

Where life Whispers

50 Stories. Countless Moments.
One Beautifully Real Life.

SWETA SINHA



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Late SS Prasad
(1956–1992)

Dear Papa,

It has been more than three decades since you left us, yet not a single day has passed when I haven't felt your presence. Time may have taken you away, but it could never take away your love, your values, or the strength you unknowingly planted within me.

This is my third book. There are so many moments when I wish you were here—to hold this book in your hands, smile with pride, and say, "Well done, beta." That dream remained unfulfilled, but I believe you have been blessing me from above, guiding me through every challenge and every achievement.

Losing you at such a young age left a void that can never be filled. Yet, that very loss became my greatest teacher. It taught me resilience, courage, compassion, and the determination to keep moving forward, no matter how difficult life became.

Every page I write carries a part of you. Every milestone I achieve is my way of saying, "Papa, your daughter never gave up."

I hope this book reaches you in the only way it can—through my love, my gratitude, and my prayers.

Thank you for watching over me, for blessing my journey, and for being my silent strength even after all these years.

This book is, and always will be, for you.

With endless love,

Your daughter,
Sweta

About the Book

Life rarely announces its biggest lessons with loud applause. More often, they arrive quietly—in a conversation with a child, a walk in the rain, a cup of tea, an unexpected setback, a heartfelt smile, or a moment of silence.

This book is a collection of 50 such moments.

Every story was born from something real—an experience, an observation, a memory, or an emotion that refused to be forgotten. Some stories may make you smile. Some may remind you of someone you once loved. Others may gently encourage you to pause and look at life from a different perspective.

I have always believed that every person carries hundreds of untold stories. We often rush through life without realizing that the smallest moments become our greatest memories. Writing has helped me preserve those moments—not because they were extraordinary, but because they were deeply human.

These stories are not about perfect people. They are about ordinary people trying to live, learn, love, forgive, and grow. If, while reading, you find yourself saying, *"This feels like my story,"* then this book has found its purpose.

Thank you for opening these pages and becoming a part of this journey. I hope these stories make you smile a little, reflect a little, and appreciate the beauty hidden in everyday life.

Because sometimes, the simplest stories leave the deepest impact.

Happy Reading!

— Sweta Sinha

Acknowledgement

This book is a collection of moments, memories, lessons, and emotions that have shaped me over the years. While my name appears on the cover, this book belongs, in many ways, to all the people who have walked beside me in my journey.

First and foremost, I bow my head in gratitude to my Maa. Her strength, sacrifices, and unconditional love have been my greatest blessings. She has taught me resilience, compassion, and the courage to keep moving forward, no matter what life brings.

To my husband, Ritesh—thank you for being my constant companion through life's beautiful chaos. Your support, patience, and belief in me have given me the confidence to pursue my dreams.

To my daughters, Nishtha and Shreshtha—you are my greatest teachers and my biggest motivation. Watching you grow has helped me grow too. Every page I write carries a piece of my love for both of you.

To my brother, Saurabh Sinha, and my bhabhi, Shreelekha—thank you for always cheering me on and standing by me. Family is a blessing, and I am grateful for yours.

A special thank you to Suman, my support system. Your presence has made many difficult days easier and many good days even more joyful.

To my mother-in-law, Madhuri Kumari Sinha, and my father-in-law, Naresh Kumar Prasad—thank you for your blessings and encouragement.

With immense love and gratitude, I thank my Badi Mummy and Bade Papa, whose affection and guidance have always meant so much to me.

I would also like to thank my dear friends—Nusrat, Bharti Ma'am, Urmi, and many others—who have celebrated my victories, listened to my stories, and reminded me to keep believing in myself.

To Alok, Rakesh, Ganesh Sir, George, Prateek and Invince Team thank you for your support and encouragement along the way.

To my mentors Haritosh, Ravi Garg, Ron Malhotra, Jim Roh, Robin Sharma and my Books.

And yes, gratitude finds its way into the smallest yet most meaningful corners of our lives. To my auto wala bhaiya, who has unknowingly been a part of my everyday journey with kindness and reliability—thank you. Sometimes, it is the simplest acts of humanity that leave the deepest impact.

To Noida Extenion Toastmasters Club, CSH Community, S.H.E Circle, my friends, relatives, and every member of my extended family—thank you for inspiring me, encouraging me, and reminding me that I am never walking alone.

Finally, I want to thank every person who has crossed my path and taught me something—whether through love, kindness, challenges, or wisdom. This book is not just a reflection of my experiences; it is a reflection of the countless souls who have touched my life.

They say it takes a village to raise a child. I believe it also takes a village to shape a woman, nurture her dreams, and give her the courage to share her voice with the world.

This book is my humble tribute to my village—my family, my friends, and everyone who believed in me before I fully believed in myself.

With love and gratitude,
Sweta Sinha

Foreword

It was sometime in the middle of 2025 when I first saw this energetic and amazing lady walk into one of our speaking clubs.

The way she spoke immediately caught my attention. There was an energy in her presence, a confidence in her voice, and a sincerity in the way she connected with people. It was wonderful to have her join the club.

But what impressed me even more was what I discovered later.

Behind that energetic personality was a woman who had fought multiple battles, faced her share of challenges, and yet continued to come out stronger—like a true warrior.

So, when Sweta reached out to me and asked if I would write the foreword for her book, "Where Life Whispers", I could not have been more excited.

I know Sweta as an amazing human being—someone with tremendous experience, exposure, and knowledge. But more importantly, she has something that cannot be taught through any course or book: a genuine heart for impacting people.

Her vision of touching and transforming -millions of lives, especially those of women, is something I deeply admire. And it is also something I personally relate to—because true impact is not just about what we achieve for ourselves, but

about how many lives we can positively influence along the way.

And I believe that is what makes this book special.

"Where Life Whispers" is not just a collection of thoughts and experiences. It offers you an opportunity to look at life through different lenses.

The lens of "mindset."

The lens of "learning."

The lens of "reflection."

And, importantly, the lens of "fun."

As you move through the different topics and chapters, you may find yourself pausing, smiling, questioning, reflecting—and perhaps even looking at something familiar from a completely different perspective.

I have also seen how Sweta has become a role model for many members of our speaking community. Her journey, her courage, and her willingness to keep learning and growing have inspired many people around her.

And perhaps that is the real beauty of Sweta's journey. She doesn't just want to grow herself; she wants to take others along with her.

So, dear reader, as you turn these pages, don't simply read "Where Life Whispers".

Listen to the whispers.

They may make you think differently.

They may teach you something new.

They may make you smile.

And somewhere along the way, they may even whisper something about your own life.

Sweta, I am sure this book will reach millions of readers and, in its own beautiful way, contribute to the impact you envision—especially in the lives of women who are ready to discover their own strength, possibilities, and voice.

Wishing you all the very best for this beautiful journey.

And to you, dear reader—enjoy the journey through "Where Life Whispers".

Haritosh Srivastav
Founder & Head Coach
Confident Storytelling Hub

Foreword

Some books are written with words; others are written with life itself. Where Life Whispers belongs to the latter category.

As I write this foreword, my heart is filled with immense joy and pride for my dear friend, Sweta Sinha. This is her third book, but for me, it is much more than another literary achievement—it is a reflection of a remarkable journey of self-transformation that I have witnessed with my own eyes.

What inspires me most about Sweta is not just her talent for writing, but her extraordinary determination. She has shown us that when a person truly decides to achieve something, the question is never whether it can be done; the only question becomes how to make it happen. Day after day, she has found ways to create time, balance responsibilities, nurture her family, care for her children, manage her professional life, and still continue moving toward her dreams. That kind of commitment is rare, and it is deeply inspiring for all of us.

I feel truly blessed to have Sweta in my life. I know that her struggles did not begin yesterday; they have been part of her story since childhood. Yet today, watching her step into what I believe is her golden phase fills me with admiration. As a friend and as a teacher, I can say with complete honesty that I am incredibly proud of her.

One of Sweta's most beautiful qualities is her willingness to help others. She never pauses to calculate personal gain

before extending support. She helps because that is who she is. And perhaps that is why so many people feel inspired by her presence. She is not a woman who is only chasing her own dreams; she is also the mother of two wonderful daughters. Anyone who wishes to understand her character should simply look at her children—bright, capable, confident, and full of promise. They are a living reflection of the values she carries within herself.

Sweta has also beautifully proven the saying, "My 40 is my new 20." Not through slogans, but through action. She continues to grow, learn, create, and reinvent herself with an energy that many people half her age aspire to have. I truly believe that she is limitlessly awesome.

Another lesson we can all learn from her is how gracefully she handles criticism. She has taught us that life becomes lighter when we stop being afraid of what people will say. Success is not born from the absence of fear; it is born from the courage to move forward despite it.

Where Life Whispers is not merely a collection of thoughts. It is a book shaped by Sweta Sinha's experiences, observations, struggles, victories, and the wisdom she has gathered along the way. Every page carries the quiet strength of someone who has lived deeply and learned generously.

If you are looking for inspiration, this book will speak to you.

If you wish to improve yourself, this book will guide you.

If you need motivation, this book will remind you that extraordinary transformation often begins in the ordinary moments of everyday life.

Sweta, your journey is proof that dreams do not have an expiry date, courage grows through challenges, and kindness multiplies wherever it goes. I am honored to know you, proud to celebrate you, and excited for every new chapter that still awaits you.

"Sweta Sinha does not simply write stories—she turns everyday struggles into quiet strength, ordinary moments into wisdom, and dreams into living reality."

With love, admiration, and endless pride,

Bharti Singh

Foreword

It is both an honor and a pleasure to write this foreword for my dear friend, Sweta Sinha. Having known her for around 20 years, I have had the privilege of witnessing the dedication, integrity, and passion that have gone into creating this book.

This work is more than a collection of ideas—it reflects the author's experiences, thoughtful insights, and sincere desire to make a positive difference in the lives of others. Every page demonstrates practical experience and a commitment to sharing meaningful knowledge of day-to-day life.

Whether you are reading this book to learn, grow, or find inspiration, you will discover practical lessons and valuable perspectives that can be applied in everyday life. I am confident that readers from all backgrounds will benefit from the wisdom contained in these pages.

I congratulate Sweta on this wonderful achievement. It is my sincere hope that this book reaches many readers, inspires thoughtful reflection, and leaves a lasting positive impact.

I wholeheartedly recommend this book and invite you to enjoy the journey that begins with the next page.

With love

Nusrat Akhtar

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Part One:
Becoming Myself

1.

88 Books, One Better Me

When I picked up my first self-improvement book in July 2023, I had no idea where that decision would lead me.

Three years later, I have completed 88 books and still going on.

Initially, I thought I was simply building a reading habit. But when I recently analyzed all the books I had read, I discovered something surprising: my reading journey was actually a mirror of my personal transformation.

The books were not just changing my knowledge; they were changing me.

The Beginning: Searching for Change

My journey started with books like Impossible to Fail, The Secret, Atomic Habits, and The Compound Effect.

Looking back, I realize I was searching for answers.

How do I become more disciplined?

How do I build better habits?

How do I create a meaningful life?

The focus was largely on self-improvement. Nearly 45% of the books I read belonged to this category.

These books taught me that transformation is not a dramatic event. It is the result of small, consistent actions repeated every day.

Moving Inward

As time passed, my reading interests shifted.

I found myself drawn toward spirituality, healing, meditation, Reiki, Vedanta, Gita, and ancient wisdom.

Books on spirituality and inner growth formed almost 25% of my reading journey.

This phase taught me that success without inner peace feels incomplete.

The greatest battles are not fought outside; they are fought within.

I learned to slow down, reflect, meditate, and understand myself more deeply.

Understanding People and Leadership

Leadership books, communication books, and works on human behavior helped me understand a simple truth:

People may forget what we say, but they never forget how we make them feel.

Books such as The Leader Who Had No Title, How to Win Friends and Influence People, and The Art of Dealing with People reminded me that leadership is not about position. It is about influence, empathy, and service.

Learning Through Lives

Biographies introduced me to people who faced extraordinary challenges and yet chose courage over comfort.

From Dr. APJ Abdul Kalam to Helen Keller and Ratan Tata, these stories showed me what resilience looks like in real life.

Their journeys reminded me that greatness is built through persistence, humility, and purpose.

The Surprise Lesson

Perhaps the most surprising discovery came from analyzing my entire reading list.

I realized that I rarely read for entertainment.

I read for transformation.

Every book represented a question I was trying to answer.

Every author became a mentor.

Every lesson became an opportunity to grow.

The Next Chapter

If my first 88 books were about improving myself, my next set of books will be about understanding humanity, civilizations, history, philosophy, and consciousness.

Growth is not only about becoming better.

Growth is also about becoming wiser.

Today, if I had to describe myself in one word, it would be:

Seeker.

A seeker of knowledge.

A seeker of wisdom.

A seeker of growth.

And perhaps that is what reading has given me more than anything else—the realization that the more we learn, the more there is to learn.

The journey continues.

2.

Overthinking: The Thief in Plain Sight

Overthinking is one of the most dangerous things a person can do to themselves. At some point, almost all of us have fallen into this trap.

So, what is overthinking? It means imagining situations that have not yet happened but might occur in the future. While some people call it "planning ahead," the truth is—overthinking often leans toward negativity. It makes us restless, doubtful, and emotionally drained.

Interestingly, if we channel this habit positively, it becomes manifestation. Where manifestation is about creating a vision for the future with hope, overthinking is about creating fear for the future with worry. That is why overthinking is often perceived as negative.

The Dark Side of Overthinking

When someone constantly lives in the loop of overthinking, they slowly destroy themselves in those thoughts. They become:

Judgmental towards others

Jealous of what others have

Self-doubting, questioning their own worth

Self-punishing, blaming themselves for everything

This state doesn't just affect the individual. It damages family bonds, weakens mental health, and can even ruin professional life if left unchecked.

Most of the time, overthinking is rooted in past trauma. A person may have everything today, yet their mind is stuck in yesterday's pain. They have physically moved on, but mentally, they are still trapped in a vicious circle of what happened years ago.

Such people find it hard to believe that happiness can truly be their natural state. Their amygdala (the brain's fear center) remains in constant fight-or-flight mode. Deep down, it stems from one painful truth—they don't love themselves. And when a person cannot love themselves, how can they truly love others?

Why Consistency Matters

To get out of overthinking, what one needs is consistent effort. In some people, this habit is so deeply rooted—sometimes for decades—that it cannot be undone in just a few days. The brain needs a rewiring, and that only happens when the steps mentioned below are practiced regularly.

If ignored, overthinking can gradually push a person into depression—and sadly, many never find their way back from it.

Breaking Free from Overthinking

Coming out of overthinking is not easy. It requires courage, effort, and consistency. But it is possible. From my personal experience, here are the best techniques to break free:

1. Recognition – Accept and say: "Yes, I am overthinking." Awareness is the first step to healing.

2. Meditation – It helps calm the restless mind and bring focus to the present moment.

3. Journaling – Writing down thoughts brings clarity and prevents them from spiraling endlessly in your head.

4. Gratitude – Shifting attention to what you already have creates peace and positivity.

5. Self-love – When you nurture yourself with kindness and compassion, you stop being your own enemy.

Final Thoughts

Overthinking may feel like a small habit, but if ignored, it can silently destroy lives. The good news is—you have the power to stop it. The journey starts with self-awareness and builds with daily practices like meditation, gratitude, and self-love.

Remember, happiness is not something far away—it is within you. Let go of the past, embrace the present, and allow yourself to live freely.

3.

When Hormones Speak Louder Than Logic

I always believed I was a strong woman.

At work, I am known as confident, independent, and fearless. I lead conversations, handle pressure, take decisions, and manage people with clarity. At home too, I balance multiple roles — mother, professional, learner, and a woman constantly working on herself.

But there were a few days every month when everything changed.

Suddenly, small comments felt like criticism. Normal discussions sounded harsh. Situations I usually handled calmly started affecting me deeply. At office, I felt people were against me. At home, patience reduced. Emotions became heavy, reactions quicker, and peace felt distant.

For a long time, I questioned myself.

"Why am I taking things personally?"

"Why do I feel so sensitive?"

"Am I losing emotional strength?"

Then I noticed a pattern.

It was always during my luteal phase — the days before my menstrual cycle.

And that realization changed everything.

~

The Truth Many Women Don't Talk About

During the luteal phase, hormonal changes naturally make the brain more sensitive. Energy drops, emotional tolerance reduces, and the mind becomes more alert to negativity. Nothing outside actually changes — but our internal processing does.

The problem is not weakness.

The problem is lack of awareness.

Most working women expect themselves to perform exactly the same every day of the month. But our bodies are not designed like machines; they work in cycles.

When we ignore this, we start fighting ourselves.

~

What I Learned the Hard Way

I realized I didn't need to "fix" myself.

I needed to understand myself.

Here are the practices that helped me — and may help many women silently going through the same experience.

1. Stop Judging Yourself

Emotional sensitivity during this phase is biological, not personal failure.

Instead of saying, "Why am I like this?"

Say, "My body needs gentleness today."

Self-awareness reduces half the struggle.

2. Follow the 24-Hour Rule

During these days, I avoid reacting immediately.

No emotional emails.

No confrontations.

No major decisions.

I simply pause and respond the next day. Most triggers lose their intensity by then.

3. Protect Energy, Not Ego

Earlier, I tried proving myself more when I felt vulnerable. Now I do the opposite.

I speak less.

I conserve energy.

I focus only on essential work.

This protects emotional stability.

4. Prepare "Neutral Responses"

Simple professional replies create emotional space:

- "Let me check and get back."

- "I'll think about it."

- "Noted."

These small pauses prevent unnecessary conflict.

5. Change the Body to Calm the Mind

I learned that during this phase, the body needs comfort:

- warm meals

- proper sleep

- slow walks instead of intense workouts

- quiet time

When the body feels safe, emotions settle naturally.

6. Communicate with Compassion at Home

Now when irritation rises, I pause and ask:

"Is the situation big, or is my phase loud?"

This one question has saved many unnecessary arguments.

A Message to Every Working Woman

You are not inconsistent.

You are cyclical.

Strength is not behaving the same every day.

Strength is understanding when to push and when to slow down.

We teach productivity everywhere, but rarely teach self-alignment.

When women understand their emotional rhythm, they don't become weaker — they become wiser leaders, calmer partners, and kinder to themselves.

My Biggest Learning

I stopped fighting my cycle and started working with it.

And peace returned.

If you ever feel that some days emotions take over logic, pause before blaming yourself. Your body may simply be asking for awareness, not correction.

Because sometimes, the most powerful thing a woman can do is not to control her emotions — but to understand them.

Self-awareness is not weakness. It is emotional intelligence.

4.

When the Body Speaks, Listen with a Pen

For a few days, I was having a sharp pain at the back of my neck, right where the neck meets the shoulder. All the tension seemed to sit there. It was uncomfortable and constant.

I assumed it was stress.

I even went for a massage. For some time, the pain reduced, but it came back again. That's when I realized something important — the problem was not just physical.

I knew I was stressed, but I couldn't clearly understand what exactly was stressing me out. The stress was hidden somewhere deep.

So one day, I picked up a pen and paper.

I started writing.

No planning. No structure.

Just whatever thoughts were coming to my mind.

I kept writing and writing — fears, irritation, confusion, emotions — everything that was stuck inside me. Slowly, I felt my body relaxing. My mind became lighter. And to my surprise, the neck pain eased and then vanished.

That's when it hit me.

Some tensions don't leave with medicines or massages.

They leave only when we release them emotionally.

When we don't express our thoughts, the body starts carrying them. Pain becomes a signal — a message that something inside needs attention.

Writing gave my stress a way out.

It helped me understand what I was holding onto.

It helped me let go.

This is the power of writing.

It is not just words on paper.

It is emotional release.

It is healing.

So next time your body hurts and you don't know why —

pause, sit down, take a pen, and write.

You might be surprised how much relief a few honest pages can bring.

5.

Words Can Shatter — Choose Them Like You Mean It

Over time, we forget many things. We forget what people said to us, we forget what gifts we received, we even forget the advice we were given.

But one thing we never forget — how someone made us feel.

When I reflect on my past journey, I realize I have collected many wounds.

Not from actions.

But from words.

People broke me with what they said.

They made me doubt myself, feel small, and lose trust.

One incident that still lives deep inside me was during a very special time in my life.

I was pregnant.

Excited, nervous, full of hope — I shared the news with someone close to me.

Instead of happiness or a warm “Congratulations”, I heard two words:

"Ohh shit."

I cannot explain how much those words hurt me.

I felt crushed, unwanted, and deeply sad.

And after three months, I had a miscarriage.

Sometimes I wonder — why do painful memories stay longer than the good ones?

Maybe because our heart holds onto hurt so that we can protect ourselves from it happening again.

Maybe because wounds remind us how important kindness really is.

Today, I am healing.

I am learning to forgive.

I am learning to remember the good moments too.

But one thing I know for sure: Words have power. They can heal or they can destroy.

So I share this message with you:

Use your words carefully.

Speak with kindness.

Speak with love.

Because you never know — your one sentence might become someone's lifelong wound…

or their lifelong blessing.

Choose wisely.

6.

Dreams: The Question I Never Stopped Asking

For me, dreams are the driving force that propels you toward your goals. At the tender age of 8, I stopped dreaming and accepted life as it came, shaped by the trauma I endured. Yet, deep within, I harbored a secret dream, a dream so precious that I never dared to share it, fearing ridicule. These dreams were small, but they were *my* dreams, and they meant the world to me.

At 40, a profound realization dawned on me: I could dream again, and I could talk about those dreams. I began to open up, overcoming years of self-sabotage, low self-esteem, and fear of judgment. We all face these fears, don't we? But, thanks to the divine and the Universe, which understood me and conspired to gently guide me towards my dream, I found hope.

One such dream was to learn Kathak, a dream that had lived within me since childhood. However, due to various circumstances, this dream lay dormant, buried under the weight of other responsibilities. But as we know, when the conditions are right, even the most deeply buried seeds will sprout. My desire to learn Kathak resurfaced, yearning to be fulfilled.

Today, I proudly say that I have taken my 1st Year Kathak exam. I don't yet know the result, but the journey itself has

been incredibly fulfilling. I felt those butterflies in my stomach, reminiscent of my school days. I lived and cherished every moment. As the Bhagavad Gita teaches us, "Karm kar, fal ki chinta mat kar" (Do your duty without worrying about the outcome). I am embracing this wisdom.

I feel immense joy and pride in having achieved this goal after so many years. Through this post, I want to tell my community that everyone should have dreams and work tirelessly towards them. The satisfaction and sense of accomplishment you feel upon achieving your dreams are beyond words. So, chase your dreams and make them a reality.

This journey has been one of unlearning, learning, and relearning.

7.

The Bamboo Philosophy: Some Things Bloom in Their Own Time

In the hustle and bustle of modern life, the concept of timing often gets overshadowed by ambition and external pressures. However, there's a timeless wisdom in the idea of timing, akin to the growth of a bamboo plant.

Marriage at the right time as a Blessing:

For many, tying the knot in their early twenties can indeed be a blessing. By the time one reaches their forties, their children are at an age where they can start fostering their independence. It's a testament to the foresight of older generations and the harmony of natural rhythms.

The Bamboo Philosophy of Marriage:

Much like bamboo, marriage in one's early twenties allows for flexibility and adaptability. It provides a solid foundation for future growth and stability. Just as a young bamboo shoot can be molded in any direction, so too can a young couple navigate the challenges and opportunities that life presents.

Balancing Tradition and Modernity:

In embracing the sanctity of marriage at a young age, there's a recognition of traditional values while acknowledging the need for personal and professional fulfillment. It's not about blindly following customs but understanding the harmony between tradition and modernity.

The Importance of Timing in Parenthood:

Timing isn't just crucial for marriage but also for parenthood. Having children in one's late twenties allows for a balance between personal goals and family responsibilities. Natural conception, free from medical interventions, highlights the beauty of aligning with nature's course.

Empowering Future Generations:

Passing down wisdom about the importance of timing isn't just about preserving tradition; it's about empowering future generations. Educating daughters about the significance of marrying at the right time ensures they make informed choices that align with their aspirations and biological realities.

The Role of Balance in Life:

Just as balance is essential in marriage and parenthood, it's crucial in every aspect of life. Prioritizing personal growth, professional development, and mental well-being creates a holistic approach to living. It's about nurturing oneself while fulfilling responsibilities.

Preparing Children for Life's Challenges:

Introducing children to various activities from a young age instills resilience and tranquility. By equipping them with coping mechanisms early on, they're better prepared to weather life's storms and navigate its complexities with grace.

Embracing Change in Perspective:

Initially, I wasn't ready to embrace the concept of marrying in my early twenties, as the trend leaned towards later

marriages. However, reflecting on the wisdom of our mothers' generation, I'm grateful for the path I've taken. I realize now that being fit and strong in my forties means I'll be there to support my daughters when they start their own families. While financial strength is crucial for women, foresight into other aspects of life is equally important.

Conclusion:

In the journey of life, timing is more than just a concept; it's a guiding principle. Like the bamboo that bends but never breaks, embracing the wisdom of timing in marriage, parenthood, and personal growth ensures a harmonious and fulfilling existence. It's about honoring tradition while embracing the fluidity of modern life, all while striving for balance and resilience.

8.

One Small Push

Last Sunday, I almost chose fear.

I started driving for my Toastmasters meeting. Driving usually makes me feel strong and confident. But that day, visibility was low. Fear slowly took over. I took a U-turn and came back to my gate.

I stood there, confused and doubtful.

Should I go or not?

Deep inside, I knew—if I didn't go, I would regret it.

I called my club president. He didn't pressure me. He simply said,

"Come slowly".

That was the small push my heart needed.

I decided to go—slowly, carefully, but with courage.

When I reached the venue, something shifted inside me. I was handling multiple roles—SAA and Speech Evaluator. When I went on stage, the energy was high. The applause was loud. I felt present, confident, and alive.

Then something beautiful happened.

The guest speaker complimented me—my energy, my presence, my confidence. In that moment, I felt seen. I felt validated. I felt proud of myself.

By the end of the meeting, results were announced.

I won first place in both roles.

If I had stayed back, I would have missed:

That appreciation

That confidence

That victory

That growth

Life Lesson

Fear will always give reasons to stop.

But growth begins when you take one small step forward.

Sometimes, all you need is one small push—and the courage to show up.

Because the life you want often waits on the other side of fear.

"Show up. Even on the days you feel unsure. Especially on those days."

9.

Reconnecting with Nature: A Homecoming

I've always known the joy of spending time in nature, but yesterday I felt a pang of missing it. I realized I had been away from its embrace for too long, and it was affecting my energy and well-being. Today, I returned to nature's arms, and it felt like a warm hug. Sitting on a bench, surrounded by trees and greenery, I felt a deep sense of connection and peace.

Those 20 minutes were like a reunion with an old friend. I felt my energy balancing, my mind calming, and my spirit lifting. Nature's gentle breeze (even though it was absent!), serene atmosphere, and quiet time with myself worked wonders.

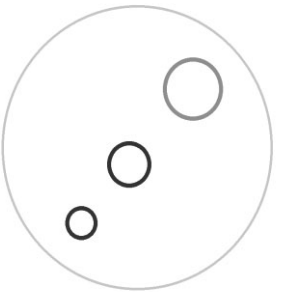
Here are three benefits I gained from my reunion with nature:

1. **Renewed sense of calm and peace:** Nature's soothing presence helped me quiet my mind and find inner peace.

2. **Rebalanced energy**: Spending time in nature helped me regain my equilibrium and feel more grounded.

3. **Improved mental clarity and focus:** The peaceful surroundings and quiet time allowed me to reflect, prioritize, and approach my tasks with renewed clarity and purpose.

Remember, nature is always there to embrace us, and sometimes all we need is to return to its loving arms to find our balance and peace.



Part Two:
Women Who Rise

10.

She Didn't Need a Savior — She Needed Someone Who Believed

Life is mysterious. No two lives are the same. Every face we meet carries an untold story, a silent battle, a hidden wound, and sometimes, an extraordinary strength.

This is the story of Naina.

Born into a loving family, Naina's childhood was simple and beautiful. Her father, mother, brother, and she herself formed a world that seemed complete. She was bright, intelligent, and deeply loved. Her mother adored her, and she was truly the apple of everyone's eye.

Life moved gently until one day, it didn't.

Just after completing Class 12 and stepping out for higher studies, a storm entered her life. Her mother passed away.

At an age when a girl needs her mother the most, Naina lost hers forever.

The world did not stop. It never does.

She completed her graduation, carrying her grief quietly. Coming from a small town, she soon faced another reality — society's expectations. Before she could even process her own loss, relatives persuaded her father to remarry.

For a young girl already mourning her mother, watching another woman enter her home was painful. The new family

brought its own dynamics, and Naina silently witnessed changes that deeply affected her. The jewelry that once belonged to her mother was passed on to someone else. Her place in the house suddenly felt uncertain.

No one spoke about her pain.

So she carried it alone.

Despite everything, she was determined to study further. She pursued her MBA because she believed education could give her wings. She wanted to build a life of her own.

But destiny had another test waiting.

Her marriage was fixed. The engagement took place. The wedding was only days away.

And then, the groom refused.

In a small town, a broken engagement becomes a public trial. Questions, judgments, whispers, and doubts surrounded her. Once again, she entered a dark tunnel where hope seemed impossible.

But life has a strange way of opening windows when doors close.

A kind and supportive man entered her life. She married into a good family and slowly began rebuilding herself. Yet the scars of her past remained.

She became a mother.

Her first child was a daughter.

Her second child was also a daughter.

And society, as it often does, began measuring her worth through the gender of her children. Questions came. Expectations came. Suggestions came. Have another child. Try for a son.

But this time, Naina chose differently.

She chose herself.

She chose her daughters.

She chose courage.

Slowly, she began investing in herself. She pursued certifications. She learned new skills. She found her voice. She became a public speaker. She started inspiring people. She wrote books. She created an identity that belonged solely to her.

The girl who once sat in darkness became a woman who created light for others.

But every strong woman has a story behind her strength.

And in Naina's story, there was another woman.

A guiding light.

Whenever Naina felt broken, whenever she felt she was drowning, this woman reminded her:

"God may not come personally, but sends messengers."

Those words changed everything.

The guiding light became the hand that lifted her, the voice that encouraged her, and the strength that reminded her of her own worth.

Today, Naina is not merely surviving.

She is thriving.

She is a woman who leads change.

She is a woman who inspires.

She is a woman who stood up after every fall.

And perhaps the most beautiful part of her story is this: the person who helped her rise was another woman.

In a world that often teaches women to compete, compare, and criticize one another, Naina's journey reminds us of something far more powerful.

Women do not rise by pulling each other down.

Women rise when they become each other's guiding lights.

Because sometimes, the greatest gift one woman can give another is not advice, money, or opportunity.

It is belief.

And belief can change a life.

So let us become that guiding light for someone.

Because somewhere, a Naina is still waiting

11.

I Stopped Looking for a Shoulder and Became One

When I was a child, I lost my father.

Suddenly, life felt dark. I was too young to understand what had happened, yet old enough to feel the emptiness. I had no roadmap, no guidance, and no idea what the future held for me. I was simply moving through life, hoping things would somehow work out.

And then, life happened.

At the age of 23 and a half, I got married. Nineteen years ago, in the society I grew up in, marriage was considered one of the most important milestones in a woman's life. Back then, I felt I was getting married too early.

Today, when I look back, I realize I got married at exactly the right time.

Like many young women, I entered marriage carrying certain beliefs. I thought I had finally found someone with whom I could share my struggles. Someone whose shoulder I could lean on when life became difficult.

Little did I know that life had a different plan.

Instead of finding a shoulder, I would become one.

At first, I struggled to accept this reality. Growing up, I had seen a different picture around me. The man was expected

to be the breadwinner, and the woman was expected to take care of the home and children. That was the model I had witnessed in my family and neighborhood, and naturally, I believed that was how life was supposed to be.

After marriage, I enrolled for my MBA. I wanted to continue my education and build something meaningful for myself.

Soon, I became pregnant.

It was a moment of joy because I had always wanted to be a mother. But financially, things were not easy. My husband was earning modestly, and often we depended on support from our family to make ends meet.

There were days when frustration consumed me.

I remember complaining to my mother about how difficult life felt. One day, she asked me a question that changed everything:

"Are you not educated? Can't you go out and earn for yourself and create the life you want?"

Around the same time, my husband said something that would stay with me forever:

"You are educated. You communicate well. You can go very far in the corporate world."

Two simple sentences.

One from my mother.

One from my husband.

Those two sentences quietly changed the direction of my life.

I entered the corporate world with hesitation. Deep inside, I still carried the belief that I was working only because circumstances demanded it. I thought I was earning because my husband alone couldn't manage everything.

But once I stepped into the professional world, my perspective began to change.

I met women who were working not because they had to, but because they wanted to. Their careers were not a compulsion; they were a choice.

Slowly, my own mindset shifted.

What started as a necessity transformed into a choice.

I began enjoying the confidence, growth, learning, and financial independence that came with work. I discovered a version of myself that I had never known before.

Yet there was another lesson waiting for me.

Even as I became stronger, I often wondered where I was supposed to get my own strength from. If I was supporting everyone around me, who would support me?

Whenever I asked my mother this question, her answer was always the same:

"The universe is the source of energy. Fill your cup from there. No person can permanently give you the strength you are seeking."

At first, I didn't fully understand her words.

But over the years, through experiences, challenges, failures, victories, patience, and countless sleepless nights, those words began to make sense.

I learned that true strength comes from within.

I learned that self-reliance is not just financial; it is emotional and mental too.

Today, after 19 years of marriage, I no longer look for a shoulder to lean on.

I have become emotionally independent.

I have become financially independent.

I have become mentally independent.

And the most beautiful part is this:

I no longer seek support.

I give support.

I no longer wait for someone to rescue me.

I create solutions.

I no longer search for strength outside myself.

I have discovered it within.

Life didn't give me the shoulder I thought I needed.

Instead, it transformed me into the shoulder that many others can lean on.

And for that I am Gr— *[EDITOR'S NOTE: this story cuts off mid-sentence in the source file. Please supply the missing final line(s).]*

12.

The Wound That Became My Courage

They say a child's mind is the most delicate around the age of eight...

For me, that age was supposed to be full of fairy tales, magic, and a father who made me feel like a princess.

But one day, a monster entered my world — uninvited, unexpected. **(Cancer)**
Not a monster from stories, but a real one... one that slowly burned our lives for a year, piece by piece, until everything beautiful turned into ashes.

And even after **34 years**, that little eight-year-old inside me still remembers the fear.
Still hears the chaos.
Still feels the heartbreak.

Some days, I believe I've healed...
I speak to my inner child, I hold her gently, and I remind her that she is safe now.
But then February arrives — the month that carries my shadows — and the memories knock again.
Not to break me...
But to remind me how far I've come.

Because healing is not a straight line.
It's a slow, sacred journey.

And I've walked halfway through…
The rest, too, I will conquer.

Today, I want to say something to every person who grew up with a childhood that tried to destroy them:

Childhood trauma leaves marks —

but these marks can become medals of courage.

With a normal childhood, when someone creates history, it feels expected.
But when a child whose innocence was shattered still builds a life, still rises, still makes her presence felt in this world…

That is courage.
That is resilience.
That is grace in its strongest form.

So yes —
I am proud of myself.
Of the woman I have become.
Of the values and strength I try to spread through my existence.

And to anyone reading this who is still in the dark, still fighting their old monsters…

You're doing great.

You're surviving storms people don't even know about. And one day, your inner child will smile again — because of YOU.

Keep going.
You're not alone.
You are extraordinary. ✵

13.

The Insecurity No One Sees

Many people look successful from the outside. They have money, family, and stability. Yet inside, they feel restless, unhappy, jealous, or constantly worried. This often comes from **Emotional Insecurity** that was never understood or healed.

Emotional insecurity is not always loud. It shows quietly through overthinking, mood swings, anger, sadness, or the need for constant reassurance. A person may feel empty even when life is good. Small situations can hurt deeply. They may compare their life with others and feel they are missing something.

This usually begins early in life. Loss, loneliness, lack of emotional support, or strong dependency on one person can create a gap inside. If this gap is not filled with self-understanding over time, it stays there and starts affecting relationships and mental peace.

People with emotional insecurity often:

- Overthink small things again and again
- Feel jealous of others' happiness
- Get hurt easily
- Struggle to sleep due to constant thinking
- Expect others to fill their emotional needs

- Feel lonely even when surrounded by people

According to mental health studies, around 1 in 5 adults experience ongoing anxiety, overthinking, or emotional stress at some stage of life. Many never seek help and continue living with silent pressure. Over time, this starts affecting relationships, health, and happiness.

One important truth is this:

No one can change another person. Advice, love, support, and guidance can help, but the real shift starts only when a person decides to work on themselves.

Emotional healing needs personal effort. Some simple practices that slowly build inner strength are:

- Self-reflection and journaling to understand thoughts

- Meditation or quiet time to calm the mind

- Gratitude to focus on what is already good

- Learning to manage reactions instead of reacting instantly

- Talking to a counsellor when thoughts feel too heavy

These habits are not magic. But with consistency, they slowly fill the emotional gap inside.

If emotional insecurity continues for years without awareness, it can bring serious effects:

- Constant fights and distance in relationships

- Stress and anger becoming normal behaviour

- Poor sleep and health problems

- Children getting affected by negative environment

- Feeling lonely even in family life

- Long-term anxiety or sadness

Life does not become peaceful just by earning more or achieving more. Peace comes when the mind feels safe and settled.

The biggest step is acceptance.

When a person accepts, “I need to work on myself,” that is the moment change begins.

Support from family matters, but healing is a personal journey. Each person has to take responsibility for their own emotions, thoughts, and growth.

A filled cup can share love.

An empty cup keeps searching for it everywhere.

14.

Sanya's Journey: Strength and Perseverance

I recently reconnected with a long-lost friend, Sanya, and her story left me deep in thought. Sanya, a 27-year-old from Kanpur, is an embodiment of resilience. Despite facing numerous hardships, she has always remained a brilliant student and a strong contributor to her family.

Sanya grew up in a one-room home, shared with six people. She is the youngest of three sisters and has an elder brother. For the past eight years, it's been Sanya and her elder sister who have been the primary providers for their family. Sanya's father hasn't been working for years, and yet she has managed to shoulder responsibilities far beyond her years.

She spoke about how her family struggled with basic necessities, even sleeping on boards, as there was no furniture in their home. But Sanya, along with her sister, took a loan to build a house, turning it into the home of their dreams. Her determination to not just survive, but to thrive, is awe-inspiring.

Despite the odds, Sanya had the courage to pursue her education and even qualified for an engineering college. However, due to financial constraints, she couldn't attend a private institution at that time. But instead of giving up on her dreams, she is now fulfilling them through continuous

learning, demonstrating that it's never too late to chase your goals.

In many such situations, it's easy to lose focus and be distracted, but Sanya's story proves that the values instilled in her by her parents—values of hard work, family support, and resilience—are far stronger than any external challenge.

She is one of the strongest individuals I've met, and her story serves as a reminder that no matter where you come from or how difficult the circumstances, the strength to overcome and succeed lies within you.

15.

A Story of Grit, Grace, and Growth

We often feel life has been especially tough for us—until we hear someone else's story and realize the depth of human resilience. Today, I want to share such a story. A story that touched my heart deeply. A story of courage, resilience, and the very essence of what life demands from us: the *seven virtues*—knowledge, humility, intellect, action, courage to speak the truth, strength to face life, and unshakable faith in God.

This story is about a boy from Bihar who got married at the tender age of 17. Yes, you read that right. While the world was entering a new millennium, this boy and a girl—both just 17—were tied together in marriage, a decision taken by the ir parents in keeping with their traditions and beliefs.

At an age when most of us were still discovering who we were, this young couple was learning to live together as husband and wife. The boy had just completed his 12th standard and stepped out of his home to pursue further studies. Life was already full of challenges. And imagine the girl—still a teenager—adjusting to a new life, new family, and the responsibilities of being a wife.

Two years into marriage, they were blessed with a baby girl. Life wasn't perfect—neither too good, nor too bad. They were trying to find their footing.

But then came a storm.

When the child was just 11 months old, a serious dispute broke out between the girl and her mother-in-law. The girl's parents came and took her and the child away. For the boy, life shattered in that moment. He was heartbroken—missing his wife, his child, and the little life they were trying to build.

For 13 long months, he struggled, pleaded, reasoned, and waited. And finally, he brought his family back together. He brought his wife and daughter home to start a new chapter—again.

But the struggle didn't end there. It had only taken a new form.

He had to now find a job, and survival was the next big test. With very little money and lots of hope, he started traveling from Gwalior to Delhi, two to three times a week. He would board a train at 3 AM, reach Delhi, attend interviews, and take the evening train back at 8 PM. Just imagine the physical and emotional toll of this routine—yet he never gave up.

Finally, his determination paid off. He got a job at ina well known company. Life started to stabilize. Years passed, and though the journey was never easy, he kept going.

Then came another big test—last year, he suffered a heart attack. But by God's grace, he survived. Timely medical attention and his inner strength brought him back from the edge.

Today, this man lives life on *his* terms. He takes care of his responsibilities, prioritizes his health, and is focused on securing a bright future for his children. Life even blessed him with another child, completing his beautiful family.

When I heard his story, I was filled with awe and respect. It reminded me that every person carries a story, often unseen and unheard. We all face battles. We all endure storms. But it's those who keep walking through the rain with courage in their hearts who truly inspire the world.

Let us never judge a life by its cover. Everyone has a chapter they don't talk about—but that chapter holds the real essence of who they are.

If you're reading this today and struggling with your own battles, take heart. You are not alone. And your story too, is worth telling.

16.

Stay Rooted — Your Spring Will Come

Every morning, on my way to the office, I cross the same road. Recently, I have become more observant — watching the trees, the sky, the grasses, and feeling the wind touch my face. It feels truly wonderful.

Today, something special caught my eye. A tree stood there, blooming with bright yellow flowers, as if it was draped in a beautiful yellow dupatta. The flowers were in full bloom, covering almost all the green leaves. The contrast among the other trees made it look even more ecstatic and breathtaking.

As I admired the tree, a thought struck me. Just a month ago, this same tree looked completely barren — no leaves, no flowers — almost lifeless. Yet, it did not complain or cry. It stood still, silently waiting for its season to arrive. And today, it is blooming with all its glory.

Using this as an analogy, life feels very similar. We all go through different seasons — happiness, sadness, failures, excitement, grief. There are times when life feels empty, just like the barren tree. But like the tree, if we stay patient, calm, and keep working towards our goals, the right season will surely come. When the environment becomes favorable, no one can stop us from blooming.

Through this small observation, I want to elucidate the beautiful lesson nature teaches us —

- patience,
- resilience, and
- unwavering hope.

No matter which season you are in right now, trust the process.

Your spring will come, and you will bloom in your own time.

17.

When Dreams Are Delayed, Not Denied

Life is never the same for everyone.

What comes naturally to one may be a battle of pain, patience, and perseverance for another.

This is the story of a couple who tied the knot eight years ago—full of dreams, laughter, and love. Like most couples, they wished to complete their world with the joy of a child. After much hope and prayers, their dream came true—they were blessed with a beautiful baby girl.

But life, as it often does, had other plans.

Within two days of her birth, the baby left the world. The mother didn't even get to hold her in her arms... didn't get to see the face she had imagined a thousand times during those nine months. The father, who was doing everything in his capacity to save the child—praying, pleading, seeking the best medical care—was left numb. God's need for the child seemed greater than theirs.

What was once a home filled with dreams and lullabies now echoed with silence, pain, and tears. The mother felt an unimaginable void. A life she nurtured inside her, gone forever. But life didn't pause. The couple tried to find strength in each other. They stood back up, wiped their

tears, and tried again… only to face two more heartbreaking miscarriages.

This time, their hearts weren't just broken—they were shattered. The wife could no longer bear the physical and emotional pain of treatments. Seeing her suffer, the husband made a decision that would change their lives forever—he chose adoption.

And so began another journey. Paperwork, interviews, endless waiting—it was yet another test of their resilience. And just when they thought hope had left them for good, a miracle happened.

They were finally blessed with a daughter—a little bundle of joy who filled their home with giggles, light, and love.

Today, they are a happy family.
Not the way they once imagined, but perhaps in a way even more special.

Because this story is not just about loss.
It is about faith.
It is about courage.
It is about the kind of love that refuses to give up.

Because sometimes, the universe doesn't say "no"—
It only says, "not yet."

My Reflection:

This story moved me deeply. It reminded me that life doesn't always follow the plans we make—but it always unfolds in a way that teaches us the strength we never knew we had.

To anyone reading this who is waiting, hurting, or on the verge of giving up—please hold on. Your story isn't over yet.

Sometimes, miracles take a little longer to arrive. But when they do, they are worth every tear, every prayer, and every sleepless night.

✨ Keep faith. Keep going. Because love always finds its way.

18.

Healing Through Winter

Winter has always been more than just a season for me — it has been a painful reminder of loss and sorrow.

As a child, I lost my father during the winter months. That devastating experience left a mark on my heart, and over the years, other painful events followed during this season. For me, winter was a season of emotional coldness and darkness, a time when memories of grief resurfaced, making it hard to enjoy the beauty of this time of year.

But this winter feels different.

After years of carrying that emotional burden, I decided to change my perspective. My self-improvement journey over the past months has been transformative. One of the most profound practices that helped me heal is Reiki. Through Reiki, I learned to accept my pain instead of suppressing it. Acceptance brought peace, and peace brought clarity.

It's been a month since Delhi embraced its winter chill, and for the first time in years, I am not afraid of this season. There is no more dread or sadness. My mindset has shifted, my thoughts are more positive, and my heart feels lighter.

This shift made me realize an important truth:

It is not the world that needs to change; it's me who needs to take that step toward change.

The seasons of life will always bring challenges and hardships, but healing begins from within.

I used to think that winter brought pain, but now I see it differently. Winter, like life, is a cycle — a time for reflection, acceptance, and growth. We must embrace each moment fully, regardless of the season.

I am grateful for my daily practices — meditation, Reiki, and the powerful mantras I chant each day. These practices have helped me build resilience, shift my mindset, and embrace every season of life with open arms.

Today, as I sit here reflecting, I realize how much I've grown. This winter, I choose to:

Live each moment fully.

Heal from my past wounds.

Smile through every season.

Life isn't about waiting for spring to bloom; it's about finding warmth even in the coldest days.

And this winter, I've found my warmth within.

Let's embrace the winter within and step into a journey of healing and growth.



Part Three:
The Weight of Family

19.

The Train I Still Remember

Even today, whenever I see a train, one particular memory comes rushing back to me like it happened yesterday.

February 1992.

A freezing cold night in Ranchi.

My father was suffering from cancer. His condition had worsened so much that he had become bedridden. The pain was unbearable, and frustration had slowly replaced the strong spirit he once carried. That night, my family decided to take him to Kolkata for treatment by train.

Everything was ready.

The ambulance arrived. My mother, father, and younger brother didi and bhaiya left for the station. I was asked to stay back at home because everyone felt there was nothing much a child like me could do there.

I still remember standing silently as they went away.

I wanted to cry.

I wanted to run behind them.

But I just stood there... watching the people I loved disappear from my sight.

Sometimes childhood teaches you strength much before you are ready for it.

A few minutes later, a phone call came.

My younger brother — barely one year and eight months old — was crying uncontrollably inside the train compartment. He refused to calm down because I was not there. I am seven years older than him, and even at that tiny age, he could not imagine going without me.

The moment the call came, everything changed.

Someone from our neighborhood accompanied me, and we rushed in a jeep toward Hatia station because the train had already departed from Ranchi. It felt like a race against time.

I still remember the speed of that jeep cutting through the cold night air. My little heart was filled with fear, urgency, and hope all together.

Finally, we reached Hatia station.

And somehow... I boarded the train.

The moment my brother saw me, his tears stopped. He hugged me tightly, as if his entire world had returned to him.

That hug stayed with me forever.

Today, 34 years later, life has changed completely.

My brother is grown up now. He has a beautiful family, responsibilities, and his own life. But one thing has never changed — his love for me.

And perhaps this is God's most beautiful blessing to us: we still live in the same building, and even today, we often begin our mornings together with a cup of tea.

Life is strange.

One day it tests you with pain so deep that you feel broken.

And another day, it rewards you with moments so beautiful that your heart quietly says, “It was all worth it.”

Whenever I see a train now, I do not just remember fear or sadness.

I remember love.

The kind of love

20.

When Love Becomes Unequal

Can parents go wrong?
Can love, which is meant to be unconditional, become selective?

It's uncomfortable to even ask this question… but the truth is—yes, it can happen. And more often than we'd like to admit.

I have seen families where the younger child is showered with love, while the elder one quietly fades into the background. And strangely, this imbalance is often felt more deeply by sons—especially after marriage.

Recently, I had a conversation with a colleague. What he shared left me shaken. I found myself questioning something I never thought I would:

Can a "Maa" ever become "Kumata"?

A Story That Still Echoes in My Mind

This is the story of an elder son.

He got married early—around 17–18 years old—through an arranged marriage. His mother was still young herself. And perhaps, unknowingly, she started seeing her daughter-in-law not as family… but as competition.

Things changed.

What should have been a nurturing relationship slowly turned into resistance. At one point, the mother even demanded that her son divorce his wife.

But here is where the story takes a turn.

The son chose strength over submission.

He stood by his wife and said:
"I married her, and I will stay with her till my last breath."

Not every son can do that. Not every son does that.

When Ego Enters, Love Leaves

That decision hurt the mother's ego.

And when ego enters a relationship, love often walks out quietly.

Arguments increased. Tensions grew. And then came another turning point—the younger son got married.

Within a year, conflicts escalated. The household split. Even the kitchen was divided—by the mother's decision.

The father?
He remained silent.

Not because he didn't understand...
But because speaking up meant inviting chaos.

Sometimes silence is not peace—it is helplessness.

The Breaking Point

Life moved on.

The elder son faced a heart attack. He fought it, recovered, and moved closer to his workplace due to job demands.

But emotional wounds often hurt more than physical ones.

Despite everything, the parents continued favoring the younger son—perhaps because he had two daughters, while the elder had a son and a daughter. The reasons may vary, but the bias remained visible.

And then came the moment that broke everything.

The ancestral property—his rightful share—was distributed.

But he received nothing.

Not a single penny.

When Blood Ties Break

That was the final blow.

He didn't fight. He didn't argue.
He simply… walked away.

He cut off all ties—with his parents and even his siblings.

And what surprised me even more—
There were four siblings in total. Two sisters, two brothers.

Yet, not one stood by him.

Not one paused to ask:
"Are you okay?"

Healing Without Closure

Today, that man is doing well.

He is focused on his health.
He is taking care of his family.
He is earning well—by God's grace.

But somewhere, deep inside, there is a silence that no success can fill.

A Question We Must All Ask

How can this happen?

How can parents do this to their own child? How can love become so divided… so conditional?

And then I remind myself—

This is Kalyug. Anything can happen.

But one thing still holds true, no matter what:

👉 **Karma is always watching.**

Final Thought

Before we judge, before we ignore, before we favor one child over another—
We must remember:

Children don't just need food, education, and shelter.

They need **fairness.**
They need emotional security.
They need to feel equally loved.

Because sometimes,
the deepest wounds are not caused by strangers…

…but by the very people we call **family**.

21.

Aur Phir Woh Kabhi Nahi Lauta (And Then, She Never Came Back)

There is a special kind of therapy that does not require appointments, medicines, or advice. It simply needs three people, a cup of tea, and a home filled with memories.

Whenever my brother comes home, our house changes. The children leave for their routines, meditation gets over, Maa prepares tea, and then begins our daily ritual—conversations. Sometimes Ritesh joins us too. We sit together and recharge ourselves.

The conversations travel through cities and years.Our Conversation move from Delhi to Dhanbad, from Begusarai to Bhagalpur, and back to our childhood. Sometimes we laugh until our eyes fill with tears. Sometimes we become silent while remembering how difficult life was for Maa after Papa passed away.

As children, we only saw our mother.

As adults, we finally understand her strength.

Our home once again became an admission war room. The same discussions that are happening today for Nishtha's future brought back memories of Anku's own journey.

It was 2008.

Like many young students, his dream was to get into IIT. When the results came, he could not make it. He was disappointed, angry with himself, and deeply hurt. He even started taking tuition classes and decided to take a drop year.

Then life took an unexpected turn.

A letter arrived from TS Chanakya. His teachers became excited. Suddenly, a new possibility appeared. He traveled to Mumbai for counselling, and Nawab Bhaiya played a very important role during that phase.

Those were days when money was scarce. Every rupee mattered. Yet Maa, a single parent, decided to send her only son into a profession that would take him far away.

Even today, I wonder if I could have taken such a decision if I had been in her place.

But she did.

And when courage appears, the universe often creates a path.

Through Reena Mausi (Hari Mamu's Sister in Law), we heard about a Captain' story. He visited TS Chanakya and instantly fell in love with the place. Looking around with dreams in his eyes, he asked a student one innocent question:

"Bhaiya, ek lakh rupaye kama lenge?"

Today, we laugh while remembering that moment, but at that time it was a genuine dream.

Many relatives advised Maa against sending him. They said the rules were too strict. They said he would not survive there. They said he would come back.

Based on his results, he had opportunities in TS Chanakya, DMET, and MERI Mumbai. Because of his eyesight, TS Chanakya did not work out, though he remained on the waiting list. DMET Kolkata became the next destination.

While returning from Mumbai to Dhanbad, he met a Naval Captain during the journey. Another sign from the universe.

His determination only became stronger.

Before joining college, he visited Sudha Didi's family. Manish Bhaiya became one of the strongest pillars during that time. He supported Maa in every possible way. When Anku saw the life of someone already working in the marine profession, he became absolutely certain.

"This is what I want."

He asked Maa to pray for his admission.

Maa replied with words she still lives by:

"I will not ask God for one particular thing. I will only pray that whatever is best for my child should come to him. Hari Iksha Prabal"

He finally got admission into DMET Kolkata. There was no preparation, no shopping done, and very little time left. Maa and Manish Bhaiya rushed to the market to buy the essentials.

When I look back today, I realize that success is never an individual achievement.

It is built by mothers who sacrifice.

By relatives who support.

By teachers who encourage.

By friends who guide.

By strangers who become blessings.

Every person who helped him became a part of his journey.

And today, wherever he is, it is the collective effort of many hearts.

I still remember the people who said:

"Why are you sending him? He won't survive there. He will come back."

Today, while discussing those days, Anku smiled and said:

"Aur phir woh kabhi nahi lauta."

He never returned because he found his purpose and solace.

Sometimes, the greatest success is not staying where life keeps us comfortable.

It is having the courage to sail into the unknown.

And somewhere behind every person who leaves to build a future stands a mother, quietly praying:

"Bhagwan, jo mere bachche ke liye sabse achha ho, wahi dena."

22.

A Train Journey, A Life Unveiled

I was on a train journey recently, immersed in reading *Games People Play* by Eric Berne—a classic that dissects the psychology of human interactions. Across me sat a woman with her two children. She kept glancing at my book, visibly intrigued by the title. Eventually, curiosity gave way to a gentle conversation, and in the course of the journey, we became friends.

She was headed to her husband's place of posting—he's in a government job. As we spoke, she learned I was an author and shared a bit about my work. Her eyes lit up with admiration, but soon, behind those bright eyes, I saw a flicker of pain.

Slowly, almost hesitantly, she opened up.

She had completed her MBA but never got a chance to pursue her career. She got married, conceived soon after, and motherhood took center stage. She said, "We women often bury our dreams for responsibilities." But it wasn't just sacrifice—it was control. Her husband *does not allow* her to work. Every attempt was met with resistance and emotional abuse. No bruises on the body, but invisible scars on the mind and soul.

What hurt her more was the constant interference from her sister-in-law, who added fuel to the fire, manipulating the brother into further taunts and emotional attacks. Their

home had become a battlefield of silences, sarcasm, and control. The collateral damage? Their daughter—now emotionally disconnected from her father, silently witnessing her mother's pain.

As she sobbed quietly, I held space for her. I didn't offer advice immediately—I listened.

But now that I reflect on this experience, I feel compelled to address two things:

Why do some Indian men behave like this? And what can a woman do in such a situation?

Why Do Some Indian Men Still Try to Control Their Wives?

Patriarchal Conditioning: From a young age, many boys are raised to believe they are the "providers" and women are meant to "serve" or "adjust." This mindset doesn't vanish with education or status—it needs conscious unlearning.

Insecurity & Fragile Masculinity; A confident, financially independent woman can feel threatening to a man who defines his worth through dominance. Restricting her becomes a twisted way to retain control.

Fear of Social Judgment: Some men fear what society or their family might say if their wives work or "outshine" them. It's not love, but ego masked as tradition.

Family Interference: Toxic in-laws, especially sisters-in-law or mothers-in-law, often influence the husband against the wife, either out of jealousy, control, or their own internalized patriarchy.

What Should a Woman Do in Such a Situation?

Acknowledge Her Truth: The first and bravest step is to accept that what she's going through *is abuse*—mental, emotional, and psychological.

Talk to a Professional: Therapy or counselling can be life-changing. It helps rebuild self-worth and clarity. If in-person sessions are not possible, there are now many online platforms available.

Find a Support System: Reach out to friends, siblings, or women's groups. Silent suffering only empowers the abuser. Connection gives strength.

Document Everything: If the situation escalates, documentation of emotional abuse and family dynamics can help if legal action or counselling mediation is needed later.

Financial Empowerment, Bit by Bit: Even if stepping out is not possible right now, start small—freelancing, online work, upskilling. Financial independence is not just money—it's power and confidence.

Talk to the Children: Children, especially daughters, must know this is not normal. Break the cycle for the next generation. Let them grow up witnessing strength, not silence.

To My Fellow Women…

You are not alone. Your voice matters. Your dreams are valid. Marriage should be a partnership, not a prison. And if someone clips your wings every time you try to fly, it's time to question if that's truly love—or control dressed in cultural costume.

Let us remember: every empowered woman becomes a lighthouse for many others sailing in storms.

And to the men—may you rise above what society taught you to believe, and instead learn what true strength looks like: supporting, respecting, and standing beside a woman as she becomes her fullest self.

23.

Two Deaths, One Thought

Recently, I came across two deaths. One lost the battle to cancer and desperately wanted to live. The other ended his own life—he chose death over life.

Isn't it strange? One person begged for more time, while the other gave his time away. As I sit with these emotions, I feel empathy for the one who died of cancer. But for the one who died by suicide, I feel a mix of confusion and anger.

Why did he do that
? Was his pain so deep that he saw no other way out? Did his problems seem bigger than life itself?

It hurts more when I think of him as someone's child. His parents must have had dreams, hopes, expectations. And just like that, all of it was gone. As a parent, I wonder—do we raise children just to see such days?

In moments like this, I turn towards the truth of the Geeta—"Jo hota hai, acche ke liye hota hai." But in this case, what good came from him ending his life? For himself? For his loved ones?

Maybe he felt unwanted. Maybe he believed no one loved him. Maybe he just couldn't take it anymore.

Research shows that more men die by suicide. One reason is that society tells men not to cry, not to express, to "be strong." They bottle up emotions until they burst.

But I want to say this clearly: please, don't take your life.

Talk to someone. A friend, a parent, a teacher, a counselor. And if no one is there—talk to yourself.

Pick up a pen. Write your thoughts. Let it all out. Don't judge. Just write.

Writing is healing. When thoughts come out on paper, your mind feels lighter. You begin to see things more clearly. You start to understand your emotions. You may even find your own answers in your own words.

You don't need fancy words. Just honesty.

Even if it feels like no one is listening, your notebook is. Your diary doesn't interrupt, doesn't advise, doesn't shame. It simply listens.

So before giving up—give writing a try.

Life is precious. You are needed. You are loved—even if it doesn't feel like it right now.

24.

Two Brothers, Two Mindsets

In a world where two brothers embarked on life's journey with identical beginnings, their destinies took divergent paths fueled by the power of their mindsets.

Meet the **Growth Mindset brother**, a beacon of optimism and resilience, always seeking opportunities for improvement in every aspect of life. Conversely, his counterpart, the **Fixed Mindset brother**, harbored a stagnant disposition, entangled in a web of complaints and excuses, oblivious to the potential for growth surrounding him.

As they traversed through the chapters of life, encountering the same challenges and triumphs, their mindsets acted as compasses, guiding their perceptions and responses.

Fast forward to adulthood: the Growth Mindset brother radiates contentment and success, having **embraced personal responsibility** and a commitment to **continuous self-improvement.** In contrast, the Fixed Mindset brother finds himself adrift in a sea of discontent, his relationships strained and his prospects limited by his **rigid beliefs.**

Despite the Growth Mindset brother's earnest attempts to extend a helping hand, the Fixed Mindset brother remains entrenched in his patterns, resistant to change and blind to the opportunities for growth that surround him.

Ultimately, the tale underscores a poignant truth: the power to transform lies within oneself. Until the Fixed Mindset brother acknowledges his limitations and embraces the possibility of change, he will remain confined to the shadows of his potential. For in the realm of growth and development, the first step towards transformation is the recognition of one's own capacity for change.



Part Four:
Motherhood, Unfiltered

25.

The Pen, the Truth, and a Mother's Silent Victory

Yesterday evening, after returning from office, I experienced one of the most beautiful parenting moments of my life. Not because my daughter did something extraordinary, but because she chose honesty over fear.

As usual, my daughter came home from tuition and hugged me tightly. After a few minutes, she quietly said,

"Mama, I need to talk to you. I did something wrong today."

Those words instantly made me anxious. A hundred thoughts crossed my mind.

She took me into the bedroom, closed the door, sat close to me, and with tears in her eyes started narrating the incident.

She had gone to her mama's home in the same building. There, she saw a beautiful pen that she liked very much. She picked it up and started walking away without telling anyone. But before leaving, my brother noticed it. She immediately kept the pen back and ran away feeling guilty.

As she shared this, I looked at her trembling voice and watery eyes. At that moment, I realized something important — children are not looking for perfect parents, they are looking for safe parents. Parents with whom they can share even their mistakes without the fear of being insulted or rejected.

I hugged her and calmly explained that taking something without permission is wrong. If she liked the pen, she could have simply asked for it.

But more than correcting her mistake, I appreciated her honesty.

Because confessing a mistake needs courage.

And suddenly, I remembered my own childhood. I too had once made a similar mistake when I was around her age. My mother had then guided me with love instead of anger. Yesterday, without realizing it, I was passing the same values to my daughter.

I asked her to apologize, and she immediately called and said sorry.

Then came the most magical moment.

I smiled and told her, "I have something for you."

And from my bag, I took out the exact same type of pen she had liked.

The joy on her face was unforgettable. She hugged me again and started thanking the universe in her innocent little way.

At that moment, I understood a deep parenting truth:

When children are heard, they become honest.

When they are guided with love, they develop values.

And when parents react with calmness instead of anger, children learn integrity naturally.

Parenting is not about raising children who never make mistakes.

It is about raising children who are truthful enough to admit them, strong enough to correct them, and wise enough to learn from them.

Yesterday, my daughter learned a lesson about honesty.

But honestly, I learned an even bigger lesson about motherhood.

Lessons on Parenting

Create a safe space where children can speak the truth without fear.

Correct the mistake, not the child's character.

Children learn more from our reactions than our lectures.

Values are not taught in one day; they are passed from generation to generation through small moments.

Appreciation for honesty is as important as correcting wrongdoing.

Parenting is less about control and more about connection.

26.

A Mother Is Never Off Duty

A mother, working or not, never clocks out. Work waits for her with open arms... just like Shah Rukh Khan's famous pose 😁

Yesterday was one of those days. Long, hectic, draining. I reached home dreaming of rest. Sofa was calling me. Tea was waiting. Peace was almost here... and then reality knocked.

Enter my Gen Alpha daughter 💥

First came her never-ending questions. Then came the real bomb — incomplete schoolwork because of annual day practice. And just like that, I changed roles. Office coat off. Teacher mode ON.

My mother and I sat together with notebooks and pens. For a moment, I felt like I was a student again. "Finish this fast or tomorrow will be worse!" That pressure was real 😈

After working 11 hours, sitting again to teach was tiring. But I did it. Because these are her growing years. What I ignore today can become a problem tomorrow. So yes, I pushed myself.

We managed to complete three subjects. The rest is waiting for today. But this small incident taught me a big life lesson.

When we delay work, it doesn't disappear. It only grows bigger. Then we rush, panic, and feel stressed. The smarter

way? Do it on time. Ask for help. Take guidance. Sitting and worrying never solves anything.

So here's the truth:

Mothers get tired. Mothers feel exhausted. But mothers don't give up. They show up — every single day 🖤

27.

From Her Story to My Dream

There is a girl in my office. We worked together in my previous organization, and now again we are here—together. Sometimes life repeats people to remind you that the universe is aligning things quietly.

We share an evening auto while returning. Those small rides turn into deep conversations. We talk, we laugh, we share.

She is the only daughter. Loved deeply. Cherished by her parents and brother. Her world revolves around family—and family revolves around her.

When she talks about her bond with her father, my heart feels warm… and somewhere deep inside, a small void opens.

Kaash mere papa bhi hote…

I take a deep breath. I listen. I smile. Because the past cannot be changed.

But the future? The future can be shaped.

Listening to her makes me dream. Dream of the kind of bond I want with my daughters. A home where all four of us share everything. Where love flows freely. Where dreams are understood. Where conversations never stop.

She is Gen Z, so connected to her parents. She understands their dreams. She respects their journey. That itself feels so beautiful.

Her father and she go to office together. What a joy that must be.

And I wait... I wait for the day when I will go to office with my daughter. From sharing school gossip to sharing office gossip. From holding hands to walking side by side.

Some stories heal you. Some stories remind you of what you missed. And some stories give you hope to create something even more beautiful.

Thank you, Universe 🙏 For showing me what is possible. For planting dreams in my heart.

28.

The Morning Chaos, and the Power of Letting Them

Today was one of those days.

You know the kind—where everyone needs to be in a different place at the *same* time.

Some people had to catch a train 

I had to go to the office 

Elder one had to reach school 

And everyone was moving in their own direction, at their own pace, with their own urgency

And right in the middle of all this...
I had to stay calm.

Not react.
But *respond*.

Easier said than done, right?

Control Is an Illusion (And a Stress Booster )

Here's the truth that hit me again today:

Not everything will happen according to you.
Not every situation will be under your control.
And you cannot control anyone—except *yourself*.

Once this sinks in, something magical happens. You stop fighting reality and start flowing with it.

I consciously chose how I wanted to respond, not how the situation wanted me to react.

And trust me—it was a *tough job*.
But a worthwhile one.

How "Let Them" Quietly Made Me Stronger

The *Let Them* philosophy has been my silent strength. (The Let Them Theory -Mel Robbins Book)

Let them rush

Let them delay

Let them be casual

Let them be who they are

And let me protect my peace.

Earlier, my husband's casual attitude would trigger me instantly.
Shouting, frustration, mood spoiled, BP rising—full package 🎁

But since I started my self-improvement journey, something beautiful changed.

👉 He didn't change.
👉 I did.

And guess what?

Earlier: I had to tell him 5–6 times

Now: Just 2 times 😊

Progress, my friend. *Real progress.*

Peace at Home Is Not a Coincidence

Because I stayed calm:

No shouting

No emotional spillover

No stress hangover

The environment at home stayed peaceful.
And that peace is priceless—especially at this juncture of my life, where calmness is not optional, it's essential.

I truly believe:

You are the Malik (owner) of your own peace.
Don't hand over the remote control to anyone else.

This Power Comes With Practice

Let me be honest—this doesn't happen overnight.

This power comes with:

 Meditation

 Clarity of thought

 Time management

 And finally, following the Let Them Theory

Anyone who genuinely wants to live life peacefully must practice these—daily, imperfectly, but consistently.

Morning Chaos: 1

Me (Consciously Calm): 1 ☑

By the end of the morning:

Work got done

No emotional damage

Peace intact

And that, for me, is a big win.

If this resonates with you, remember—
Peace is not found outside.
It is practiced within.

And yes… tomorrow may be chaotic again.
But now I know—I'm better prepared 😌✨

29.

The Morning Chaos, and the Calm I Found Within

Today was one of those days when the universe seemed to test my patience in every possible way. My maid didn't show up (as if she got a secret government holiday I wasn't informed about), kids had their own drama, and the house looked like a mini battlefield.

And yet... lunch was cooked, the home looked decent enough to call "arranged," kids reached school on time, and I reached office before my boss's mood swings kicked in. 😄

As I looked at the clock, a thought crossed my mind — If this were the old Sweta, she'd have broken down by now. But today, I smiled. Not because the day was easy, but because I was stronger.

Every working woman will relate — mornings aren't "good," they're "missions."

You need to multitask like a soldier, make decisions like a CEO, and still smile like it's a vacation day. Whether working or not, every woman knows — the show must go on.

But here's what we forget: while running the show for everyone else, we often forget the lead actress — ourselves.

And that's where meditation changed my game. 🍃

Earlier, I used to panic, shout, or feel like crying when things went wrong. Now, I just breathe, stay calm, and act. Meditation didn't remove the problems — it changed me. It gave me peace in chaos, patience in stress, and a quiet strength that whispers — "You've got this."

So, today I'm applauding myself — not for being perfect, but for handling the imperfect perfectly.

Because being calm in a storm isn't weakness.

It's power. It's growth. It's peace earned through practice.

30.

"Mumma, You Won't Love Me If I Have Hair on My Face?"

That question hit me like a punch to the heart.

Her little voice trembled, and for a moment, I didn't know what to say.

She was talking about something as natural as facial hair — and yet, someone's careless words had made her question her worth... her beauty... and even my love.

That's what body shaming does.

It silently steals a child's confidence, one comment at a time.

As a mother, I realized — I can't stop people from talking.

But I can make sure my daughter knows this truth:

👉 Her body is not a problem to be fixed.

👉 Her worth doesn't depend on someone's idea of "beauty."

👉 And my love for her will never, ever depend on how she looks. 🖤

Children are observant — they notice how we react to their insecurities.

In that moment, what they need is not correction or comfort words like "ignore them,"

they need acceptance, reassurance, and truth.

Here's what I've learned every parent can do when faced with such situations:

 1. Validate their feelings.

Don't dismiss it. Just say, "I understand, that must have hurt."

 2. Reaffirm love and acceptance.

Remind them — "You are beautiful exactly as you are."

 3. Teach them the right meaning of beauty.

Show them examples of strong, kind, confident people — not perfect ones.

 4. Model self-love.

Children mirror how we treat ourselves. If we accept our flaws, they'll accept theirs.

 5. Help them find inner strengths.

Praise them for kindness, effort, intelligence — not looks.

Let's raise kids who don't just look in the mirror to find beauty,

but who can look into their hearts and say —

"I am enough." 

31.

A Mother's Heart: Not Overprotective, Just Concerned

People often say mothers worry too much.

That we are overprotective, that we don't give enough freedom, that we need to "let go."

But only a mother knows — her worry doesn't come from control, it comes from care.

When a daughter steps out, a mother's mind automatically starts thinking of her safety — Is the place safe? Who's going with her? Will she reach home on time?

Not because she doubts her child's ability, but because she has seen the world. She knows how unpredictable it can be.

People may think that a mother who cares too much is "overprotective."

Even kids sometimes see her as a monster who restricts them.

But only a mother knows why she does it.

Because once an incident happens, there's no point in marching with candles or doing dharna.

Prevention is always better than cure.

A mother's heart carries countless stories — some she has seen, some she has heard — and that's why her first instinct is always protection.

It's not fear, it's love in its purest form.

We live in a world where it's sadly not enough to just trust; we must also stay alert.

So, when a mother says, "Let me drop you," or "Be home early," she's not limiting her daughter — she's guarding her world.

Because for a mother, her daughter is not just her child —

She's a piece of her soul walking outside her body. 🖤

And yes, it's always better to be safe than sorry.

I strongly believe this.

32.

Milestones, Maids, and the Morning Mayhem — Still, I Won!

Every day as a woman feels like running a mini-marathon with surprise obstacles, random penalties, and yet—glorious souvenirs (mostly in the form of chai, peace, or a compliment from someone who noticed the eyeliner finally matched the kurta).

Now, if you're a woman on a self-improvement journey, congratulations! Your hurdles just got upgraded to ninja level.

Take today for instance.

Milestone 1: Wake Up Like a Warrior

The alarm rang, and I did not snooze it. Victory #1. Because, hello—I'm on a mission to be my best self. I even managed to meditate before the chaos.

Little did I know, the Universe already had a plan—"Cook will be late beta, better calm your chakras now."

Milestone 2: Kids to School – Smooth Like Butter

Now this usually looks like a circus—but not today. The kids were up, dressed, and packed like pros. With practice and consistent guidance, this milestone is now a smooth sail. Victory #2.

Milestone 3: Cook's Surprise Attack

Clock: 7:40 AM

Message from cook: "Didi, kawad hai... 8:30 tak aaungi."

Me: "Arre bhagwan!"

Actual arrival? 8:25 AM.

No time to cry or sulk—I put on my superhero cape (a kitchen apron, basically) and got breakfast ready by 8:10 AM.

And hey—I got my tea!

Husband was already on the move, but helped out. He's supportive and yes—still a little in beta version 😄.

Maid Entry = Mood Saver

Sharp at 8:00 AM, the maid (Utemsils cleaner) arrived. No mountain of utensils today. Universe really balanced out the cook delay.

The Auto Escape & HRIS Victory

Ran, rushed, rolled, and by 8:44 AM, I was in my beloved auto—just 4 minutes late.

I expected the HRIS system to throw a tortoise at me...

BUT GUESS WHAT — it didn't! I was on time!

Thank you, Universe. Truly.

Takeaway from Today's Drama

✓ Meditation: Done

✓ Kids: Handled like a pro

✓ Cook Crisis: Managed

✓ Breakfast: Served

✓ Tea: Sipped

✓ Husband: Helpful (upgrading in progress 😄)

✓ Maid: Timely

✓ Auto: Boarded

✓ HRIS: No Tortoise. I repeat — NO TORTOISE!

Mood: Slightly breathless but proud.

Gratitude: Overflowing.

Conclusion: I didn't just survive the morning—I owned it.

Phase 1: ☑

Phase 2 (Work): Let's see what drama unfolds there.

33.

Motherhood: A Lifelong Journey of Love and Vigilance

Motherhood—a word that carries the weight of love, responsibility, and an unbreakable bond. It's not just a role or a title; it's a lifelong commitment that begins the moment a child is born and continues to evolve as the child grows. Being a mother means more than just providing for a child's physical needs; it's about shaping their character, instilling values, and guiding them through life's challenges. In today's world, where technology and social media have become dominant forces, the responsibility of motherhood has become even more complex and demanding.

The Ever-Evolving Role of a Mother

Parenting is a continuous process, one that requires mothers to adapt and grow alongside their children. As kids move from one stage of development to another, the approach to parenting must shift accordingly. What works for a toddler may not work for a teenager, and it's essential for mothers to recognize these transitions and adjust their parenting strategies to meet the changing needs of their children.

In the early years, motherhood involves providing a safe and nurturing environment, teaching basic values, and laying the foundation for a child's understanding of right and wrong. As children grow, mothers must guide them through the complexities of social interactions, academic challenges, and

the development of their personal identities. This evolution continues through adolescence and into adulthood, where the role of a mother transforms from caregiver to confidant, advisor, and friend.

The Challenges of Parenting in the Digital Age

In today's digital age, the influence of technology and social media has added a new layer of complexity to parenting. The internet offers children a vast world of information and interaction, but it also exposes them to risks, such as cyberbullying, misinformation, and negative influences. For teenagers, in particular, the pull of social media and peer pressure can be overwhelming. They may begin to see their online friends as more trustworthy than their parents, making it challenging for mothers to maintain their influence and guidance.

This period of adolescence is like walking a tightrope; one wrong step, and the consequences can be severe. Teens are particularly vulnerable, and it's during this time that the role of a mother becomes even more critical. A mother must be vigilant, aware of what is happening in her child's life, and ready to step in when necessary. But vigilance alone is not enough—mothers must also foster open, honest, and ongoing communication with their children.

The Importance of Emotional Connection

In an era where material gifts and privileges are often used to express love, it's important to remember that true connection comes from the heart. Providing material comforts is not enough to ensure that children feel close to their parents. What they need most is emotional support,

understanding, and a sense of security that comes from knowing they are valued and loved.

Clear communication is key to building and maintaining this emotional connection. It's crucial for mothers to have heart-to-heart conversations with their children, where both parties feel heard and understood. This kind of communication helps to bridge the gap that can sometimes form between parents and children, especially during the teenage years. By staying emotionally connected, mothers can guide their children through the challenges they face and help them make wise decisions.

A Call to Action for All Parents

The role of a mother is one of the most important and challenging in life. It requires patience, wisdom, and a deep commitment to the well-being of the child. As children grow and face the pressures of the modern world, mothers must adapt, evolve, and remain actively involved in their lives.

This is an urgent call to all mothers and fathers: don't let technology and social media take your place in your child's life. Foster open communication, build a strong emotional connection, and be vigilant about what is happening around your child. Parenting is not about providing things; it's about being present, both physically and emotionally.

As mothers, we have the power to shape the future by guiding our children with love, wisdom, and vigilance. Let's embrace this responsibility with the seriousness it deserves, knowing that the way we nurture our children today will have a lasting impact on the world of tomorrow.

34.

She Gives All Year — These Days, She Needs You

Women are givers—round the clock, all through life.

365 days a year, she gives her time, energy, emotions, and love.

Nature knew this constant giving needed a pause.

So it gave her a monthly rest—menstruation.

During these days, her body sheds, aches, weakens, and heals. She goes through cramps, exhaustion, mood shifts, and silent pain. This is not weakness. This is her body asking for care.

What she needs then is not advice or correction—

she needs warmth, patience, understanding, and gentle presence.

Small things matter deeply at this time:

a glass of warm water, a soft tone, help without being asked, and the feeling that she is not alone.

If a man understands her in this phase, he truly understands her strength.

Because loving a woman also means holding space for her pain.

A woman can conquer the world on any day.

But on these days, she doesn't want to fight.

She wants to rest, feel safe, and be cared for—just for a while.

And when she is given that care,

she returns to the world stronger, calmer, and fuller—

ready to give again, the way only a woman can.



Part Five:
The Small Things

35.

The Remote That Returned

Last night, something strange happened in my home.

It was an ordinary work-from-home day. The AC servicing team came to clean both the air conditioners—one in my room and one in my daughter's room. During the cleaning, we realized one remote was missing. We searched for it but couldn't find it. Finally, we let it go and carried on with the day.

Later that night, while lying in bed, I closed my eyes and focused deeply. Suddenly, a thought flashed in my mind about where the remote could be. I got up, checked that spot—and there it was.

I smiled. Mystery solved.

Or so I thought.

When I walked into the other room, I saw the second remote was now missing.

This time, my daughter and I searched everywhere. We checked under the bed, inside blankets, beside pillows, drawers, shelves—every possible corner. It was almost midnight, and after a long search, we gave up. The remote had simply vanished.

But the real surprise came in the morning.

As sunlight entered the room and we rushed to get ready for school and office, there it was.

The same missing remote.

Lying quietly in the exact middle of the bed.

Visible. Clear. Impossible to miss.

My daughter and I looked at each other in silence.

How could something we searched for so desperately at night suddenly appear where we had looked again and again?

Was it hidden in the folds of the blanket?

Did our tired eyes fail us?

Or did the house decide to play a little game with us?

Some mysteries don't need answers.

They simply leave us wondering.

And I am still wondering.

36.

Left Behind: The Lonely Journey of a Laptop

Hi there,

I'm my owner's official laptop. Their loyal partner. Their workhorse. Their Netflix buddy. Their always-on-call friend.

From the moment they wake up till the moment they're about to sleep — there I am, glowing on their lap or desk. Whether it's crunching numbers for work or binge-watching the latest series, I never get a break. Honestly, I should be charging rent for the hours I put in.

The Munger Monsoon

Recently, my owner took me to Munger. Oh, the weather was heavenly! I thought maybe I'd get some fresh air. But no — even there, I was booted up early morning for "just a little work."

Then we zipped off to Patna. Meetings, cafes, homes — they'd open me everywhere. I was basically a traveling circus performer, always "on."

The Day My Heart Sank

Then came the airport day. I was excited — my first airplane ride!

We reached the security check. My owner took me out, placed me gently in the tray. My charger and wires went into

another tray. “Standard process,” I thought. In a few minutes, I’d be flying in the overhead bin, wrapped safely in the bag.

But no.

My owner — my own human — took the charger. Took the phone. Took the bag. And walked away.

I was left… in the security machine. Alone. Forgotten.

I screamed silently: Hey! I’m right here! The one you spend all your time with!

But they didn’t turn back.

My Dark Hours

A few hours later, I was rescued — but not by my owner.

CISF folks gently placed me in the Lost & Found department. It was dark. Quiet. My battery was draining. I whispered a little prayer to the Tech Gods: Please, let them realise I’m missing.

And guess what — at midnight, I heard a voice:

“Haan, yahi hai.”

Apparently, my rescue mission had been scheduled for the next morning.

Bhaiya to the Rescue (Kind of)

Morning came. 8 am — the department opened. No one came.

10 am — finally, my hero: Bhaiya.

I was ready to leave, but oh no, there were formalities. And then they tried to open me. Excuse me? I'm an official laptop, not a free buffet.

Finally, a true farishta (angel) stepped in, signed the papers, and handed me over to Bhaiya. I felt a wave of relief.

Now I'm on my way home. But let me tell you — being left behind hurts. We gadgets may not have beating hearts, but we do have feelings (and batteries to protect).

So next time, dear humans, don't leave your belongings behind. Because trust me... the lost-and-found shelf is a sad, sad place.

37.

The Diary of a Milk Drop

Every day I visit different homes. Sometimes I get dried into powder. Sometimes I'm boiled gently. And sometimes, life gets too heated—literally!

This one house... oh, they take me every morning, pour me lovingly into a big vessel, and let me boil. It's my daily spa treatment. I rise, bubble, and then get tucked into the fridge like royalty.

But that night... the plot thickened (just like me later ☹).

The lady of the house suddenly thought, "Let's boil the milk again!"—I don't know why. Maybe she was planning to make something fancy? Or maybe she was just bored. Anyway, she lit the gas and handed my life over to her elder daughter, saying, "Just watch the milk, okay?"

Now here's where my comedy turns into a tragedy.

The daughter nodded—a dangerous thing when you're dealing with boiling milk—and walked out like it was no big deal. I sat there, heating slowly, then rapidly, waiting, hoping, praying someone would stir me...

But no! I kept boiling like a pressure cooker of emotions.

I screamed, "Hey! I'm boiling too much!!"

My fragrance changed—sweet to smoky. My shade evolved—white to cream to something resembling caramel disaster.

JALNE KI BOO spread like breaking news in the kitchen.

But guess what? No one came.

Finally, the lady returned. Her eyes met the horror.

She gasped. She groaned.

She scolded. She sighed.

But by then, it was too late. I was no longer milk—I was art. Burnt, thick, and emotionally damaged.

I was left on the counter overnight, with no comfort—not even the fridge.

Morning came, and they transferred me into a small bowl. I was nervous. Is this the end? Will I be thrown out?

But then, someone took a spoonful, paused, and said,

"Hmm... tastes like Rabri!"

Well, well, well. Maybe getting burned wasn't the worst thing after all. 😎

38.

The Tale of Four Cold Coffee Cans

We were just four humble cans of cold coffee, chilling in the refrigerator of a convenience store, dreaming of the day we'd be picked up and served cold, just the way we were meant to be.

And then—it happened! A Blinkit order. A soft hand reached in and pulled us out, one by one, placing us in a brown Blinkit bag along with a few other travel companions—potatoes, chocolates, chips... the usual suspects. But we weren't jealous. We were happy, because this was **our moment**. We were going out!

The journey was bumpy. Tossed into a smelly delivery bag and mounted on a swaying bike, we felt dizzy. One of us even whispered, "I think I might puke." But we held on to hope, until we finally arrived—*home*.

The humans unpacked the top items one by one, and slowly, we began to breathe again. But none of us were picked immediately. Time passed, and the air grew warmer. Our chill began to fade. Then suddenly—*chaos*.

A daughter had fallen during her skating class. We heard cries, running feet, concerned voices. "That's it," one of us murmured. "We'll be forgotten."

But miracles happen. The little girl returned home. Teary-eyed, she was consoled by her mother who handed her one of us—*Can #1*. She smiled. *Mission accomplished.*

Soon, *Can #2* was picked up too, opened with joy and sipped with love. Then came *Can #3*—but fate had other plans.

The elder daughter tried opening Can #3 but snapped the pull tab. "Oh no!" Can #3 thought. "Is this how it ends?"

Back to the fridge. Alone. Broken. Afraid.

Then hope returned—she was back, this time with a **knife** in hand. *Can #3* winced. Her father joined in. After some careful surgery and effort, the shield was pierced. *Can #3* flowed freely again, though wounded. But like life, sometimes we suffer due to someone else's fault... and still we must move on.

Now, only one remains—*Can #4*. Sitting silently in the fridge, still waiting. Still dreaming.

Life of a cold coffee can is not easy—but it sure is eventful.

Moral?
Even cold coffee cans have stories. Even they go through struggles. And just like them, sometimes we're picked first, sometimes last, and sometimes we're stuck in between—bruised but not broken.

Here's to finding your moment—chilled, loved, and fully opened.

39.

The Lonely King

Once upon a time, there was a wise and hardworking king. He ruled his small kingdom with love and care. He managed everything — his kingdom, his family, and his personal life — with balance and dedication.

As time passed, the king's kingdom started to grow. More lands came under his rule. His power and fame spread far and wide. He became busy expanding, conquering, and building. Slowly, distractions entered his life.

In this race for more, his attention towards family reduced. His time for loved ones became rare. One by one, his family members felt ignored and left. Still, the king kept growing in power.

But with growth came arrogance. The king began to feel he was above all. He stopped listening to his people. He believed he was always right. His words became harsh, his actions selfish.

Gradually, his closest people — friends, helpers, advisors — all started moving away. He was still powerful, but alone.

And then, one day, when enemies attacked, there was no one loyal left to protect him. All the land he once ruled was taken away. The grand kingdom became weak and vulnerable.

The king, once mighty and admired, now stood alone in ruins — still unaware that his own arrogance had eaten his world like termites eat wood.

Moral of the story:

Arrogance may bring temporary success, but it silently destroys relationships, loyalty, and strength. True power lies in humility, staying grounded, and valuing the people who support you. Stay rooted, no matter how high you rise.

40.

The Golgappa, the Rain, and a Message from the Universe

There are moments in life when you least expect something, and the universe surprises you in the most beautiful way. Yesterday was one such day.

It was raining heavily when I left office. I waited for an auto, tired and a little impatient. After five minutes, my auto arrived. As I got in, I saw a Golgappa wala at the corner of the street. I see him often but never get the time—or maybe the courage—to stop and eat. But yesterday, something felt different. I don't know what came over me, but I stepped down from the auto and walked straight to him.

As I stood there enjoying the tangy taste, a lady, probably in her late 60s, was standing there. She smiled and gently started a conversation. "I have seen you somewhere," she said.

That one sentence caught me off guard.

I smiled back and said, "Maybe... I'm an author. One of my articles recently got published."

Her face lit up. She was curious, happy, and warm. I told her more about myself—how I'm a motivational speaker, image consultant, Reiki healer, and someone who believes in purpose and passion. And just like that, two strangers became connected.

She then softly said, "It's raining, would you mind if I join you in your auto? I just need to go nearby."

And in that moment, I knew—this was something simple I could do. So I said yes, gladly. And I was not afraid because I believ in Universe.

She told me about her life—how she worked for All India Radio, and how her daughter worked at Doordarshan. Soon, her daughter and granddaughter also joined us. And just like that, we were four strangers sharing one auto, yet feeling connected by stories and smiles.

And then the most beautiful moment came.

As always, I was carrying a copy of my book in my bag—a habit I've formed. Something inside me whispered, "Give it to her." I listened. I pulled out the book and gifted it to her with a smile.

She looked at me with such warmth. "You are a celebrity," she said.

Her words touched something deep inside. I wasn't expecting this connection. I wasn't looking for recognition or praise. But the universe had planned this for me. This small act of giving—and even just offering a ride—made my heart full. I felt peaceful. I felt joy. I felt something divine.

And then—something even more touching happened.

The very next day, Aunty called me.

She blessed me over the phone, said such heartfelt words, and spoke about how much she loved my book. She said it brought her joy and made her think. That call touched my

soul. It was unexpected. But it felt like a message from the universe—a quiet blessing in return for a small act of kindness.

I realized this is what people mean when they say, "Giver's Gain."

Not material, but emotional. Spiritual. Real.

This is true happiness.

What did I learn?

Sometimes, life's best moments are unplanned.

Sometimes, strangers feel like messengers from the universe.

Sometimes, just doing a small act of kindness brings a wave of unexpected joy.

You never know what's coming to you.

But if you trust, stay open, and keep doing good—

The universe gives back in the most beautiful ways.

41.

Jamun: A Fruit Full of Memories and Magic

There are some things that are not just fruits or objects — they are memories wrapped in emotions. For me, Jamun is one of them.

I spent my early childhood in Dhanbad, and in the heart of our quarter stood a big Jamun tree, right next to our ground-floor home. A great colony built by BCCL, Dhanbad. Every quarter had its own little green heaven — some had well-decorated gardens, others did organic farming. Ours was not very fancy, but full of life and abundance — with mango, guava, banana, jackfruit, and of course, Jamun.

This Jamun tree was taller than our 3-storey building, and during the season, it used to be full of juicy, deep purple Jamuns. I still remember running barefoot to collect the fallen fruits, hands and mouth stained with purple juice, and heart full of joy. Maa used to make Jamun powder and juices and distribute baskets full to neighbors and relatives. We never bought it. We lived in the richness of nature.

Today, when I saw my mom eating Jamun, that moment took me straight back to those childhood days. How beautiful, how simple, and how fulfilling life was.

And beyond all this emotional connection, Jamun is a superfruit too!

Health Benefits of Jamun:

 Controls Blood Sugar – Jamun has natural compounds that help manage diabetes.

 Improves Digestion – Good for stomach-related problems like gas and bloating.

 Boosts Immunity – Rich in Vitamin C and antioxidants.

 Good for Skin and Oral Health – Helps in acne, skin marks, and keeps gums healthy.

 Weight Management – Low in calories, high in fiber, keeps you full for long.

Today, Jamun is sold at high prices, but back then, it was free, natural, and full of love.

I feel so grateful and abundant for those beautiful days. And I wish everyone gets to live such childhoods where even a fruit like Jamun becomes a lifelong memory.

42.

Sarees and Stories: The Elegance of Batik Prints

Introduction

Every piece of clothing we own has a story to tell, but few garments carry the weight of memories quite like a saree. In particular, my collection of batik print silk sarees holds a special place in my heart, each fold and pattern intertwined with cherished moments and lessons learned. Among them, there's one that stands out—a gift from Sahay Aunty on the day of my marriage, a token of her love and wisdom that continues to resonate with me even after **seventeen years.**

The Gift of Tradition and Friendship:

Sahay Aunty wasn't just a family friend; she was a pillar of strength and guidance during some of life's most challenging moments. Her gift of batik print silk sarees wasn't merely a gesture of celebration; it was a symbol of tradition, friendship, and the enduring bond between women. As I unraveled each fold, I couldn't help but feel the weight of her words and the warmth of her presence.

Lessons in Resilience and Womanhood:

Through Sahay Aunty's guidance, I learned invaluable lessons in resilience and womanhood. She taught me that strength comes not just from within but from the support and encouragement of those around us. As I navigated the

complexities of married life, her words echoed in my mind, reminding me of the diverse roles women play and the importance of embracing each with grace and determination.

Conversations That Shape Us:

Our conversations weren't just idle chitchat; they were lifelines, bridges connecting past experiences with future aspirations. Sahay Aunty's wisdom transcended generations, offering insights into life, love, and everything in between. Whether discussing marriage, motherhood, or personal growth, her words became touchstones, guiding me through life's twists and turns.

The Power of Nostalgia:

Today, as I adorn myself in these timeless sarees, I'm transported back to those moments of laughter, tears, and shared wisdom. Each thread, each motif carries with it a piece of our shared history, a reminder of the bonds that tie us together across time and distance. In a world that often moves too quickly, these sarees serve as anchors, grounding me in the beauty of tradition and the power of enduring friendships.

Conclusion:

In a world filled with fleeting trends and disposable fashion, there's something profoundly beautiful about garments that stand the test of time. My batik print silk sarees are more than just pieces of fabric; they're repositories of memories, symbols of love, and reminders of the strength that lies within each of us. So here's to Sahay Aunty, to timeless elegance, and to the stories that sarees and friendships carry with them.



Part Six:
Faith, Festivals & Gratitude

43.

What the Bhagavad Gita Taught Me

Yesterday, I attended a beautiful discourse at the ISKCON temple, and the speaker said something that deeply touched me —

"If one is not reading the Bhagavad Gita, they are missing the manual of life."

Just like every gadget comes with a manual, human life too has one — and that manual is the Bhagavad Gita.

It has 700 shlokas and 18 chapters, and every person should at least remember one shloka that can guide their thoughts and actions daily.

Many people think the Gita is about war — about Arjuna, Krishna, and the battlefield. But the truth is, it's not about war; it's about life itself. It teaches us how to live, how to think, how to treat our body and mind, and even how to die peacefully so that we move closer to liberation.

The speaker explained something beautiful — we all perform yagya (our daily actions), thinking it's for God. But the real yagya is to make our mind shant (peaceful).

Yet most of us make decisions in restlessness, not peace. That's why regret follows.

A true yagya happens when decisions come from calmness and clarity.

He also spoke about the 3Ds of life —

Discrimination, Decision, and Determination.

Discrimination helps us see right from wrong,

Decision guides our next step,

and Determination keeps us steady on the path.

He said something powerful —

"Jeevan ek yagya hai."

Life itself is a sacred offering.

The Gita answers the timeless questions every human asks —

"Kyun ho raha hai yeh?"

"Kya kar raha hoon?"

"Kis ke liye kar raha hoon?"

And the truth is — if you're doing everything and still not feeling peace, it means you're disconnected from your inner self.

Start reading the Bhagavad Gita.

It's not about religion — it's about realization. It's about finding calmness in chaos and purpose in every action.

44.

Why Chhath Pooja Is Truly a Mahaparv

With the morning Arghya offered to the rising Sun, this sacred journey finally comes to an end.

For every Vrati, Chhath is not just a ritual — it's a complete process of faith, discipline, and inner strength.

Over the years, I've realized why Chhath is called a Mahaparv — because it demands not just devotion, but tremendous preparation, patience, and resilience.

Before the pooja even begins, there's an entire world that needs to be built around it —

collecting all the items, preparing the prasad, arranging utensils, and managing space for the 4-day-long process. Everything needs to be pure, thoughtful, and perfectly aligned.

And when it ends, the journey doesn't stop there.

People visit for blessings and prasad, and the Vrati continues to serve and smile, even after fasting for 36 hours.

For others, it's a celebration — but for the Vrati, it's also a test of body and mind.

Unlike most other poojas which are often individual, Chhath is a collective pooja.

It brings the entire family and community together — every person contributes in some way, from cleaning and cooking to arranging and praying.

It's teamwork in the truest sense, where love, faith, and service flow naturally. 🤍

In my opinion, a Vrati truly deserves at least 6 days of leave — 4 for the pooja and 2 more for preparation and recovery.

As a working woman, I've felt how challenging it is to switch from this divine rhythm to the regular office routine overnight.

The entire home revolves around Chhath, and getting life back to normal takes time and effort.

I feel deeply blessed that my mother is the one who continues the remaining work once I return to office. Her silent strength keeps this tradition alive. 🏵️

What I've learned is that Chhath Pooja teaches resilience — after five days of pure devotion, discipline, and joy, we have to return to our regular lives with the same calm and focus.

That's what makes it tough. That's what makes it divine. And that's what makes it a Mahaparv. 🙏

For me, Chhath is not just a festival — it's a mirror that helps me understand myself better.

It's a pooja that connects people, requires total consciousness, and fills every heart with gratitude and grace.

🌸 With this, I thank the Universe for blessing me with the strength to complete my 13th year of Chhath Pooja.

Congratulations to Shreelekha for beautifully starting this sacred journey, and to my brother Saurabh Sinha for completing his 7th year of devotion.

45.

My First Ganesh Chaturthi with Bappa at Home

Last year, during Ganesh Chaturthi, I made a silent prayer to Bappa — "Please bless me with your presence next year."

This year, as the festival approached, my heart was full of excitement and eagerness. But since Ganesh Chaturthi coincided with Teej paran and it was also a working day, I couldn't step out early to bring home the idol. That's when my savior, Blinkit, came to the rescue. Within minutes, a beautiful, eco-friendly, small yet divine Ganesh idol was delivered to my home.

The moment I saw him, I instantly fell in love.

The Arrival of Bappa

Initially, I had planned to keep him for 1.5 days, but due to office commitments, I extended it to 3 days. Yet, it seemed as if Bappa himself wished to stay longer with me — and so the celebration stretched to 5 divine days.

Each day was filled with devotion: morning and evening aartis, bhog, the fragrance of flowers, and the joy of family and friends visiting. But the most special moments were personal — meditating every morning in front of him and sleeping peacefully beside him at night. I could feel his presence blessing my home and soul.

The Emotional Visarjan

Finally, the day of visarjan arrived. As I prepared for it, my eyes welled up. Tears flowed endlessly, and it felt as if a piece of my heart was leaving. The feeling was so intense, almost like the vidai of a daughter. The arrangements, the music, the chants, the flowers — everything felt divine yet emotional at the same time. It was my first time welcoming Ganpati at home, and it became an unforgettable spiritual journey.

Lessons from Bappa

Every festival carries a deeper message, and this Ganesh Chaturthi, Bappa gave me a personal lesson — to have big ears like him. Not literally, but to strengthen my listening power — to be patient, to listen more deeply, and to understand others with love.

A Promise for Next Year

As I bid farewell to Bappa with teary eyes, I also made a promise: to welcome him again next year with the same love, devotion, and joy. Until then, his presence will continue to guide me in silence.

🙏 Ganpati Bappa Morya! ~ ✨

46.

Blessed

When You Surrender, the Universe Provides Before You Even Ask ✨

Life has its way of surprising us when we least expect it.

I was worried about a huge credit card bill due on the 5th of October. My salary was scheduled for the 6th. I kept thinking — How will I pay?

But here's the miracle: An investment that was supposed to mature only on the 6th got credited three days earlier. The money came even before the problem could touch me. I was stunned, grateful, and emotional.

This is not coincidence. This is divine alignment. 🌸

This is what happens when you raise your vibration, surrender, and trust completely.

Thank you, Krishna Bhagwan, for your grace, for guiding my children in this mela of life, and for reminding me that you always provide — often before the need even arises. 🙏

Friends, connect with the Universe. Believe, surrender, and watch how it takes care of you in ways you never imagined. Miracles are real.

✨ "When you trust the Universe, it doesn't just solve your problems — it prepares the solution before the problem arrives."

47.

June 13, Friday: A Day of Intensity, Grace, and Gratitude

The day after the tragic plane crash weighed heavily on my heart. There was a strange uneasiness in the air—a sense of sorrow, confusion, and emotional unrest. I started my day as usual, unaware of how emotionally intense it would become.

Work hours unfolded like a storm—escalations, heated calls from customers, urgent conversations with managers—it all just kept building up. With each passing hour, the weight on my chest grew heavier.

As the clock struck evening, I looked forward to some peace on my way home. But life had a different plan. Midway through my auto ride, the vehicle broke down. It was scorching hot, the traffic was maddening, and my mind was already juggling a dozen thoughts.

But amidst the chaos, I found a tiny pocket of calm. Thankfully, my phone was charged and my earbuds were with me. My friend—music—didn't leave my side. Motivational songs played on loop, whispering strength back into my spirit. I hailed another auto and resumed the journey.

Meanwhile, my brother had landed in India. I was so eager to be there when he arrived, but again, the day had other plans. Still, when I finally reached home and met him, a wave of *sukoon* (peace) washed over me.

I thanked the Universe for this adventurous day. It was far from easy, but it reminded me of my own inner strength.

Had I not been on this journey of **meditation** and **self-awareness**, I may have broken down. But I didn't. I held my ground. I breathed through the chaos. I handled the intensity with **grace**.

I'm proud of myself. Truly.
Good work, Sweta.

And with a warm dinner, laughter, and presence with my loved ones—I ended this day not just surviving, but standing strong, centered, and deeply grateful.

Life is beautiful—even on the stormy days. Especially then.



Part Seven:
Looking Around Us

48.

Traffic Sense Is Not Optional — It's Personal Responsibility

Sometimes I seriously wonder why people do not understand that their lives matter. Road safety is not only about rules, challans, or government campaigns. It is about personal responsibility. And yes, I am talking about many so-called educated citizens too.

Last night while returning from office, I saw a man riding a bike with his wife and child. He was holding his phone between his shoulder and ear while driving. No helmet. Busy road crossings. Family sitting behind him. I was shocked by the level of irresponsibility.

This morning, I saw two more "superheroes" riding without helmets, as if accidents only happen to others. Some people treat helmets like fashion accessories instead of life-saving protection.

Then again, I saw another man riding with a phone stuck between shoulder and ear, and of course, no helmet.

And when something goes wrong, the easiest reaction is to blame the government.

Yes, the government must improve roads, systems, and enforcement. But safety rules are already there. Awareness campaigns are everywhere. Helmets exist. Traffic signals exist. Laws exist.

What is missing is action.

We need to stop saying, “Sab galti government ki hai.” No. Many times, the mistake is ours when we ignore basic safety.

Recently, someone I know met with an accident. He survived because he was wearing a helmet. Otherwise, the outcome could have been tragic.

The people who die are gone. The real pain begins for the family left behind.

Road safety is not difficult:

- Wear a helmet

- Do not use phone while driving

- Follow signals

- Respect speed limits

- Think about your family waiting at home

Traffic sense starts when we value our own life.

When will we truly understand this?

49.

When the Dream Is Just to Button a Shirt

We often talk about big dreams.

A big career. A big house. A big achievement.

But recently I met someone whose biggest dream is something most of us never even think about.

To button his shirt.

I am currently coaching a 26-year-old person who struggles with motor skills. Simple tasks that many of us do without thinking are extremely difficult for him. He cannot rhyme easily, he struggles to write, and even basic actions like zipping or buttoning a shirt require great effort.

Watching this closely was a powerful reminder for me.

Many times in life we compare ourselves with others. We feel someone is ahead of us, someone is more successful, someone is doing better. But what we often forget is that every person is fighting a different battle.

What may look like a small thing to you might be someone else's biggest dream.

For this young man, being able to button his shirt independently is not a small task. It represents dignity, independence, and self-confidence.

Another thing that touched me deeply is how people like him often grow up surrounded by criticism, taunts, or misunderstanding. When a person spends years hearing that they are slow, incapable, or different, their self-esteem slowly breaks down.

They do not just struggle with skills.

They struggle with believing in themselves.

What they really need is not judgment.

They need patience, empathy, and someone who believes in them.

I know very well that just three coaching sessions cannot undo 26 years of conditioning. Change will take time. It will take effort. It will take consistent support.

But sometimes transformation begins with a small spark.

A small moment when someone finally feels,

"Maybe I can do this."

That is the spark I hope to light.

I don't know how far this journey will go. I don't know how long it will take. But I do know one thing — if one day he buttons his shirt on his own, it will not be a small moment.

It will be a celebration of courage, patience, and human dignity.

And it will remind us all that before judging someone's progress, we should first understand their struggle.

50.

Understanding Social Etiquette: A City, A Mirror

Living in a society entails adhering to certain norms and etiquettes that facilitate harmonious coexistence among its members. However, it's not uncommon to encounter individuals who seem oblivious to these unwritten rules, especially in densely populated urban areas like those near Delhi NCR. Despite their humble backgrounds, some individuals, upon moving into apartment complexes, exhibit behaviors that baffle onlookers and disrupt the peace of their surroundings.

Recently, I found myself perplexed by an incident I witnessed within my own community. A couple, having recently moved into the complex, were seen berating an elderly gardener who was diligently tending to the plants. This wasn't an isolated event; such displays of aggression and entitlement have become distressingly common. As someone who currently works from home, I've become an unwitting observer to these unsettling scenes.

The lady in question seems particularly territorial, asserting her dominance over the space surrounding her ground-floor apartment. She vocally claims ownership of the area near her balcony, even going so far as to confront anyone who dares to pass by. This possessive behavior escalated into a full-

blown altercation in 2020, leaving me pondering the root causes behind such actions.

One can't help but wonder: Why do people behave in such a manner, especially in environments meant for communal living? The answer may lie in a combination of factors, including societal pressures, individual insecurities, and a lack of awareness or consideration for others.

Firstly, the transition from a modest background to a more affluent lifestyle can sometimes breed a sense of entitlement. For individuals who have worked hard to improve their circumstances, there may be a subconscious belief that they are now deserving of special treatment or privileges. This can manifest in territorial behaviors, as seen in the case of the lady laying claim to the space outside her apartment.

Moreover, the anonymity afforded by living in a large community can lead to a disconnect from the consequences of one's actions. When surrounded by a multitude of neighbors, it's easy to forget the impact of one's behavior on others. This anonymity can embolden individuals to act in ways they might not otherwise in a smaller, more closely-knit community.

Additionally, there may be underlying psychological factors at play. Insecurities or unresolved traumas from the past can manifest as aggression or hostility towards others. By exerting control over their immediate surroundings, individuals may be attempting to regain a sense of power or agency in their lives.

So, what can be done to address such behavior and foster a more inclusive and respectful community environment?

Education and awareness-building initiatives are key. By promoting empathy, tolerance, and understanding of social norms, we can encourage individuals to reflect on their actions and consider the impact on those around them.

Furthermore, fostering a sense of community and belonging can help mitigate feelings of isolation and alienation. Encouraging neighborly interactions, organizing community events, and creating spaces for open dialogue can all contribute to a more cohesive and supportive environment.

Ultimately, creating a harmonious living environment requires a collective effort from all members of the community. By recognizing and addressing the root causes of disruptive behavior, we can work towards building a society where mutual respect and consideration are the norm, rather than the exception.

Your Turn

You have just read fifty small, true moments from one ordinary life that turned out to hold quite a lot of extraordinary.

Somewhere in your own days — in a train compartment, a kitchen at 6 a.m., a message from a stranger, a thing you almost said but didn't — there is a story only you can tell. It doesn't need a big beginning. It just needs you, and a pen, and the willingness to notice.

So here is my real hope for this book: that you close it not just having read fifty stories, but ready to write your first one.

— Sweta Sinha