



This podcast gives you a true demonstration of humility. Of how one of the greatest spiritualists on this planet dealt with his own superior status. And how he dealt with those who probably never reached beyond his ankles.

Simple Living. High Thinking.

Let me ask you a question: If a person is worshipped by lakhs of people who bow before him in reverence, how easy is it for that person to be humble?

People in positions of power of any kind are generally unable to surmount arrogance and egotism. So, how did Gurudev achieve this?

Let's listen to a few sound-bites of people who knew him to understand how a Goliath could behave like a lilliputian.

Let's talk to a senior from office who surrendered to the mahaguru in body, mind and spirit. Let's talk to Shankamarayan ji whom Gurudev affectionately called "Doctor".

Q: Question that comes to my mind, Dr. Shankar Narayan, you were senior to Guruji in your office, you met him he used to be dressed in simple clothes and yet you were overwhelmed by him, I cannot understand this?

Dr Shankamarayan ji: You do not understand and that is the beauty of it. The beauty is that Guruji was simple to such an extent that I was overwhelmed by that.

We hand the mic to Suresh Prabhu. He's known as an admirable politician both in India and abroad. What very few know about him is his inclination towards spirituality and philanthropy.

Suresh Prabhu ji: He didn't even crave attention. He didn't even want to know. He was somebody who never behaved like other spiritual so-called Godmen behave. He was just very casual, very relaxed and very inconspicuous. He did not even show that he was something that people should look at. Of course, there are all kinds of Gurus and you have to be extremely lucky to find a Guru like Guruji who never ever claimed that he is a

Guru and he never even showed his power to anybody. And he used to always use one of his disciples to use that power. So, I think that every person should pray that he should get a guru like Guruji.

Though an eminent political personality, Suresh Prabhu learnt the art of humility from Gurudev. I was witness on umpteen occasions to Gurudev telling Suresh that he would become a well-respected public figure one day. At the time, none of it was easy to believe and yet it happened with a bonus.

Nitin Gadekar from Mumbai highlights the mahaguru's humaneness.

Q: What is it about him that comes to your mind as something very different to other spiritual people?

Nitin ji: So many things, like first he went every day to office. Most spiritual people in our country, I'm not condemning them, they sit in *ashrams*. He did not have an *ashram*. He sat in his house. Most people put up a huge drama. They dress up in orange, saffron clothing. He never did that he never wore a *maala*. If he stood beside you then he would be smoking cigarettes in front of the whole world. And, actually, he was pretending not to be Guru more than anything else.

Q: So, besides his physical disposition of not being a typical spiritualist who showed himself to be a spiritualist, what were his other humane qualities that you had noticed?

Nitin ji: Yes. His humane quality was that once you sat in the room everybody sitting in that room felt that he was addressing that person. He never made people feel because if he was talking to you or talking to him, he never made me feel that I'm an outsider sitting there unwanted. Never. There was this feeling among everybody, because I had that feeling because when he was never addressing me, I never felt that I am an outsider. There was so much compassion in whatever he was doing with anybody. You felt that compassion and you never felt like a stranger or an outsider or you are not one of the insiders. He made you feel like an insider once you are inside his room. Whether I was or no, I don't know, but there was this great compassion. I have not felt this compassion with anybody in my life.

Pratap Singh was Gurudev's immediate superior at the office. He was an agnostic Sikh who did not believe in religion but kept up pretences. He was both a boss and a fan of Gurudev's simplicity.

Pratap ji: He was a thorough gentleman. Nobody could tell that he had these powers. He was a simple man, very, very simple man. He was God fearing. He was very nice. If anyone

would say to him that their daughter is getting married or so then he would ask his disciples to help that man by sending him sofa, TV, cupboard etc. He was very helpful.

Pratap Singh ji certifies Gurudev's simplicity. He remembers how when Class 4 employees would approach Gurudev when their daughters were getting married, he would ask his disciples to send gifts for the newlywed couple. He was always helpful to everybody.

FC Sharma ji peeps into the bioscope to highlight Gurudev's humility and sense of protocol.

FC Sharma ji: Whenever Guruji used to enter his senior's office, then there he would stand at the gate and he would seek permission to enter by saying 'May I come in sir'. Even after entering their office, he would keep addressing them as 'Sir' only. Whereas they used to bow down and take blessings from him but Guruji would be in his own form. He would say, "No, this is office. Why do you bow down to me here? Let the office remain a place of work. I don't care if you bow down and take my blessings or not."

Anand Parashar was Gurudev's junior team member who accompanied him to several camps. Like most team members, he became Gurudev's follower and eventually the acquaintanceship expanded from camp to *sthan*.

Anand ji: I'll tell you one story about this. Guruji got to know that Anand Prakash doesn't eat brinjal. I had stopped eating because once I had discovered an insect in the brinjal dish. As luck would have it, he found out about it. I still remember the tour was in Kashmir. He had asked Mohan who was with us at the camp to go and get fresh brinjals from the market. He put the frying pan on the stove and made brinjal *pakor*s himself and then called me in for tasting. He asked me to check if the salt was fine. I didn't know what to say. I was speechless. He made me eat the brinjal which I had stopped eating earlier, putting an end to my habit of not eating brinjals. So, I mean to say that his methods were unique.

The learning from this story is not the brinjals but the act of cooking for a junior at the cost of personal time. Gurudev would cook for his disciples, his teammates and his children whenever they visited his camps. I wonder if anybody bothered to inform him that he was a Mahaguru and probably the most powerful man on the planet.

Alka, his youngest daughter, digs a story out of her memory.

Alka ji: At home, Guruji never asked for lavish food to be served. Daddy would eat whatever was cooked at home. There are incidences where Indu *didi* would tell us that Guruji would eat only after everyone else were eaten. Once, when we had gone out of

town, maybe to Haryana, the food that was cooked had got over. Only a little was left at night. Gurudev said, "Daughter, you can serve the food." So Indu *didid* told him that she will cook more as the food had got over and only a little is left. Guruji said to her "No, give me whatever remains." So, he would eat one chapatti with some potatoes placed on it and would then eat the remaining *chapatti* with the *masala* left in the frying pan.

There is an old saying, "*Ram se badh ke, Ram ka naam*" or the image is greater than the man. Here was the man who reversed this to - "*Ram ke naam se badh kar, Ram ka kaam*". Unlike other human beings in positions of significance, he did not live by the image people projected of him.

Not less than naughty but scoring high on loyalty was Giri Lalwani who spent a lot of time with Gurudev in his early 20s.

Giri Lalwani ji: He was very neat and clean, immaculate, yet he was very simple, he never bothered about anything. He used to love sitting at the farmhouse, doing cultivation and lot of things at the farm. You know how it is tough, there is dirt and cow dung and everything. There was no need for him to do all these things, but yet he kept doing that. Had I been in his place, I wouldn't have done this. I have never seen such simplicity in anybody else. Once I had gone along with him to his office and there he never liked anyone - his colleagues and all - touching his feet. One day, he and I were passing an alley in his office, two persons came and patted his back and commented, "You have become such a big guru. You consider yourself to be a great guru. Would you do our work or not?" I was very offended when they behaved like this with my Guru but Gurudev ji gestured that I must remain calm. Next day, again, he took me to the office, and those two colleagues came and said that you really are a Guru, our work is done. I don't know what work they wanted it to be done but the work was done.

Q: Overnight?

Giri Lalwani ji: Overnight. He used to do everything in such a way, in a simple way. I have seen his office that he shared with so many people. He did not have a separate office. He used to sit on a wooden chair and a wooden table, like it is in government offices.

Q: So, he had no hang ups?

Giri Lalwani ji: No hang-ups at all. He used to drive a Fiat car. Initially, he used to travel on a cycle, and then he bought a scooter and he used to travel on his scooter to his office from home and then, after that, he bought a car. Though his disciples could afford to give him a Rolls Royce or a Mercedes or any car, but Guru ji never accepted anything. He lived

in a small simple house, never had a hi-fi, big *kothi* or a bungalow, just an old sector in Gurgaon, where he lived his whole life.

Gurudev proved that an efficient car did not need a fancy garage! For a person who was a trillionaire at the level of the *jivaatma*, the causal body, and the spirit body, he did not desire physical luxury or materialistic success.

Giri Lalwani continues.

Giri Lalwani ji: I was sitting with Gurudev in his bedroom. He asked me “*Beta*, is any car parked outside?” I went outside to check but there was no car. I came and informed him that there is no car outside. He came out from his house and saw a scooter. He took the keys from inside and said, “Come son, we will go on the scooter.” It was an amazing thing. What simplicity. He could have called his disciples in Gurgaon who were just 1 km or half a kilometre away from his home, they could have got so many cars but yet he didn’t do that and we both went on the scooter.

Being a manifestation of Shiv, he was already a King of Kings whether he was behind the wheel of a Fiat or driving a Chetak to work. The wealthy and powerful waited for hours to spend less than a minute in his presence. It was Gurudev’s realizations that catapulted him far beyond the desire for glory or need for attention.

A man who grew up in his presence after being cured of a dangerous disease was Bittu.

Q. What do you think about his life—as a normal human, not as your guru?

Bittu ji: As an ordinary human, he was the best human being.

Q. Was he a serious man, who spoke very carefully, or did he have a different nature?

Bittu ji: No, he wasn’t serious at all. For example, during our childhood, he behaved like a kid with us. He never impressed upon us that he was a big guru, or that he had so many followers. He spoke to every person befitting the stature of that other person. He was a jolly man.

(Jolly meaning?)

Bittu ji: Jolly meaning he used to stay happy all the time.

Q. Can a person who listens to others’ problems all the time remain happy?

Bittu ji: He is a guru. You and I cannot remain happy, but he is a guru. A normal person cannot remain happy, because his problems are never ending. But a guru collects the sorrows of others.

One of the stories in the journal of his life can be titled “Car pe Car”. And Giri ji explains it at full throttle.

Giri Lalwani ji: I was staying at Gurgaon at his place in Sector 7. Somebody from France, who was a Hindu Punjabi, a tall and handsome guy, had a BMW car at that time. I didn't even know that BMW car existed in this world. He bought that car which I had seen for the first time in my life. He came and asked me, “Where is Guruji?” I told him that he was seated inside. He went inside the room and even I was present there. He did *pranaam* to Gurudev ji and said, “Guruji, I have bought a car for you.” Gurudev replied “Wow Son, very nice” in his usual style. Then he said, “Please show me where is it.” So, the three of us came outside to see the car. It was a beautiful car. Gurudev said to him, “Beta, I'll sit in your car soon.” Guruji made him stay at Gurgaon for 2 days. After 2 days, Guruji said to him, “Son, take me for a ride in this car.” So, we all went for a ride around the sthan and on our return, Gurudev took us inside. Gurudev asked that boy, “Son, this car is mine, right?” He replied “Yes, Guruji, it is yours. I have bought it for you.” Guruji said “You have given it to me, right? So, if I give to a third person then is it ok? Even if I give it to Giri?” The boy replied, “Yes Guruji, it is your car. You can do whatever you want with it.” Guruji then asked him, “Son, what is our relationship?” He replied “Guruji, I'm your son.” Guruji said “So that means I'm a father to you?” He replied “Yes. You are my father.” Guruji then held his hand and kept the key of the car in his hand and said, “Son, this is a gift from a father to his son. Keep it with you.” The boy refused to take it. Guruji said to him “Son, you can't refuse a gift from a father. I'm your father and your Guru to. And you never say no to your Guru.”

For Bill Gates, the gift of a Mont Blanc pen is nothing more than receiving a plastic or a metallic tube with a nib. Right?

Having grown up in a simple village, his life could easily be described as rustic. He was comfortable sleeping on a poor man's bed or a *charpoy* at the farm. He would not think twice about dirtying his clothes while milking a cow or harvesting vegetables. Half of his camps had him staying in tents or in spartan government accommodation. Four walls, a roof and a floor were enough to form his palace.

On a visit to Srinagar in Uttarakhand, we stayed with him at his camp which consisted of exactly 2 rooms, a kitchen, a tent and loos next to the stream that you had to go down the hill to use. For an urbanite like me, it was quite an adventure. For him, half his life was adventure tourism.

Instead of CRV's, there were open-air jeeps colloquially speaking. Instead of air suspensions, they had suspensions in the air...you could not feel them. On the bright

side, the lack of suspension led to a shake up in the stomach leading to instant digestion.

Amidst embarrassment, Raji Sharma shares a personal tale.

Raji Sharma ji: On one instance, way back in 1976, I just started my garment business and also had the opportunity to be with Guruji from 1975. I would make all possible efforts to spend maximum time with Guruji. Getting in to the car, telling the office people that I'm going out for work in a particular direction so they could tell me if there are any errands to be run during my visit in that area. I had to go to an embroidery person and in the boot of the car there was a huge sack of garments in it. In the earlier days, the seva was done at people's houses where Guruji would visit. After a few hours of going to one place from the other Guruji asked me "Is there any work that you had to do?" I said "Yes. I had to go the embroidery person and give this sack full of garments for embroidery." He said "Its ok, Let's do that." I drove to the place and asked Guruji that I'll be back in a few minutes. Went inside the embroidery guy's place and asked him to help me to lift the bag out of the boot of the car. Unfortunately, the help was maybe five or ten minutes away. So, I decided to come to the car and give the bag out of the car myself as I dint want Guruji to be waiting. It was rather large bag and I was having difficulty in wrenching it out of the boot. Suddenly I find that this bag has become very light and I am being able to pull it out with great ease. The moment I turned, and lo and behold, I see Guruji holding the bag and assisting me in getting it out. I was completely stunned and despite my several requests he would not listen and insisted that he would carry the bag along with me inside the embroidery person's office. His comments "My Son, if you can do it then why can't I do it with you."

A baby in the mahaguru's arms, Bindu Lalwani, remembers incidents which are firmly rooted in her mind.

Q: You came in contact with Gurudev at eight years of age...

Bindu ji: I had met him outside of his office in Connaught Place. He came downstairs and met him outside the gate. My parents told me to seek his blessings which I haven't done ever. I did so, but felt nothing. I am sure that it was so impactful that I still clearly remember those two minutes with him. He came across as a simple man, who conversed very easily, there was a flow when he spoke, there was no -- how do you phrase this? - there was no drama -- no power or authority exercise, he was like a *Dadu*, he was like a grandfather and a friendly one, who you can actually talk to. A grandfather who you were closer to than your own parents. There were no secrets from him, he always knew everything.

Here is a scene I would decline to be a lead protagonist in. Giri Lalwani recalls.

Giri ji: This incident happened at Guruji's farmhouse. It was winter and we had come directly from Gurudev's office to his farmhouse. He enjoyed sitting under the winter sun. Gurudev was sitting on a jute/coir cot and I was sitting down pressing his legs and feet. Suddenly, after 5 or 7 minutes, a cow came near Gurudev's cot. While standing just a few meters away, the cow started urinating. A few drops of its urine fell on Gurudev's face and body. So, I said, "Guruji please get up from here and we will go and sit at a distance." Guruji smiled and replied, "Son, even she is my child. She has the right to urinate on her parents. A child has that right."

By treating all life forms at par, he lived a life as preached in the scriptures. He could see through the layers that encase the *aatma* and give it different life-forms. This did not qualify as simple thinking. It showcased his advanced mind.

Nuevo spiritualists of the western world may have even qualified him as an alien! Today, I qualify most human beings as aliens because I can't understand what they think, why they think, and how they live in delusion.

Empathy makes me realise that it is the overriding ignorance and lack of realisation that makes people move in circles, chasing their own tails, whilst this alien simply walked in a straight line.

Pehelwan ji, a one-time wrestler, had earned quite a reputation in Delhi and Gurgaon. After meeting Gurudev, the new found alliance with the mahaguru led to a complete change in personality. The lion became a cow who went on to become one of Gurudev's most loyal devotees.

Pehelwan ji managed Gurudev's farm and cowshed for over 3 decades. Gurudev regularly spent time with him and a few others at the farm. Let's hear from him.

Pehelwan ji: Once when we were at the farm, it was very sunny. There was man who had come to meet Guruji. He was asking for help. Guruji told him to come after Shivratri. That man said, "By that time I will be broke. I will be destroyed." Guruji said, "I'm not here till Shivratri." He had called me, so I went to a camp at Rahman Kheda in Sultanapur Road. That night, we stayed there. We were sitting and chit chatting and Srivastav ji asked Guruji, "Guruji, did you help that man?" Guruji said, "Yes, I have done his word." He said, "Is that man aware of this?" Guruji said "No." Guruji never made people whom he had helped realize he had done their work.

While it is not easy to understand the sentence- "I cannot help you now as I'm not even here," what he meant was the Shiv aspect in him was dormant during the period between

Diwali and Shivratri. It was this aspect of him that proclaimed, “As I’m not here, I will help you after Shivratri.”

When most visitors met Gurudev on *Bada Guruvaar*, it was hardly for a few seconds as he glided from one person to the next, giving them his blessings. Many wondered how would he cure them when he didn’t even know what ailed them? Naturally, the lack of communication led to many second guessing his powers. And yet, 60 to 80% or more would get either partial or full relief within a few days. Others were called to the *sthan* repeatedly before he gave them relief.

Those who came to test him did not find relief. Nor did the over arrogant.

Those who were his disciples of the past and future got miraculous results and were floored instantly. He knew that there was no time to waste, so recruitment was quick, the training short, and the responsibility huge.

One such recruit, Puran ji, adds to my opinion.

Q: So, what is it that drew you to him?

Puran ji: His simplicity, his attire, no show off nothing of that sort.

Q: What made you think that there is something spiritual about a man whose attire you found simple? There are millions of simple people with simple attire.

Puran ji: Not like him

Q: What is that ‘not like him’ mean?

Puran ji: Not like him. Simplicity in the sense that he never showed off what he is. He never would say that I’m such a great personality or never boasted. He would just say that I’m your lawyer and I justify you in front of the god. So, you just pray that I win for you. That’s all. That’s what he said.

Gurudev was *devoted to devotion*, if we may create a cliché for the future. He recognised subtle feelings and the intensity of devotion.

At the camp at Bathri, I saw a very unique looking white flower growing on a bush and decided to offer it to him. However, it needed some rock-climbing to pick. After nervously doing so, I placed the flower at Gurudev’s feet while he was on *paath* and then quietly left the room as I did not want to make a huge show of it. A couple of hours later he asked for me. When I entered his room, he was holding the flower and smelling it. He remarked, “It’s a lovely flower.” He knew that I knew that he knew, so there was nothing more to say.

A similar incident took place with Pradhan ji and is narrated by Bittu ji.

Bittu ji: Pradhan ji used to stay in the interiors of Himachal. When he retired from military service, he came across Guruji and started following him. Guruji used to like eating *makke ki roti* (corn bread). And in Himachal, people have a system called *Graath* where they grind the corn with water to make the flour. He would get this for Guruji. This was in the year 1979 -80. In those days, there were no means of transport, so he would come all the way till the sthan walking to meet Guruji. And the best part was he would be barefeet. He would carry the flour bag on his shoulders or on his head and would walk 15 to 20 kms till the bus stop. He would catch the bus from his village and reach Kangra; his village was near to Palampur. From Kangra, he would change a bus for Chandigarh. From there, he would travel to Delhi and from Delhi to Gurgaon. He never used to keep the bag of flour down. He would even carry it on his head if he is standing or would place it on his lap if he was sitting because he was getting it for Guruji. Once, Guruji gave him Rs.100 and said “Son, this is not payment for the flour that you have got for me as that is priceless. I can’t put a price on it, and I shall be in your debt. I’m giving this Rs. 100 as *barkat*. This flour is a loan on me.”

Gurudev had to live with the awareness that he was under constant scrutiny from both himself and the other powers that be. He could not be seen as weak, emotional, attached or driven by passion. It was imperative for him to be perceived as one who had perfected the art of roleplay. I guess he was conscious of the tests that would come his way and he played to win. This often made him behave and act in unexpected ways.

The next episode proves my point. Let’s go Giri!

Giri ji: Once I was staying at Gurgaon. At around 3 in the morning, Guruji came in the room, wearing a lungi and shirt, and woke me. He said, “Giriya, go and bathe. We will leave after.” So, he took me to Sonipat. At that time, Guruji’s daughters, his nephew and his nephew’s wife had met with an accident. Mataji and both his daughters were at Santlal ji’s place. We went to his place and saw that the elder daughter, Renu’s, ribs were broken and younger daughter, Ila’s, shoulder had broken. Guruji said to them “You are daughters of a Guru. Why are you all scared and crying? Everything will be ok” Santlal ji said to Guruji “Guruji, please be seated. I’ll get you all some tea.” Guruji declined the request. Mataji was in tears. Seeing her, Guruji said, “Master, don’t worry, they will be alright.” After that, we came out and he told me to sit in the car and drive. He took me to some place which was a small and congested place with chawls like we see in Mumbai. He took me to someone’s house. It was a home of Ram Niwas who was a mason and used to do seva at the sthan. He had taken me to his place. It was a small room of about 200 sq. ft. Everything was within this space, like the kitchen, washroom, bedroom, drawing room. They were lower middle-class people. Guruji entered their home and sat on a wooden chair. He didn’t see how dirty it was or how dilapidated its condition was.

You know, he enjoyed himself so much there, he didn't even enjoy that much at Santlal ji's place. They asked him if he would like to have tea. Guruji refused and asked them to get the tea powder and sugar. When they bought it, Guruji gave me tea powder and sugar in my hand and asked me to eat it. I did as asked. Even Guruji did the same. Then, Guruji asked for half a glass of water and we both drank the water. Guruji said "So we've had tea now. May we take your leave?" We all laughed when he said this.

Turning another page...

He knew that for people to access his omnipresence, they would need to use his current life image as a doorway. They would need his photograph to communicate with him, to worship him and feel connected to him. Being victims of world appearances, they would identify with his physical self and not his being. Yet his own philosophy was low-key. He was awkward about being treated like a demi-god and shown too much of attention or importance.

Let's return to FC Sharma ji.

Q: I like each and everything about Gurudev but there was one thing which I liked was that he was publicity shy. He never believed in publicity. Did Gurudev ever explain why he was publicity shy? Can you explain why with a few examples?

FC Sharma ji: Publicity or photos -- whenever anyone clicked a picture -- he would never let us click his photograph. If anyone did be it through a Cannon camera, the picture was always blank. He would always challenge us and say, "Click me."

Gurudev believed that publicity will take you way up and then eventually bring you down. You know very well since you are from that line. And every mistake will be magnified and publicized. People who consider someone their God but this person will have a fall from grace for not fault of his. The fault lies with the people who come for their selfish reasons to get their work done. That is why he never wanted publicity. Sometimes, we would tell him, 'Gurudev very few people came today.' He would respond, "So what? Do you want me to call everyone?" This is not my work. Those who have to come to me will do so of their own accord.

I am reminded of the time when Gurudev forced me to start a *sthan* at my apartment in Mumbai. I felt awkward about it as I was quite comfortable doing *seva* at the main *sthan* run by Veer ji. But he insisted, and since I knew how to follow orders, I did. I made sure that I did not inform anyone about the launch of the new *sthan* and performed a do-it-yourself *sthapna*. I was the only one present as I was the only one who knew.

But the scent of the roses cannot be contained in the vase! Before I knew it, two families arrived at the *sthan* out of nowhere. When they could not find me at Veer ji's *sthan*, they visited all the places where they suspected I might be. And there it was – a new *sthan* had opened its doors to the first of many who would find help and healing there! Word spread and before we knew it, we were houseful for almost 12 hours a day.

In time, when Veer ji passed on, both the *sthans* were merged into one at our location. I guess the mahaguru had foreseen this!

Gurudev believed that staying low key was the ONLY way to keep oneself from attracting too much attention. His goal was SEVA and not self-projection. I recall that on one Shivratri some devotees put up TV Screens outside the *sthan* where people waited in long queues. The intent was to let people watch what was going on indoors.

When Gurudev came out to bless those standing in the line, he noticed the TV screens and appeared unhappy. At the risk of conjecture, I believe he almost cursed himself saying, "So, you are trying to promote yourself now?! Let me show you. I will teach you a lesson," or something on those lines.

Let's hand the mic to Pehelwan ji.

Pehelwan ji: He used to change his appearance to keep tabs on people who could not recognize him. He would then admonish people reminding them that there were people sitting around whom they did not offer tea or water. The thing is –guruji's way was one of equality. He never differentiated between rich and poor and was not interested in publicity. Once in 1990's some people had printed a pamphlet saying "Guruji-The only fact." So, my car was parked near the gate. My duty was on the road in those days. These people used to put the pamphlets on cars. I would warn them that they can distribute the pamphlets to anyone they want, but it should not be stuck on my car. Someone from their group went and complained about this to their ring leader. He came and saw that the pamphlet was not stuck on the red car. He started searching for me as I had refused them their request. That ring leader asked, "Brother, why aren't you letting us stick the pamphlet on this red car? We know that Guruji sits in this car!" I replied, "Yes Guruji sits in this car. In a month, he travels in it at least 25 to 30 time. But I don't want you to stick a pamphlet on it as it makes me angry. I don't know why but please don't do so." They listened to me. Next day, I was driving Guruji back from the farm. I said, "Guruji, an incident happened yesterday. I don't know if I have done the right thing or not, I'm not able to understand." He asked, "What is it that a Pehelwan can't decide?" I said "There were few men who wanted to stick pamphlets on this car and I refused their request." He said, "Son, even I don't like publicity."

Puran ji echoes Pehelwan ji's sentiment.

Puran ji: A very humble person in his life. That's it. Very normal, very humble in nature. Very humble to everybody. He would say, "Come, son" and people would feel Guruji belongs to me and no one else. He gave this feeling to everybody – to you, to me, to everybody.

Q: People say that whoever wanted to take his photograph had to take one only after his permission, do you want to add to this little magic show?

Puran ji: Yes, for photographs. Even I tried taking his photograph but I got nothing.

Q: Then?

Puran ji: Then I requested him, I took one picture, it came but then the camera shutter got spoiled.

Jain Saab Jr. who runs a sthan at Jammu was another camera victim of the master.

Q: Jain saab, you've also mentioned an experience that occurred with your camera.

Jain Saab: Yes, there are many small incidences of the camera.

Q: With regards to the camera incident, I want to record at least 20 people saying the same thing because I know even my camera used to go bad. *(laughs)* Then one day he spoilt my whole roll only, forget the camera, the whole roll became blank.

Jain Saab: There was a time when I wanted to click a photograph of Guruji in Gurgaon and asked him if I could do so, which he eventually agreed to. He posed for the photo, but my camera just wouldn't work. I tried multiple times but in vain. When I stepped outside, the camera started working again. I knew it wasn't his wish not to be photographed so I never asked again.

Kodak, Nikkon and other camera manufacturers may well have gone into psychological convulsions had they witnessed how he made their products malfunction at will.

The camera trick was quite a common one. I was one of the victims, so was Shri Krishna and scores of others. Bakshi ji was also a member of the "Conned by the Camera" club.

Let's audio travel to Shimla to have a word with him.

Q: I had heard that even if someone is taking his photograph without his permission then that picture would not appear in the camera roll. Have you seen anything like this?

Bakshi ji: It is like this; I don't know about that. But I'm his *ansh*. In Shimla, people had gathered to take my pictures. The camera would get spoilt and the photos couldn't be taken.

Q: You had said that Gurudev is 'one of us' what is the meaning of that?

Bakshi ji: That means that he made us like him and saw he was like us. Guruji never made us feel that he was superior than us. He used to make us sit and eat besides him.

Uddhav Kirtikar, a young cop from Bombay, repeats what Gurudev told him and I quote, "I don't want public adulation and I don't like publicity." Unquote.

One of the four Musketeers of the Gurgaon *sthan* was Nikku who was Mataji's nephew. Gurudev almost half abducted him from his parental home in Ludhiana. Nikku ji's father consented and a Musketeer was born!

He was a major player in organising events at the *sthan* and Gurudev liked him a lot.

Q: What did you learn from the man considering you have spent 10 yrs in the house with him?

Nikku ji: I have only observed one thing minutely in him is that he was very caring person. And being a Guruji whom the whole world would bow down to, he always accorded a lot of respect to the elderly. He had an elder cousin brother, Kishan ji, who used to stay in Gandhinagar. Guruji used to give him a lot of respect. He would make him sit with him on the bed. He used to give a lot of respect to my father too as he was an elder. Sometimes he would hide his cigarette from my father. He used to call him "*paaji*". In Punjab, we call our elder brother '*paaji*'. He would say "*Paaji* should not know that I'm smoking cigarettes".

Q: *Chuppe Rustom* (A man of secrecy)

Nikku ji: He used to make him sit with him and give him respect. You must have seen it?

Q: Yes.

Nikku ji: We got to learn one important thing from seeing him and that is how to maintain relationships. He was a Guru and God. He was also sending a message to people saying that even if he was a Guru, he was still in human form and therefore had to balance his relationships with his spiritual life.

Nikku ji's father, Mr. Rudra, was very fond of his brother-in-law, Gurudev, but hardly knew a thing about his spiritual powers, validating Gurudev's ability to keep the truth of his spiritual reality under wraps.

Most people crave attention, admiration and validation, especially from people close to them, and then there was Mr. Role Play himself shunning attention and living completely different lives in the same body.

Mr Rudra remembers

Rudra Saab: Throughout my life, whenever I met him, he behaved like an ordinary person. Rajpal ji, who lives in Delhi, you must have met him.

Q: Yes, many times. Thousands of times.

Rudra Saab: Rajpal ji said to me, “Mamaji, do you know anything about Guruji?” I just said, “Rajpal ji, he is my brother-in-law. Apart from this I don’t know anything about him or haven’t seen his miracles.” He also never bragged about any of the miracles he is believed to have performed. Sometimes Guruji would come to stay with us in Ludhiana. Even stay over at our place. But he always treated me as an elder. If I told him “Rajinder, don’t do this! Let it be. Don’t do it”, he would honour it and say “*Paaji* has said don’t do it.” The level of respect that Guruji accorded me, I have never received from any one till date.

Given his supernature, Gurudev could have chosen to walk several feet above the ground, sounding profound, behaving like a VIP, followed by an entourage.

But behave like a spiritual royal, he never did.

Humility and secrecy were intrinsic aspects of his behaviour. For true greatness recognizes itself and has no desire to prove itself to anyone. His humility was not rehearsed or practiced. It came naturally to him.

Gurudev empathized with the mediocracy of the common mind but never showed his supremacy. He realized that his disciples probably did not have his length and depth, and mentored us with kid gloves. He accepted our deficiencies and fanned the flames of our divinity!

Two of the four Musketeers, Pappuji and Nikkuji speak next.

Pappu ji: We belong to a Sikh family. So, my Mummy and *Darji* (We called our father ‘Darji), my parents, had a habit of getting the *Ja*/blessed from Guruji. So, whenever they met Guruji, he would hide his pack of cigarettes as he knew that we belonged to a Sikh family and tobacco consumption was not allowed. He was so caring.

Nikku ji: Yes, it was. Gurudev would be very mindful of these things

Pappu ji: Yes, he was very mindful.

Gurudev did have a bias towards the Sikh Gurus especially Guru Nanak Dev and Guru Gobind Singh. Guru Nanak Dev was a spiritual associate with whom Gurudev had meetings on a regular basis when he was out-of-his body.

When you realize the divine truth, you can see the commonality of every 'ism'. You also recognize and know that the sages or prophets behind each religion, be they clubs or spades, are all cards that belong to the same pack. An adept spiritual player recognizes that. So did Gurudev.

He had followers from every religion but never tried to alter their belief patterns. To him, the spiritual greats were family and he treated them as such.

According to Brighu, the Ashvini Kumars, the physicians of the Gods, assisted Gurudev in healing people. The *devtas* collaborated with him in his mission for *seva*. He was a disciple of Shiv and also a manifestation of that power, the graphics of which were visible clearly on his hands for all to see.

True greatness never needs to showcase itself. That is what I learned from him.

Those of us who learned to follow his practices found them extremely satisfying. So will you!

I conclude with the words of Ashok Sahil...

Thik kehte ho nazakat mein nasha hota hai
Thik kehte ho nazakat mein nasha hota hai
Saadgi ka bhi magar apna maza hota hai
apna maza hota hai