

1. Meeting with the soul

*Hey, Papa is here,
Papa come and sit with us, we are discussing about our school function.*

Vicky while seeing his father Sehaj back home from office. But Sehaj was in no mood to sit with the family and have some conversation. Sehaj is working as an IT professional with a reputed IT company.

Let me tell you about Sehaj,

Days were focused and evenings were full of stress of something he was not aware of. He was in some sort of depression from some years. He was not able to recover from that. On the other hand, Mehak was aware of his husband's worry but she was also not able to help him in any way. A little time to conversation with family, as he has got to go to office and begin the day like one nowadays. Some past memories still haunt him; the loved ones he had left to live this life!

From many years, he was not able to concentrate on anything, his work, family, food and friends. He was in stage of depression and every day was like a page turned without reading of a book called life. Mehak and Sehaj had enjoyed some early years at home town but now there was only a relation left with emotions in stressed state. Vicky and Priety, both the children of Sehaj and Mehak were also not happy with the behavior of their father. Priety was in 4th standard now and she was more understanding than the children of his age. On the other hand, Vicky was too young to understand the things.

Sehaj got a call from Mehak that she will be going to his father's home for some days and he has to take care of himself. He was not interested to say that he too can accompany her and children. After a project meeting that didn't went well, Sehaj was feeling something alone, lost.

Today his car didn't turn towards his home, but towards a lake where they used to come during weekends on the earlier days of their visit to Australia from India, he went for a walk alone, while sitting on the bench and sipping tea in cold winter, he saw some kids playing with ball and within a few distance some children's were jumping with rope, dancing on the music. A little smile on his face was making the dull face look better.

He floated in the memories of his childhood playing every game with his siblings without any tension in life, unaware from the world that was really unknown for him. College days when roaming with friends were a bonus to beautiful life and parties were like hobby for him. The face that was tensed was smiling and Sehaj relaxing in memories. As a young college going boy, he never lost to any situation, he lived all the situations with utmost joy and belief.

He was now memorizing the things he used to do in the past, the mantra that was working for him. His father patting on his head can make him do the most difficult task easily, someone had immense confidence in him and that was his driving force. He never had the thought of negativity because he always knew that he will succeed in future and secret of his happiness was being positive. He was not afraid of failing but trying with more concentration as he has done for his final exams of engineering, he was not succeeded in his first attempt during project development, but with more concentration and

will power he created an app that was very well praised by everyone. A nervous Sehaj was meeting a confident, risk taking and positive side of himself.

The confidence of dealing with any situation was on high. Sehaj was talking to himself, meeting his soul that was always in high spirits. A new energy was making him feel better. He was meeting with someone he had been deprived of and that was only because of him. A king of his own life was coming back to rule the life. With wet eyes, he was ready to live life like in the past, use the lessons from past that were his success mantra.

Because it is we who creates our life, no one else has any control in our life. When we give authority to people to control our life, the ways of dealing with life changes then.

"We don't only live our life; we create it"

Only your soul can look into it and understand the lyrics you mind has hidden from so long.

The confidence was back in the nerves that was lost in the mess created by the thinking of his own. He remembered his ways of life

- *Live your life with a smile*
- *Be positive in everything*
- *Secret of life is to face everything with confidence and smile*
- *Stay away from negativity*
- *Energy doesn't lie, trust your vibes, vibes that are filled with positivity*
- *Confidence is not an injection that can be injected, it starts from within.*
- *Be your own inspiration*

He went to his home happy now, eager to face the life that had hindered him and disturbed his life. He prepared the food that was favorite of him, Razma Rice, he called Mehak and talked to her for an hour, on this Mehak said, "*Sehaj, were you waiting for me to come to my parents' home*", and they both laughed. Next day was best one as he woke up with confidence and smile on his face, ready to create this day of life on his own will. He had good conversation with his team mates, the security guards heard good morning from him after many years, they were surprised. His boss found his different nature today as he was the first one to give paramount suggestions for new project. He was today living his life; the life Sehaj wanted to live. The stress had no space today in his mind, it was only a smile on his face, body showing the signs of confidence.

Sehaj remembered the mantra of life.
Not why me, but let me try.

We have control of our life and we should make it perfect, a life that can be lively, enjoyable. If we lead this control to situations or people, we will be the victims of stressed life that is created by there for us.

Meeting with a soul has been penned down as a poem

The words of my soul
Whispering beneath the uproar.
Life of me unknown to me,
Crumbling in the sand, hot and sore.

Shadows have left, people have gone
I met myself who was unknown.
He told me stories of a soul to me,
The echoes I heard, that followed me

He shared my soul, my air to breathe
He was listening to my story, with grace and wreath.

He recognized me well, more than me
We sat together lonesome.
I had a soul, a mind to hear
He knew me, I was up a tear.

The sky was clear, stars were shining.
Everything was mute but it had a meaning.
I was talking to my present and to my past
Our discussion started but didn't last.

I woke up and found myself beneath the memories
That still hinder my smile and worries me!!!
