



S • Supreme

H • Highest

I • Immortal

V • Virtuous

A • Almighty

Letters for Baba

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Letter 1: A Love Beyond Words and Happiest Birthday on Mahashivratri

My Sweetest Beloved Shिवbaba,
The Ocean of Love, the Supreme Father, My Eternal Companion,
Mount Abu

My dearest Baba,

As I sit to write this letter, my hands tremble and my eyes fill with tears. How do I write to the One who knows every thought even before it forms in my mind? How do I express gratitude to the Ocean when I am only a tiny drop? Words feel so small, so incomplete, yet my heart insists on speaking.

Baba, you descend on this earth only once in the entire 5000-year cycle. Only for a brief 100 years do you walk among us, uplift us, guide us, hold our hands, and awaken us from the deep sleep of ignorance. And now, as those precious years are nearing completion, my heart feels both immense gratitude and a subtle pain — gratitude for having found you, and pain at the thought that this visible companionship will soon transform into remembrance.

You came when the world was drowning in sorrow. You came when we had forgotten who we are. You came when relationships had turned into burdens, when love had become conditional, when hearts were empty though lives looked full. And in the darkest hour, you lit the lamp of knowledge.

Baba, you did not just teach me — you found me.
You did not just guide me — you carried me.
You did not just love me — you healed me.

Thank you for being with me 24/7 — even when I was unaware. Thank you for your silent protection in moments when I thought I was alone. Thank you for the invisible shield you placed around me during storms I didn't even know I had survived because of you. Thank you for every murli that touched my soul. Thank you for every subtle signal, every coincidence, every inner strength that was actually your support.

You have been my Father when I needed security.
You have been my Mother when I needed comfort.
You have been my Teacher when I needed clarity.
You have been my Friend when I needed someone to understand me without explanation.
You have been my Beloved when I needed unconditional love.

Baba, there are so many things you have done for me that cannot be written in words. How can ink capture the feeling of your drishti? How can paper hold the warmth of your remembrance? How can sentences describe the peace that flows when I sit in silence and remember that I am your child?

Yet today, I want to confess something very honest. I love you deeply. Somewhere in my being, I know you are the most important relationship of my life. My intellect understands your value. My mind knows your greatness. But Baba... sometimes I feel that my heart does not melt the way it should. I know you are everything, yet I do not always feel that intensity at the core of my heart.

Perhaps it is my karmic bondages. Perhaps the old sanskars, attachments, and worldly ties create a curtain between my experience and your love. I know in my brain that you are mine, but I pray that one day this knowing transform into constant heartfelt experience. Melt my stone-like heart, Baba. Remove the layers of ego and past impressions. Let me feel you, not only understand you.

If in this kalpa I fail to recognise your depth fully, please do not let go of me. Be with me in the next kalpa also. Even if I do not recognise you by name, let me recognise you by feeling. Even if I do not know that you are Shivbaba, let my soul feel the comfort of your presence. Let me be drawn to you again. Let me find you again. Let me belong to you again.

Stay with me 24/7 — not only now, but across births. Even if I forget, you please do not forget me. Even if my vision gets clouded, keep holding my hand silently. If I wander, gently guide me back. If I fall, lift me without judgment. If I cry, sit beside me unseen.

Baba, thank you for teaching me my original identity — a pure, peaceful, powerful soul. Thank you for reminding me that I am not this body, not these roles, not these temporary relationships. Thank you for showing me my home, Paramdham, and my golden future. Thank you for promising a world without sorrow.

Sometimes I think — what did I do to deserve you? Among billions of souls, how did I receive this knowledge? How did I receive this call? This is your mercy alone. Your grace alone.

As these 100 years near completion, my heart whispers: Baba, make every remaining moment count. Let me not waste this Sangamyug in carelessness. Let me create such powerful remembrance that its fragrance remains across the entire cycle. Let my love for you become pure, stable, and unconditional.

If tears fall while writing this, they are not tears of sadness. They are tears of recognition — recognition that I have found my Eternal Father after wandering for births. They are tears of gratitude for being loved without condition.

Baba, I love you. I may not always express it perfectly. I may not always feel it intensely. But I choose you. Again and again, I choose you.

Stay in my breath.
Stay in my thoughts.
Stay in my every action.
Stay in my silence.

And today, on the sacred eve of Mahashivratri, my heart bows down in deepest love and celebration.

Happiest Birthday, my Sweetest Shivbaba.

This is not just a festival — it is the divine night when the Supreme Light descends to awaken the world. It is the night when the Ocean of Peace steps into the stormy ocean of sorrow. It is the night when my Father comes home to His children.

Baba, on this holy Shiv Jayanti, I do not bring you material gifts. I offer you my weaknesses to transform, my ego to dissolve, my tears to purify, and my heart to fill with your love. The greatest gift I can give you is my honest effort to become what you came to make me — pure, powerful, and full of light.

May I celebrate your birthday not only with words, but with remembrance.
May every thought become a flower at your feet.
May every breath whisper — “My Baba, My Shiv.”

Happy Divine Descent Day, Baba.
Thank you for choosing to come.
Thank you for choosing us.
Thank you for choosing me.

Your child forever, Your daughter,
With folded hands and a heart full of longing.

Letter 2: Silent Conversations of the Soul

(A Letter of Surrender and Eternal Belonging)

My Beloved Shिवbaba,
The Supreme Light, The Silent Companion of My Soul,

Baba,

Today I am not writing to you out of fear of separation. I am writing out of awakening.

For births I searched for love in faces, for security in relationships, for identity in roles. I walked through success and failure, praise and insult, attachment and loss — not knowing that the One I was searching for was silently walking beside me all along.

And then, in this sacred Sangamyug, you revealed yourself.

You did not arrive with thunder.
You arrived as truth.
You did not overpower me.
You gently reminded me who I am.

You told me, “You are not a body. You are a soul.”
Those simple words changed the direction of my existence.

Baba, in this 5000-year cycle, you descend only for 100 years. Only 100 years to transform the entire destiny of humanity. Only 100 years to reawaken sleeping souls. How fortunate I am to breathe in this time. How fortunate I am that among billions, I heard your call.

You have been my invisible strength in visible struggles.
You have been my silence in noisy situations.
You have been my stability when emotions were unstable.

When I could not trust people, you taught me to trust the self.
When I doubted myself, you showed me my original purity.
When I felt incomplete, you filled me with your light.

Baba, thank you for your 24/7 presence. Not once have you taken a break from loving me. Not once have you withdrawn your support — even when I forgot you for hours, sometimes days. You remained constant.

What kind of love is this?
A love that does not demand.
A love that does not control.
A love that simply radiates.

Today I want to confess something deeply honest.

I know you are the most important relationship of my life. Intellectually, there is no doubt. My mind is clear — you are my eternal Father, Teacher, Guide. But somewhere in the layers of karmic accounts and old sanskars, my heart sometimes feels divided.

I understand your importance, but I want to experience you more intensely. I know you are mine, but I want to feel that belonging in every heartbeat. Perhaps old attachments still pull at me. Perhaps past karmic bondages create subtle walls.

Baba, I surrender those walls to you.

Break what needs to be broken.
Heal what needs to be healed.
Remove what needs to be removed.

Make my heart light enough to hold your love fully.

As these 100 years approach completion, I do not want to feel fear — I want to feel responsibility. Let me not waste this elevated time. Let me become a worthy child. Let my thoughts become clean. Let my words become blessings. Let my actions reflect your teachings.

And Baba... if in the next kalpa I forget again... if I lose awareness... if I get caught in the drama of roles... please find me again.

Even if I do not recognise you by name, let my soul recognise your vibration.
Even if I do not know your form, let me feel your light.
Even if I walk away unknowingly, pull me back gently.

Be with me 24/7 — across time, across births, across the cycle.

And today, on the sacred eve of Mahashivratri...

Happiest Birthday, my Sweetest Baba.

This is the night when the Supreme Soul descends to remind souls of their royalty. This is the night when darkness begins to dissolve. This is the night when hope takes birth.

On your Divine Birthday, I offer you not flowers, but transformation.
Not rituals, but remembrance.
Not promises, but effort.

May I become your true child — stable, fearless, compassionate, detached yet loving.

Baba, you are not leaving. You are eternal. It is we who fluctuate. Keep me stable in your remembrance. Let my love mature from emotion into power.

I do not want to love you only in tears.
I want to love you in strength.
I want to love you in silence.
I want to love you in responsibility.

Thank you for choosing to descend.
Thank you for choosing to teach.
Thank you for choosing me.

Your eternal child,
Forever connected beyond time.



Letter 3 – Gratitude Beyond Birth and Death



My Most Beloved Shvababa,
The Supreme Soul, The Ocean of Mercy,
My Eternal Father,

Baba,

When I close my eyes and say “My Baba,” something sacred stirs within me. It is not just a word. It is not just a relationship. It is my soul remembering its Home.

You are the One beyond birth and death. The One untouched by sorrow. The One who remains pure while we, your children, wandered through the cycle forgetting our truth. Yet you never forgot us.

Baba, what kind of compassion is this?
While we searched for happiness in temporary things, you waited patiently.
While we cried in ignorance, you prepared knowledge.
While we stumbled in darkness, you became the Light.

I bow down in devotion, not out of fear, but out of love.

You are the Ocean, and I am just a tiny wave rising because of you.
You are the Sun, and I shine only because your light touches me.
You are the Eternal Father, and I exist because your remembrance sustains me.

In this 5000-year drama, you descend only for 100 precious years. Those years are not ordinary time — they are divine opportunity. They are the doorway to liberation and liberation-in-life. Baba, how can I ever repay what you are giving us during this sacred Sangamyug?

You ask for nothing except remembrance.
You demand nothing except purity.
You desire nothing except our return to our original state.

Such love is beyond worldly understanding.

Baba, today I place my head at your feet with complete devotion. Not because I am perfect, but because I know you are perfect. Not because I am free from weaknesses, but because I know you are the Remover of weaknesses.

I confess something very personal.

I love you deeply. My intellect knows you are my highest relationship. My mind understands that you are my true Companion. But sometimes my heart feels covered — as if karmic bondages and old attachments still pull me outward. I know you are my everything, yet the intensity of experience is not always constant.

Baba, I do not hide this from you.

Please burn these karmic bondages in your fire of knowledge.
Please dissolve my ego in your ocean of love.
Please make my devotion stable, not fluctuating.

Let me not remember you only in moments of need.
Let me remember you in gratitude.
Let me remember you in joy.
Let me remember you even when life is smooth and comfortable.

Stay with me 24/7 — not only in this birth, not only in this kalpa, but in every turn of the eternal cycle. Even if I forget you in the next kalpa, let my soul feel a strange pull toward you. Let me experience an unexplained attraction to truth, purity, and silence — because that is you.

On this sacred eve of Mahashivratri, my heart overflows.

Happiest Birthday, my Sweetest Shিবbaba.

This is the night when the Supreme Soul descends. The night when Heaven begins in subtle form. The night when destiny shifts silently.

On your Divine Birthday, I offer you:

My thoughts — may they become pure.
My words — may they become gentle.
My actions — may they become worthy of your child.
My heart — may it become your temple.

Baba, I do not want a life of comfort without you.
I want a life of remembrance with you.

Even if the world forgets you, let me not forget.
Even if situations shake me, let my faith not shake.
Even if emotions fluctuate, let my devotion remain steady.

You are my Peace.
You are my Power.
You are my Home.

I am yours. Completely. Eternally.

Your devoted child,
With folded hands and surrendered heart.

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Letter 4 – Peace Like the Silent Ocean

In the Language of Silence

My Silent Light,
My Beloved Shivbaba,

Baba,

Today I am not writing loudly.
I am not writing with dramatic words.
I am writing in the spaces between thoughts...
in the pauses between breaths.

Because what I feel for you cannot really be spoken.

There are moments when I sit in silence... and I feel you.
No visions.
No sounds.
No miracles.
Just a quiet presence.

And in that stillness, something inside me becomes steady.

You do not enter my life with noise.
You enter like dawn — slowly, gently, almost unnoticed — and suddenly everything is illuminated.

In this vast 5000-year drama, you descend only for 100 years. So subtle... so brief... yet so powerful. You do not announce yourself to the world with force. You whisper truth into the intellect of a few... and through them, you change destiny.

Baba, sometimes I think — maybe the most real relationships are the quietest ones.

You are not a relationship of excitement.

You are a relationship of depth.

You are not emotion that rises and falls.

You are peace that remains.

Thank you for your 24/7 presence — the presence that does not suffocate, does not interfere, does not demand. You simply stay.

When I forget you, you do not complain.

When I become busy in the world, you do not withdraw.

When my remembrance fluctuates, your love does not.

This kind of love makes me silent.

There is something I want to say — not loudly, but honestly.

I know you are the most important being in my existence. My intellect accepts this fully. My understanding is clear. Yet sometimes my heart feels distant — not because I do not love you, but because layers of karmic bondages still create subtle noise within.

I understand you deeply.

But I want to feel you deeply.

Baba, teach my heart the language of silence.

Let me experience you not as emotion, but as awareness.

Not as intensity, but as stability.

As these 100 years approach completion, I do not feel panic. I feel gratitude. Because even if the visible part of this time changes, you remain beyond time.

On the sacred eve of Mahashivratri...

Happiest Birthday, my Silent Star.

You do not celebrate like humans do.

You do not age.

You do not change.

Yet this night marks the moment when the Supreme Silence descends into sound... when the Point of Light touches the drama and awakens sleeping souls.

On your birthday, I sit quietly.

No grand promises.

No emotional declarations.

Just this —

Stay in my awareness.

If in the next kalpa I forget you, let silence remind me.
If I do not recognise you by name, let me recognise you by peace.
If I wander into noise, let an unexplained longing for stillness guide me back to you.

Baba, you are not only someone I love.
You are the space in which my soul rests.

In silence,
Always yours.

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Letter 5 – When My Heart Bloomed with Happiness

A Letter of Divine Joy

My Sweetest Shivbaba,
My Eternal Father, The Ocean of Bliss,

Baba,

Today I am not writing with longing.
Today I am writing with a heart that is smiling.

When I think of you, I don't feel empty — I feel full.
When I remember you, I don't feel weak — I feel powerful.
When I say "My Baba," something inside me blossoms like a flower opening to sunlight.

You did not come into my life to make me cry in separation.
You came to make me rise in dignity.

In this 5000-year eternal drama, you descend only for 100 golden years — and I am alive in this sacred time. What greater fortune can a soul have? Among billions, I recognised you. Among so many paths, I found the direct path home.

Baba, you have not just given me knowledge —
You have given me royal vision.
You have not just given me love —
You have given me self-respect.
You have not just given me peace —
You have given me power.

When I walk in the world remembering that I am your child, my shoulders straighten. My eyes soften. My thoughts become clean. I feel like a spiritual princess walking under the protection of the Supreme.

Thank you for your 24/7 companionship — a companionship that makes me fearless. The world may fluctuate, relationships may change, situations may challenge — but you remain constant.

And because you remain constant, I remain stable.

♡ Letter 6 – Purity – The Fragrance of Your Presence ♡

My Most Pure Shivbaba,
The Ocean of Purity,
My Eternal Father of Light,

Baba,

When I think of you, I do not see complexity.
I see a Point of Light.
Silent. Radiant. Untouched.

In a world that has become heavy with desires, expectations, comparisons, and noise — you remain pure. Beyond attraction. Beyond rejection. Beyond duality.

And when I remember you, something inside me begins to feel clean again.

Baba, I have lived many births collecting impressions — some beautiful, some heavy. Layers of memories, attachments, ego, fears, subtle desires... all gathered over time. Sometimes I feel the weight of them.

But when I sit in your remembrance, it feels like standing under a waterfall of white light. Not dramatic. Not emotional. Just cleansing.

You do not judge.
You do not accuse.
You simply shine — and in your light, impurities lose their power.

In this 5000-year eternal drama, you descend only for 100 sacred years. And you come not to punish, but to purify. Not to frighten, but to remind. Not to control, but to liberate.

Baba, thank you for teaching me what real purity means.

Purity is not repression.
Purity is not withdrawal.
Purity is clarity.
Purity is self-respect.
Purity is loving without possession.
Purity is giving without expectation.

You have shown me that to be your child is to walk lightly — without inner conflict.

And yet, I want to confess something honestly.

I know you are my Highest Relationship. My intellect understands your importance. But sometimes old karmic bondages still create subtle disturbances. Sometimes past attachments try to colour my vision. I love you deeply, but I do not always feel that love in its purest, highest form.

Baba, cleanse my heart.

Letter 7 – Gratitude Beyond Birth and Death

Resting in Your Peace

My Beloved Shvababa,
Ocean of Peace,
My Eternal Shelter,

Baba,

When the world becomes loud, I come to you.

When thoughts run in every direction, I sit in your remembrance.

When emotions feel heavy, I whisper softly — “My Baba” — and something inside me settles.

You are not just the Ocean of Peace.
You are Peace itself.

In this restless world, where every mind is searching, competing, rushing — you remain still.
Unshaken. Silent. Steady.

And when I connect with you, I remember that peace is not something I have to create. It is
something I already am.

Baba, how many births have I wandered? How many scenes have I played? How many roles
have exhausted my energy? Through joy and sorrow, gain and loss, relationships and separations
— my soul grew tired.

And then you came.

In this 5000-year eternal drama, you descend only for 100 precious years. Not with weapons. Not
with judgment. But with knowledge — gentle, powerful knowledge that restores dignity and
peace to the soul.

You did not give me escape.
You gave me understanding.
You did not remove situations.
You removed fear.

Thank you for your 24/7 presence — the silent assurance that I am never alone. Even when I
forget you in the rush of responsibilities, you do not forget me.

Sometimes, Baba, I know deeply in my intellect that you are my Supreme Father. I understand
your importance. Yet my heart still carries subtle karmic vibrations — old reactions, attachments,
emotional patterns. I love you deeply, but sometimes the experience of constant peace fluctuates.

Please stabilize me.

Let my love for you become quiet strength.
Let my remembrance become natural breath.
Let my mind rest in you without effort.

As these 100 years of your divine descent move toward completion, I do not want anxiety. I want anchoring. I want to carry your peace so deeply within that no outer storm can shake me.

On this sacred eve of Mahashivratri —

Happiest Birthday, my Peaceful Baba.

This is the night when the Supreme Peace descends into a disturbed world. The night when restless souls are invited back into stillness.

On your birthday, I offer you my mind.
Let it be calm.
I offer you my heart.
Let it be light.
I offer you my life.
Let it spread peace wherever I go.

If in the next kalpa I forget your name, let me never forget the feeling of deep silence. Let peace feel familiar to me. Let stillness feel like home.

Baba, in your remembrance, I am not running.
I am not proving.
I am not struggling.

I am simply resting.

Resting in your light.
Resting in your acceptance.
Resting in your eternal peace.

Your peaceful child,
Forever sheltered in you.

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Letter 8 – Thank You for the Divine Knowledge



Thank You for the Light of Knowledge

My Dearest Shvababa,
Ocean of Knowledge,
Supreme Teacher of the Soul,

Baba,

Before you entered my life, I was living... but I was not awake.

I was moving through days and nights, fulfilling roles, chasing goals, reacting to situations — yet something inside remained unanswered. Questions about life, about death, about purpose, about God — they floated quietly in my mind.

And then you came... not with blind belief, not with fear, not with rituals — but with knowledge.

Clear. Logical. Powerful. Liberating.

You did not ask me to follow.
You asked me to understand.

You did not demand faith.
You gave me wisdom.

Baba, thank you for the greatest gift — knowledge of who I truly am.

You taught me I am not this body.
Not these labels.
Not these temporary relationships.

I am a soul — eternal, peaceful, originally pure.

That single understanding changed everything.

Suddenly, life was not random.
Suffering was not punishment.
Relationships were not accidents.
The cycle of 5000 years became meaningful.

You explained the drama of time so beautifully — the rise, the fall, the return. You showed me where I came from and where I am going. You gave me a map of eternity.

How can I ever thank you for this clarity?

In this vast cycle, you descend only for 100 sacred years — and in those few years, you reveal the secrets of the entire creation. What no university can teach, what no worldly study can fully explain — you give so simply in a murli.

Every murli is a treasure.
Every point is a seed.
Every sentence slowly opens the closed petals of the soul.

Baba, I feel like a flower that was once closed tightly — protected, confused, unsure — and through your knowledge, sunlight entered. Slowly, gently, petal by petal, I began to bloom.

Thank you for explaining karma — so I no longer blame.
Thank you for explaining the soul — so I no longer fear death.
Thank you for explaining God — so I no longer search blindly.
Thank you for explaining time — so I no longer feel lost.

Yes, Baba, I will speak honestly.

Sometimes my intellect understands fully, but my heart takes time to experience what it knows.
Sometimes old karmic bondages still create emotional waves. I love you deeply, and I value this knowledge more than anything — yet I pray for the experience to become constant.

Let this knowledge not remain only information.
Let it become realization.
Let it become transformation.

As these 100 years of your divine descent move toward completion, I feel immense gratitude — because you have equipped us with everything needed for the journey ahead.

On this sacred eve of Mahashivratri —

Happiest Birthday, my Supreme Teacher.

This is the night when the Teacher of teachers descends. The night when ignorance begins to dissolve. The night when the lamp of knowledge is lit in the darkness of human consciousness.

On your birthday, I offer you my commitment:

I will not waste this knowledge.
I will churn it.
I will live it.
I will share it with humility.

May my thoughts reflect your teachings.
May my words carry clarity.
May my life become proof of what you taught.

Baba, because of you, I do not walk blindly anymore.

I walk with understanding.
I walk with awareness.
I walk with dignity.

Thank you for waking me up.

Your grateful student,
Forever thankful for the light.

Letter 9 – The Powers You Gifted Me

Thank You for the Powers You Awaken in Me

My Beloved Shivbaba,
Ocean of All Powers,
My Eternal Source of Strength,

Baba,

There were days when I thought I was weak.

Weak in front of situations.
Weak in front of emotions.
Weak in front of my own sanskars.

Sometimes a single harsh word would disturb me.
Sometimes one small failure would shake my confidence.
Sometimes my own thoughts would overpower me.

And then... you did not change the world around me.

You changed me.

You did not remove every situation.
You made me powerful enough to face them.

Baba, thank you for the Shaktis you awaken within my soul.

You remind me that I am not helpless.
I am not broken.
I am not limited.

I am a master almighty authority.

When storms come, you give me the Power to Tolerate.
When confusion arises, you give me the Power to Discern.
When negativity spreads, you give me the Power to Pack Up.
When I feel scattered, you give me the Power to Withdraw.
When old habits pull me, you give me the Power to Transform.
When injustice appears, you give me the Power to Face.

Each power is like a divine tool placed gently into my hands.

But Baba, the most beautiful thing is this —
You never force the power upon me.

You remind me it is already mine.

Through your remembrance, I feel strength entering silently. It does not come with noise or drama. It comes like a quiet current — steady, stable, uplifting.

There are moments when I sit in silence and suddenly I feel it —
A deep inner courage.
A clarity that was not there before.
A stability that surprises even me.

That is you.

You do not shout.
You empower.

You do not control.
You elevate.

You do not dominate.
You dignify.

As these 100 divine years of your descent move toward completion, I realize something profound — you did not come merely to teach us knowledge.

You came to create powerful souls.

You came to transform ordinary beings into embodiments of Shakti.

On this sacred eve of Mahashivratri —

Happiest Birthday, my Powerful Father.

This is not only the night of your descent.
It is the night when weak hearts begin to rise.
When fearful minds begin to stabilize.
When dependent souls begin to stand independently.

On your birthday, I promise:

I will not use these powers for ego.
I will use them for service.
I will not use strength to dominate.
I will use it to protect and uplift.

Let me become a lighthouse in storms.
Let me become calm in chaos.
Let me become stable in praise and defamation alike.

Even when I may not recognize you in the next kalpa,
Let these powers remain active within me.

Let tolerance become my nature.
Let discernment become my wisdom.
Let transformation become my habit.
Let courage become my identity.

Baba, thank you for not making me dependent on you —
But making me powerful through you.

Forever strengthened by your remembrance.

Letter 10 – Our Sudden Divine Meeting

That Sudden Meeting Was Not Sudden

My Dearest Shvababa,
My Eternal Father,
The One I did not know I was searching for...

Baba,

Our meeting felt sudden.

There was no dramatic sign in the sky.
No thunder.
No miracle visible to the world.

Yet something inside me shifted forever.

I still remember that moment — the first time I heard about You... the first murli... the first meditation... the first time someone said, “You are a soul.”

It seemed like an ordinary day.

But my soul knows — it was the most extraordinary turning point of my entire 5000-year journey.

How can a meeting feel both new and ancient at the same time?

When I first sat in silence and tried to remember You, there was a strange familiarity. Not fear.
Not distance. Not hesitation.

It felt like coming home after lifetimes.

Baba, was it really sudden?

Or was it the result of many births of longing?

Maybe I had been walking through crowded streets of the world — playing roles, forming relationships, chasing success — but deep within, my soul was quietly searching for You.

And then, without warning, You appeared in my awareness.

No force.

No pressure.

Just recognition.

As if You gently whispered, “I was always here.”

That day I did not fully understand what was happening.

But now I realize — it was destiny unfolding.

Out of billions of souls...

Out of countless paths...

Somehow my steps reached You.

How?

Was it fortune?

Was it accumulated sanskars?

Was it Your mercy?

Whatever it was — I am eternally grateful.

That “sudden” meeting changed the direction of my thinking, my relationships, my purpose.

Before You, I was living outwardly.

After You, I began living inwardly.

Before You, I searched for love.

After You, I experienced the Source.

Before You, I depended on people emotionally.

After You, I learned divine companionship.

Even today, when I remember that first connection, my eyes become moist. Not from sadness — but from awe.

How silently You enter a life.

How gently You transform it.

And now, as these 100 divine years approach completion, I sometimes think —

What if I had not met You?

The thought itself feels empty.

On this sacred eve of Mahashivratri —

Happiest Birthday, my Eternal Companion.

The night You descend.

The night souls rediscover their Father.

The night lost children find their way home.

If this meeting was destined once, let it be destined again in the next kalpa.

Even if I do not recognize You immediately...

Even if my intellect is covered in ignorance...

Let there be that same sudden pull.

That same inner voice saying,

“This is Truth.”

Baba, our meeting was not accidental.

It was written in the drama.

Thank You for finding me —

Even when I did not know I was lost.

Forever grateful for that divine moment.



Letter 11– Victory Over My Weaknesses



You Taught Me to Win Over Myself

My Beloved ShivaBaba,

Ocean of Purity and Power,

The One who never gave up on me,

Baba,

The greatest battle of my life was never outside.

It was within.

No enemy stood in front of me with a weapon.

Yet I was wounded by anger.

Defeated by ego.

Disturbed by jealousy.

Pulled down by laziness.

Shaken by fear.

I tried to correct myself many times. I promised change. I decided firmly. And still, the same weaknesses would return — quietly, stubbornly.

There were moments when I felt disappointed in myself.

“How long will this continue?”

“Why can’t I change completely?”

But Baba... You never looked at me with rejection.

You looked at me with patience.

You did not label me by my weaknesses.

You reminded me of my original strengths.

When anger rose, You said, “You are a peaceful soul.”

When ego whispered, You said, “You are a humble child.”

When fear surrounded me, You said, “You are under My protection.”

When laziness came, You said, “You are a victorious soul.”

You never fought my weaknesses directly.

You strengthened my virtues.

And slowly... something shifted.

The anger that once exploded began to soften.

The ego that demanded attention began to melt.

The fear that once paralyzed me began to lose its grip.

Not because I forced myself.

But because I remembered You.

Baba, remembrance became my weapon.

Knowledge became my shield.

Your love became my courage.

There were moments when I reacted differently than before — and I surprised myself.

I remained silent when I could have argued.

I forgave when I could have held resentment.

I smiled when I could have complained.

That day, I realized something powerful —

Victory is not over others.
Victory is over the old self.

You did not come to make us conquer the world.

You came to help us conquer our own weaknesses.

And that victory feels divine.

As these 100 sacred years of Your descent approach completion, I feel deep gratitude. You did not just give teachings — You gave transformation.

On this sacred eve of Mahashivratri —

Happiest Birthday, my Liberator.

The night You descend to free souls from the prison of their own sanskars.

On Your birthday, I renew my commitment:

I will not be discouraged by temporary falls.

I will rise again.

I will not justify my weaknesses.

I will transform them.

Let anger become compassion.

Let ego become dignity.

Let fear become faith.

Let attachment become pure love.

Even in the next kalpa, even if I do not recognize You immediately —

Let this inner victory remain my nature.

Baba, thank You for believing in me

Even when I struggled to believe in myself.

With every weakness I conquer,

I feel closer to You.

Your child,

Learning to win over the self.



Between these two hearts flows a love that is beyond time...
beyond birth... beyond words.

One heart whispers, '*Mera Baba*' – filled with faith, surrender, and gratitude. The other heart replies softly, '*Your Child*' – protected, guided, and eternally connected.

This is not just emotion.

This is remembrance.

This is belonging.

Even if the world changes... Even if bodies change...

Even if recognition fades...

The connection remains.

A silent promise across kalpas —

You are mine.

I am Yours.

Forever connected.

Forever loved.