

WE ARE TEMPORARY IN THIS PERMANENT WORLD

CA Dr. Vishnu Bharath Alampalli

My Revered Mentor Sri Sakala Narasimhalu Chetty

This book, *We Are Temporary in This World*, is humbly dedicated to the cherished memory of Sri Sakala Narasimhalu Chetty on the occasion of his 100th Birth Anniversary and Third Death Anniversary.

To many, he was a respected Jeweller, philanthropist, and community leader. To me, he was much more—a mentor, a role model, a guide, and an affectionate elder whose influence shaped my personal and professional life.

For over six decades, I had the privilege of knowing him closely. What fascinated me most was his extraordinary memory. He possessed an astonishing knowledge of people, families, and their histories. In fact, I learned more about my own ancestors and family heritage from him than I ever did from my grandfather. His recollections were not merely memories; they were living lessons that connected generations.

Sri Narasimhalu Chetty firmly believed that life was not meant merely for survival but for meaningful living—with passion, compassion, humour, dignity, and purpose. Every interaction with him reflected these values. As years passed, I came to appreciate the depth of his character and consciously sought to emulate many of his virtues.

He was known for his straightforwardness and uncompromising honesty. His sharp memory and attention to detail made him a demanding taskmaster, yet his criticism was always constructive. He had a unique ability to identify weaknesses in young people and gently guide them towards improvement. Countless individuals benefited from his wisdom, encouragement, and guidance, enabling them to excel in their careers and lives.

I consider myself particularly fortunate that he took a special interest in my professional growth. Despite the presence of senior and accomplished partners in our firm, he placed immense confidence in my abilities as an auditor. He would point out even the smallest mistakes,

not to discourage me, but to help me improve. Those lessons sharpened my professional skills and became invaluable throughout my career.

One incident remains deeply etched in my memory. When I started my independent practice, I invited him to the inauguration of my office. A day before the event, a luxurious office chair arrived with his compliments and a note wishing me success. More than forty years have passed, and I continue to use that very chair. Every time I sit on it, I am reminded of his affection, encouragement, and blessings.

He was fondly known as “White and White.” From the day I first met him, he was always dressed in immaculate white attire. When I once asked him why, he smiled and replied that white symbolised purity and that he wished to remain as pure in thought and action as the colour itself. He did not merely wear white; he lived its meaning. His life was a shining example of integrity, transparency, and moral courage.

Born on the auspicious day of Sri Rama Navami, he embodied the virtues of Lord Rama throughout his life—truthfulness, righteousness, humility, and compassion. His very presence inspired confidence and respect. His vast knowledge, disciplined habits, inclusive approach, and unwavering principles left a lasting impression on all who came into contact with him.

Sri Sakala Narasimhalu Chetty has left an indelible mark on my life. I had always wished that he would live to celebrate his centenary. But destiny had other plans. Yet, a person of his stature never truly departs. His values, teachings, and memories continue to guide those whose lives he touched.

Even today, when I close my eyes and think of him, I see his radiant smile and noble countenance. I remember not only the man he was, but also the countless lives he enriched through his wisdom, generosity, and exemplary conduct.

As we commemorate his 100th Birth Anniversary and Third Death Anniversary, I offer my respectful homage to a remarkable human being whose life remains a beacon of inspiration. His earthly journey may have ended, but his legacy continues to illuminate our paths.

CA. Dr. A. Vishnu Bharath Alampalli

PREFACE:

We walk through life as though it belongs to us—planning, striving, building, and holding on tightly to moments, people, and possessions. Yet, beneath all the noise and urgency lies a quiet, undeniable truth: we are only temporary in this Permanent World.

This realization is not meant to unsettle us, but to awaken us.

Why do we worry endlessly about things that will not matter in time? Why do we hold grudges, delay joy, or wait for the “right moment” to truly live? In the race for permanence, we forget the beauty of impermanence—the fleeting nature of every breath, every sunrise, every connection.

This book is an invitation to pause and reflect on the transient nature of life. It is a gentle reminder that nothing we see, touch, or experience is ours forever—and that is precisely what makes it so precious. When we embrace the idea that we are temporary, we begin to live more fully, love more deeply, and let go more easily.

Within these pages, you will explore what it means to live with awareness and intention. You will encounter ideas that encourage you to release attachment, forgive freely, and focus on what truly matters. You will discover that time is not something to be feared, but something to be honoured—and that every moment is an opportunity to create meaning.

Being temporary does not make life insignificant; it makes it extraordinary. It reminds us to cherish the present, to act with kindness, and to leave behind not just achievements, but impact. Our words, our actions, and the way we make others feel—these are the echoes that remain long after we are gone.

The philosophy at the heart of this book is simple yet powerful: life is brief, but it is also beautiful. When we accept our temporary nature, we stop chasing illusions of control and start embracing the gift of now. We learn to live lighter, love stronger, and appreciate deeper.

This journey is not about fearing the end, but about honoring the time we have. It is about choosing presence over pressure, meaning over materialism, and connection over competition.

So as you turn these pages, let them remind you: you are here for a moment, and that moment matters. Live it with awareness. Live it with purpose. Live it fully—because in the end, it is not the length of life, but the depth of it, that defines its true value.





AUTHOR'S MESSAGE

This book was not written to teach you how to hold on to everything, build endlessly, or chase the illusion of permanence. The world already offers countless ways to accumulate, achieve, and control. This book was written to remind you of something far more grounding—how to live meaningfully in a life that is, by its very nature, temporary.

“In the end, we do not own time—we only experience it.”

In a world that constantly pushes us to secure the future, preserve the past, and fear the unknown, these pages invite you to pause and accept a simple, powerful truth: nothing here is ours forever. Not time, not possessions, not even the moments we wish we could hold onto a little longer. And yet, instead of making life empty, this truth gives it depth, urgency, and beauty.

“We are not here to stay forever; we are here to live while we can.”

What if the purpose of life is not to last forever, but to live fully while we are here? What if letting go is not a loss, but a form of freedom? What if the awareness of our temporary existence is not something to fear, but something that teaches us how to truly live?

“Impermanence is not the end of meaning—it is the beginning of appreciation.”

Every reflection, story, and question in this book is rooted in one quiet realization: because we are temporary, every moment matters more. Every word carries weight. Every act of kindness becomes a legacy. Life does not ask us to control everything—it asks us to experience it, to feel it, and to honor it while it lasts.

“Do not wait for tomorrow to value what today is offering you.”

Within these pages, you will find gentle reminders to release what you cannot keep, to cherish what you have while it is here, and to stop postponing joy for a future that is never guaranteed. You will encounter thoughts that encourage you to forgive sooner, love deeper, and live lighter—because holding on too tightly often robs us of the very beauty we are trying to protect.

“Let go, not because nothing matters—but because everything does.”

This book is for those who feel the quiet passing of time and wonder if they are truly living. For those who are tired of chasing permanence in a world built on change. For anyone who wishes to replace fear with acceptance, and urgency with purpose.

“If life is temporary, then every moment is permanent in its impact.”

If these pages help you appreciate a moment more deeply, let go of a burden more easily, or remind you to express love while you still can—then this book has fulfilled its purpose.

May it guide you to live with awareness, to let go with peace, to value what truly matters, and to walk through life with a heart that understands the beauty of impermanence.

“Live lightly, love deeply, and leave gently—nothing was ever meant to be held forever.”

Because in the end, it is not how long we stay that defines us—

but how deeply we live, how gently we love, and how meaningfully we touch the lives of others while we are here.

With gratitude and reflection,

Yours sincerely,

CA Dr. Vishnu Bharath Alampalli



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THE WORLD WAS NEVER OURS TO KEEP: HOW TO LIVE KNOWING WE CANNOT STAY

Before you were born, the world was already turning.

Oceans rose and fell to the quiet pull of a distant moon.

Mountains stood in patient silence, shaped over millions of years by wind, time, and unseen forces.

Empires had already risen, ruled, and fallen into dust—great civilizations that once believed they would last forever.

And long after you and I are gone,
the world will continue turning still.

The sun will rise.

Rain will fall.

And children not yet imagined will laugh beneath the same endless sky.

We arrive here briefly—

like travelers who forget they are only passing through.

Like guests who mistake a hotel for a home.

We build houses and call them “mine.”

We gather wealth and call it “security.”

We wear titles and call them “identity.”

Yet time, in its quiet honesty, reveals a different truth:
everything we claim eventually releases us.

Walk through the ruins of forgotten civilizations,
and you will not hear the voices of those who once believed their
lives were urgent, important, permanent.

They lived.

They loved.

They made plans for tomorrow.

And still—

tomorrow moved on without them.

This realization is not meant to disturb you.

It is meant to free you.

Because when we truly understand that we are temporary,
something within us begins to soften.

The fear of missing out fades.

The need to compare begins to loosen its grip.

The endless chase for more starts to feel... unnecessary.

If our time is limited,
then it is also sacred.

If nothing we own can stay forever,
then perhaps what truly matters is not what we hold—
but how deeply we experience.

We are, all of us, part of something vast and unimaginable—
a small presence in a universe that does not pause for anyone.

Every person who has ever lived—every dreamer, every leader, every
soul—
has walked their path, played their role, and moved on.

And so will we.

Temporary beings,
walking on ground that only appears permanent.

Because even the ground beneath us is changing.
Mountains will erode.

Oceans will shift.

Stars themselves will fade.

What we call “permanent”

is simply time moving at a scale we cannot see.

So what, then, is the purpose of a temporary life
in a world that feels eternal?

Is it to accumulate endlessly?

To prove, to compete, to be remembered?

Or is it something quieter—
something deeper?

To experience.

To love.

To awaken.

To contribute, even in small ways.

This is not a book about fearing the end.

It is a book about understanding the time we are given.

It is about seeing life clearly—

not as something we can hold onto,

but as something we are meant to live through, fully and consciously.

It is about loosening our grip on what cannot stay,

and strengthening our connection to what truly matters.

Because this world was never ours to keep.

We are travellers here.

THE LIFE IS LIKE A JOURNEY ON A TRAIN

(This was my 10th book, published internationally by

M/s Penguin Publishing Company.)



HEART OF THIS BOOK

At the heart of this book lies a simple yet profound realization: while the world around us appears stable, structured, and enduring, our presence within it is fleeting. This contrast creates both our greatest anxiety—and our greatest opportunity for meaning.

This book explores that tension through the following themes:

- **Impermanence of Life:** Everything we experience—relationships, success, struggles, and even our own existence—is temporary. This section reflects on the fragile, ever-changing nature of life and invites readers to see impermanence not as a loss, but as a reason to cherish more deeply.

When nothing lasts forever, everything becomes more valuable.

- **Coping with Change:** Change is not an interruption to life—it is life itself. Yet, we often resist it, fear it, or feel broken by it. This theme explores how to navigate loss, transitions, and uncertainty with resilience and awareness.

Strength is not found in holding on, but in learning when to let go.

- **Finding Meaning in the Ephemeral:** If life is temporary, does anything truly matter? This section challenges that question and offers a new perspective: meaning is not found in permanence, but in presence. Purpose is created in moments, choices, and connections—not in how long they last.

It is not duration that gives life meaning, but depth.

- **The Illusion of Permanence:** We build our lives as though things will last forever—careers, identities, relationships—only to feel lost when they change. This theme explores how the human mind clings to certainty and how that attachment often leads to suffering.

What we call “permanent” is often just something we haven’t lost yet.

- **Embracing Uncertainty:** Uncertainty is often seen as fear, but it can also be freedom. When we accept that we cannot control everything, we begin to live more openly, courageously, and authentically. This section encourages readers to step into the unknown with trust instead of resistance.

When we stop needing certainty, we start experiencing life.

Together, these themes form a journey—one that shifts perspective from fear of the temporary to appreciation of it. The goal is not to escape impermanence, but to understand it, accept it, and ultimately find peace within it.

Because in the end, the truth is not that life is short—
it is that life is precious because it is not permanent.



CHANGE IS INEVITABLE

In a small village nestled between two great mountains, there lived a young woman named Maya. Her life was once a canvas painted with the vibrant colors of laughter, love, and quiet dreams. The mornings smelled of fresh soil, and the evenings echoed with stories under the open sky.

But life, as it often does, changed without warning.

A sudden storm arrived—not of rain, but of decisions beyond her control. The government announced that their ancestral land would be taken to build a highway. The land that had fed generations, the land that held memories of her childhood, was no longer theirs. The compensation was small, almost insulting, and the loss was immeasurable.

Maya felt as if the ground beneath her had disappeared. Everything familiar was gone. Her father sat in silence for days, her mother's eyes carried quiet tears, and the home that once felt alive now felt heavy.

She stood at a crossroads within herself.

Every test in life, she remembered hearing once, makes us either bitter or better.

Every problem comes to make us—or break us.

The choice... is always ours.

Maya could have chosen bitterness. She could have blamed the world, cursed her fate, and lived as a victim of circumstances she never chose.

But something within her refused to give up.

One evening, as she walked past the barren land that once held their crops, she knelt down and held a handful of soil. "If this can be taken away," she thought, "then maybe I am meant to grow something that cannot be taken."

That night, Maya made a decision.

With no land to farm, she began learning new skills. She traveled to a nearby town, worked small jobs, and slowly taught herself how to create handmade products using natural materials—soaps, oils, and herbal remedies inspired by the knowledge her family once used in farming.

People laughed at first. "A farmer trying to become something else?" they whispered.

But Maya had learned something powerful—problems don't come to stop us; they come to shape us.

Months turned into years. What started as a small effort grew into something meaningful. Her products began to reach nearby towns, then cities. Her story inspired others who had lost their land to start again in their own way.

One day, standing in a small workshop she built with her own hands, Maya smiled—not because life had become perfect, but because she had.

She had not been broken.

She had been built.

The land was gone, but her strength had grown. The loss was real, but so was her transformation.

And in that quiet moment, she understood:

Life will always test us.

It will shake us, challenge us, and sometimes take away what we hold closest.

But it will also give us a choice—again and again.

To become bitter... or better.

To break down... or rise up.

To live as a victim... or to become victorious.

Maya chose to rise.

And in doing so, she didn't just change her life—
she became a light for others walking through their own storms.



TIME HAPPENED

The old man sat on a worn stone bench, his fingers tracing the cracks as if they were lines of a story only he could read.

“Do you hear it?” he asked.

Arjun looked around, confused. The afternoon was quiet. A soft wind moved through the ruins, brushing against broken pillars and scattered stones. There were no crowds, no noise—only silence stretching across what once must have been a place full of life.

“Hear what?” Arjun replied.

“The past,” the old man said gently. “It never leaves. It just stops speaking loudly.”

They were sitting among the ruins of a once-great city—massive stone walls now crumbling, pathways worn down by time, and structures that stood incomplete, as if abandoned mid-thought. It

was hard to imagine that this silent place had once been alive with voices, ambitions, and certainty.

Arjun had come there as a tourist. The old man, however, seemed like he belonged.

“People lived here?” Arjun asked.

The old man smiled faintly. “Not just lived. They believed this place would last forever.”

Arjun ran his hand across a broken wall. It felt solid, heavy—like something that should have survived. “What happened?”

“Time,” the old man said. “Time happened. It always does.”

Arjun had always lived with urgency.

Deadlines, goals, expectations—his life was a constant race forward. He believed in building something lasting, something permanent. A career that would define him. A name that would be remembered.

That’s why he found it unsettling to stand in a place where permanence had clearly failed.

“Were they powerful?” Arjun asked.

“Very,” the old man replied. “Like the Roman Empire once was. They built roads, cities, systems... and believed the world would always revolve around them.”

Arjun nodded. He had read about it. An empire so vast it shaped history.

“And yet?” he asked.

“And yet,” the old man continued, “it fell. Not in a single moment, but piece by piece—until what seemed unbreakable became a memory.”

The wind picked up slightly, carrying dust through the empty space.

The old man pointed toward the distant mountains.

“Have you heard of Machu Picchu?” he asked.

“Yes,” Arjun said. “The lost city.”

“Not lost,” the old man corrected. “Left behind.”

Arjun frowned.

“A civilization lived there—built with intelligence, harmony, and purpose. And then one day... they were gone. The stones stayed. The people didn’t.”

Arjun tried to imagine it—families, laughter, plans for the future—all disappearing, leaving behind only structures that would outlive them.

“And then there’s Pompeii,” the old man continued, his voice quieter now.

Arjun knew that story.

“A city frozen in time,” he said.

“Yes,” the old man nodded. “People were cooking, talking, planning their next day... just like you and me. They had no idea their ‘tomorrow’ would never come.”

Arjun felt a chill despite the warmth of the sun.

“They didn’t get a warning?” he asked.

“They got a reminder,” the old man said. “But like most people, they didn’t understand it until it was too late.”

Silence settled between them.

For the first time, Arjun stopped thinking about his schedule, his goals, his unfinished tasks. None of them seemed as urgent here.

Instead, a different thought emerged—one he had never allowed himself to consider fully:

What if nothing I build is meant to last forever?

The old man stood up slowly and looked across the ruins.

“Every civilization believes it is permanent,” he said. “Every generation thinks it is different. But time treats everything the same.”

Arjun stood beside him.

“Then what’s the point?” he asked. “Why build anything at all if it doesn’t last?”

The old man turned to him, his eyes calm but steady.

“Because permanence is not the point,” he said.

Arjun waited.

“The point,” the old man continued, “is meaning.”

He picked up a small stone from the ground and placed it in Arjun’s hand.

“This was once part of something great,” he said. “A wall, a home, maybe even a place of importance. Today, it’s just a stone.”

Arjun looked at it, feeling its weight.

“But the lives lived around it?” the old man added. “The love, the effort, the dreams... those mattered in their time. And that is enough.”

Arjun looked around again, but this time, he saw differently.

He imagined voices where there was silence. Movement where there was stillness. Life where there were only ruins.

And suddenly, the ruins didn’t feel empty anymore.

They felt complete.

“The world was here before you,” the old man said softly.

“And it will be here after you.”

Arjun nodded slowly.

“For the first time,” he said, “that doesn’t scare me.”



The old man smiled.

“It shouldn’t,” he replied. “It should guide you.”

As they began to walk away, Arjun turned back one last time.

The ruins stood quietly, unchanged.

But something within him had shifted.

He no longer felt the need to make everything permanent.

Instead, he felt a new question rising within him—

If nothing lasts forever, then how should I live today?

And for the first time in his life,

he was ready to find the answer.

WE ARE TEMPORARY IN THIS PERMANENT WORLD



FIRST BREATH

Before your first breath, the wind was already moving across the earth.

It wandered across deserts older than memory.
It brushed against the fading stones of fallen empires—from the grandeur of the Roman Empire to the silent streets of Pompeii, where laughter once lived and vanished in a moment.
It carried seeds across mountains and salt across oceans.
It moved freely—without knowing your name.

And long after your name is spoken for the last time,
it will continue to move.

This is not tragedy.

It is rhythm.

We arrive quietly.

A cry in a hospital room.

A small hand wrapping around a larger one.

A new heartbeat added to an ancient world.

The earth does not pause when we enter.

It does not tremble when we leave.

And yet, while we are here—
everything feels immense.

Our joys feel permanent.

Our sorrows feel endless.

Our ambitions feel urgent.

We build as though our walls will outlast time.

We love as though love can protect us from loss.

We plan as though tomorrow has made a promise to us.

But the mountains have watched countless generations rise and
fade.

The stones of Machu Picchu have felt footsteps that turned to dust
centuries ago.

The sky has held faces no history book remembers.

We are brief—

but we are not meaningless.

A shooting star is brief.

A sunset is brief.

A heartbeat is brief.

And yet, none of them are insignificant.

The astronomer Carl Sagan once described our home as a “pale blue
dot,” suspended in a vast and silent sea of stars. On that tiny stage,
every story has unfolded—every war, every dream, every whispered
prayer.

We are small in this universe.

But within our smallness lives something vast.

We feel.

We hope.

We remember.

Perhaps permanence is not measured in time—

but in depth.

A moment of kindness can outlive a lifetime.

A word spoken with love can echo across generations.

A single act of courage can ripple far beyond what we will ever see.

The world may not need us to keep turning—

but while we are here, we are given something extraordinary:

the chance to experience it.

To feel rain on our skin.

To watch morning light spill gently across a quiet room.

To hold another human being and realize—

both of us are temporary, and therefore infinitely precious.

Everything we touch is borrowed.

Every face we love is on loan.

Even this body we call “mine” is only a temporary home.

We are travellers in a world that feels permanent—

walking paths shaped by those before us,

leaving behind faint traces for those yet to come.

One day, the wind will pass here again—

across the place where you once stood,

across the home you built,

across the ground that once carried your shadow.

And it will move as it always has.

Unstopped.
Unchanged.
Unaware.

The question is not whether we remain.

The question is—
in this brief and luminous moment we are given,

Did we truly live?

Conquer Yourself

Nothing binds you except your thoughts. Nothing limits you except your fears. Nothing controls you except your belief. Everything is within you. Be a winner, conquer yourself."

We walk through life believing we are bound—by circumstances, by people, by fate. Yet the strongest chains are rarely outside us; they live quietly in our minds.



THE CAGE OF THE MIND

Ravi was a young artist in a small village. He wanted to paint murals for the city, but every time he tried, self-doubt whispered: “You’re not good enough. What if people laugh?” Years passed. One day, an old friend encouraged him to paint just one

wall in the marketplace. Nervously, Ravi began, expecting judgment—but strangers stopped, smiled, and applauded. The chains he thought so heavy were gone the moment he acted.

Nothing binds you except your thoughts. Thoughts can create invisible walls—but they are clouds, fleeting and changeable.

Nothing limits you except your fears. Fear may disguise itself as reason or caution, but it begins to dissolve the moment you step toward it.

Nothing controls you except your beliefs. What you believe shapes every choice—believe small, and you act small. Believe capable, and doors you didn’t know existed open.

Everything is within you. The courage you admire, the peace you chase—they live inside you already. Awareness brings them to life.

Be a winner. Conquer yourself. True triumph is inward, not outward. When you master your mind, the world becomes a journey, not a battlefield.



THE WEALTHY MAN'S REGRET



Arjun worked tirelessly for decades, building a financial empire. He owned cars, houses, and a vacation home. One evening, his son asked him to play cricket. Arjun refused—"I have work to do." Years later, his son moved abroad, and Arjun realized he had accumulated wealth but missed laughter, hugs, and moments that mattered most.

Money can buy attention, comfort, or objects—but not presence, love, or peace.

Pause. Look around. Check whether you've traded what is priceless for what is temporary. The life you truly live, the love you give, and the person you become are far more important than the wealth you hold.

THE MORNING THAT DECIDES YOUR DAY

Good results are generated at the end of the day, only if good thoughts are generated at the beginning of the day."

Every day begins quietly—a blank page waiting for you to write. Your first thoughts plant the seeds for everything that follows.



The First Step

Mira was always late, cranky in the mornings, rushing to work with a clouded mind. One day, she decided to spend five minutes by her balcony with a cup of tea, thinking: "Today, I will notice beauty. Today, I will smile."

That small shift changed her day: she noticed a colleague struggling and helped; she greeted strangers with warmth; she handled challenges calmly. Her morning thoughts shaped the rest of her day.

Before actions, there are thoughts. Before results, there are intentions.

Simple statements can guide your day:

- "Today, I will stay patient."
- "Today, I will give my best."
- "Today, I will not let small things control my peace."

By the evening, the results you see—work accomplished, relationships nurtured, inner calm preserved—are reflections of your morning mind-set.

A good day is not found. It is created—starting within.

Celebration of the Morning

Celebrate each morning as a gift, not a routine.

Celebrate the chance to improve.

Celebrate the chance to learn.

Celebrate the chance to help someone.

Celebrate the chance to move one step closer to your dreams.

A successful day rarely begins with luck—it begins with intention.

When you wake up tomorrow, remember:

- Your thoughts become your attitude.
- Your attitude becomes your actions.
- Your actions become your results.
- Your results become your future.

So greet the morning with hope, purpose, and gratitude.

Because the morning doesn't just start your day—it shapes your destiny.

The Sunrise Promise

Every morning, the sun rises without fail.

It does not ask whether yesterday was successful or disappointing. It simply begins again.

One day, a man struggling with failure watched the sunrise and realized something powerful: every dawn is an invitation to start fresh.

He stopped carrying yesterday's mistakes into today's opportunities. Little by little, his life changed.

The morning reminds us that new beginnings are always available.

The Archer's First Aim

A young archer asked his master, "What is the secret to hitting the target?"

The master replied, "The arrow follows the direction of the first aim."

Life works the same way. The first thoughts you choose each morning become the direction of your day. A focused beginning often leads to a successful ending.

Before the world asks for your attention, decide where you want your arrow to fly.



NOTHING IS OURS

We walk through life with a quiet assumption—that things belong to us. Our name, our success, our wealth, our relationships, even our identity. But if we pause and reflect deeply, a powerful truth emerges: very little of what we claim as “mine” is truly ours.

We are, in essence, temporary travelers in a world that existed before us and will continue long after we are gone.

You did not choose your birth.

It was given to you by others.

You did not choose your name.

It was lovingly assigned to you by others.

The language you speak, the knowledge you gain, the opportunities you receive—these too come from others. Even your income, in one way or another, is made possible by society, by people, by systems that existed before you.

From the very beginning, your life is shaped by hands other than your own.

Your first bath is given by others.

And one day, your last bath will also be given by others.

Between these two moments, you build a life. You strive, you struggle, you accumulate. You gather wealth, property, status, and recognition. You say, “This is mine. I earned it. I own it.”

But pause for a moment.

When your journey ends, what happens to all that you claimed?

Your wealth goes to others.

Your property goes to others.

Your belongings are distributed among others.

Even the space you occupy at the end—a grave, a resting place—is prepared by others.

And the tears that fall when you leave this world?

They are shed by others.

So what, then, truly belongs to you?

Your fights, your efforts, your ambitions, your pride—everything you held onto so tightly—fades away. Not gradually, but completely. Life, in its quiet honesty, reminds us that ownership is an illusion, and permanence is a myth.

Yet this realization is not meant to make us feel empty.

It is meant to set us free.

If nothing truly belongs to us, then why carry the burden of ego?

Why hold onto anger, jealousy, or pride?

Why measure life only through accumulation?

Instead, we can choose a different way to live.

We can choose to live lightly, knowing that we are here only for a short while.

We can choose to live kindly, knowing that people—not possessions—give life its meaning.

We can choose to live joyfully, without the constant fear of losing what was never truly ours.

Because in the end, what remains is not what you owned, but how you lived.

Did you help someone when they needed it?

Did you bring comfort where there was pain?

Did you make someone's life a little easier, a little brighter?

These are the only things that quietly outlive you—not as possessions, but as impact.

The Locked Cupboard

A wealthy merchant kept all his important documents, jewelry, and cash in a large locked cupboard. Every night he checked it before sleeping.

One day, he passed away unexpectedly.

Within weeks, his children opened the cupboard, divided everything, and moved on with their lives.

The cupboard remained. The possessions remained.

Only the owner was gone.

The merchant had spent his life protecting things that were never going to stay with him.

The Name Plate

For thirty years, Rajesh's name shone on the door of his office cabin.

Employees greeted him with respect and admiration.

After retirement, another name replaced his.

New people occupied the room.

The office continued exactly as before.

Rajesh realized that even the name we think defines us is only temporarily attached to us.

The Mango Tree

An old farmer planted a mango tree when he was young.

For decades he cared for it.

When he became old, children from the village enjoyed its shade and fruits.

One evening he sat beneath the tree and smiled.

"The tree was never mine," he thought. "I was only its caretaker."

The Expensive Watch

A businessman proudly wore an expensive watch worth more than many people's yearly income.

He often spoke about its value.

Years later, after his death, his grandson sold it online to buy a laptop.

What was once a prized possession became just another item in a marketplace.

Ownership had quietly changed hands again.

The Promotion

Arun worked tirelessly for a promotion.

When he finally received it, he celebrated as though life had reached its highest point.

Ten years later, another employee occupied the same position.

The title had moved on.

Arun understood that positions belong to organizations, not to people.

The Final Journey

When an old woman sensed her time was near, she called her family together.

She looked around her home—the furniture, jewelry, photographs, and savings she had gathered over a lifetime.

Then she quietly said, "I arrived with empty hands, and I leave with empty hands."

Her family understood.

The only thing she was taking with her was the love she had shared and the goodness she had left behind.

The Empty Chair

An elderly grandmother sat in the same chair every evening, telling stories to her grandchildren.

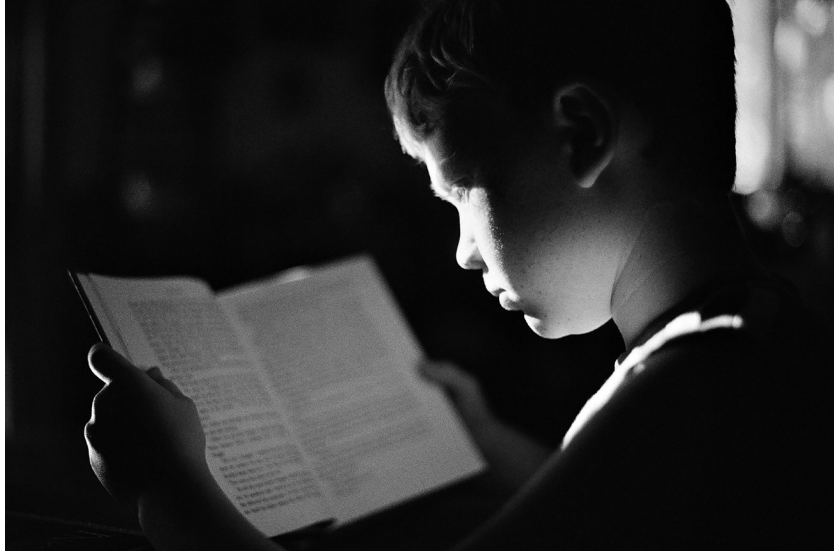
After she passed away, the chair remained in the corner.

The family looked at it with tears.

The chair was still there, but its true value had never been the furniture.

It was the love that had occupied it.





OPEN THE HEART

The Teacher Who Didn't Top the Class

“In a world that celebrates knowledge, a person's true worth lies in a loving heart, a listening ear, and a helping hand.”

In a small town near Mysuru, there lived a boy named Raghav. From a young age, Raghav was known as “the intelligent one.” His teachers praised his sharp memory, his parents proudly spoke of his ranks, and neighbors often said, “This boy will become something big.”

Raghav believed it too.

He grew up chasing marks, medals, and merit lists. He rarely played with other children, avoided unnecessary conversations, and kept his world limited to books and exams. Emotions, to him, were distractions.

Years later, Raghav became a successful engineer in Bengaluru. He had everything people admired—a high-paying job, a modern apartment, and a reputation for brilliance. Yet, something felt... empty.

One evening, while returning from work, he saw a small crowd near a roadside tea stall. Curious, he stopped.

An elderly man had collapsed.

People stood around, whispering, watching—but not acting.

Raghav froze. He knew what might be happening—his mind raced through possible medical conditions—but his feet didn't move. He hesitated, unsure, uncomfortable.

Then, a young woman from the tea stall rushed forward.

“Anna, give me space,” she said firmly.

She gently lifted the man's head, asked someone to bring water, called an auto, and sat beside him, holding his hand, speaking softly, “Don't worry, we are here.”

Within minutes, she had done what no one else—including Raghav—had.

The auto left for the hospital.

Raghav stood there, shaken.

Later, he asked the tea vendor, “Who is she?”

“Her name is Meera,” the vendor said. “She didn't study much... had to leave school early. But if anyone in this area needs help, she is the first to arrive.”

That night, Raghav couldn't sleep.

For the first time, he questioned himself—not his knowledge, but his worth.

What use is all my learning, he thought, if I couldn't take a single step forward when it mattered?

Days passed, but the incident stayed with him.

He began noticing things he had ignored before—the tired security guard in his apartment, the old neighbor who always sat alone, the office cleaner who quietly did her job without a word from anyone.

One morning, he did something unusual.

He sat beside the security guard and simply asked, “How are you today?”

The guard looked surprised...then smiled.

It was a small moment—but it felt different.

Slowly, Raghav changed.

He still worked hard, still used his knowledge—but now, he also listened. He helped. He showed up.

Months later, he visited the tea stall again.

Meera was there.

He walked up to her and said, “That day...you helped that man without thinking. I couldn’t. I realized something because of you.”

She smiled, confused. “I just did what anyone should do.”

Raghav shook his head gently. “No...not everyone does.”

He paused, then added quietly,

“I spent my life filling my mind. But you showed me what it means to open the heart.”

Meera didn’t reply with big words. She just handed him a cup of chai and said,

“Then start using both.”

the world remembers not how much you knew, but how deeply you cared, how patiently you listened, and how willingly you helped.

“Knowledge tells us when to speak.

Skill shows us how to speak.

Attitude determines how much to speak.

But wisdom decides whether to speak at all.”



CLARITY SUPERSEED TALKING

Words have power—but only when guided by knowledge, shaped by skill, measured by attitude, and restrained by wisdom.

The Meeting That Changed Arjun

Arjun had just joined a reputed company in Bengaluru as a management trainee. Fresh out of a top college, he was confident—some would say overly confident. He believed that speaking more meant proving more.

On his first week, he was invited to an important meeting with senior leaders. It was a big opportunity.

The conference room was silent as the discussion began. Charts, projections, and strategies filled the screen. Arjun understood most of it—and where he didn't, he thought he did.

The moment there was a pause, he jumped in.

“I think we should completely change the approach,” he said loudly, interrupting a senior manager. “This model is outdated.”

Some heads turned. A few eyebrows lifted.

His manager, Mr.Iyer, looked at him but said nothing.

Encouraged by the silence, Arjun continued. He spoke fast, trying to sound impressive. He used jargon, added opinions, and didn't leave space for others.

When he finally stopped, the room was quiet again—but not the same kind of quiet.

The meeting moved on.

After it ended, Mr.Iyer called him aside.

“Walk with me,” he said calmly.

They stepped into the corridor.

“Arjun,” he began, “you are intelligent. No doubt about that.”

Arjun smiled, expecting praise.

“But today,” Mr.Iyer continued, “you made four mistakes.”

The smile faded.

“You had the knowledge,” he said, “but you didn't know when to speak—you interrupted.”

“You had some skill, but not enough to shape your thoughts clearly—you spoke in a rush.”

“Your attitude made you speak too much—you wanted to prove, not contribute.”

He paused, then looked directly at Arjun.

“And most importantly, you lacked wisdom—the ability to ask yourself whether speaking at that moment was even necessary.”

Arjun felt his confidence crumble—but not in a bad way. It felt like a mirror had been placed in front of him.

Mr.Iyer softened his tone.

“Do you know who spoke the most powerful sentence in that room today?”

Arjun shook his head.

“Mrs. Rao,” he said. “She spoke only once. And when she did, everyone listened.”

Later, Arjun thought about it.

Mrs. Rao had spoken just one line:

“Let’s first understand why the current model worked before we replace it.”

That one sentence changed the entire direction of the discussion.

No noise. No rush. Just clarity.

From that day, Arjun changed his approach.

In meetings, he listened more. He spoke less—but when he did, people began to notice.

Months later, in another meeting, there was a heated debate. Voices overlapped. Opinions clashed.

Arjun stayed silent.

Then, at the right moment, he said calmly,

“Before we decide, can we define the real problem we’re trying to solve?”

The room fell quiet.

And for the first time, people turned to him—not because he spoke more, but because he spoke right.

“The hardest moment in life is not when we lose something and tears fall, but when we know we are about to lose it—and we are forced to smile.”

Some goodbyes are not spoken with tears, but hidden behind smiles—because love chooses strength, even when the heart is breaking.



SMILE OVERTAKES SORROW

Some good byes are not spoken with tears but hidden behind smiling because love chooses strnght even when the heart is breaking

The Last Cup of Chai

In a quiet lane of Jaipur, there stood a small, old house with a neem tree in the courtyard. Every evening at exactly 5 pm, Aarav would sit there with his grandmother, whom he lovingly called Dadi.

Their ritual was simple—two cups of chai, a plate of biscuits, and endless conversations.

Dadi would tell stories of her younger days—of a time when letters took weeks to arrive, when festivals meant the whole neighborhood gathering together, and when happiness was found in the smallest things.

Aarav, now in his final year of college, would listen patiently. No matter how busy he was, 5 pm was reserved for her.

But one winter, things changed.

Dadi fell ill.

At first, it seemed like a minor weakness. But slowly, the doctor visits increased, medicines piled up, and the cheerful stories became shorter.

One evening, Aarav overheard his parents talking in hushed voices.

“The doctor said... we should be prepared,” his father whispered.

Aarav’s heart sank.

Prepared?

Prepared for what he already feared?

The next day at 5 pm, he sat in the courtyard as usual. The tea was ready. The chair beside him was empty for a moment... then Dadi slowly walked in, supported by a stick.

“Arre, why are you looking so serious?” she smiled. “Did you fail your exams?”

Aarav forced a laugh. “Dadi, I always pass. You know that.”

She sat down, her hands slightly trembling as she picked up the cup.

There was a silence that day—not uncomfortable, but heavy.

Aarav wanted to ask so many things.

Are you in pain?

Will you be okay?

What will I do without you?

But instead, he smiled.

“Dadi, tell me that story again... the one about how you ran away from home to see a fair.”

She laughed, her eyes lighting up. “Arre, that one? I was your age...”

And she began.

Aarav listened, just like always.

But this time, every word felt like it was slipping through his fingers.

He noticed the pauses in her voice, the way she caught her breath, the way her hands searched for warmth around the cup.

He wanted to cry.

But he didn't.

Instead, he nodded, smiled, and said, “What happened next?”—as if time wasn't running out.

Days passed.

The 5 pm chai continued.

Each day, the stories grew shorter.

Each day, Aarav's smile grew heavier.

And then, one evening, the chair beside him remained empty.

The tea turned cold.

The neem tree stood still.

And for the first time, Aarav didn't smile.

The tears came—uncontrollably, endlessly.

But somewhere deep inside, he knew...

The hardest part wasn't this moment.

It was all those evenings before—
when he knew he was losing her,
and yet chose to smile,
so she would never see his fear.

DON'T DO THINGS THAT LEAD TO REGRET

The first light of dawn touched the ghats of Varanasi, turning the Ganga into molten gold. Aarav sat quietly on the worn stone steps, watching the river carry away yesterday's prayers—flowers, diyas, whispered hopes. Everything flowed, everything moved on.



He had come here with a heart heavy with regret.

Years spent chasing success in distant cities had given him everything he thought he wanted—money, recognition, a name people respected. But somewhere along the way, he had stopped calling his mother as often, stopped meeting old friends, stopped noticing the small joys that once made life feel full. And when loss finally came, it came without warning—like a monsoon storm that doesn't ask permission.

Now, sitting by the eternal river, Aarav felt the weight of all the “laters” he had promised but never lived.

An old boatman, with eyes as calm as still water, sat beside him. “You look like someone who is trying to hold the river in his hands,” he said gently.

Aarav gave a faint smile. “I’m trying to understand it.”

The boatman chuckled. “The river? Or life?”

“Both,” Aarav admitted.

The old man dipped his hand into the water and let it slip through his fingers. “This river has seen kings rise and fall, lovers unite and part, children born and elders cremated. Yet it never stops. It doesn’t cling to what passes through it.”

Aarav looked at him, something stirring within. “How do you not regret what’s gone?”

The boatman’s gaze softened. “Regret comes from believing you had forever. But beta, we are temporary visitors in a permanent world. The river stays. The steps stay. But we... we are just passing through.”

A silence fell between them, filled only by temple bells and distant chants.

“Then what should we do?” Aarav asked quietly.

The old man smiled, his wrinkles deepening like lines of wisdom etched by time. “Wake up without carrying yesterday like a burden. Love those who stand beside you with truth in their hearts. And for those who don’t... offer compassion, not bitterness. Their journey is different from yours.”

Aarav felt something loosen inside him—like a knot finally untied.

That evening, as the sun dipped and the sky turned a deep saffron, he lit a small diya. Instead of a prayer for success or redemption, he whispered something simpler:

“Let me live fully, while I am here.”

He watched the flame drift into the vastness of the river, glowing for a moment before blending into the infinite.

And for the first time in years, Aarav didn’t feel the urge to hold on. Because he finally understood—

*life was never meant to be held tightly.
It was meant to be lived, loved, and gently let go.*



MIRACLES HAPPEN EVERY DAY

In a small village nestled between mustard fields and dusty roads, where evenings smelled of मिट्टी after water was sprinkled outside homes, lived Meera.

People in the village knew her as “the girl who almost made it.”

Years ago, Meera had dreamed of becoming a classical singer. Her voice once flowed like a soft raga at sunrise—pure, hopeful, alive. She had even been selected to perform in the city. But life, like it often does, had other plans. Her father fell ill, responsibilities grew, and her dreams quietly folded themselves into the corners of her daily routine.

“Some dreams are not meant for everyone,” people would say, not unkindly—but firmly enough to be believed.

And slowly, Meera believed it too.

Days turned into years. Her tanpura gathered dust. Her voice became something she only used to hum lullabies for her children or bhajans during festivals. Whenever music crossed her path, her heart would ache—but she had learned to silence it.

After all, life was about accepting what you couldn't have... wasn't it?

One winter morning, as fog wrapped the village in silence, Meera heard a faint melody coming from the पंचायत hall. Curious, she stepped closer.

A young music teacher from the city had started free classes for anyone willing to learn.

"Anyone," the board said.

Meera almost smiled at the irony. Anyone—but not her, she thought. That chapter had closed long ago.

She turned to leave.

"Why not?" a voice inside her whispered.

It was soft. Fragile. But persistent.

That evening, she stood outside the hall again, her hands trembling slightly. Inside, children laughed as they tried to match notes. The teacher noticed her lingering at the door.

"Would you like to join?" he asked warmly.

Meera hesitated. "I... I used to sing. A long time ago."

He smiled. "Then your voice has just been waiting. It hasn't disappeared."

Something about those words felt like rain on parched earth.

The first time she sang again, her voice shook. It cracked. It carried years of silence within it.

But it was still there.

Day by day, note by note, Meera returned—not just to music, but to herself. The villagers who once called her “the girl who almost made it” began to pause outside the hall, listening quietly.

One evening, during a small local gathering, the teacher insisted she perform.

“I’m not ready,” she whispered.

“You don’t have to be perfect,” he replied. “You just have to begin.”

As she stood before the crowd, her heart pounded like a tabla. For a moment, doubt tried to pull her back into the shadows.

But then she remembered something simple... and powerful:

Life is not about what you couldn’t do so far.

It is about what you can still do.

She closed her eyes and sang.

This time, her voice didn’t carry regret.

It carried courage.

When the final note faded, there was silence—deep, still, almost sacred.

And then, applause.

Not loud. Not overwhelming. But real.

Tears filled Meera’s eyes, not because she had become famous, not because she had “made it” in the way she once imagined—but because she had not given up on herself.

That night, under a sky scattered with stars, Meera sat outside her home, her tanpura resting beside her.

For years, she had believed that miracles were rare, reserved for the lucky.

But now she knew the truth.

Miracles don't always arrive like lightning.

Sometimes, they come quietly...

as a second chance,

as a forgotten dream knocking again,

as the courage to try—one more time.

And if you listen closely, life keeps whispering:

“Wait. Don't give up.

I'm not finished with you yet.”

The Things Money Cannot Buy

"It is good to have money for things that money can buy, but it is best to check once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy."

*Money is useful. It buys comfort, food, and travel.
But life's deepest treasures are free.*





THE MEASURE OF A LIFE: WHEN THE FAITH BEGINS THE WORLD ENDS

No person in this world has ever been truly rewarded for what he has received. Wealth may be inherited, success may be supported, and opportunities may be gifted—but none of these earn lasting honor.

What defines a person, what elevates them in the eyes of others, is not what they accumulate—but what they contribute.

A child may receive the best education, but it is the teacher who is remembered for shaping minds. A person may inherit riches, but

it is the one who shares, uplifts, and creates opportunities who earns respect. History does not celebrate those who merely possessed—it remembers those who gave.

Giving is not always about money. It is about time, compassion, knowledge, forgiveness, and presence. A kind word offered at the right moment, a helping hand extended without expectation, a sacrifice made silently—these are the true currencies of honor.

In every home, every community, and every nation, the people who are loved the most are not those who asked, but those who offered. A mother is not revered for what she receives from her children, but for what she endlessly gives. A teacher is not respected for salary, but for dedication. A leader is not remembered for power, but for service.

Receiving may fill our lives, but giving gives meaning to it.

There is also a quiet paradox in life: the more a person gives, the richer they become—not always in material terms, but in relationships, respect, and inner fulfillment. What we give away does not diminish us; it defines us.

In the end, when a person's journey is complete, no one counts what they accumulated. The world pauses to remember what they contributed—how many lives they touched, how many burdens they eased, how much light they spread.

Because honor is never a reward for receiving.

It is always a reflection of giving.

Where Faith Begins, Worry Ends

Worry and faith cannot coexist in the same space. They are like light and darkness—when one enters, the other disappears.

Worry arises from uncertainty, from the need to control what lies beyond our reach. It drains energy, clouds judgment, and fills the mind with fear of what may never happen. Faith, on the other hand, brings calmness. It is the quiet assurance that not everything needs to be controlled, because not everything is meant to be feared.

The moment faith enters the heart, worry begins to fade.

This does not Mean life becomes free of challenges. Difficulties still come, uncertainties still exist, and outcomes are never fully guaranteed. But faith changes how we face them. It replaces anxiety with acceptance, fear with courage, and restlessness with patience.

Often, we tell others, “Don’t worry.” But worry is not something that simply disappears on command. It needs to be replaced with something stronger.

Instead of saying, “Don’t worry,” we should say, “Have faith.”

Faith gives the mind a place to rest. It allows us to trust the process, believe in our efforts, and accept that some things unfold in ways we cannot immediately understand. It teaches us that delays are not denials, and struggles are not the end of the road.

A worried mind asks, “What if everything goes wrong?”

A faithful heart answers, “What if everything turns out right?”

In life, we always stand at a crossroads between worry and faith. One pulls us into fear, the other lifts us into peace. The choice may not always be easy, but it is always available.

Because worry ends exactly where faith begins.





THE CALL FOR HUMANITY

One should never seek to conquer or dominate others. True strength lies in gentleness, in treating every human being with respect—whether they are black, white, or of any shade in between. Humanity must always be honored.

We are here to help one another, to live for each other's happiness rather than sow misery. Hatred has no place among us. God, in His wisdom, provides food for every living creature—from the smallest ant to the largest elephant. Life, in its purest form, can be free, beautiful, and abundant.

Yet, somewhere along the way, we have lost our path. Greed has built walls of hate around us. While the Earth is capable of giving all of us the essentials for a prosperous life, we have developed speed, machines, and technology—but closed ourselves off in a mechanical world.

More than machines, we need **humanity**.
More than cleverness, we need **gentleness**.

Without these qualities, life becomes violent, and all that we have built can be lost. The airplane and the radio have brought us closer together, yet inventions alone cannot save us—they cry out for the goodness of man. They demand that we recognize our universal brotherhood, that we embrace the unity of all human beings.

The misery we witness is the passing shadow of greed. The bitterness and hatred of those who fear human progress will fade. Dictatorships will crumble, and power wrongfully seized from the people will return to them.

If we choose compassion over cruelty, cooperation over conquest, and gentleness over pride, we will reclaim the path that allows life to flourish. Technology may accelerate our world, but only humanity can give it meaning.

The Hospital Room

*A man recovering in a hospital became
attached to his room.*

For weeks, it felt like his own space.

*The day he was discharged, another
patient was brought in.*

The room continued serving others.

*He realized that even the places we occupy are only
temporary stops along the journey.*





TIME DECIDES WHO YOU MEET IN LIFE, YOUR HEART DECIDES WHO YOU WANT IN YOUR LIFE, AND YOUR BEHAVIOUR DECIDES WHO STAYS IN YOUR LIFE

Time, heart, and behavior—three silent forces shaping every relationship we ever experience.

Time decides who you meet in life.

There is a strange, almost magical randomness to the people who enter our lives. You don't choose the classroom you were born into, the neighbors you grew up with, or the strangers who cross your path at just the right—or wrong—moment. Timing creates intersections. A delayed train, a new job, a chance encounter—these moments

introduce us to people who can change our lives forever.

Time is not in our control. It is the silent author of beginnings.

Your heart decides who you want in your life.

Out of all the people time brings to you, only a few touch something deeper. The heart does not operate on logic—it leans toward warmth, connection, familiarity, or even mystery. Sometimes it chooses wisely; sometimes it chooses painfully. But it always chooses honestly.

Your heart is where meaning is created. It filters faces into feelings, turning strangers into someone important.

Your behavior decides who stays in your life.

This is where responsibility begins. Relationships are not sustained by time or feelings alone—they are sustained by actions. How you speak, how you listen, how you show up in moments of conflict, absence, or need—these define whether someone remains or slowly fades away.

People don't leave only because time changes or feelings fade. Often, they leave because of repeated patterns—neglect, harsh words, lack of effort, or misunderstanding.

Behavior is the quiet proof of love, respect, and value.

Bringing it all together:

Time introduces, the heart selects, but behavior sustains.

You may meet hundreds, care for dozens, but only a handful will stay—and that is not fate alone; it is also your contribution.

In a world that feels permanent, our lives—and our roles in each other's stories—are temporary. That is what makes every connection so fragile and so valuable. The real question is not just who enters your life, but who feels safe enough to stay.

Don't be satisfied with stories. How things have gone with others, unfold your own myth. Life is not about waiting for the storm to pass, but learning to dance in the rain.

Don't be satisfied with stories—especially the ones that are not yours.

The world is full of borrowed narratives. People will tell you how life should go—what success looks like, when to settle down, what dreams are “realistic,” and which ones are not. They will hand you conclusions drawn from their own journeys and expect you to walk within those boundaries.

But a life lived by someone else's script will never feel like your own.

You are not here to repeat a pattern.

You are here to create one.

How things have gone with others is not your destiny.

Just because someone failed does not mean you will. Just because someone succeeded does not mean you must follow the same path. Every person is shaped by a different combination of time, choices, fears, and courage.

Comparison is a quiet thief—it steals both your confidence and your curiosity.

Your life is not meant to be a copy.

It is meant to be an unfolding.

Unfold your own myth.

A myth is not just a story—it is a story with meaning, with identity, with purpose. It is something only you can live and only you can tell.

To unfold your myth is to take ownership of your journey, even when it feels uncertain. It is to trust that your experiences—your struggles, your risks, your small victories—are not random, but part of something uniquely yours.

It requires courage.

Because writing your own story means you cannot hide behind someone else's ending.



Life is not about waiting for the storm to pass...

Storms are not interruptions; they are part of the design. Pain, failure, rejection, confusion—these are not pauses in life; they are life itself, in its rawest form.

If you wait for everything to be perfect before you begin to live, you will spend your whole life waiting.

...but learning to dance in the rain.

To dance in the rain is not to ignore hardship—it is to move with it. To find strength in discomfort, meaning in chaos, and even beauty in imperfection.

It is resilience with grace.

It is choosing to live fully, even when conditions are far from ideal.

Bringing it all together:

Don't inherit a life—create one.

Don't wait for clarity—move through uncertainty.

Don't fear the storm—learn its rhythm.

Because in the end, your story will not be remembered for how closely it followed others,

But for how boldly it became its own.

The less you worry about what people think, the less complicated life becomes. You can't be good enough for everybody.

“You Can't Be Good Enough for Everybody”

The moment you begin to worry about what everyone thinks, life quietly becomes heavier.

Not all at once—but in small, invisible ways.

You start choosing words more carefully than necessary.

You hesitate before being yourself.

You measure your actions against imagined judgments.

And without realizing it, you stop living freely—you start performing.

The less you worry about what people think, the simpler life becomes.

Because most of the complications we experience are not created by reality, but by perception.

“What will they say?”

“Will they approve?”

“Do I look good enough, sound smart enough, seem successful enough?”

These questions build invisible walls around a life that was meant to be open.

But here is the truth:

People are not thinking about you as much as you think they are.

Everyone is busy living inside their own concerns, their own insecurities, their own expectations.

You are not the center of their world—just as they are not the center of yours.

You can't be good enough for everybody.

Even if you try, you will fail—not because you are lacking, but because expectations differ.

What one person admires, another may question.

What one person values, another may dismiss.

If you shape yourself to please everyone, you will eventually lose the shape of who you truly are.

And the cost of that is far greater than disapproval.

Freedom begins where approval ends.

Not in arrogance, not in disregard—but in quiet self-acceptance.

In understanding that being misunderstood by some is a natural price for being authentic.

When you stop chasing universal approval:

- Your decisions become clearer.
- Your relationships become more genuine.
- Your mind becomes lighter.

You stop asking, “Will they like this?”

And start asking, “Does this feel right to me?”

Bringing it all together:

Life becomes complicated when you try to fit into too many expectations.

It becomes simple when you choose to be honest with yourself.

You were never meant to be enough for everyone.

You were meant to be real for the right ones—and at peace with yourself.

The kids want to become adults.

The old just want a little more time.



The ones who walk want rest,
and those who can't just want to stand.

The married want freedom,
while the unmarried long for love.

The unknown seek fame,
while the famous crave privacy.

We're all chasing something—often what we don't have.

So don't take anything for granted.

Appreciate and enjoy every moment while you have it.

Be kind.

Love who you can.

Help whom you can.

Give what you can.



BEYOND OUR TIME

The world was there before us, and it will continue to exist long after we are gone.

This simple truth carries a deep message—one that humbles our ego and puts life into perspective. We often live as though everything revolves around us, as if our presence is central to the world's functioning. But the reality is far greater than any one individual.

Generations have come and gone. Empires have risen and fallen. Countless lives have unfolded with their own struggles, joys, ambitions, and stories. Yet, the world continues its journey—unchanged in its rhythm.

This realization is not meant to diminish our importance, but to redefine it.

If the world does not depend on our existence, then what truly matters is not how long we are here, but how meaningfully we live while we are.

We are not here to control the world, but to contribute to it. Not to own it, but to leave it a little better than we found it.

The temporary nature of our presence teaches us powerful lessons:

- To let go of excessive pride, because nothing truly belongs to us forever
- To release unnecessary worries, because not everything is within our control
- To value relationships, because they are the only things that outlive our presence in memory

When we understand that the world existed before us and will continue after us, we begin to shift our focus—from possession to purpose, from control to contribution.

Life then becomes less about “What can I take?” and more about “What can I give?”

Because in the vast timeline of the world, we are but a brief chapter.

But even a brief chapter can leave a lasting impact—if it is lived with meaning, humility, and kindness.



BONDS BEYOND BLOOD

In a quiet lane of a bustling Indian city stood an old house with fading blue walls and a neem tree that had witnessed decades of life. Inside lived Savitriamma, a 78-year-old widow whose days had slowly become silent.

Her only son lived abroad. Phone calls had reduced from weekly to monthly, and then to occasional festival greetings. The house that once echoed with laughter now held only memories.

Every morning, she would sit by the window with her steel tumbler of filter coffee, watching children rush to school and neighbors hurry through life. No one really stopped anymore.

Until one day, someone did.

A young woman named Ananya had just moved into the neighborhood with her husband Rajesh and their six-year-old daughter, Tara. One afternoon, while Tara was playing outside, her ball rolled into SavitriAmma's courtyard.

Hesitantly, Tara walked in.

"Sorry, Amma," she said softly.

SavitriAmma looked up, surprised—not by the ball, but by the word.

"Amma."

No one had called her that in years.

She smiled and handed the ball back. "Come again," she said gently.

And Tara did.

The next day. And the day after that.

Soon, Tara began spending her evenings with SavitriAmma—listening to stories, learning old songs, and enjoying homemade laddoos. Ananya, initially cautious, began to notice something changing—not just in her daughter, but in the old woman next door.

One evening, Ananya walked over with a plate of freshly made dosa.

"I thought you might like some company," she said.

SavitriAmma's eyes softened. "Company is what I have been missing, not food."

That evening turned into many.

Rajesh started dropping by after work. Tara began calling her "AJJI." Festivals were celebrated together. The empty house slowly filled with life again—rangoli at the doorstep, laughter in the kitchen, and warmth in every corner.

One day, during a heavy monsoon, SavitriAmma fell ill. Without a second thought, Ananya moved her into their home.

“This is your home,” she said firmly.

Days turned into months. Medicines were given on time, but more importantly, love was given without measure. Tara would sleep beside her, holding her hand. Rajesh would read the newspaper aloud. Ananya cared for her like a daughter—not out of duty, but out of affection.

One night, as SavitriAmma lay resting, she called Ananya close.

“I gave birth to a son,” she said slowly, “but life gave me a daughter.”

Tears filled Ananya’s eyes.

Years later, when SavitriAmma peacefully passed away, the entire neighborhood gathered. But what they witnessed was not the farewell of a lonely old woman—it was the farewell of a deeply loved grandmother, mother, and soul.

Tara, now older, whispered softly, “Goodbye, Ajji.”

There were no blood ties.

No legal bonds.

No shared lineage.

And yet, what they shared was stronger than all of it.

Because the deepest relationships in life are not always inherited.

They are chosen, nurtured, and lived. Relationships are not defined by blood, but by love, care, and presence. Sometimes, the people who mean the most to us are the ones we never expected—but needed the most.

Astha Iswerya – The Eight True Forms of Wealth

1. Someone to Attend to Your Needs

Raman was a retired teacher living alone. One winter evening, he fell ill and could barely stand. Before he could call anyone, his neighbor Lakshmi knocked on his door with warm soup



and medicine. At that moment, Raman realized he was richer than many wealthy people—someone cared enough to notice his absence.

2. A Child Who Respects and Listens to You

Anita's son moved abroad for work. Despite his busy schedule, he called every Sunday, seeking her advice on life and decisions. When friends asked why he still consulted his mother, he smiled and said, "Her wisdom built the foundation of my life." Anita felt more valued than any inheritance could make her feel.

3. Relatives Who Wish for Your Well-Being

After losing his job, Suresh expected criticism from relatives. Instead, his cousins encouraged him, shared opportunities, and reminded him of his strengths. Their support helped him rebuild his confidence. He discovered that genuine concern from family is a wealth that appears when life becomes difficult.

4. Friends Who Stand by You in Difficulties

When Meena's husband passed away unexpectedly, many people

offered condolences and disappeared. But three friends stayed. They helped with paperwork, sat beside her in silence, and checked on her regularly. Years later, Meena said, "I survived because friendship carried me when I could not walk alone."

5. Living Without Disease

Two brothers retired on the same day. One had millions in savings but struggled with serious health problems. The other had modest means but could walk every morning, play with grandchildren, and enjoy simple meals. Watching the sunrise together, the healthier brother quietly possessed the greater wealth.

6. Living Without Debt

Ravi drove an old motorcycle while many colleagues bought expensive cars on loans. They laughed at his simplicity. Yet every night Ravi slept peacefully, free from repayment worries. Years later, when economic hardships arrived, he remained calm while others struggled. Freedom from debt had given him something money could not buy—peace.

7. Peace of Mind

A successful businessman constantly chased bigger profits but slept poorly. One day he met an elderly gardener who earned little yet radiated happiness. Curious, he asked the secret. The gardener replied, "I finish my work, thank God for the day, and sleep." The businessman realized that contentment is worth more than endless ambition.

8. Death Without Struggle

At ninety-two, Kamala Amma gathered her family around her. She shared stories, blessed each person, and spoke about a life filled with gratitude. A few days later, she passed away peacefully in her sleep. Her family mourned her loss but celebrated her graceful departure—a final gift from a life well lived.



WONDER OF LIFE

There is a quiet irony woven into the fabric of human life—we are always reaching for what we do not have, while standing on the unnoticed blessings of what we do.

The child stares at the horizon of adulthood, eager to grow, to decide, to become. To them, time feels slow, almost stubborn. Every year is a mountain to climb. Yet, somewhere down the road, an older soul sits with memories in their hands, wishing—not for more achievements—but for more time. Just a little longer. Just one more moment.

The one who walks miles every day longs for rest, for a pause, for stillness. Meanwhile, someone who cannot stand dreams not of distance, but of a single step. A single moment of standing tall, feeling the ground beneath their feet. What one sees as exhaustion, another sees as a miracle.

The married may sometimes crave variety, space, or rediscovery. The unmarried may quietly yearn for companionship, for a hand to

hold, for a presence that turns silence into comfort. Each believes the other side holds something fuller, something more complete.

The unknown individual dreams of recognition—of being seen, heard, celebrated. Yet those who live in the spotlight often crave invisibility, a return to ordinary moments, where they can exist without scrutiny. Fame, it turns out, is not always freedom.

This endless exchange of desires reveals something deeply human: we are rarely content where we are. We measure our lives against imagined versions of others, forgetting that every life carries both weight and wonder.

And in the midst of all this longing, time quietly slips through our fingers.

That is the truth we often resist—nothing we hold is permanent. Not youth. Not struggle. Not success. Not even sorrow. We are travelers, passing through moments that feel infinite while we are in them, but reveal their fleeting nature only in hindsight.

So what, then, is the answer?

Perhaps it is not found in having more, becoming more, or reaching faster. Perhaps it lies in seeing more—seeing clearly what already exists in our lives.

To pause and appreciate the ordinary.

To recognize that what feels insufficient today may become tomorrow's longing.

To understand that every phase, no matter how imperfect, holds its own quiet beauty.

Life does not demand perfection from us. It asks for presence.

Be kind—not because the world is always kind, but because kindness is one of the few things that leaves no regret. Love the people you can, while you can, because time does not wait for readiness. Help where you can, even in small ways, because small acts often carry the deepest impact. Give—not only what you have, but what you wish you had received.

In the end, we are all temporary visitors in a world that will outlast us. But within that brief stay, we are given something extraordinary—the ability to feel, to connect, to give meaning.

So do not rush through life chasing the next version of it.

Stand where you are.

See what you have.

Feel what is real.

Because one day, what you are living right now may become the moment you wish you could return to.

The Cup of Thought

A wise teacher handed his student an empty cup.

"What will this become?" he asked.

"A cup of tea," the student replied.

"Only if you fill it with tea," said the teacher.

The teacher smiled and continued, "Your mind each morning is an empty cup. Fill it with courage, purpose, and positivity, and your day will reflect those qualities. Fill it with fear and negativity, and the result will be the same."

Choose carefully what you pour into your mind before the day begins.





MOST SATISFYING DAY

The morning was calm, touched with devotion. A woman walked toward the temple carrying a small basket filled with flowers, fruits, and a vessel of milk. Her steps were steady, her mind focused on prayer, her heart prepared to offer gratitude to the divine.

For her, like many others, this ritual was sacred—a moment to pause, to bow, to surrender.

But just outside the temple entrance, something stirred her attention.

A young teenage girl sat on the steps, her clothes torn, her eyes tired beyond her years. Beside her was a small child, restless with hunger, too young to understand patience, yet old enough to feel discomfort. Their hands were stretched out—not in demand, but in quiet desperation.

The woman slowed down.

For a brief moment, two worlds stood side by side—inside the temple, rituals awaited; outside, reality called.

She walked in.

The fragrance of incense filled the air. Bells echoed softly. Devotees stood in line, each carrying their own hopes and prayers. She reached the inner sanctum, stood before the deity, and raised her hands.

But something felt incomplete.

Her eyes closed, yet her mind did not settle. Instead of divine stillness, she saw the face of the child. Instead of prayer, she felt a question rising within her—What is it that God truly seeks?

She opened her eyes.

Without offering the flowers, without pouring the milk, without placing the fruits at the altar, she turned back.

Step by step, she walked out of the temple, back to where the girl and the child sat.

Kneeling beside them, she gently poured the milk into a small cup and held it to the child. The little one drank eagerly, as if the world had just become kinder. She placed the fruits into the girl's hands, who looked up with a mix of surprise and gratitude, her eyes suddenly alive.

The woman smiled.

In that moment, there were no chants, no rituals, no formal prayers—yet something sacred unfolded.

She had brought flowers for God, but instead, she offered compassion to His creation. She had carried milk as an offering, but it became nourishment where it was truly needed. She had come seeking peace, and she found it—not in the silence of the temple, but in the relief of another's suffering.

And strangely, it felt like the most complete prayer she had ever made.

The satisfaction that filled her heart was deeper than any ritual she had performed before. It was not loud or dramatic, but quiet and profound. The child was content. The girl was relieved. And somewhere beyond what the eyes could see, even God must have smiled.

Because sometimes, devotion is not about what we place before the idol, but about what we do for the living.

Life often presents us with such moments—simple, unannounced, yet deeply meaningful. Moments where we must choose between habit and humanity, between routine and reality.

To truly see is a gift.

To truly respond is a responsibility.

That day, the woman did not just visit a temple—she understood it.

And in doing so, she experienced something rare:

Not just prayer.

Not just kindness.

But the most satisfying day of her life.

As she was about to leave, the young girl gently asked her, with innocent curiosity, “Are you the wife of God? I prayed for food, and you came and gave it to us.” The woman was taken aback and softly replied, “No, I am not.” The girl smiled and said, “Then you must be a relative of God... how else would my prayer be answered so quickly?” In that simple, heartfelt moment, the woman realized something profound—sometimes, we become the answer to someone else’s prayer, and in doing so, we come closer to the divine than we ever imagined.



THE SYSTEM WE DON'T QUESTION

War is rarely just about peace.

It is often wrapped in the language of justice, protection, or national pride—but beneath the surface, there are systems that sustain it. Governments allocate massive budgets. Corporations manufacture weapons and technology. Media narratives shape public perception. And on the frontlines, it is ordinary soldiers who pay the ultimate price.

While nations bleed, industries grow.

While lives are lost, economies shift.

For some, war becomes more than conflict—it becomes continuity.

Religion, too, is not always as pure as its origin.

At its heart, faith is meant to guide, to comfort, to connect human beings with something greater than themselves. But in practice, it can sometimes be shaped by human hands—where fear replaces understanding, and obligation replaces devotion.

People give not always out of love, but sometimes out of guilt.
They follow not always out of faith, but sometimes out of fear.

And in those spaces, institutions can grow powerful—while individuals slowly lose their sense of personal connection with the divine.

Even illness, in today's world, can become part of a larger system.

Healthcare saves lives—there is no denying its importance or the dedication of those who work within it. Yet, it also operates within an economic structure. Treatments, medicines, and long-term care often generate far more sustained revenue than one-time cures.

The line between healing and business can sometimes blur.

Fear creates urgency.
Relief creates dependency.

And in between, individuals navigate a system where well-being can feel transactional.

When you step back, a pattern begins to emerge.

Fear influences decisions.
Obedience maintains structures.
Dependency sustains demand.

This does not mean everything is controlled, nor that every institution is built on exploitation. There is genuine good—people who serve with integrity, systems that protect, and efforts that heal.

But it also means we must not move through life blindly.

The real question is not whether these systems exist.

The real question is—are we aware of them?

Awareness does not demand rebellion.
It demands clarity.

To think for yourself.
To question without fear.
To believe without surrendering your judgment.
To trust—but not blindly.

Because the moment you begin to see clearly, you stop being just a participant in the system—

And you become someone who understands it.

Not everything is as it seems.
But not everything is as dark as it appears, either.

The truth, as always, lies in awareness.

The Sandcastle

*A little boy spent hours building a beautiful
sandcastle at the beach.*

As the tide came in, the waves slowly erased it.

The boy looked sad.

*His grandfather smiled and said, "The joy was in
building it, not in keeping it forever."*

Life is much the same.





TODAY IS LIKE THIS – WHAT IS IN STORE FOR YOU IN THE FUTURE?

Every one of us lives in the present. We experience today's joys, challenges, successes, and disappointments. Many people often ask, "What does the future hold for me?" The answer lies not in destiny alone, but in what we do today.

Today's circumstances are not permanent. A student struggling with studies today may become a successful professional tomorrow. A person facing financial difficulties today may become a prosperous entrepreneur in the future. Likewise, one enjoying success today may lose it tomorrow if they become complacent. The future is shaped by the choices we make every day.

Life teaches us that every great achievement begins with small, consistent efforts. The mighty banyan tree was once a tiny seed. A renowned scientist, judge, teacher, entrepreneur, or leader was once an ordinary student sitting in a classroom. Their future was built on discipline, hard work, character, and perseverance.

The future belongs to those who prepare for it today. If you invest your time in learning, developing skills, building relationships, maintaining good health, and serving society, your future will naturally be brighter. Success is not an accident; it is the result of daily habits and purposeful actions.

At the same time, one must remember that wealth and position alone do not define a successful future. True success includes good health, peace of mind, strong values, happy family relationships, and the ability to contribute to society. A meaningful life is one that leaves a positive impact on others.

For students, today is the time to build knowledge and character. For professionals, today is the time to enhance competence and integrity. For elders, today is the time to share wisdom and guide the next generation. Every stage of life offers opportunities to create a better tomorrow.

When challenges arise, do not lose hope. Difficulties are often stepping stones to greater achievements. Many successful people have emerged stronger after facing setbacks. What matters is not where you stand today, but the direction in which you are moving.

Therefore, instead of worrying excessively about the future, focus on making today productive and meaningful. Plant the seeds of honesty, hard work, discipline, compassion, and service. The harvest you reap tomorrow will reflect the seeds you sow today.

Remember:

Your future is not something that happens to you; it is something you create.

If today is good, make it better. If today is difficult, make it a lesson. In either case, the future remains full of possibilities for those who dare to dream, work, and persevere.

The question is not merely, "What is in store for you in the future?"

The real question is, "What are you doing today to create the future you desire?"



One Life Can Make A Difference

*One tree can start a forest.
One smile can begin a friendship.
One hand can lift a soul.
One candle can wipe out darkness.
One laugh can conquer gloom.
One touch can show you care.
One life can make a difference.*

*The ultimate measure of a person is not
where they stand in moments of comfort and
convenience, but where they stand in times of
challenge and controversy.*

*A good life is when you assume nothing, do
more, smile often, dream big, laugh a lot, and
realize how blessed you truly are with what
you have.*

“TIME,” BECAUSE EVERYTHING ELSE CAN BE REPLACED

Money can return. Lost opportunities can circle back. Even broken trust can be rebuilt. But time — the minutes you spend scrolling, arguing, waiting for “someday” — those never come back.

Why We Waste It

“Because they think they have plenty of it.”

So we postpone. We hold grudges for years. We chase people who don’t value us. We wait for the perfect moment to start, to apologize, to say “I love you,” to be grateful.

“The perfect moment was today. Tomorrow is not guaranteed.”

The Biggest Mistake*

“They act like they have forever.”

We postpone dreams. We postpone apologies. We postpone gratitude. Until life reminds us that forever was never promised.

So What Do We Do With Our Time?*

“Invest it wisely,”

- Spend time with people you love — not just in the same room, but truly present.
- Learn new things — growth is the only interest time pays.
- Take care of your health — your body is the vehicle for every second you get.

- **Build something meaningful** — a legacy isn't what you leave _ for_ people, it's what you leave _in_ them.
- **Stop postponing your happiness** — joy isn't a retirement plan.

“Protect your time. Because the way you spend your days is the way you spend your life.”

Time is free, but it's priceless. The world feels permanent — the buildings, the mountains, the institutions. But we are not. We are temporary tenants in a permanent world.

The tragedy isn't that life is short. The tragedy is that we act like it's long.

So don't wait too long for gratitude and apologies. Don't wait too long to live.

Use time. Don't waste it.

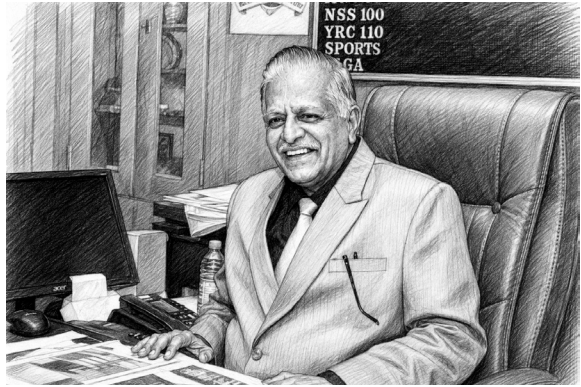
The Library Book

*A student borrowed a book from the library and kept it
for months.*

*He underlined passages and learned valuable lessons.
Eventually, he returned it.*

*The book belonged to the library all along.
The knowledge stayed with him, but the object never did.
Many things in life are like borrowed books.*





ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Profile Summary:

CA Dr. Vishnu Bharath Alampalli is a distinguished Chartered Accountant and an award-winning professional with over 51 years of experience. He is a prominent motivational speaker, author of 54s books, and a highly regarded public figure involved in various educational, charitable, and professional endeavours. He holds numerous prestigious positions and has made significant contributions to society.

Current Roles:

- **Practicing Senior Chartered Accountant** for over 51 years.
- **President, APS Education Trust, Bangalore** (90 years of repute),
- **Trustee, RSS Trust, and RV Institutions.**
- **President & Secretaries in Several Charitable & Social Organizations**

Authored Books:

Dr. Vishnu Bharath Alampalli has authored 54 books, with several recognized internationally.

Awards & Recognition:

- **Honorary Doctorate** for Social Service from Mangalore University (2009).
- **Honorary Professorship** for Communication Skills from Tumkur University

Conclusion:

Dr. Vishnu Bharath Alampalli's professional journey spans over five decades, during which he has earned accolades for his exceptional contributions to his profession and society. As a dynamic leader in the fields of education, finance, and social service, he continues to inspire many through his work, teachings, and leadership.

"His mission in life is not merely to survive, but to thrive; and to do so with some passion, some compassion, some humour, and some style."

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