



Just Like that  
That's the phrase that keeps repeating in my mind.

Sevak's dead.  
My brother's dead.  
Just like that.

I could have been more tactful saying Sevak's passed on but that would be even further from the jarring reality that Sevak's dead.  
Just like that.

Sevak's here and then he's not.  
Just like that.

We come into being when certain causes & conditions come together.  
Just like that.

We are held together because causes and conditions keep us together.  
Just like that.

Take any one of those causes and conditions away and we cease to exist.  
Just like that.

All compounded things are impermanent.  
Just like that.

Life is fragile.  
Just like that.

Life is precious.  
Just like that.

Life is beautiful.  
Just like that.

Sevak died because he was born.  
If he was never born, he would have never died.  
To wish he didn't die, would be to wish he was never born.  
To wish he didn't die is therefore foolish.  
Just like that.

No amount of money, qualifications, knowledge, status, or power can bring him back.  
Just like that.

Neither could he bring along any, friends, family, possessions, money, or anything else from this material world.  
Just like that.

Such is the jarring reality of death.  
Yet we forget.  
Just like that.

Who was Sevak before he was born?  
Who is Sevak now that he's gone?  
Both dead and not dead.  
Both here and not here.  
Just like that.  
Just like that.  
Just like that.





If you didn't know my brother, Sevak was  
 Our darling  
 Our darling brother  
 Our dharma brother  
 Our handsome boy  
 Our intellectual  
 Our creative  
 Our scholar  
 Our gursikh  
 Our yogi  
 Our compassionate warrior

Sevak was multifaceted with his pursuits.  
 To name a few,  
 he used to sing,  
 he played the bagpipes (amongst other  
 instruments),  
 he cared for and rode horses,  
 he did archery,  
 he was a fine swordsman,  
 he bound books,  
 he slack-lined,  
 he weaved traditional beds,  
 he created community,  
 he practiced dharma,  
 he lived a life of service.

Sevak truly embodied love.

A wholesome human being  
 A seeker of wisdom  
 An ardent student of life

He's taught and inspired us(me) through his  
 thoughtful action, and he'll keep doing so.  
 His life is one that teaches others how to live

He may have been 28 in conventional years but if  
 age were dictated by a degree of  
 presence, he'd be an old man.

Best part is that none of this is an  
 exaggeration.

I've accepted Sevak's death through the  
 fiercest of grace. But that does not mean there  
 is no sadness. The sadness comes in waves. But  
 there's a real sweetness to the sadness.

Sevak and I used spoke at great length about life &  
 death. About six months ago, I wrote on my door,  
 "We know we're going to die but it's imperative to  
 keep in mind - we don't know when".  
 I've been preparing myself for my death, but I had  
 never prepared myself for his death or  
 anyone else.

He's already showing me how my practice is  
 myopic & conceited in the best way.  
 Whoever I was also died when Sevak died.  
 It gave birth to a whole new me.

Living is dying.

Big brother,  
 Har Gobind Singh

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 ਜੇ ਹਰ ਗੋਬਿੰਦ ਸਿੰਘ



My dear sweet Sevak,

I don't know how to write to you. Trying to write now is like trying to write in water. Much like the river view you have given us while we've been in quarantine. When the sun hits the water and there's a burst of sparkles and reflection, they feel like you. I began to understand:

You can't separate the reflection from the river.  
You can't separate the sparkle from the sun.  
You can't separate the sun from the flower.  
You can't separate the breath from the wind.  
You can't separate the strength in an ocean.  
You can't separate the grace from an old tree.  
You can't separate the moonlight from the sunlight.  
You can't separate the warrior from the horse.  
You can't separate the arrow from the bow.  
You can't separate death from birth.  
You can't separate truth from Sevak.  
You can't separate Sevak from Simo.

I can't separate my essence from your essence.  
I can't separate your absence from your presence.



You taught me so much in your life, I can't imagine how much more you still have to teach me in your death. Through your death I am learning how to love, how to truly live, how to be a fierce and gentle warrior of truth, of kindness and compassion, like you. "Death would not be called bad if one knew how to truly die." With Guru's grace, you died long ago while you were still in your physical form. You always led through the example of your own being. To die such a death is to live such a life.

You woke us up, reminding us that time is constantly running out. This whole dance of shape and form is an illusion, wake up. See that Truth is permanence. You told us, wake up(!) to your true inner being my dear friend, lean into the stillness and fall into grace. Experience permanence.

Time has become something of a mere concept with morphing reality. What's time for me is not for another. A week measured from Mondays is now measured from Wednesdays. You transcended at only 28 in an instance of a breath. But if your life were to be measured in Wednesdays, in breaths and in presence, they would be of a dear old age. You accepted death long ago, and knowing you, you probably met it with the same loving warmth and excitement as when you meet anyone around you. I trust you understood that Death is not something to fear and is earned as the highest honour in life, with your sweet Sevak smile and your fierce grace, I know you did.

Thank you for the Reminders. The last few weeks have rested on the tip of your arrow. The tip, finer than a strand of your wavy brown hair, balancing and blurring the worlds from this one to the next. Through your notes you shared 2 of many things: "Everything is exactly as it's meant to be" and "What you hold most precious you must be able to give up first". The circle completes itself again and again. The energy must return to its source.

I'll miss your physical presence and form.

I'll miss everything said and more so what is unsaid.

I'll miss your sweet Sevak smile and your honey golden eyes.

I'll miss how effortless you always look.

I'll miss how you do your meditation and paath close by while I'm working late because you know I need the support.

I'll miss how you shower 50 times a day and leave tissues in the laundry that get caught on all our clothes. And then blame someone else for it cheekily.

I'll miss the echo of your laughter and the way my ears ring after because it's so loud.

I'll miss your bagpipe practice JUST as I'm about to have a nap.

I'll miss how you tell me you miss me when I've just gone to school for the day.

I'll miss how I'm always stealing your nail clipper and you're always chasing me for it.

I'll miss how you catch the lizards in my room with your lizard-catching-gloves cause you're not afraid to admit you're scared too.

I'll miss Creating together.

I'll miss you asking me which colours go together for your book bindings, just like our last conversation.

I'll miss sharing bowls of laksa more than I'll miss you pouring them on me.

I'll miss you combing and making braids in my hair.

I'll miss picking you up from the bus station with nervous excitement that my brother is coming to visit me in KL.

I'll miss you waking me up in the mornings with horse sounds and expressions because you just came back from a class.

I'll miss the childlike sparkle in your eyes, the curiosity, the purity, the mischief, the kindness, the wonder, the wisdom, the love.

I'll miss everything said and more so what is unsaid.



Through these weeks, the world has gotten to know you as I've always known you, and much more. I feel so proud to be your little sister. I wear that badge on my heart proudly with the most profound love for you. And the depths of it I know only you and I will understand.

*"i am of the earth  
and to the earth I shall return once more  
life and death are old friends  
and I am the conversation between them  
i am their late-night chatter  
their laughter and tears  
what is there to be afraid of  
if I am the gift they give to each other  
this place never belonged to me anyway  
i have always been theirs" - Rupi Kaur*

You're always with me. Playing Lego, making heldi cha with me, cooking together, sitting on my bed, waking me up, you're with me. We share the same sky. The same Light and source. We've known each other long before this life and we will continue to know each other long after this. I'm just glad I get to have you as a brother in this one and spend it with you. Grow together, share it, till someday we merge with the vast infinite Universe. I love you. I'll meet you in my breath.

Your little sister,  
Who you will always have so much to teach,  
Who still has a lot to learn,

Simo

Little sister,  
Gur Simran Kaur

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