



# Aisa Koi Na Mila

L.Sh Ratan Lal Garg  
(1926-2010)

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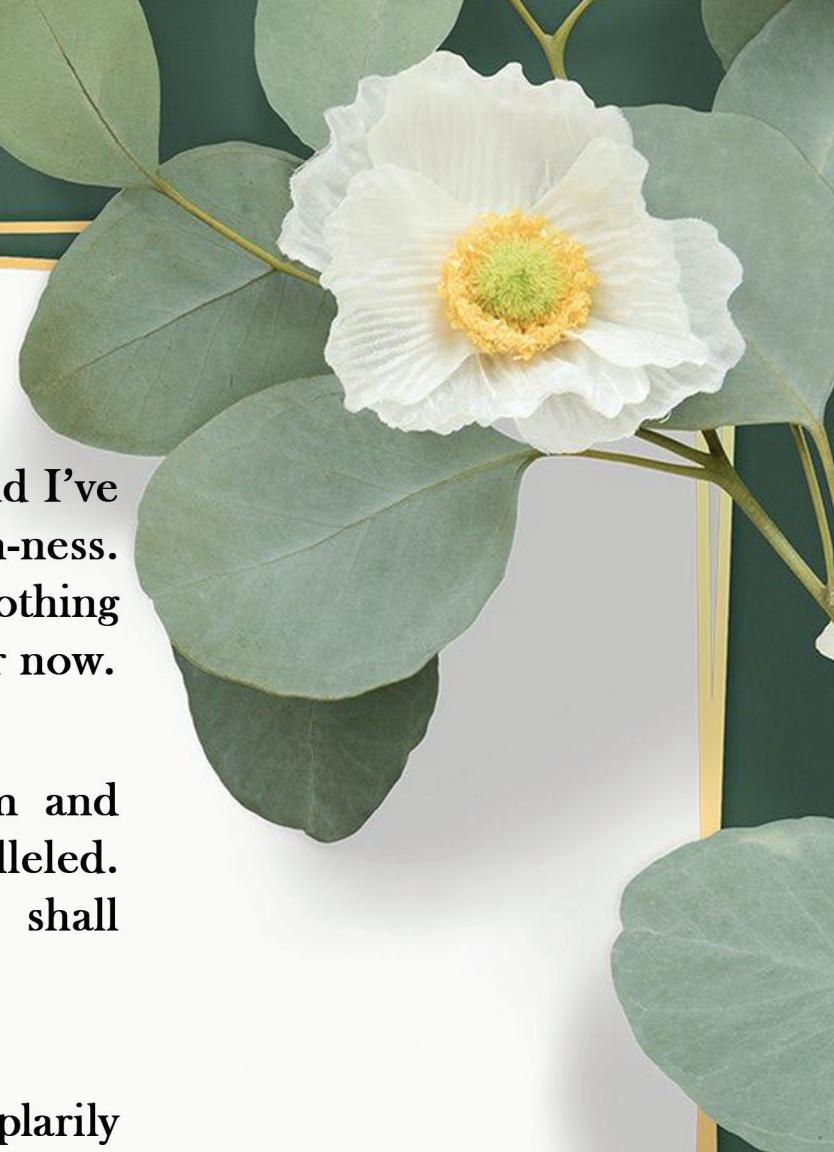
*By The Author*

The world is a conclave of ideologies.

It is a happening spot for people with different beliefs and principles to converge at certain points of time and influence each other. The impact of their confluence is transmittable ...either in good or bad, long or short terms... but it is there.

Some people are born to influence. Late Shri Ratan Lal Garg was one of them. He was a powerhouse of positivity, inspiration, strength and conviction that disciplined his own life and that of people around him. As an author it would be wrong not to admit that I began working for this book with an objective outlook, but gradually have felt myself getting immersed.

Through my writings I intend to explore through the layers... layers of personalities, traditions, customs and antiquity of societal subsistence. It has manifestly earned me more satisfaction than experience and today after a six year old journey I am beginning to believe that it is actually quite simple to non-complicate. L. Shri Ratan Lal Garg was a perfect example. What an amazingly simple, straight and unprejudiced life!



This chronicle has been an enlightening journey for me as well and I've gained better insight into the moralities of real Indian-ness. Comprehending the so called 'complexities' of discipline that are nothing but finer touches of a principled life - the perception comes easier now.

Condensing my thoughts I would say that the age old wisdom and dependability of our older generation shall always remain unparalleled. What rewards today's think-fast-blink-you-miss thought process shall bring us - this remains to be seen.



As for me, I am content with less speed and more substance... exemplarily like that of L. Sh. Ratan Lal Garg in *Aisa Koi Na Mila*

- A Book By  
**Maneesha Agrawal (MVG)**

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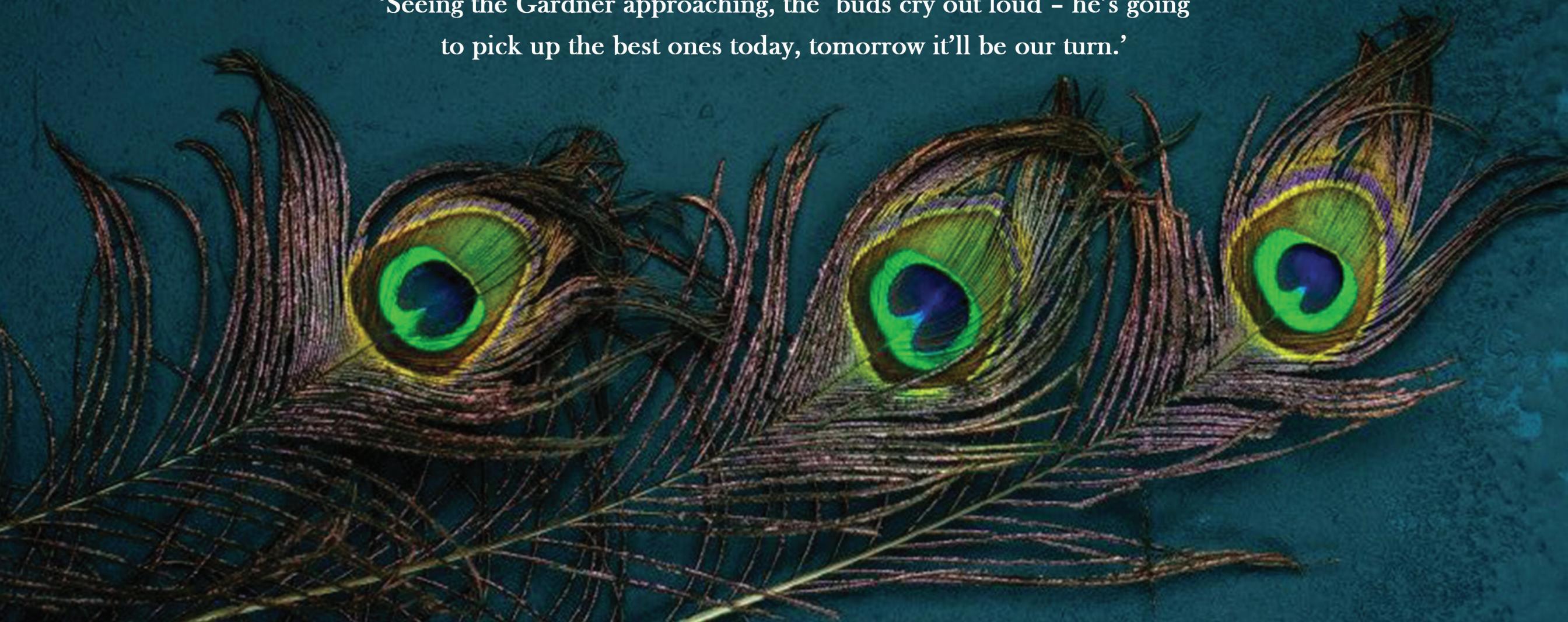


# *'Maali Cavat Dekh Ke...*

*...kaliyan karein pukaar ,  
Fooli fooli chun layi, kaal humaari baar.*

## Meaning -

'Seeing the Gardner approaching, the buds cry out loud – he's going  
to pick up the best ones today, tomorrow it'll be our turn.'



*Contributions by :*  
*Smt Javitri Devi*

## Smt Javitri Devi

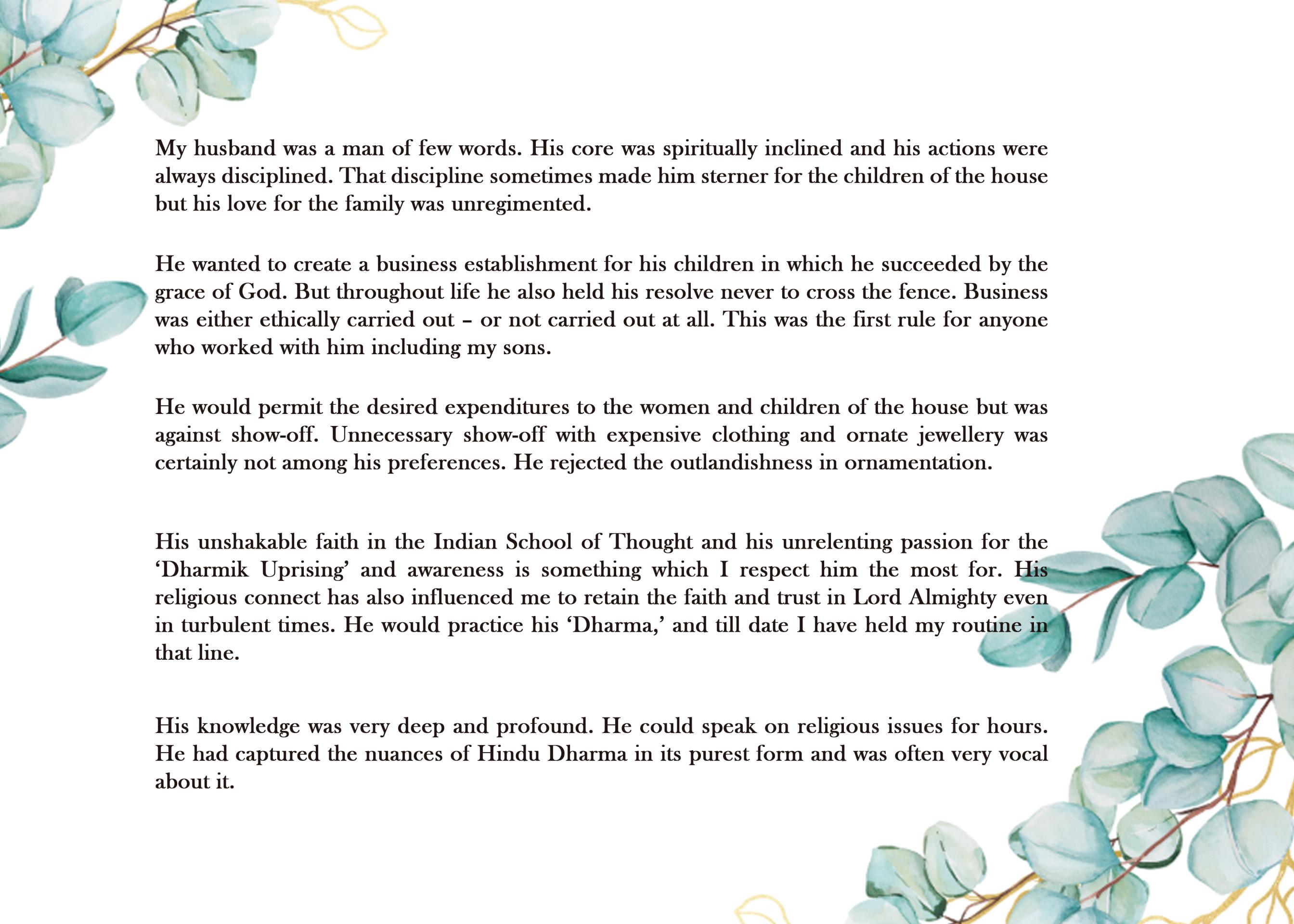
Today I am traversing the octave of my lifespan. The journey has been quite simple... a plain sailing in real sense. What is then, so special about it that deserves a mention?

My privileges I would say.

To begin with it is no less than a real privilege being born into a highly reputed family and to a lawyer father in times of educational regression in pre-independent India. I was the youngest sister in 7 siblings succeeded by a brother, preceded by one brother and 4 elder sisters. My father ensured my primary schooling even in those days of conservative social practices. This was an extraordinary beginning I believe.

My marriage in 1949 begot me my life's most valuable privilege which has altered the course of my normal, mundane and predictable existence to an enriching, learning and fruitful experience. I owe my entire journey's satisfaction to my husband, Late Sh. Ratan Lal Garg.

Being married to a person who was way ahead of his time in terms of erudition as well as implementation is not commonplace. He was a man of vision - a great supporter of social reforms particularly for the status of women in the society. And he practiced what he preached... he engaged a private tutor who would teach me English!



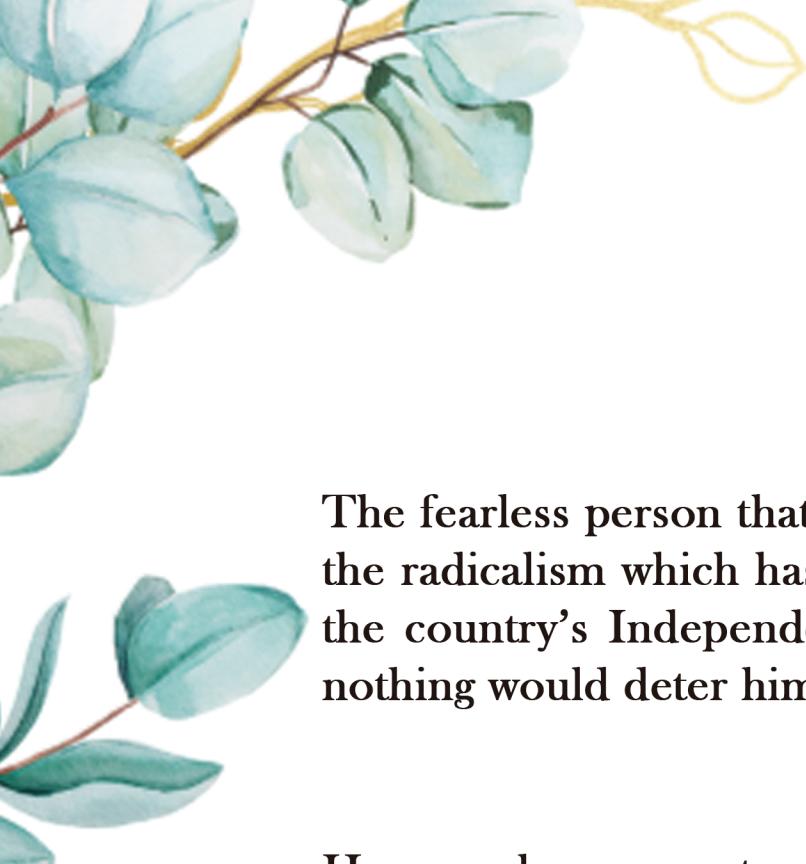
My husband was a man of few words. His core was spiritually inclined and his actions were always disciplined. That discipline sometimes made him sterner for the children of the house but his love for the family was unregimented.

He wanted to create a business establishment for his children in which he succeeded by the grace of God. But throughout life he also held his resolve never to cross the fence. Business was either ethically carried out - or not carried out at all. This was the first rule for anyone who worked with him including my sons.

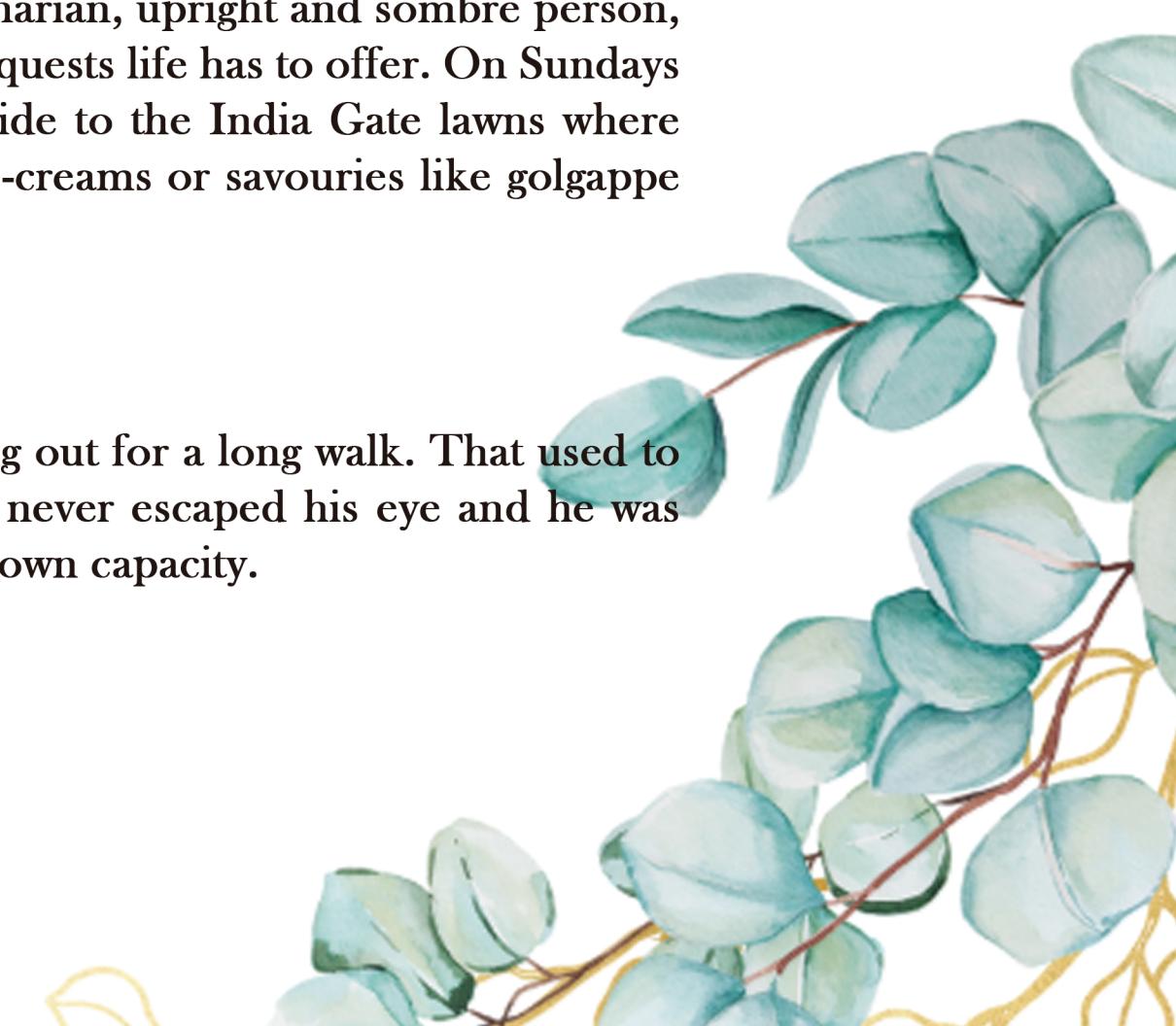
He would permit the desired expenditures to the women and children of the house but was against show-off. Unnecessary show-off with expensive clothing and ornate jewellery was certainly not among his preferences. He rejected the outlandishness in ornamentation.

His unshakable faith in the Indian School of Thought and his unrelenting passion for the 'Dharmik Uprising' and awareness is something which I respect him the most for. His religious connect has also influenced me to retain the faith and trust in Lord Almighty even in turbulent times. He would practice his 'Dharma,' and till date I have held my routine in that line.

His knowledge was very deep and profound. He could speak on religious issues for hours. He had captured the nuances of Hindu Dharma in its purest form and was often very vocal about it.



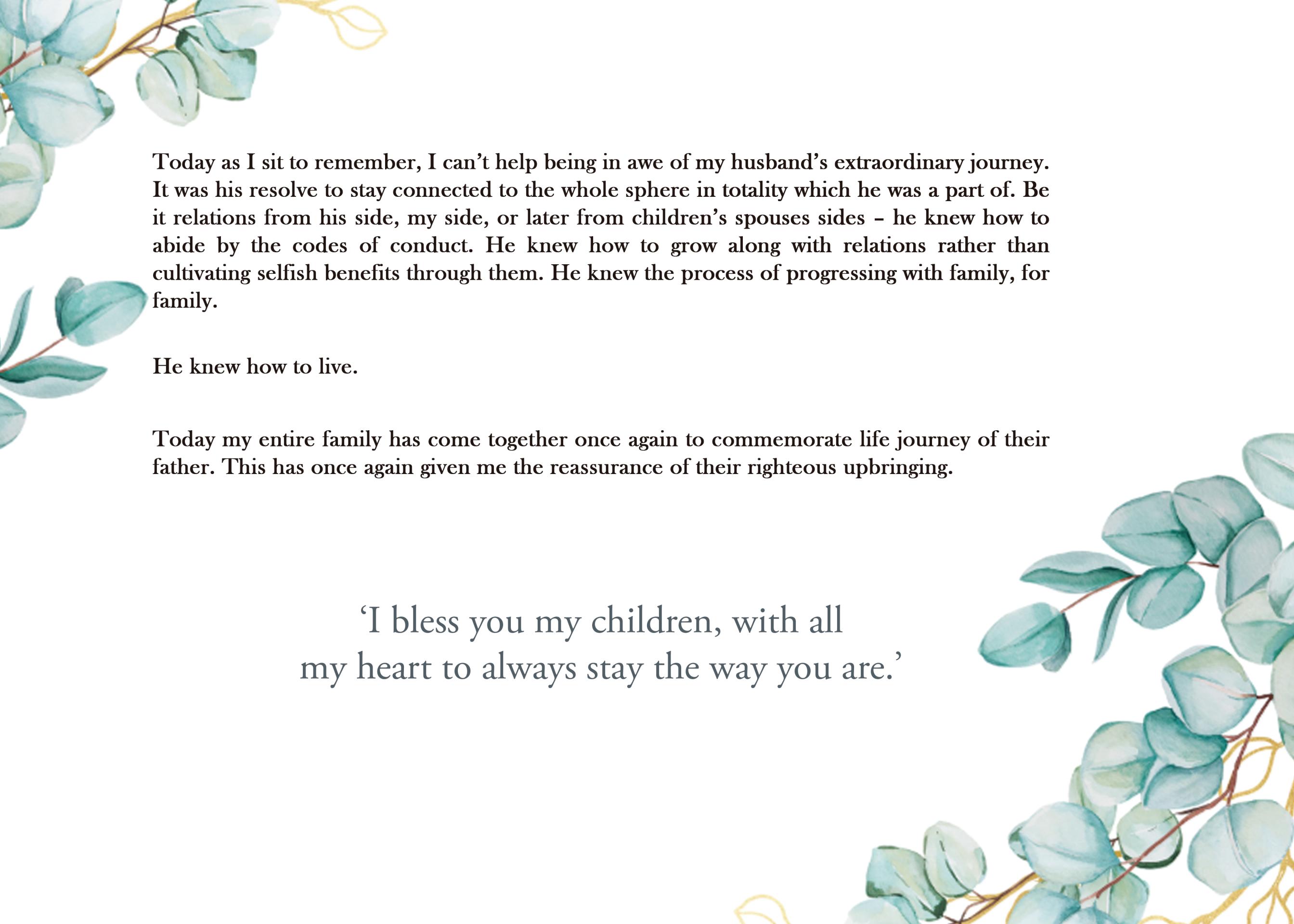
The fearless person that he remained all his life, he never minced words while condemning the radicalism which has from time to time tried to subjugate the Hindu religion ever since the country's Independence. As a result he once received threats from the fanatics... but nothing would deter him. Such was his resolve to stand for his convictions.



He was a happy, contended man. Being the strict disciplinarian, upright and sombre person, it didn't take him away from enjoying the big and small bequests life has to offer. On Sundays he would take the family out on a Tonga. It was a joy ride to the India Gate lawns where children would have fun playing around and enjoying ice-creams or savouries like golgappe and chaat.

Taking me out, indeed was for the Satsang.

Mornings of my household started with my husband going out for a long walk. That used to be an essential part of his societal routine. Social issues never escaped his eye and he was quick to address them whether they were in or out of his own capacity.



Today as I sit to remember, I can't help being in awe of my husband's extraordinary journey. It was his resolve to stay connected to the whole sphere in totality which he was a part of. Be it relations from his side, my side, or later from children's spouses sides - he knew how to abide by the codes of conduct. He knew how to grow along with relations rather than cultivating selfish benefits through them. He knew the process of progressing with family, for family.

He knew how to live.

Today my entire family has come together once again to commemorate life journey of their father. This has once again given me the reassurance of their righteous upbringing.

'I bless you my children, with all  
my heart to always stay the way you are.'



