

DR. GAGAN PREET SINGH

# HOW CANCER HEALED ME...

# TESTIMONIALS

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Dr. Gagan's journey reflects what medicine is slowly rediscovering — that healing is not limited to surgery, chemotherapy, or radiation. This book beautifully integrates clinical understanding with lifestyle science, meditation, and purpose. It is rare to see a physician write with such clarity after living both sides of the stethoscope. How Cancer Healed Me is a meaningful contribution to cancer survivorship and integrative oncology.

**Dr. Gautam Lodhaya**  
**Surgical Oncologist,**  
**Integrative Cancer Practitioner**

Dr. Gagan's journey highlights an important dimension of cancer care that often remains under-addressed — the role of lifestyle, mindset, and functional recovery alongside medical treatment. This book offers a thoughtful, experience-based perspective that can help patients navigate life beyond diagnosis with greater clarity and confidence.

**Dr. Sachin**  
**Senior Oncologist**

Illness often becomes a doorway to awareness. Dr. Gagan's journey shows how consciousness, discipline, and understanding of the body can transform suffering into growth. This book is a reminder that healing is both a medical and a meditative process.

**Swami Shailendra, MBBS**  
**Physician | Spiritual Teacher | Brother of Osho**

Dr. Gagan Preet Singh's journey reflects the power of awareness, discipline, and inner alignment in the face of adversity. This book shows how conscious living can transform even life's greatest challenges into opportunities for growth. How Cancer Healed Me is a sincere reminder that true healing begins within.

**Maharishi Aalok Ji**  
**Spiritual Leader & Teacher**

How Cancer Healed Me carries a quiet frequency of awareness and balance. Dr. Gagan's journey reflects an understanding that healing is not only physical, but vibrational — shaped by thoughts, emotions, relationships, and inner stillness. This book offers a grounded, lived perspective on how aligning the mind and body can support recovery and resilience. It will resonate with anyone seeking a deeper, more conscious approach to healing.”

**Vaishali Pandya**  
**International Sound Healing Trainer**  
**Founder, Institute of Sound Healing**

Strength is not created in comfort; it is awakened in surrender. Long before cancer entered his life, Dr. Gagan had already anchored himself in inner discipline, courage, and clarity through DSN. When the body was tested, that inner grounding became an unshakable refuge. How Cancer Healed Me is not merely a story of illness, but of awakening—a powerful testament that when consciousness is cultivated early, even cancer becomes a doorway to deeper awareness, resilience, and grace.

**Anand Rajindran Ji**  
**Senior Art of Living - DSN Teacher**

Cancer healing doesn't need attitude of fighting. This book describe the mechanism of Mind-Body healing i.e. holistic medicine... through Conscious Diet, Lifestyle, Meditation, Mindful Habits, Movement, Deep Sleep. His writing is going to inspire thousands of cancer patients & doctors.

**Dr. S. Ranjan, MBBS,**  
**Cancer Remission Coach**

When Dr. Gagan learned Heal Your Life, it was a seed planted quietly. Years later, during his cancer journey, that seed blossomed into lived wisdom. This book reflects a deep understanding of how thoughts, beliefs, and emotions shape our health and our healing. How Cancer Healed Me is a gentle yet powerful reminder that when we change our inner dialogue, the body listens. I am grateful to see the teachings of Louise Hay expressed through such honesty, courage, and real-life transformation.

**Lakhvinder Baabu Gill**  
**Heal Your Life® Coach (Louise Hay Method)**

I have known Dr Gagan Preet Singh not just as a friend, but as a living example of courage and conscious living. When cancer entered his life, he chose awareness over fear and discipline over panic. Through consistency, patience, and inner work, he rebuilt himself from the inside out. This book is not merely about recovery — it is a testimony of transformation. It reminds us that when courage meets consistency, even cancer becomes a chapter, not the conclusion.

**Antar Jagdish**  
**Life Coach,**  
**Writer, Artist**  
**Trustee, Osho Sanzen, HP**

In silence, healing happens — and Dr. Gagan has understood this through experience. His journey reflects the power of breath, meditation, and conscious living when life challenges us at the deepest level. This book is a reminder that when we turn inward with discipline and faith, transformation follows. It will inspire many to walk their own path of healing.

**Rahul Talwar,**  
**Spiritual Wellness Coach and Meditation Teacher**

Dr Gagan Preet Singh's journey is deeply inspiring because it is real. This book shows how inner strength, right thinking, and conscious living can transform even the toughest situations. This is a must read for every cancer patient "How Cancer Healed Me" is not just a story of survival — it is a story of becoming stronger as a human being.

**Ravinder Grewal**  
**Punjabi Singer**

*Dedicated to  
all the Cancer Patients and Families  
who are fighting with bravery.*

# PREFACE

Every year the world records a new wave of cancer diagnoses. In 2022 nearly **20 million** new cancer cases were diagnosed globally, and roughly **9.7 million** people died of cancer that same year. These raw numbers are not just statistics — they are families, workplaces, and futures altered across every continent. ([PubMed])

What the headlines rarely explain is that a large proportion of cancer’s fatal toll is not caused directly by the tumour mass you can point to on a scan, but by the **systemic consequences of the disease** — the slow erosion of muscle, function and metabolic reserve that eventually fails the body. One well-documented example is **cancer cachexia: a multifactorial wasting syndrome characterized by progressive loss of skeletal muscle (with or without fat loss) that affects a large share of people with advanced solid tumours. Cachexia contributes substantially to mortality — estimates from expert reviews and national institutes place its role at about 20–30% of cancer deaths**, and its prevalence varies by cancer type (very high in pancreatic and gastric cancers, substantial in lung and colorectal cancers). ([PMC])

Closely related to cachexia is **sarcopenia** — low muscle mass and function — which independent meta-analyses link to worse survival across many cancer types. In plain terms: loss of lean mass is not cosmetic. It is a measurable predictor of treatment tolerance, complications, and mortality. Intervening early to preserve or rebuild muscle is therefore not optional; it is central to changing outcomes. ([PMC])

There is another side to these large numbers that gives reason for both urgency and hope. Global estimates indicate that **millions of people are living after a cancer diagnosis** — many of them beyond the five-year mark. GLOBOCAN and allied sources estimate **tens of millions** in five-year prevalence alone: more than **50 million** people worldwide were living within five years of a past cancer diagnosis in recent estimates. That means survivorship is a mass phenomenon; it is not rare, and it is growing. ([UICC])

Yet survivorship is frequently misunderstood. In clinical practice a patient is often labelled as “disease-free” when scans and tests no longer show active tumour. That is a crucial medical milestone. But being **disease-free** on a report is not the same as being **well** in daily life. Large observational studies and surveys repeatedly show that **a majority of survivors struggle with functional limitations, fatigue, sleep disruption, poor nutrition, physical inactivity, anxiety about recurrence, and diminished quality of life. Crucially, only**

**a minority — often reported between 7% and 40%** depending on the population and measure — follow guideline-concordant healthy-lifestyle behaviours after treatment. This gap between clinical remission and lived well-being is where too many lives remain fragile. ([PMC])

Those hard facts shaped my thinking when cancer arrived in my own life. As a community medicine physician I had spend decades teaching prevention and systems-level responses; yet as a patient I discovered how hollow medical completeness can feel if the rest of the person — muscle, sleep, purpose, relationships — is left unattended. Medicine cured a lesion; the rest of my life still required repair.

This book is an attempt to bridge that divide. It is written from two converging perspectives: the clinician who values evidence and structured care, and the patient who has learned by experience how much the small, daily practices — sleep, movement, whole food, stress regulation, meaningful relationships — matter to survival and to living fully. Along the way I draw on clinical literature about cachexia and sarcopenia, population statistics on incidence and survivorship, and growing research that links exercise, nutrition, sleep, and psychosocial support to better function, treatment tolerance and quality of life.

I do not claim miracle solutions. The science of cancer biology remains decisive: for many tumours,

early detection and appropriate oncologic treatment are life-saving. What I offer is a pragmatic, evidence-informed framework for the phase that follows or runs alongside treatment — the phase too often left undefined in clinics and absent from conversations about “cure.” This framework aims to preserve function, reduce complications, and restore agency: to help patients move from being technically “disease-free” toward becoming truly **free from disease** in the sense of restored strength, resilience, and purpose.

If you are reading this because you are a patient, a survivor, a caregiver, or a clinician, know this: the statistics are not destiny. Numbers describe trends; humans change them. Interventions that preserve muscle, improve sleep, reduce chronic inflammation, and rebuild social and emotional resources alter quality of life and, in many cases, alter survival as well. The remainder of this book is my lived map — a blend of practical routines, reflective narrative, and pointers to the scientific literature that shaped my choices.

Thank you for taking these pages into your life. May the data you now hold as context also become a source of clarity — and may the practices that follow become instruments of real recovery, functional strength, and a life rebuilt with intention.

**Dr. Gagan Preet Singh**

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## The Lazy Aquarian

I am an Aquarian — a sign often associated with imagination, idealism, and creativity. But if I am honest, the Aquarian trait that ruled me for most of my early life was **laziness**. Not the restful kind of laziness that heals the body, but the passive, drifting kind — the kind that keeps you stuck in a stagnant pond while life flows freely around you.

For years, I floated through my days without direction. My routines were predictable; my enthusiasm, minimal. I was a doctor by profession, yet I felt detached from the energy and service my field demanded. At home, I participated little in family activities. At college, I avoided involvement in programs, preferring the comfort of excuses over the discomfort of growth. Life, in a word, was **stagnant** — and I was comfortable being comfortably stuck.

Then came 2019, the year that shook me awake.

Three separate betrayals — each from a person I had trusted deeply — hit me like waves in quick succession. The pain was not just emotional; it felt physical. My world, built on the fragile foundation of complacency, cracked open. Allegations surfaced in my professional life, my family life grew tense, and for the first time, I saw myself not as a doctor, husband, or son — but as a broken man.

Those were dark days. I remember looking in the mirror and seeing not my reflection, but my failures. My name, my integrity, my reputation — all seemed to crumble. The silence of the nights became unbearable. I was surrounded by people, yet isolated in my own mind.

But in that darkness, **three lights** appeared — steady and unwavering. My brother, **Dr. Sandeep Jot Singh**, my wife, **Dr. Manwinder Kaur**, and my dear friend, **Dr. Sanjeev Kataria, Lecturer, DIET, Faridkot and Art of Living Teacher**. When everything else fell apart, they stood like pillars — not letting me fall completely. Their faith in me was the spark that reignited my own.

It was my wife who gently pushed me to join a gym — a small step that became the turning point of my life. I still remember my first day there, standing awkwardly among weights and machines, feeling out of place

and purposeless. But as I began to move — one set, one repetition at a time — something within me began to shift. My body responded, and with it, my mind.

The gym became more than a place for exercise; it was **a temple of transformation**. With every drop of sweat, I released a little of my pain. I started to feel alive again — not just physically but emotionally. The mirror that once reflected failure now began to show resilience. For the first time after those shattering events, I could look myself in the eyes without flinching.

As my body strengthened, my thoughts grew lighter. Negative thinking started losing its grip. Energy — something I hadn't felt in years — flowed back into my days. I found joy in simple victories: waking up early, completing a workout, sticking to a schedule. My inner dialogue changed from “I can't” to “I will.”

The lazy Aquarian was evolving.

Then, during a doctors' strike for our rights, I made a decision that surprised even me — I took **an active role**. I spoke, organized, and stood with my colleagues. The same man who once hid in the background now faced the crowd. Appearing publicly revived a long-lost part of me — my **creative and expressive self**. I started performing in college functions, writing scripts, and participating with passion. Appreciation from others began to fuel a quiet confidence within.

Life, which once felt like a dull river, began to sparkle again.

My mornings became structured, my evenings purposeful. I started reading motivational and spiritual books, journaling my thoughts, and planning each day in advance. I learned the power of **daily discipline**, and soon, my productivity soared. Through **gratitude journaling**, I shifted my focus from what I lacked to what I had. And as I did, my blessings multiplied.

The man who once lived in inertia was now discovering momentum.

I had no idea then that this phase — this reawakening — was preparing me for the greatest test of my life. The lessons I was learning through self-discipline, gratitude, and spiritual practice were quietly building the foundation I would need to face the storm that lay ahead — a storm called **cancer**.

But that, as they say, is another chapter.

## CHAPTER 2

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# The Shock of Cancer - The Discovery

**L**ife was finally flowing again. My days were filled with energy, purpose, and gratitude. I had conquered laziness, rebuilt my confidence, and rediscovered joy in work, fitness, and family. Everything seemed to be moving in harmony — until one morning, during my usual routine, I noticed something unusual.

A tiny papule — barely visible — on the **tip of my penis**.

It looked harmless, like a small skin tag or a wart. My first reaction was curiosity, not fear. As a doctor, I had seen countless benign lesions. “Maybe a simple papilloma,” I thought, dismissing it as a minor nuisance. Yet a faint uneasiness lingered in the back of my mind.

Later that day, I mentioned it casually to my friend and urologist, **Dr. Ankush Jairath**. We had been friends for years — the kind of colleagues who could mix humor with seriousness effortlessly.

“Yaar Ankush,” I said lightly, “there’s this small growth I’ve noticed. Probably nothing major, but I’ll show it to you.”

He examined it carefully and smiled reassuringly, “Gagan, it looks like a **urethral papilloma** — quite common and nothing to worry about. We’ll just excise it. You’ll be fine.”

We fixed the procedure for **the coming Sunday**, when both of us were free. The plan was simple — a minor surgery, quick removal, and back to normal life. We laughed about it like two old friends planning a picnic instead of a medical procedure. “Bas yaar, next week I’ll be a free man,” I joked.

When Sunday arrived, the operation theatre was unusually cheerful. No tension, no fear. We were cracking jokes, teasing each other as if it were a friendly gathering. Dr. Ankush Jairath, with his typical calm and precision, began the excision. “You know,” he said mid-procedure, “I think my surgical skills deserve a five-star review today.” I laughed, “I’ll mention you in my autobiography — *‘Operated by the best surgeon with the worst sense of humor.’*”

Within minutes, it was done. Clean, smooth, uneventful. The wound was minor, the atmosphere light-hearted. We both smiled — just another simple case, another day at work.

But there was one thing that bothered me — my **privacy**.

Being a faculty member at my own medical college, I didn’t want anyone knowing about my personal medical condition, however small it might be. Doctors talk; news travels. So, I decided to give the tissue sample for **histopathology** under a **fake name**. I laughed to myself while filling the form — it felt silly but somehow necessary. I thought, “Why invite unnecessary curiosity? It’s probably nothing anyway.”

With that, I handed over the sample, tucked away the receipt, and walked out feeling completely at ease. The day went on like any other. I even met friends later and shared a few jokes about my “minor adventure in the OT.” There was laughter, lightness, and no hint of the storm that was about to unfold.

Little did I know that inside that tiny piece of tissue — sealed in a glass vial with a false name — lay the message that would change my life forever.

A few days after the excision, life went back to its normal rhythm — morning gym, hospital duties, family laughter, and the comforting hum of routine.

I had almost forgotten about the tiny tissue sample I had sent for histopathology. It was a mere formality, a ritual of thoroughness all doctors follow.

Then one ordinary afternoon, while I was in my office, a message popped up on my phone from the pathology lab.

**“Report ready for collection.”**

I felt no anxiety, only curiosity. I walked casually to the lab, collected the report in an unmarked envelope, and returned to my room. I opened it leisurely, expecting to read something like *benign papilloma* or *chronic inflammation*. But as my eyes fell on the words printed neatly in black ink, my world went blank.

**“Urothelial Carcinoma — High Grade.”**

For a few seconds, I couldn't breathe. The letters blurred, my mind refused to process them. I blinked twice, thrice, hoping I had misread the line. But it was there — cold, clinical, and final.

I sat on the edge of my bed, the report trembling in my hand. A wave of heat rushed through my chest, followed by a cold shiver. The first thought that struck me was not about death, but about disbelief. *This can't be true*. The second thought was of my family — my wife, my children, my parents. How would they take it? How would I tell them?

My throat tightened. My eyes welled up, and the tears spilled uncontrollably. I am not someone who hides emotions — I can tear up watching an emotional movie scene or even a Facebook reel. But this was different. This was raw, heavy, suffocating grief.

I sat silently for what felt like hours, clutching the paper like a verdict.

That's when **Manwinder**, my wife, walked in. Her voice was casual, gentle.

“Gagan, what happened? Why are you sitting so quietly?”

I couldn't answer. My lips trembled, my throat felt paralyzed. She came closer, saw my tear-streaked face, and her smile faded. “What happened?” she repeated, her tone shifting to concern.

Without a word, I handed her the report.

For a moment, she looked at it with the same calm I had when I first opened it. Then I saw her expression change — disbelief, confusion, and finally, fear. The silence between us was heavy. Neither of us spoke; tears just rolled down freely. We sat like that for nearly an hour — two doctors, two parents, two souls suddenly reduced to helpless children.

Finally, she broke the silence. “There must be some

mistake,” she said firmly, almost angrily. “How can they label it as *carcinoma* on just one biopsy report? There must be further tests, other markers, second opinions. Maybe it’s a mix-up. Maybe it’s not even your sample!”

Her words gave me something to hold on to — **denial**, the first refuge of fear.

“Yes,” I whispered. “Maybe they mixed it with someone else’s. I gave a fake name; there could have been a confusion. I’ll check with Dr. Ankush Jairath.”

That night, sleep was impossible. I kept replaying the words “high grade carcinoma” in my mind, each time hoping they would mean something else.

The next morning, I called **Dr. Ankush Jairath**. He could sense the tension in my voice.

“Ankush,” I said softly, “the biopsy report says *urothelial carcinoma, high grade*. Is there... any chance this could be wrong?”

There was a pause — a long, uncomfortable silence on the line. Finally, he said, “Gagan, I won’t lie to you. The chances of an error are very, very slim. But yes, sometimes histopathology can be inconclusive. We’ll have to pursue this further — get a **cystoscopy**, maybe even a **repeat biopsy**. That will give us a clearer picture.”

His tone was calm, reassuring, but I could sense the weight behind his words.

After the call, I sat back, staring blankly at the wall. My world had tilted, and nothing felt steady anymore. The laughter, the routines, the goals — all suddenly seemed fragile. Yet, somewhere in that haze of fear and disbelief, a faint thought surfaced:

*Maybe this isn’t the end. Maybe this is the beginning of something I don’t yet understand.*

The fight had not begun yet — but the silence before the storm had.

## The Silent Burden — Whom Should I Tell?

When the word *cancer* enters your life, it doesn't come alone. It brings silence, confusion, and a strange isolation — even in a room full of people. You realize quickly that it's not just a medical condition; it's a *social event*. Everyone reacts, everyone has an opinion, and everyone suddenly becomes an expert — except the person who actually needs to be heard.

That realization hit me hard.

I sat alone, the biopsy report still folded in my pocket, thinking: *Whom should I tell?*

In our society, there are very few people who can actually **help** in a crisis. Most, unintentionally, make it worse — by exaggerating the fear, drowning you in sympathy, and infecting the environment with hopelessness.

When someone is sick, our culture often mistakes **pity for care**. Instead of giving strength, people offer tears. Instead of silence, they spread panic. I had seen it happen to others — the whispers, the pitying looks, the endless, draining discussions about suffering. I couldn't bear to imagine that happening to me, or worse, to my family.

My parents came to mind first. They are strong people, yet their strength melts when it comes to their children. Even a minor fever of mine worries them for days. If they came to know that I was diagnosed with **cancer**, they would not sleep for weeks. My mother's face flashed before my eyes — her teary prayers, her trembling voice, her inability to focus on anything else. My father, stoic on the outside but shattered within.

No.

I couldn't do that to them.

They didn't deserve that kind of pain.

That also meant I couldn't **share this openly** with anyone else. The walls had to be built high — not out of secrecy, but out of **protection**. I needed to find one person — just one — who could know everything, guide me, and also take care of my family *if things went wrong*. Someone reliable. Someone emotionally strong. Someone who wouldn't crumble with the news.

There was only one name that came to mind — **my brother, Dr. Sandeep Jot Singh.**

He wasn't just my brother; he was my anchor — calm under pressure, wise beyond his years, and fiercely protective of our family. I trusted him completely.

Still, I hesitated. How do you send such news to your own brother? How do you tell him that you might not be around in a few years? My hands trembled as I clicked the photo of my biopsy report.

I didn't tell him it was mine.

I simply sent the picture on **WhatsApp**, with a short message:

“What do you think of this case?”

Within a few minutes, the double blue ticks appeared. He called immediately.

“This patient has a serious diagnosis,” he said in his professional tone. “High-grade urothelial carcinoma. But don't worry, with proper treatment, he can survive for five to six years — maybe longer if it's localized. Depends on staging. Who is the patient?”

There was a pause — the kind that seems to stretch forever. My heart pounded as I whispered,

“The patient is me.”

Silence.

The line went dead quiet. I could almost hear his breath stop on the other side. Then, softly, his voice came, shaken for the first time in years:

“What... Gagan... what are you saying?”

He couldn't speak further. After a long pause, he said in a low, restrained tone,

“I'll call you in a while.”

And then the call ended.

I sat there staring at my phone screen, my own reflection faintly visible on the black glass. For the first time, I realized how lonely it feels to hold a truth too heavy for words — a truth that, once spoken, changes every relationship you have.

At that moment, I didn't need sympathy or fear. I needed **clarity**. I needed **courage**. And I needed my brother — not just as family, but as my first partner in this battle that had only just begun.

## Looking for Possibility in Cancer

That night after revealing the truth to my brother, I couldn't sleep. My mind was a storm of thoughts — about life, death, family, and responsibilities. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw flashes of my children's faces, my wife's smile, my parents' aging hands.

By evening, I received his call. I had imagined this conversation a hundred times in my head — part of me expected tears, part of me expected silence. But when I heard **Sandeep's** voice, it was calm, measured, and firm.

We spoke at length — not about the disease at first, but about practical things, responsibilities, and life beyond this diagnosis. He was still processing the shock, yet his steadiness gave me strength. I knew I could lean on him.

While he listened quietly, an idea began to form in my mind. It was not born out of greed, but out of *responsibility*. He had been planning to buy a house in **Mohali**, and I suddenly saw a way to secure something for my family — a practical safety net amidst chaos.

I said gently, “Veere, listen. You're already looking for a house. What if I take the loan in my name and get it insured? These days, every housing loan automatically comes with an insurance policy. Think about it — if I survive, wonderful! The house stays in the family. But if something happens to me... the loan will be cleared, and the insurance will cover it. Either way, we win.”

For a moment, there was silence. Then, in his deep, composed voice, he said something that pierced through my logic like sunlight breaking through fog.

“No, Gagan. Don't even think that way. This is not the time to plan your death. This is the time to visualize your life.”

He paused, then added firmly,

“You know what we've always believed — **law of attraction**. What you focus on expands. If you think in terms of dying, your energy will align with death. If you think in terms of living, you'll align with life. So let's not create vibrations of fear or finality. Let's create vibrations of healing.”

His words hit me hard. For a second, I felt almost foolish. Here I was, a doctor, calculating probabilities like an actuary, planning insurance as if that could soften destiny — and there he was, speaking the language of faith, energy, and consciousness.

I stayed quiet for a while. Then slowly, I nodded, even though he couldn't see me. "You're right," I said softly. "Maybe I'm trying to make sense of something senseless. Maybe I'm trying to control what I should surrender."

He replied with quiet conviction,

"Exactly. Don't see this as a punishment, Gagan. See it as a **possibility** — a doorway to transformation. You've already changed so much these past few years — physically, mentally, spiritually. This is just another step in that evolution. You'll heal. You must believe it."

The firmness in his voice was healing in itself.

We talked for a long time that evening — about faith, family, and courage. By the time we hung up, I could feel something shifting inside me. The fear that had gripped my chest began to loosen its hold.

For the first time since the diagnosis, I felt a flicker of hope — not the shallow kind that denies reality, but the deeper kind that accepts it and still chooses light.

I realized something profound that night: **when fear tries to shrink your world, faith quietly expands it again.**

And from that point onward, I decided to look for **possibility in cancer** — not as an ending, but as the beginning of a new way of living.

## When Your Friends Stand With You

Once the initial shock of the diagnosis began to settle, a new question rose to the surface — *What next?*

What was the right path to take? What should be the line of treatment? As a doctor, I knew that every day of delay could matter, but as a patient, I was clouded with confusion and fear. I needed guidance — not from books or the internet, but from people who knew both medicine and me.

The first person I thought of was **Dr. Ankush Jairath**, my dear friend and a brilliant urologist. He wasn't just a colleague; he was someone who understood my temperament, my anxieties, and my way of thinking. When I shared my report with him, his tone immediately changed from friendly concern to professional focus.

“Okay, Gagan,” he said, “we’ll handle this systematically. No panic. Let’s look at the possibilities.”

His calm, methodical voice was a balm to my unsettled mind. Within minutes, he had taken charge — discussing possible treatment lines, prognosis, and the need for further evaluation through cystoscopy and PET scan. But what touched me most was not his medical advice — it was his **presence**. He didn't look at me with pity; he looked at me with **partnership**. That made all the difference.

Then came another blessing — my second friend, and classmate **Dr. Satinder Pal Aggarwal**, also a renowned urologist and a surgeon par excellence. Dr Ankush Jairath and Dr Satinder Pal Aggarwal were not just experts in their field; they were brothers in practice, constantly discussing cases, sharing surgical insights, and helping each other in complex procedures.

When they both discussed my case, I could sense the depth of their commitment. There was seriousness, but also genuine care. They weren't just treating a patient; they were standing by their friend.

After a detailed conversation, they reached a mutual conclusion.

“Gagan,” Ankush Jairath said, “you should go to **Rajiv Gandhi Cancer Institute** in Rohini, Delhi. It's one of the best centers for cancer management.

The infrastructure, expertise, and multidisciplinary approach there are excellent. You'll be in the best hands."

Satinder added, "One of my seniors, **Dr. Amitabh Singh**, works there. He's an outstanding surgeon — skillful, compassionate, and deeply human. I'll call him personally and brief him about your case. You'll be looked after well."

In that moment, I felt an immense wave of gratitude. Here were two friends — busy doctors with their own lives and responsibilities — who had dropped everything to discuss my problem, to plan, to reassure. They didn't dramatize my situation; they handled it like professionals but cared like brothers.

That night, when I lay down, I thought about how **real friendship reveals itself in moments of crisis**. These were not the friends who would send "get well soon" messages or offer sympathy from afar. These were the ones who rolled up their sleeves, studied my reports, discussed my prognosis, and created a road map for my survival.

And that gave me an incredible sense of comfort — the feeling that I was **not alone** in this journey.

Cancer might have entered my life uninvited, but it had also brought me face-to-face with the **power of true friendship** — the kind that doesn't just stand

with you, but walks with you through the darkest tunnels until you find the light again.

## Going to Rajiv Gandhi Cancer Institute

**A**s the plan to visit **Rajiv Gandhi Cancer Institute (RGCI)** took shape, I felt a strange blend of calmness and curiosity. By then, I was already deep into my **Empowerment Coach Training Program**, led by my brother, **Dr. Sandeep Jot** — a program that was quietly transforming the way I dealt with emotions, fears, and challenges.

It was a four-month-long journey, filled with intense inner work — learning how to understand emotions, raise productivity, and live consciously. Those teachings became my anchor. Even though my mind was occasionally flooded with worry, the practice of observing thoughts without being consumed by them helped me stay grounded.

Instead of panicking about the unknown, I began

to **witness** my own fear — like watching waves rise and fall without drowning in them. This training gave me the strength to move forward not as a victim, but as a student of life.

When the day finally came, I packed my reports, took a deep breath, and started my journey to Delhi. As I entered the grand building of **Rajiv Gandhi Cancer Institute**, a strange serenity came over me. The hospital was bustling with patients and staff, yet there was an air of quiet purpose — a rhythm of hope amidst struggle.

I was directed to meet **Dr. Amitabh Singh**, the urologist and oncological surgeon whom **Dr. Satinder Pal** had already spoken to about my case. When I met him, the first thing that struck me was his simplicity. There was no arrogance, no rush — just calm assurance. His tone was polite, his demeanor composed, and his eyes reflected genuine empathy.

“Dr. Gagan,” he greeted me with a smile, “I’ve already spoken to Dr. Satinder. He’s told me about you. Let’s go through everything step by step.”

He went through my previous reports carefully, asking a few pointed questions but never letting the conversation drift into fear. His balance of professionalism and humanity immediately made me feel safe.

I asked several questions — the kind that only a doctor-patient can ask, layered with both technical curiosity and personal anxiety.

“What’s the prognosis?”

“What are the chances it’s localized?”

“Can it still be a false positive?”

He listened attentively and answered each query with honesty, neither sugarcoating nor alarming me. “Right now,” he said gently, “we can’t make any final conclusions. We’ll have to **see inside** and confirm the extent.”

Then he outlined the plan with clinical precision:

“First, we’ll do a **cystoscopy** — a small procedure to directly visualize the urethra and bladder. Depending on what we see, we might take another biopsy. After that, we’ll go for a **PET scan** to rule out any spread. Once we have these results, we can decide the best line of treatment.”

His words were steady, almost meditative. It wasn’t the information that comforted me — it was his *energy*. There was no rush, no fear, just a quiet assurance that this was a path we would walk step by step.

As I left his cabin, I felt surprisingly peaceful. The fear that had once felt like a storm was now a gentle drizzle. I knew the road ahead would be tough — filled with

tests, procedures, and uncertainty — but I also knew I was being guided by the right people and grounded by the right mindset.

That evening, as I returned to my hotel room, I opened my Empowerment notes and wrote in my journal:

“Today, I met calmness in the form of a doctor. I realized - sometimes healing begins not in treatment, but in the energy of the people who choose to stand beside you.”

And with that realization, I decided to move forward — one investigation, one breath, and one act of faith at a time.

## Procedures in RGCI

**T**he next morning, I reported to the **minor OT** at **Rajiv Gandhi Cancer Institute** for my **cystoscopy**. After completing the necessary formalities - forms, consent, and identification checks — I sat quietly in the waiting area.

Around me were other patients, each waiting for their turn. Some looked tense, clutching their files as if holding on to their lives. Others sat silently, their faces calm yet distant, eyes revealing stories of sleepless nights and uncertain tomorrows. A few, however, seemed almost defiant — their postures upright, their expressions determined.

I observed them closely, not as a doctor but as a fellow traveler on the same road. There was a certain helplessness in the air — the kind that comes when

control slips from your hands and destiny takes the wheel. But amidst that helplessness, I also saw **courage** — the quiet kind that doesn't shout or dramatize, but simply endures.

One elderly man sitting beside me caught my attention. He was wearing a faded sweater and clutching a rosary. I smiled at him and asked gently, “First time here?”

He nodded, “Yes. They said I might have a tumor. Let's see what God has planned.”

His simplicity disarmed me. Here was a man who had surrendered fully, not with defeat, but with faith. I realized that in the corridors of cancer hospitals, you don't just meet patients — you meet **mirrors of your own vulnerability**.

After a while, a nurse called my name. “Dr. Gagan, please come in.”

Inside the minor OT, the familiar smell of antiseptic filled the air. Though I had stood in many such rooms before as a doctor, being on the other side of the table was different — strangely humbling.

**Dr. Amitabh Singh** greeted me warmly. His calm presence once again settled my nerves. “We'll begin shortly,” he said. “This will be a simple cystoscopy. I'll insert a scope to visualize the urethra and bladder. If there's any lesion, we'll note its characteristics and

take a biopsy.”

I nodded, placing my trust completely in his expertise.

The procedure began. Though mildly uncomfortable, it was smooth and precise. I could sense his focus — every movement deliberate, every instruction clear. After a while, he spoke in his calm tone, “There’s a small lesion at the site where your earlier excision was done. It looks **localized** — that’s a good sign. We’ll take a biopsy from this area for confirmation.”

Those words — *localized* — felt like a breath of oxygen.

After the procedure, I was shifted to recovery for a short while. I felt lightheaded but strangely relieved. I knew the journey was still long, yet it felt like a small victory — the first piece of good news in weeks.

The next morning, I was scheduled for a **PET-CT scan**. The nurse explained the instructions carefully — fasting, hydration, and avoiding unnecessary movement during the scan.

The waiting area outside the PET suite was another universe of patience. Hours stretched slowly, punctuated by the rhythmic call of names and the soft hum of machines. Once again, I found myself observing — not as a doctor, but as a learner. I noticed

how people clung to hope, how every small gesture of kindness — a smile, a shared water bottle, a gentle word — seemed to carry immense weight.

Finally, my name was called. The PET technician guided me through the process — the injection of the tracer, the resting period, and the long, humming scan. It was an experience of surrender — lying still inside a machine that could see inside your body more clearly than you yourself could ever imagine.

When it was over, I walked out slowly, feeling both exhausted and at peace. Another step completed. Another layer of truth soon to unfold.

As I left the radiology wing, I thought, *Maybe healing begins not when you fight the process, but when you trust it.*

And with that thought, I silently thanked every person who had crossed my path that day — patients, doctors, nurses — each a reminder that in the world of suffering, **compassion is the truest form of medicine.**

## I Am Unique

A few days after the procedures at **Rajiv Gandhi Cancer Institute**, I was back home, trying to resume a sense of normalcy. The waiting period for biopsy and PET results is perhaps one of the most emotionally draining experiences a patient can go through — every ring of the phone feels like fate calling, every message notification sends a shiver down the spine.

It was one such afternoon when my phone rang. The screen flashed **Dr. Amitabh Singh**. My heart skipped a beat.

His voice, as always, was composed, but this time there was a tone of curiosity — almost awe.

“Dr. Gagan,” he began, “I wanted to personally discuss your case. We’ve reviewed your biopsy and PET

results, and I must tell you something quite unusual.”

I held my breath. “Yes, doctor?”

He continued, “You are the **only patient** we’ve come across with **urothelial carcinoma located in the penile urethra**. It’s... unique. My team and I have searched the global literature, medical journals, and databases — PubMed, Scopus, everything. We couldn’t find another documented case quite like yours.”

There was a long pause. For a moment, I didn’t know how to react. Should I be relieved that it’s rare — or worried that it’s unprecedented?

He spoke again, “We are discussing your case with senior oncologists and surgical experts to decide the best line of treatment. The challenge,” he explained, “is to ensure **maximum disease clearance with minimum functional and anatomical damage**. Since there’s no clear reference case, we must tailor your treatment plan carefully.”

His words echoed in my mind — “*no clear reference case.*”

In that instant, I realized I had become a medical anomaly — a case study in the making.

When the call ended, I sat silently, staring at the wall. The phrase “**I am unique**” kept replaying in my head.

At first, it felt unsettling. Why me? Why must I be the one to face something so rare that even medical science had no clear blueprint for it?

But as I sat there longer, the fear began to transform into something else — **acceptance**.

Maybe uniqueness wasn't a punishment. Maybe it was a **purpose**.

All my life, I had sought meaning — in work, in faith, in growth. Now, that meaning was staring me in the face, wrapped in uncertainty but carrying a strange sense of calling. Perhaps this was not just a disease to endure but a message to explore.

I remembered my brother's words — *“Don't think of this as a punishment, think of it as possibility.”*

And now, that possibility had taken a new form.

Yes, I was unique — medically, biologically, and now, spiritually.

Where there was no precedent, I was being invited to **create one**.

That evening, I sat with my journal and wrote:

“I am not a victim of rarity — I am the evidence of it. The universe did not make a mistake in choosing me. It gave me a case no one has ever seen before, perhaps because I was meant to see it differently.”

I decided then that my approach would be twofold — one as a **doctor**, to understand and cooperate scientifically; and one as a **seeker**, to observe, learn, and grow through the experience.

In that moment of realization, fear dissolved into calm. I wasn't fighting to be normal anymore. I was learning to embrace the extraordinary — both in illness and in life.

Yes, I was unique.

And maybe, just maybe, that was my strength.

## Psychosomatic Symptoms

Soon after the diagnosis and the whirlwind of medical procedures, I began to notice something unsettling. My **body**, which had carried me faithfully through so many storms, started to feel unfamiliar — as though it was no longer responding the way it used to.

It began subtly — a sense of **heaviness** after meals, mild bloating, and discomfort that refused to go away. At first, I ignored it, attributing it to stress or irregular eating patterns. But over the next few days, the symptoms worsened. I felt as if the food I ate just **sat undigested** in my stomach, draining my energy and enthusiasm. My appetite decreased drastically. Even simple foods like dal or fruit made me feel bloated and sluggish.

And then came the **persistent cough** — dry, nagging, and constant. It wasn't the kind of cough that responds to a lozenge or syrup. It followed me everywhere, echoing my inner unrest. Despite trying various medicines — antacids, digestive enzymes, cough suppressants — nothing brought relief.

I could feel my body weakening day by day. And though outwardly I tried to stay calm, inside I was deeply worried. A voice in my head kept whispering, *“Is this a sign of cancer spreading? Is my body collapsing from within?”* The more I thought, the more the symptoms intensified.

Finally, I called **Dr. Ankush Jairath** and explained everything — the heaviness, the indigestion, the cough, the fatigue. He listened patiently without interrupting, then said in his usual calm voice,

“Gagan, tell me honestly — are you eating properly? Sleeping properly? Or are you just thinking and worrying all day?”

I laughed weakly, “Well, maybe the second one.”

He sighed gently.

“Listen, these symptoms don't sound organic. They are most likely **psychosomatic**.”

That word — *psychosomatic* — lingered in my mind. Though I understood it as a doctor, hearing it applied to me was different.

He continued, “Psychosomatic symptoms are physical symptoms that arise from **mental and emotional stress** rather than any structural disease. The mind and body are deeply connected. When your mind is in turmoil — fear, anxiety, guilt — it reflects in the body. Digestion slows, immunity drops, muscles tighten, sleep gets disturbed, and even breathing changes. The body starts speaking the language the mind refuses to acknowledge.”

He paused and added softly,

“In such cases, no medicine will really help until the **mind heals**. You will have to tackle this from within — through relaxation, acceptance, and awareness. Try to calm your inner storm first.”

His words hit home. It was true — my mind was overflowing with fear. I had been trying to digest my diagnosis the same way my body was trying to digest food — with resistance, confusion, and overload.

That night, I lay in bed thinking of what he said. Who could help me *tackle this from within*? I scrolled through the contact list in my mind, searching for someone who could guide me not medically, but emotionally and spiritually.

Only one name came to me — **my brother, Dr. Sandeep Jot.**

He was more than a doctor; he was a healer of minds. Calm, intuitive, and deeply connected to inner science. I called him and explained everything — my symptoms, my fear, my restlessness.

He listened quietly and said in his gentle, confident tone,

“Stop fighting your body, Gagan. It’s not your enemy — it’s your messenger. Your body is simply reflecting your thoughts. You need to bring peace to your mind first, and your body will follow.”

Then, as naturally as a doctor prescribing medicine, he prescribed something far more powerful —

“Start **meditation**. Twice a day. No matter what. Observe your breath, release the tension, and trust the process.”

That night, I sat quietly, closed my eyes, and began to breathe consciously. Slowly, I felt the waves of tension start to settle. It was the first step toward inner healing.

And I realized, perhaps for the first time in my life, that **healing doesn’t always begin in hospitals — sometimes, it begins in silence.**

## Meditation Really Helps

**W**hen my brother prescribed **meditation** as my medicine, I decided to follow his words with full sincerity. I had practiced meditation before — through *Art of Living*, *Landmark*, and other self-development courses — but this time it was different. Earlier, meditation was an exercise; now, it was a **lifeline**.

The first morning, I woke up early, before sunrise, and sat quietly in my room. I closed my eyes, straightened my spine, and took a deep breath. My mind, as expected, was restless — flooded with thoughts of disease, fear, and uncertainty. But instead of resisting them, I remembered my brother's words: "*Observe your mind, don't fight it.*"

So I simply watched.

The fear came — I watched it.

The tension in my chest rose — I observed it.

The thought of “what if I die?” passed by — and I let it pass like a cloud drifting across the sky.

Within minutes, I began to feel lighter. Not physically at first, but emotionally. It was as if someone had lifted a heavy curtain from my inner world. The noise inside started to fade, replaced by a deep silence that I hadn't experienced in weeks.

That day, for the first time in a long while, my stomach didn't feel as heavy. My breathing felt smoother. Even the cough that had haunted me for days seemed to soften. I didn't want to believe it at first — could something as simple as meditation really begin to heal what medicines couldn't?

But the next day confirmed it.

I followed the same routine — morning and evening meditation, fifteen to twenty minutes each. I began adding gentle affirmations during my sessions:

“I am healthy. I am peaceful. My body knows how to heal itself. I am in harmony with my mind.”

Each day, I noticed small but remarkable changes.

My digestion improved. The constant feeling of fullness disappeared. I could eat again without

discomfort. My cough, which had been uncontrollable, started reducing day by day until it vanished completely. My sleep deepened, my energy returned, and my confidence began to bloom again.

Within a week, I was back to my morning walk, breathing in the crisp air, feeling alive in every cell. It was as though my body had finally remembered how to function naturally again — free from fear and resistance.

That's when I truly understood what **psychosomatic healing** meant. My body hadn't betrayed me; it had simply mirrored the panic within me. When the mind calmed, the body followed effortlessly.

Meditation had done what no medication could — it had aligned my **mind, body, and soul**.

One evening, I called my brother to share the good news.

“Bhai,” I said with a smile, “you were right. Meditation really helps. My symptoms are gone.”

He chuckled softly, “I knew they would. The moment you stopped fighting and started flowing, your healing began.”

That night, I wrote in my journal:

“Meditation is not an escape from life - it is a return to it.

The moment I sat still, life began to move again.

My healing didn't come from doing more, but from being more —

more aware, more peaceful, more present.”

From that point on, meditation became my **daily prescription** — not just for health, but for living. It taught me that within the stillness of the mind lies the intelligence of the body. And when they both move in harmony, miracles happen — silently, naturally, beautifully.

## Started Studying About Cancer

Once my body started recovering and my mind regained calmness through meditation, a new thought emerged — *I should know my enemy before I fight it.*

Being a doctor, curiosity came naturally to me. But this time, it wasn't academic curiosity — it was personal. This wasn't just another topic to study for exams or to teach my students. This was **my life**. I wanted to understand cancer — not from the perspective of fear, but from the lens of knowledge.

So, I began my journey into the world of **cancer education**.

Every evening, after my work and meditation, I would sit with my books, laptop, and notes. The first book

I picked was *Chris Beat Cancer* — a real-life account of a man who healed himself through natural lifestyle changes. His words resonated deeply with me. The central message was simple yet powerful: *the body has an inherent ability to heal, if we stop poisoning it and start nurturing it.*

That book became the spark. Soon, I immersed myself in others:

- *Anticancer Living* by Lorenzo Cohen and Alison Jefferies — which connected the dots between lifestyle, environment, and emotional balance.
- *Lifestyle as Medicine* — a reminder that daily habits can be as potent as any pill.
- *The Cancer-Fighting Kitchen* — teaching me how food can become a form of therapy.
- *Nature Cure for Cancer* — emphasizing the role of natural living, sunlight, fasting, and detoxification.
- *Exploring Yoga and Cancer* — showing how breath, posture, and meditation could support healing at a cellular level.
- *The Cancer Code* by Dr. Jason Fung — explaining the biological mechanisms behind cancer in the simplest yet most scientific way.
- And finally, the masterpiece: *The Emperor of All Maladies* by Siddhartha Mukherjee — a monumental chronicle of cancer's history, its battles, and its mysteries.

I didn't stop there. I began reading **medical research papers**, diving into PubMed and clinical journals, comparing results from traditional and integrative approaches. I spent hours on **YouTube**, listening to talks by oncologists, nutritionists, holistic healers, and cancer survivors. I even began interacting with **AI platforms** to gather insights from thousands of global sources, filtering through data like a detective on a mission.

And the more I read, the more one truth stood out clearly — **Cancer is not merely a disease of the body. It is a disease of the lifestyle.**

It isn't just about rogue cells multiplying uncontrollably; it's about the **environment** we create inside our bodies that allows them to thrive. Chronic stress, toxic diets, sleepless nights, sedentary living, and emotional suppression — these are not just habits; they are invitations for disease.

The conclusion was unavoidable: if I wanted to heal, I couldn't rely on treatment alone. I had to **transform my entire way of living.**

I wrote in my notebook that night:

“Cancer is not a punishment. It is a messenger. It comes to tell us that something in our way of living, thinking, or feeling has gone off balance. Medicine may remove the tumor, but only lifestyle can remove the *cause*.”

From that day onward, I decided to become both the **student** and the **experiment** — learning, applying, and observing how every small change in diet, thought, and routine impacted my body.

And as I studied deeper, my fear of cancer began to dissolve — replaced by a profound respect for the intelligence of the body and the power of awareness.

Cancer had entered my life as a threat.

But through study, it was slowly becoming my **teacher.**

## An Indecisive Call

It was a quiet afternoon when my phone rang. The caller ID flashed **Dr. Amitabh Singh** — the man who had guided me through every stage so far with calm precision. I picked up immediately, expecting some follow-up about my reports or future plan.

His tone was composed, as always, but I could sense a hint of firmness beneath it.

“Dr. Gagan,” he began, “I’ve discussed your case with several senior authorities and oncological specialists. After careful consideration, we’ve reached a consensus — we need to take some **punch biopsies** from your **bladder** and **prostatic urethra**.”

I paused for a moment, absorbing his words.

“Punch biopsies?” I asked. “But why, doctor? What

are we trying to establish now?”

He replied, “We need to **rule out carcinoma in situ** — a type of pre-cancerous or very early-stage lesion that can sometimes exist alongside localized tumors. It’s important to be thorough.”

His explanation was logical, clinical — the way any good surgeon would reason. But something in me resisted. I thanked him, ended the call politely, and sat there for a few minutes, thinking.

That phrase — *carcinoma in situ* — kept echoing in my mind. My medical instinct came alive. I pulled out my laptop and began researching everything I could about it. Article after article, research paper after research paper, medical forum after forum.

And the more I read, the clearer it became: **carcinoma in situ is not truly invasive cancer**. It represents abnormal cells confined to the epithelial layer, not yet breaching the basement membrane — a warning sign rather than a full-blown disease.

I realized that the punch biopsies, though diagnostic, could be **invasive** and might carry their own risks — physical trauma, infection, and, more importantly, emotional distress. I asked myself: *Do I really need to go through another round of interventions, especially when my symptoms are under control, and my body is already showing signs of healing?*

I could feel my intuition rising — a gentle yet firm voice within saying, *Wait. Don't rush. Understand before you act.*

That evening, I opened my notebook and started drafting something unusual — a **flowchart**.

I divided it into two parts:

1. **Investigations I will accept** — non-invasive, essential, and those that align with my recovery and awareness.
2. **Investigations I will refuse** — anything that adds risk without significant benefit or clarity.

I then created another chart — **Treatment Flowchart** — defining:

- What interventions I was willing to undergo.
- What lines of treatment I would decline, especially those that might compromise quality of life or create unnecessary complications.

For the first time, I wasn't just a patient waiting for orders; I was an **active participant** designing my own healing path.

This decision didn't come from rebellion — it came from **clarity**. I respected science deeply, but I had also learned that medicine, like life, must be personalized.

No doctor could feel my body the way I did. No investigation could measure the strength of the mind or the calmness of the heart.

As I looked at the flowchart, a sense of empowerment washed over me. I wasn't running away from treatment — I was walking toward **conscious healing**.

That night, I wrote in my journal:

“There comes a moment when science must meet intuition.

When statistics must bow to self-awareness.

Healing is not about following every instruction — it's about listening deeply, both to doctors and to yourself.”

And so, I decided.

No punch biopsies.

Not yet.

I would continue observing, learning, and evolving — not from fear, but from faith.

Faith in medicine. Faith in life.

And above all, faith in the **intelligence of my own body**.

After preparing my investigation and treatment flowchart, I felt more centered — yet I knew that decisions born in emotion, no matter how well-

intentioned, needed **validation from wisdom**. So, as always, I turned to the one person whose judgment I deeply trusted — **my brother, Dr. Sandeep Jot**.

That evening, I called him and explained everything in detail — the phone call from Dr. Amitabh Singh, the discussion about punch biopsies, and my own research that led to the conclusion that **carcinoma in situ** isn't truly invasive cancer. Then, I walked him through the flowchart I had prepared — point by point, calmly and clearly.

He listened silently, taking in every word. When I finished, there was a brief pause before he said,

“Gagan, this is very well thought out. You're not rejecting treatment — you're prioritizing awareness and minimizing unnecessary harm. This makes sense medically and spiritually. But just to ensure we are not being driven by emotion or fear, let's get two more expert perspectives.”

He suggested two names, both pioneers in the field of **holistic health and integrative cancer healing**.

The first was **Dr. Gautam Lodaya**, a seasoned cancer specialist known for blending modern oncology with holistic, lifestyle-based healing approaches. He had guided many patients to recovery through an integrative balance of medicine, nutrition, mindfulness, and energy work.

The second was **Dr. S. Ranjan**, an equally remarkable physician — an acupuncturist, holistic healer, and co-founder of *Spiritual Doctors for Holistic Health* along with my brother. Dr. Ranjan was known for his deep understanding of the body's energy systems and his ability to bridge modern medicine with spiritual wisdom.

Both of them represented what I deeply believed in — the **marriage of science and spirit**.

Following my brother's suggestion, I reached out to both. I shared my reports, the details of my diagnosis, and most importantly, my self-created flowchart outlining what I would accept and what I would decline. I spoke honestly about my reasoning — not from a place of defiance but from awareness.

A few days later, I received their responses.

Dr. Gautam was the first to reply. His message was clear and comforting:

“Your approach is balanced and logical, Gagan. You're not avoiding treatment; you're aligning it with your body's current state and your mental readiness. Continue monitoring closely and strengthen your lifestyle healing practices — nutrition, fasting, mindfulness. You're on the right path.”

Then came a call from **Dr. Ranjan**, whose voice carried both warmth and wisdom. After going through my documents, he said,

“I completely agree with your reasoning. Your flowchart is not emotional — it’s conscious. You’ve moved from fear-driven decision-making to awareness-driven decision-making. This is the foundation of holistic health. Your body is your best guide.”

When I shared their feedback with my brother, he simply smiled and said,

“So, all four of us — medical doctors and spiritual healers — are aligned. It means your inner guidance was right.”

In that moment, I felt a wave of relief and gratitude. I had stepped into uncharted territory, making choices that defied convention but honored my intuition. Yet now, with validation from three deeply learned doctors, I felt my path was not rebellion — it was **clarity**.

That night, I wrote in my journal:

“When wisdom aligns with intuition, confidence replaces fear. Healing, then, is no longer about survival — it becomes a journey of trust.”

I closed my notebook, folded my flowchart neatly, and placed it beside my bed. For the first time since my diagnosis, I slept peacefully — not because I had all the answers, but because I had finally learned to trust the **voice within**, supported by the wisdom of those who truly understood healing in its deepest sense.

## Worried for Family Future

**E**ven as my body began to heal and my mind regained its calm, there were moments when the weight of **responsibility** came crashing down. Healing myself was one thing, but what about my **family** — my wife, my children, my parents? What would happen to them if the disease took a turn for the worse?

One evening, sitting alone with my thoughts, I made the mistake that every patient makes at some point — I searched my **survival statistics** online.

The numbers were cold, unforgiving, and emotionless: *average survival 3–5 years for similar cases.*

Though I knew as a doctor that statistics don't define individuals, that numbers are based on populations and not destinies, still, the thought stung.

Three to five years. That's all?

A voice in my head whispered — *you have limited time, make it count.*

I opened my notebook and began calculating — the years of work I had left until 60, the financial goals I had for my children's education, and the security I wanted to ensure for my family. Then a strange idea took hold of me: *If I can earn in the next 3–4 years what I would have earned in the next 20, maybe I can secure everyone's future before I go.*

It sounded logical — practical even. Many of my medical colleagues were working abroad, earning handsomely. Maybe I could do the same, I thought.

It wouldn't be easy, but at least I'd leave them with stability, comfort, and financial security.

That night, I decided to discuss it with **Manwinder**, my wife.

I laid out the facts like a PowerPoint presentation — the survival data, the earning potential abroad, the idea of short-term sacrifice for long-term safety. "If I work abroad for 3 or 4 years," I said, "I can earn what I would have earned in 20 years here. It will be tough, but you and the kids will be safe. Isn't that what matters most?"

She listened quietly, her expression unreadable. When I finished, there was a long silence. Then she looked straight into my eyes and said firmly,

“No, Gagan. Absolutely not.”

Her voice was calm but unwavering. “You are thinking from fear, not from love. You’re assuming you’ll live for only 3–5 years — but who knows that? What if you live 30? And even if not, what good is money if it costs you your health, peace, and time with us?”

I tried to reason, “But I want to secure everyone’s future. What if—”

She interrupted softly, but firmly,

“Right now, we don’t need your money — we need **you**. You need **us**. If you go abroad, you’ll be alone — away from your family, your food, your environment. You’ll lose emotional support, and your nutrition will suffer. You need care, connection, and peace — not pressure.”

Her words struck deep. She was right. In my attempt to secure the future, I was about to **abandon the present** — the very thing that needed nurturing.

Then I asked her gently, “Will you be able to manage on just one income — only yours?”

Without hesitation, she smiled and said,

“Yes, we’ll manage. We’ll cut corners if needed. But we’ll manage. What we can’t manage is living without you. You are our strength — and right now, you need us just as much as we need you.”

For a moment, I couldn’t speak. I just looked at her, feeling a mix of love, gratitude, and humility.

That night, as I sat beside her watching our children sleep, I realized that **security doesn’t come from money — it comes from togetherness**. The warmth of family, the comfort of being cared for, the power of love — these are the real currencies of life.

In my journal, I wrote:

“Fear makes us chase numbers; love makes us return home.

I was planning for their survival, but she reminded me to live.

The future is uncertain — but when the present is lived with love, the future takes care of itself.”

That night, I slept peacefully — not as a man burdened by fate, but as one embraced by faith, love, and family.

## I Have Not Done Enough for My Family

**A**fter that emotional conversation with **Manwinder**, something shifted inside me. Her words kept echoing in my head:

“We don’t need your money — we need you.”

That night, as I lay awake, watching the ceiling fan rotate slowly in the dim light, an uncomfortable truth began to surface. I had been *worrying* about my family’s future, but in reality, I had not *lived* with them fully in the present.

For years, I had been a **passive father** — physically present, emotionally absent. I was the man who sat scrolling through his phone while his children played nearby; the husband who nodded distractedly while his wife spoke, never truly listening. I was often lost in

social media, work, or my own laziness.

And now, suddenly, the thought struck me — *If something really happens to me, how will they remember me?*

That question pierced deeper than the diagnosis ever could.

Would my children remember me as the father who taught them about life, strength, and love — or just the man who was too busy to play? Would my wife remember a partner who understood her heart — or a husband who was there in body but not in soul?

That night, I promised myself — if life has given me another chance, I’ll use it to become the **father and husband they deserve**.

The very next morning, I began fulfilling that promise.

My son, **Ekjot Singh**, was already awake, holding his cricket bat and ball. Cricket is his world — his passion, his dream. So, I decided to make his dream *my routine*. Every morning, before his school and my duty, we started playing cricket for an hour.

I would bowl for him relentlessly — ball after ball — watching his focus, his joy, his spirit. The sound of the bat connecting with the ball became a rhythm

that healed both of us. Slowly, our bond grew stronger. He began opening up about his thoughts, his school, his ambitions. He started listening to me more seriously too — not because I was instructing him, but because I was **playing with him**.

While bowling, I often thought silently, *When I'm gone, I want him to remember this — not the fear, not the sickness — but the mornings filled with laughter, cricket balls, and love.*

Then, one evening, I looked at **Shabadjot Kaur**, my little daughter, and realized I hadn't been giving her enough time either. She was growing up so fast — cheerful, curious, and full of life — and I had missed so many of those innocent moments.

So, I began spending my evenings with her — dancing to her favorite songs, singing along, playing silly games, and laughing like a child myself. Her joy was infectious. Every time she giggled, I felt a part of me heal. Her laughter reminded me that life is not measured in years — it's measured in moments like these.

And then came my wife — **my anchor**, who had stood by me through every storm. For years, I had treated her support as a given. I realized I didn't even know her favorite song, her favorite color, or what she really needed from me beyond routine.

So, I started sitting with her — not as a husband who listens half-heartedly, but as a **friend** who truly wants to understand. We began having long, honest conversations — about our dreams, our struggles, our children, and life. For the first time in years, we weren't just talking — we were connecting.

Gradually, something beautiful started to happen. The distance that life had silently created between us began to dissolve. Our home filled with laughter, energy, and warmth again. The same house that once echoed with fear now resonated with joy.

In those moments, I realized that perhaps **this** was the real purpose of my illness — to awaken me to the things that truly mattered.

That night, I wrote in my journal:

“For years, I tried to build a life.  
Now, I'm learning to live it.  
The best gift I can give my family is not wealth —  
it's my presence, my time, my love.”

And from that day onward, I stopped worrying about how long I would live.

Instead, I began to focus on **how well** I would live — with my son, my daughter, and the woman who had taught me what true partnership really means.

As my connection with my family deepened, I began to notice something profound — not just emotionally, but **physiologically**. My sleep improved, my energy increased, and my body felt lighter. The heaviness I used to carry — both mental and physical — began to dissolve quietly.

It felt as if love itself had become a **healing medicine**.

Later, while studying the scientific literature on cancer, I came across a fascinating research study that explained exactly what I was experiencing. In this study, scientists divided a group of **rats** into three sets and **inoculated all of them with cancer cells**.

- The **first group** was kept **isolated**, away from others.
- The **second group** was kept in **overcrowded** conditions, constantly stressed and agitated.
- The **third group** lived in a **loving, nurturing environment**, where they were gently handled, stroked, and cared for by the researchers.

Over time, the results were astonishing.

The rats in **isolation** developed cancer rapidly; their tumors grew uncontrollably.

The crowded rats, under constant stress, also showed aggressive tumor growth.

But the **loved rats** — those that were nurtured,

comforted, and emotionally cared for — showed slower cancer progression, and in some cases, even **partial regression**.

The conclusion was simple yet revolutionary:

**Love heals.**

Reading that study sent shivers down my spine. It wasn't just a metaphor anymore — it was biology. Love, care, and emotional security were not just *comforting feelings*; they were *biochemical realities* capable of altering the body's internal chemistry.

Love reduces cortisol and adrenaline — the stress hormones that suppress immunity — and increases oxytocin, serotonin, and endorphins, which promote cellular repair and immune function. In other words, **the more we feel loved, the more our body remembers how to heal.**

That realization deepened my gratitude for my family. Every smile from my daughter, every cricket session with my son, every cup of tea shared with my wife wasn't just an emotional connection — it was *therapy*. Their love was reprogramming my body to trust life again.

And I thought to myself, maybe that's why spiritual traditions across the world speak of compassion, kindness, and togetherness — not just as moral values,

but as **medicine for the soul and the body alike.**

That evening, I sat quietly with my family — no gadgets, no distractions — just presence. Watching them laugh together, I felt my heart expand with an indescribable warmth. I wasn't thinking about the future anymore; I was immersed in the moment, surrounded by love that felt stronger than any disease.

In my journal, I wrote:

“Love is not abstract — it is medicine.  
It soothes the cells, calms the mind, and awakens healing.  
Where there is love, there is immunity.  
Where there is connection, there is cure.”

From that day forward, I made a silent vow: no matter what the reports say, no matter how long I live — I will live **in love**. Because if science and spirit agree on one thing, it is this —

**Love truly heals.**

## CHAPTER 15

# Heal Your Life and Affirmations

**L**ife has a strange way of preparing us for challenges long before they arrive. Sometimes we take certain turns without knowing why — and only years later do we realize their true purpose.

Back in **2017**, I had attended the *Heal Your Life* course by **Babbu Gill**, a certified instructor of the teachings of Louise Hay. At that time, it was just another step in my ongoing spiritual exploration. I found the course interesting, full of positivity and self-reflection, but I didn't grasp its full power.

We learned about affirmations, mirror work, emotional release, and the deep connection between thoughts and the physical body. Babbu Gill spoke passionately about how every disease begins as a mental pattern — an emotion suppressed, a belief unhealed, a thought

repeated too often. I listened, I participated, and yes, I felt lighter — but I didn't truly *own* the practice. It was as if I had collected the seeds of healing but never planted them.

Fast forward to my **journey through cancer**, and suddenly, those forgotten lessons came rushing back.

When I decided to take full responsibility for my healing — not just medically, but mentally and spiritually — I realized how crucial my **thoughts** were in shaping my reality. I understood now that I could not heal my body while my mind was broadcasting fear, doubt, and worry. The subconscious listens to every word we think, and it obeys without judgment.

That's when the memory of *Heal Your Life* returned, as if life itself whispered, *Now you know why you did that course.*

I reopened my old notes, covered in scribbles and highlights, and started revisiting the principles of **Louise Hay**. The message was simple yet profound:

“Every thought we think is creating our future.”

And if thoughts can create illness, they can also create wellness.

So I decided to consciously **reprogram my mind** with affirmations — not borrowed ones, but my own,

written from the heart. Each sentence was a declaration of faith, a commitment to life, a conversation with my subconscious.

I began writing them every night before sleeping, and soon, I recorded them in my own voice and listened before going to bed. My mind, calm and receptive at that hour, began to absorb those gentle, healing messages.

Some of my affirmations were:

- “Every cell of my body vibrates with health, vitality, and strength.”
- “My immune system knows how to heal me.”
- “I am grateful for my body and all that it does for me.”
- “I release fear and embrace faith.”
- “I am surrounded by love, light, and healing energy.”
- “Health is my natural state, and I am returning to it effortlessly.”

As days passed, I noticed a quiet transformation. My thoughts began to soften; fear started losing its grip. My mornings felt lighter, and my evenings more peaceful. Even on days when my energy was low, my mind no longer spiraled into panic. The affirmations acted like gentle hands holding me steady.

It wasn't magic — it was **mental hygiene**. Just as I exercised my body, I was now training my mind.

And slowly, I began to realize that **healing isn't something that happens to us — it's something we participate in**. Our thoughts, words, and beliefs are active ingredients in the medicine of life.

One night, after listening to my affirmations, I wrote in my journal:

“In 2017, I learned to heal my life.

In 2023, I began living it.

What we learn in peace becomes our weapon in storm.

The words we speak to ourselves are either wounds or medicine —

I choose to speak only healing.”

And that's how a forgotten course from years ago became the foundation of my healing journey.

The lesson was simple, eternal, and beautifully true —

**Change your thoughts, and you can truly heal your life.**

## CHAPTER 16

# Nature Healing

**A**s I continued my deep study of healing — from medical journals to holistic texts — one concept appeared again and again like a gentle whisper from the universe: **Nature heals**.

Almost every book I read, whether scientific or spiritual, spoke about the profound connection between human beings and the natural world. The research was surprisingly consistent. People who spent regular time in nature — walking, gardening, or simply sitting under a tree — had stronger immunity, better mental health, and faster recovery from illness.

One practice that fascinated me was the **Nature Walk** — a simple act of walking barefoot on the ground, also known as *earthing* or *grounding*.

The science behind it amazed me. Walking barefoot on natural surfaces like grass, soil, or sand allows the body to absorb free electrons from the earth. These electrons neutralize the excess positive charge built up in our bodies due to radiation, pollution, and stress — essentially *discharging* our internal system, just as lightning discharges into the earth during a storm.

The result? Reduced inflammation, improved sleep, balanced mood, and a calmer nervous system. In short, the earth itself becomes a healer.

I also came across studies showing that **trees** release certain compounds called *phytoncides* — natural chemicals that boost our immune system, reduce stress hormones, and promote relaxation. The Japanese practice of *Shinrin-yoku* or “forest bathing” was based on this principle — immersing oneself in the forest atmosphere to let nature’s chemistry restore inner balance.

Reading all this, I smiled to myself — because right in front of my house stood a **large park**, full of trees, grass, and open sunlight. For years, I had looked at it merely as a landscape feature, never realizing that it would one day become my personal healing ground.

It suddenly made sense — *why I had chosen this house*. It wasn’t coincidence; it was **intuition** guiding me long before I understood its purpose. Life, I realized, connects the dots backward.

So, I began my own **ritual of nature walks**.

Every morning, after my meditation, I would step into the park barefoot. The first touch of grass under my feet sent a cool wave through my body. I could feel the pulse of the earth meeting the rhythm of my heart. The early sunlight gently warmed my skin, and I could sense my mood lifting instantly.

I didn’t rush; I walked slowly, mindfully — observing the dew on the leaves, the rustle of the trees, the birds calling out to the new day. Each step felt like a silent prayer, each breath like a reminder that I belonged to something vast and intelligent.

After my walk, I would sit quietly under a tree, letting the sunlight bathe me. The warmth wasn’t just physical — it was emotional, almost spiritual. Later, I learned that sitting in sunlight triggers the production of **serotonin** — the “happy hormone” — and boosts **vitamin D**, essential for immune function and bone health.

Science and spirituality were speaking the same truth in different languages.

Within weeks, I started feeling the difference. My mornings became more energetic, my sleep deeper, my mood lighter. The heaviness that once hovered around me began to dissolve into the calm expanse of the sky above.

One morning, while sitting quietly, I whispered to myself,

“Maybe this is how nature talks — not in words, but in balance.

She doesn’t demand anything, she just heals by being there.”

That day, I wrote in my journal:

“The sun is my therapist,  
the wind my counselor,  
and the trees my silent healers.  
Walking barefoot on earth heals us.”

From then on, the park in front of my house was no longer just a patch of green — it was my **sanctuary**, my temple of renewal.

And every step I took there reminded me that sometimes the most profound medicines don’t come from laboratories —

they come from **light, air, and earth itself**.

## CHAPTER 17

### Dr. S. Ranjan

**D**uring my healing journey, one of the most enriching associations I had was with the community of **Spiritual Doctors for Holistic Health** — a platform founded by my brother, **Dr. Sandeep Jot**, and the compassionate healer and physician, **Dr. S. Ranjan**.

As an active member of this group, I often found solace in the discussions, wisdom, and energy that flowed among doctors who believed that **healing is not just a medical process but a spiritual evolution**. Each interaction within that circle was a reminder that science and spirituality were never meant to be opposites — they were two wings of the same bird.

One day, while reflecting on my healing modalities, I decided to reach out to **Dr. S. Ranjan** personally.

I had heard a lot about his deep understanding of energy medicine, **acupuncture**, and **acupressure**, and how he used them as bridges between the physical and the energetic bodies.

When I spoke to him, his voice carried both authority and compassion — the kind of balance that only a healer with both medical training and spiritual maturity can achieve.

I asked him, “Dr. Ranjan, how can acupuncture or acupressure help someone in my situation — someone healing from cancer?”

He smiled gently and replied,

“Gagan, acupuncture doesn’t fight the disease — it restores **flow**.

Disease is nothing but blocked energy.

When chi, or prana, flows freely through the meridians, the body’s natural healing intelligence awakens.

You don’t need to fight cancer; you need to *free* the energy that the fear of cancer has trapped.

Cancer starts in the mind and progresses through energy then, enters in the physical body.

If we can improve mental health by shifting brain waves and remove energy blockage, the diseases start to heal irrespective of stage.”

Those words resonated deeply. I realized that just as meditation calmed my mind, acupuncture could calm my body — rebalancing what stress and fear had disturbed.

As our conversation continued, he mentioned something that truly expanded my perspective.

“You know, Gagan, many remarkable doctors and healers have visited the *Spiritual Doctors for Holistic Health* platform. Their insights can guide you in multiple dimensions. You should revisit their videos — they’re not just lectures, they’re healing vibrations in themselves.”

He suggested that I re-watch the sessions and interviews available on the platform, naming a few that would be especially relevant to my journey:

- **Dr. Gautam Lodaya**, Surgical Oncologist — on blending conventional oncology with lifestyle-based healing.
- **Dr. Laura M. Nasi**, Integrative Oncologist — her talk, “*Cancer as a Wake-Up Call*,” exploring how illness can be an invitation to realign with life’s purpose.
- **Mary Rust**, a natural cancer survivor, whose testimony radiated courage and faith.
- **Dr. Sachin Gupta**, Oncologist — on understanding cancer beyond cellular pathology.

- **Dr. Henning Saupe**, MD, Integrative Oncologist from Germany — on merging naturopathy with advanced cancer care.
- **Dr Vijay Girdhar**, a Chandigarh-based psychiatrist uses EFT to treat anxiety, depression, phobia. EFT is another powerful modality which uses energy meridians like acupuncture.
- And, of course, **Dr. Bruce Lipton**, whose work on *The Biology of Belief* explains how thoughts and emotions influence gene expression.

Finally, he mentioned a book discussion that he particularly loved — *Radical Remission* — where real-life stories of cancer survivors shared nine key factors that contributed to their healing, most of which revolved around emotional and spiritual transformation rather than medical intervention alone.

By the end of our talk, I was filled with gratitude — and curiosity. There was so much more to explore, to learn, and to integrate.

Before we ended the conversation, Dr. Ranjan added one more suggestion.

“Also, Gagan, you should explore **Indian Flower Therapy**. It’s a subtle but powerful system based on vibrational healing — similar to Bach Flower remedies but deeply rooted in Indian consciousness.

These flower essences work on the emotional plane, helping dissolve fear, grief, anger, and hopelessness — the real toxins that weaken our immune system.

Eg. Flower Meditation harmonises Chakra.

Meditating with Hibiscus Flower boost Immunity.

Meditating with Rose Flower improves blood circulation by strengthening Heart.

Sitting with Yellow flowers increases appetite and improves digestion.

Watching Lily flower improves health of kidney and associated organ.”

He explained how these remedies capture the *life force* of flowers — the purest expression of nature’s intelligence — and how their vibrations gently restore harmony to the mind and emotions.

Listening to him, I felt a deep sense of trust. I realized that healing was not just about removing a disease — it was about restoring **balance, flow, and connection** between mind, body, and spirit.

After that conversation, I made it a point to watch every recommended video, take notes, and reflect upon the insights of each speaker. It felt as if I was sitting in a grand classroom of healing — where science, spirituality, and personal experience all converged into one truth:

“Healing is not something we do to the body; it’s something we allow through awareness.”

That night, I wrote in my journal:

“Some doctors treat the body. Some heal the mind.  
But rare are those who awaken the soul.  
Dr. Ranjan is one of them —  
a reminder that medicine, at its highest form, is love  
guided by wisdom.”

From that day onward, I began to weave acupuncture, energy awareness, and Indian Flower Therapy into my holistic healing plan — trusting that every modality, when practiced with love and faith, becomes a doorway to wholeness.

## CHAPTER 18

### Dr. Gautam Lodaya

Sometimes life brings the right people into your path exactly when you are ready to receive their wisdom. One evening, while I was talking to my brother **Dr. Sandeep Jot** about the various healing modalities I was exploring — meditation, grounding, affirmations, nature walks, and holistic therapies — he suddenly said something that stayed with me.

“Gagan, we are sitting among gems and not using them. You should discuss your case with **Dr. Gautam Lodaya.**”

I had heard of Dr. Gautam before — a **Surgical Oncologist** from Haveri, Karnataka, who was not only brilliant in his field but also deeply spiritual. He was one of the key speakers in the *Spiritual Doctors for Holistic Health* forum and a doctor who dared

to integrate science with consciousness. What fascinated me most about him was something my brother added next:

“He has made a **Meditation Room** inside his hospital. Can you imagine? A cancer surgeon who believes that meditation can be as important as medicine.”

That sentence struck a deep chord in me. A meditation room in a hospital — where the usual sounds are of beeping monitors and hurried footsteps — seemed like a symbol of hope. A place where the body and the spirit could heal together.

Encouraged by my brother, I reached out to Dr. Gautam. The first time we spoke, I was struck by his calm, gentle tone. He spoke slowly, with presence, and every word carried weight. I shared my entire journey with him — from my diagnosis, my decision to pursue integrative healing, the meditation practices I was following, my diet, affirmations, and everything in between.

He listened with deep attention, asking thoughtful questions rather than giving quick answers. After a long discussion, he said softly:

“Gagan, you are already on the right path — but now you need to go deeper. You are meditating, yes, but you must **incarnate meditation** into your life, not practice it as an event. Let it become the first act of

your day — the breath that starts your morning.”

He then explained something that completely changed my perspective on meditation.

“Most people meditate to calm their mind, but true meditation awakens the mind. It connects you with the intelligence that heals. If you can start your day before the world wakes up — say around **3:30 a.m.** — you will connect with that silent field where divine healing energy flows effortlessly.”

He went on to describe how, during the early hours of the morning, the mind is quiet, the air is pure, and the spiritual vibration of the planet is at its highest. It is a time when prayer becomes effortless and meditation becomes deep.

He suggested that I meditate every day at **3:30 a.m.**, for at least an hour, and whenever possible, to attend a **Vipassana retreat**.

“Vipassana,” he said, “is like surgery for the mind. It cuts through illusion and cleanses the consciousness. Once you go through it, your meditation will no longer be a practice — it will become your nature.”

I decided to follow his guidance with full devotion.

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## ***The Miracle of Morning Meditation***

The next morning, I woke up at **3:15 a.m.** The world outside was still asleep, silent, and still. I washed my face, lit a small lamp, and sat on the floor cross-legged. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and began.

At first, my mind resisted. Thoughts came like waves — some fearful, some random, some just noise. But slowly, with every breath, the noise began to settle. The darkness outside mirrored the silence inside. For the first time in months, I felt **completely still** — not trying to do anything, not trying to heal, just being.

I continued for about an hour. When I opened my eyes, dawn was breaking, the first light spilling into my room. I felt different — lighter, clearer, more alive. It was as if I had met myself again after years.

From that day onwards, **3:30 a.m.** became my sacred hour. It was no longer a discipline; it became my *communion* with life.

## CHAPTER 19

### **Dr. Anupam and Ayurveda**

**A**fter incorporating meditation deeply into my daily rhythm, I felt guided to explore another ancient stream of healing — **Ayurveda**, the science of life. My journey until now had already taught me that true wellness lies in integration, not isolation. Modern medicine had given me diagnosis and clarity, but I wanted to understand the ancient wisdom that saw disease as disharmony — a signal from nature itself that balance needed to be restored.

It was during one of my discussions with my brother **Dr. Sandeep Jot** that the name **Dr. Anupam** came up. He said, “You should talk to her. She has walked both paths — modern medicine and Ayurveda — and knows how to bring them together with compassion and depth.”

Dr. Anupam is the **daughter of the legendary Dr. Amar Singh Azad**, a visionary who had dedicated his life to community health and holistic living. Like her father, she too is a **postgraduate in Community Medicine**, and she carries his legacy of blending science with simplicity. Having been trained in both allopathy and Ayurvedic systems, her approach to health was inclusive — practical yet deeply rooted in nature.

I reached out to her, and she graciously agreed to speak with me. When we began our conversation, I could sense both warmth and wisdom in her tone. However, as I started explaining my diagnosis and journey so far, her voice softened — touched with emotion. I knew that she had lost her father, Dr. Amar Singh Azad, to **blood cancer**. I could feel the depth of her empathy, the pain of loss, and the sincerity of her desire to help me heal. She shared the pain when Dr Amar Singh Azad got diagnosed with cancer. She said “I can still recall the exact time and day when Papa came to know about his disease. He was in shock... truly in shock. He had believed he still had time — and we all think that way. It’s human nature.

He was a legend. So wise, so knowledgeable. He understood modern medicine, ancient healing practices, yoga, and meditation. He was living his dream life — serving the common man, doing good for society, teaching people how to live and how to stay healthy. And he was doing it so beautifully. He

was successful in the eyes of the world, and even more so in his own eyes.

Yet, despite all his wisdom, the news hit him hard. There was still so much left to do... so much he wanted to accomplish... and suddenly, too little time.

“What do I do now?” he used to say. “If God could give me even one more year, I would complete everything I had planned.”

Then he realized the best way to share his message was to write a book. But his body was growing weaker by the day. He no longer had the strength to write.

So he came up with a brilliant idea — he began recording the book instead.

Every morning, he would wake up at 5 a.m., gather whatever strength he had, and start speaking. One chapter a day.

He would get breathless, exhausted... he would rest for a short while, and then begin again. He didn’t stop. He didn’t give up. His passion for the book, for his message, for the people he wanted to help — that kept him going.

And he spoke, and he spoke... until he completed his book.

After a pause, she said gently,

“Gagan, let us not treat cancer — let us heal the *system* that created it. Your body already knows how to heal; we will just assist it.”

Her words felt like a continuation of what I had learned from every teacher so far — that healing is about **restoring harmony**, not fighting nature.

Over the next few days, she designed an **Ayurvedic routine** tailored specifically for me. It wasn't complicated; it was rhythmic and rooted in balance.

The plan included:

- **Morning juices** prepared from fresh herbs, green vegetables, and fruits designed to cleanse the system, balance pitta, and cool the body.
- **Herbal teas** made from turmeric, tulsi, cinnamon, black pepper— to enhance immunity, purify the blood, and improve digestion.
- **Ayurvedic medicines** to strengthen the liver, balance doshas, and support detoxification.

She explained how each of these would work in harmony with my body — not forcing it, but guiding it back to its natural rhythm.

The first time I took the juices, I was amazed by how

**refreshing** they felt. They weren't just drinks; they were vibrant bursts of life energy. Within minutes, I could feel my body awakening. The herbal teas, too, had a calming effect — the aroma itself felt healing. I would sip them slowly, allowing the warmth to travel through my body like gentle waves of restoration.

What struck me most was how Ayurveda treated the entire **being** — not just the body, but the mind and spirit as well. Dr. Anupam often said,

“Ayurveda is not just about herbs; it is about awareness. The food you eat, the thoughts you think, and the rhythm you live in — all are medicines or poisons depending on how consciously you use them.”

With time, I realized that this ancient science aligned perfectly with everything else I had learned — meditation, nature walks, affirmations, and emotional healing. Ayurveda was like the missing link that brought all these elements together into a holistic rhythm.

I started enjoying my mornings even more. After meditation and writing, I would prepare my Ayurvedic juices mindfully, feeling as if I was nourishing not only my cells but my soul. The teas became sacred rituals — moments of stillness and gratitude.

Within a few weeks, my digestion improved, my energy levels rose, and I noticed a soft glow in my skin. More importantly, my mind felt **peaceful**. There

was no rush, no panic, just a gentle faith that my body was healing — step by step, breath by breath.

One evening, while sipping the golden turmeric tea she had recommended, I thought of Dr. Amar Singh Azad — the visionary who had sown the seeds of holistic medicine in Punjab — and his daughter, who continued his legacy with grace. I felt grateful for the invisible web of guidance that connected me with such compassionate healers.

That night, I wrote in my journal:

“Modern medicine diagnoses; Ayurveda harmonizes. Science gives direction; nature gives strength. Healing is not a single path — it is a confluence of many rivers meeting at the ocean of awareness.”

With Ayurveda, meditation, and self-awareness flowing together, I began to see my healing not as a battle — but as a dance between the **body, mind, and nature**.

## CHAPTER 20

### Chris Beats Cancer

**A**mong all the books I read during my healing journey, one that left a profound imprint on my mind and heart was “**Chris Beat Cancer**” by **Chris Wark**. I had heard about it several times from integrative medicine experts, but it wasn’t until I held the book in my hands that I realized it wasn’t just a story of survival — it was a **blueprint of transformation**.

Chris’s story began in 2003 when, at the age of 26, he was diagnosed with **stage III colon cancer**. Like any young man, he was full of dreams and energy, and the diagnosis came as a thunderbolt. Doctors immediately recommended surgery, chemotherapy, and radiation — the conventional triad. But Chris, following his intuition, decided to take a different route after surgery. He **refused chemotherapy**, despite the fear, despite the criticism, and instead chose to rebuild

his health naturally — through food, mindset, and faith.

He immersed himself in studying natural healing — connecting with survivors, reading research, and exploring nutrition, detoxification, and spiritual health. His message was bold yet simple:

“You can’t poison your body into health.”

Chris emphasized that food isn’t just fuel — it’s **information** that communicates with every cell. He began consuming a **raw plant-based diet**, loaded with enzymes, antioxidants, and nutrients designed by nature to heal. He wrote about how he flooded his body with living foods — **fresh fruits, vegetables, juices, and sprouts** — and eliminated all processed, refined, and chemical-laden products.

He combined this with forgiveness, gratitude, prayer, and stress reduction — building not just a diet, but a **life of healing**.

The more I read, the more I resonated with his journey. His courage, his trust in the body’s intelligence, and his holistic approach reflected everything I was slowly discovering myself. The line that touched me most was:

“Your body creates cancer, and your body can heal it — if you give it what it needs and remove what

harms it.”

Inspired by his story and supported by what I had already learned from Ayurveda and holistic medicine, I decided to incorporate **raw food** systematically into my diet.

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### ***Transforming My Plate***

I began each morning with **soaked almonds, walnuts, raisins, and black grams** — a combination that felt alive with vitality. My breakfast included **fresh fruit bowls** — papaya, apples, bananas, pomegranates, or whatever was seasonal and organic.

Before every meal, I made it a rule to eat **raw vegetables** — carrots, cucumbers, beets, cabbage, or spinach — a small ritual that awakened my digestion and filled my body with living enzymes. I also introduced **sprouts** — moong, black chana — which quickly became my favorite part of every meal.

By the end of the first week, I noticed that **more than half my diet** had become raw — not by compulsion, but by choice. I began to look forward to my meals — they weren’t just about taste anymore; they were about **life energy**.

The colors on my plate mirrored the colors returning to my life.

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### ***The Feeling of Aliveness***

The change wasn't just physical — it was experiential. Within days, I felt lighter, more energetic, and clearer in my thoughts. My digestion improved dramatically, my skin looked fresher, and my body felt vibrant. Even my mood stabilized; I was calmer and happier without trying.

It was as if every cell of my body was whispering, *Thank you.*

There was something sacred about eating raw food — knowing that every bite carried the sun's energy, the earth's minerals, and nature's intelligence unaltered by fire or chemicals. I realized that raw food is **not just nutrition** — it's communication between the earth and our body.

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### ***Beyond the Plate***

But Chris's teachings went beyond diet. He spoke

about **mindset, faith, and responsibility** — about taking charge of one's own health instead of surrendering to fear. He encouraged building a lifestyle that supports the immune system rather than suppressing it.

He also emphasized gratitude, forgiveness, and emotional cleansing as crucial aspects of recovery. His belief was clear:

“Unforgiveness is like drinking poison and expecting the other person to die.”

Those words struck me deeply. Alongside my diet, I continued practicing **gratitude journaling** more consistently, forgiving those who had hurt me, and releasing emotional baggage. I could feel my inner environment becoming lighter — and that reflected in my body too.

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### ***A New Relationship with Food***

Soon, food stopped being just a source of taste or comfort — it became **a form of prayer**. Every fruit, every vegetable I ate felt like a blessing from the earth. I began blessing my food before eating, silently thanking it for nourishing me. This mindfulness turned eating into meditation.

I started understanding what Chris meant when he said:

“The same energy that created you is the energy that heals you.

Connect with it through what you eat, think, and believe.”

That philosophy became a cornerstone of my healing journey.

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### ***Integration into My Healing***

By now, my life had become a beautiful integration of practices — **meditation from Dr. Gautam Lodaya**, **Ayurveda from Dr. Anupam**, and **nutrition from Chris Wark**. Each piece fit perfectly into the larger puzzle of healing.

And each morning, as I prepared my raw breakfast or blended my green juice, I silently repeated one of Chris’s affirmations:

“I am not fighting cancer. I am healing my body.”

That shift in language changed everything. It reminded me that healing isn’t a battle; it’s an act of love.

One night, after finishing the book, I wrote in my journal:

“Chris healed his life by trusting nature.

I am healing mine by trusting the same intelligence.

Every raw fruit, every green leaf, every moment of faith — is a prayer of gratitude for the gift of life.”

With that awareness, I closed the book — but its wisdom stayed alive in my kitchen, my thoughts, and my soul.

From then on, my plate wasn’t just food — it was **medicine, meditation, and miracle** all in one.

## Dr. Khadar Vali Regimen

**B**y this time in my healing journey, I had come to trust a simple truth — **nature never makes mistakes**. The closer we live to nature’s rhythms, the more balanced our health becomes. That realization guided me toward the wisdom of **Dr. Khadar Vali**, popularly known as the *Millet Man of India*.

I first heard about Dr. Khadar from one of my colleagues who was also exploring natural diets for chronic diseases. Curious, I began watching his talks and reading about his work. The more I learned, the more I was in awe. Here was a scientist, a **food technologist with a PhD from the Indian Institute of Science**, who had once worked in the United States but returned to India to dedicate his life to **reviving forgotten grains** — the millets.

He wasn’t selling a product or promoting a brand. He was spreading a **movement** — a call to reconnect with our ancestral foods that once nourished generations in harmony with the land.

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### *The Philosophy of Millets*

Dr. Khadar Vali’s central message was profound in its simplicity:

“The body has an extraordinary intelligence to heal itself — provided we stop poisoning it and start feeding it the right food.”

He explained that most modern diseases — diabetes, hypertension, obesity, autoimmune disorders, and even **cancer** — arise due to what he calls **metabolic disturbances** caused by refined foods, chemical agriculture, and lack of diversity in diet.

Millets, according to him, are **the most intelligent grains** — rich in fiber, antioxidants, essential amino acids, and natural phytochemicals. Unlike polished rice or wheat, millets detoxify the body, stabilize blood sugar, and strengthen the gut microbiome.

But what fascinated me most was his **research on cancer patients**. Dr. Khadar had documented

numerous cases where individuals following his millet-based regimen showed remarkable improvements in energy, digestion, immunity, and overall health. In some, even tumor markers and symptoms improved significantly when the diet was followed consistently alongside lifestyle corrections.

He didn't claim that millets "cured" cancer; rather, he said,

*"They support the body to bring back its natural equilibrium. When the environment inside becomes pure, disease cannot survive."*

Those words resonated deeply with me — because they aligned perfectly with everything I had already experienced through meditation, Ayurveda, and raw food.

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### ***The Five Millets and Their Purpose***

Dr. Khadar emphasized using five specific millets in rotation, each supporting a different system of the body:

1. **Foxtail Millet (Kangni)** – Balances blood sugar and strengthens the nervous system.

2. **Kodo Millet (Kodon)** – Cleanses the lymphatic system and supports immunity.
3. **Little Millet (Kutki)** – Helps detoxify the liver and supports digestion.
4. **Barnyard Millet (Sanwa)** – Aids kidney function and reduces water retention.
5. **Browntop Millet** – Regenerates tissues and supports cellular repair, essential for cancer patients.

His advice was to consume one millet each day and rotate them through the week — ensuring all organ systems received their nourishment and detox support in a natural rhythm.

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### ***How to Prepare Millets***

Dr. Khadar was meticulous about how millets should be **prepared** — and this was the part that turned my kitchen into a mini-laboratory of love.

He emphasized:

- Always **soak millets** for **6–8 hours** before cooking to remove anti-nutrients and make them easily digestible.

- Cook them in a **clay pot or steel vessel**, never in aluminum or pressure cookers, to retain their prana (life energy).
- Use **twice the quantity of water** and cook them slowly — allowing the grains to absorb the water gently, releasing their nutrients.
- Avoid mixing millets with dairy or refined foods. Pair them instead with **vegetables, pulses, and chutneys** made from natural ingredients.

I began following his regimen wholeheartedly. Every morning, I soaked a different millet, and by lunchtime, the kitchen would fill with its subtle earthy aroma. The texture was different from rice — lighter, drier — but deeply satisfying.

At first, my body took time to adjust, but within a week, I started feeling cleaner, lighter, and more energetic. My digestion improved significantly, my sleep deepened, and the mid-day fatigue I once felt disappeared.

It wasn't just food — it was **medicine in its purest form**.

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### ***Healing Through Simplicity***

Dr. Khadar also encouraged avoiding **refined sugar**,

**refined oils**, and **polished grains** — calling them the “white poisons” of modern civilization. Instead, he recommended **cold-pressed oils, unrefined jaggery**, and plenty of **fresh water** and **movement**.

His philosophy wasn't about adding complex supplements or superfoods. It was about returning to what was already perfect — food grown in harmony with nature and cooked with awareness.

He once said in a lecture:

“Healing doesn't come from laboratories; it comes from the land.

When you eat what grows on your soil, under your sun, in your season —

your body remembers who it is.”

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### ***My Experience***

Incorporating the **millet regimen** into my diet was a turning point. It brought structure, simplicity, and a deep sense of grounding to my lifestyle. I could literally feel the body's inflammation subsiding, the heaviness lifting, and my energy stabilizing throughout the day.

Each meal became an act of gratitude — a connection to the farmers, the earth, and the intelligence that had created these sacred grains.

As I observed the cumulative effect of all these practices — meditation, Ayurveda, raw foods, and now millets — I realized that healing wasn't coming from any single method. It was emerging from the **synergy** of conscious living.

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Thanks to **Dr. Khadar Vali**, I rediscovered that ancient truth —

**Food is not just what we eat. Food is what we become.**

## CHAPTER 22

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### Going for Vipassana

**A**s my inner journey deepened, I remembered the powerful advice of **Dr. Gautam Lodaya** —

“If you ever get the chance, go for Vipassana. It's not just meditation — it's a deep surgery of the mind.”

Those words stayed with me. And in December, when I saw an upcoming **Vipassana Meditation Course** being held at **Jaipur**, I felt an immediate pull, as if my soul had already decided long before my mind did. Without hesitation, I registered.

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#### *The Journey Begins*

On the day I reached the **Vipassana Centre**, I was

greeted by an atmosphere of profound stillness. The campus was surrounded by trees, and even the air felt sacred — quiet, heavy with peace. There were no phones, no conversations, no distractions. Just silence, simplicity, and discipline.

The volunteers welcomed us gently, reminding us of the golden rule: **“Noble Silence”** — no talking, no gestures, no communication of any kind for ten days. For a person like me who loved interacting, teaching, and sharing, the idea of remaining silent for **ten full days** felt challenging, even intimidating.

But as I looked around, I noticed that everything about the Vipassana Centre was designed with deep thought — the food was sattvic, the schedule was strict but balanced, and every need was taken care of so that the mind could turn inward without worry.

For the first time in my life, I realized what it meant to be **completely with myself**.

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### ***What is Vipassana?***

Vipassana — meaning **“to see things as they really are”** — is one of India’s most ancient meditation techniques. It was rediscovered by **Gautama Buddha** over 2,500 years ago as the essence of his

enlightenment. The technique teaches one to observe reality within — not through imagination, mantras, or visualization, but through direct observation of **bodily sensations**.

The principle is simple yet profound: every emotion, thought, and reaction leaves an imprint in the form of physical sensations. By observing these sensations without reacting to them — neither craving nor resisting — the mind begins to purify itself.

This process is called **“equanimity.”**

As the mind learns to remain equanimous — balanced and peaceful — the old patterns of anger, fear, lust, and hatred begin to dissolve naturally. Vipassana doesn’t teach belief; it teaches **observation**. It doesn’t promise miracles; it cultivates awareness.

It’s not a religion, but a **science of the mind** — a journey from reaction to response, from ignorance to insight.

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### ***The Ten Days of Silence***

The daily routine was rigorous — waking up at **4 a.m.**, meditating for nearly **10 hours a day**, eating simple vegetarian meals, and maintaining silence throughout.

For the first two days, my mind was restless. Thoughts about my family, patients, and unfinished work kept intruding. My legs ached, my back complained, and I often found myself tempted to quit.

But as each day passed, something within me began to shift.

By the third day, I started feeling sensations in my body I had never noticed before — tingling, warmth, vibrations. The teacher explained that these were signs of awareness deepening. By the fifth day, I began to notice the subtle difference between pain and suffering — pain was physical, but suffering was the mind's reaction to it.

By the seventh day, a deep calm began to descend. My breath became naturally slow, my body light, my thoughts quiet. The silence that once felt heavy now felt like a friend — embracing, healing, limitless.

Each moment became meditation. Eating, walking, sitting, even breathing — everything was done mindfully.

I understood what Dr. Gautam Lodaya had meant when he said,

“If one hour of meditation heals, imagine what happens when you meditate all day.”

He was right. The body healed, but more importantly, the **mind healed** — layer by layer, silently and profoundly.

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### ***The Science of Inner Cleansing***

Vipassana works by dissolving **Sankharas** — the deep-rooted mental impressions and emotional residues we accumulate over lifetimes. Each time we react with anger or fear, we plant a seed of suffering within us. These sankharas lie dormant, influencing our behavior and health.

When we observe sensations without reacting, we stop feeding these seeds. Slowly, they lose their energy and dissolve — this is the **purification of the mind**.

As the mind purifies, the body responds. Stress hormones decrease, immunity strengthens, and a deep sense of well-being arises. Many scientific studies have shown measurable changes in brain activity, heart rate variability, and even gene expression after long Vipassana retreats.

In essence, Vipassana is not just meditation — it's **mental detoxification**.

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## ***Coming Back Renewed***

On the tenth day, when silence was finally lifted, many of us were in tears — not of sadness, but of gratitude. We had entered the retreat as individuals carrying years of noise, pain, and confusion. We left as lighter, calmer, and more aware versions of ourselves.

I felt renewed — not just mentally but cellularly. It was as if someone had pressed a reset button inside me. My breath was deeper, my senses sharper, and my faith in life stronger.

Returning home, I carried that silence with me. The chatter of the world no longer disturbed me the way it used to. My morning meditation became deeper, more effortless, more healing.

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I realized then that this journey — which began with fear and uncertainty — was no longer about fighting disease. It was about awakening **awareness**, the true medicine of life.

And Vipassana had shown me, beyond any doubt, that the **mind healed before the body ever could**.

When I returned home from Vipassana, my heart was overflowing with gratitude — not just for the experience, but for the **people who made it possible**.

Ten days of silence may seem like a short time on paper, but for a family that has always been closely knit — sharing every moment, every meal, every small joy — it was a long separation. I had never been away from my family for so many days in complete isolation before.

As I stepped into the familiar warmth of home, I was greeted not with questions or chatter, but with gentle smiles — as if they instinctively understood the sacred silence that still lingered within me. My wife, **Manwinder**, had taken care of everything in my absence — the children, the house, my responsibilities — with grace and strength. She later told me that she too had spent those ten days praying for me and holding me in light, trusting that this silence was a part of my healing journey.

My son **Ekjot** ran towards me, full of excitement, eager to share every small event that had happened while I was away — the cricket matches, his new batting strokes, the laughter he shared with friends. My daughter **Shabadjot**, with her innocent eyes, hugged me tightly and said, “Papa, you were gone for so long! But you look happy now.”

Her words touched me deeply. Yes, I was happy — but it wasn’t just happiness; it was peace.

I realized that Vipassana didn’t only heal me — it healed **our family bond**. It taught me to listen more

deeply, to respond more gently, and to bring mindfulness into my relationships. Before Vipassana, I often rushed through conversations, distracted or preoccupied. Now, I could sit with my children and really listen. I could look into my wife's eyes and feel her presence without the need for words.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude for their **unconditional support**. They never questioned my choices — whether it was meditation at 3:30 a.m., raw food, Ayurveda, or now ten days of silence. They simply trusted me, giving me the space to explore my healing, even when it meant my physical absence from them.

That kind of trust is the rarest form of love.

I sat quietly that evening, watching them laugh together over dinner, and I realized how much they had given me — not just emotional support, but the freedom to grow. My wife could have easily said no to the idea of me leaving for ten days — she had every reason to, given the responsibilities at home and my ongoing recovery. But instead, she said softly before I left,

“Go, Gagan. You need this. We'll manage everything here. Come back with peace in your heart.”

Those words echoed in me throughout my retreat. Whenever I felt restless or lonely during Vipassana, I reminded myself that back home, three hearts were

praying for me — and that gave me strength to sit through the hardest moments.

When I shared my experiences with them after returning, they listened with fascination — about the silence, the meditation, the discipline, the inner shifts. My wife said something beautiful that summed it all up:

“We all did Vipassana with you, in our own way. You were silent there, and we were silent here — learning to be peaceful with your absence.”

That evening, I wrote in my journal:

“Silence heals, but love sustains.  
Vipassana taught me how to be still,  
but my family taught me how to stay grounded.  
Their faith allowed me to dive deep,  
and when I emerged, I realized —  
true meditation continues in the embrace of those  
who love you.”

As I looked at my family that night — my wife's calm eyes, my children's laughter — I felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude.

Vipassana had taught me to observe life with equanimity, but **my family had taught me what life truly means** — love, patience, trust, and togetherness.

And in that moment, I understood:

Healing doesn't happen in isolation.

It happens in **connection** — with silence, with self, and with the ones who wait patiently for your return.

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CHAPTER 23

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## Removal of Toxins from Daily Life

**A**s my journey toward holistic healing deepened, I began to understand that true wellness is not only about what we *add* to life — meditation, nutrition, faith — but also about what we *remove*. Healing is as much about **subtraction** as it is about addition.

While studying various books, research papers, and holistic medicine philosophies, I came across a disturbing realization — **toxins are everywhere**. They hide in the most ordinary places: in our soaps, shampoos, lotions, toothpaste, cooking oils, and even the air fresheners we use to “purify” our homes. Modern life had turned into a chemical experiment, and we had become unknowing participants in it.

That was the moment I decided to take a **radical step** — **to detoxify not just my body, but my lifestyle**.

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## ***Step 1: Saying Goodbye to Soap***

The first change I made was something simple yet surprisingly effective — I **stopped using soap**.

Initially, it sounded odd even to me. But when I studied further, I realized that most commercial soaps contain synthetic detergents, sulfates, parabens, and artificial fragrances — all of which strip away the natural oils from the skin and disrupt its microbiome.

So, I stopped using soap completely, except for **handwashing**. For bathing, I began using **plain water** or occasionally **besan (gram flour)** mixed with a few drops of natural oils like **coconut or olive oil**. Within a week, I noticed a remarkable change — my **skin texture improved**, dryness disappeared, and there was a natural glow.

I realized that our skin doesn't need to be “cleaned” aggressively — it needs to be **respected**.

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## ***Step 2: Replacing Lotions with Nature***

The next item on my detox list was **lotions and moisturizers**. A closer look at their ingredient lists revealed an army of unpronounceable chemicals — mineral oil, parabens, artificial colors, and synthetic

emulsifiers.

So, I decided to make my own **homemade moisturizer**. My recipe was simple yet nourishing:

- **Coconut oil or sesame oil** as a base.
- **Aloe vera gel**, freshly extracted.
- A few drops of **vitamin E** and **essential oils** like lavender or rose for fragrance.

The result was astonishing. My skin stayed hydrated throughout the day, and the faint, natural aroma of the oils felt soothing. I also realized how much money and waste could be avoided by returning to simplicity.

Our ancestors had used oils, ghee, and herbal concoctions for centuries — and they never had the skin problems that have become so common today.

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## ***Step 3: Discovering the Truth About Hair Oils***

While decluttering my bathroom cabinet, I picked up a bottle of my favorite branded **hair oil** — something I had been using for years. When I looked closely at the ingredients, I was shocked. The base ingredient was **mineral oil** — a byproduct of petroleum.

No wonder my hair always felt heavy and lifeless after applying it.

From that day, I decided to use only **natural plant-based oils**. My new rotation included **cold-pressed coconut oil, castor oil, sesame oil**, and occasionally **almond oil**. These oils not only nourished my scalp but also helped in maintaining natural shine and hair strength.

It was another reminder that nature provides all we need — if only we stop seeking convenience over consciousness.

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#### ***Step 4: The Toothpaste Transformation***

The next challenge was my **toothpaste**. Almost every commercial toothpaste available in the market is filled with fluoride, artificial sweeteners, and chemical foaming agents.

Inspired by traditional Ayurvedic practices, I replaced my toothpaste with a blend of:

- **Triphala Choorna** (a powerful Ayurvedic combination of amla, harad, and baheda),
- **Turmeric powder** (for its antibacterial and anti-inflammatory properties), and

- **Coconut oil** (as a base for oil pulling and cleaning).

I mixed these into a smooth paste and began using it twice a day. Not only did my gums feel healthier, but the natural yellow of turmeric gradually gave way to a clean, natural whiteness. The freshness was earthy and real — without the artificial “mint blast” that masks rather than cleanses.

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#### ***Step 5: Moving Toward Organic Food***

Perhaps the most challenging detox step was **switching to organic food**. I had learned that pesticides, preservatives, and chemical fertilizers used in modern farming are silent toxins that accumulate in the body over time, leading to chronic inflammation and disease.

We made a conscious effort as a family to **buy organic produce** — fruits, vegetables, grains, and pulses — as much as possible. I even began exploring **local farmers’ markets** and suppliers who grew food without chemicals.

However, I must admit — it wasn’t easy. Finding genuinely organic products, ensuring freshness, and managing the cost were all practical challenges. But

even if we couldn't go 100% organic, we decided to **go as natural as possible.**

Every step mattered. Even small changes made a visible difference in energy, digestion, and overall well-being.

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### ***Living a Conscious Life***

As the days passed, I realized that detoxification was not just a physical process — it was a **philosophy of awareness.** It meant reading labels, questioning convenience, and making deliberate choices in daily life.

The goal wasn't perfection — it was **progress.** Every chemical we avoided, every natural replacement we found, was a small victory for health and the planet.

My body began to feel cleaner, lighter, and more alive. But more importantly, my **mind became sharper.** The fog created by hidden toxins — not just in food and products but in thoughts and habits — started to clear.

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It wasn't just about removing soap, lotion, or toothpaste — it was about **removing ignorance.**

And in that simple act of cleansing my surroundings, I realized I was also cleansing my **soul.**

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## Alarm-Free Waking

**I**n my pursuit of complete healing, one area that fascinated me deeply was **sleep** — that mysterious, silent process through which the body repairs itself, the mind resets, and the spirit reconnects with its source. The more I studied, the more I realized that **sleep is not a passive state**; it is an active, intelligent, and sacred form of healing.

During my readings, I came across a powerful book — “**Sleep, Your Way to Success**” by **Khurshed Batliwala** and **Dinesh Ghodke**, both senior teachers from *The Art of Living Foundation*. Their perspective on sleep changed the way I looked at it forever.

They explained that sleep is nature’s built-in medicine — a free, effortless therapy that heals our organs, balances hormones, boosts immunity, and even purifies the mind of accumulated impressions. Yet, in

modern life, we treat sleep as a luxury rather than a necessity — cutting it short with caffeine, screens, and alarms.

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### ***The Shock of the Alarm Clock***

One point that struck me deeply from the book was their discussion on **alarms**.

They wrote that waking up with an alarm abruptly pushes the body out of deep sleep cycles. This sudden jolt releases stress hormones like adrenaline and cortisol, creating subtle anxiety even before the day begins. Over time, this disrupts our natural circadian rhythm — the inner clock that aligns us with the rhythm of nature.

That line hit home. I had always used an alarm to wake up — often before my body was ready. I realized that if I truly wanted to heal, I needed to learn to **wake up naturally**, letting my body decide when it had completed its repair cycle.

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### ***The Experiment***

So, I made a decision — **no more alarms**.

Instead of forcing my body to wake up, I would train it gently. The key, as the book suggested, was not in waking early, but in **sleeping early**. If I wanted to start my day at 3:30 a.m., I had to ensure I was in bed by 8:30 or 9 p.m.

At first, it felt strange — the world outside was still alive with noise and screens, while I was preparing for bed. But slowly, it became a ritual of peace.

Before sleep, I would do my **evening affirmations**, thanking my body, mind, and spirit for another beautiful day. I consciously released any tension, forgiven the day, and told myself:

“I will wake up naturally, fully rested, and in perfect timing.”

And miraculously, it worked.

Within a few days, my body adjusted to this rhythm. I started waking up **automatically at 3:30 a.m.**, without any alarm. The experience was magical — no noise, no rush, just quiet awareness. I would open my eyes and feel grateful that my body and nature were now in sync.

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## ***Creating Sleep Hygiene***

To make this possible, I also practiced strict **sleep hygiene**.

- **No mobile or laptop use after 6:00 p.m.** — I realized that the blue light from screens interferes with melatonin, the sleep hormone. So, I shifted all my digital activities to daytime.
- **No tea or coffee in the evening.** I had already reduced caffeine during my healing, but now I completely avoided it after 2 p.m. My sleep became deeper and more peaceful.
- **A dark room** — I ensured that my bedroom was completely dark, as even small light sources can confuse the brain and disrupt circadian rhythm.
- **Calm environment** — I used to light a small lamp or diffuse essential oils like lavender or sandalwood before sleeping. The faint fragrance created an atmosphere of surrender.

With these changes, I noticed that I didn't just sleep longer — I slept **better**. My dreams became calmer, my body felt lighter in the morning, and my thoughts were clearer.

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## ***The Rhythm of a Healing Day***

My new rhythm soon became a sacred routine.

- **3:30 a.m.** — Natural waking, silent gratitude, and deep **meditation**.
- **4:30–5:30 a.m.** — Writing for my project *“Living With Japuji.”*
- **5:30 a.m. onwards** — Exercise followed by nature walk, sunlight exposure.
- **Evening** — Reflection, family time, gratitude journaling, and affirmations before sleep.

My day began with **silence** and ended with **thankfulness** — a full circle of awareness.

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## ***Gratitude to My Family***

None of this would have been possible without the support of my family. Adjusting household rhythms to accommodate my early bedtime was not easy. Evening television volume had to be lowered, and dinner timings adjusted. Yet, my wife and children embraced it lovingly.

They understood that this was not just about discipline — it was about **healing**.

Many nights, my daughter would peek into my room and whisper, “Papa, are you going to meditate again in the morning?” and smile as if it were a secret we shared. My wife ensured that my environment stayed calm and my responsibilities were balanced so that I could sleep and wake naturally.

For that, I am eternally grateful. Their quiet cooperation made my healing rhythm sustainable and joyful.

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Now, when I open my eyes at 3:30 a.m., I no longer hear a machine’s jarring sound.

I hear the gentle voice of life itself whispering,

“Wake up, it’s time to live another healing day.”

## My Exercise Protocol

**T**he body is a strange companion. It carries you through every joy and every storm, yet you only realize its sacredness when it begins to falter. During the early days of my research, as I tried to stitch together my scattered understanding of cancer, one truth kept returning to me like a drumbeat: **movement heals.**

It wasn't a motivational poster quote. It was science — cold, precise, undeniable.

Study after study showed that exercise does far more than build strength. It preserves muscle mass during cancer treatment, improves insulin sensitivity, reduces inflammation, enhances immunity, and lowers risk of recurrence. In fact, some research even showed that regular exercise can decrease the chances of relapse in

certain cancers by nearly 30–40%. Another study revealed that exercise activates natural killer cells — the body's own soldiers — making them more efficient. Movement wasn't luxury. It was medicine.

But I didn't want to go back to the gym. I had spent a major part of my old life blaming myself for laziness, inconsistent habits, and wasted time. I didn't want exercise to become another place where I hid behind social interactions, small talk, or unnecessary distractions. Healing demanded solitude — a sacred discipline, a conversation between me and my body. I needed to build something that was **mine**, something that didn't rely on machines, crowds, or noise.

So I designed my own **home protocol** — simple, intense, time-bound, and deeply personal.

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By the time I began this routine, my days had already taken a new shape. I had learned to wake without an alarm — naturally, effortlessly — at **3:30 a.m.** The world at that hour is silent in a way that feels ancient. The air is heavy with peace, and even the darkness seems to hold you gently. I would sit on my meditation cushion, spine straight, eyes closed, breath soft — sinking into that stillness.

For one hour, I allowed silence to reshape me from the inside. The mind that was once stormy now became

a lake. Thoughts rose like ripples and disappeared.

Some mornings, I whispered to myself, *“Let me heal. Let me surrender.”*

Other mornings, I simply listened — to the breath, to the faint hum of life.

At **4:30 a.m.**, still enveloped in that meditative state, I would open my notebook and begin writing my book *“Living with Japuji.”* Words came from somewhere deeper than intellect — from a space beyond fear. It felt as if meditation opened a channel, and writing became a form of prayer. The pen moved, and I followed. I wasn’t writing a book; I was writing my truth.

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By **5:30 a.m.**, when the first soft light touched the sky, it was time to move. Time to awaken the body.

I had created a routine that pushed every part of me — mind, muscle, breath, will. Ten sets. Each set like a mantra of resilience.

- **10 squats**
- **10 burpees**
- **10 push-ups**
- **10 sit-ups**
- **5–8 pull-ups**

Simple. Raw. Grounded.

“No excuses, Gagan,” I would whisper to myself as I tightened my laces. And then I would begin.

The first set was always deceptive — gentle, easy, warming. But by the fourth or fifth, the body began to protest. Legs burned, breath shortened, sweat rolled down my spine. I could feel my heart pounding — not out of fear, but out of life. Each rep forced me to meet the part of myself that had once been labeled lazy, undisciplined, inconsistent. Now he was transforming.

Some mornings, I talked to myself while exercising.

**“You are not fighting cancer. You are building a life.”**

Other mornings, I stopped in the middle of burpees, closed my eyes, and felt gratitude for the body that still allowed me to move.

I trained my body without negotiating — no machines, no fancy equipment. Just the floor beneath me, the bar above me, and my breath. Research had shown that resistance training increases muscle protein synthesis, maintains lean mass, and improves recovery. High-intensity movements increase endorphins and strengthen mitochondrial function. Every squat, every push-up, every pull-up was a reminder:

## **I am alive, and my body is rebuilding itself.**

There were days when weakness visited me. Days when fear whispered, *“Why are you doing all this? You’re a cancer patient.”*

And on those days, I answered, *“Exactly because of that.”*

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After the last set, when sweat soaked my T-shirt and my breath came heavy but steady, I would finish with **cool-down stretching and yoga**. This last part felt like a celebration. My muscles softened, my heartbeat slowed, and a deep calm would settle in my chest.

I could feel my nervous system switch from fight-or-flight to rest-and-repair. My body understood the language of breath and surrender. Yoga restored what intensity had challenged, and together they became a perfect rhythm — effort and ease, strength and softness.

As I lay in Savasana, eyes closed, heart quiet, I often felt something unexpected: **joy**.

Not the loud, ecstatic joy that comes from achievement. But a quieter one — the joy of keeping a promise to myself.

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Through this routine, I realized that exercise was no longer something I “had to” do. It became something I “got to” do. A privilege. A gift. A partnership between my will and my healing.

And every morning at 5:30, as I stood on my mat, I felt something powerful rising within me —

Fear may have entered my life uninvited, but strength... strength was something I chose.

In the end, I discovered this simple truth:

**Healing is not only what happens in hospitals.**

**Healing is how we show up for ourselves when no one is watching.**

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## Shifting to a Larger Purpose of Life

**T**here are moments in life when something inside you breaks open — not in pain, but in revelation. For me, that shift happened quietly, in the early hours of dawn, when the world was still asleep and I sat in the soft, meditative glow of 4:30 a.m. Each morning, I opened my notebook and began writing *“Living with Japuji.”* What started as a discipline — a way to structure my healing — slowly transformed into something much bigger, something that demanded more than ink and paper.

It demanded **me**.

In the beginning, I wrote from my meditation — words flowing like a river from somewhere beyond thought. But gradually, as the pages filled, I noticed a change in my inner landscape. My writing didn’t just

explore verses from Japuji Sahib; it explored **me**, my spirit, my pain, my potential, my place in this vast universe.

There was an early morning when I paused mid-sentence. My pen hovered above the paper, and I stared at the quiet room around me. A voice inside whispered, *“Gagan, this is bigger than your healing. This is your offering.”*

That moment stayed with me.

All my life, I had been busy being a doctor, a father, a husband, a teacher — roles I played sincerely but perhaps mechanically. I never stopped to ask: **What is my larger purpose? What am I meant to leave behind?**

Cancer forced that question into my bloodstream.

Writing *Living with Japuji* answered it.

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### *Seeing Myself Through a New Lens*

As my pen moved across page after page, a strange transformation began. I no longer saw myself as a fearful patient, or a struggling man trying to hold his life together. I saw myself as a **channel** — someone through whom something meaningful could flow

into the world.

For the first time in years, I started believing in my own worth — not externally validated worth, but inner worth. I wasn't just a collection of professional achievements or failures. I wasn't defined by the opinions of colleagues or the judgments of society. I wasn't the "lazy Aquarian" who had once drifted through life.

I was a seeker.

A learner.

A person capable of distilling wisdom, pain, and reflection into something that could touch hearts.

Every verse of Japuji Sahib opened a door into a clarity I had never experienced before. I felt as if Guru Nanak's teachings were not just being studied — they were being lived. They were shaping my consciousness. They were teaching me surrender, acceptance, and humility. And slowly, they were teaching me to see my life through the lens of **service**.

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### ***A New Identity Emerges***

One morning, while writing about "Jap — the meditation of remembrance," I found tears rolling

down my cheeks. Not tears of sadness, but tears of realization.

*"If I can heal even one person through my words, if I can bring even one soul closer to peace, my life will have meaning,"* I wrote.

It struck me that I had spent years working in the field of community medicine — but my deeper contribution was only beginning now. Writing awakened a part of me that had been dormant — my spiritual identity, my inner teacher, my ability to give something lasting.

I realized that legacy is not created by wealth or status.

Legacy is created by intention.

By stories.

By courage.

By truth.

And here, through my writing, I was shaping a legacy that could outlive me.

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### ***From Fear to Contribution***

Before cancer, I often doubted myself. I questioned my abilities, my value, my purpose. But writing lifted that veil. It showed me that suffering can become

strength when shared with honesty. That pain can transform into wisdom when we allow it. And that healing becomes complete when it moves beyond the self — when it becomes something we offer to others.

I began to see myself not as a burden, but as a **valuable asset** — someone with unique experiences, insights, and compassion. I felt powerful — not because my body was strong, but because my purpose had become clear.

I didn't want to just survive cancer.

I wanted to **serve through it**.

Some mornings, while writing, I would whisper to myself:

“Let my life be a message.  
Let my journey be a light for someone walking through darkness.”

These words were not melodramatic — they were real. They came from the deepest part of me, the part that had been awakened by meditation, silence, struggle, and surrender.

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### ***Creating a Legacy Beyond My Lifetime***

As the chapters of *Living with Japuji* grew, so did my

vision. I started imagining young doctors, students, patients, and seekers reading my reflections someday — finding courage, clarity, and comfort. I imagined my children reading it when they grow older — understanding their father's soul, not just his profession.

I imagined my journey becoming a blessing rather than a burden.

There was a day when I closed my notebook after writing for an hour and felt a powerful stillness inside me. A realization:

“I am not writing a book. I am writing my life's purpose.”

And with that, a shift happened — a quiet yet seismic shift.

For the first time in my life, I felt that my existence had meaning beyond my physical health. I could contribute to the world in a way that was timeless, deep, and authentic. And even if life gave me only limited time, I could fill that time with something eternal — wisdom, love, and purpose.

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In that moment, sitting alone at my desk at 5 a.m., I understood something profound:

**Illness pushed me into myself. Purpose pulled me out into the world.**

And in that dance between inner healing and outer contribution,

I found the meaning I had been searching for my entire life.

## CHAPTER 27

# Immersion Into Music

**I**f someone had told me years ago that music would become one of the purest forms of healing in my life, I wouldn't have believed them. I loved words, I loved rhythm, but I had never imagined myself standing on a stage, mic in hand, reciting *boliyan* in front of an auditorium full of colleagues. Yet life — especially life touched by cancer — has a way of peeling away old layers and revealing parts of you that were waiting quietly beneath the surface.

It started with something as simple as a committee meeting.

As Vice President of the GGSMC Teachers Association, we were planning the annual Diwali party. The usual suggestions floated around the table — speeches, games, group dances. But somewhere

within me, a spark flickered. I raised my hand and said, “Why not try something new? Something rooted in our culture — *boliyan* on faculty members.”

The room burst into smiles. It was fresh, funny, personal. Everyone loved it. And yet, when it came to volunteers, silence. All eyes turned to me.

“You take the lead, Gagan,” someone said with a grin. “And take your wife with you. You two will do it best.”

I remember looking at my wife. She raised an eyebrow, the kind of look that says: *Really? Are we doing this?* And then she smiled. That smile carried confidence, mischief, partnership.

“Yes,” she said simply.

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### ***Finding Harmony in Collaboration***

The rehearsals began at home, late evenings filled with laughter, mispronunciations, exaggerated expressions, and endless retakes. I wrote the *boliyan* — short, playful Punjabi stanzas that start slow and rise into a crescendo of excitement. My wife practiced the rhythm with me, adding her own flair.

Then came a turning point — **Aman**, our musician

friend. Young, innovative, and with a mind that transformed my raw lines into melodies. The three of us sat together, experimenting with rhythms, beats, tones. I would recite a line; Aman would hum; my wife would adjust the flow — and suddenly, a simple couplet would breathe like a living creature.

I realized something profound in those sessions:

**Music is not created. Music is revealed.**

It emerges when heart, voice, and intention align.

On the night of the Diwali performance, as we walked onto the stage, I could feel the old remnants of fear — the kind that whispers, *what if you mess up?* But the moment the first *boli* left my lips, the audience burst into laughter, applause, and energy. I watched faces light up, faculty members clapping, some even dancing.

When we finished, people stood and cheered. That applause didn’t just fill the hall — it filled a part of me that had been silent for years.

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### ***From Boliyan to Songs: A New Creative Universe***

That night created a doorway — a possibility that

music could become more than entertainment. It could be a way of expression, of bonding, of healing. My wife and I looked at each other with a new awareness:

“We can create something together,” she said.

And I answered, “Yes. Something meaningful.”

We already had the team — me with my words, Aman with his music, my wife with her rhythm and presence. That combination became **Rx Melody** — our little creative universe.

We started with *tappe* — two-liner poetic songs, playful and sharp. Then came something deeper: a song dedicated to my son. The theme:

**“Never ever accept failure.”**

While writing those lines, I saw his face — determined, innocent, full of dreams. I wanted him to hear my voice in his weakest moments, pushing him forward.

Then we created a song for my daughter — joyful, tender, full of love. Her laughter echoed through our home during the recording. She began dancing the moment she heard the beat. A father watching his child dance to a song he wrote — that is a moment life frames and keeps forever.

---

## ***Music as Healing During Loss***

But life isn't always joyous.

During this creative journey, I faced the greatest heartbreak — my father's passing. His absence created a silence I could not tolerate. I remember sitting with my notebook, tears falling on the page, my heart heavy with grief. But instead of collapsing into sorrow, I felt a strong urge to immortalize him.

We created a song for him — not mourning his death, but celebrating his life. When we recorded it, I could feel him beside me, as if the music opened a channel between worlds.

That song healed a part of me I didn't even know needed healing.

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## ***Healing Through Creativity***

By the time I am writing this chapter, we have released **16 songs** on our YouTube channel *Rx Melody*. Sixteen pieces of our soul. Sixteen expressions of love, courage, loss, joy, and purpose.

With every recording, I could feel something shift inside me — a release, a surrender. The act of creating

music became meditation. Words became therapy. The rhythm became breath.

There were evenings when I walked out of the studio tired but glowing. My wife's eyes sparkled with pride. Aman grinned like a child who had discovered magic.

In those moments, I realized something profound:

**Healing is not only in medicine or meditation.**

**Healing is also in creation.**

**In expression.**

**In art.**

**In voice.**

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Writing this now, I can see it clearly:

Music didn't just accompany my healing.

**Music healed me.**

It gave me connection when fear tried to isolate me.

It gave me purpose when uncertainty clouded my mind.

It gave me joy when my body needed energy.

And most beautifully —

it gave me a shared project with my wife, something we built together, brick by brick, note by note, breath by breath.

A legacy not just of survival, but of **love in harmony.**

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## Repeated Cystoscopy

**A** year had passed since that first shattering diagnosis. A year of meditation, of raw food and millets, of Ayurveda and Vipassana, of music and writing and inner work. A year of peeling away fear, layer by layer, and replacing it with discipline, faith, and awareness.

But even with all the healing I had experienced, there was one truth I could not escape:

**cancer is a shadow that tests your courage again and again.**

And so, when it was time for a repeat cystoscopy, I felt the familiar flutter of anxiety rising in my chest. It had been nearly twelve months of intense self-work, a year in which I had reshaped my lifestyle completely. But now it was time for the external verdict — the

objective evaluation that would either confirm my inner belief or push me into another round of decisions.

I discussed the plan with my brother-in-law, **Dr. Harman Singh**, who was working as a Senior Consultant in the deptt of Urology at Dayanand Medical College, Ludhiana. His calm voice on the phone steadied me.

“Come on this date,” he said. “We’ll do the procedure. Don’t worry, we’ll handle everything.”

His confidence helped — but only up to a point. The rest, I had to handle alone.

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### *The Return of That Old Anxiety*

On the morning of the cystoscopy, I reached DMC early. Hospitals have a very distinct smell — a mixture of antiseptic, steel, and quiet fear. Even as a doctor, I couldn’t escape its effect. It reminded me of all the patients I had seen over the years — their uncertainty, their hope, their silent prayers. Now, I stood among them, not as a physician but as a patient, waiting for answers.

As I sat in the waiting area, waves of anxiety washed over me. My heart felt heavy, as if each beat carried

a question:

*Will it be clear? Will all this effort mean something?  
What if the shadow has returned?*

I tried to breathe slowly, the way Vipassana had taught me.

“Inhale... observe... exhale... observe...”

But anxiety has its own stubborn rhythm, and on that day, it was louder than my meditation.

The room around me was a blur of white coats, metallic trolleys, and footsteps echoing in the corridor. Somewhere in the background, a patient’s relative murmured a prayer. I felt strangely connected to him — two strangers holding onto faith.

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## ***The Procedure***

When Dr. Harman Singh called my name, I stood up quickly, more out of instinct than confidence. Inside the minor OT, the cold metal surfaces and bright lights amplified my nervousness. Harman’s familiar face, however, brought a sense of grounding.

“Relax, Gagan,” he said gently.

His tone was not clinical — it was the voice of family,

of reassurance.

I nodded, though my palms were sweating.

As I lay on the table, I felt the same breathless tension I had experienced during my first cystoscopy — the fear of the unknown, the silent bargaining with God. The scope entered, and I watched Harman’s face carefully. He remained composed, focused, scanning every fold, every corner.

Minutes stretched like hours.

Inside my mind, thoughts raced:

*Have I done enough? Should I have done more? Was all this effort real or just belief?*

And then, suddenly, Harman spoke — calmly, firmly, almost casually,  
“All clear.”

Two words.

Just two words.

But they hit me like a breath I had been holding for an entire year.

## ***The Release***

The tightness inside my chest loosened instantly. My eyes closed involuntarily, as if my body needed a moment to process this release. A long breath escaped my lungs — slow, shaky, full of relief I hadn't allowed myself to feel until now.

I didn't cry — but I could feel the emotion swelling behind my eyes.

Harman placed a hand on my shoulder.

"You're doing good," he said. "Keep following your routine."

Those words carried validation — not just of my physical journey, but of the emotional and spiritual path I had walked for the past year. Every meditation, every raw meal, every affirmation, every nature walk, every song — it all felt worth it in that moment.

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## ***Walking Out Lighter***

When I stepped outside the OT, the hospital corridor looked different — lighter, more forgiving. The same walls, the same people, but I was not the same.

I called my wife first.

She answered in one ring, her voice tense, hopeful.

"What happened?" she asked.

"All clear," I said softly.

I could hear her breath catch, a pause filled with gratitude.

"Thank God," she whispered.

And I felt the weight lift from both our shoulders.

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That evening, as I sat in silence, I wrote in my journal:

"Healing is not a straight line. It is a cycle of fear and courage.

Today, courage won."

And in that quiet, I realized something profound—

**this journey is not just about living without cancer, but about learning how to live fully, consciously, and gratefully every single day.**

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## Joy in the Family

When I walked out of the hospital corridor that day, “all clear” echoing in my ears, something inside me softened and opened — like a tight fist finally releasing. The fear that I had been carrying silently for months loosened, and in its place, a gentle warmth began to rise. It wasn’t loud joy — not the kind you celebrate with fireworks — but a quiet, sacred joy that you feel deep within your chest.

Although only a few family members knew about my condition — and we had kept it tightly confidential — the circle that knew was small, honest, and fiercely protective. My wife, my brother, and I had carried the emotional weight together, each in our own way, without letting it spill into the larger family ecosystem. And now, for the first time in months, all three of us felt the same thing at the same time: **relief**.

That evening, when I reached home, I opened the door and saw my wife waiting. There was something different in her eyes — a softness that comes when fear dissolves. She didn’t say anything at first. She just hugged me — a long, deep, wordless hug. No celebration, no dramatic reactions. Just a silent understanding that we had crossed one big mountain.

Later, as we sat on the sofa with cups of herbal tea, she looked at me and said,

“See? Your hard work is showing results. Your lifestyle changes... they’re working.”

Her voice carried relief, pride, and something else — faith. I could feel how heavily she had been holding everything inside, pretending to be strong for me, while worrying about the unknown. With this one report, a layer of that hidden anxiety lifted off her shoulders.

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### *My Brother’s Reaction*

When I shared the news with my brother, Dr. Sandeep Jot, I could almost hear the smile on his face through the phone.

“That’s great, veer,” he said with a calm firmness. “I knew it would be clear. You’ve been working on every

dimension — mind, body, spirit. This is the result of that alignment.”

He was relieved, but also deeply thoughtful. Having walked through every emotional conversation with me — from the day of diagnosis to the endless discussions on meditation, diets, and biopsies — he felt the victory personally.

In that moment, I realized how much emotional labor he had done quietly behind the scenes. He had been the anchor, the one who absorbed my panic and transformed it into guidance. Hearing his voice lighten, hearing him breathe a little easier — it touched me more than I expected.

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### ***A Friend's Relief***

I called **Dr. Ankush Jairath** too — the friend who had been beside me from the very beginning, who had guided me medically and emotionally through every twist and turn. When I shared the report, he let out a long exhale that carried months of unspoken concern.

“Excellent, yaar! I’m so happy,” he said. “But listen... we should repeat cystoscopy after one year too. Just to stay ahead.”

There was celebration in his voice, but it was grounded, clinical, real. His happiness wasn’t superficial — it came from seeing his friend succeed in healing. And yet, he wasn’t letting me relax completely. His professionalism blended naturally with our friendship.

His words reminded me that healing doesn’t end with one clear report. Healing is continuity, vigilance, and awareness.

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### ***The Joy We Didn't Speak Loudly About***

That night, I sat in my room and just watched my family — my wife preparing dinner, my children playing, their laughter echoing through the house. They had no idea of the magnitude of the relief that had washed over me that day. They only sensed the lightness in my mood, the softness in my expression.

Joy sometimes doesn’t need grand declarations.

Sometimes it comes as a quiet shift in the air — the kind that only the heart can detect.

In our small circle — me, my wife, my brother — that joy was real. It didn’t erase the past, it didn’t guarantee the future, but it gave us something precious in the present: **hope that felt earned.**

I slept that night with a sense of peace I hadn't felt in a long time. Not the peace of denial or distraction, but the peace of knowing:

“For now, we are okay. For now, we have won. And for now, joy is allowed.”

And in that small window of relief, I remembered something profound:

Healing isn't only when the report says “all clear.”

Healing is also when the people who love you can finally exhale.

## CHAPTER 30

# Call for a New Purpose of Life

**T**he morning after my all-clear cystoscopy felt strangely calm. You expect a big celebration inside your heart — fireworks, drums, dancing — but what I felt was quieter, deeper. It was as if I had finally surfaced after a long dive, lungs filled with fresh air, mind clear, spirit steady. I was still soaking in the relief when my phone rang.

It was **Dr. Sandeep Jot**, my brother — the man who had held my hand through every confusing, terrifying corner of this journey. I picked up the call, expecting congratulations or a casual chat about my next step.

But his voice carried something different that day — a deliberate tone, a sense of direction.

“Gagan,” he said, “you have healed cancer... and

cancer has healed you. But think about how many people don't have what you had — guidance, support, clarity, a meaningful structure to heal. You should spread this message. You should share your journey. You should create cancer wellness for the community.”

His words landed softly at first, then deeply. My brother wasn't talking about me as a patient anymore. He was speaking to me as a teacher, a healer, a guide.

Still, something inside me tightened.

I paused. I swallowed.

And I said the only thing that came naturally: **“No.”**

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### ***The Weight of Secrecy***

For almost a year, we had kept my diagnosis confidential — a tight bubble between a handful of trusted people. That secrecy wasn't just a strategy; it had become a habit, a protective shell. I had lived inside that silence, shielded from the world's questions, assumptions, judgments.

To step out now felt like walking into burning sunlight after living in a dark room.

I told him, “Bhai, I don't want negative thoughts

around me. You know how people react. They will start treating me like a patient again. They'll shower sympathy, ask questions, look at me with fear, doubt, pity. I can't handle that.”

Sympathy — that word alone brought back the suffocation of the early days: the looking, the whispering, the mental projections people create when they hear the word “cancer.” Sympathy is heavy — it sticks to your skin, steals your dignity, takes away your identity.

I had fought too hard to rebuild myself to let that cloud return.

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### ***His Vision, My Resistance***

But my brother didn't give up easily. He knew me well enough to push from different angles.

“Gagan, you have insights that people need. Not everybody has access to meditation, Ayurveda, balance, emotional support. They need guidance. If you stay silent, you limit your purpose.”

I stayed quiet.

He continued, “You experienced something rare —

a complete transformation of lifestyle, mindset, even identity. And you did it with discipline. People need that roadmap.”

I still resisted.

He tried again, more emotionally this time:

“You always wanted to serve the community... your whole life is built around Community Medicine. Now you have real experience — lived experience. This is your opportunity to make a difference.”

His words were not pressure — they were invitation.

Yet my fear of external perception was strong. The inertia of secrecy still clung to me like a second skin. I had lived in that protective zone for months. Stepping out meant vulnerability, exposure, unpredictability.

“I can’t do it,” I said. “I’m not ready.”

A silence followed, the kind that holds truth and disappointment together.

He sighed, not in frustration but in understanding. “Alright, Gagan. Think about it. Not today... maybe tomorrow. But remember, this calling is bigger than you.”

We ended the call.

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## ***The Tug of Two Worlds***

After the call, I sat in my chair, staring out of the window. My mind was quiet, but my heart was conflicted. I felt the tug of two worlds:

- one that wanted to stay private, protected, unseen
- and one that wanted to stand up, speak, serve, and share

I didn’t admit it to him that day, but a part of me knew he was right.

The cancer I healed was not just in my body. It was in my mind — in my fear, in my disconnection, in my lack of purpose.

And healing had given me something that felt too big to keep to myself.

Still, fear won that day.

I closed the window, shut off my phone, and returned to silence. But his words lingered in the air long after the call had ended.

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## ***The Quiet Realization***

Later that night, as I sat with my journal, I wrote

a single line:

“Purpose knocks softly at first.  
Fear answers loudly.  
But truth waits... patiently.”

I didn't know it then, but the door he opened with that call would eventually become the doorway to a purpose larger than anything I had imagined.

This chapter wasn't about saying yes.

It was about acknowledging the beginning of a question that would change everything.

## CHAPTER 31

### A Loss Which Shook Me

**H**ealing is not a straight line. It is a journey filled with victories, fears, miracles—and sometimes, devastating reminders of how fragile life truly is. In the midst of my own healing, when I was rebuilding my inner universe piece by piece, I received a phone call that would crack open something deep inside me.

It was from my dear friend **Sunil Chandianvi**. His voice, usually full of warmth and humor, sounded strained—hollow, almost trembling.

“Gagan,” he said softly, “Ranbir... she has a tongue ulcer that isn't healing. They've done investigations. It's cancer.”

I froze. I felt a shock run through me—not just because of the news, but because it collided with the secret I had been holding so tightly. I had been

silently fighting my own cancer journey, quietly transforming myself, keeping everything hidden from the world. And now, someone I loved was stepping into the very storm I had walked through.

I didn't tell him my truth.

Fear held my tongue.

The habit of secrecy had become a prison.

Instead, I tried to reassure him using knowledge alone. "Bha Ji, don't worry," I said gently. "There are many things you can do alongside treatment—nutrition, sleep, meditation, affirmations, pranayama, exercise... we can strengthen her from inside."

I shared whatever I could—nutritional advice, lifestyle recommendations, holistic practices. I told him to focus on her immunity, her sleep cycles, her stress levels, her emotional well-being.

But Sunil was in panic mode.

And panic looks only in one direction—*treatment*.

Hospital to hospital. Tests. Consultations. Surgeries. Opinions.

I could feel his fear. I could feel his helplessness. And I could also sense that nothing I was saying was truly landing in his heart. His mind was occupied with survival, not transformation.

As days turned into weeks, I watched from a distance.

Ranbir bhabhi's condition worsened.

Her treatment became more complicated.

Her suffering grew.

And I remained silent about my own journey, my own healing—clinging to secrecy like a shield.

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### ***The News That Broke Me***

On **15th May 2024**, my phone beeped with a message from Sunil. A few words.

Simple. Heavy.

"Gagan... she is no more."

Everything inside me collapsed.

I sat silently, staring at the screen, unable to breathe. Death has a way of sucking the air out of your lungs. I felt anger—raw, confused anger. I felt grief. I felt frustration. I felt helplessness. I felt guilt.

My mind began pointing fingers. *Why didn't they follow my advice? Why didn't they focus on healing from inside? Why didn't they...?*

For days, I carried that heaviness. It disturbed my

meditation. It disturbed my sleep. It disturbed my peace. It was as if my entire being was protesting—shouting inside me.

I kept replaying the conversations in my head.

*Maybe if I had said it differently... maybe if he had listened... maybe if they had believed... maybe... maybe...*

And then one night, something within me snapped.

But this time, it wasn't anger.

It was realization.

---

### ***The Mirror Turns Toward Me***

I was sitting alone in my room, lights dim, the house silent. A heaviness pressed against my chest, and suddenly a thought emerged—sharp, clear, undeniable.

*Why should he follow my advice? Who am I to him?*

*What authority do I have?*

I hadn't even shared my own story with him.

I had been guiding him with half-truths, withholding the most profound part of my journey—the part that

could have given credibility, hope, and clarity to every word I spoke. I expected him to trust my instructions while I hid my reality.

I felt ashamed—not of my journey, but of my silence.

I had been afraid of judgement, afraid of sympathy, afraid of whispers and speculation. But in protecting myself, I had failed to fully show up for someone I loved.

That night, I understood what my brother, **Dr. Sandeep Jot**, had been telling me repeatedly—

“Gagan, you need to share your message.

Not everyone has support, guidance, and clarity like you did.

Your story can save lives, inspire lives, transform lives.”

I had dismissed his words, resisted his vision, buried myself in fear. But losing Ranbir bhabhi cracked that resistance completely.

I finally pointed the finger inward.

Not in blame, but in honesty.

## ***A Shift in Purpose***

For the first time, I truly understood why silence can be dangerous. Why hiding our pain, our healing, our transformation might feel safe—but it denies others the chance to learn, hope, and act.

I whispered to myself that night:

“You survived for a reason.

Your journey is not just yours.

It’s a path others can walk through.”

The loss shook me.

But it also awakened me.

I began to think differently—about sharing my story, about creating awareness, about cancer wellness, about service. The fear that had once dominated me began to soften. And in that softness, a new purpose started taking birth.

A purpose not rooted in fear...

but in compassion.

In responsibility.

In truth.

Ranbir bhabhi’s passing became a turning point—a painful, irreversible reminder that life is fragile, and

silence can cost more than we realize.

And that night, a seed was planted in me:  
the seed of sharing, serving, and giving back.

A seed that would soon grow into something larger than myself.

## Decided to Launch the Cancer Wellness Program

**T**here comes a point in every healing journey where the focus shifts—from saving your own life to transforming the meaning of it. For months, I had walked through the fire in silence: meditating before dawn, eating with awareness, breathing with intention, healing with devotion. I had rebuilt myself from the inside out. But it wasn't until I witnessed the loss of Ranbir bhabhi that the purpose behind my survival truly crystallized.

Her passing did something irreversible inside me. It stripped away all the excuses, all the fear, all the hiding. It made me confront the truth that healing cannot stay private. Healing needs to be shared. Healing needs to be taught. Healing needs to be offered.

One evening, I sat at my desk, pen in hand, staring

at a blank sheet of paper. A sentence formed in my mind—unfiltered, direct, powerful:

**“My journey can help many cancer patients.”**

I wrote it down, underlined it, and felt the weight of those words. Not as a burden, but as a responsibility.

That night, I began to analyze everything I had lived through, everything I had discovered, everything I had learned through experience—not from textbooks or conferences, but from the raw battle between fear and hope.

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### ***The Gaps That Need to Be Filled***

As I reflected, it became painfully clear that the world of cancer healing is full of gaps—gaps that can overwhelm patients and families.

#### **1. Fear dominates the journey.**

The moment someone hears the word “cancer,” everything else disappears. They stop hearing, stop thinking, stop breathing. Fear becomes louder than logic.

#### **2. Doctors focus solely on treatment.**

And I say this with deepest respect—because I am

a doctor myself. But medical training is structured around diagnosis and treatment, not emotional navigation, not nutrition, not lifestyle transformation. Doctors battle cancer on reports and scans; patients battle cancer in their minds and hearts.

### **3. There is a huge gap between medical treatment and whole-person healing.**

Nutrition. Sleep. Emotional care. Movement. Support system. Purpose. Vision. Hope. These are not “extra” things—they are pillars of wellness. Yet they remain untouched in conventional cancer care.

### **4. Patients need community.**

A place where they can share their fears, victories, doubts, learnings. A place where they are understood—not pitied. Together, they can build belief in wellness, because belief is contagious.

### **5. Not everyone has support.**

I realized how blessed I was. I had pillars—my wife, my brother, my friends, teachers, mentors. But not every patient has someone who listens, supports, guides, or understands.

### **6. Not everyone has access to the wisdom I had accumulated.**

Art of Living, Osho, Landmark Forum, Heal Your Life, Enneagram, Spiritual Doctors for Holistic Health—these were not just courses; they were tools that saved me from despair. They shaped my

perspective, strengthened my mind, and expanded my inner capacity. How many cancer patients have such access? Very few.

That realization hit me like a wave:

**My journey is not just a personal experience. It is a roadmap.**

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### ***The Decision***

I picked up my phone and called my brother, Dr. Sandeep Jot.

“Veer,” I said quietly, “I’m ready. I want to share this. I want to create something... for others.”

There was a pause, and then his voice lit up. “Finally!” he said, half laughing, half emotional. “I was waiting for this. You should launch a Cancer Wellness Program. A structured path. Something that integrates everything you have lived.”

“But will people understand?” I asked.

“They don’t need to understand everything,” he replied. “They need to trust your experience.”

Then he added something that changed the direction

of my purpose:

**“Write your book along with the program. Let people walk the journey with you. Let them see healing not in theory, but in reality.”**

I felt his words settling inside me, like pieces clicking into place.

A book would make my story accessible.

A wellness program would make my experience actionable.

Together, they could create hope.

He continued, “You survived, Gagan. You healed. But survival is not the end—sharing is.”

I knew he was right.

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### ***A New Mission Is Born***

That night, I sat alone in my room. My notebook open. My pen resting. My mind quiet. And then I felt it—an unmistakable clarity.

This journey was not just mine.

It was meant to be shared.

It was meant to be a lantern for those walking in darkness.

I looked at the blank page and wrote:

**“I will launch the Cancer Wellness Program.”**

I underlined it. Twice.

And immediately after, I wrote:

**“And I will write my book — My Cancer Journey.”**

As the ink dried on the paper, I felt something shift inside me—a deep alignment between my pain, my healing, and my purpose.

Cancer had given many things to me.

And the one which I think is invaluable—

**a mission bigger than myself.**

That night, I finally understood:

Healing is not complete until it becomes service.

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## Extending the Vision — From “Disease-Free” to “Free From Disease”

**A**s my brother and I sat together refining the blueprint of the Cancer Wellness Program, the excitement was palpable. Ideas flowed, scribbles covered pages, arrows connected concepts, and the scope of what we envisioned began to take shape. But in the middle of all this momentum, a strange silence settled between us. Not an awkward silence—but the kind that arrives when a deeper truth knocks at the door.

I remember holding a pen, tapping it on the edge of the notebook, and saying, “We are designing this for cancer patients—people undergoing treatment, people struggling emotionally, people living in fear. But what about those...” I paused, searching for the right words, “...what about those who have *survived* the treatment?”

My brother looked up, his eyes widening slightly. “Exactly,” he said. “Those who are declared ‘cancer-free’—but are nowhere near wellness.”

That phrase hung between us:  
**disease-free, yet not free from disease.**

There is a difference. A massive one.

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### *The Hidden Struggle of Survivors*

As we spoke more, we realized how invisible this category of people is.

These are individuals whose reports might show “clear margins” or “no active disease.” But their bodies and minds carry invisible scars:

- lingering fear of recurrence
- anxiety and uncertainty
- disrupted sleep patterns
- weakened immunity
- emotional trauma
- loss of confidence
- fractured identity
- chronic fatigue

- withdrawal from social life
- inability to rebuild a sense of normalcy

The labels doctors give—“in remission,” “disease-free,” “stable”—are clinical milestones, not emotional or spiritual recovery.

And the truth is harsh:

**Treatment ends. But healing doesn’t.**

My own experience confirmed this. Even after the cystoscopy showed “all clear,” I didn’t feel instantly healed. I felt relieved—but not whole. Healing had taken months of meditation, nutrition, movement, purpose, community, and silence. The medical world calls you “cured” long before you feel complete.

My brother said something that struck me deeply:

“Gagan, for a cancer patient, the end of treatment is the beginning of their real journey.”

I nodded slowly.

“You’re right. People think healing happens in hospitals, but the real healing happens at home, in the mind, in the heart.”

We both sat quietly for a moment. The truth felt heavy, but clear.

## ***A New Vision Emerges***

Our conversation shifted from treatment to transformation.

Instead of merely focusing on cancer patients undergoing therapy, we asked ourselves:

**What about the survivors who are abandoned by the system after their final scan?**

What about the people who walk out of hospitals “cancer-free” but remain prisoners of fear?

What about those whose bodies are weak, whose spirits are fragile, whose minds are exhausted?

We saw a gap.

A vast, untouched, unacknowledged gap.

We wrote down two categories:

- 1. Cancer Patients (undergoing treatment)**
- 2. Cancer Survivors (declared disease-free but not healed)**

Then we circled the second category.

Hard.

Twice.

“These people need us even more,” my brother said.

The more we talked, the more our vision expanded.

Our goal shifted from:

- “Help patients face cancer”

to:

- **“Help human beings live free from disease.”**

Not just free from cancer,  
not just free from symptoms,  
but **free from the emotional, mental, and lifestyle patterns that create disease in the first place.**

This shift changed everything.

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### ***From Reaction to Prevention, From Survival to Flourishing***

We didn’t want to wait for people to get diagnosed.

We wanted to help them before disease took root.

We wanted to empower those who were “cured” to become truly **healed**.

We wanted to create a community where wellness was not a dream, but a practice.

The phrase my brother used that day still resonates in me:

“Gagan, disease-free is what doctors give you.  
Free from disease is what you give yourself.”

That became the anchor of our vision.

We started imagining modules not just for medical management but for:

- nutrition as medicine
- sleep optimization
- mindful movement
- emotional release
- meditation
- breathwork
- nature connection
- journaling
- purpose discovery
- supportive community circles
- long-term lifestyle systems

We weren’t designing a program for illness.

We were designing a system for **wellness**.

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## ***A Purpose That Felt Bigger Than Both of Us***

As the blueprint grew, something remarkable happened inside me.

The fear I once had about sharing my story began to dissolve.

I realized that my journey could help not just patients, but survivors struggling to rebuild their identity. My pain could serve a purpose larger than my own healing.

I looked at my brother and said, “We are not doing this only for cancer patients. We are doing this for everyone who wants to be truly well.”

He smiled, a deep, knowing smile.

“This is it, Gagan. Your journey has become a path. Let’s walk it with others.”

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That day, I wrote in my journal:

“I survived cancer not to return to my old life,  
but to awaken the possibility of wellness in others.  
Not disease-free.  
But free from disease.”

And with that clarity, a new chapter in my life—  
a chapter rooted in service, purpose, and  
transformation—  
truly began.

## Simple Routine Everyone Can Follow

**I**f you are reading this final chapter, pause for a moment and acknowledge something profound:

You are rare.

You are one of the very few — the top 1–10% — who finish the books they start. Research shows that 90–99% of people never reach the final page of any book. They begin with enthusiasm but lose consistency along the way.

But not you.

You stayed.

You continued.

You arrived at the end with the same determination that brought you to the beginning.

And that tells me something important about you:

You are a seeker.

You are committed.

You are ready for transformation.

Finishing this book means you are already standing in the zone where healing happens — the zone of awareness, openness, and willingness.

Now, the journey ahead is simple.

Not easy — but simple.

Healing is not an overnight revolution; it is a gentle evolution.

So let me leave you with a simple, practical, adaptable routine that anyone can follow — whether you are a patient, a survivor, a caregiver, or simply someone committed to wellness.

This is the distilled essence of everything that healed me.

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## A Simple Routine Everyone Can Follow

### 1. Start Your Day with Silence

Even 5 minutes is enough.  
Close your eyes. Breathe. Observe.  
If you can, grow this to 20 minutes over time.

Why: Silence resets your nervous system, lowers stress hormones, and prepares your mind for clarity.

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### 2. Move Your Body Daily

Walk, stretch, do yoga, simple mobility, or a strength routine.  
Doesn't matter what.  
What matters is movement.

Why: Movement is medicine — it improves immunity, metabolism, mood, and resilience.

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### 3. Eat Light, Eat Natural

Add one simple habit:

- A handful of soaked nuts
- A bowl of raw fruits
- Raw vegetables before meals

### One millet meal

Or just reducing poison: sugar, processed food, refined oils

Why: Small nutritional shifts change inflammation, energy, digestion, and healing potential.

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### 4. Sleep with Intention

Aim for early, peaceful, gadget-free nights.  
Even if you can't fall asleep early, slow down your evening.

Why: Sleep is the body's natural chemotherapy — it repairs, restores, and resets your system.

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### 5. Connect with Someone Daily

A hug, a warm word, a phone call, a smile, a conversation, a thank-you.

Why: Relationships release serotonin and oxytocin — the hormones that heal.

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### 6. Evening Gratitude + Intention

Take 2 minutes before bed and ask:

What went well today?

What is one thing I want to do tomorrow?

Why: Gratitude shifts your frequency.

Intention directs your energy.

This is exactly how the universe starts supporting you  
— quietly, steadily, beautifully.

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### The Rule of Gentle Progress

You don't need to do everything at once.

Healing is not a checklist.

It is a direction.

If you can do one small thing each day, you are already  
winning.

What matters is:

The willingness

The direction

The consistency

The intention before sleeping

The faith that universal energy supports sincere effort

Let your progress be slow, soft, kind, and steady.

Do not expect sudden change.

Do not criticize yourself on days you couldn't follow  
the routine.

Healing does not leave when you skip a day.

Healing leaves only when you give up.

And I know you won't —  
because you finished this book.

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### Your Monthly Progress Chart

To support your journey, I have included a Monthly  
Tracking Chart after this chapter.

How to Use It:

Each day, tick the habits you practiced.

If you did even one new thing, celebrate yourself.

If you miss a day, do not get discouraged — just  
restart.

At night, intend that you want to follow your routine.

The universe works behind the scenes when your  
intention is clear.

Review your chart at the end of the month and  
appreciate your growth — even if it feels small.

Small steps are not small.  
They are seeds.  
And seeds grow silently.

Before We Part...

Thank you for walking this journey with me.  
Thank you for trusting me with your time, your energy,  
and your heart.  
Cancer healed my body, but it also healed my life.

I hope this book has awakened the same possibility  
within you.

You are stronger than you think.  
You are more capable than you believe.  
And your healing has already begun.

From one survivor and seeker to another —

I wish you strength, clarity, joy, and a deeply meaningful  
life ahead.

May you heal.

May you grow.

May you shine.

With love and blessings,  
Dr. Gagan Preet Singh