



Then we took the drive up the mountain on the famous dirt road to Ram Das Puri where the ashes were to be dispersed by helicopter. With the kindly wind blowing, the dust of the drive did not impede our vision. Hundreds of us stood at the far end of the Tantric shelter, getting whipped by an unexpected very fierce, cold wind that we all had to endure. How similar this was to being in a class taught by the Siri Singh Sahib, being challenged to our core. Buffeted by the wind for an hour or more, people were leading chanting with guitars, and all of us made a noble effort to keep up and be heard above the wind whipping around us and through us.

Finally the helicopter approached us. As I looked up into the bright blue sky, I seemed to see all the events of my thirty-five years with the Siri Singh Sahib, how significantly he had impacted my life. The helicopter circled three times. Looking up at the circling helicopter, the figures of the three people leaning out were visible. Krishan Shiva Singh was sitting on the edge of the open helicopter with his feet dangling over the edge. Kulbir

Singh and Ranbir Singh, the Siri Singh Sahib's sons, were standing at the edge of the door.

All at once the ashes were released from the helicopter. The wind drove this flying mass of dark particles towards the east. The ashes spread out with the wind, swirling and fading until they disappeared from sight. Perhaps the ashes were heading to the opening in the vast cosmic window to the Universe, the window that Siri Singh Sahib Ji had explained was present at Ram Das Puri.

My three-year-old grandson, Narayan Singh, looked up at me and said, "Ama-ji, why are you crying?" I said, "Because that was the last of the physical part of Siri Singh Sahib Ji. Now he is with us only in spirit form." Narayan Singh said, "It's okay Ama-ji, you don't have to cry,"—just like Siri Singh Sahib Ji said, "Don't cry for me children of Sikh Dharma...I shall never leave you".... The wind was blowing my turban apart as I recited the Ardas (traditional prayer) for all of us. We stood a while longer on Ram Das Puri. Many people were simply unable to do anything else

yet, except stand and look.

I experienced these events as a monument to the prophecy of Guru Gobind Singh, the tenth Sikh Guru, who said, "960 million we shall be." To my mind, all these moments have become part of some great vast future of elevated human consciousness I see now brewing all over the globe—God ever recreating Himself, as we "spread the songs of Nanak across land and sea, His words of praise unto Thee."

I thank God for blessing me to be a part of the legacy of Siri Singh Sahib Ji in this lifetime. I pray that we may all hold these experiences dear as gifts from our Creator. May we live with grace and gratitude, loving and serving each other and the world with humility, following the example of our beloved Teacher, the Siri Singh Sahib. •••

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