

Man Mohan Wazir

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February 25, 2018

Dear Kantaji,

I know just two calls from me cannot assuage your pain of separation from a man you virtually spent your entire lifetime with. Your unconditional devotion to him and his intense love for you are the stuff love legends are made of. In modern times such relationships are generally only found in mythologies.

I met Wazir Sahib only four or five times, out of which, perhaps, talking to him in full-fledged way only three times. Turning off his persona during these times, to plumb the intrinsic personality of the man, I saw a man who had intensity of life smoldering in him, giving rise to courage of conviction, and a true grit to follow it up with. Also, I found in him a human sensitivity. How such a man could spend a huge chunk of his life in less than civilized morass of Kashmir is by itself a testimony to his character. To have discharged his duties, especially as a police officer there, in spotless honesty, was a heroic performance. Only his intrinsically high moral character could have made it possible.

He was a responsible man, and I am sure he cared for his entire family, besides loving you. His love for Urdu poetry and his passion for other activities, perhaps, made him a whole man. Take him for what he was, as definitely, he was a unique personality.

I feel cheated in that I had wanted to have many more one-on-one conversations with him. He would unfold to me the tales of public immorality, intrigues, and infighting in the high corridors of J&K Govt., where he would come out as a shining spirit of morality and courage.

Wazir Sahib has definitely gone in the physical sense, but, I believe, he has left a significant mark in his public and private lives.

Talking to you I felt that you had more courage to face your life after losing your life mate recently than any other woman I have seen in your situation. Keep your flame burning, as Wazir Sahib is watching you from heaven.

With grief, love, and friendship.

Maharaj Kaul