Guruji’s blessings. Moreover, if I had put it around my neck, I would have let go of the blessings that Guruji had given me in the simple, plastic pendant.

‘Guruji also took care of my health. Last year, I had an excruciating pain in my knees that lasted for months. It was so sharp, that I started to dread doing simple things, such as climbing up a flight of stairs. The pain stayed that way for months, and I was too scared to get it checked by a doctor. I didn’t know what it was, and I didn’t know how it was going to go away. I didn’t tell my parents about it because they would force me to have it checked.

‘Meanwhile, I kept coming to Guruji’s mandir regularly, and I never really prayed to him to make the pain go away. It didn’t ever occur to me, and I believe that we shouldn’t ask him for anything. We should just come to see him, not to ask for things. One day



I was climbing up the stairs, and I realised that my knees weren't hurting anymore. I don't know when exactly it disappeared, but I know that it couldn't have just gone away on its own. Guruji made it happen.

'His langar is not dinner, it's medicine, and it cures us completely. Guruji has taught me over time that the prasad should not be consumed and thought of as food. It's his blessings. Once I went on a diet and stopped coming to the mandir because samosa and laddoo and halwa weren't exactly diet food, and I didn't want to come to the mandir and leave without having the prasad. I didn't come to the mandir for two weeks, and in these two weeks, not only did I not lose any weight, but I put on an extra 5 kg!

'It made me realise that I had disrespected Guruji's prasad. Even now, when I skip lunch on Mondays because I don't want to take in too many calories, Guruji makes sure that I don't get samosa and laddoo prasad. On the days that I skip lunch, I only get chai prasad. Funny, the people in the prasad line in front and at the back of me get samosa, laddoo and chai prasad. Guruji gives us instant messages.

'He has told me repeatedly that I cannot treat the prasad as food, and most of the time I don't. But sometimes, when I forget, and skip regular meals to compensate for the prasad, he makes sure that he doesn't give it to me.

'What I love most about Guruji is that he never gave up on me. I can be so incorrigible and stubborn, but he's been there for me like a rock. He hasn't given in. There are some lessons that I learnt instantly. I know that Guruji likes discipline, so I follow all his rules. Whenever I come to the mandir, I leave my phone and bag in the car, I don't socialise at all. I just try and connect to Guruji.

'But there are some lessons I still haven't learnt well. He's repeatedly told me to control my temper, and even though it's improved, it's not gone away completely. He is always trying to make us into better human beings, and he also gives us the inner



strength to be able to achieve that. I also don't feel judged by him. I'm not perfect, and have several flaws. But he forgives and looks past all of them. He loves and accepts his entire sangat on the whole. And because he does that, all we must do is love him unconditionally too.

'Guruji always knows what's best for us. We are too small to know what is good for us in the long run, but Guruji makes sure that he gives us what will make us the happiest. We shouldn't ask him for anything. I'm 27, my only life-plan was to get married and have children. But because of life and its circumstances, it hasn't happened so far, and I really don't see it happening anytime in the future. Sometimes, I feel so lonely, and I just wonder if I will ever get out of this funk, but I know that he's taking care of me every instant. He's always there.

'All he wants from us is complete surrender. I stopped asking him for things long ago, and I thought I had surrendered. I thought of him and thanked him a million times during the day, I went to the mandir every week, I tried to connecting, did seva every week, but I still didn't feel happy. I couldn't understand why I wasn't feeling happy even after surrendering. What more could he possibly want me to do? Sometimes I would wonder if he had forgotten about me.

'Once, when I was feeling very low, I went on Guruji's website and listened to a very powerful satsang by Anita Aunty. I felt much calmer and happier after listening to it. I even asked my friend Katyaini to listen to it on a day when she was feeling very low, and she loved it too. I remember that it answered a lot of questions for both my friend and I at different points in our lives.

'The second time I listened to it was at a satsang in the NRI colony in Greater Kailash. I had come in late, so I was sitting outside where the satsang wasn't audible enough. I recognised the accent and the experiences from the first time I had listened to it, but I couldn't put a face to it, and I just wondered who Anita Aunty was.



‘When I was on my way to Guruji’s a few days ago, I thought, I’m not asking Guruji for things anymore. I think of him and thank him so many times during the day, I believe in him more than I believe in anything or anyone else. I listen to his shabads, I try to connect with him, I don’t socialise at all in the mandir, I now leave my phone and bag in the car, follow all the rules.

‘He even comes in my dreams and gives whiffs of his fragrance every now and then. So why won’t he give me what makes me happy? He says “*Mango mat, maano* (Don’t ask, believe).” But I wasn’t asking for anything. Then I remembered Anita Aunty’s satsang in Greater Kailash, in which she said that she’d felt she’d surrendered, but Guruji said that she hadn’t and I was trying to recollect what Anita Aunty said after that. What does it mean to surrender?’

‘I couldn’t remember. When I entered the main hall that day, I saw Guruji’s photograph and became tearful. I walked out looking for my mother, and since I couldn’t find her, I just thought I’d listen to a satsang. I went and stood where a satsang was going on. I recognised the accent (it was Anita Aunty’s) and it sort of made me happy that Guruji made me listen to her satsang on a day when I was looking for an answer from a satsang of hers I had previously heard.

‘She said surrender means to “accept, not expect”. All this time, I had stopped asking Guruji for things, but I still expected him to read my mind and give them to me. I have been so sad the past few months—this is exactly what I needed to hear.

‘It is very easy to say that all we have to do is surrender, but it is the hardest thing to do, and that is all Guruji wants from us.

‘His blessings are endless. I know for a fact that he blessed me with unimaginable things even at a time when I had absolutely no faith in him. And his ways of giving blessings are manifold. Coming to the mandir, eating his prasada, listening to a satsang, they’re all his ways of blessing his sangat.

‘He has so much love to give to all of us and he takes care of us every second of the day. He has done so much for me,



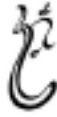
and sometimes it's impossible for me to even comprehend the logic behind it. All we have to do is keep coming to the mandir, thank him for looking out for us, and work on improving our connection with him.

'To build a connection and to surrender does not happen overnight. We have to work on it every day. Sometimes I feel extremely connected, but there are times when I do slack off. But I start again. The good and the bad are both part of life. I am blessed in many, many ways, but there are also things I wanted that I don't have.

'There is sadness and pain in my life as there is in everyone's life. There are days when I just cannot get out of the bed. But it's our karma. Not just of this life, but also of several of our past lives combined. I have heard the old sangat saying that when he was physically here, he used to take the pain of his sangat upon himself.

'I feel that even now he only gives us 20 percent of the pain that we deserve. Guruji has been a buffer against all my sadness and pain. He makes the effect of any pain almost insignificant. I feel extremely lucky to be chosen and blessed by him. Jai Guruji!'





49

Sat Sangat Sharing

In sharing there are blessings as there is in reading or listening to them.

Anonymous

As Ishita Yadav has mentioned in her satsang, Guruji answers our prayers in the subtlest way at times, but since we are so preoccupied, the blessings go unnoticed.

I always wondered about the deeper meaning in satsangs and why Guruji always stressed on me returning to England to initiate satsangs there. The world over, I had met several sangat members settled in various countries, who had moved there after having lived in Delhi for a number of years. Guruji had blessed various people to settle abroad and to spread his light. He had said before his mahasamadhi that his following would grow not only in India but the world over, and so it was.

The following article in a newspaper column captured my interest:

Once Guru Nanak, founder of the Sikh faith, went to the village accompanied by his Muslim companion, Mardana. The people of the village were rude and did not offer any food or shelter to them. Guru Nanak spent a night there and the next morning while leaving, he blessed them, 'May you stay here only and prosper.' They visited another village where people were kind and hospitable. Guru Nanak blessed them saying, 'May you disperse and move to different directions.'

Mardana was astonished and asked him to explain. Guru Nanak replied, 'This is for the welfare of mankind, O Mardana. The inhabitants of the first village will spread only bad habits and make others do bad deeds. So they should remain in their village. On the contrary, wherever the people of the other village will go, they will propagate only good deeds. It is, therefore, desirable that they disperse and make others also adopt the path of goodness.'

In Sikhism, sangat or companionship of good people holds the key to salvation. Sat sangat refers to an assembly of devotees who participate in religious activities, especially in the presence of the Guru Granth Sahib. Prayer in sangat is spiritually more elevating than isolated religious practise. As Guru Arjan Dev explained, 'As one lost in a thick jungle rediscovers one's path, so will one be enlightened in the company of the Holy.'

Congregational singing is considered not only essential for an individual's spiritual progress; it also makes the person a better human being as the seeker learns the act of seva or service, either preparing and serving food in langar, taking care of the sangat's footwear and clean sing utensils, for instance. Guru Nanak would say that sat sangat is the Guru's own school where one practices godlike qualities. Sangat is where virtues are cultivated.

In sangat devotees meet without any considerations of birth, caste or worldly position. Sangat and the notions of seva and langar or community kitchen became the main pillars of the Sikh faith, where equality was practised in worship, recitation of the kirtan and sharing of the food.



Guru Nanak laid down the ideals for a Sikh: Nam japo (Chant the name of God), Kirtan karo (Earn your livelihood through honest labour) and Vand chhako (Share your possessions in the spirit of love and service).

Sikh simply means seeker of truth and the Sikh dharma, through the philosophy of Guru Granth Sahib, provides a spiritual path for those who are looking to answer the eternal question, 'Who am I and what am I here for?' Whoever reads the sacred Granth Sahib attentively or listens to the hymns, or recites them, is enabled to get into direct contact with the guru who is regarded as 'incarnate' in these hymns because 'The bani or shabad is the guru, and the guru is the word.' All the compositions included in the Holy Granth Sahib are treated as gurbani or the guru's voice. Spiritual experience can best be had through a combination of word and music as shabad-kirtan.

In sangat, by listening and meditating on the word in the form of shabad-kirtan, the feeling of duality is eliminated because the participants realise the divinity in each member of the sangat. There is no place for sanyasa or renunciation in Sikhism as the path to salvation, according to Guru Nanak, could be pursued while living the normal life of a householder.





50

The Path of Faith

Grow flowers of gratitude in the soil of prayer.

Anonymous

Someone or another is always instrumental in getting us to Guruji, and in my case, when I was at the end of the road in my life, Bamby Singh from my guru parivar appeared on my path and re-routed me to Guruji! I then realised that what had actually ended was my misery, and what had begun was a journey full of unimaginable joy. With the passage of time, my logical thinking had come to an end as faith had begun to take centrestage in my life.

My life was a struggle, with my constant skin inflammation, choking lungs and a heart that was not normal. In truth nothing about my life was normal until I met Guruji who reduced the intensity of my karma by huge proportions.

I, then divorced (five years ago), lost my father (four years ago), and moved back to England (two years ago), after having resided in New Delhi for two decades.

Change is the only constant in our lives and there are bumps on my road, but since Guruji is behind my wheel, he drives over them with reasonable smoothness. There have been colossal changes in my life; a roller coaster of emotions at every phase as you can well imagine. The icing on the cake is that today I am taking care of my ailing mother in Manchester. I meet my daughters every few months as they reside on the campus at their respective universities in the US. There have been many hiccups too besides the major turn of events, such as my battle with cancer!

From the outside, my life may be grim, but from the inside, my life is all him; hence far from devastating. Sans Guruji, my heart had reached a breaking point and my mind its boiling point! I was stuck in the concrete of regret and remorse, banging my head against the closed doors of the past, and always waiting in the corridor awaiting new possibilities. However, with his grace, many doors have opened, sunlight permeates my space and there is no waiting with pangs of anxiety for anything. Peace reigns in my heart for the very first time! I am healed at every level and cured too of the 'poor me' syndrome!

He has given me not only a spirit that is indomitable and indestructible but a soul that feels everlasting joy. My everyday life is a prayer of gratitude and appreciation. Gratitude is a very potent prayer that spills over every day, and in the silence of the night, my soul whispers the word, 'Thank you.'

Over the years, my understanding has evolved as I involved myself more in satsangs. If I wasn't regular I would not have understood anything. So, when Guruji commanded me to come to them as frequently as possible, I took his word as law even though I broke it more times than I care to admit!



I took him for granted, believing that he would always be sitting at his gaddi and I'd visit him at my convenience when my social calendar permitted. Most days, however, there was a natural gravitation to his durbar and there was no resistance.

Being receptive is also his blessing. He expands our capacity to learn, to understand and to evolve through regularity. Regularity creates interest and the drive to learn more. In the same breath, regularly attending Guruji's durbar changes our mindset and shifts our priorities from 'what do I want,' to 'what do I need for real lasting happiness.'

We brush our teeth and we eat every day, on an average thrice a day, for a healthy body. We exercise regularly too in our efforts to remain physically fit. In fact, we engage ourselves in many activities that nourish our physical beings, but when it comes to the soul, we deprive it of the one element that it hungers for.

Praying should be as natural as breathing, so immersing ourselves in faith is well and truly the key to happiness. 'Pray in good times that will enable you to go through the bad ones.'

Guruji once said to me, 'You receive blessings through satsangs. I have made it so easy for you. Be non-ritualistic. Rites and rituals are not the way to God but the practical living of regularly coming to the temple, eating langar and listening to the shabad and the satsangs. These elements, collectively, bring you to a higher frequency and gradually you will understand more and you will view your life with more clarity. Peace will reign supreme in your disturbed lives, and as the changes are gradual and subtle, you need to be regular in your attendance. Cultivate calmness, contentment and compassion. You will receive more blessings as in your calm state it is easier for me to fill you with divinity.'

The key word for us is 'regularity' and it is this word that holds the key to our happiness. There are no instant gratifications and grace. Coming to Guruji is a way of life and a way to life as I have stated earlier. I am testimony to that. My horoscope had clearly stated that there is no life for me beyond the year 1997, but I



am more alive today than I have ever been in all my lifetimes put together! I am, with his grace, more hale and hearty than I have ever been. He has added years to my life as well as life to my years.

Leave your life to Guruji, I insist, but never leave him. He is our saviour, and of that, I am again a living proof. Simply allow him to take you in his care, and he will give you precisely what you need, though not necessarily what you want!

I have personally found that leaving things in his hand has meant finding his hand in everything. Positive surrender has been the key element to my happiness. Only he can break our karmic patterns.

When the rivers of his love begin to flow through us, we can never run dry and we need not ever go thirsty. It is just not humanly possible for me to have gone through the deep oceans of life and not drown. Life may have attempted to push me down but our all-powerful Guruji has always kept me afloat. He has planted seeds of joy and real sustained happiness that is unconditional.

I have no idea of how deserving I may be of this immense joy that I feel, but in my ignorance, I do know that my life is now his. Every anxiety and angst of mine and every aspiration and ambition of mine have all been surrendered to him as what is right for me, will take place and everything else shall get washed away. I no longer operate from the mind but from the heart where only real love flows.

After he left his physical body, his devotees have become even closer to him and they feel his heart beating in their lives. He is as close to us as our next breath. It is paramount to cherish this feeling that keeps us as elevated as it keeps us elated.

We learn to appreciate life through contrasts. When I compare my life's canvas of 14 years ago, when I first met him physically to the present day, they are as different as night and day. There is no such thing as darkness in my life. He is the donor and I am the recipient. The effort of attending satsangs and conducting them is mine, hence the free will. He is the one who gives us the fruits of our actions although 'no expectation'



is the key to happiness. Using our free will to be beside him at all times is the name of the game.

We must pray to him to keep us on his path with humility, humanity and goodwill. This journey with Guruji is the most invaluable I will ever experience as, without him, I was like a fish out of water, with life's struggle and strife smothering me. Guruji, his temple and his sangat across the globe are now my world.

Life is a blink of an eye. Instead of squandering it by looking in the wrong direction, why not allow him to give us better vision? He affords us a vision that will not only see us on a path that is right, but will enable others to see the light too. As the doer, he kindles the fire of faith in us, but the onus is on us to keep it burning through a connectivity that is constant.

Coming to him only when we have a headache or heartache is treating him like a divine paracetamol pill. However, on coming to him regularly, we, in most likelihood, prevent the inevitable pain from rising as he steers us clear of it or most definitely moderates it and then prevents us from further potential suffering.

Truth is not a political party to be voted for. Agreeing and disagreeing, approving and disapproving of what others say do not alter truth. Even if the entire world was blind to truth, it does not change it. Rather, truth is immutable and forever available to those who seek it. Discovering it through regular practice leads one to inner enquiry that then takes you to a higher level of spiritual quest. Truth takes care of you, lifts you and keeps you from ever going back into the abyss of life's uncertainty and complexity. It unravels life's mystery for you and ensures your safety and protection from the delusional temptations of the world.

Truth is not a battle between spiritualism and materialism. Guruji used to say, '*Ayesh kar* (enjoy life), stylish *ban* (be stylish).'

He used to say that real prayer is doing good deeds and being good as there are no points for those who are bad at heart and bad in their deeds even if they sit in pujas endlessly. I once said to him, 'Guruji, I don't engage myself in pujas, rites and rituals and



his affirmative response was, 'Very good!' Although at the time, I may have been momentarily baffled by his response, but it led me to reflect on it later. Rituals are only meant to inspire you to go further and deeper into the realm of faith to ultimately attain self-realisation. Most people tend to remain in that space, thereby hampering their spiritual growth. God cannot be bribed with flamboyant prayers or hefty donations made to temples. God is only interested in our intent.

'Your guru resides within you, in your heart. Feel him and know him in your silence,' reiterated Gurujji more times than I am able to recollect. 'Listen to shabad at home too in silence. I am with you anywhere and everywhere. Remember me and I shall always be with you.'

Faith is synonymous with freedom as far as I am concerned. It lends us freedom from our fear, anxieties and insecurities. We place our lives in the hands of the supreme one, knowing and believing that he will act in our best interest. He pulls us out of an undesirable situation and engages us with more meaningful and momentous activities. To be anchored in the divine makes us more stable and reliable. He loves us, so, he teaches us to live with love. Without his care, even our emotions have no balance. The past rattles us when we reflect on it as does the future when we fret about it. He, Gurujji, teaches us that what lies behind us and what lies before us are insignificant matters compared to what lies within us. So, live in the here and now where Gurujji, our God, resides.

In a word, he has gifted me the freedom to live my life with carefree bliss that has completely eclipsed sadness. My life exudes his fragrance. Words liberate thoughts, but I simply fail to express the everyday wonders and the crystalline changes in my inner and outer life. He has inundated me with a richness that cannot be quantified or measured. I simply know that I now feel the life force running through my veins that makes my heartbeat. I simply feel too blessed to be stressed! He turned my every trial into a



triumph. He turned me from a victim to a victor and turned every test of mine into a testimony.

By obstinately disbelieving, disagreeing or disproving, which at one point or another of our lives, we all have done, we close our minds and block ourselves. We disallow the higher energies to permeate our clogged-up lives that remain in darkness unless we allow light to enter. The struggle therefore, never ends. Doubt in faith can reach epidemic proportions and spill over in others' lives too. However, on asking and praying for his assistance, his mercy and care, the first glitches of doubt are ironed out, and he takes you in his care.

I have seen many come and go, never to return, but some do as a force pulls them back. Others are decidedly married to 'Mr Doubt' till death does them apart! In the realm of faith, I believe if they haven't committed their lives to Guruji, then it isn't their time yet and he knows best.

The will to be free requires the free will to do the right thing and be on the right path. Guruji leads the way if we allow him to, and if we surrender to him positively.

The objective of sharing these satsangs in this book and otherwise is not to sensationalise these experiences, but to say it the way it is, as a way to kindle faith and belief for others too. May they, someday, share their blessed experiences too and reclaim their lost divine heritage that is their birthright.

Satsangs are not stories to entertain the listener. They are vital in the field of devotion. Sharing satsangs is a form of seva to ignite the undying flame of love and devotion and to spread his eternal light. Guruji used to say, '*Sangat joro*,' bring more people onto the path of truth; the season has come to sow the seed of his name. We are born in this Kalyug to connect with the source and to become one with it. Guruji has made it possible for us to ignite the desire for enlightenment.

They say when you find time in your hands, place them together in prayer; everything is possible when you have faith.



Faith makes the impossible possible. If God brings you to it, God will lead you through it. Doubts build walls but faith moves mountains. Let faith be your wings. Let this flame, once ignited, burn ever so high and deep as to stretch across every continent, city, county, home and soul! When our guru leads our steps we can never lose our way, so let us weave faith into our journey for him, our saviour, to find the right threads that complete the tapestry of our lives.



Epilogue

With deep gratitude we share your grace,
Our soiled lives you graciously embrace
Unconditionally you take us into your fold,
To shield us from the world's harsh cold.

With integrity and truth we bare our soul
About how you make our lives whole
Without you, in darkness we reside
And are lost without you as our guide.

Eternally indebted we are Guruji to you
For showering us with your love so true.
You enrich our lives in unimaginable ways
Adding depth and meaning to all our days

We urge you not to allow us to err or stray
And to keep all negative elements at bay
Keep the flames of faith burning bright
And bathe us in your supreme love and light

With Eternal Love,
Your Devotees

Om Namah Shivay, Shivji Sada Sahay
Om Namah Shivay, Guruji Sada Sahay

Jai Guruji ॐ Jai Guruji ॐ Jai Guruji