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The Tough Gets
Going.'**

**"LIFE IS HARD BUT MANAGEABLE"
By Dr Ram Lakhan Prasad**

Jeena Aasaan Nahin Par Jee Lenge

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Post 14TH March 2015

Our life is an open book full of blank pages and we start

writing our stories as we go so I am doing just that.

Foreword

After creating and publishing so many visual presentations, poems, articles and stories for the last two years, as my treasured and fond memories for My Pretty Lotus, My Saroj and my loving wife, I am still attached to her intently and wish to continue expressing my inherent feelings as a means of healing myself and my loneliness. This is one of the ways of celebrating her glories, fame, name and activities that she so proudly, powerfully and sincerely bestowed upon The Prasad Family for over half a century.

In doing so, I feel I am still in complete harmony with her love and affection. This aspect of expressive creativity makes me closely attached to her and continues to celebrate all her wise words, aggregate actions, timely thoughts, cherished character and humble heart. She left us on Thursday 14th March, 2013 at 10.30 in the morning but her glorious deeds are still shining brightly in my eyes, heart and mind.

These are the additional fond memories I am celebrating and these make me continue living in the hope that I might meet her again some where and sometime in the future. Even if this hope of mine does not materialise I can live the rest of my life in the sincere belief that there are so many

fond memories of her that I am able to cherish and treasure.

For ease of reading and understanding I have decided to use dual scripts of Roman Hindi as well as Devanagari for the readers of Hindustani language. Some words are very specific to my style of writing but when read in context they can convey the intended meaning and feelings.

When we decided to tell the medical team to take the life support out I had a silent audience with my Pretty Lotus and I kissed her to say a few specific words that I knew would release her soul to transmigrate and merge with the heavenly Super Soul. This was my last conversation with her and I would like it to remain a secret between my wife and I. After my indulgence her soul reached Nirvana leaving her body behind for us to cremate as she had dictated to us. We did exactly as she had asked us to do and we are proud to have been able to fulfil her last wishes.

As the time moves on so do my sorrow, loneliness and fond memories escalate but I wish to continue this creativity...

Ram Lakhan Prasad

PROLOGUE

Scriptures tell us that God is all powerful, present everywhere and knows everything but where was his power, presence and knowledge when my beloved wife passed away? Why didn't he do something different? That was my fate.

“Is God willing to prevent evil, but not able? Then he is not omnipotent. Is he able, but not willing? Then he is malevolent. Is he both able and willing? Then, whence cometh evil? Is he neither able nor willing? Then why call him God?” – Epicurus

“The God of the Old Testament is arguably the most unpleasant character in all fiction: jealous and proud of it; a petty, unjust, unforgiving control-freak; a vindictive, bloodthirsty ethnic cleanser; a misogynistic, homophobic, racist, infanticidal, genocidal, filicidal, pestilential, megalomaniacal, sadomasochistic, capriciously malevolent bully.” – Richard Dawkins, *The God Delusion*

“And in the end it is not the years in your life that count, it's the life in your years.” – Abraham Lincoln

How can we avoid what the gods want to happen? -Caesar.

When beggars die there are no comets in the sky. The heavens only announce the deaths of princesses.-Calphurnia.

“Death lies on her, like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.” -Romeo and Juliet.

“Seeing that death, a necessary end, Will come when it will come.”- Julius Caesar.

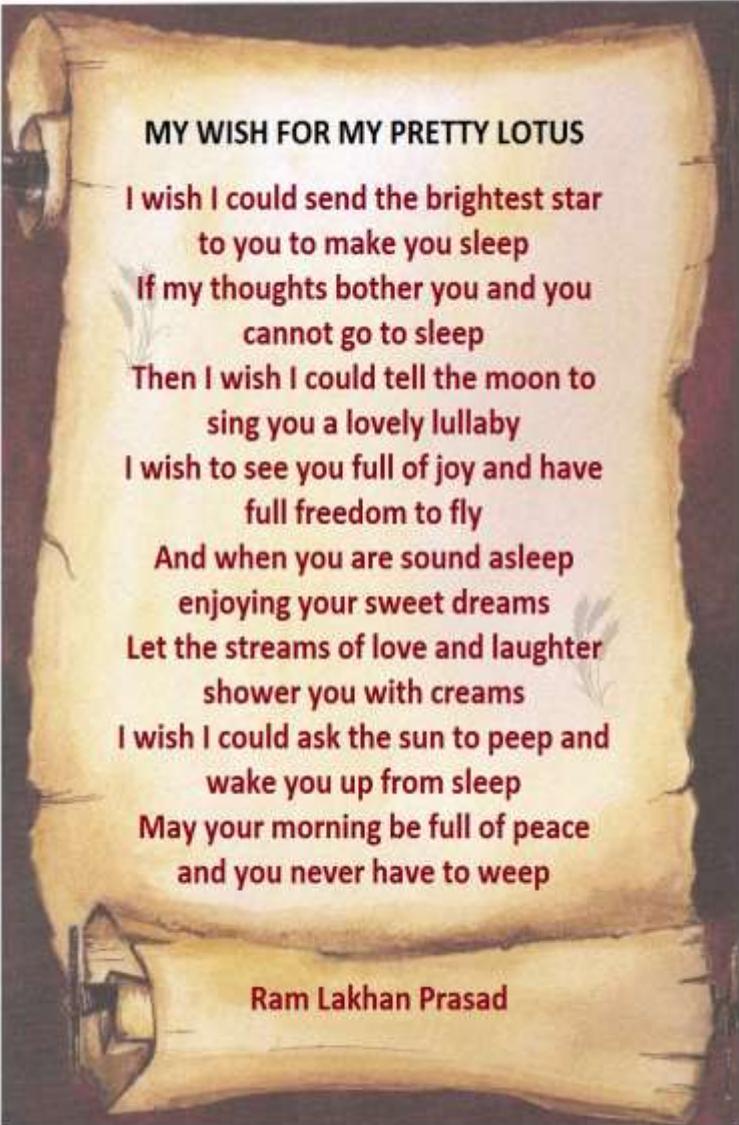
So My Pretty Lotus reached the end of the road which was her silent death.





So I am now living with that reserved wish, inner feelings and sincere wish that our divine relationship will continue as long as I am able to live. I dedicate the rest of my life to the many loving and fond memories that My Saroj has left behind for me to cherish, honour, celebrate and treasure.

I will not be able to address anyone else with that respect, honour and love that I was able to bestow on My Pretty Lotus. She lives on in my heart and I want to keep her there safely.

A scroll with text on it, featuring a title and several lines of a poem. The scroll is unrolled and has a dark background. The text is in a dark red color. There are small decorative elements like leaves on the scroll.

MY WISH FOR MY PRETTY LOTUS

I wish I could send the brightest star
to you to make you sleep
If my thoughts bother you and you
cannot go to sleep
Then I wish I could tell the moon to
sing you a lovely lullaby
I wish to see you full of joy and have
full freedom to fly
And when you are sound asleep
enjoying your sweet dreams
Let the streams of love and laughter
shower you with creams
I wish I could ask the sun to peep and
wake you up from sleep
May your morning be full of peace
and you never have to weep

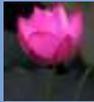
Ram Lakhan Prasad



Some people touch our lives while others leave a lasting impression and are never forgotten. My Pretty Lotus touched my life and has left a lasting impression that I will never forget. -Ram Lakhan Prasad.



Saroj, I loved you... I am
who I am because of you.
You were every reason,
every hope and every
dream I have ever had and
no matter what happens
every day I think of you is
the greatest day of my life. I
will always be yours and
you will always be mine...
Lakhan.



In my life love and death were two uninvited guests. I never knew when they came but both have left me devastated and have done the same damage. My love snatched my heart away and the death of my beloved took its beat away. I am a body without the heart beat but still living because I treasure and celebrate all the fond memories of My Pretty Lotus.



UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

**I possess a treasure, an etemal memory
of my life,**

**It is the memory of the love life with my
devoted wife.**

**Those special memories of her always
bring a smile,**

**If only I could have her back again for
only a little while.**

**Then we could relax and talk again as we
used to do,**

**She always meant so much to me always
will do too.**

**The fact that she is no longer here
causes me great pain,**

**But why worry, she is in my heart until
we meet again.**

Every person who has taken birth in this material world is destined to meet death, which is simply a matter of changing bodies, but no one except the Krishna conscious person knows where he will be going after this change of bodies.

**My precious Pretty Lotus has
turned to ashes**

**My precious Pretty Lotus has turned to
ashes**

**The vibrant petals are no longer in my
lashes**

**There are no colours and no smells that I
can feel**

**The struggles of life are removed, no
longer real**

**No more standing tall in my pond full of
love life**

**The fragrances have disappeared, no
more strife**

**My Pretty Lotus is not here to love, care
and live**

**I cannot find another one like her my love
to give.**



WO BAHUT YAAD AATI HAIN

**Unki tasveer saamne rakhta hoon to wo
bahut yaad aati hain
Aaine mein apni surat dekhoon to unka hi
chehra dikhta hain
Bhul jaana aasaan nahi hai bhulane se
aur bhi yaad aati hain
Jab bhi unko bhulaana chahata hoon wo
aur bhi yaad aati hain
Jab wo kahti thi chalo barsaat mein aaj
ham bheeg lete hain
Ab jab main barsaat mein beegta hoon to
wo yaad aajati hain
Jab tak ham dono saath rahe udaasi
kabhi bhi nahi sataati thi
Aaj sab din udaas raheta hoon kyunki wo
bahut pyar karti thi
Har ek kadam par ab unke sabhi madhur
yaaden sataati hain
Tasveer saamne rakhta hoon phirbhi wo
bahut yaad aati hain.**



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