



Bhai Jagir Singh Mahants eye-witness account of the murderous attack on Sri Darbar Sahib, Sri Akaal Takhat Sahib, 1 June - 6 June 1984

Where did you get your passion for Sikhi from?

I was born in a poor Sikh family. My family lived in the Ambala district, at Rajukhiri village near Barara station. At the school there I studied up to seventh/eighth grade and I would go to do seva (selfless service) with the Granthi Singh (priest) at the Gurdwara. I was very young, aged five

or six years old when I started serving the Sangat (congregation). First, I would sweep up with a broom, then ruffle the floor spreads and help with the spreading of sheets for the commencement of the Diwan/service. When the Sangat would leave I would ruffle the floor spreads again, fold them and then come home. The Granthi Singh was elderly and I would also massage and serve him. I learnt to read Punjabi from him as they did not teach Punjabi in my school. Guru Ji, the great king (Maharaj) would bless me and bring me to the Gurdwara. By hearing Rehras Sahib (the evening prayer) and Kirtan Sohila (prayer read before sleeping) repeatedly, I memorized them, although I couldn't read Punjabi at this point.

Daily, in the evening service, I would listen to Rehras Sahib and Kirtan Sohila and assist in the Sukhashan Seva (when Sri Guru Granth Sahib is put to rest at night); I would then return home. My elder paternal uncle's son was Giani (scholar) Ajmer Singh who was a student of Sant Gurbachan Singh Ji. I had not met him much, but had heard that he was very proficient in accurately reading Gurbani (Sikh Scripture). He returned home and I said to my father, "I do not want to study anymore, I also want to go and live with the Saints (at Damdami Taksal). My father said, "As you please, after spending a short time there, return home, as we live in poverty." Father gave me permission to leave and I started to prepare to leave. Two, three of us, Singhs went to a Gurdwara in Ambala to get a Tolki (drum) reskinned, we were young about 12 years old. I was wearing a chola (a single long Sikh upper garment) and a round turban (gol pagh). There, I met Giani Ajaib Singh Ghanour who was a student of the Saints of Damdami Taksal, he asked me, "Have you lived in the jatha (the Damdami Taksal)?" I replied, "No, but I do want to and am in search of someone who can put in a good word for me that would ensure that I am admitted into it." He said, "I will do that for you." I said, "Okay." He told me to come back in a few days. When I returned, he was busy with something else and said, "I cannot go with you, but do this, go by yourself, the Jatha is at Panjokhra Sahib now (on tour). Go there and meet Baba Boorh Singh." He was an old student. When I arrived the congregation of the Jatha was getting onto buses to

leave, Sant Kartar Singh was on the bus too. They got me seated on one of the buses too. We arrived at Tarn Taaran and stayed the night there. In the morning, I went to see Sant Kartar Singh Ji, Baba Boorh Singh said to me, "Go and meet Sant Ji, say Fateh (the Sikh greeting) and get permission to stay." I was a child, I did not know much of such procedures, I was a village person (simple). I went to Sant Ji and said Fateh, Baba Boorh Singh said to Sant Ji, "He wants to go and live with Jathedar (leader) Ram Singh." Sant Ji laughed and said to me, "Do you not want to stay with us?" I replied, "Great soul, whatever pleases you, wherever you want to keep me." Sant Ji hugged me, I can see that scene even today. Whilst in their embrace they lovingly said, "Jathedar Ram Singh Jethuval are my teacher, I learnt the reading of Dasam Granth and Gatka (use of arms) off them. He is very respected, do his seva, I learnt off them but did not do their seva. You should learn off them, do their seva and do a portion of seva on my behalf, which is outstanding." I replied, "True say."



After returning from Tarn Taaran I stayed at Mehta (headquarters of Damdami Taksal) for two nights. Whilst there, I asked others about travelling to Chaude Madhre, they explained how I could travel on buses and then walk some of the way to get to my destination. In this way, on the third day, I arrived at the place of Jathedar. I told them that Ajaib Singh Ghanour sent me, they said, "Okay." I started to study there and started to learn how to correctly read Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji. Only a short amount of time passed and their health deteriorated. I had nearly completed learning my reading of Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji correctly. They got cancer on their neck, then we made repeated trips to hospitals in Chandigarh and Amritsar. I was always

on duty to serve them, on these trips. Serving them I became very fond of them, I was a child they were an elder. Due to the love they gave me I completely forgot my family and home. I just saw them as my mother and father. Then, they became even more ill and were taken to Mehta in 1977, there the Singhs did an Akhand Path (a continuous recital of Sri Guru Granth Sahib Ji) to pray for an improvement in their health. The Singhs then supplicated that we should stay there (at Mehta) and that doctors can come to see Jathedar there, onsite. They had scars on their facial cheeks and blood would flow at times from them. Jathedar said to me, "I do not have long left, so whatever you want to learn, learn it now, quickly." There was a tree at the Chaude Madhe Sidhuana Gurdwara where they did Seva, they got the trees branches cut and told us to use it for his cremation. The Akhand Paath was completed, after it, they told me to get brand new clothes stitched for them. On the 27th February 1978 they said to me, "Bathe me (do ishnaan)." I assisted them to bathe and at night they said to me, "Put some yogurt to set." I replied, "We can get yogurt from the Langar (free food kitchen in the Gurdwara)." They said, "Fine, get it from there in the morning. In the morning, I helped them do ishnaan and they then said, "Get my new clothes." I brought the new clothes to them which they wore and a new turban was tied, after getting dressed they lay down on the bed. There were other Singhs present too, as they were reading Gurbani at their side 24 hours a day. I said, "Your Kashera (Sikh underwear) is wet and at the hand pump, I will go and wring it out. Afterwards, they signalled to one of the Singhs near them, to tell me to

hurry up and return to their bedside. I went and sat on a chair next to them, they clasped my hands in the way that you clasp them to say Fateh (Sikh greeting), they then said, “Vaheguru, Vaheguru, Vaheguru” and departed their mortal frame. This death caused me much mental distress, I was only a child. I had never experienced anything like this before, seeing someone close to me die. After the cremation took place, prayer recitals were completed (funeral rites & the end of prayers after 10 days) and they appointed me the leader of the Gurdwara they were the head teacher at, tying a turban upon my head, signifying the shift of responsibility to me. The Singhs said to me, “You can stay here at Mehta and we can send some other Singh there.” Sant Jarnail Singh Ji said, “No, he is to stay here (at Mehta), send some other Singh there.” One other Singh, Dalbir Singh of Sattala lived there, he then administered the Gurdwara from then onwards. In this way Sant Ji kept me there and I started to live in the Jatha (Damdami Taksal).



After some time, we were to celebrate the 300th Gurpurab of the third guru, the congregation from village Nangli came to meet Sant Ji. They said, “Give us a Singh who can recite Gurbani, do Ardas, do seva of catering to the needs of any visitors to the Gurdwara. He should also be able to do the accounting of income and expenditure.” Sant Jarnail Singh said, “We do not have a Singh like this.” Another person from the congregation spoke up and said, “Sant Ji do not do this, we came with hope to you, please do not make us leave without it fulfilled.” Sant Ji said to the Singhs sitting near him to go and call Mahant here, as I wasn’t present here. The Singhs told me to come to Sant Ji and I did. I said to Sant Ji, “Yes, please do tell (of what assistance I can be).”

Sant Ji said, “Go with this congregation and do seva, but do not get involved in their accounting of money.” I said, “Okay as you wish.”

At that Gurdwara, with the grace of the Guru, I was blessed with seva there. When the 1010 Akhand Paaths were about to be completed (so a continuous series of Akhand Paaths). The administrators/committee there, said they want to put my photo on the posters for the final program. They said I had done seva, so my photo should be present, I disagreed with this.

I said, “Guru Sahib got me to do the seva, Sant Ji are going to attend the final program, put their photo on the poster, with which, all the Singhs of the Jatha are represented”. They were repeatedly refusing my request, stubbornly saying they would put my photo on the poster, so I told them if they did, I would leave immediately. They then agreed not to. They told Sant Ji about this, and they were pleased with me. They (the locals) then said, “We are going to give you a siropa (robe of honour).” I replied, “There is no need, you gave one to Sant Ji, there is now no need to give anymore.”

After this Guru Ji blessed me with seva in the Langar at Mehta. If I did not get any seva to do in the Langar, then I would do other seva like picking up the cow dung, cleaning their quarters or milking the cows and bringing the milk to the Langar. Then, for some time I did the seva of preparing Langar for Sant Jarnail Singh Ji. In this way, time passed. In 1982, we were travelling from Khadhur Sahib, we were three Singhs and the police arrested us. I had a revolver, which was a licensed gun, owned by Ujjal Singh from Malseea, he had given it to me before leaving, saying we should not travel unarmed. Neither, he, nor me, knew that you could not carry someone else's licensed arms. The police of Baba Bakala arrested me on 17 July 1982. The next day Baba Thara Singh came to court to enquire about us, in Amritsar. The court ordered us into police remand for one week and Baba Thara Singh was arrested on this day (18 July 1982). On the 19 July 1982 Bhai Amrik Singh (President All India Sikh Students) came to enquire about the arrest of Baba Thara Singh, and he was arrested too. The three of us, myself, Baba Thara Singh and Bhai Amrik Singh were all sent to Amritsar jail and we stayed there together for about 6 months. After that, Baba Thara Singh and Bhai Amrik Singh were sent to Gurdaspur jail. I was sometimes at Amritsar jail and sometimes at Kapurthala jail, they constantly kept transferring me. Then in 1983, sometime near Vaisakhi, we were freed. Whenever a Singh would win a case and get freed the police would immediately re-arrest him. When we were released a lot of sangat (congregation) came and they crowded us into different modes of transport. In this way, the police could not re-arrest us and we safely arrived at Darbar Sahib, Amritsar. The fake case they fabricated on me, was that I shot at the police. They had an elderly man, who they made a witness in the case, who said he saw us shoot at the police. Afterwards, he refused to testify.

When I was in police remand, the police wanted to kill me in a fake encounter. At night, a police officer came and informed me that they will take me outside between 12 midnight and 12.30am and kill me in a fake encounter. I said, "It doesn't matter, what pleases God will occur. But my co-defendant, another Singh is asleep (hinting at waking him up)." There was no way to bathe nor was there enough water to do so. I said to the officer, "Bring me a pitcher of water". I washed my hands, feet and face and told the officer to do the same for the other Singh and to tell him to do his Nitnem (daily prayers). The other Singh was Ajaib Singh from Mehta. He became Shaheed (martyred) in 1984. The third Singh in our case was Narinder Singh from Mandiala. He did not live in the Jatha (Damdami Taksal) but was from an associated family. He is alive today. Between 1.30am-2am the same police officer came and whispered in my ear, that they are no longer going to do the fake encounter, as their witnesses had refused to comply with their demands. The next day the police asked for an extension of police remand, but the judge refused it (and we were transferred to jail).

When they were deliberating my case in court the judge asked me, "Do you want to say anything?" I said, "Yes, the Thanedar (police officer) is saying I fired my gun three times. He should give me a rifle or pistol. He said I was 50 yards away, when I fired these three shots. I am willing to stand wherever he says be it 100 feet, or 200 feet away, if I can shoot him from that distance, then you can free me. If he survives, then you can hang me if you like". The judge said to the Thanedar, "Do you agree to this?" The Thanedar's legs shook with fear, he said, "No." In this way, our case was closed and we were freed, then after that I became an eye witness to the holocaust of Darbar Sahib in June 1984. The Singhs who fought the army must have been 40-50. None had any fear. I heard of this spirit in the glorious past, but I also became witness to it there. Even if someone became Shaheed/martyred, you couldn't tell if we were at a wedding or war (due to the high spirits). None of these Singhs were depressed or worried and even if someone did become Shaheed we continued to fight and the Singhs remained jovial.

Where the Gurdwara of Baba Deep Singh exists in the walkway (parkarma of Darbar Sahib), behind there, there used to be a Chubara (a tall building), this is where our post to fight was, during the attack by the Indian army. I witnessed Singhs attaining Shaheedi. I saw gunfire inside Darbar Sahib and witnessed 5 tanks inside the parkarma. I counted 22 tanks in total near Manji Sahib Diwan Hall, Guru Ramdas Srail, Guru Nanak Niwas Srail, on the road that connects these buildings. We tried to escape our position, but under heavy gunfire we could not move forward, and routes would become closed to us. We had one route out, which was behind the building we were in, via which city dwellers had been coming in and out, from their homes. On the night of the 5th June 1984, tanks entered the parkarma and the Singhs with me decided we would all attain Shaheedi. When this decision was made I had gone to the washroom. We were about 10-12 Singhs in total. I said, "I do not agree with your decision. Present were Mohkam Singh, (spokesmen of the Damdami Taksal), Balwinder Singh Manava – whom I eventually escaped with, some Singhs of the Federation (AISSF) such as Narinder Singh Boosaa and others. I cannot now, recall who the others were. I said, "After the tanks the army will enter, I want to enter combat with those soldiers. It doesn't matter if we kill any soldiers or not, but we will become Shaheed. I am not in favour of approaching the tanks as you say, unless we have bombs, we could strap to ourselves (which they did not)." Everyone agreed and cancelled their plans to attain martyrdom in front of the tanks. Then, later on, the Singhs said, "Whoever wants to leave, should leave now." Then many Singhs escaped and went into adjoining homes. I said "I am not going to escape. I want to become Shaheed here." Balwinder Singh Manava also refused to leave.

That night we spent there at our position behind Baba Deep Singhs Gurdwara, we remained guarding it. We remained there, until gunfire could be heard. We had no shortage of food and no problems with access to a toilet. From the Chubara, we could see the whole of the parkarma and this is why the army could not enter (on foot). On the 6 June 1984 at around 11am, some Sikh women approached us and said, "Dear brothers, please escape from here. Leave." Singh Sahib Giani Moham Singh's wife was from Manava, the same as Balwinder Singh. She was with the women and Balwinder Singh said to her, "Sister, leave, do not try to bring us around to leave." The women left, but then returned after walking away and were entreating us to leave again. Then, I put my gun down and Balwinder Singh enquired, "Why have you put the gun down, if we get caught, you know what they will do to us (meaning torture or death)." I said, "We will not get captured, you leave with me and accept it, as the command of the Guru."

We left from there and Singh Sahib Giani Sahib Singh's home was nearby. In their home, there were around 5-7 women, out of which one was Bibi Harmeet Kaur, the wife of Bhai Amrik Singh (president AISSF). The wife of Santokh Singh was there too, he used to make audio recordings of the Jatha. There were others present, but I cannot recall who they were now, we jumped the entrance door to the home to enter it and the army opened fire on us but we were not shot. The door was locked and we did not know that this was Singh Sahib's home (when we entered). From inside the house Singh Sahib's daughter started to berate us, we said, "Stop talking, open the door so we can leave." (They had jumped over the entry door to the home and landed in an open space. The home door was ahead of them where the women were. The door/gate they had jumped over was locked with a padlock from inside). After about 30-45 minutes they opened the outside gate door and we left.

Outside this house, there was an elderly mother/lady who was signalling to us to come to her. We approached her, she had her stove on and started to cook roti (chappatis) for us, she said, "Eat, before leaving." I replied "We don't feel like eating." She said, "Nor do I, but it has been three days, we still have bodies to sustain." We ate two chappatis each, as did her husband. Then, the

curfew was lifted. I said to Balwinder Singh, "Keep one thing in mind, only one of us should give answers if questioned, or we will look suspect." Balwinder Singh said, "You give any replies needed." I then said, "But, if they ask you where you are from, then mention some local area of Amritsar, they won't know if you are telling the truth anyway." Balwinder Singh said, "Ok."

We now walked through an alleyway that used to exist behind Diwan Hall Manji Sahib. There were shops on both sides of this alley, it was a very narrow bazaar (shopping area). All the shops were closed and we walked onwards to Gurdwara Baba Atal. There, I saw the path that goes to Guru Ram Das Sarai and it was full of tanks. There were somewhere between 22-25 tanks there. There was nowhere I looked at in the complex that didn't look like it had been hacked by a saw of 1.5 feet. On the night of the 5th/6th June there was that much gunfire and bombing, that even heavy rain, cannot hail down, at the rate that this was occurring. All around bullets hailed down like rain.



There were some army soldiers standing in front of the Baba Atal Gurdwara. I spoke to them and asked, "We want to go to the bazaar, has the curfew been lifted everywhere?" They said, "Yes it's open everywhere, don't go that way, where the officers are standing, go the other way." So, we exited and left the complex through the back of the Gurdwara Baba Atal, we were barefoot and by chance we were wearing kurta pyjamas (traditional attire worn by the masses). Our turbans were worn in the common way too, in a triangular shape. We then went towards the home of Giani Dalip Singh, as it was directly behind Baba Atal Gurdwara. There, we met the wife of Bhia Harminder Singh Sandhu, Bibi Parmjit Kaur and

other Sikh women, one was possibly Bibi Upkar Kaur (President Women's Wing of All India Sikh Students Federation).

Bibi Parmjit Kaur saw me from inside the house and came out and asked about what transpired and I said, "Now, isn't the time for me to explain in detail, the curfew has been lifted and you need to escape to somewhere else." She replied, "One of the women has gone to get milk, when she returns we will leave." I said, "Do not wait for milk here! Go and collect her on your way out." After saying this, we left and arrived at Baba Sahib Chowk, all the routes to get to Darbar Sahib were congested with the army. They searched us too. Anyone who was barefoot or was wearing a kirpan was being detained. We were barefoot and they touched my kirpan, when being searched but with the grace of the Guru they said nothing to us. We said to them, "We want to go to Darbar Sahib." They said, "You cannot go to Darbar Sahib." From there, we went straight ahead from Baba Sahib Chowk and arrived at the old building of Baba Ran Singh which is two or three buildings away from the Bunga of Baba Sundar Singh Bhindranwale. My teacher who I learnt Gurmat from, Jathedar Baba Ram Singh, had a long-lasting friendship with Baba Ran Singh, due to which they knew me too. We went to Baba Ran Singh and asked, "Can we stay here?" They said, "No." They were scared of the consequences too. We said, "Ok." Before leaving, I said to

Balwinder Singh, “Whatever shoe fits you (from here) put it on.” Whatever we could get hold of, we put on our feet. Where we had left earlier from the army and had been searched by the army, we went back there and asked the army if we could go to Darbar Sahib. They didn’t allow anyone to go to Darbar Sahib and instead told us to walk away towards Shaheeda Gurdwara (Baba Deep Singh Ji’s place of cremation).

The army had no idea if someone had come from within the Darbar Sahib complex or outside it, as none of them were Punjabi. We left there and met some Singhs who we knew on the road. They started to follow us. I didn’t look directly at them and said, “Do not talk here, we are going to Shaheeda Gurdwara, if you want, come there too.” They then stopped following us. We then went to the Baba Deep Singh Shaheeda Gurdwara and ate langar there, paid our respects to Guru Ji, ate parshad and sat in the Diwan.

Then, I thought we had to find somewhere to stay. Baba Jagtar Singh’s Kar Sewa organisation (construction charity) were doing Kar Sewa at Gurdwara Ramsar Sahib where Sri Guru Granth Sahib’s printing press is. When the foundation stone was laid for the building of the printing press, I was present with Sant Jarnail Singh Ji who was part of the Panj Pyare to lay the foundation stone. I asked the Kar Sewa Singhs if we could stay there, with them. They said, “Remove your kurte pyjamas and put on these chaggia (a singular over-garment worn by Kar Sewa volunteers), and wear white turbans. We said, “Ok.” Sometimes we ate Langar at Shaheeda Gurdwara and sometimes there, with them, at Ramsar Sahib. We stayed within the vicinity of these three parkarmas (vicinity of three gurdwaras, all near each other; Shaheeda, Ramsar and Bibeksar). We would sometimes go to Bibeksar during the day too and always slept there at night. In this way, two days passed. On the second night we were in deep sleep, the four of us (myself, Balwinder Singh and two Kar Sewa Singhs), at Bibeksar, under the veranda. It was 11.30pm or around midnight and someone put their hand on my back, got me to sit up and awoke me. The person said, “The army is about to come here, go hide somewhere.” When I woke up, there was nobody there. The bed places of the two Kar Sewa Singhs were empty (they were not there). They had left without waking us. They knew what was going on, we weren’t in the know, hence why they left. I woke up Balwinder Singh, he asked, “What’s happened?” I said, “Come quickly, the army is about to arrive.” He said, “Who told you?” I said, “Gather our bedding.” The bedding of the Kar Sewa Singhs was still there, we folded ours and put it against the wall. This is on the night of 8th June 1984. Balwinder Singh said, “Shall we go upstairs into the Darbar?” I said, “It is the same being up there, or down here.” I looked behind the stairs and saw a mound of soil, on the side of Ramsar Hospital, the Hospital’s upper floors had been constructed. The lower floors had no doors or windows/closures on windows. It was very dark nights and we made our way towards the hospital. We crawled into the hospital (due to it being a building site). It was pitch dark in there, we could not even see one another, you could not even see your own hands. We stayed there for 90 minutes but it was very hard to breathe there, due to the dust from the construction.

I eventually said, “I will go outside, if I return then I will take you outside too. If I do not return, then you need to change your location.” He said, “Ok.” I raised myself on my elbows and saw the heap of soil below and looked ahead by raising my head over the wall further and saw the two Kar Sewa Singhs asleep upon their bedding and saw nothing else. I thought the army must have come and left. I went and told Balwinder Singh to come and leave with me, we thought we should do ishnaan, as we knew not what could happen at any minute. There was a jug there, I washed it and I worked a hand pump of water and helped Balwinder Singh do ishnaan and in this way, we both did ishnaan and did ishnaan in the Bibeksar Sarovar too, turn by turn. We did our nitnem and thought, ‘If we are to rest, we can now rest during the day.’

During the day we went to the Shaheeda Gurdwara Baba Deep Singh. There, we met a Singh who knew Balwinder Singh. He said, “My brother Satnam Singh lived in the Jatha of Damdami Taksal.”

I did not know Satnam Singh but Balwinder Singh did, the Singh said, “Come home with me.” He had seen Balwinder Singh with Satnam Singh somewhere. I said to Balwinder Singh, “We are not going to go with him, if Satnam Singh comes, then we can go, as you know him.” The Singh went to fetch Satnam Singh and the curfew was imposed again. At night, we returned to Bibeksar and at times we would go and hide in the hospital. The day President Zail Singh arrived via helicopter, I scaled the hospital to see everything. I saw from afar that it was Zail Singh visiting.

I saw the bodies of Shaheeds loaded on garbage trucks, how we load cattle feed (greens). You could see arms dangling, legs dangling, hair dangling, turbans dangling from the dead bodies. These trucks transported bodies all day long from morning to evening. They passed by where we were, as the cremation grounds were nearby. The next night passed too. Then on the 9th June at Shaheeda Gurdwara of Baba Deep Singh we met that Singh again and his brother (Satnam Singh) was with him. He said, “Come to our home.” I said, “Let’s go get a rickshaw, we do not want to walk.” He said, “Ok.” We got on the some rickshaws and officers were standing in the road and I asked them, “We are going to Sultanwind, is the curfew lifted everywhere?” The officers replied, “Yes, it is lifted everywhere.” We went to Satnam Singh’s house, where we stayed for two days and now it was 12th June 1984. The wife of Subegh Singh Fauji came to their home. This Subegh Singh used to be a bodyguard of Sant Ji, he used to wear a white dumalla (round turban). When the Singhs got Shaheed in 1978, Sant Ji stayed at Guru Nanak Niwas and Sant Ji’s food would come from



their home. I used to serve Sant Ji his food, as it was my assigned duty. I also got the seva to do ishnaan of the bodies of the 13 Shaheed Singhs. This was done at Guru Ram Das Sarai, when you enter it, there is a metal railing on the left, it was there, that the ishnaans were done. The cremation was done between Bibeksar and Ramsar Gurdwaras (today there is a

Shaheed Ganj Gurdwara there). Where the Singhs were actually mortally wounded and got martyred, Baba Thara Singh started the construction of the Gurdwara there (B- Block, Amritsar).

The wife of Subegh Singh Fauji came to see me and said, “Come home with me.” I said, “Not today. We will come tomorrow, we shouldn’t leave at night and we do not want anyone to harass you.” We stayed here for a further two days (Satnam Singhs house) after which I became a little

dejected, as I thought “What will be the condition of the Singhs at Mehta? If we have breath in our bodies, we should check to see how they are.” I then said to Balwinder Singh, “Let’s leave here, if anyone finds us here they will harass the family and we have no benefit in staying any longer.” Cars and buses were not on the roads but the general population were going places by foot. We thanked the family and took leave off them, they asked if we had any problem in staying longer and we said no. But we told them there is also no benefit in us staying longer too. Satnam Singh then led us through alleyways and got us to the canal and left.

When we arrived at the canal, a vegetable seller, who would cross the canal to sell his vegetables said to us, “Baba Ji, do not cross the canal.” We asked, “Why not?” He said, “The army is there, the army shoots anyone who passes there, near the canal.” I said, “Don’t worry, you go, whatever pleases God will occur.”

Balwinder Singh knew how to swim, I did not. We were wearing kurta pyjamas and it was summer. First, we remained in a garden, a short distance away from the canal. Then, after deciding to cross the canal, we held hands and jumped into the canal. There was a lot of water in the canal but we successfully swam across. I had held onto Balwinder Singh’s shoulder and arm, and that is how I also made it across. On the other side of the canal there was a garden too, there we wrung out our clothes to dry them, it was hot and they soon dried. Outside of the garden we could see a village on the right hand side, which was about half a mile away. There, we could see a man walking in the fields. Upon seeing us, he came to us and started talking to us. He said, “I am the Sarpanch (appointed leader of the village). Tell me, can I help you in anyway?” We didn’t tell him we had come from Darbar Sahib, but people could guess. I said “You come with us to Manavala station, the army has 400 to 500 vehicles posted there. The army is present there in large numbers. Help us pass the army and once we have, you can return. If they question us you just say that you are the Sarpanch and that we came to meet you, at your village.” He agreed to this and left with us. When there was only a little more to travel, he refused to go any further and said, “I cannot go any further.” I said, “You have perfected the task to get us killed. You should have not left with us. When you came with us, you should supported us. Go back then. Whatever pleases the Guru.” He went back from there.

I said to Balwinder Singh, “Where the army soldiers are bathing at the motor (electric operated water tube well), we are to go straight there, with the reason to drink water and we are to drink water there.” When we went there, a miracle transpired in front of our eyes, with the grace of Guru Ram Das, nobody saw us. Where the soldiers were bathing, we drank water, washed our hands and faces. No-one even looked towards us. No-one knew anything of our presence there. We left there and got on to the G.T Road (Great Trunk Road). There a little further ahead is a railway track and a bridge. There was a drain there, we walked upon its edge. A man called out to us and said “Help me lift my cattle feed (greens).” Balwinder Singh refused to help, then I went to help him. Balwinder Singh was a driver and he found it hard to walk, whereas I had no difficulty. Balwinder Singh said, “I am tired from walking.” When I went to help the farmer he said, “I haven’t called you to lift cattle feed. In actual fact, the way you are going, there will be an army encampment ahead. Whoever they see, they arrest. First they arrest you and get you to work for them all day long, then at night they send you to an army camp (under arrest). They free no-one. Go through the fields instead.” We thus crossed a field of bajra and arrived at the road/rail crossing of Manavala. The army was present there too and a helicopter was in the air. Again Maharaj protected us and the army said nothing to us, as we walked past.

We crossed the road/rail intersection and had gone a little ahead and Balwinder Singh said, "I am hungry." There was a woman present on her motor (tubewell). She said to us, "Sons, eat before leaving here." We said, "There is no need." She said, "You may not have no need, but I do." First, she put daal (lentils) on the gas and the flour was nearby. We both sat down there and ate. We walked another 2 or 3 miles and Balwinder Singh said, "I am tired, I want to drink tea." Again a miracle transpired again, by the Guru's grace, a man came, he had 2 doloo (liquid carriers) in both hands. Balwinder Singh drank tea but I didn't. The man's doloo had tea in one and milk in the other, he also had two cups. He said, "Drink and then leave the dishes here." Ahead on the journey too, whenever we thought of drinking tea, the same thing happened. In this way, we travelled quite far and we arrived at Tarsika, which is 13km from Mehta and night had fell. The army was also travelling past on this road, so at times when they passed we would hide or if someone was walking their cattle we would walk with the cattle. Then, we arrived near a bridge over a small waterway and Balwinder Singh said, "I cannot walk anymore. If you want to leave me, you can travel onwards." I said, "I am not going to leave you." He said, "Ask someone if we can stay the night here." An old man was walking towards us, he was walking with cattle, he was about 1km away. He came and said, "Boys, stay with us for the night." I said, "There is no need, our village is nearby, we will go there." I did not mention Mehta but rather said we were from Kuhar village which is near to Mehta. He said, "You have 35km to travel further and your man there, cannot even walk another 3.5km." God knows who told him Balwinder Singh is tired. God knows who this man was too (they had no idea of his identity) As we talked, an army vehicle approached and he said, "Walk." We walked with him. The army thought we were with him and they passed. We walked for 1km and there was a motor (tubewell) and an elderly man. The man who walked us there, said to this man, "Keep these boys for the night, our house is being raided repeatedly by the police, why should we get them arrested." He said, "Ok, come." We went to his house and they didn't treat us like strangers. They treated us like family, like sons. We ate and slept where the rest of the family slept. We told them we would leave by 6am in the morning and that we didn't need any food, before leaving. By 5.30am we had done our Nitnem and were ready to leave. The family said, "Food is ready, come and eat." They made a full meal with roti, daal and sabji with tea. By the time we left, it was about 6.30/7am. They said we have a motorcycle, tractor and car, but due to our bad fortune we cannot take them out (to give a lift). The elderly man left and walked with us and after 1km there was a large enclave/dera of the Radha Soamis. The old man said, "I cannot now advise you, which route you should take. Anyone who passes their dera, they get the army to arrest them. There is a large army presence inside their dera too." I thanked the old man and said, "We are to go this way (past the dera) as if we take an off-road path, we will look more suspect." He said, "It's your choice, I have informed you, they won't let you past." I said, "Guru Sahib can bless us." When we were 1km away from their dera, it rained torrentially, a storm was in full effect. The tents in the dera fell down and they closed their entry gates. We then passed their dera with ease and after travelling for another 2-4km there was no storm and people were toiling in their fields, planting rice. In this way, we reached Mehta.

When we entered the village we went to Charan Singh Lambardar's (village revenue collector) home. When there, we sent a message via a child to the Dera (Gurdwara Gurdarshan Parkash), that if it's risky for us to enter then we will not come or if we are needed inside then we can come too. There were only a few Singhs present there, one was Dalip Singh, he told us to enter. He said, "I am alone and I cannot make any decisions by myself, so come inside." We entered and did seva. Then Baba Thakur Singh Ji also arrived there. We stayed for around 5-7 days.

In the same way that the army was sent to attack Darbar Sahib, the army also came to attack Mehta (Gurdwara Gurdashan Parkash) the army officer sent to attack Mehta was Amritdhari (a practising, initiated Sikh) from village Dheera. When the army was to attack they were stationed at the motor (tubewell) where we would plant vegetables of the dera, in our field. This Singh was doing ardas, "Maharaj, I have never done anything wrong, now help me and save me from any wrongdoing too, give me a solution." He was also aware if he did not fulfil the order to attack, they would just get another officer to do it. He had orders to give no warning and to just attack and blow up the Gurdwara. Lambardar Charan Singh had approached the army, he informed them he was the Lambardar of Mehta village. The Singh from the army said to him, "You must warn them? The Sikhs inside, help me tell the Singhs inside to hand over any arms they have and I will enter and search the place. In my report, I will state only the elderly and children were present and that no arms were found. I will hand the arms back afterwards, as it is your property." The Singhs inside agreed to this. I am just narrating what I heard as I was not present there."

The officer entered the Gurdwara, paid for Degh (blessed food offering) and did a supplication prayer for forgiveness.

He wrote in his report that only children and the elderly were present. He supplicated to Baba Thakur Singh to get the youthful Singhs to leave. We were also present at Mehta, when Baba Thakur Singh sent Singhs away from Mehta, we sat on trucks and left. Me and Balwinder Singh were together and we went to Malseeha. Within 7 days, the Sikh officer's driver made a complaint about him and the police arrested the Sikh officer (for doing what he did at Mehta and not attacking the Gurdwara).

They dropped us off at Malseeha, I stayed with a family there from Mehta and Balwinder Singh stayed with another family. The next day Balwinder Singh left there and I stayed for about another week. After that, I did not see Balwinder Singh again. From there, I went to Delhi, our Singhs were doing Paath there (a Gurbani recital). I stayed there for about a week. There, in Delhi, the son in law of Baba Gian Singh (Malseeha) was a manager; his name was Thakur Singh. He got me to sign papers for a passport application. My passport got made. He said, "Come to see me one day." I went to see him and with some excuse he took me to a tailors and said, "You should sometimes wear a suit (blazer and trousers)." I had never worn these clothes before. The tailor took my measurements to make the suit. I said, "I have never worn a blazer or trousers." He said, "Don't worry, get measured, you don't have to wear it." In a few days, the suit was made. They knew my passport had been made too (which he didn't know of at the time). They planned to send me to Norway. Relatives of the family from Malseeha lived in Norway, this family originated from village Billi Bhullar, near Nakodar. You did not need a visa to go to Norway. At night, I met Singhs in Delhi, Ragi Gursharan Singh was one of them. I told them of how I ended up in Delhi and they said we will sit tomorrow and talk properly. They told me to come to Bangla Sahib the next day, I said ok. When I went to the house I was staying at, the family said, "Put on the blazer and trousers, show us how it looks." They also tied a normal turban (triangle shaped) upon my head. They placed my passport and air tickets in front of me and said, "It cost 18,181 Rupees to buy this ticket." The money came from the Malseeha family. They said it is your choice if you go. I said, "I am not going to go." They said, "If you don't go, the money for the ticket will not be refunded. (The air ticket was for an immediate flight, leaving in the next few hours.) I said, "You should have told me yesterday, I could have then met some Singhs beforehand. They said, "We have no time now, sit in the car to depart." Right away we packed clothes into a suitcase and sat in the car to leave and I was dropped off at the airport. It was a KLM flight, the date was around 12/13th October 1984. I stayed in Norway for 4/5 days and then Saradar Ujjal Singh, who was like a father

to me, wanted to send me from Norway to Canada. Here, in the UK, Singh Sahib Bhai Jasbir Singh were here at the time. He said, "First, let him come to me in the UK, then we can travel onwards, together from here." A visa sponsorship letter to the UK was sent to me and I arrived at Heathrow airport. I was interviewed upon arrival and they refused me entry into the UK. I said, "Ok, send me back to Norway." They said there were no flights that day and that they would send me back the next day. I told them, "I haven't eaten on the flight and I won't eat anything in the airport either." I did not know that they could not detain me if I remained hungry. I said, "I don't eat non home cooked food." The Sikhs outside arranged for me to be released from the airport via the local MP. The airport authorities told me to return the next day. When I came out, the Sikhs arranged for my stay to be extended via the MP. Then I applied for political asylum and after about 8 to 10 years I was granted indefinite leave to remain in the UK.

The Pandit family – Giani Mohr Singh.

I knew Giani Mohr Singh very well, he was with me in the Amritsar jail. After he was released he came to live at Darbar Sahib. He was the first parcharak/preacher of the Damdami Taksal to go abroad on a preaching tour. Sant Giani Kartar Singh Ji had sent him to Singapore, when he returned, he built a Gurdwara at Sooro Padda Village which is near Mehta, he used to live there. The Taksal also have a Gurdwara at village Kujala called Baba Ram Thaman Ji, he then lived there afterwards. It is located between the villages of Kujala and Manes. Bhai Amrik Singh was from there and I met him in Delhi in 1984, he attained Shaeedi afterwards. He was also injured in Vaisakhi 1978.

Giani Mohr Singh's brother was a supporter of the fake nirankaris. Giani Ji's family had no relationship with the Sikh faith, his mother, father and siblings. Giani Ji said to his mother, "There is an edict from the Akal Takhat that Sikhs are to have no relations with fake nirankaris. If you are going to associate with my brother (the supporter of the nirankaris) then you have no need to come to my home. If you are to come to mine, then do not go to his. You decide. For me, you are my respected mother and I will serve you here." His mother decided to stay with him (Giani Ji). Giani Ji would sleep in the parkarma of Darbar Sahib. In the attack on Darbar Sahib of June 1984, we do not know accurately who became shaheed at what time or day. (Giani Mohr Singh's whole family attained Shaheed in the attack of June 1984, Giani Ji, his wife and two daughters. He is survived by one daughter).

Tanks in the parkarma June 1984

The tanks were slightly behind the Gurdwara of Baba Deep Singh Ji in the parkarma. There was a tank near Brahm Boota Akhara (near Ramgharia Bunga), one near the museum (near main clock tower entrance), one near the entrance, there were 4 or 5 tanks inside the parkarma. The tanks entered from near the museum side, no tank passed this side (past Baba Deep Singh Gurdwara).

Why did tanks not pass this point?

Where Baba Deep Singh had laid down his head no tank could pass that point.

How were defences put up?

Our training was God given. I asked General Subegh Singh, "Uncle Ji, if a helicopter fires from above – how do we counter it?" He said, "When a helicopter fires, it does not aim directly, but fires down upon a vicinity, like rainfall. After getting to safety, if you are to attack it, just shoot it,

in its blades.” We knew nothing of these things. But the Singhs inside who fought were that supreme in hitting their targets, that not a single bullet was wasted. The Singhs stole arms from the incoming soldiers. We had arms and ammunition inside no doubt, but the majority of it was with Sant Ji.



Sant Ji living at Guru Nanak Niwas

When Sant Ji lived at Guru Nanak Niwas (Room 47), the reason for staying there was also that the government wanted to see how powerful we were. The government caused a dispute between the Babbar Khalsa Singhs and Sant Ji. The Babbar Singhs came and said, “We want to stay at Guru Nanak Niwas.” Sant Ji said to them “Where you are staying, remain there. Let us stay here. There is no point in bickering.” They said, “No, we are going to stay here.” Sant Ji said, “Then we will leave.” This was an attempt to get the Singhs to fight one another and then use this as a premise to bring the army into the complex. They wanted to do this, so they could blame Sant Ji and resolve their problem too (of ejecting Sant Ji from the complex) But, Sant Ji had long term strategic vision, they didn’t allow this plan to prosper. When the Akalis saw the Singhs moving our arms and ammunition from Nanak Niwas they were shocked by the magnitude of our arms.

Indira Gandhi & the Akalis

The fault of attacking Darbar Sahib lays with Indira Gandhi, there is no doubt in that, but the ones who pushed her to do it, were the Akalis. Longowal (the leader of the Shromani Akali Dal) was also used by the Akalis and politicians. He was saintly. The ones who caused the attack were Tohra, Parkash Badal, Balwant Ramoovalia, Surjit Barnala. They all colluded to make this all happen. Indira Gandhi had agreed to accede to all demands of the Anandpur Sahib Resolution. She sent a representative to start negotiations with Sant Ji, he returned to her and said Sant Ji wants peace, just fulfil the demands of the Anandpur Sahib Resolution, announce this. Sant Ji asked for a written confirmation of accepting the demands of the Anandpur Sahib Resolution, which should be given to the mass media. After that, they would call to her Manji Sahib Diwan Hall, Amritsar and give her time to speak, where this agreement would be formally declared. Indira Gandhi confirmed with her representative, that Sant Ji would be appeased by this. She said get time to meet from Sant Ji, I am ready to accede the demands.

The aura and spirituality of Sant Ji was such, that all officials wanted to please them. When any Akali would go to meet Indira Gandhi, Sant Ji would receive audio recordings of the meeting. The representative of Indira came to Sant Ji, got an agreed time/date for Indira Gandhi to meet Sant Ji and left. The Akalis learnt of these negotiations and knew if this transpired, then they would be

politically finished. They thought, whoever Sant Ji likes will be appointed the Chief Minister of Punjab (in the future). They have no interest in the prosperity of the Sikh nation, they only care for the continuation of their power/leadership. They could not digest the agreement between Sant Ji and Indira Gandhi.

There was a Kuldip Singh, under his leadership a delegation went to meet Indira Gandhi which



said to her, 'What you are about to do with Sant Ji is wrong.' This Kuldip Singh lived in Southampton, (UK, afterwards) I am not sure if he alive now or not. This delegation said to her, 'Do not fulfil the demands of the Anandpur Sahib Resolution, if you do Punjab will become divided and it will become Khalistan.' They exaggerated the consequences and fall out. Politicians are soft to hearing talk and quickly change their minds, thus Indira Gandhi changed her course of action after hearing these things. These Akalis told her to attack Darbar Sahib and told her,

Sant Ji has very few men and when you attack, you will quickly conquer them.

In 1978 when the fake nirankaris did their procession at Vaisakhi in Amritsar, the Akalis ruled the Punjabi government and Parkash Badal was the Chief Minister, he gave written permission for it to occur. The amount of damage the Akalis caused, hasn't even been caused by the Hindus or Muslims in previous disputes/wars with the Sikhs. It is our bad fortune, that even after doing all this, the Akalis are still our leaders.

In the attack who posted you to defend the complex from where you did?

Sant Ji themselves told us all where we would be posted to defend the complex. We were in groups of 4 to 5 Sikhs each. General Subegh Singh and Sant Ji led the battle from Akaal Takhat Sahib, with another 25 Singhs from there. General Subegh Singh attained Shaheedi, on the morning when commandos had entered the complex. The commandos were dropped from helicopters into the sarovar and they swam towards the Akaal Takhat. The Singhs killed all these commandos. During this raid, General Subegh Singh sustained gunshot wounds in his stomach. He then went to Sant Ji and said, "Sant Ji, I have fulfilled my duty." Sant Ji said, "You did fulfil it." General Subegh Singh asked for permission to leave (to pass), and said "hae" in pain. Sant Ji said "Do not say 'hae', say Vaheguru." General Sahib lay down and Sant Ji was sitting at his side. He said, "Vaheguru, Vaheguru." And he breathed his last. Sant Ji put a sheet over him. Only he was blessed with a

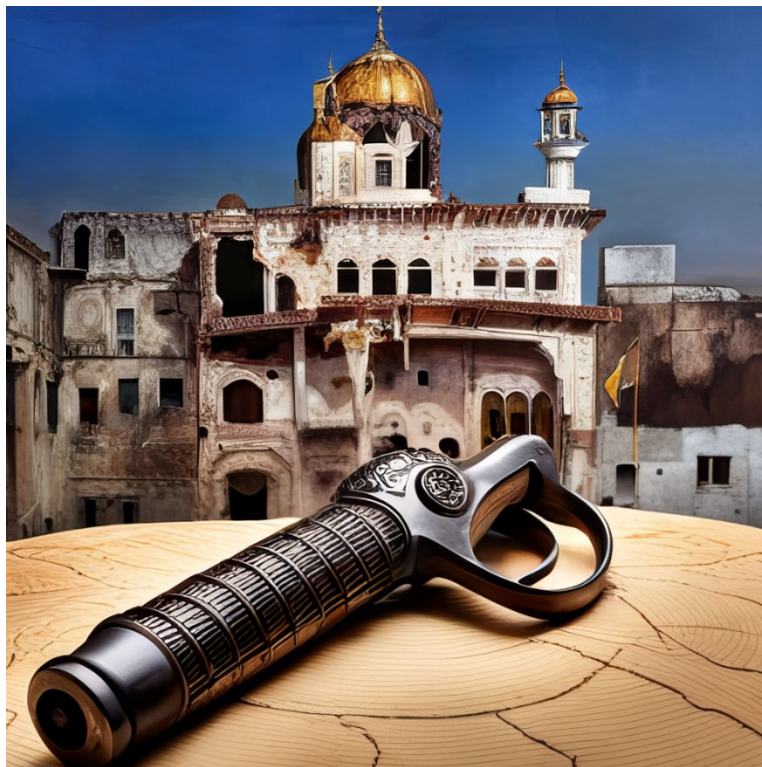
sheet like this. Then, Sant Ji decided to attain Shaheedi. Then, on the 6th June 1984 between 8am to 10am a horrendous battle ensued. Everyone left their defensive positions and came out to fight in the open. We left the complex on the 6th June at about 11-12am. At the time, we did not know what had transpired at the Akaal Takhat, we learnt of these things afterwards.

What weapons did you use in the attack?

Light machine guns (LMG), grenades, sten guns the rest were then off the incoming soldiers who were killed by the Singhs.

During the attack did you have any communications with General Subegh Singh or Sant Ji?

No, but Giani Mohr Singh went to Sant Ji on 5th June by swimming via the sarovar. Sant Ji had said to fight on from our positions.



I had heard that Bib Upkar Kaur and Sandhu's wife had attained Shaheedi in the attack but today you have said other. Can you elaborate?

Where we met these Kaur, the army went there afterwards. They attained Shaheedi there. One of them had a firearm, a sten gun or revolver and she fired at the army. Then the army returned fire and killed them all.

How many army soldiers died?

Any soldier that entered the parkarma died. Those who hid in houses or hid from us inside the complex, only they survived. (It was only with the entering of tanks, that the army finally penetrated and stopped losses).

Were you present on the Vaisakhi of 1978 in Amritsar?

No, on that day, I was doing Seva in an Amrit Sanchar as one of the Panj Payre. Afterwards, I came to Amritsar when I learnt of the Shaheedia. I was only a child at the time. I saw the bodies of the 13 Shaheeds with my own eyes, bathed them with my hands. None of them had gunshots or injuries on their backs. They had wounds on their faces, chest and foreheads. All wounds were on the front of their bodies. (Meaning they walked forward towards their deaths not turning their backs). I was present when their final Ardas was conducted to cremate them. No-one stopped me from helping bathe them as I was a child.

Some say that Sant Ji did an Ardas to go on the peaceful protest on Vaisakhi 1978, but then did not go themselves.

Sant Ji did the Ardas, for the Jatha to go (group of all Singhs) but not for themselves to go. The sangat (congregation) had already decided that Sant Ji would not go. In this way, Sant Ji, sent them to protest. The Singhs had not gone to have conflict or fight with the fake nirankaris, it was to be a peaceful protest. No-one knew that this would occur (the clash and Shaheedia).

How was the B-Block Shaheed Ganj Memorial Gurdwara of the 1978 Shaheeds constructed? Who laid its foundation?

The Gurdwara was constructed 3/ 4 years afterwards by Baba Thara Singh.

Was Bhai Harminder Singh Sandhu the leader of Dasmesh Regiment?

Yes, he was. He was a great organiser, he was very intellectual, from what I saw. I was very hurt by what they did to Sandhu (defamed him and assassinated him, other Sikhs did). Once, he sent me to fetch some things (most likely arms being referred to here). Baba Thara Singh was at Mehta, when Sant Ji courted arrest. Sant Ji had wanted to take me into jail with them to cook their food and serve them, which I had agreed to do. Sant Ji was to court arrest in the morning and at 3am our program changed. Kabul Singh, one of the assassins of the Nirankari leader Gurbachan was also present at Mehta. Giani Mohr Singh was hiding Kabul Singh and I was told to transport him to U.P. thus going there instead of jail with Sant Ji.

When Bhai Amrik Singh was arrested was he tortured?

No, he was not tortured. Whoever the police arrested; they tortured, there is no doubt in that. They would interrogate and torture people to extract information.

What were the daily prayer (Nitnem) recitals of the Singhs in jail?

7 Nitnem prayers as the minimum, then depending on personal choice, some read Panj Granthi, Sehaj Path (in a month), 100 Japji Sahibs daily, 21 Sukhmani Sahibs daily, meaning some would meditate/pray for 8 to 10 hours a day. These Singhs, I feel were sent from the times of the Gurus, to do Seva. The acts they did, cannot be accomplished without Seva and Simran. With Guru Ji's grace they were getting all these Singhs to do Simran and Seva. No-one could say who meditated or prayed more, they were all doing so much, all were elevated.

Can you tell us anything worthwhile from your days in jail?

When the Dharam Yudh Morcha was on (1982-1984), many Singhs left their pre-set wedding arrangements and came to live with Sant Ji. One such Singh, who narrated his story to me was Bhai Amrik Singh from Mines Village near Majala, who was a very nice Singh. He was blessed by Maharaj immensely. His family came to Sant Ji, this was before 1984. They asked Sant Ji to grant him leave so they could marry him off. He used to do Seva with Giani Mohr Singh at Maines, at Baba Ram Thaman. Sant Ji said, "Take him, but ask him, will he be home on the day of his wedding?". He told me, "The day of my wedding, I had to cross the Sutlej river". (He's didn't make the wedding, as he couldn't cross the river, for some reason).

In jail, Maharaj was blessing people too. People would ask the Singhs to Pray or do Ardas for them to be freed, the Singhs would say become a Singh, stop eating meat, drinking alcohol and you will be freed (in this way many did achieve freedom).

There was one Singh from Sultan, whom they used to call Kuljit Singh Cookie. He had murdered someone in an internal family dispute (a relative). He was sentenced to 20 years by the judge Mirchia from Amritsar. They used to say anyone sentenced by this judge would not get a reduced sentence or freed from the High Court or Supreme Court. The rulings were such. This Cookie approached the Sikhs and they said, "Do not defile your hair or beard, bring the ingredients for degh (Karah Parshad) from home, for it to be made. In jail, and when you are freed, do Seva with the Singhs (God & Guru), you will be freed from your case." His appeal was lodged in the High Court, and he was freed after some days.

These things were a normal occurrence. Some Singhs would say getting married is not compulsory, but Seva is compulsory, they left behind their personal lives (for the Panth). Some of their parents passed away and they did not even attend their last rites (as they had left those lives behind them). These last rites were then done by other relatives or their villagers. We witnessed these things, we had heard of them before, but now we saw them (dedication to Seva).

There was one Singh they used to call Preetam Singh Bhatte Vale who was from Umarpur that was associated with the Mehta Jatha. They lived in Batala, Umarpur, their sister lived at Gumtala, Amritsar and they knew Singhs from Gumtala. After the Vaisakhi of 1978 this family said, "We want to do an Akhand Paath in memory of the Shaheed's." The Singhs were going there to do Seva and told me to come along too. I said, "What will I do there? I am not an Akhand Paathee (someone who can do the recital prayers)." The Singhs said, "No, we are going to take you too." They then asked for permission from Bapu Jagir Singh, as I used to prepare their Langar, they told me to go. I went with the Singhs to Gumtala to do Langar Seva. In the house, they had a son who was the same age as me. He said, "Dear brother, I will take you to see the Gurdwara that is here." After the Akhand Path started, after getting permission from his mother, we left. She told us to be careful when crossing the road. When we had walked same distance, he said,



"Brother, there is a jail here with Sikh inmates, do you want to see it?" I said, "What do we have to achieve in visiting the jail?" Then, when I was in jail later, this occurrence would bother me. These are the ways of God, of where and when he is to take us to places.

How do you now view what happened in 1984?

The spilt blood of the Singhs will not be in vain. Their efforts will definitely become accepted, Kalgidhar – Sri Guru Gobind Singh

will lend their support, the time will come. We pray to Maharaj, they will bless the Sikhs with sovereignty, with rule.

What should the Sikh nation do now?

Become perfected in their lives as Sikhs, then Guru Ji will hold them by their arms (support them). Each Sikh should implement this from their homes (Sikh discipline), if we all do this, become Khalsa, then Khalsa raaj/rule will dawn itself. The great soul (Sant Ji) also said this. The wait is within us. In the house of the Guru, there is no wait for the powers to be imbued



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