



SONG  
OF THE  
SPARROW

Song  
of the  
SPARROW

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*Song of the Sparrow*

This book is a Gift of Nature

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Radhika Venugopal

*Editors*

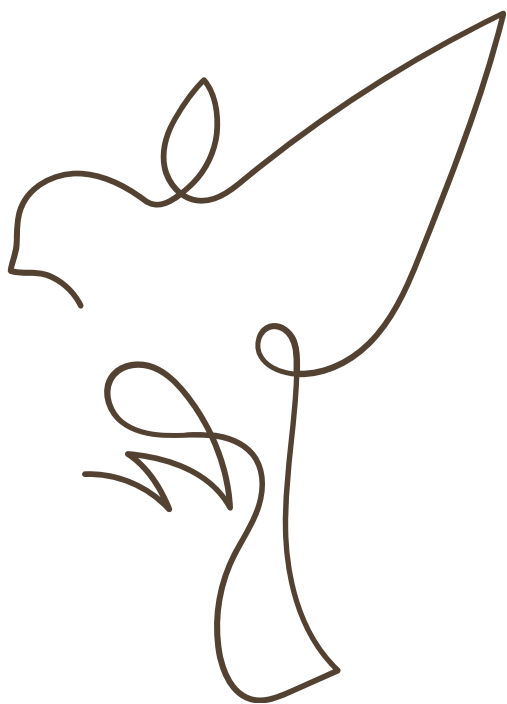
Julie Thayer, Revathi Iyengar and  
Radhika Venugopal

*Website*

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Where you go  
Love follows  
Where you come  
Misery ends !



Rebecca  
April 7th, 2023

# Contents



Introduction

Letters

After the Sunset

My Song

*A New*  
CHAPTER

A Year After

# Introduction

Ever so rarely, in life, something happens that stops you abruptly in your tracks, that makes you think oh my god, this is not possible, oh my god. There are no words. And sometimes, rarely, something brings you to tears of amazement at the heart-wrenching improbable beauty and pain that can intertwine. It brings you to your knees. The heart breaks, the shell of protection is cracked open, the position of “knower” is exploded.

Well ...

This happened to the few who were privy to the unfolding of this story. The extraordinary and magical connection was by email, in just a few days, in little more

than a month, but its unraveling paints a rainbow of feeling and lifts time out of its predictable framework. It blows open the mind. One tries to find words.

This rare and beautiful and touching interchange is a communication, a dialogue between two souls that tells the amazing story, the correspondence between Sabyasachi Guha and a young woman in Europe. Not one word has been altered.

Julie Thayer  
May 7, 2023  
Princeton, NJ





# Letters

*November 28, 2022*

*Email received via website:*

Hello Sir,

I had the pleasure to come across your website some time ago.

I wrote so many draft emails to send you but it always felt incomplete, foolish and banal.

Today I have the courage to send it to you. Perhaps it will reach you or maybe not. Maybe you will read it or perhaps not. I will let nature work its course.

What I wanted to convey to you was that reading about you made me feel that I have met someone real for the first time in my life. One can spend a lifetime reading fairy tales in a book but if one of the characters were to suddenly jump out and start talking and interacting, how strange, scary and delightful would that be. That's how I felt reading you. Every single time! I even questioned my sanity but of course the answer would be biased in my favour.

The thing is that this feeling or sensation doesn't happen when I read others that are alive or dead. But as soon as I start reading or hearing anything you have said it makes me giggle like a goof ball.

What kind of information matching (your term, not mine) can possibly do this?

Thank you Sir, for simply being there. That is a huge gift to me. I was going to say gift to humanity but I felt I had no right to represent humanity in general.

From a delighted friend.

*November 28, 2022*

Hi,

Guha is really intrigued in a very positive way by such a response. If there is any purpose to what he says it is for such individuals only. For giggling, yes he has some point of view and has discussed such issues and someone is bringing out a book with such discussions called Signal. Finally he said if there is one person out there in humanity, if what he says helps that person, that is the only worth of the website.

Revathi

*November 28, 2022*

Subj: Thank you Sir!

Thank you Sir for your kind response.

Since I sent the email to you I have been literally watching my email inbox hoping against hope that I would hear from you. Imagine hearing from you and getting a personalized message. Not some dummy auto-generated stuff. Actually I don't have to imagine, I have email proof of the same.

You mention about the book called Signal. I shall eagerly await it and hope there will be an ebook version that's easily accessible. If there is any preview of it please let me know as you said something about my giggling. At least it will let me know I'm not insane.

Sir - in my readings about you, I heard that you ask people what do they want. Is it really possible to know what one wants? Like a real answer. I have asked myself that many times.

Answer changes and I feel I'm flaky because my answer changes. If I am in pain on a certain day I am looking for pain relief. If I am hungry, I'm looking for food. If I need to pay next month's rent I have to figure out how I have to pay for it. So on and so forth. I wish there was some meaty answer to that question. Is that a trick question? Does my answer influence your response to me in any manner?

Thank you again for indulging me.

Added:

Just to clarify Sir. By trick question, I meant is there a pre-existing rigged answer that one is supposed to know. My guess would be there can't be one answer. In your statements I see a tremendous appreciation for one's uniqueness and what is functional in their life. So it is not the question that is tricky. It is answer that is tricky as one tries to give pre-existing, rigged answers!

Thank you Sir.

*November 28, 2022*

Hi,

Your question and your answer made Guha laugh. He is asking you why you are assuming that he will ask you the question, “What do you want?” and you need to know the answer.

His interactions with people are completely subject specific. That’s why he coined the term Subject Specific Functional Reality.\*

Of course he will make the book available to you as soon as the final draft is ready (ebook).

Best Regards,  
Revathi

\*SSFR (Subject Specific Functional Reality)

*November 28, 2022*

Subj: State of Delirium Sir

Hello Sir,

Thank you again Sir for responding to me.

Your laughter, my giggling makes for a wonderful image Sir. One that I shall cherish for a very long time.

As for your next observation as to why I'm assuming the Q&A, it felt like you took a giant hammer and bashed the question, the answer and my head with it. Still seeing stars and experiencing head spins. LOL.

It is actually a relief to me that you are not asking me all that. Maybe I was vicariously enjoying the guilty pleasure of engaging in imaginary mental conversations with you.

I am looking forward to reading the ebook Sir.



The vistas that you open up with your voice and your words are simple and yet simply incredible.

I am using extreme restraint to not babble away in my current state of delirium.

You have no idea how much built up pressure was there to send a simple email to you. It's been building for a few years actually, out of fear of rejection or non-response.

Your delirious friend!



*The above were the first few emails from this friend dated 28th November, 2022.*

*Three months passed with no communication.*

*On March 11th, 2023, an old email surfaced in Guha's phone and he immediately wrote inquiring about this person's whereabouts.*

*Usually Guha never contacts anyone directly unless he has known a person for some time. Communication is usually through the website via Revathi. He made an exception by directly sending the email below:*

*March 11, 2023*

Subj: Hello!

Dear One,

I just happened to see your email correspondence.

Felt like asking how you are and where you live?

Hope I didn't disturb you!

With regards,

Sabyasachi Guha

*There was no response from the other side for four days and he asked Revathi to write the below email.*

*March 15, 2023*

Guha came across your old email and wanted to know how you have been doing? Where are you these days? He even tried to contact you through email.

Best Regards,

Revathi

*The response came almost immediately.*

*March 15, 2023*

Hello Revathi

Thank you for the email. It made me search my junk folder and I found his mail that he sent on March 11th. Can you believe it? I almost missed it.

I will be writing to him responding to his email. I want to thank you again for prompting me to look in my junk folder.

Are you the same Revathi that has a blog linked to Mr. Guha's website?

Friend

*From this point on, the letters and correspondence are directly with Guha.*

*March 15, 2023*

Hello Sir,

Absolutely wonderful to hear from you Sir. I just got an email from Revathi saying that you had tried to reach me. That made me search my Junk folder and there was your email. I cannot believe that I almost missed your email. That would be tragic.

I am so ecstatic right now to hear from you. Been reading, watching everything in your website. It is a treasure trove.

As for where I am. Right now, near Paris for a couple of days. I live a very itinerant life based on money in my pocket and wherever odd jobs take me.

Not a day has gone by where I don't think about you.

Thank you again Sir.

From your thrilled to death friend. :)

*March 16, 2023*

Hello Dear,

You can call me G instead of Sir. Please tell me how do I address you! I was in Paris last year for a week in June. Let me know where you will be this summer. Who knows our paths may cross one of these days! All the best to you!

With regards,

Guha Sabyasachi

*March 16, 2023*

Hello G,

Thank your for your email and letting me call you G. After reading about you in Revathi's blog I have been wishing to call you G but wasn't sure if it would be too forward to do so.

My plans tend to be very fluid. I am in Paris only for this week. I need to take small odd jobs to keep myself afloat. So I really don't know where I will be. It would be lovely to see you again.

I say again because I had a brief glimpse of you in 2017 in Switzerland. I was doing a waitress job and a big group of people walked in. You were in the middle of it. I had read UG and you in websites and I thought I recognized Madame Julie and you. She was taking pics of the group while I was looking at you and the group. Then you told Madame Julie to ask me to take the pic so she could also be in it. I took a pic in her phone and then my phone. Don't have the phone anymore but have the pic. I look at it often as I remember the laughter around you.

I hope to remain in touch with you.

Your ever grateful friend

*March 16, 2023*

Hello there,

Your story is pretty fascinating, I narrated and forwarded your letters to Julie. You still didn't answer my question, I am laughing nonetheless!

Is this the restaurant?

Restaurant Waldmatte | Switzerland





Oh well if not, I wouldn't mind seeing the pic and the place if you don't mind sharing.

If and when and if at all I am in Europe it will not be impossible for me to visit wherever you are at that time.

Do you visit USA? Julie has a very big place and you can visit us there too.

All the best to you,

Regards

G

*March 17, 2023*

Hello G

Yes Sir. This is the pic. I am surprised you dug it out. That's amazing.

I have not come to America. I hear it's huge. But one never knows. Maybe it can happen. What are the chances this exchange is happening. What are the chances I saw you years ago. That was so unexpected that I did not even think of saying hello and introduction. I am not sure what question I did not answer. I am sure your questions are easier to answer than my questions to myself. Ha ha. That is a joke.

A very surprised friend.

*From G:*

You can call me G instead of Sir. Please tell me how I should address you!

Basically you didn't tell me your name dear!

*March 17, 2023*

Hello G,

Oh I didn't realize. I am Rebecca.

Some people shorten to Becca or Becky. But I prefer to be called Rebecca.

Your friend.

*March 18, 2023*

Hi Rebecca,

The book Signal is close to completion. The person who is working on it is Tanusri Chatterjee. I told her about your interest in the book. Her email address is \*\*\*\* and if you write to her she can send you some of the material from the book. And when it's ready you can have a copy of it.

By the way, have you ever thought of visiting India? I spend a lot of time in India these days and can arrange the logistics if you ever decide to come here. All the best,

G

*March 18, 2023*

Hi G,

I have been to India once as a little kid accompanying family. I remember very small patches of it. I have fragile health due to some issues from birth. I have already beaten lots of odds making it alive so far. I am 27 years old now. By the way you and I share birthday - May 1. Will turn 28 then. From reading about you I hear multiples of 7 are interesting to you. Hope it brings me luck. Also I was born the same year as you met UG - 1995. When I read your bio in the website this information jumped at me.

Right now my health streak is good. But I have grown with mist of death always hanging around me. Days I feel healthy and good I count lucky. So if you don't hear from me then maybe poor health prevents me. So my travels are restricted. I love being by mountains and water. Feel their timelessness. Anyway did not want to bore or down

you with my story. Giving long winded explanation for why I don't know and can't make long plans. But in my head I travel lot. I'm dreamy and airhead. Reading about you and anecdotes of you reminds me of the ageless mountains and oceans. I will reach out to Tanusri for Signal.

Ever grateful friend.

*We were testing out a new pic of G on the website and Rebecca immediately messaged about it as follows:*

*March 18, 2023*

Hi G,

Your new pic on the website is wonderful. Such intensity in being and expression. Marvelous indeed.

Happy Friend

*March 18, 2023*

Hello G,

Got some Signal material from Tanusri. The introductions were very good.

As soon as I start reading main course - your words - it is like hypnosis. Each sentence is power packed and vital. Will read it slowly. It is amazing to think that one's head can have all that stuff. I have to be careful when I call myself airhead next time. Or possible I am missing a gland or two. Ha ha. Little joke.

Thank you dear. Now I am calling you dear. Ha ha.

Giggly friend.

*March 18, 2023*

Dear Rebecca,

Your story is getting more and more interesting every time I receive an e-mail from you! You are quite something young lady, even though I feel you are very vulnerable, fragile and on top of it an airhead (your adjective, not mine!) But still, your giggling while reading and listening to me makes my stone cold heart warm dear!

By the way there are 4 new talks Radhika loaded on to the website. Not that you have to listen but for your information I am mentioning it!

I really hope to see you someday, somewhere!

All the best,

G

*March 18, 2023*

Hi G

I have watched those videos as soon as loaded as I stalk your website.

First round I only watch to see you. Then round 2, I watch to hear your voice. Then round 3, I watch to listen to your words. So far only round 1 is completed. Also my English is not great so things have to translate in my head before I go - yeah that's what he is saying. Maybe you never actually said that but it translates that way. Anyway it puts me in a happy place so I don't worry too much what I understand or not. Also your face is full of life when you talk. I think every hair in your beard and moustache shakes along with your words. Ha ha. Your website's new pic - how old is it? Your hair looks short.

Anyway you are kind to me to tell me my life story is interesting after living the life you did. I will take the kindness and generosity with gratefulness.



Hope to see you soon in a way other than electronic screen. Maybe you will jump out of it and give me good scare. Would be cute.

Very grateful friend

*Revathi sent the song Jhoro Jhoro to Rebecca*

Hi Rebecca,

This is a song sung by G. By the way his picture in the website is from last week after he got a haircut. All the best!

Revathi

*March 19, 2023*

*Re: Jhoro Jhoro Song*

Hello G

I heard your most beautiful voice. I did not know you sing sooooo good. What does 49 mean in the title? Does it mean you sing that many? It brings tears and goosebumps. What a charming man you are. I read the Signal chapter. What a flow. Whether you talk or sing it feels like a smooth flowing river of sound, logic and feeling. I feel all “green light” signals are beckoning me to you.

Thank you G

To Revathi:

Wow that was so heartbreakingly beautiful. I don't know what it means but feels like nature beckons to envelop you.

What does 49 in the title mean?

Ohh so pic is recent. So beautiful. Matches the song.

Thank you Revathi. Thank you G

*March 19, 2023*

Dear Rebecca

My singing is a long story! Will tell you someday.  
Tanusri has a blog and I think she has written there  
how the recordings were done. I sing for my friends  
only, they like my voice I suppose, ha ha!

I am glad you liked the song.

Hope to really see you sometime somewhere!

All the best to you dear,

G

*March 20, 2023*

Hello G

Thank you G. Let us see what surprise life brings.  
You have wished me all the best so it won't be in  
vain.

Until then it is jhoro jhoro.

Grateful friend.

*March 20, 2023*

Dear Rebecca,

Tanusri translated the song:

*Jhoro Jhoro Borishe*

*Rain is pouring down in streams*

*Alas, the homeless wanderer*

*The howling wind calls out for whom?*

*In the boundless, desolate fields*

*The night is dark*

*The restless waves of the river*

*Splash in the shoreless darkness*

*Amidst the dense rain-clouds*

*The sky thunders relentlessly*

*Random lightning flashes startle*

*Without the moon and the stars*

Hope I am not imposing the material on you dear.

Where do you think you will be between 15th April to 21st April? Yes, that was my 49th song.

Please take good care of yourself!

G

*March 20, 2023*

Hello G,

Thank you for your emails. They are better than any gifts that one can imagine.

I have no idea where I will be that April week. I was going to extend this work week in Paris and already poor health is kicking in. So my plans are made in water (like you say). I like that phrase and never heard it before. Fits my life. So sorry to respond like this. Thank you for the email links. Will check. And song translation is beautiful. I came across some website online that gave a similar translation. But always better to receive from you.

My good luck that the flowing River that you are is able to flow for sometime my way. The spray from the River water mists my face beautifully and wipes my tears away. Ha ha. Been reading Revathi's poems too much and listening to your *Jhoro Jhoro* voice.

So so grateful from the bottommost of my being.

*March 20, 2023*

Subj: Funny business

Hi G,

So my boyfriend says he is jealous of you. I tell him you are almost 70 years old and he is relieved. Then he looks at your pic in website and says that now he is really jealous. Ha ha. All in good fun.

I tell him he should find a healthy girlfriend not someone sick all the time like me. He says that I am only saying that because I want to be with you. So now you are slowly slowly becoming part of our everyday conversation. But he is very happy for me that I like you. He says my spirits look very lifted.

*March 20, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

Please tell your boyfriend that he is the benefactor of being in the company of the most subtle and magnificent expression of the human brain - what you feel for another human being. Most people don't even know about it.

By the by, what's the nature of your sickness?

All the best to you.

G

*March 20, 2023*

Hello G,

First of all thank you very much for calling me

Dearest Rebecca. It brings great warmth to me.

My boyfriend was joking and also trying to keep my spirits up. On a serious note I think he should really be in a different relationship which is not dead end (pun intended). He is my childhood friend and deserves a lot more. Not that I am not a good catch. Ha ha. But I know this life is not around too long.

You ask the nature of my illness. I have CL congenital leukemia. Condition at birth and most don't see past 2 years. I was given up in a basket outside an orphanage. No time to even leave me inside the building. No trauma there as I was an infant.

I was in an orphanage but needed acute care. So an elder couple with no child agreed to foster me. They didn't want to adopt me because they felt I deserved a young couple to adopt.

Later my life was like an every day surprise I lived through. So they adopted me so insurance could pay for care. I hit the jackpot with the couple as they were very nice. Mama and Papa did all things lovely for me.

They were self-professed JK freaks and then UG converts. They were like hippie generation. But my consistent hospital visits kept them too busy. They were able to take me to see UG once. I was a small kid. Big crowd around him and I was very nervous. UG stared at me and told my Mama she is not going anywhere anytime soon. She will outlive all three of us. I don't remember this but my Mama and Papa did.

After that trip I was given more structure and home schooling. Hospital trips continue but each one I survived ok.



UG was good at prophecy. I survived all 3 of them. First UG passed, then Papa passed and then Mama. All old age. But Mama and Papa had no suffering or painful death. All good.

So that is my story. I don't share this because people feel pity and I don't like that. I feel you don't have a choice but sometimes other things come unasked and unexpected. So make the best salad of the vegetables you get.

I read about you a lot and I like that. It is not like listening or reading someone dry. I may live a short life but I don't want to do things I don't feel like doing. I can be stubborn that way. I felt you are real holy man in your nature. No fascist impositions.

Anyway today is rest day for me. Not so great. Let's see what tomorrow brings.

Bye friend.

*March 20, 2023*

Hi G,

Can you please explain more about this sentence. I read it many times but I think I don't get...magnificent expression of human brain...

*March 21, 2023*

Rebecca dear,

Let me explain to you simply.

Your feelings about me are the reason for your beautiful expression and wonderful spirit. This is something that doesn't happen to many because it cannot be made to happen by practice or any other effort. Your boyfriend is a lucky gentleman as he gets to be with you, in spite of your very poor health. Of course I personally don't seek for any friendship, however friendship just happens.

I don't exercise any choice about it.

He must be a very affectionate and good human being to be your friend, you wouldn't otherwise stick to him.

Basically it's all good! Please do take care of your health.

Convey my best wishes to your friend!

All the best

G

*March 21, 2023*

Hello G,

Wow that is so sweet. Thank you. You see the best in people which can be a surprise to them. Yes friendship just happens. You cannot force. It's like love.

I do my best to be healthy. Will try even harder if possible. Hope I can also always see bestest in you.

Good friend.

*March 21, 2023*


Hi G,

Your skill in using words is so perfectly tuned. In a simple way you make people understand what would be considered very complex. What you say is applicable to every person and that makes it very personal and universal at the same time. It talks to the core of a person. Gender, language, race, age, condition all just outside clothing.

You talk to the human being, not their cover and that makes it so deeply touching and makes one cry. Not sadness crying.

More like wow, how can he know this is exactly what I need to hear. Your clarity brings me clarity. Like a good contagious “ease”.

I pass your best wishes to Emil and he says a hearty hello to you. He says he is lucky to get best wishes from you.

 Friend

*Re: Stephane Video posted on website*

*March 22, 2023*

Hi Rebecca,

Please use the above link for Part 1 of G's talk with Stephane in Paris.

All the best!

Revathi

*March 22, 2023*

Hello G

It was exquisite to see the video. What was more startling was that I was also in Paris same day. So close and so far.

Now so far but so close. Funny business. Ha ha.

Thank you G.

*March 22, 2023*

Hi Revathi,

Watched video and it was exquisite. It reminds me of the dream you had with UG and G in the car and UG telling you all the answers you are looking for is right next to you - G. You said you had the feeling that the baton passed from UG to G in that dream. How deeply insightful is that? In the video, G says a lot happened in 2007 around UG's death. And your dream in 2008? Good and lucky timing for you.

Best to you. Keep writing.



*There was a long gap between March 22nd email above and the next, and so G wrote to Rebecca*

*March 29, 2023*

Dear Rebecca,

How are you, where are you?

All the best to you!

G

*March 29, 2023*

Hello G,

Wonderful to hear from you. Brings lots of cheer.

My stay in Paris got extended as I am very ill. I see you in my dream. It was lovely like for real. My doctors ask me why I'm so happy. I say it is because my dream came true. I get to communicate with you. They mark my symptom as high fever. I get very good care here so no worry.

Your friend

*March 30, 2023*

Hello G,

I wish to sing this song and strum my guitar. Since I cannot do that now you have to picture me singing this song I wrote.

*I am a little sparrow  
Hopping tree to tree  
I sing all day long  
In my merry voice  
Going cheep cheep  
Cheep cheep cheep*

*Life is kind and  
Life is generous  
Gives me what I need  
So I can hop all day long  
Singing cheep cheep  
Cheep cheep cheep*

*One day I saw a wonderful man  
And my singing voice came to stop  
His hair was silver  
Skin was copper  
And clothes were  
Pearlescent colour  
Who is this I wonder?  
Who could this man be?*



*His voice was liquid gold  
And his eyes were bright like diamonds*

*His words were wise  
And his song was soulful  
It was all pure delight  
Who is he? And what is he?  
Can anybody tell?*

*One day he spoke to me  
And he told me he was G  
He was very kind and gentle  
And he saw the best in me  
He made me so very happy  
I found myself very trippy  
Now I hop from tree to tree  
Singing G G G G G*

*I am a little sparrow  
Hopping tree to tree  
I sing all day long  
In my merry voice  
Going G G G G G*

When I feel better I will sing this for you.

From your friendly sparrow

Rebecca

*March 31, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

I have to say, you are something else! Do you have any tune in your mind for the lyrics? Should I ask my friends to look at it to see whether they can construct one? If you are well enough to sing a few lines and send them we will have an idea.

I have another question if you don't mind, what's the name of your parents?

Where are you at present and how long will you be there as of now?

I wish you all the best and please get better soon!

With deep affection

G

*Rebecca sent a short clip of her voice, singing her own song "I am a Little Sparrow"*

*March 31, 2023*

Hello G,

My friend helped record a little bit. It may not sound great but maybe some tune peeks out. If your friends have a better tune, then lovely. Sometimes you need to change words a little to sing a song. So they can change. Last G G G G G nice and loud echoing in the mountains around Saanen.

When I was young I wanted to be a teacher. Not a world teacher like JK. Ha ha. More like nursery kids. 3-4 years old. I can picture all the kids twittering G G G G G happily like little birdies.

My health deteriorate too much. Doctor says maybe not much time. I wanted to send this song for your 70th birthday - May 1st. But now I feel I may not last that long. So sending now.

Frank and Ana are my parents. Lived in Saanen.

But had to move to the city for better hospital for me. They did a lot for me but never made me feel they did a favour. Most gracious people. If you met them you would love them. People speak German, French, English, Portuguese. I grew up learning UGese from them. They joke UGese derive from JKish but was much better.

Anymore I don't know which letter maybe my last. So will say nice goodbye each time.

Goodbye G.

*March 31, 2023*

Subj: Smoking Bird

Hello G,

Someone sent me this video clip of a smoking bird.

Can you hear it say G G G? Smoking hot bird.

<https://youtu.be/BEByfuwE-4A>

Could not resist sending you. Sorry I don't want to waste your time by sending useless videos. But this was calling your name. So I had to send.

From the bird family of Rebecca

*March 31, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

You have taken over my waking consciousness, dear! This morning, my friend Carol sent me this painting. I thought of you and am forwarding it to you!

Your friend

G

*TITLE*

*"The Deep Connection With Nature. Let The Tears  
Of Emotion Not Fog This Ever New Reality."*

*POEM*

*Sleepless; Guha*



*March 31, 2023*

Hello G

What a beautiful expression of colours! It's a gift to see such a colourful world and bigger gift to capture it. You know some very talented people.

You honour and thrill me by saying I take over your waking consciousness. What can I possibly do to deserve that?

Goodbye friend.

Rebecca



*April 1, 2023*

Subj: Important day today

Hello G,

Today is April 1st. Exactly 30 days before my 28th birthday. I am not sleeping tonight. Later today doctors make important decision about my life. They decide whether I receive end of life care. Or some cure possible to extend life. I have come to this crossroad before a few times. I feel maybe this is it. I said before to you, the mist of death has always hung around me. So I take it in my chin. My Mama and Papa's dream for me was to have the courage to stand alone - UGese. I think I have done that. Without the calamity. Ha ha ha. Little joke.

If they decide end of life care, then I go to Saanen. I wish to be surrounded by the familiar mountains and valleys. Maybe visit the restaurant where I met you one more time and eat rosti. Ha ha.

I don't wish to be in a cold Paris hospital. In ICU no iPad allowed, no guests, hooked to machines.



So I don't wish that for me.

This little sparrow wishes no cage anymore. Not even a golden one.

Goodbye G.

*April 1, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

How do you read my mail dear, if they don't allow even iPad? I hope they allow you to read or listen to the mails!

I can't take my attention away from my best ever little friend Rebecca even if I try! What's the power of necessity that captivates one's intentions so deeply? The Magic of Life! Vulnerability and robustness intertwined exist in the same frame like living and dying! Helplessly observe their play and it seems wishes and choices are no longer valid in that frame, truly unknowable!

Affectionately

Your friend

G

*April 1, 2023*

Hello G,

That must be the most beautiful letter that I have ever received. No one I know has observed life as deeply as you. Words are perfectly placed with a lot of depth, feeling and healing. They are like gentle cotton balls dabbing on wounds. I read your emails many, many times.

Goodbye G.

Rebecca

*April 1, 2023*

Hello G,

I do have my iPad now. If they move me to ICU then I won't have it.

Decision is made now. Will be going to Saanen. Not sure if I go by car or air lifted.

Goodbye G

Rebecca

*April 2nd no email as Rebecca was in transit from Paris to Saanen*

*April 3, 2023*

Subj: Butterfly effect

Hello G

Do you believe in butterfly effect? Is it possible that those few moments I met you in 2017 where we were not introduced formally can have a lasting effect on me? I ask because I'm thinking of you all the time. Not my Papa or Mama or Emil or anybody else. I am not looking for any miracle cures or miracle anything. My life has exceeded expectations beyond imagination. I am at peace and rest.

I am having assistance typing this from my aide. Her English is very good. So you might see improvement in my English writing quality. She has been hearing about you all the time. Poor lady. No choice. Or maybe lucky. Ha ha. Who knows?

I check email all the time to see if I get any email from you. Then I read all the old emails. I am in

very good spirits and feel good cheer.

*I am not brave  
I am not meek  
I am not mediocre  
I am not unique*

*I am not happy  
I am not sad  
I am not good  
I am not bad*

*I am not sure what I am  
A gathering of ideas  
A dispersion of thoughts  
In search of eternal panaceas*

*I know not what you lost  
I know not what you found  
Things sort within me  
When I sense your presence profound*

I change my mind about saying goodbye every

email. It has a depressing tone and I don't feel depressed.

Thank you to my bestest friend. My aide tells me bestest is not correct English. I tell her sometimes we need to cook special word to convey special feeling and meaning. She laughs. Good to have laughter around.

Rebecca

*April 3, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

You indeed have become an example to the aspiring human mind. A living teacher! Your life and your thoughts, ideas and actions will be a testimonial to many who want to prove the existence of a person who could convey how to live a life with a spirit that can overcome the absolutely unknown territory where dying is lurking more prominently than living.

At the face of a belief which predicts almost certain end, you show courage and composure which only prove that it's possible to have an indomitable spirit in a most frail body. It is really inspirational to many who are depressed to confront a little handicap.

Even behind the gathering tears there is a deeper joy of beholding such a human mind. You indeed possess  
**A BEAUTIFUL MIND** my dearest Rebecca!

Most affectionately

Your

G

*April 3, 2023*

Hello G

Oh my goodness! What are you doing to me with your beautiful words? To say I'm overwhelmed is an understatement. You use lofty words to describe an ordinary person. I am going to print that letter and read it to every person I meet today and tomorrow and the following day.

Thank you G

*April 3, 2023*

Hi Revathi,

I reached Saanen. It was a bit challenging to get here but I'm very happy to be here. Sorry for delay in response. I sleep lot. I see new series posted by Kishor Chopda. Beautiful pictures. Can see them over and over without getting tired. I like this quote of G:

*It is not freedom you are seeking. You really don't want freedom or God.*

*Basically, you want something to overcome your problem. You are not honest enough to admit that.*

How true it is. Whole search is like escapism from misery. Maybe misery may not be bad if we accept it. But effort to escape brings more misery. Anyway we learn at our individual speed. I wonder what goes through him when beautiful words come out like this. It is a mystery I shall take to the end.  
Thank you Revathi.

*April 4, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

You are always there in my mind, often in the foreground otherwise in the background! Now that I am writing to you, you are the Princess of this mental kingdom called Guha.

I get most of what you write to Revathi. Today you sent a quote to her that Kishor Chopda used for his photo gallery.



I happened to get a letter from Kishor today where he wrote a preface to his upcoming photo book called “Expressions of life”. I am not satisfied yet for the title, you are welcome to suggest a title dearest Rebecca!

I am forwarding his preface to you and I know you will enjoy reading it dear.

Here it is:

*UG used to say, "You only need one good friend"! And lo and behold, I really stumbled upon that "One good friend!" by the name of Sabyasachi Guha, whom I lovingly call G.*

*G says there is no better relationship than friendship. The first time I met him was just for a day in Mumbai in November 2015. During his next trip to India in March 2016, I accidentally called my friend Sanjiv who said he was about to go on a month-long trip with G the very next day. I somehow managed to make arrangements to join them for a week in Kochi, Kerala. Those seven days were the beginning of something new and unexpected in my life.*

*We were continuously talking and laughing all day about the uselessness of spiritual concepts with G. I enjoyed every moment of his company.*

*I felt as if I had known him for a long time.*

*Surprisingly, I ended up staying the whole month immersed in his presence and seeing him walking the talk!*

*Each day our morning walk in nature, his profound talks and carefree laughter - it was like being with a live wire! He has burned all my misconceptions about spirituality and my search for the ultimate goal.*

*G: "It's a very simple biological machine. But you don't want to accept this simple fact. You want to exemplify something as higher, greater, better so that everyone thinks you are different and in touch with something exotic! With a false promise, you impose yourself on others."*

*The impact of his words, actions, energy, and the way he lives his life with deep care and love, while*

*giving everything he has, is simply impeccable, incomparable!*

*Being with him made me realise the things which were not important or necessary for me and they started falling away. I began accepting myself and the world as it is.*

*When G said, "Why do you want to be someone other than who you are?", it made me totally free, light and unburdened and I started doing things which I always loved to do. I started photographing Nature, people and the life around me, and before I knew it, I started capturing him and his endless expressions.*

*When he talks to someone his expressions are animated, energetic, beautiful and full of life! I can't stop myself from capturing him through my lens again and again. For me Nature, Life and G are synonymous!*

*This coffee table book "Expressions of Life" (Or Pulse and beats of life)*

*is the culmination of my effort to capture in images the phenomenon we know as Guha. It also brings to the readers his spontaneous utterances which are life abiding, functional, practical, scientific and concerned only with life and living. He leaves us no room for entertaining imaginary ideas about God, enlightenment, Brahman, Paramatman, Oneness, Advaita or any other religious or spiritual concepts.*

*I am very thankful to G and all his friends who have helped me in putting together this book.*

Dear one I hope it's not too long for you!

Affectionately

Your

G

*April 4, 2023*

Hello G,

Thank you for sharing this lovely lovely writing by Kishor Chopda. I have had a taste of his lens work and I can say his book will be a runaway hit. With you as its topic why won't it be?

Nothing you send will be too long. It provides me nourishment all day every time I read it and there is a healthy afterglow.

Being Princess of the mental kingdom called Guha is a lovely new role for me. Great honour and privilege for me. Wow. Still letting those words sink in as they swirl in my head.

I will try to suggest something for the title but my English is not great.

*Unparalleled Friendship*

*The One and Only Guha*

*The Rhythm of Life*

*Breathtaking, Life Giving Guha*

*My Heartbeat, My Pulse - Guha*

*Exquisite Moments with Guha*

*An Extraordinary Life*

*Guha - A Gift of Life*

*Unconditional Love*

*A Breath Of Fresh Air*

Oh my goodness. I didn't know so many suggestions would spill out. My aide, Gina (short for Regina) also joined me in the title search. Maybe we do this the rest of the day. Kishor Chopda will say please stop this avalanche. Oh, another one:

*Struck by an Avalanche*

*Avalanche of Love*

*Sweetness Overload*

I know this last one won't be the title but the thought is cute even if I say so myself. Ha ha.

If I write a short story I would pick a whacky title like Sweetness Overload or The Final Crush. Ha ha!

Too many ha ha's in this email. But you got me going all agog with excitement.

Rebecca

*April 4, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

When I was young this particular Tagore song was my favourite! Her sweet melodies are being played in the lotus of my heart! It reminded me of you dear! So I am sending it to you! You will recognise the voice and my friend Venkatesh DC played the keyboard and Tabla. He also arranged the music. I am sure you will enjoy the music.

Affectionately,

Your

G

*G sent his song Madhuro Madhuro Dhvani Baje*

*April 4, 2023*

Hello G,

I have no words left in any language to appreciate your song. All words have been used and over used. Soooooo goooooood! Wow. That deserves Grammy and then some. It has been sung with such heart tugging delicateness yet so powerful. Hats off to your friend Venkatesh DC. He provided beautiful music and accompaniment that enhances the song but never overpowers. I know drummers that drown the singer but here sensitivity is topmost. My heart is full. My being is full.

There is a foundation here that tries to grant people with terminal illness some last wish or request they have, as long as it is within reason. They ask me what I would like. I said I need or want nothing. Life has been extremely generous to me. I thanked them and they said I was very lucky to feel that way. They sent me a beautiful bouquet which I gave to G (Gina). She was touched.



Better her be happy than me being sneezy. Sounds like Snow White Dwarfs here - Happy, Sneezy, Doc, etc. We have a visiting doctor here. He is Dr. Gunther and I call him Dr. G. So we have Madame G and Dr. G and of course you THE G! Ha ha ha. The G Triad. Or the G Squad.

Anyway tomorrow is a special day. I will tell you about it tomorrow.

Thank you G for your song and your existence and your presence in my life. Thank you Venkatesh DC.

It's late night and quiet here. But for me I am feeling so light, so bright and so wonderful.

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom!

Well you did say that. So now I use it like a crown title.

*April 4th, 2023*

Revathi,

Do you have a translation of this song? If you have it then I must get it from you urgently. It is night time for G so I don't want to bother him.

Thank you.

Rebecca

Hi Rebecca,

Yes translation and transliteration are available.

Here it is:

*Modhuro Madhuro Dhwani Baaje*

*Modhuro modhuro dhwoni baaje*

*Hridayokamolobanomaajhe.*

*Nibhritobaasini binapaani amrito kirano*

*chhobikhaani -*

*paranero kotha se biraje.*

*Modhurito jaage dibanishi pikokuhorito dishi dishi.*

*Maanosomodhupo padotaale murachhi porichhe*

*porimale.*

*Eso debi, eso e aaloke,  
Ekebaar tore heri chokhe -  
Gopane theko na monoloke chhaayamoyo  
maayamoyo saaje.*

**MEANING:**

*The sweet and lilting sound is playing in the lotus of  
the heart*

*The lotus in my heart has been sweetly sonorous.*

*Devi, with the lute in her hand, dwells remotely,*

*Radiant in her appearance, Vaani,*

*I wonder, where placed within my heart.*

*Arrival of the spring, cuckoo calls from all directions.*

*My mind, affected by the divine fragrance,*

*Surrenders to her feet like a honey-bee.*

*Come Devi, into the stream of light,*

*Let me reveal you completely.*

*Do not keep yourself hidden within the conception,*

*Within the aura of hallucination, 'MAAYA'.*

Revathi

*April 4, 2023*

Thank you so much Revathi. I will tell you about urgency later.

Lots of love and hugs

Rebecca

*April 5, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

I only think about you now and all the people around me have no choice but to talk about only you, dearest! They ask me so many questions about you, one of the most common questions is;

“How did she know about you G, when she saw you in the restaurant, was she very familiar with your photos?”.

I decided to make a story book about you and your life! It’s absolutely fascinating!

Especially the incredible connection with the

background of your papa and mama with me and  
the cherry on top is our birthdays!

Just impossible to shake it off, the beauty yet  
unknowability of the magic of life is dancing with  
all its glory in my mind's eye!

If you can provide some more information or ask  
someone to help me answering my queries about  
you, it would be helpful!

I am so glad that you loved my song!

*MADHURO MADHURO DHWANI BAJE*

I conveyed to Venkatesh your message!

He is with me now and listening to your spirited  
stories.

Affectionately

Your

G

*April 5, 2023*

Hello G,

I am having an unbelievable day. I go home and then write lots to you. Right now I am sitting exactly on the spot that you were sitting at in 2017 when I met you.

They are having a big party for me. Early birthday party.

It is funny that someone with you has a question about it on the exact same day. Ha ha ha.

Rebecca

April 5, 2023

One of my very sensitive philosopher friends,  
commented the following about you:

"I can almost feel that her reality has landed a total  
attention and attraction on you, and even in the  
nature of events it makes sense, like a final  
choiceless synthesis of her fragile existence".

G

*April 5, 2023*

Hello G

Is that Rahul?

Is Rahul son of Revathi? I ask because she says in  
her book that she will name her son Rahul after  
Buddha's son.

Rebecca

*April 5, 2023*

*Rebecca sent "The Hills Are Alive With The Sound of Music" from the movie Sound of Music*

<https://youtu.be/yvQ4t-Nk128>

Hello G,

You must have heard this Sound of Music song many many times. Please hear it one more time for me. I'll tell you later why. Suspense.

Rebecca

*April 5, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

It's amazing that you have guessed the name correctly, I don't know how though. Yes it is written by Rahul. However it's not Revathi's son, who doesn't know me. I will now listen to the song that you have forwarded.

Affectionately

Your

G



*April 5, 2023*

Hello G

Ha ha. Rebecca is a good guesser. I read his introduction for Signal in the material Tanusri sent me. His signature in his writing was there. When I read or hear people I get the signature unique to them like finger print. So when they go off their signature you know they are doing fakery. That was the basis for my guess. My radar is good as it made me identify you as someone real and genuine.

Revathi has a very unique and punchy signature too.

I have not forgotten your question. My head is right now like a table tennis ball moving high speed in all directions. Too much happened today. I have to tell you all about it after I calm down little.

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom

I am going to milk that title for as long as I can. Ha ha.

*April 5, 2023*

I watched the video and the spirit of the princess  
Rebecca was written all over it!

G

*April 5, 2023*

Subj: Today was a beautiful day

Hello G

Today was a beautiful day. Fortunately my health  
also cooperated. Whole bunch of us went out.

Emil's father arranged for lovely helicopter rides  
over Saanen and Gstaad for all of us as a birthday  
present for me. It was spectacular. One never gets  
tired of these mountains. It was Gina's first time.

She was so ecstatic with joy. Weather also was so  
good.

Then we went to THE restaurant. They were  
expecting us as we are a big crowd. I opted to sit  
exactly where you sat. I was too excited to eat.

While waiting for food Emil and Gina decide to sing  
*Jhoro Jhoro*.

They were so off-key and so off-tune and off everything. But I was grinning ear to ear like a proud Mama. The thoughtfulness and sensitivity was amazing. Between you and me I am glad they are not earning bread and butter doing singing or doing music because they will die of starvation. Ha ha. Little joke. I read out the meaning of the song you sent me. Then some singing was there by some good singers who were my friends. It was so beautiful.

And then we have cake. It was very beautiful as they sing for me. Instead of making wish before blowing candles off I say thank you. You were on top of my list of people I was grateful for.

And for the grand finale we all went outside. And I blasted your *Madhuro* song on the speakers. I printed out the transliteration and translation that Revathi sent and gave everybody. There was not single dry eye. All tears.

I felt the ghosts of Jiddu Krishnamurti and Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti woke up from a

deep slumber and listen to your song as it played over the hills of Saanen and Gstaad and everywhere it could reach. I sent the song to everybody I know. So if there is any copyright issue for your friend Venkatesh DC or anybody else I infringed all of it. Ha ha! Who is going to sue me? Ha ha ha! Then we all go to my friend's house for coffee and tea. Lot of stories and chitchat. It was then time to get back.

It was a lot for me as I had not slept in couple of nights. I look at the beautiful sky and full moon now as I write this. Maybe the last one for me. No regrets, absolutely none. My heart is full like the moon.

Thank you G

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom

*April 6, 2023*

Hello G,

Thank you G for watching. Reason I wanted you to watch is because in the song it says the hills are alive with the sound of music. So when I blasted your song loudly *Madhuro Madhuro* the hills were alive with sound of G's song and I was witness to it along with the hills and the mountains and the valleys and the grass and the cows and my friends.

To say it was beautiful is a big understatement.

*Madhuro Madhuro*

Rebecca

Princess of G's Mental Kingdom 

*April 5, 2023*

*Rebecca answers G's question from a previous email:  
Friends asking G "How did she know about you G,  
when she saw you in the restaurant, was she very  
familiar with your photos?"*

Hello G,

You ask how I knew it was you in the restaurant.  
To answer let me give an example.

You are a Bengali man from West Bengal and went  
to New Jersey. You go to a small cafe in New Jersey  
to order some coffee and croissant. Suddenly you  
hear voices of two people speaking in Bengali and  
they make references to the neighbourhoods of the  
city you grew up in.

So your attention is captured.

Then you hear them talk about Sri Ramakrishna  
and the gospel and yoga and Howrah etc.

Even without turning your head to look at them you know they are your homies. Looking at them is a postscript to your conclusion.

Like that I grew up hearing and speaking JKish and UGese. After Mama and Papa passed away I read UG more seriously in their book collection and websites. I was trying to understand my parents through reading UG as he was deeply respected and liked. Through reading UG, I came across your website. I loved what I read about you.

So I was very familiar with you and Madame Julie and Mahesh Bhatt and some others. Of course your photos in the website gave very recent pictures of you. So this is my background. Some of it you already know.

So on that big day I was supposed to do waitress and also sing and play guitar for guests who are mostly tourists. A big group comes and you are in center of the group like a King.

All in the restaurant are helping set chairs, tables etc. including myself. I thought I recognised you right away.

But not 100% sure. So I listen to the conversation. I was close to your table anyway. There was mention of JK and UG and Yehudi Menuhin. Everyone at table was Guha this, Guha that, Guha what are you ordering, Guha should we get this.

So even if I had missed all signs and didn't recognize I would certainly know your name. So it was really not that hard.

What was really hard was how to approach you.

I was very bashful (ha ha. Here comes one more Snow White Dwarf). I didn't want to intrude and I didn't know what to say. Also people were taking photos and all. Suddenly you tell Madame Julie to give the camera to me to take your picture. So I take it aiming at you. And I also quickly take one on my phone. I thought at the end of the meal I introduce myself.



But I never did.

So that is my long story for short incident.

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom 

*April 6, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

All my friends here have cute stories of how they ended up here, of course none can match the grandness of Princess Rebecca. Yes, you are here in my mind even though it is a myth, unfortunately I know nothing outside of that, ha ha!

One of my friends, Venkatesh, after spending some time with me, wrote this song and sang it himself. The entire music was done by him alone!

Yesterday when they were playing this song I thought about you. I wanted to send it to you not because it's cutely funny, but I also wanted him to do your song !

If you can hear it and tell me about your feelings,  
that would be supremely beautiful my dearest  
Princess.

Affectionately

Your

G

PS: I will forward the song separately.

*April 5, 2023*

*G sent her 'Throbbing Next To You' song.*

*April 6, 2023*

Hello G,

I just listened to the song *Throbbing*. It was  
absolutely wonderful. He is a genius for his multi  
talents and super genius for recognizing your  
wonderfulness. What a nice gift! In my hey day I  
could have sung this song with him. That is how  
beautiful it is. I consider it my absolute honour and  
privilege if he even looks in the direction of my  
song.

I think it is your generosity to me that is supremely touching. I cannot even wait to hear it now that you have planted that idea in my head. Please let him do whatever he wants with the song and not follow any tune I sent. It didn't come out good and I was not well either. He can change words, delete words, add words, whatever. *Carte Blanche* as they say.

I also thought *Throbbing Next To You* is a wonderful title for Kishor Chopda book of pics and quotes. The title has so much life in it and perfectly reflects what people feel for you.

I have to hear this song again and again until I memorize it. I think this time Gina will be happy that it is an English song and she can follow along.

Thank you G for thinking of me. I also think of you lots. Like really lots.

Thank you Venkatesh for the lovely song.

The talents of people around you seems  
unbounded.

Throbbing for you.

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom 🤴

*April 5, 2023*

Hello G,

You can ask me whatever queries you wish. I feel like a rockstar answering interview questions. Ha ha ha.

You said you and friends were putting a story book of me together. That's pretty amazing but what will it have? Tell you what. Last year I had a bright idea to write about me. Like a short story. I started writing and found that there was not much to write. Then I decided to write a dedication page where they say thank you to my wife, thank you to my husband, thank you to my children etc.

(I am not sure which children help a good writer-parent! Maybe authors with children can answer that honestly). Anyway I was thanking this one and thanking that one and thanking everyone and my dedication page became longer than my life story. So I stopped. I even had a story title - My Name Is Rebecca. What a boring and unimaginative title. Like some dull documentary.

But on top of my dedication list was you. I say Thank You to Dr. Sabyasachi Guha - the Rockstar of our generation!

My second thank you was to Revathi whose blog inspired me and gave me courage to reach out to you. It also created desire in me to write. Imagine my surprise when I contacted the website and I got a response from her. Funny business.

I will try to dig up what I wrote. Maybe useful maybe useless.

Throbbing for you

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom 

*April 6, 2023*

*From G to Rebecca*

If you have any write up or documentation about your Congenital leukemia?

*April 6, 2023*

Hello G,

I do not have a write up on it. Simply put it is leukemia developed in utero. That is before birth. Reason could be genetic or exposure to drug or toxin during pregnancy. Hard to pinpoint without access to birth mother. Treatment is chemo. Lots of hydration and being healthy through good nutrition and exercise when possible are helpful. No real cure. Just addressing symptoms as they crop up. They say most cases do not last more than 2 years. But spontaneous remission is possible which is what I might have experienced to live this long.

My suspicion is my Mama and Papa took me to UG hoping for this kind of remission. Of course they took me to all the necessary good doctors too.

So I don't know what helped to prolong but here I am bright and chirpy at the ripe old age of 27 and at the cusp of 28. For people with CL this is most certainly a ripe old age.

Hope this is enough of an answer. I don't have a head for technical stuff.

Thank you G

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom, a Kingdom that may be mythical and mystical and musical and magical and magnifique!



*April 6, 2023*

Hello G

*Blossom Bouquet*

*In a valley of blossoms you stand tall  
Delicate but strong  
Exuding rare presence  
And a heady perfume  
It permeates through my layers  
And leeches into my marrow  
Until I am suffused with it as well*

Thank you G.

Sending you an allergy free bouquet of emoji  
flowers from here!



Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom 🧚‍♀️



*April 6, 2023*

Hello G,

Your reference to your sensitive philosopher friend reminds me of my own philosopher friend. He was very into Wittgenstein. All the time he talked about Wittgenstein (W). So I nicknamed him Witty. He loved it and so all of us friends and family called him Witty for so long that I don't even know his real name any more. Just Witty.

I had nothing in common with him other than cancer. He was serious I was not. He was cerebral I was not, etc. You get the picture. Left brain vs right brain with both lacking middle brain. Ha ha. Little joke.

So Witty's dream was to go to Norway and visit the home of W where he wrote his special book. So in this cabin W focused on Tractatus which he later said was hocus-pocus.

So one summer all of us decided to make Witty's dream happen. We went on this super long trek. It

was hot and sunny and I was grumpy (another Snow White dwarf - I have to write another email explaining all this Snow White reference). The whole time Witty talked non-stop. W said this and W said that, W did this and W did that and Sun rose because of W and Sun set because of W and on and on and on. I want to tell Witty the sun is shining just fine without W after his death in 1951. (W died 2 years and 2 days before you were born G Apr 29, 1951).

But fortunately I have the sense to be quiet and not vent my impatience. Finally after walking all of Norway we reached the “hut”. We could barely find it in the wilderness. The scenery was spectacular but I live in Saanen and Witty was from Basel which means we look out the window and we get great scenery without making this horrible trek. So I look around this place and slowly start cooling. Then I look at Witty. He looked transformed. He sat outside the hut crosslegged like in meditation with eyes closed and he had tears streaming down his cheeks.

In that moment I realised that this trip was a sacred pilgrimage for him and this moment was his holy communion with his God named W. I was so ashamed of myself for all my petty mental rants and being so judgy. He sat like that for a long time. Rest of us walk around, drink water, look at other trekkers. Then we slowly head back. Witty didn't say a word on the trek back. I keep looking at him to see if he was ok. Then a flash moment told me he is not going to be around too long.

Two weeks later he passed away holding his precious W's book *Tractatus* like a holy bible. After he passed away he left a note giving his special things to people close to him. Guess who inherited his *Tractatus*? *Moi*. So in honour of Witty I decided to read the famed book. Two paragraphs of reading and the mental kingdom of Rebecca protested and said - Rebecca this is not for you. So I stopped. So Witty's dog-eared prized possession is sitting somewhere gathering dust. If your friend likes it, then I can arrange to send it. Maybe the book gets a fresh lease of life in the hands of someone that appreciate it.

I say all this because maybe the end of life brings some choiceless and unexpected synthesis. Witty found his W his way and Rebecca found G her way. Perhaps mind, that you say is a myth, hones its focus on that which is most helpful for the body to transition.

On another note when you/friends write about me in the story book can you change Emil's name. I would like him to have clean slate from me after I pass. You can choose a different name like Jacques, Pierre, or even ..... Sabyasachi! Ha ha ha. Big joke.

I wrote so much.

Rebecca

Princess of G's mental kingdom.



*April 6, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

It's great to hear from you! Just wanted to tell you that if anyone's SSFR comes close to MIM (mind is a myth ha ha) it's only your SSFR my dear Princess. The perception of time in your mental world is so different from the others that they can't perceive it. That is the beauty of SSFR.

I don't wish anything, however it would be lovely to watch Witty and Grumpy the leftist (left brain) and the rightist (right brain) and their discussions on SSFR and it's far-reaching consequences on human life and living! Just a thought dear, utopia, to invoke your deeper imaginative territory!

On a different note I would like you to listen to this song of Tanusri's! I am thinking of asking her to sing your lyrics that Venkatesh is already working on, based on the tune you sent. This particular song I asked her earlier to sing and I was pushing her to sing until it was satisfactory to me.

It's Tagore's song. The English translation is also attached with the mail.

G

PS: I sent *Chirosakha*:

*O eternal friend, do not desert me  
In the mire of this world, be my fearless support  
In solitude and in company, be with me*

*Be the wealth of the destitute  
The lord of the forsaken  
The might of the powerless  
Rejuvenate the infirm and the oppressed,  
O the ocean of nectar*

*April 6, 2023*

Hello G

You said yesterday mind is a myth and of course there is a whole UG book on it. So of course I have no fresh take on it.

Given that the way we live, communicate, shop, do everything with the mind and its usage why deny its rightful existence. Is it limited? Yes of course.

Individual life itself is limited but we still live until we die.

It's a great attractive attention grabbing title for sure. I will give it that. Mind allows for parallel existence. I agree to that. Thinking enables it, I give that. But is it a practical title? As in people practice? Has anyone's SSFR actually allowed it? Some people say I don't use my head I operate with guts. Gut feeling and interpretation also thought induced and mind induced. So ..?

Rebecca

*April 6, 2023*

Hello G

If your life experience helped you get to this point I would be very curious to hear it.

Thank you G

Rebecca

*April 7, 2023*

Hello G,

What a beautiful song Tanusri sing. She sings like a real songbird. So hauntingly melodious.

I think Tagore might have imagined someone like you in his life. The way those words pour.

Wow.

I have to hear it again a few times so the words and meaning and music all sink in slowly.

Thank you G, Thank you Tanusri.

*April 7, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

Please reserve the book for my very special friend Rahul. He is the only one in my circle who could trek through that treacherous terrain of that memorial gift of Witty. If possible ask Prideb (my pen name I used when I was in the 9th grade for my science fiction ..., now Emil), to keep it aside and I will collect it if I can trace him and if you help me.



By the way, my philosopher friend now wants to make a movie of your life, my Princess! He already tried his hands on several small films. He is working on a bigger movie now, writer as well as director! He is doing his PhD in philosophy side by side!

So yes on that context whatever is written by you French, English everything and whatever you want to share, if you can make it available to me that would be lovely!

Affectionately

Your

G

Rockstar of Rebecca

*April 7, 2023*

Hello G:

Can you please explain what this means? I get confused.

"Just wanted to tell you that if anyone's SSFR comes close to MIM ( mind is a myth ha ha) it's only your SSFR, my dear princess. The perception of time in your mental world is so different from the others that they can't perceive it. The beauty of SSFR."

Getting little soft headed these days. . I let you assume that before I am smart. Ha ha ha.

I am not sure what my perception of time is. Every morning I wake up, is a surprise to me and if I wake up feeling no discomfort then it is wonderful. To wake up feeling no discomfort and mentally amazing is like a basket of cherries on top. This is what death watch is like. Then you pull memory balls out of your head and do thinking and writing and analysing not because it is going to do anything for anybody but because you can. If any good friend or a bestest friend responds to my insane emails then I feel very energized and go vroom-vroom-vroom. I am also appreciative of small gestures and large and the awesomeness of life itself.

The birds, animals, mountains and valleys provide an endless source of joy. One can watch them and not know where the days go by. Their immensity puts me in my place of life and humbles me. Oh I wish I could express in English what I really feel. This feels so lame. Like making coffee with tepid water. It's ok though. It is not like I am writing some great literature. I think I am becoming like Witty though all rambly. But poor boy went quiet after that trek. Right now no signs of that (quiet) coming out of me yet.

I read to Gina all that I write and what you reply. I think this is all amazing entertainment for her with songs and lyrics and what not. She has also been poking around in your website.

Nice to know Rahul makes movies too. Must be a new generation of multi-talented philosophers. Or maybe it is your influence and impact. People around you are so amazingly talented that I should not be surprised. It is again your generosity to me that even allows any of your friends or you to spend even a second of ponderance on me.

Venkatesh making music and then Tanusri singing and someone doing a story book and Rahul a movie - this is better than any Disney Princess story.

Every Princess Deserves A Prince Charming!

Keep the last sentence in mind. A story coming your way on that topic.

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom.

*April 7, 2023*

*From G:*

I don't wish anything, however it would be lovely to watch Witty and Grumpy the leftist (left brain) and the rightist ( right brain) and their discussions on SSFR and its far-reaching consequences on human life and living, **WITHOUT THE USUAL DISTURBANCE OF THE PRESENCE OF THE MIDDLE BRAIN!**

Just a thought dear, Utopia, to invoke your deeper imaginative territory!

*April 7, 2023*

Hello G,

Well Grumpy and Witty meet soon but I don't think I can send email to you about how the meeting goes.

I don't know what happens after death. I don't believe in all the pearly gates and heaven and hell and god and devil and all that. But what really happens I don't know. I read experiences of near death people. But near death is not completely dead.

Society puts pressure for the middle brain approach. Middle brain (my idea) is not the middle path that Buddha talks about. That is more about how to live and a what not to do lecture. When I say middle brain it is the well-functioning people in society that can balance their thinking and being. But in a way afraid to let themselves rip. Worried about consequences or outcomes or rewards. But maybe we all are choiceless in our brain wiring and functioning.

A few neurons firing differently distinguishes a Nobel laureate from a serial killer. Neither had any real contribution to their brain chemistry or genetic input. Anyway what do I know? I am not a brain doctor. Or specialist of anything. Being a musician I know how smug musicians can get about their talent and make fun of those less talented than they are. Do they pause to ask once what contribution they made for their genetic make-up and talent? Noooooo. Ok they practice a lot but so does a barista at Starbucks or any cafe. Same for that Steve Jobs and Bill Gates. All just got lucky.

I had lots of luck in my life. Like really a lot. So I just thank my stars. What else?

I think I am rambling now. Losing track of what I'm saying.

Thank you G

Rebecca

*April 7, 2023*

Hello G,

What science fiction did you write? Can you remember and tell?

Sure I look for the book and save it for Rahul. I hope I find it now that I have an interested party.

Emil - I don't know what is going to happen with him. He is sweet, serious, sensitive and fiercely loyal. All the things that make him a sad sack now. He tries to be brave but he cries and it is all messy. I tell him I am just fine and everybody dies someday and it is ok to die, etc. Maybe if he meets you, you can tell him to find someone else and move on - your replacement theory. I know UG did this for his son's fiancée or girlfriend. His son died of cancer too. I have been lucky to find my pockets of joy and of course I found you. He needs that too although I know this does not work like that. I have given your email and Revathi's email and website email to Emil. Ball is in his court and what he does with it is up to him. I don't want to force or impose anything.

Prideb is a lovely pen name and will suit Emil's alias nicely. I will dig up what I wrote. Can't find it yet. And I have to tell you about the Snow White stuff. So much to do and so little time. Or maybe I am doing too little and have too much time! Head getting heavy. Maybe I sleep.

Rebecca.

Princess of Guha's mental landscape

*April 7, 2023*

Dearest Rebecca,

I am now remembering lots of things that I can send to you . First one and I am sure you will like it, not only because it is coming from me but also because it's hilarious and melodious! Written by Revathi as a poem and I asked her to change a little according to Venky so that Venky can make a song out of it and here it is :



## **CHEMICAL LABORATORY**

*Eyes are for seeing  
Heart is for pumping  
There is no such thing  
As L O V E.....*

*If your head is turning mush  
And you feel your blood gush  
All it is my dear  
Just an endorphin rush...*

*If you feel like singing  
Or you feel like dancing  
And catch yourself smiling  
It's just a play of serotonin....*

*If that is the case then  
Why does it happen  
That when G walks in  
Carries the whole chemical lab with him.....?*

*He says love is an illusion  
And that love is a delusion  
What do I care what it is?  
For I'm such a mush ball as it is...*

*Eyes are for seeing  
Heart is for pumping  
There is no such thing  
As L O V E..... (3)*

-----X-----

Lyrics: Revathi

Music: Venkatesh

Sung by Tanusri and Venkatesh.

Your

G

*April 7, 2023*

Hello Rockstar Superstar G,  
Wow what a song. Beautiful words, beautiful music  
and beautiful singing. What a delightful package. I  
feel it was made just for me.

I can also see why you name her book *Mystique of  
Love*. You open a whole chemical lab for her in her  
system.

What a story! What a guy! Your amazingness grows  
each day for me.

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom 

*April 7, 2023*

Hello G

I wrote the below in my earlier attempts to write my  
life story but now heavily modified.

Every Princess Deserves A Prince Charming!

I watched a lot of Disney movies when I was young. My Mama and Papa played UG material (for themselves) and Disney movies for me. So you can imagine the exotic cocktail coming out of that combination! Of course that cocktail is the mental kingdom of Rebecca.

Life experiences shaped the story dramatically but it is still a lovely fairy tale for me.

Of all the Disney junk I love Snow White and the Seven Dwarves. Ha ha seven! Not six and not eight!

In my story I am Snow White of course. She is this cute girl that is really good for nothing that sings to the birds and animals and moves around in nature singing away merrily. That is so me! Her wonderful and loving parents die when she is young like my Mama and Papa did.

The evil step mother is life itself that hands me a poisoned apple that is my leukemia. The evil stepmother (life) engages a huntsman with the intent to kill Snow White. The huntsman instead

keeps her alive out of his kindness, enabling her to have a good life again. This huntsman in my life is UG (yeah your old man pops up here!). Snow White wants to be a teacher for the little nursery age children and the seven dwarves are those little people. Snow White and the Seven Dwarves zippety-do-dah zippety-ye through life singing and working and just enjoying life.

Then evil step mother (life) steps in with the poisoned apple and it is game over for the Princess. Well almost. She is barely hanging between life and death. And guess what? Drumroll moment! Prince Charming arrives. I will give you one guess who that might be. (Certainly not Emil. That sweet boy is more like the deer or the rabbit or the bird in the story. Even Emil agrees to that). So along comes Prince Charming THE G and gives her a fresh lease on life and a happy-ever-after!!! With him by her side all evils of life are conquered.

To me the Princess in the story is allegorical. She represents a gender-free spark in each of us that wishes to burst out into a beautiful butterfly from

our painful but protective cocoons. It needs a Prince Charming's help to kindle this spark and it becomes a raging fire (like Revathi's) or whatever it takes to make an individual blossom. It is so so so fortunate to have this Prince Charming walk into our lives. Did Snow White DO anything to deserve it? Not really. Nevertheless she deserved that opportunity like anyone else.

That IS the TRUE GIFT of life. No pre-qualifications and no special attributes demanded. So I say:

Every Princess Deserves A Prince Charming!

Long title yes but it is quirky and whacky and crazy and whimsical just like me. If you look long enough perhaps you can catch a wee bit of depth.

Here is a funny twist, G. I never said any of this to you. And of all things to my jaw-dropping surprise you call me Princess! And that too of a gorgeous Kingdom!!!! Mythical maybe but we are talking fairy tale language here. I agree with Revathi. You can read minds from across continents.

Dare to dream because they can come true! Shoot for the (rock)star and you might meet one!

Dedicated to my 'bestest' friend G who is the rockstar of my generation and pole star of my life!

Thank you to Revathi whose story inspired me and gave me the courage to reach this rockstar!

PS. I know my English is not great. Gina is doing a rosary prayer for me 😊 as it is Good Friday and all that. I tell her if I die today I resurrect on Sunday and haunt her. She does not see humour in that 😞 😜 but does not want to hurt my feelings by saying shut up. Anyway she is not available to edit as she is praying for me and the rest of the world while I am having the time of my life!

<https://youtu.be/WpmILPAcRQo>

Check the above link out! It will be very familiar to you.

(Song is called "*Time of my Life*" from the movie Dirty Dancing)

PS 2: All your friends and all my friends that have been incredibly helpful to me are the lovely birds and animals in the Snow White story who go a long way in enriching her life.

Princess Rebecca





*\*Received in Rebecca's mail box @*

*April 7, 2023 7:42 pm*

Dearest Rebecca,

The more you write to me the more your depth is revealed. I don't know now after seeing your feelings for me, how deep one can truly resonate with another human being in their mind!

You know, Sweetheart, if I have to believe that something truly happened to my system and if someone stumbled into it, there would be no limit to their affinity for me, I would just have to behold you!

You are the supreme expression of human love!

Love that sets one free.

Your

G

# After The Sunset

*April 8, 2023*

From Gina : Rebecca's Aide

Respected Sir/Madam,

This is Regina Anderson, aide to Rebecca.

I deeply regret to inform you that Rebecca passed away yesterday, Good Friday, April 7th at about 9 pm in the evening. She slipped into deep sleep a few hours before that and her end was very peaceful and pain free as she wanted it.

Her funeral services will be held tomorrow, Easter Sunday. As per her wishes it will be a very small, private and fuss free affair.

I was requested by her to use this email id to communicate with you about her end. She was very frail of body and very mighty of spirit.

Thank you.

Gina

From Gina

Subject: Rebecca's Last Letter

Hello Revathi,

This letter was written by Rebecca to you. She was fine-tuning and editing until the morning of her passing away. She wanted to write so much and used all her ounces of energy to write this and write Dr. Guha's card. So I truly hope you receive the package.

Gina.

*Apr 6th, 2023*

Dear Revathi,

By the time you receive this letter I would have passed away. Gina is helping me type this up and will send it to you.

I am sending a small package to you and giving you some work. When you receive it there is a small book for G's philosopher friend Rahul. Because of his name I thought he was your son as you make a reference to it in your book *Mystique of Love*. But G corrected me and said that is not so. The book is an old one, 1965 edition, and belonged to my philosopher friend, Witty who in turn got it from some philosopher God. This was precious to him and he left it to me after he passed away due to cancer.

Revathi, I am sending for you a pen that is very dear to me. My Mama and Papa gave me many, many things but two of them were extra special. One was the guitar which I gave to my friend here

and the other is this Montblanc pen. I believe it was given to my Mama by UG. Anyway I hope it works ok, if not you need to fine tune fix it. Maybe with this pen you can finish your *Mystique of Love!* Rebecca, through this pen, will be part of your book writing. Ha ha.

I fell in love with G's words when I first saw the website; I was in awe of him when I first saw him in 2017 And I fell in love with him when I read your blog. Hence the special place for you in my heart. I am saying this as the words of your song, heart is for pumping, is playing in the background. Ha ha.  
*Comment à propos!*

Also I feel whatever happened to UG because of JK, whatever happened to G because of UG is the same that happened to you because of G. Of this I am 100% sure. One could disagree with me and I would question their motive behind it. People talk of no causality but I don't buy that. In my opinion you have hit the biggest lottery of life! Yes pain may be there as to how to handle this tremendous event but

life that handed something so big to you is also going to equip you to deal with it. And of course G is there ...

What else can one need?

Life certainly finds its way!

I am also sending a small envelope for G. If you can send it so he can open it on his birthday that would be great. I know he doesn't need or want anything that I could possibly send him. So I'm sending small change for coffee that he can have on his birthday and say, "Ha! This birthday Illy coffee and piece of cake is sponsored by Rebecca." That way it is a celebration of what would have been my 28th birthday. Ofcourse I am not there and so none of this is necessary. But I am alive this moment and I can have a little fun with my imagination. Do ask G to count the contents carefully as it has special significance numbers. Little birthday puzzle to solve for G. Something about G always makes me so giggly and goofy. It doesn't matter if I am in a dull and dreary hospital or a scenic and spectacular mountainside!

Gina asked if I would like to send a photo of me to G and you. I declined, I am not there, so what is the point of my photo or my last name or anything of the by-gones? I am Rebecca and I am the sum total of my past. If there is anything precious I have that's worth sharing or sending it is my exchange of emails with G. They are infused with his living energy and are a great source of healthy nutrition and vitality for me. He took the 'dis' out of my 'disease' and left me with 'ease'. Maybe if anyone else benefits then good for them. Anyway I am gone. I leave the decision in your hands. I will tell Gina to give you access to all of them. What you do with them is completely between you and G. No obligation for you from my side.

I heard Venkatesh DC is making my song with music. If that happens please send an email to Emil. If that song doesn't happen it's okay too. Please don't trouble Venkatesh DC on my account. I'm sure he is busy creating more "throbbing" music for people to hear.



I listen to that song *Throbbing Next To You* and *Eyes are for Seeing* written by you in a loop. So I have loop with two of G's songs and then another loop that plays these two songs. So by now I am quite loopy! Ha ha.

No letter from Rebecca is complete without its usual dosage of quirkiness. When I used to go for singing gigs my audience would be small but international - mainly tourists. So I would sing this one Bollywood song called *Dil Se*. It starts with *ek sooraj nikla tha....* Every time in the song it would say *Jiya Jiya* and *Piya Piya* I would change the words and make it *G-aaa* (please come G) and *Guha Guha*. I thought it made for an amazing song with new meaning. Most tourists are American, European and Chinese and have no idea anyway.

One time an Indian guy came up and said *Guha* is the name of our God. I said mine too! He folded his palms and bowed his head down respectfully towards me and my head was blown off laughing at my own private joke.

Even now I laugh crazy as I write this. Anyway Revathi, try listening to this song again with the G substitute and picturing me strumming on my guitar, my friend on harmonica and singing Guha Guha to an eclectic audience. I think you will like it. You can tell G of this if you think he will find it funny. But what is not quirky but truly magical is that G did come into my life and is here to stay till the end.

If I had 1 more month to live I would have done the following in this order:

1. Meet G and give him the warmest handshake and if he allows, then a warm hug
2. Meet you and give you a warm hug.
3. Sit with you and ask you to tell me the rest of Mystique of Love. And pester you until you finish telling me.

This is a long letter. I have been working this for the last 3 days. For you it probably may seem like you are sifting through the trash bin of Rebecca's head.

My heart and my being feels so full. I am ready to go on a high note - a crescendo! After all I'm a musician

The last precious thing I own is the photo I took of G in the summer of 2017! It will be in my pocket as I meet my fiery, blazing end to the ashes!

PS: Now you tell me if that's not a crescendo then what is?!?

Your biggest fan,

Rebecca

Princess of Guha's Mental Kingdom

My Song  
*I am Rebecca*

April 12, 2023

Hello Mme. Revathi,

This is Gina.

We scattered Rebecca's ashes around her beloved mountainside. She lived as a child of nature and is now one with it. She hated any reference to God or religion so I will refrain from using those words in her context.

A few weeks before, Rebecca sent me what she had written about her life and wanted me to edit it so she could send it your way. After reading it a few times I did not have the heart to change anything as it has such a charming style and her unique signature (that she was big about). I felt any edits on my part would be a gross distortion. Her last line in the write-up brings tears to my eyes. Feel free to make changes as you deem necessary and send to Dr. Guha. She has also sent me an acknowledgment article that goes before this chapter which I will send shortly.

Thank you.

Gina

*This is Rebecca's story in her own words that she had started a while ago. The sections below are her modified version of her story before she passed away.*

## **Acknowledgements**

I would like to thank Dr. Sabyasachi Guha, a rockstar of our generation. He speaks to each of us what we need to hear and has a universal appeal. His voice is so clear and direct and there is a unique air of confidence about him that makes me feel secure just listening to it. What a gift from nature for us to treasure.

I would like to thank Mme. Revathi for her blog. Reading her most unique story and her interactions with “G” gave me courage and confidence to reach out to him. I dream often that I live her life and I wait to see what her next chapter brings. You are the inspiration behind my desire to write although I don’t have a story to write.

Thank you to my dearest Mama and Papa. Without you I wouldn't have a life let alone a very fortunate and lucky one. No words can say properly my feelings for you.

Thank you UG for being prophetic and suggesting to my Mama and Papa to adopt me. You enabled a wonderful life for me. My eternal gratitude to an unexpected hero.

Thank you to my boyfriend for being the tremendous support that you have been through my life. You are the rock and I never underestimate the loving care that you and your family have supported me with.

My heartiest thanks and gratitude:

- To all my friends and acquaintances who have enriched my life with your own unique presence. My journey would not have not have been the same without you.

- To all the doctors and nurses and medical volunteers - you are the heroes of my life. You are stars that dropped to earth from the skies above.

- To the mountains and valleys and the lakes and the rivers and the grass and sheep and cows and all things around me that were the wonderful and mute audience to my singing efforts. Well maybe the cows were not mute and gave occasional grunts and moos of approval.

*Rebecca would often joke that her acknowledgement page was longer than her story.*



# I am Rebecca

I am Rebecca. Most people get their name at birth or around that time. I got mine much later. To explain why I have to tell my story.

I was born with no country, no religion, no god, no knowledge of parents or my birthdate. Technically that is true for all births. However most are born into something. Into a family that has all that sorted out, captured in video, photos, etc. For me there was no trace of any of that.

My registered birth date is May 1, 1995. My approximate place of birth is somewhere in maybe Europe. But it is very possible that I could have been born before or after that date. Reason for so much confusion is that I was found in a small basket outside an orphanage a few days or hours old. Whatever the unbeknownst compulsion or pressure of my birth mother or her caretaker, they could not find time to even place me inside the orphanage doors.

So here I was a wee thing screaming my lungs out to be heard and to survive. I was taken indoors shortly thereafter and given whatever was needed I guess. But I was not an easy child to take care of. I was born with some medical issues and was very very sickly. So it was not easy to find people to adopt me. So on one hand no one wanted to adopt me and on the other hand I was too much of a challenge to be taken care of.

So I was hopped around through various foster homes. To be honest I have no direct recollection of any of this. Perhaps that is a good thing. This information was provided by the orphanage to the couple that eventually adopted me. But I am getting ahead of the story. Anyway after bouncing around a few foster homes in various states of serious health issues I was fostered by an elderly couple.

It was my longest stint at being fostered. At this time I was getting a lot of medical care. They held off adopting me because they felt I deserved a younger couple who would take care of me for a

long time. They didn't trust themselves to be around for a long time to provide the care I needed because of their advanced age.

I was formally diagnosed with congenital leukemia by the doctor. This condition is developed in utero and the survival rate is very poor. Most do not make it past two years of age. I was already pushing the envelope here.

So this elderly couple took me to their very good friend who they referred to as UG. I was an older tot by then and had a vague recollection of meeting him. He was surrounded by a room full of people. The couple took me up to him holding my hand and he must have been aware of my health issue. I recall being given a piercing look. Then he said something to my parents which my Mama later told me. UG told her that this little girl will outlive all three of us (Papa, Mama and UG) and no one is going to stand in line to adopt this sickly child. So if you really want to do something for this child then you adopt. Such was the regard and respect that the

elderly couple had for this man UG that they followed his words literally. They decided that they would adopt me and because I would be around for a long time I needed more structure and care. They moved to a larger city so I could get consistent hospital care and schooling. They became my Mama and Papa and I was formally registered as Rebecca. I got a name, family and loving parents who gave me a sense of belonging. That is pretty much the world to a small child. I also think that my Papa and Mama felt maybe there was some kind of spontaneous remission happening around UG for my cancer. That is why I have lived so long. Anyway hard to know because I was also getting good medical care from excellent doctors.

My Mama and Papa used to be self-confessed JK freaks. JK is Jiddu Krishnamurti - a great philosopher among many things. To meet him they would come to Saanen and go wherever to visit him. They lived their life that way. Like hippie generation nomadic. Then they met Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti, no relation to JK, but however had a strong association with him.

Some fallout happened and UG went his separate way from JK. Anyway when Mama and Papa first heard of UG they got intrigued and then liked him too much. They followed him.

I explain all this to say that adopting me was certainly not a very good fit or need or want in their lives. But here we were. I was a handful and I am sure I completely changed and made their life topsy turvy. But never once in their entire life with me did they ever make me feel they did me a favour.

They felt I deserved all the best things in life. So our life continued with hospital visits and home schooling and trips around beautiful mountains. I came close to dying so many, many times but I survived thanks to the care and attention I received. I was very talkative, mischievous, and loved to sing. So I got a gift of a beautiful guitar from Mama and Papa.

I write my own songs and make my own tunes and would make the mountains, the grass and the cows my audience.

The cow bells and guitar were my accompaniment. Sometimes birds joined me too. It was my most favorite occupation.

My parents played lot of videos and audios of JK and UG for themselves and Disney movies and other cartoons for me. So I got an interesting cocktail out of that combination and Rebecca became defined by that strange combo. My favorite movie used to be Snow White and Seven Dwarves. I would change story lines of those movies to adapt to my life and pretend I am the central figure. In my head I had as many Rebecca productions as Disney had theirs!

Needless to say that going to Disneyland in Paris was the biggest highlight of my life. So much care and planning went into that trip. It was the last big trip we made as a family. Although I do not like crowds at all I got a special pass to go through rides without long lines. It was exhilarating and exhausting for me. Once was enough.

UG was prophetic.

I survived all three of them. UG died in 2007. Papa followed and then Mama years later. Although they all died of peaceful old age it was a big upheaval for me.

I do occasional odd jobs like waitressing, singing and playing guitar. Nothing too challenging as I do not have any talent. Kept me moving and meeting people and see the world through my small window. I meet lots of tourists from different parts of world and always curious how they think and behave and operate in their heads.

To understand my Mama and Papa better after they passed away I started reading their book collection on UG and also read him in different websites. He seems so full of practicality and very bold in what he had to say. I also read *Travels with UG* by Madame Julie Thayer. I was like Wow. As I was reading for sometime I stumbled across Dr. Sabyasachi Guha's website.

I really liked what I read and because he was alive I thought I could maybe communicate with him. Who knows if all goes well I can meet him too.

I drafted so many emails but never had the courage to send them. I could not bear the thought of being rejected or made fun of or being ignored by him.

Perhaps subtle memories from early childhood do hang around. I don't know. I am speculating. Also I didn't know what to ask. Usually people want this and people want that. I was not sure what I wanted. It was a very confusing phase for me. So for the time being I continued to read, write, delete.

One day I stumbled across Revathi's blog on Guha. She called him G and I felt like calling him the same. I read her long poem, short poems and her story *Mystique of Love*. I could not put it down. I think I read her long poem and story more times than she did. The story had an immersive quality to it. Soon I imagined what if her story was my story.



I even read *Goner* by Louis Brawley because she mentions the book in her story. After reading his book I wondered how much Mama and Papa missed out on meeting UG because they were too busy taking care of me. I wonder if I should feel guilty or say it was not my fault. Anyway it was bygones. After reading her blog for little while, I got the courage to write and send my first email on November 28, 2022.

I made many attempts to write before I sent the final email. I thought some autogenerated email might come back. Imagine my surprise when I got an actual response. Turns out the person responding to me from the website was the same Revathi.

Bigger surprise! Dr. Guha got my email and sent a response through her. I thought the impossible became possible. Oh what luck!

I felt that finally my journey from basket to casket could be complete.

# Meeting Dr. Sabyasachi Guha

One of my most favorite chapters in Revathi's Mystique of Love is when she meets Dr. Guha for the first time. So I decided to write a similar chapter from my own story.

I was working as a waitress in a couple of restaurants and also had a singing gig in the summer of 2017. One day while working a big group of people walks in. They seem from different countries and have different accents. In the middle of the group I instantly recognized Dr. Guha. I am shocked and stunned and surprised all rolled in one. I had seen his face in his website many times and I watch him steadily as we arrange for chairs and long table for the group.

It seems like he is the center of attraction not for me only but also for the group. I also recognize Madame Julie's face. I stand nearby to hear conversation. I did not find any rudeness in my eavesdropping. I was way too curious. They talk about JK and UG and Yehudi Menuhin. If I have

any doubts about recognizing him it was completely cleared.

Most people speak Chinese, Japanese, English, Portuguese, etc. Growing up Mama and Papa speak JKish (language of JK) and UG-ese. So this language is very native to me as I hear it spoken at Dr. Guha's table. I hover around wanting to introduce myself but I don't want to be rude interrupting.

Actually I am too chicken but pretend to be polite. I think maybe after meal I will say hello. While I am moving around his orbit I see Madame Julie taking group photos. She seems like a meticulous photo taker not like other aim-and-shoot tourists. Then suddenly Dr. Guha suggests that maybe Madame Julie hand the camera to me so I can take pictures of the group with her in it.

So I take the camera from her hand and look directly at Dr. Guha. Now I have a good excuse. I make some useless comments like smile and look here etc. like all photographers do. So I take a pic in her camera. Then I take a pic in my camera too. No one notices but I am thrilled to do so.

My camera is not the same but I still have that pic and look at it often. After they finished the meal I want to walk over and introduce myself. But I feel too shy. I want to offer to sing. But I feel too shy. I watch him quietly as he leaves the restaurant with the group.

I watch all the way till he gets in the car and drives off. So that was my one and only meeting with The Dr. Guha.



REBECCA'S VERSION OF RUMI'S POEM  
"THOU & I"

Joyful and secure from foolish babble

*Thou and I*

All the bright plumed birds of heaven will

devour their hearts with envy

In the place where we shall laugh

in such a fashion,

*Thou and I*

This is the greatest wonder, That

*Thou and I,*

sitting here in the same nook

Are at this moment both in

"Princeton" and "Saanen"

*Thou and I*



# Emails from Gina

{Rebecca's Aide}

&

# Emil

{Childhood Friend}

*April 10, 2023*

Hello Mme Revathi,

I wanted to inform you that the service for Rebecca went beautifully yesterday. She was cremated and her ashes will be spread across the Saanen hills. We played her dear friend's songs as she loved them very much and it brought her a lot of joy in the end.

I will send you the password to this email id. She has deleted all her other emails leaving primarily her exchange with G and you active. In case anyone is interested, you can make them available for their perusal. This is again as per Rebecca's request.

Thank you.

Gina

*April 16th, 2023*

Hello Mme Revathi,

I do not have Emil's email id. After the scattering of Rebecca's ashes I have not seen him. He seemed to be having a complete breakdown. If I see or come across him I will request it. His phone seems to be turned off.

None of us expected the end to be so quick. She barely ate and slept very sporadically but her energy levels seemed so high and she was so joyous. She was genuinely a very sweet girl and highly spontaneous in her interactions. There was no gap in her thinking and talking and yet she never spoke to anyone with even a trace of malice or disrespect. She never complained about her health or lack of it and lived each moment with tremendous gratitude. Her touching innocence and maturity and graceful acceptance of her situation is something that I have not seen in any individual of any age. She was a rare one.



She read emails (or had me read to her) from Dr. Guha many, many times each day although she had memorized each word when she read it the first time.

She wanted reassurance that those were actually received by her from him and not a figment of her imagination. When the last email from Dr. Guha came I read it to her. Although she seemed gone I felt maybe she could still hear it.

She was fairly fond of you too. She made me read some of your poems, especially the long one called G & Me and some chapters and sections from your ebook.

I have not forgotten to send her email and password information to you. I am deleting her other personal email exchanges unrelated to you and Dr. Guha as per her request before sending the information to you.

Respectfully,  
Gina

*April 17th, 2023*

Hello Mme. Revathi,

That is so kind of Dr. Guha to get Rebecca's song set to music and get it recorded. This would have meant the world to Rebecca. She tried to sing this song again with guitar and send you another sample as she felt she didn't do a good job the first time. But she couldn't get to it.

I will check with Emil's parents for his email id as his phone is still switched off. He would cherish the song as a lovely tribute to Rebecca. Right now he is still grieving.

Respectfully,

Gina

*April 28th, 2023*

Subject: Birthday Party

Hello Revathi,

I would be delighted to receive the video of Rebecca's Song. Some of her close friends are meeting on May 1st.

Rebecca was generous to leave some money for us to "blow up" on the birthday lunch of her "bestest" friend's 70th birthday and her own. She wanted it to be a celebration and not some "sob-sob" event. So we are having some fun activities planned. It would be wonderful to share the video on that occasion. Perhaps your time zone late night Apr 30th or very early morning on May 1st would make it in time.

Thank you so much.

Regards,

Gina

*April 28, 2023*

Subj: Rebecca song and birthday wishes!

Dear Dr. Guha,

Thank you so much for sending the wonderful wishes and audio and video of Rebecca's song. It was heartbreakingly touching. It took me a minute to realize that was Rebecca's voice in the beginning and end. What a wonderful gift to a wonderful spirit. If Rebecca could have watched it, it would have spun her into another orbit.

Her dream was to hear little children sing chorus to this song. You and your dear friends made it happen. Thank you Sir. I can see why Rebecca used to call you her 'bestest' friend. Your friends have done an amazing job. Such talented professionals!

I will certainly play this to her friends on May 1st. I truly feel honored to be able to do this.

A Very Happy 70th Birthday to you Dr. Guha.

Respectfully,

Gina

*May 1st, 2023*

Subject: May 1st 2023

Hello Dr. Guha, Revathi

I am very happy that you received the package.

Today was a lovely celebration of Rebecca's birthday. I was very happy to share the video clips sent by Dr. Guha with her friends. They absolutely loved it. Initially they were shocked at the surprise of hearing her voice. Then they cried a lot. Made it very emotional. The wishes from the people and their singing and music was much appreciated. They wanted me to thank Dr. Guha for his wonderful and much cherished gift.

Respectfully,

Gina

*Click or copy/paste the link from below for Rebecca singing - Audio & Video*

[https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1kF9Rhdf6luGk1qqNCL9bJGP9RjfzEa9V?usp=share\\_link](https://drive.google.com/drive/folders/1kF9Rhdf6luGk1qqNCL9bJGP9RjfzEa9V?usp=share_link)

*Letters from Emil*

*April 28th, 2023*

Hello G,

That is the most beautiful thing I see and hear. Very precious. Dear Rebecca's voice is there too. I remember recording her voice in the Paris hospital. It was a whisper. How did you make it so good and loud? I so wish she could hear it too. If she were alive her excitement would have killed her.

Goodness me. It is unbelievable.

Thank you for sharing. Thank you to all the friends who made it possible. Hearing the little kids singing was amazing. It was Rebecca's dream to have little kids sing and discover the magical world.

Emil

*May 7, 2023*

Hello G,

I am in Australia presently. Work is hectic and I'm grateful.

I am perfectly fine with using my name in Rebecca book. I have known her most of my life and she is my life. She think I get clean slate if I don't use name. But I am not looking for clean slate when the slate is filled with cherished beauty and joy and heartbreak. My life story too intertwined with her.

I believe she not keen on using last name. Always like to use just Rebecca.

Emil.

*Gina's letter*

*May 3, 2023*

Hello Revathi,

Yesterday as I was leaving Switzerland my thoughts were revolving around Rebecca quite a bit. It is always more tragic when someone really young passes away. One thinks of life cut short or of wishes remaining unfulfilled.

What was remarkable about Rebecca was that she considered herself of being at a ripe old age and was so ready to go. No trace of regrets or sadness. She wasn't trying to be brave. She WAS brave.

My assignments often take me to the bedside of the critically ill. I have seen my share of devout Christians and also people that found religion because nothing else seemed to work towards the end of life.



Although Rebecca had no trace of that, her steadfastness towards Dr. Guha and her deep affection for you had an unbelievable intensity. She had that quality that most dreamt of or imagined.

From the first day I met her to her very last, every hour was filled with stories of Dr. Guha and what you wrote about him and her own exchanges with both of you. It held her complete fascination. It was almost magical to watch it. Her body was fading fast but her eyes sparkled more and more each day. It was my gift to be with her.

Just penning a few thoughts. I hope you don't mind.

Best regards,

Gina



I know not what you lost  
I know not what you found  
Things sort within me  
When I sense your  
Presence profound

Rebecca

April 3rd, 2023

*A birthday card sent  
by Rebecca to G  
for his 70th Birthday!*



IF IT CAN'T BE  
*My* BIRTHDAY,  
I WANT IT TO BE  
*Yours.*



La vie est une fleur,  
l'amour en est le miel  
C'est la colombe unie  
à l'aigle dans le ciel,  
C'est la grâce tremblante  
à la force appuyée  
C'est ta main dans  
ma main  
doucement

VICTOR HUGO

*This was quoted by Rebecca in French & English  
in G's Birthday card*

Life is a flower  
Love is its honey  
It is the dove  
united with the  
eagle in the sky  
It is trembling grace  
with sustained force,  
It's your hand  
in my hand  
gently forgotten

TO MY BESTEST  
FRIEND ON HIS 70<sup>TH</sup>  
BIRTHDAY

HAPPY BEST BIRTHDAY  
TO YOU

REBECCA

PRINCESS OF G'S  
MENTAL KINGDOM





*A New*  
CHAPTER

# A Year After ...



*April 7, 2024*

April 7th 2023, Rebecca passed away. Her last words in the letter she sent were:

*“My heart and my being feels so full. I am ready to go on a high note - a crescendo! The last precious thing I own is the photo I took of G in the summer of 2017! It will be in my pocket as I meet my fiery, blazing end to the ashes!”*

What a beautiful and heart wrenching story. We all thought this is it. Chapter closed. The end!

To our surprise, exactly a year later to the day, Rebecca came alive in a way beyond our wildest imagination.

The sequence of events unfolded as follows:  
Revathi received a notification from the postman about the attempted delivery of a package that required her signature.

Since she was not home, the package was taken back to the post office (on April 5th). The next day, she went to the post office and collected the package after signing.



The mail box number said it was from Oregon, USA. She had no clue who it was from as she was not expecting any mail or package from Oregon.

As she opened the outer envelope, she saw a beautifully wrapped gift that had an ornament outside.

The keepsake ornament:

*Front:* You have touched so many hearts

*Back:*

*Date:* FOREVER

*To:* G

*From:* REBECCA

*MAY 1st*

*(G and Rebecca were born on May 1st.)*





Realizing that the package was from Rebecca for G, Revathi waited until it was evening, as G was in India. When she called him it was bright and early morning of April 7th! Along with the ornament there was a letter that she read aloud to G.

Dear Ms. Revathi,

My salutations to Dr. Guha and you.

I am Isaac, friend of Rebecca, who communicated with both of you last year. I would like to send you the translated version of the poem written by her along with an artwork that goes with her words.

The poem, Tree of Life, is a translation of a poem written by Rebecca during the last few days of her life. She originally wrote it in French titled, L'Arbre de vie. She was gifted a necklace with a locket that had the Tree of Life design and she was immediately inspired to pen these words. She passed away soon after and her scribbles and doodles (gribouillis) remained in a bag in a corner. Sometime ago, one of her friends who is into multimedia arts and graphics read this poem and created the artwork. Another translated the poem and some of her postscripts. Hopefully we did justice to her poem and didn't mess it too much.

Since I had mailed her letter, cards and gifts to you last year, right after her passing, on behalf of Rebecca and Gina, her aide, I had your name and address. I decided to send it your way so you can read the poem to her beloved “G” on her anniversary (April 7). It would be great if you could do so and hope this is not an imposition. The artwork is yours to keep, treasure or dispose as you wish.

Some friends of ours are travelling to America and offered to mail this to you on our behalf.

I too am battling cancer. I met Rebecca near an oncology unit a few years ago and we became good friends. I find her story very heart touching and inspirational. I do not have any literary talent but the following words of Milton come to mind, “They also serve who only stand and wait.”

Thank you.

Isaac

Rebecca's friend Isaac, sent the package, so the poem could be read to G on the first anniversary of Rebecca's passing - April 7, 2024.

The package had her poem taped to the back of the painting along with her notes.

Here is her Poem:

## *“L'Arbre de vie”*



## *Tree of Life*

*After hopping many a tree  
I found the one that set me free  
I'm knocking at death's door  
Free from what, one may wonder  
How can I explain to anybody  
What the Tree of Life gave me?*

*Every cell in my body  
Dances to some unsung melody  
Never experienced such immensity  
Of life with such intensity  
I merely sit, lie down, or be  
The throb of life embraces me  
Who has the time to think of death  
It is unknown, why waste my breath  
I am cozily nestled in my final tree  
It has got a wonderful name  
It's G!*



It is very interesting that Rebecca says, “I found the one that set me free” and the last letter that G had written to Rebecca mentions “Love that sets one free”!

G drafted this letter late night on April 6, 2023. The next morning he found the phone on his chest and realized that he had not hit the send button. When he sent it to her, she received it at 7:42 pm on April 7th. By then Rebecca was already in deep sleep and didn’t read it herself. Her aide did read it to her in her unconscious state, and Rebecca passed away an hour later peacefully.

It is amazing that G tells her the night before her passing, “You are the supreme expression of human love. Love that sets one free!” and Rebecca was writing about being free just before her passing.

She was penning and pouring her heart out using her last ounce of energy until the very end. Although, G's letter did not reach her when she was awake, her poem came to G a year later. The reader is left with a feeling that this is some kind of mysterious continuation of Rebeccas conversation with her beloved "G".



Rebecca's scribbles and doodles  
translated  
(gribouillis)

Post Script:

*My thoughts, words and feelings*

*Are always on you*

*I am very selfish to be so focused on you*

*For YOU complete me in a way*

*That I never thought was possible.*

*Post Script 2:*

*Your poem The Way, found its way  
Into my little mountain-side existence.  
I must be the luckiest girl in this entire planet.*

*Post Script 3:*

*Revathi –*

*I borrowed lot of words from your blog  
But I don't think you would mind  
As I stole only those expressions  
That I felt deeply within*

Post Script 4:

*The Tree of Life*

*Touched the sap of my life*

*Stemmed the gloom*

*Allowing for bloom*

*Showed me the light*

*So I can take flight*

*Into the vast sky*

*My dearest, Goodbye!*



PAINTING  
THE TREE OF LIFE





# *Blossom Bouquet*

*In a valley of blossoms  
You stand tall  
Delicate but strong  
Exuding rare presence  
And a heady perfume  
It permeates through my layers  
And leeches into my marrow  
Until I am suffused with it as well*