**DEATH OF GRANDMOTHER**

 **An old lady having a stick in her hand, deep wrinkles on her face, spinal bent forward, coughing now and then, some remains of snuff near both nostrils and breathing deeply can be seen in a house made of clay bricks. When sometimes I used to go to her, she always called me “ Banar” come –come and put me in her lap.**

 **I was studying in the 3rd class. It was summer vacations. One of my married sister sent a message to come to her house. I was very much delighted and my father dropped me there while going to some nearby village.**

 **I was enjoying my summer vacations thereby playing with the children and sometimes going to nearby town along with my brother-in-law. One day in the morning I saw that my father was there and talking to my sister.**

 **I was told by my sister that our grandmother has died three days back and we have to go to our village. What she said was beyond my understanding. So next day we started for our village and reached there by afternoon. On reaching there, I immediately asked my mother ‘ where is grandmother’ ? She told me that she died four days back. I immediately went to that room where she used to live in. It was giving a bare look but some of her belongings can be seen here and there. Still I was not able to understand why she missing. I immediately came back to my mother and asked ‘ tell me seriously where grandma has gone’? Since so many days I have not seen her being out of village. I want to meet her.**

 **On seeing my insistence, my mother told me that your grandmaa has been called by God and she will never return. I put a question again to my mother ‘ where this God is living’ ? I will go there and get her back . My mother told me that nobody can go there.**

 **In the evening, I was sleeping besides my mother. All family members were discussing about the ritual function ( which I could not understand at that time) to be held after some days. I was very much furious to God for taking away my grandmother. In those thoughts, I don’t know when I got asleep.**

**The whole night I dreamt about fantasies of God and Death. In the morning I was awakened by some ladies voices. They were singing bhajans. Mind is automatic camera, all scenes and thoughts are recorded permanently and never wipe out by tides of time.**

**RAINS OF WINTER**

 **I was studying in the primary class and living in a village in Haryana. In rural areas like that, the school going children at that time were not having proper school dresses. Only a shirt and half pant (nikkar) were the only a dress for all seasons.**

 **One day in the winter season, as usual I went to school. By afternoon it started raining heavily and cold winds were blowing. The classroom was not a room but a varanda having no protection towards rains and cold winds. I was shivering very badly and not able to write in the note book.**

 **The parents also in those days were less bothered about dresses of their children. Every coming minutes were full of miseries for me. I felt that my blood will freeze if I was not covered with some clothes.**

 **Suddenly I saw my father coming to my classroom with an umbrella and a woollen shawal. After coming to me, he saw I was shivering badly. He immediately covered my whole body with shawal. I was now feeling very comfortable.**

 **In the meantime, my class teacher came and asked my father “ don’t you see it is very cold, why you are not sending your son with proper winter clothes”. My father stared in the eyes of my teacher and told him “ masterji this is only dress he is having we can’t afford any other”. The teacher with a sigh left the classroom. I am not blaming my parents for their carelessness but they were helpless due to shortage of adequate means. Every incidents of my life even being very old are still printed on my heart and will be alive up to my last breath.**

**SHOES**

 **It is an incident when I was studying in middle class. Being one of the brilliant student, I was taken care of my class teacher and the head master. They were aware of our financial condition.**

 **This was winter season and as usual I was not having winter clothes. One day my head master came to my classroom. My class teacher whispered something. After class was over, my class teacher told me to see head master.**

 **I was somewhat scared. I thought something has gone wrong that’s why head master has called me. So I entered his room hesitantly with folded hands. Head master told me to come closer and listen to him. In a very sympathetic tone he told me “ you are very brilliant student of our school, I want that you should be help out. I have planned to provide you with some dress and shoes out of our school funds”. He advised me to contact some cobbler for shoes and a cloth shop to purchase dress. I thanked him and came out of room. It was really reverse what I thought before entering his room. I was filled with gratitude. In fact I was not having any dress and shoes for the winter season.**

 **After coming home, I told my father what head master said. My father contacted one shopkeeper who was having cloth shop and a cobbler for making shoes. Shri Sai dutta was having various clothing in his shop but my father choose Malasia cloth ( dark gray), the barest cheaper one. In those days this type of cloth was preferred by poor class people as it was having capacity to wore at least a week without washing. One cobbler residing nearby was also contacted for making shoes. They were also told to meet head master.**

 **Next morning, Shri Sai dutta and the cobbler reached school. I informed head master about their arrival. He discussed with Shri Sai dutta about requirement of cloth for stitching kurta and payajama including cost of cloth and paid him. Then he talked to cobbler about cost of making shoes. The cobbler told him some 10-11 rupees ( I don’t remember) and asked him to get money after completion of job.**

 **After my classes were over, I reached my house. My happiness was beyond expression. I told my father about headmaster’s discussions with cobbler and payment made to Shri Sai dutta for dress material.**

 **In the evening, I along with my father went to Shri Sai dutta’s shop to purchase cloth. He gave us three and a half meters malasia cloth and it was given to a tailor for stitching whose charges were very less and on credit. The cobbler was also contacted and he promised to make shoes within a week time.**

 **I was very fascinated about my dress and shoes and had a desire to get them as early as possible. After two days I started visiting the tailor and the cobbler every day. I was very keen to wear my new dress and shoes. Coming days were full of excitement for me. Every day I wanted to know the progress both from the tailor and the cobbler.**

**One fine evening, I went to the tailor and asked him about my dress. My happiness was no bound to see that it was ready. I took it and reached home. I immediately put on the dress. Three-four of my friends living close by came. I was showing the dress to them with utmost pride and explaining each and every merits of color and stitching. I was talking to them putting my both hands inside pockets of my kurta to get them noticed that it is also having two side pockets.**

 **Now it was turn of the cobbler to finish his task. Each and every delayed days by him were like years for me. I was going to him every evening to know progress towards making my shoes. He always assured that he will complete it tomorrow and I used to come to my house in a state of despair. He took about ten days to make my shoes. One day, the cobbler came to my class room with a pair of black shoes. I was very much delighted and asked him to give immediately so that I can put on and see if these are comfortable. The black color shoes with sparkling shinning were fit to my feets. Now all students boys and girls gathered and every one were keen to put on in a state of eagerness.**

 **Ultimately I took the cobbler to the head master room and he showed the shoes to him. I told head master my satisfaction and payment was made to him.**

 **Forty years passed. Once I visited my home town for some function. Incidentally that cobbler ( Shri Lakhi Ram) met me in the way. He renewed all my past memories. He told me “ ab to aap bade afsar ho gaye ho. Babu ji aap ko yaad hai meine aap ke jute banaye thea jab tum school mei padte thea” (Now you are an officer. Do you remember I made your shoes when you were studying in the school). I nodded in affirmative and told him “ I can’t forget you and your shoes”. That incident is printed on my heart.**

 **In the evening, I sent somebody to call shri Lakhi Ram for tea. He was telling whole story to all my friends and brothers sitting with me with a great pride.**

**BITTERNESS**

 **It is an incident of my home town in Haryana when I was only 10-11 years old. It was a summer noon. Everybody hide themselves in their houses due to high temperature. Suddenly due to loud voices of crying and quarreling awakened whole family.**

 **I along with my elder sister went to the spot which was just few meters away from our house. A crowd of about 20-25 men and women was there and pursuing a young girl manglo for something.**

 **Though I was very young but still curious to know what has happened. One middle aged lady Durga having a baby of less than one year in her lap was weeping bitterly and praying Manglo to feed the child. Young boy Mangat was also standing besides his mother Durga in a pitiable posture and was expecting some sympathy from the gathering.**

 **I along with my elder sister came closer to Durga to have some idea about the matter going on. Durga was praying repeatedly to Manglo to feed the child as he was not feeded since two days. Now the whole context was clear. Young lady Manglo daughter of Fakira was married to Mangat who was residing in a nearby village. Durga was Manglo’s mother-in-law and Mangat was her husband. The infant crying bitterly was son of Manglo and Mangat.**

 **After 3 years of their marriage they got a son. Due to domestic quarrel Mangat and Manglo had strained relations. One night Manglo left for his father’s house when her son was sleeping. It was very difficult to manage the infant, so Durga and her son Mangat came to take Manglo back.**

 **Many neighbors men and women were pursuing Manglo to feed the child but she was totally adamant not only to feed but to offer her lap to her son. At last Durga put her grand son in the lap of Manglo in a hope that being mother her bitterness will be overpowered by motherhood. But that all was futile. Immediately Manglo put the baby on ground and went inside her house. As soon as Manglo went inside, her parents joined the mob and told Durga that they are not willing to send their daughter along with them. She can get her son married to someone and we will our daughter.**

 **Mangat and Durga were weeping bitterly and praying not to break the relations but neither Manglo nor her parents were ready to patch up. This was not unusual in their community they belonged.**

 **By this time it was evening. Mangat and Durga along with baby who was still crying, left for their village in a state of despair and agony. This was talk of town for the next 3-4 days. Though I was minor at that time but still having feeling in my heart. The words coming from inside were “ what type of mother Manglo is”? “How a mother can be so cruel to her child”? “ Can relations be broken like this”? The screaming of child were sounding as if he was asking “ Mother what was my fault. Why you have betrayed me”?**

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**THE REWARD**

 **In our community in 1960’s parents used to get their children married in a very young age. I got married when studying in Xth class in 1967. The girl’s parents will not send their daughter to her husband’s house unless she is 18-19 years old. At the time of my marriage my wife was only 14 years old and I had not even seen her face. The “Gona” ( it is a function when girl attains 18-19 years of age and goes to her husband’s house) was performed in 1971. So only after four years of my marriage, I was able to have a glimpse of my wife.**

 **It was a time when I was only 21 years. My wife Rekha fell ill. She was having some mental illness. After having treatment by so called “ Jhola Chhaap doctors” including “Jhaad Phook” by ojhas she could not get relief. From the very beginning, I was totally against all these treatment but helpless to go against the parents . And ultimately I thought to take her to some hospital. The nearby medical college was Rohtak Medical college in Haryana and was about 120 kilometers from my home town. The main problem was money. I was not a earning hand at that time. An unemployed youth in search of some job. My father also was not having any source to support me.**

 **One of my uncle was well off. I thought that he will be able to land me some money for treatment. So I went to him and explained the condition of my wife and requested with folded hands to land some money. At first he was reluctant as I was unemployed but when I earnestly requested him, his heart melted and promised to land some money which at that time was only 100 rupees. So in the evening I went to him and got the money. I promised to pay as early as possible.**

 **Next day early in the morning I along with my wife Rekha took a bus to the hospital. My father was also with us. We reached hospital before noon and my wife was admitted in the emergency and next day transferred to female psychiatric ward. The sister’s attending to her told me that this is female ward and no male is allowed to stay with patient. I explained my position that there was only my old ailing mother at home. Hence no female is available to look after her. After considering my situation they agreed to my request and allowed to stay with my wife with a condition that in the night I will sleep out of ward in the corridor.**

 **After 2-3 days my in-laws along with some other relatives came to meet us. They all were kind enough to boost up my courage but no one came forward for financial help. Though my sister-in-law named Khajani Devi gave some money. By evening my mother-in-law and my father were with us all had gone. Next day my father told me that he is going to arrange some money, so he left. After 4-5 days my mother-in-law also left for her home town. So myself and my wife were left alone. My father also could not turn up as he could not arrange money. Nobody at my home town was ready to land money as they knew that we were not in a position to return.**

 **So like this 15 days passed in the hospital. The treatment of my wife was to continue long. After losing all hopes of help from any body, I gathered myself to fight with the situation though I was only 21 years. When all support of this world are denied, the inner power wakes up and stand to help in our sorrows and sufferings.**

 **By that time all money was spent and I was totally broke. Though I was sleeping in the hospital but where to get two times meals being penniless. So I made up my mind to go to kitchen of the hospital. I met one of the food venders and explained my situation. He was kind enough and took me to kitchen-in-charge. The food vender narrated my situation to the kitchen-in-charge. The kitchen-in-charge was nice and helping hand. He told me that I have to do some help of the venders in distribution of food to the patients and in lieu of that I can get two times meals. I immediately agreed to the proposal. I thought that this is a service to the patients and God may bless my wife considering my good deeds to the patients. So in the evening I went to the hospital kitchen and was given a trolley full of patients food for distribution in ward on the third floor. The food vender on duty also accompanied me. So like this every day I started my duty. I was doing my job with best of my efforts and sincerety in a hope that someday my wife will be all right.**

 **Now it was almost a month in the hospital and I was a trained food vender and pulling food trolley like a skilled employees. Though two times meals problem was solved but how to get medicines for my wife. Some of the medicines were not issued by the hospital and have had to be purchased from market. Since I was not having any money, one day I thought to meet Medical Superintendent of the hospital to get some help in this regard.**

 **Next day in the morning after distributing the break fast in the ward, I went to MS Office. He was not available in his office being busy in classroom of trainee doctors. I stood in front of class room and wait till period was over. After almost forty five minutes, the period was over. As soon as the MS came out of class room, I with folded hands said “ Sir my wife is admitted in the psychiatric ward, I want a favor from you”. For a moment he stared at me and then asked to follow him to his office. As soon as he reached his office and took his chair, he asked me about my problem. I explained everything to him including how I spending my days in the hospital without a single penny. He was listening to me patiently. After I finished, he stood up and opened his almirah and gave all the medicines to me which were not issued in the ward. He also said “ Beta whenever medicines are finished, you can come and get from me”. There were no words to pay his gratitude. I just stood numb and sobbing came out of his office. He was like God to me. His face and words are still printed on my heart.**

 **Now my problems of living, food and medicines were over. I wanted to devote full time in the services of the patients and taking care of my wife. By this time all sisters and kitchen employees were familiar to me. Some of them whom I don’t interact were not aware that I am not an employee of the hospital. I proved myself an asset to sisters in handling all psychiatric ladies patients when they were out of control. Now and then in the night, sisters used to awake me to help them out to control any violent ladies patient. It was not possible to overcome them by one or two persons, when they were violent. Three to four sisters and myself used to control these ladies and if they were beyond control, their hands and legs were to be tied with bed.**

 **During day time I was busy with kitchen duties and looking after my wife and in night I was preparing for a UPSC competition examination for which I had applied. From the very beginning I was a religious person and always believe in God.**

 **It was first week of March 1972. My wife’s condition was improving day by day. She begin to recognize everything and sometime asking me to go home. I was very happy to see that at least God has listen to my prayer and services rendered by me were fruitful.**

 **In 2nd week of March 1972, doctors treating Rekha told me that she was totally cured and will be discharged within a day or two. Though I was delighted but at the same time worried how to go to home town being penniless. At least some money was required for bus or train fare up to nearest station of my home town.**

 **In the evening I heaved a sigh of relief to see my mother-in-law who arrived to see Rekha. I told her that maa “ Rekha is now alright and will be discharged tomorrow”. She was very happy. At night we all the three were sitting and talking in a mood of pleasure. At the same time I was worried about the money required for fares of bus or train. With shy and hesitantly I asked my mother “ Maa are you having some money for fare as we will be going tomorrow. She told me “ Beta I am having some money which will be sufficient for fare for all of us”.**

 **So next afternoon, Rekha was discharged. We took a bus and reached Rekha’s home. Neighbor and friends of Rekha gathered there asking how she was now and some of her friends cutting jokes with me. We spent three days there. Now I wanted to take her to my home town but having no money for fare up to my home town. It was a matter of disgrace for me to ask money again from any family members of my wife. Luckily two girls from my home town were married and living in the neighborhood. So being from my home town, we were having brother and sister relations. I without any hesitation asked one of them to land some money for fare up to my home town and they landed very happily.**

 **So next day I along with Rekha took a bus and reached my home town. As soon as we reached there, almost all my neighbors with family gathered there and were happy to see that Rekha was quite normal. All were praising my efforts and devotion towards my wife but I knew it was not my efforts but his grace and blessings that I overcome all my sufferings. Human mind is automatic camera and loaded with the reel of karmas, every moment is printed and don’t fade with the tides of time.**

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 **RESPONSIBILITY**

 **In 1973 I got a job in Ministry of Defence at New Delhi. I was performing my duties by travelling daily by train from my home town to Delhi which was about 100 kilometers. I used to wake up at 4 a.m. and returned at 11 p.m. This daily passenger life was full of miseries but I was helpless to continue being only earning hand in the family. Staying at Delhi was very expensive and salary was very meagre. So every day a journey of 100 kms was my fate. When the train was late it further increased my arrival time at my home and my wife always wait for me to serve dinner. Though it was a good job but for me it was curse because spending 18 hours daily in the office and journey were so tiresome and health hazard.**

 **In 1975 one of my relatives came with a proposal of marriage of my youngest brother who at that time was 19 years old. My father without thinking, accepted the proposal and the date of marriage was fixed. Since my father was not earning, the whole responsibility was on my shoulders being elder brother and only earning hand. In my salary we were only pulling on and to meet expenditure for marriage ceremony was a big challenge for me. There was nobody to help me out or land money.**

 **As the date of marriage was coming closer, my worries and tension increased. I tries my best to borrow money but could not succeeded. Some money I could arrange was spent on pre-marriage functions. The left out money was very short and a number of marriage functions were still to come up.**

 **At last the day came when baaraat ( a gathering of people going for marriage ceremony) was to move to a city in Punjab. It was a inter-state marriage. We were from Haryana and the bride parents were from Punjab. So all relatives and friends were in very joyful mood and discussing various topics relating to baaraat and journey.**

 **I was in a state of despair and agony. I called my father and two of my married elder sisters to discuss how to manage. My father totally washed his hands and told me that he is not having any money as he was not earning hand. Being elder brother responsibility was mine. At last my virtuous wife offered her ornaments to sell out and get money. Being only option, I left for nearby town Rewari to sell out the ornaments. The goldsmith offered me half the rates prevailing at that time in the market. Since I was in dire need of money, I sold out and got money and come back to my home. I remember as soon as I said yes to goldsmith, he immediately, took hammer and cutter to cut the ornaments into pieces. I know those were the only ornaments with my wife and every stroke of hammer and cutter on ornaments were on my heart. I was an unfortunate husband who instead of gifting something in the marriage function sold out her ornaments which she was having. It was my wife’s greatness. She always stood with me in my sorrows, pains and family problems.**

 **I was not balanced mind on that day and realized that it was a miscalculation because the money I got after selling out my wife’s ornaments was not sufficient to meet the whole expenditure of marriage. On one hand I lost the ornaments of my wife and the other I was still a beggar. That was a big blow on my heart. After knowing my situation one of my sisters offered her ornaments for mortgage which was the only way out to meet the expenditure. So my sister’s ornaments were mortgage for two thousand rupees.**

 **To drop baaraat at nearest railway station Rewari, a tractor was arranged. Since the destination was Punjab, so baaraat has to go by train which was one and half day journey. On reaching Rewari one of my cousin sister’s husband shri DK Kamwal came to me and asked to get tickets for all baaraatis ( people attending marriage ceremony) . I told him my situation. From the very beginning we were relatives as well as friends. He encouraged me “ yaar do not worry I am having sufficient money I will get the tickets”. So we both went to ticket window and got the tickets. I heaved a sigh of relief and train left for Bhatinda ( Punjab).**

 **All baaraatis those going to attend marriage were enjoying the journey. Some were singing and other smoking and drinking. In the morning baaraat reached at Bhatinda. My Phoopha ji ( husband of my father’s sister) was residing there. So it was a pre-planned halt for baaraat. All baaraatis got down. There was arrangement for bathing and breakfast. In the afternoon we started for the bride’s home town which was about 40 kilometers.**

 **I would like to mention a very touching event at Bhatinda. My uncle, father-in-law of shri DK Kamwal made it known to all that the money for tickets have been spent by his son-in-law. This was only to let down. My phoopha ji came for our rescue and scolded my uncle that why he was making fun of their poverty.**

 **In the evening baaraat started moving towards bride’s home. My younger brother ( bridegroom) was very happy and enjoying ride of mare unaware of the ocean of sorrow and sufferings I was drowned. By 11 p.m. first day ceremony was over and everybody after having dinner came back to dharmashala ( a community place) in which arrangements were to stay baaraat at night. I along with some of my relatives stay back for “Saat Phere” ceremony and that was over by 3 a.m.**

 **In the morning breakfast was served to baaraatis and in the noon lunch. We were informed that “beeda” ceremony will be by 4 p.m. So beeda ceremony was over by 5 p.m. Bride’s father was financially sound and he gave five thousand one hundred rupees in cash and ornaments in dowry. I thanked bride’s father from my heart as the cash given by him was sufficient to meet whole expenditure of marriage as well as to get back my sister’s ornaments back.**

 **On third day baaraat returned back. After reaching home I returned money to shri DK Kamwal with very many thanks who helped me when I was in dire need. I got back my sister’s ornaments but ornaments of my wife were served to the ceremony.**

 **Unluckily after one month I had very heavy blood vomiting. I was admitted to some hospital and attending doctors diagnosed TB. I underwent treatment of TB for six months and totally cured. I know why I suffered this disease.**

 **After a lapse of some twenty years I was in a very sound position and settled in Delhi. There was some marriage ceremony at my home town. I along with my family went there to attend. In the evening family members of all three brothers were present and recalling various past memories. Incidentally the topic of my younger brother marriage came and my wife told about sufferings and trauma I passed during marriage and disease. My younger brother very lightly said “ it was your responsibility”. Brother for whom I suffered a lot is now no more on speaking terms. I don’t have any complaint this is the rule of this world. Everybody is attached to get their work done after that they are far and far away like a stranger.**

 **WAITING FOR MISSING SON**

 **From 2002 to 2010 till my retirement on 30 November 2010, I worked in Air Headquarters, Ministry of Defence. I was a Section Officer and handling with family pension cases of Air Force Officers.**

 **A 21 years old boy Dahiya joined flying branch of Indian Air Force as flying officer. After undergoing various rigorous training of flying aircrafts he was posted at Tejpur ( Assam). A youngster having aspiration to go high in Air Force, Dahiya was one of the selected flying Officer. All his seniors had a very high opinion about him. Really he was a cream officer of Indian Air Force.**

 **It is an incident of 1990 when he along with a Squadron Leader took off from Tejpur air base I a mig-21 fighter aircraft as a routine flight. After few minutes fighter aircraft crashed in the forest about 200 kms from air base. In Assam around Tejpur, there are miles together dense muddy forest due to heavy rains through out the year. Their last message to Air Traffic Control was “ aircraft is out of control and going to crash in the forest”. After few seconds communication cut off. A search party having best AF Officers along with two aircrafts mounted with very high sensitive cameras flown to the accident site. After hours of best efforts, their search proved futile as there were dense forest. Neither the remains of crashed aircraft nor bodies of the Officers were located. The search drill continued for more than a week and ultimately two officers and the aircraft were declared missing.**

 **Accordingly parents of Flying Officer Dahiya and family of other officer were informed about the tragic incident. Dahiya’s father and mother both were teacher in Delhi. They were having two children son and a daughter. Flying Officer Dahiya was three years older than his sister. When parents of Dahiya received message, It was a severe blow on their heart. Parents who were dreaming for happy and prosperous life for their son as an Air Force Officer were totally shattered. The condition of Dahiya’s mother was very critical and fell unconscious for hours together. By that time all relatives and friends gathered at their residence to sum them up.**

 **Next day parents of Dahiya along with some of their relatives reached my office. Being defence office, no visitors were allowed to enter in the office hence I went to reception to receive them. After completing all official formalities, I took them to my Principal Director’s office who was an Air Commodore equivalent to a Brigadier in the Army. Dhiya’s mother Shashi was sobbing and her condition was still very alarming. It was very difficult to console a mother whose young son is no more.**

 **They were made to sit in my Principal Director’s office and he started narrating the whole incident to them. In between Shashi mother of Dahiya screamed “ don’t say my son is dead he is still alive and will come back in a day or two”. My Principal Director told them that Indian Air Force is still trying their best to locate the aircraft and the officers. Trust in God our efforts will be fruitful. After briefing, the parents and relatives of Flying Officer Dahiya left.**

 **It was a mourning atmosphere in my office and everyone looked very sad. In the afternoon my Principal Director called me and asked me to process a case for some interim financial help to parents of Dahiya. Same day I prepared case and forwarded to the Personnel Branch of Air Headquarters.**

 **It is Armed Forces rules that a missing person is considered presumed dead after three years of incident. So other death benefits for Dahiya’s parents were not processed being not a confirmed death case.**

 **Since I was the case dealing officer, I used to receive call almost every day from father of Dahiya Mr Dharam Pal. All the time he asked only one question “ is there any where about of my son?”. “ What is further development towards search of my son?”.**

 **One day I rang up to Dahiya’s father shri Dharam Pal to collect a cheque of initial financial help. By chance My Dharam Pal was not at home and the receiver was picked up by Shashi Mother of Flying Officer Dahiya. When I told her that I am from Air Headquarters she immediately in one breath asked me “ is there any news about my son?”. “ Has he returned back to his unit ?”. For a while I was speechless. It was very difficult to say “No” to a mother. But after gathering some courage, I told her “ madam I have called you to deliver a cheque”. Please tell Mr Dharam Pal to come to my office tomorrow and collect the same. On hearing this, her throat choked and was sobbing. After few minutes she spoke “ Sir every day I am waiting for news that my son is alive and will be coming soon on leave”. One can very well imagine feelings of a mother whose young son is missing. She further added if there is any letter or someone ring call bell it immediately struck my mind that there is some message in the letter or someone has come to convey good news about my son. I was listening to her with tears in my eyes. I told her that “ madam trust in God your son will come back”. But I knew that it was a lie because all efforts of Indian Air Force to locate debris of aircraft and bodies of officers proved futile. One day one of the Air Force Officers who was posted to Tejpur ( Assam) two years back, told me that it was totally impossible to trace the aircraft and bodies of the officers very dense and muddy forest. The aircraft might had crashed far away in the dense forest and stuck in deep mud. Hence search teams on ground as well as by aircrafts mounted with highly sensitive cameras could not locate.**

 **One day reception officer rang me up and told me that parents of flying officer Dahiya have come, should I send them to you? I told him please send them to my office. Mr Dharam Pal and Madam Shashi reached my office and I told peon to send them to my cabin. They were looking very weak in comparison when I saw them first time. I offered tea and when they finished I asked them the purpose to come . Madam Shashi sobbing told me that “ Sir last week I saw a dream that my son is alive and tribals captured him. There is one pond also from where these tribals drink water and fishing to eat. I saw my son with long beard and moustaches and in a very pitiable state. He said that “ Maa I am their captivity since my aircraft crash. They are very cruel people. I am in very miserable condition. They are torturing me, please save me”. After hearing Madam Shashi I was speechless. There were no words to tell a mother that this is your imagination far away from reality. So I asked them to meet my Principal Director. I accompanied them to his office. My Principal Director listened to her very patiently and told that “ Madam hope of your son’s survival is very remote. Indian Air Force authorities have tried their best but could not succeeded”. But Madam Shashi was reluctant to accept any argument and insisted upon one more effort by search party to the location she saw in dream. Ultimately it was decided that an appointment will be fixed with Chief of the Air Staff. My Principal Director rang up to Staff Officer of the Chief of the Air Staff to fix an appointment of parents of Flying Officer Dahiya.**

 **Accordingly, within a week they got an appointment with the Chief of the Air Staff at his residence. The Chief of Air Staff and his wife listen to Madam Shashi very sympathetically. Being a woman and mother, wife of Chief of Air Staff was very kind hearted. On Shashi’s insistence Chief agreed to send a search party again. Two aircraft with latest highly sensitive cameras were deputed to locate the site as described by Madam Shashi in her dream. Alas! After putting their best efforts they could not locate that imaginary place. Parents of Flyig Officer Dahiya were informed of the result. I was informed that Shashi was still confident of survival of her son. It was a mother’s heart whose son is missing and you can’t defeat belief of a mother.**

 **After a lapse of three years, a Casuality Report was published in which Flying Officer Dahiya was declared presumed dead. Hence financial benefits applicable in death cases and family pesion were granted to parents of Flying Officer Dahiya. Alas! Our countrymen and politicians forget supreme sacrifices of our brave soldiers.**

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 **SPECTATORS**

 **In 1975 I was working in Naval Headquarters, Ministry of Defence and my office was located in Sena Bhavan near South Block, New Delhi. ‘A’ and ‘B’ wings of Sena Bhavan were under construction and a number of labourers were working there.**

 **One day I saw a woman weeping bitterly. She was sitting besides her husband who was lying on the foot-path senseless due to high fever. The contractor of the building was not willing to take him to any hospital. Both the woman and her husband were employees of the contractor. As husband was not well , woman also could not go to work. Thousands of employees were working in the vicinity but no one was ready to help her out.**

 **I was also passing through that place. I saw 30-40 people gathered around the poor fellow wrapped in rags. Everybody was asking lady what was the matter? But after getting reply all were like deaf and dumb and going carelessly. They were only spectators having no sympathy. The poor fellow was helpless in this selfish world. Suddenly he opened his eyes with a hope to get some help from the gathering but covered his face with a sigh. I was very much socked and asked woman where they were working. She pointed to the site under construction. She told me that the contractor refused for help or treatment. I requested some of my colleagues to accompany to the contractor.**

 **So I along with my 10-12 colleagues went to the contractor who was there on construction site. First he refused to take him to ay hospital but when we threatened** **to call police, he agreed to and sent a van to take him to hospital and gave some money. Both wife and husband sit in the van and departed for nearby hospital.**

 **After two-three days I gathered that the labourer died in the hospital as as doctors could not help due to late arrival. Our modern society lack love and feelings to standby in the sufferings of others. They become spectators and don’t contribute. We must have love for mankind.**

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 **WORRY**

 **Sardar Harbans Singh was living in Delhi. He had four children, three daughters and a son. Son Paramjeet Singh was the youngest. From the very beginning Paramjeet Singh was very intelligent. He got 80% marks in 12th examinations and appeared for National Defence Academy examinations. He was selected in the Air Force wing and after undergoing various trainings of Indian Air Force he was commissioned in the Indian Air Force. He was posted to a Air Force unit Begumpet ( Hyderabad). By this time he picked up Flight Lieutenant rank and was serving with dedication and honesty.**

 **On 31 October 1984, the then Prime Minister Shrimati Indira Gandhi was shot dead by her own sikh body guards. Unluckily Flight Lieutenant Paramjeet Singh came to Delhi on annual leave on the eve of 01 November 1984 and reached Palam Airport ( now Indira Gandhi Airport) at about 8p.m. Though there were repeated announcements by airport authorities that Delhi have been hit by riots and riotous are killing Sikhs. All Sikh passengers are advised to be careful while travelling from airport to their destinations.**

 **Paramjeet Singh being a service officer and from brave sikh community does not paid any attention to the warning issued by airport authorities. He took a taxi for his house. While going to his house, he met a mob of people looting the shops, houses and killing sikh community people. In the mob people were having petrol bottles, kerosene oil tins and other inflammable items. As soon as Paramjeet’s taxi reached near mob, they spoke in loud voice “ Dekho Sardar taxi mae betha hai. Utaaro saale ko aur maar do’’ ( See sardar sitting in the taxi. Get him down and kill him). In the meantime some 40-50 people ran towards taxi and paramjeet was taken out. First he was beaten badly by the mob and then kerosene oil was sprayed and handed over to the fire. Paramjeet was crying but nobody was there to help him out.**

 **When Paramjeet had 80% burns, a police van came and took him to a nearby hospital. Paramjeet was unconscious and doctors were trying their best to save his life. OPD ward was full of burn cases and there were no sufficient doctors to attend the patients. For a moment Paramjeet opened his eyes and told doctors on duty that he is Flight Lieutenant Paramjeet Singh and succumbed to his burns.**

 **Police post at the hospital was informed about the death of an Air Force Officer. Duty Officer of Delhi Police informed the nearest Air Force Station i.e. Race Course about the incident. A team of air force police along with some senior officers came to the hospital and took body of Paramjeet and left for Base Hospital Delhi Cantonment. His body was kept in the mortuary of the hospital.**

 **On the other hand parents of Paramjeet and three sisters were rescued by their neighbours as riotous were looking for sikh families living in the vicinity. Directorate of Personnel at Air Headquarters New Delhi were contacted to find out unit and residential address of Flt Lt Paramjeet Singh. The same was traced out . Air Force police informed parents of Paramjeet about the tragic death of their son. After two days body was handed over to family members for cremation. Paramjeet was unmarried and the dependents were his parents and three sisters.**

 **Government of India by a Special Notification gave all benefits admissible to Air Force on death to those who were killed in 1984 riots. Paramjeet’s parents also got due compensation and dependent pension. Life of a rising sun of Air Force was taken away by cruel mob. It was unhealing wound on the heart of parents whose only son was no more and their golden dreams were shattered.**

 **Twenty years passed in tears. Sardar Harbans Singh got all his three daughters married and living in Delhi. Old couple Harbans Singh and his wife Amarjeet Kaur now attained 80 years and 75 years respectively.**

 **In 2004 I was Section Officer in Air Force Headquarters and dealing with dependent pension cases of deceased Air Force Officers. I got a call from Reception Officer that a very old couple want to see me.**

 **I immediately went to reception office and saw an old sardarji and his wife sitting on sofa. I asked “ Papa ji what is the matter?”. The old man told me that my son Flt Lt Paramjeet was killed in 1984 riots. I am in receipt of dependent pension. Now I am 80 years old and suffering from various disease, at any time I may die. I am only worried about my wife after my death. I want your confirmation whether she is entitled to get pension after my death. On reading his face, I took them to my office and offered water and tea.**

 **After they finished, I told Sardar Harbans Singh that “ Papa ji you need not worry it is rule that your wife will automatically get pension after your death. Trust Wahi Guru you will be all right. But he does not seemed to be satisfied.**

 **It was lunch time. Case of Flt Lt Paramjeet was 20 years old. I asked my staff to dig out file of Paramjeet. Three members of my staff after one hour efforts were able to locate the file and handed over to me. I shown them dependent pension application in which photographs of Sardar Harbans Singh and his wife Amarjeet Kaur were pasted and told them that combined photographs is required because in case of death of present pensioner other surviving automatically get pension. As soon as I finished they were delighted and blessed me.**

 **I went to see them off up to the outer gate of my office. For a moment Harbans Singh stopped in front of main gate and said “ Beta now I will die peacefully as my worry is over”.**

**( This is a real story but names appeared therein have been changed)**

**“ We are not enjoying our present as various worries for future are hurdle in the way. We spent every moment of life in present and it should be joyful”.**

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 **WHEN DEATH WAS DEFEATED**

 **It was 11 a.m. I was sitting in my cabin and going through some files. I was posted in Air Headquarters, New Delhi. There was a call on my telephone. I picked up receiver and wished good morning to caller. Other side a very polite voice asked “ who is calling?”. I replied “sir I am BD Khanna, Section Officer”. He said “ I am Group Captain Hardit Singh. I want to meet you in connection with my pension case. I heard that you are one of the expert officer on the pension subject”. I said “sir you are most welcome”. He told me to come next day before lunch and finished.**

 **Next day at around 10 a.m. I got a call from reception officer that Group Captain Hardit Singh has come to meet you. I immediately went to reception and saw an old sardar ji sitting there. I asked you are Captain Hardit Singh and he replied yaah. Sir I am BD Khanna. Please come to my office. So he followed me. We were to climb stairs to go to first floor. Though he was looking somewhat fit but walking with a stick. When he put first step to stairs,he asked me to give shoulder support. I came closer to him and he put one of his hand on my shoulder and we reached on first floor.**

 **Straightway I took him to my cabin and offered water and tea. After he finished, I asked “sir what I can do for you?”. He told me that he has only one leg and the other was amputated some ten years ago. He was invalided out of service due to this disability. He wanted to know about correctness of his invalid and disability pension he was getting. So I calculated the same. There was a discrepancy of Rs. 2000/- p.m. So I told him “Sir I will write a letter to your bank to pay correct pension and accrued arrears thereon”. He was very much delighted.**

 **Then he started narrating his story how he lost his one leg. He continued that he along with two other officers were flying on Himachal Pradesh ( mountain range of Himalaya). Unfortunately their aircraft developed some technical fault and crashed on a snow-capped peak. As soon as their aircraft came down, there was a blast and the three officers were thrown outside aircraft and dumped in the ice. Before crash they conveyed last message to air traffic control that their aircraft has developed some technical fault and going to crash. It was 3 p.m.**

 **Group Captain Hardit Singh remained unconscious throughout night under 2-3 feet ice. When he regained his conscious he realized that he is dumped under the ice and started breaking ice with his head, one leg and hands. After half an hour continuous efforts he came out. It was morning. The sun was shining. He saw bodies of other two colleagues officers lying dumped under ice some 10 feet away. Group Captain Hardit Singh tried his best to stand up but realized that his both legs are now non-functional. Somehow by crawling he reached near the bodies of his two colleagues. They were dead. He was socked and could not believe that he is alive. It was a miracle.**

 **After some time he saw a aircraft flying over that peak. He heaved a sigh of relief. He waived his hands in air as he was not in a position to speak. Unfortunately after taking 3-4 rounds over the peak, aircraft disappeared. Group Captain Hardit Singh was still hopeful that he will be air lifted by the rescue team. The sun was about to set and the dreadful night was awaiting to engulf the peak. It was freezing cold and to survive he put on clothes of his other two dead colleagues. But he was still shivering as the temperature was very much below zero degree.**

 **Somehow he spent night. Next morning came. It was a clear sky. The sun was shining. After some time he saw an Army helicopter flying upon him. He was delighted and waiving his hands in the air. After some time helicopter landed. It was equipped with specialist doctors and life saving drugs. Group Captain Hardit Singh was airlifted to nearby Base Hospital. He was attended by best doctors of armed forces medical services and treated well. Alas! After their best efforts they could not save his one leg and it was amputated. He was awarded Param Vishist Sewa Medal for dedication and exemplary courage. I don’t know whether Group Captain Hardit Singh is alive but his face will always be in my heart. This is a real story of an Air Warrior who defeated death.**

**“ Life and death are in the hands of that almighty. There are hundred and one ways for life but for death none. Life is a gift of God and every breath his blessings”.**

**( The name of the Air Force Officer in the story has been changed)**

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**THE DONOR**

 **In our country people are not having adequate knowledge/awareness about various diseases. People suffer from dreadful diseases but due to lack of awareness don’t take proper treatment and come to an end.**

 **We know that mother gives birth to a child but in this story mother has re-birth her 30 years old son by donating her kidney. Mother salutation to you thousands times ! Salutation to your sacrifices!! This universe will always be your indebted!!!**

 **In 2004 my younger son Maneesh had pain in his left lump. After ultrasound he was diagnosed having 11MM stone and PUJ obstruction in his left kidney. Neither myself nor any of my family members/friends were aware of seriousness of disease. We took it as a simple kidney stone case and started various ayurvedic, homeopathic treatment. After nearly six months, Maneesh’s condition became very serious and I took him to a hospital. He underwent operation for PUJ obstruction and kidney stone in Delhi’s Apollo Hospital by a Urologist Dr Ajit Saxena in Oct 2004. The careless doctor operated only for PUJ obstruction and left kidney stone which was detected on third day of operation. In India doctors are having murdering license and are very careless while operating upon a patient. For them patients are just like cutting salad. So unluckily it happened to my son. After four days he was discharged from hospital with a remarks in the discharge summary “ mils renal failure”. The Nephrologist Dr DK Aggarwal advised me that his treatment will last long. After knowing the seriousness of disease I consulted many famous nephrologists of Delhi. It was their common forecast that Maneesh will go to kidney failure but they can’t say how much time it will take.**

 **After six months symptoms of chronic renal failure were seen on his face and ankles. There were swelling on face and ankles. His condition was deteriorating day by day. I was drowned in the ocean of grief. My wife Rekha also used to weep bitterly whenever we both were alone and discussing about Maneesh.**

 **One day after dinner we went for a walk in Shanti Niketan, the nearby colony. By sobbing Rekha said,” Please save my son”. I replied with tears in my eyes, “ He is my son also. We will put everything on stake to save life of our son. we can’t live without him. I will put my all efforts but the result is in the hands of God”.**

 **Three months passed and doctors of AIIMS ( All India Institute of Medical Sciences, Delhi) declared Maneesh as a case of Chronic Kidney Failure. I was told by nephrologist that there are two ways to save his life. One is dialysis and the other is kidney transplant. Dialysis is twice a week process whereas transplant is somewhat long lasting. Every coming days were full of extreme tension for Rekha and myself.**

 **By this time my whole family ( brothers, sisters and relatives) were aware of Maneesh’s disease. Everyone was showing sympathy and trying to console us. Myself and Rekha were drowning gradually in the ocean of grief in every coming days. I made up my mind to knock each and every doors of hospitals to save my son. For transplant kidney of a live person is required. It is a vital organ and it require great courage to donate. Only parents can sacrifice for their children. Due to my various disease I was not I a position to donate. Only option left was my wife Rekha.**

 **One day while going to office, I told my wife to go to nearby pathological laboratory to get her blood group tested. Maneesh’s blood group is O+ve. In the evening when I returned from office, Rekha was sitting in the drawing room. As soon as I entered, I saw strange brightness in her eyes. She told me, “ God has listen to our prayers. My blood group has matched with my son. I will donate my kidney. I want to save my son and not worried about my life”. These were the words of a mother who gave birth to his son and now want to sacrifice her life to save her son.**

 **We saw a ray of hope in dreaded darkness. Myself and Rekha decided to proceed further for transplant process. I consulted transplant-in-charge at All India Institute of Medical Sciences, Delhi. He advised a lot of tests for Rekha to confirm her fitness as a donor. Donor’s tests are very costly and time consuming also. I don’t know from where I got energy to cop up with my diseases. Every day myself and Rekha were going for a test. This process continued for two months. Our all concentration was to save our son’s life and at every step Rekha was bold and stood by me.**

 **Ultimately after getting all the reports I along with Rekha went to transplant –in-charge at AIIMS. After going through all reports he confirmed that Rekha is a fit donor. We were very happy and thankful to God to accept our prayers. So 07 Sep 2007 fixed for transplant. Rekha and Maneesh were to admit before two days of transplant to complete some remaining tests and other formalities of transplant. On 05 Sep 2007 , Rekha and Maneesh were admitted in AIIMS. Rekha was in a ward located on 5th floor whereas Maneesh was on 2nd floor. Before transplant Maneesh was to kept5 in the isolation room for two days to avoid any infection. On the eve of 06th Sep 2007, Rekha and Maneesh both were applied some yellow lotion on whole body to avoid any infection during operation. I saw that Rekha was applying the lotion very happily. Tomorrow her son was to get a new life. Her dream to save her son was very near to come true.**

 **In the evening of 6th Sep 2007, my elder son, Rekha and myself were with Maneesh in his isolation room. I would like to mention here that both my wife and son are very bold and there were no signs of fear on their faces. From the very beginning I am little bit less courageous than my wife. Really she is very bold lady. As we were sitting in the isolation room, at about 8 p.m. doctor Sandeep Guleria,the transplant surgeon along with his team came in. He is a great man. Very polite, humble and sympathetic person. He talked to us in a joyful mood to relieve us from tension. He asked Rekha some questions and also clarify our doubts about transplant. I would say Dr Sandeep Guleria is living God on this earth. After talking some time he left. 06 Sep 2007 night was crucial for us. Two lives were on stake. All family members were praying to God throughout the night and it was 7 ‘O’ clock.**

 **By 8 ‘O’ clock on 07 Sep 2007, my all relatives and office colleagues gathered in the hospital. Also colleagues of Maneesh were there. Group Captain Malhotra, Maneesh’s boss also kept 20-30 thousand rupees in his office to meet any exigencies during operation. Group Captain Malhotra has been very sympathetic officer during his illness, transplant and afterward also.**

 **I was with Maneesh in his isolation room on 2nd floor and Rekha was on the 5th floor of ward block of AIIMS. One of her friend Rama Sainger was with her. At about 8.30 a.m. ward boys came with a stretcher to take Maneesh to operation theatre. They asked him to lay on stretcher and covered with a white bed sheet and left for operation theatre. I was accompanying and talking to him. I saw no signs of fear on his face. Operation Theatre was on 7th floor and we reached there within a few seconds by lift. OT boys stopped me at main gate of OT and took Maneesh inside. I by staircase came quickly to 5th floor ward where Rekha was admitted. I was extremely socked to see that only Rama Sainger, friend of my wife was there and Rekha had already gone to Operation Theatre. I was repenting that I could not see her before going to OT as it was a mjor life threatening operation.**

 **It was about one ‘O’ clock all my family members and friends were sitting in the waiting room of OT. I was standing opposite OT gate near recovery room. The doors of OT opened and it was Rekha’s stretcher which came first. She was to be operated first as her kidney was to be extracted and transplanted to Maneesh. Ward boys took her stretcher to recovery room which was just opposite to OT. I almost running went to recovery room and saw that Rekha was unconscious and wearing oxygen mask.**

 **Almost after one hour Maneesh’s stretcher came out of OT and was taken directly to kidney transplant wing. No one was allowed to see him. The only mean to see him was a transparent glass on the main door to peep into his room which was on the left side of main door. We heaved a sigh of relief as both were out of danger.**

 **In the evening Rekha was shifted to ward from recovery room but still in semi-conscious condition. My younger daughter Urvashi was to stay with her in the night. Rekha was trembling with pain but no pain killer medicine was to be given and she had to bear that shooting pain throughout the night. As only one attendant was allowed to stay at night, I left her trembling and came home.**

 **Next day early I the morning I rang up to my younger daughter who was with her mother. I enquired about Rekha and Urvashi narrated whole story how the night was spent. I asked my daughter to give phone to Rekha. I bid her good morning and my heart filled with gratitude towards sacrifice of a mother who staked her life to save her son. I said, “ Rekha thank you and I will be grateful to you throughout my life”. She said, “ Why are you making me shy. Maneesh is my son also”. My head bowed to feelings and depth of heart of a mother.**

 **I reached hospital by nine ‘O’ clock. Rekha was fully conscious. She immediately asked me, “ how is Maneesh ?” I told her that he is fine and out of danger. The doctor advised Rekha to move within ward. I gave her support of my shoulder and made her to walk within ward three to four times. She was fulfilled and thanking God. Her efforts and sacrifice were fruitful.**

 **Everyday, the transplant surgeon, Dr Sandeep Guleria used to come to kidney transplant wing to see all kidney transplant patients. I used to stood near main door of the wing and wait exit of Dr Guleria. He was the only mean to know about health and condition of Maneesh as nobody was allowed to enter in the transplant wing. Dr Guleria I would say is living God on this earth. A very polite, sincere and dedicated doctor towards his services. Everyday at least 7 to 8 persons used to stood near main gate of transplant wing and everybody used to asked about their patient. Dr Guleria very politely used to reply and tell condition of each patient to their family members.**

 **It was fourth day of transplant. Rekha and Maneesh both were fine and recuperating quickly. I was with Rekha and Dr Guleria came on visit in the ward and told me that your wife is OK now and will be discharged in the evening. Accordingly Rekha was discharged on the eve of fourth day and I brought her home. Maneesh was to stay under observation for 2 to 3 weeks in the transplant wing and various post kidney transplant tests were going on.**

 **When Rekha was discharged, she was only worried about Maneesh and asked me about his health and condition. I told her that your son is alright I am asking Dr Guleria everyday about his condition.**

 **After almost one week, Rekha was totally recovered and started her daily routine. Her friend Mrs Rama Sainger was with us to handle all household jobs. Rama is also a living goddess on this earth. I almost lost my appetite and Rama used to prepare small chappatis Dal and vegitables and press me to eat gradually. Within a week I picked up my usual diet and was feeling normal. The contribution and dedication of sister Rama to our family in sorrows and pains has been always remarkable and we will never forget up to our last breath.**

 **It was 14th day of transplant I received a call from Maneesh that he will be discharged today in the evening. I along with two friends of Maneesh went to hospital in the evening. After completion of discharge formalities we brought Maneesh on the ground floor near exist gate where his friend’s car was parking. He was looking somewhat weak but normal and his beard grown up as not shaved for weeks.**

 **All my family members were eagerly waiting at home for Maneesh’s arrival. By 6 p.m. we reached at our house. Rama, Rekha and my two daughters were there at the main gate of house. Rama prepared a pooja thali of lighted earthen lamp, tilak and other pooja material. As soon as Maneesh came out of car and reached on the main gate of house, Rama performed pooja ,put tilak on his forehead and after that he went to his isolated room which was set according to advice of doctor. Nobody was allowed to enter his room except Rama. She used to give him breakfast, lunch and dinner. Like this six months passed and Maneesh was totally recovered and started going to office with mask. Time is best healer. We forget all our miseries and our life was now normal. The life of Maneesh was saved by his sacrificing mother and with the grace of almighty. We only put our efforts but results were in the hands of God.**

 **We human beings are not satisfied and always ask for one thing or the other. One evening after dinner, I and Rekha were on evening walk. Rekha told me that now my only worry is who will look after Maneesh after our death. I think no girl will marry with him owing to his medical condition and risk factor. I told her that God is great he has given life to him and he will plan for his future. I just by chance told Rekha that your son will be married and will have two sons. She was amazed and prayed to God to come that day in our lives.**

 **Like this one and half year passed. I told some of my relatives to search for a suitable girl for Maneesh but all came with empty handed as no body was ready being a transplanted patient.**

 **One day it was holiday and I was at home. A telephone call came and one of my intimate told me that he along with some friends were coming to my house. I told them to come. After one hour Shri Piyare Lal Chouhan along with 5-6 persons and a lady entered in my house. I offered tea and snacks. I was not aware of purpose of their visit as Shri Chouhan and our other caste fellows used to come to me on holidays.**

 **After taking tea, Mr Chouhan started introducing all the visitors and told me that they have come with a proposal of Maneesh’s marriage. Among them oe Mr SK Gajmoti was having two daughters and came to see Maneesh for one of his daughters. I called Maneesh for introduction with them. I told Mr Gajmoti date of birth, service particulars and all relevant information of Maneesh. Mr Gajmoti was already aware of kidney transplant of Maneesh as he was told by Mr Chouhan. Maneesh by this time acquired very good health and charming personality and no one could judge that he is a kidney transplant patient. At first look Mr Gajmoti selected him. I again asked Mr Chouhan whether he has explained every thing about Maneesh’s health and kidney transplant condition to Mr Gajmoti? He told me that he has already briefed him and he has agreed to marriage proposal.**

 **Almost after one month I rang up Mr Gajmoti and asked to fix a get together of two families so that Maneesh and the proposed girl could meet and understood each other. After a week Mr Gajmoti came with hisa family in a nearby park and I with my wife and Maneesh reached there. I asked Maneesh t6o have a chat with the girls but he does not even saw the face of girl and told me that he want to go to home. After judging his mood I asked him to leave. Myself and my wife remained there and talked to them. I asked Mr Gajmoti to accompany us along with his family to my house and he agreed to. We reached there and they served tea etc.**

 **After finishing, I went to Maneesh’s room and asked him to have a look at girl. At first he looked some what irritated but agreed. The girl along with her mother was sitting in the drawing room. Maneesh came and had a look at girl. At first sight he liked the girl as she was beautiful in all respect. He then went to his room and told me, “ Papa I liked this girl but will agree to the marriage proposal only after explaining my health conditions to her. I don’t want to keep her in darkness”. I agreed. Maneesh called his fast friend as mediator in talks with the girl. His friend came and I asked girl to go to room where Maneesh and his friend were sitting. The girl went to their room and they started chating. Maneesh told each and every thing about his healthy conditions. She was impressed that Maneesh has not hide anything and agreed to the marriage proposal. Both families were happy and offered sweets to each other. The proposal was now finalized only date of marriage was to be fixed after consulting pandit.**

 **Next day I along with my wife went to a temple and asked Padit ji about Muhurat. After going through his patra ( a book pandit having) he told that 09 Nov 2009 is the best date in all respect. I intimated the date to Mr Gajmoti, the father of bride and asked him to start preparation accordingly.**

 **Ultimately that “SUBH DIN” came in our life. All my family members, relatives and friends were extremely happy. It was a very very special day for all. I was thanking God for his grace. Marriage and reception were celebrated in extremely joyful atmosphere and the couple (Maneesh and Neetu) was very happy.**

 **After one year they were blessed with a son named “ Kritarth” and after four years with a girl named “Samridhi”. Maneesh got everything in his life with the grace of God and blessings of my “Maharaji” ( my Guru Maharaji ). I would say there is no word “impossible” for God. He always showers blessings to his all creatures. Maneesh now is having a good service in Ministry of Defence and a government house in a very good locality in South Delhi. He is leading a meaningful life now. For me and my wife every coming days are full of happiness. We both now are above 6o years old and will die peacefully!!**

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 **“ The wearer knows where shoe pinches”.**

**PAYA SINGH**

 **It is an event of seventies. One of my caste/gotra girl Tara Devi was married to Shri Munshi Ram and were living in Delhi Chhatar Pur area.**

 **Munshi Ram and Tara Devi had two sons aged five and seven. Munshi Ram was having a small business and the family was living peacefully.**

**One day his both sons were playing in the courtyard. Tara was busy in kitchen and Munshi Ram was out in connection with his business.**

**When Tara finished kitchen job, she saw that her younger son was missing. She screamed and all neighbors gathered. They were trying to ask elder son where his younger brother has gone. But he was unable to reply. In the meantime police were also called and they also tried to extract some clue from elder son who was playing with him. But their efforts proved futile.**

**In the evening Munshi Ram came. On seeing his courtyard filled with neighboring ladies and gents, Munshi Ram thought of some accident with his family. Tara was weeping bitterly. Neighbors narrated the story to Munshi Ram about his missing son. Everybody was surprised how the boy went missing and who was behind this crime. Munshi Ram and Tara were just mad and were crying through out the night.**

**Morning came but there was total darkness in their house. How parents can have patience for their missing son? All efforts of police and neighbors proved futile.**

**Days were passing and every co0ming day was full of despair and they were drowned in the ocean of grief. I met Munshi Ram and Tara Devi several times and they always used to weep and narrate the story of their missing son. Both were going to various temples to seek blessings and praying for coming back of their lost son.**

**Time is the best healer. Three years passed. Munshi Ram and Tara Devi almost lost hope to re-unite with their son. Though memories were still printed on their heart. It is impossible for parents to forget sweet memories of their kids.**

**Sardar Jeevan Singh and his family was residing in Rewari (Haryana) ( Rewari is a district in Haryana) near railway station. One day Jeevan Singh and his wife Satwant Kaur were coming from market and saw a boy weeping bitterly on the railway tracks. It was luck or God that no train passed during that period and the boy was safe and sound. They immediately went to boy and Satwant Kaur took him in her lap. They brought him to their house. They tried their best to trace the parents of child for months together but could not succeeded. Ultimately they decided to brought up the boy and did not went to police. Jeevan Singh and Satwant Kaur were already having three sons and two daughters. The new arrival also added his fate and fortune to the family. Jeevan Singh and Satwant finally accepted parenthood of boy by heart and were treating him as their own son. He was well fed and dressed better than their own kids. Satwant was having very special affection with boy and name him Guru Ditta Singh alias “ Paya Singh” ( Paya means found). By this time Paya Singh also developed attachment and affection with the family members. When Satwant bring some eatables for family, Paya Singh was the first to get his sufficient share. Paya Singh being youngest was also affectionate to other five kids of Satwant.**

**Like this Paya Singh spent three years with the family. He was totally converted to Sikhism cult. Having long hair with knot of hair in the middle and a small fatta to cover it as done in case of Sikhs. He was was having Kada in his hand and was totally sardar boy.**

**One day one of my uncle named Chhuna Ram who was very intimate with Sardar Jeevan Singh went to his house and saw Paya Singh. He asked , “ Sardar ji who is this boy? You are having only three sons. Who is this fourth boy?”. Jeevan Singh narrated the whole story of boy to Shri Chhuna Ram. Chunna Ram was also aware of missing son of Munshi Ram who was still untraceable. The year when the boy went missing from Delhi and found by Sardar Jeevan Singh was exactly matching. Shri Chhuna Ram thought of a plan to have a trial identification by Munshi Ram and Tara Devi.**

**Next day he sent a message through some body to Munshi Ram. As soon as they received message they began to weep bitterly. Three years they spent in suspense and tension were again renewed. Whole night Munshi Ram and Tara Devi could not sleep and wait for sun to rise. Early in the morning they started for village Bikaner which was very near to Rewari and home town of Shri Chhuna Ram. In Bikaner Village so many people known to Munshi Ram were living and he expected full support from them.**

**As soon as they reached Bikaner, people known to them gathered and discussed the issue and ways how to approach Sardar Jeevan Singh. After discussion, a group of 8 to 10 people accompanied them to Rewari where Sardar Jeevan Singh was residing.**

**After reaching there, they all sat in a open compound. Other sardarji’s also gathered after seeing the people came from a nearby village. Sardar Jeevan Singh also joined them. Chunna Ram then started narrating how the son of Munshi Ram and Tara went missing three years ago. Munshi Ram and Tara also described some identification marks of the lost boy.**

**Sardar Jeevan Singh without any hesitation asked Munshi Ram and Tara to identify the boy he found on the tracks three years ago. Accordingly the boy was called to join the gathering. Guruditta Singh alias Paya Singh was wearing kurta and Payijamma and was having long hairs. He was totally changed and looked like a son of some sardarji. He was very healthy which shows that Jeevan Singh and Satwant Kaur gave proper attention and love to him.**

**As soon as Guruditta came, Tara at first sight recognized him and called him by his earlier name “ Pradeep”. The boy immediately responded to the voice and on seeing Tara clung to her. A fountain of tears started from the eyes of Tara and Munshi Ram. Gethering was now almost satisfied that Guruditta Singh was son of Tara and Munshi Ram.**

**Now it was the turn of Sardar Jeevan Singhand Satwant Kaur to say something. They both were also weeping bitterly. In their association of three years they developed parental love towards boy. It was their goodness and humanity that they agreed to return the child to his parents. Satwant Kaur with tears said “ how I will live without him. He is my fourth son. Though I have not delivered him but he is more affectionate to me than my own sons”.**

**Sardar Jeevan Singh consoled her and said that “ our association with Guruditta Singh was only for three years. I think we were his debtor of previous birth and we have cleared his debt”. Really it was a matter of great surprise that a boy living in Delhi came to Rewari ( Haryana) and found by them on railway tracks safe and sound. Looked after nicely by Sardar Jeevan Singh and Satwant Kaur now leaving them forever. It is said that God writes destiny of everybody. How many days, where and from whom one has to get bread and butter is already decided.**

**Ultimately Guruditta Singh alias Paya Singh was handed over to their parents by Sardar Jeevan Singh and Satwant Kaur with tears in their eyes. On the other hand Munshi Ram and Tara conveyed their gratitude with wet eyes for their exemplary humanity and goodness.**

**After touching feets of Sardar Jeevan Singh and Satwant Kaur they left for Delhi. The mystery how boy came to Rewari ( Haryana) from Delhi which was 90 kilometers is still unsolved.**

**REVENGE**

**This is story of a puppy which was killed by one of my relatives at my home town. The puppy was re-born as one of his sons named Aakash. After four years Aakash died in a road accident leaving whole family in a sorrow of ocean.**

**I went to my home town to spend my holidays. It was peak summer. As there was no facility of electricity in those days and people used to sit under trees in groups whole day and pass time in playing cards and chatting. Myself and some of my family members were sitting under a neem tree as it is very comfortable to sit in summer days. One of my near relative Ajeet was also sitting with us.**

**In summer season dogs feel very hot and search for a comfortable place to sit. Mostly search for place where soil is wet and dig pit and sit in it. A puppy was also sitting under the neem tree in a wet soil pit dug by its own paws. Because it was very hot puppy was breathing very fast almost whole tongue outside. Ajeet quietly stood up and went to his house which was few yards away. He came back with a stick hiding behind his back. After coming near to puppy he hit the stick on the puppy’s head. The attack was so tremendous that for a moments puppy was unconscious and bleeding from nose. I immediately stood up and brought a jug of water and poured on his head. It gained conscious but was not able to walk. It was totally paralyzed. Some brain system might had damaged. We all present there scolded Ajeet. Ajeet told us that he was fed up with this puppy as it use to dig pits in his courtyard oftenly. I was very much socked. The puppy was punished rather killed for a minor thing. After some time by pushing itself from its fore paws puppy hide itself under haze. I thought to take it to some veterinary hospital but being rural area there was no such hospital. For other persons present there it was a minor incident but it was printed on my mind.**

**After half an hour I went to a nearby village to meet some of my friend. Though I was talking to him but my mind still with the puppy. In the evening I came back and I asked my younger brother about puppy. He told me that it had died. I was drowned in sorrow and thinking again and again about the incident. I was furious to Ajeet for his brutal action.**

**Just after ten months Ajeet was blessed with a son. All family members were very happy. Ajeet celebrated by throwing a very nice party to his relatives and friends but was unaware of lines written by destiny. The boy was named Aaakash and was being brought up nicely.Ajeet and his wife were having some extreme attachment towards Aakash being their younger son. I always saw Aakash in a very nice dress whenever I happen to be in my home town.**

**Gradually the time was rolling on and Aakash stepped into fourth year. Whenever Ajeet used to go to his work, Aakash always accompany him few steps to say by-by. This was daily routine.**

**By this time Ajeet got a very nice job and was well to do.  He purchased a motor cycle and a car. Ajeet used to go to office by car or bike. Aakash always used to sit on bike or in the car and insisted to accompany him up to the end of street which was connected to a very busy highway. Ajeet’s wife Pushpa after getting Aakash into vehicle used to call Ajeet to go.  He used to take him up to the end of street and dropped there before joining the highway.  Aakash became habitual to this practice.**

**Ultimately the day  and time came when puppy now Aakash was to take revenge from Ajeet.  There is a proverb “ As you sow so shall you reap”. We have to face results of our karmas. We forget our karmas done in past but it never miss from diary of that almighty.  Our mind is a automatic camera loaded with the reel of karmas.  The exposure comes as we action.  It is a mirror in which picture comes in the position we stand.**

**The fateful morning came.  Ajeet after taking bath was putting his clothes and called Pushpa to bring breakfast.  Aakash was in the kitchen with his mother. He insisted that today he will give breakfast to his father. Pushpa was holding breakfast plates in both hands and leaned forward so that Aakash’s hands also reach to the plates and in this posture they reached in the drawing room.  Aakash told his father,” Papa enjoy breakfast. Today I have brought it for you”. Ajeet told him to sit besides him. This was the last sitting of a son and a father. Ajeet was busy in breakfast and Aakash quietly left and sit in the car on the front seat. As soon as Ajeet finished his breakfast, he came to the main gate, opened his car’s rear window and put his office bag. As he was approaching towards main road (highway), he was totally blind and could not see that Aakash is sitting just besides him because something unsual was to be happened. When death comes it makes a man blind. However Pushpa knew that Aakash is in the car and as usual assumed that Ajeet will drop him at the end of street before taking to main road/ highway. But today that did not happen.  Pushpa was standing at the main gate of her house and waiting for Aakash to return.**

**Ajeet’s car was now on the main road and surprisingly he noticed that Aakash is sitting on the front seat. He told him to go back home and immediately opened driver side window and was coming towards left to open window where Aakash was sitting.  While he was in the half way, Aakash opened window himself and got down.  He ran from back side of car towards his house.  As soon as he reached in the middle of the road to cross towards his house, Ajeet was just three feet away from him. A car with a very high speed hit Aakash on the head. He fell down on the road. There was a heavy bleeding and his skull was totally smashed. Ajeet like a mad person was witnessing this incident. Crying Pushpa ran towards highway but Aakash was dead.  Booth wife and husband were crying.  Neighbors and passerby gathered.  Aakash body was lifted and taken to some nearby hospital but was declared brought dead.**

**In the evening I received a telephonic call from my brother about the tragic death of Aakash.  I don’t know, suddenly a voice came from inside “ Puppy has taken his revenge”.  In this world we have to face our karmas.  For parents most miserable and whole life pinching is untimely death of their child.  They can’t forget till their last breath because memories of a kid are printed on their heart.**

**PREORDINATION**

**Do you believe in previous birth and karmas? If not then I think you are mistaken. The incident which I am narrating is real and will compel you to believe in previous birth and karmas.**

**It is an incident of 2007 when my younger son was admitted in All India Medical Sciences Delhi and undergone kidney transplant. From ward in which he was admitted, I brought him on wheel chair to ultrasound room located at ground floor of this hospital. He was took inside for ultrasound and I was waiting outside. Some benches were there for patients and their relatives to sit and wait for their turn.  I also sit there and waiting for my son to come out.**

**Incidentally I saw a young lady sitting besides me and having an infant in her lap. She was giving some water by bottle every two or three minutes to that infant. If sometime she forgot, the infant was reminding her by opening and closing his mouth. Due to heavy medication heat his mouth was totally dry and require some water frequently. I was observing all activities very minutely and understood that the infant is very critical.**

**With distressed heart I asked lady from what disease the child is suffering from? The lady with tears in her eyes narrated the story of her miseries.**

**She told me that uncle ji I have come from Bhiwani ( a district in Haryana).  I was married to a junior engineer three years ago.  My husband is very honest person.  Though he is a civil engineer and can make a lot of money offered by contractors but he does not accept even a single penny.**

**He is very religious person also. Since our marriage his behavior towards me has been very nice. My in-laws and other family members are also good.  Overall I was leading a good life.**

**Six months ago, I delivered this boy (she pointed out towards the infant in her lap) in Rohtak Medical Hospital in Haryana.  The day he born, I am in the ocean of grief. I remember when he was born, I thought I am very lucky lady and thanked God for blessing me with a  son. But that was just for a few minutes.  The doctors in labor room noticed that he was not having rectum.  Next day he was operated for the same. During the scanning of his lower abdomen, he was diagnosed that his kidneys and liver are not functioning properly. So he is having multiple organ failure.**

**She continued that I was in Rohtak Medical hospital for a month and the doctors tried their best to treat him but could not succeeded. Ultimately they referred to All India Medical Sciences Delhi.  I am here since last five months. He has undergone a number of operations but all proved futile. Now he is six months old and I have not seen face of my house.  Every coming days are full of sorrows for me.  Sometimes I curse and say to God that what crime this child and I have done.  Why we are suffering? What karmas this baby has done? Is this is your justice? Why you have sent him to this world which is nothing but a ocean of sufferings for him?**

**The young lady told me that weekly her husband and father-in-law are coming to see them.  They are with us for few hours to show their sympathy and go but being mother I will be with him up to my last breath. Sometime on seeing his sufferings, I pray God to take him back so that our miseries are over. But being mother I am always hopeful of some miracle to happen and my son is fine, I know that is not going to happen but as far as he is breathing I am hopeful that God may bless him life and end our sufferings and pains. After completing, she started weeping bitterly.**

**I consoled her and after few minutes she was called in for ultrasound of infant. My son came out of ultrasound room and I took him to his ward.**

**For days together the faces of that lady and child were printed on my mind. I was repeatedly thinking about the condition of child. The question which again and again coming to my mind was what karmas that child has done? Why he was suffering so much? He was just six months old.  He can’t speak, can’t act, can’t walk, can’t eat or drink except milk or water so what karmas he has done after coming to this world.  Why he is so much suffering? Then context of Mahabhartha came to my mind.  When Bheesham Peeta was lying on the bed of arrows, one evening shri Krishna came to see him.  Bheesham Peeta asked him, “ Madhu Sudhan why he was suffering so much? What bad karmas he has done? He remember his more than hundred births and he knows that he had not done any bad karmas.  Then why he was suffering”? Then Lord Krishna told him  “ Peeta Maha you have to go back beyond your hundred births.  I know your every birth but you are not aware of.  In your one birth beyond hundred births you remember, you were king and going for hunting. You were on your “ Rath” and in your way a snake came  and was run over.  By your arrow you picked it up and put on a bush full of thorns.  That is why you are lying on the arrows bed and suffering”.**

**Now I think it is very convincing to believe in “Preordination”  (Destiny).  We all are coming to this world with some of our destiny.  For example : a child is born on footpath having no roof on his head, no medical facilities, no doctors to look after him. On the other hand, a child is born in a super speciality hospital having a number of nurses and doctors to look after him.  Why this difference? Who makes this difference? Certainly not God its our “ Preordination”. These are my personal views and I don’t expect that one should agree with me. But something is there which is beyond our imagination.**

**UNGRATEFUL SON**

**Sardar Pratap Singh came to Delhi in early sixties as he got a job of junior engineer in CPWD. He being from a land lord family background from Punjab, acquired a house in posh colony Hauz Khaas. It was a double storey house built up on a 200 square yard plot. He got married and blessed with a son. His wife Manpreet Kaur was a very religious lady. Going gurudwara and reading guru granth shahib was her daily routine. Son Madeep Singh was brought up with high endearment and got education in high profile school and college. Mandeep completed his CA and got job in a reputed public undertaking. He was married to Sarabjeet Kaur, daughter of a wealthy businessman of Delhi. He was blessed with a son. Being from a high profile family Sarabjeet was a proudy and obstinate lady. From the very beginning Sarabjeet’s behaviour towards her in-laws was not good but Pratap Singh and Manpreet being religious and cooperative ignored every thing.**

**In the evening when both Pratap Singh and Mandeep come from office, all family members used to sit in the drawing room and had a tea and chit chat. All also used to had dinner together. Like this family was enjoying their good time.**

**Pratap Singh and Manpreet were now above fifties. Pratap Singh used to go to morning walk along with his two neighbors, Mr KL Chawla and Mr NR Bhalla. It was a good company of trio and they always share their family and personal problems with each other. Pratap Singh some times used to narrate the rude behavior of his daughter-in-law to his neighbors. They always pacify him and advised to bear with the circumstances. Being only son, Pratap Singh compromised with the situation.**

**After three years, Pratap Singh retired from service as Executive Engineer and got a very handsome amount on his retirement. He was also sanctioned a monthly pension by Government. The amount of pension was sufficient to meet all domestic expenditure for whole month. After retirement, Pratap Singh and Manpreet daily used to go to gurudawara bangla shahib to perform seva and come in the evening. This was their unbreakable routine.**

**Unfortunately after few months Manpreet developed gall bladder cancer. Pratap Singh got her treated by best doctors of the city but could not survive. It was a terrifying blow to Pratap Singh. For months**

**Together he remained in the ocean of grief but after repeated counseling by his neighbors he gradually picked up his daily routine. Morning walk with his two neighbor friends was his daily practice. While walking trio always used to share their sufferings and family problems.**

**Few months after death of Manpreet were normal. All family members used to take breakfast and dinner together. If sometime Pratap Singh was late, his son and daughter-in-law used to wait for him. But one day this routine was broken by Sarabjeet Kaur. She sent dinner to Pratap Singh at his room instead of calling him for dinner. He does not felt it and though it a single night practice. But from next day, breakfast, lunch and dinner were served to him at his room. He felt it very much because the practice which was continued for years together was now broken by Sarabjeet. He narrated this to his friend KL Chawla and NR Bhalla during morning walk. They advised him to bear with the situation.**

**Pratap Singh after few days changed his routine. He used to get up early in the morning and after taking bath was going to gurudawara to perform various seva till evening and come to house at eight p.m. He was not even asked for dinner. The behaviour of son and daughter-in-law was totally changed and he was treated badly.**

**One day his son came to his room and told him, “ Papa ji some Sarabjeet relatives are coming from Punjab for some days it would be better if you temporarily shift to barsaati ( a small room built on top floor for dumping unusable house hold things) for few days. His all belongings were shifted to barsaati. Pratap Singh aftert shifting there kept weeping for whole night. A senior officials who enjoyed a high profile life and earned a lot was now encaged in barsaati.**

**Sarabjeet relatives came and lived for a week. They were treated like VIPs and enjoyed their stay. None of them even had a word with Pratap Singh. He was totally ignored and disrespected. Even after Sarabjeet relatives left, he was not allowed to shift to his room and now barsaati was his permanent room to live.**

**Since he was not going to morning walk for many days, one day in the morning his friends KL Chawla and NR Bhalla came to his house to ask about his health. They insisted him for morning walk. The trio went for walk and Pratap Singh sobbing narrated whole story to them. They consoled him. He told them that now he will not spare his son and daughter-in-law. It was unbearable humiliation to him. He told his neighbors that he will sell his kothi to teach them a lesson. His neighbors advised him not to proceed like this but he made up his mind and was firm to his decision.**

**From next day Pratap Singh started the process to sell the house. He went to property dealers in the vicinity. The house was in the prime locality so it attracted many customers and property dealers. After few rounds, the deal was finalized at five crores.Pratap Singh got token money amounting to rupees 50 lakhs and to vacate house in one month. He told about deal to his neighbors who were shocked.**

**One evening Pratap Singh returned from gurudawara and sit in the drawing room instead of going to his room ( barsaati). He called Mandeep Singh and Sarabjeet. They both came and Pratap Singh told them that he has sold kothi for five crores and got fifty lakhs as token amount. We have to vacate within one month. So you please arrange for some house. It would be better if you shift as early as possible. Any resistance from your side will be futile and property dealer will throw your belongings out it will be disgracing and insulting for you.**

**After hearing these words, Mandeep and Sarabjeet fell on his feet and wept bitterly. He told them it is too late and nothing can be done now. The deal has been finalized. This was my property and I sell it off. Mandeep and Sarabjeet never dreamed of such an act from Pratap Singh and kept on weeping and begging to forgive them. But he told them that now it is out of his hands. Mandeep and Sarabjeet repeatedly begged but was futile.**

**On 27th day Pratap Singh got rest of payment. By this time Mandeep got a two rooms house on rent in a middle class colony. He was to shift next day. Pratap Singh called Mandeep and told him, “ you don’t deserve a single penny and handed over a FD of two crores which was in the name of his grand son”. It is a proverb that “ Interest is more sweet than principle”. Pratap Singh donated two crores to Gurudawara Bangla Shahib and one crore deposited in his account for rest of his life. So this way the “ Kalyugi Son” taught a lesson.**

**( This story was narrated to me by a person when my wife unwent gall bladder operation in Mool Chand Hospital, New Delhi in 1997).**