



A MEMOIR

ROMA RELAN (1934-2025)

by Rajesh Relan



*"A mother's love is the
first home we ever know—
unspoken, unconditional, and
forever."*



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I Was Bleeding

On April 26, 2025, my mother transitioned from her human form.

It was peaceful, graceful—just the way she would have wanted.

She passed while praying, quietly saying goodbye to the world she had touched so deeply. Even in those final moments, she was aware, composed, and radiant with calm. She left with the dignity she truly deserved.

But within me—I was bleeding.

Not for her, but for myself.

I had lost my truest companion, the most understanding friend I've ever known. The grief wasn't just about her absence; it was about the silence that would now fill the spaces she once so beautifully lit.

For days, I mourned that I would never see her again. Then one day, I realized—my sorrow was anchoring her spirit, holding her back. How could I, who loved her so deeply, be the reason she couldn't soar free? That was when the idea came to me: to document all that I had learned from her. And that changed everything.

This book isn't just a tribute—it's meant to feel like she is speaking to you. Her wisdom came quietly, through everyday moments, not grand speeches. So the tone is simple and personal, echoing the way she lived—warm, humble, and full of heart.



Table of Contents

<i>Don't Be God-Fearing—Be God-Loving</i>	5
<i>Ability to Forget is the Key to Forgiveness</i>	7
<i>Forgiveness is the Key to Happiness</i>	9
<i>Serve the Needy, Thank God in Action</i>	11
<i>Giving Never Reduces Your Wealth</i>	13
<i>Reach Out from the Heart, Not for a Response</i>	15
<i>Relationships Are Like Flowering Plants—They Bloom with Care</i>	17
<i>Strong Pillars Can Hold the Largest Roofs</i>	19
<i>Be Spiritual, Not Just Ritualistic</i>	21
<i>Children Learn from What You Live, Not What You Say</i>	23
<i>The More You Have, the More You Should Bow</i>	25
<i>Adapt to the Changing Times</i>	27
<i>Take your own Responsibility</i>	29
<i>A Life Well-Lived is the Greatest Legacy</i>	31
<i>To You, Mom</i>	32





Don't Be God-Fearing—Be God-Loving

*I don't fear the One who holds my hand,
Who knows my heart and helps me stand.
My prayers rise not from guilt, but grace—
For in His love, I find my place.*

Many people grow up being told to fear God—that He is always watching, judging, punishing. But I never saw God that way. For me, He was the one who carried me through every storm. The one who heard my thoughts before I could speak them. The one who gave me strength when no one else could.

And how can you fear someone you love so deeply?

My connection with God came from love, not fear. I never prayed out of obligation. I prayed because it brought me peace. I didn't follow rituals because of guilt, but because they helped me feel closer to Him.

When you love God, you begin to trust Him more. You stop asking “why me?” and start saying “thank you.” That kind of faith doesn't shake easily. It holds you, even when everything else lets go.



Ability to Forget is the Key to Forgiveness

***To truly forgive is not just to say,
But to let the pain quietly drift away.
When memory softens and wounds lose their flame,
The heart finds peace—and love speaks its name.***

I've seen people say they've forgiven someone, but their eyes still carry the hurt. Their words still carry the weight. I used to be that person too—saying “it’s okay,” but replaying the moment again and again in my heart.

Then I realized something simple: true forgiveness only happens when you forget. Not in the literal sense, but in the emotional sense. You forget the burn. You forget the need to bring it up again. It becomes something that no longer stings when remembered.

That’s when the heart becomes lighter.

Forgiveness that lingers in memory is only half forgiveness. If you’ve really let go, it won’t come back to hurt you. And if it does come back, it means a piece of you is still holding on. Letting go, truly letting go, is not weakness. It’s the most freeing act you can do—for yourself. I have felt that lightness. And I wish it for you, too.



Forgiveness is the Key to Happiness

***I let go of pain, like a thorn in my way,
And felt my heart grow lighter each day.
Forgiveness, I learned, sets the spirit free—
Only then could true joy live in me.***

A heavy heart cannot be a happy one. I say this from experience. The moment I began forgiving from the heart, not just from the lips, my life started feeling easier, more joyful.

When you truly forgive someone, you pull that pain out of your memory, like a thorn from your foot. And when you do, you walk lighter. You breathe easier. You stop carrying stories that no longer serve you.

Don't forgive because you're expected to. Forgive because your heart deserves peace. Because happiness needs space, and holding on to hurt fills up that space quickly.

I chose happiness. And so, I chose forgiveness.



Serve the Needy, Thank God in Action

I thanked God not just through prayer and song,

But by lifting those who didn't feel strong.

To serve the needy with love and grace—

That, to me, was the holiest place.

If you truly love God, you won't just sing His praises. You'll help Him take care of His children.

I always believed that giving to the needy was the most meaningful way to say thank you to God. I wasn't rich, but I gave what I could—time, care, food, education, dignity.

I taught the children of those who worked in our home. I made sure the cleaning lady's daughter ate a proper breakfast. I donated quietly, but regularly. In the last years of my life, I used to smile and say, "My only real expense now is donation."

Helping someone in need isn't charity. It's partnership with God.



Giving Never Reduces Your Wealth

*Each time I gave, my world grew wide,
Worries softened, peace walked inside.
Holding too tight leaves the heart hollow—
But giving brings joy that always follows.*

Some people hesitate to give because they think they will have less. I learned the opposite. Every time I gave, something opened. A blessing arrived. A worry dissolved. I never gave to receive, but somehow I always had enough.

Holding on too tightly can make your hands feel full but your heart feel empty. Giving, even a little, makes space for something beautiful to enter.

So give without fear. Life finds a way to give back.



Reach Out from the Heart, Not for a Response

I reached not for replies, but for peace within,

A simple hello, where love could begin.

When done with heart and nothing to earn,

Even silence feels like a blessing in return.

I kept in touch with many people over the years—relatives, friends, even those who barely responded. Some would ask why I bothered.

But I never called expecting anything. I called because I missed them. I reached out because it brought me joy.

When you do something for someone from your heart, without expecting praise or reciprocity, it becomes a gift to yourself.

I reached out, not because others needed it—but because I did.



Relationships Are Like Flowering Plants—They Bloom with Care

*Like petals that bloom with sunlight and rain,
Relationships need care—not just when there's pain.
A little love, a call, a forgiving start—
That's how you grow a garden of heart.*

Every relationship, to me, was like a plant in the yard. It needed watering, sunlight, patience. If you care for it, it blossoms season after season. But the moment you stop paying attention, it begins to dry. Slowly, quietly. And one day, it stops blooming altogether.

I learned that people, like plants, cannot thrive without love and attention. I didn't wait for perfect conditions to nurture my relationships. I called. I visited. I listened. And I forgave. That was my daily watering.

If you want your life to be filled with beautiful connections, treat your people like a garden—gently, consistently, and with heart.



Strong Pillars Can Hold the Largest Roofs

I stood not to shine, but to hold with grace,

A quiet strength, a steady place.

If you're given the gift to bear and care—

Be the pillar that's always there.

I never set out to be a pillar, but over time, I became one—for my family, my friends, and many others who leaned on me. Whether it was taking care of my elders or guiding the younger ones, I found peace in being their support.

I didn't do it out of obligation. I did it out of love.

It gave me great joy to be the person people could come to, cry with, laugh with, depend on. I was never the loudest voice in the room, but I was often the one people trusted most. If you are blessed with strength, use it to shelter others. That's what makes your life meaningful.



Be Spiritual, Not Just Ritualistic

God hears not the bell, but the soul's quiet call,

Not perfect steps, but a heart that gives its all.

Faith isn't in form—it's in feeling that's true,

In silence, in stillness, He walks with you.

I was a religious woman, yes. But more than that, I was spiritual.

I didn't believe you had to follow every ritual perfectly to be close to God. What mattered more to me was the sincerity of your heart.

I prayed because it gave me peace. I followed traditions because they rooted me. But I never judged someone who didn't. God doesn't sit counting how many times you ring the bell. He listens when your heart speaks.

So don't worry about being perfect. Just be present. Be true. That is prayer enough.



Children Learn from What You Live, Not What You Say

*Children don't follow what you demand or teach,
They grow from the values your actions reach.
Your kindness, your truth—they silently see,
And that's the parent they one day will be.*

I never believed in preaching to my children. I didn't give long lectures. I simply lived my values.

They saw me being honest, so they learned honesty. They saw me helping others, so they grew up generous. I didn't have to tell them to be respectful—they saw me treat everyone with dignity.

Children are always watching. They notice what we do, even when we think they're not paying attention. So live what you want them to learn. They may not remember your words, but they will carry your example forever.

So don't worry about being perfect. Just be present. Be true. That is prayer enough.



The More You Have, the More You Should Bow

The fuller the tree, the lower it bends,

True strength is gentle, it humbly extends.

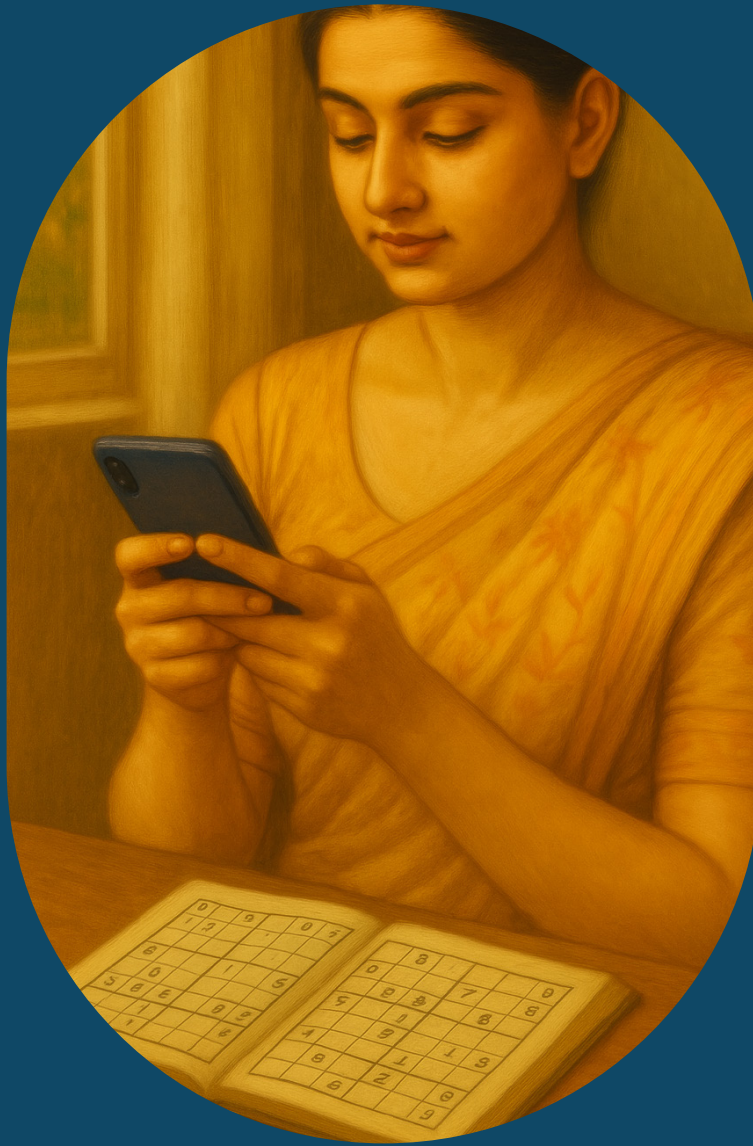
With every blessing, bow down and give—

That's the richest way a soul can live.

There's an old saying I loved: "The tree that bears fruit bows low." I tried to live by it.

As life gave me more—more wisdom, more experience, more love—I felt more responsible to share it humbly. To listen more. To bend with grace.

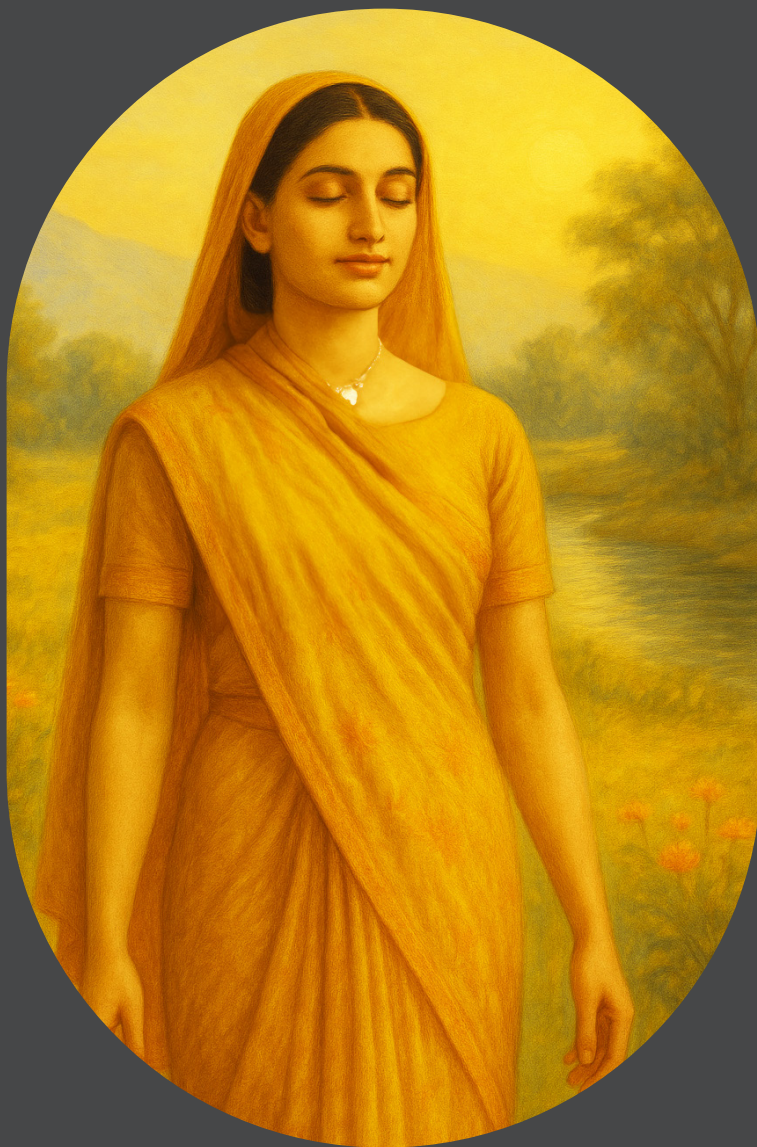
Being kind, being humble, being generous—these are not signs of weakness. They are the fruits of a strong, full life. If you are blessed, don't stand tall with pride. Bend down and share. That's how you make your blessings meaningful.



Adapt to the Changing Times

***The world moves fast—don't stay behind,
Adapt and grow, keep pace with the mind.
Change isn't loss, it's how we stay true—
To all that's ahead, and all we must do.***

In today's fast-paced digital world, staying current isn't optional—it's essential. The world is constantly evolving, and if you don't keep up, you risk being left behind. Take communication, for instance: texting and digital messaging are now the preferred modes of interaction, especially among younger generations. If you don't adapt to these tools, you may miss out on important conversations, connections, and opportunities. Embracing change keeps you relevant, connected, and empowered.



Take your own Responsibility

Care for your body, your mind, your peace,

Independence brings life a quiet ease.

When you stand strong on your own two feet,

The joy you carry feels whole and complete.

One thing I always reminded myself—don't become someone else's burden. Take care of your own body, your own mind. No one can do it for you, not fully.

Your health is your first responsibility. Get some exercise, even if it's just walking around the house. Rest when you're tired—don't wait until you're exhausted. And keep your mind active too. I used to play cards in the evening or do a little Sudoku, just to keep the brain awake and smiling.

The more independent you are, the easier life becomes—not just for you, but for everyone around you. A healthy body carries a happier heart. And when you take care of yourself, you don't have to depend on others, and that brings a quiet kind of peace.

It's not always easy—but it's always worth it.



A Life Well-Lived is the Greatest Legacy

May my life speak where my words fall short,

In love I gave, not lessons I taught.

When I am gone, let kindness remain—

That quiet legacy, free of name or fame.

In the end, I hope my life spoke more than my words ever could. I wasn't perfect. But I tried to live with kindness, give without hesitation, and love without condition.

If anything I did remains in your memory, let it be this: your life is your message. You don't need to be famous to make an impact. You just need to be present, be true, and be kind.

Because when the body fades, what stays is how you made others feel. What you gave. How you loved.

That is your real legacy.

To You, Mom

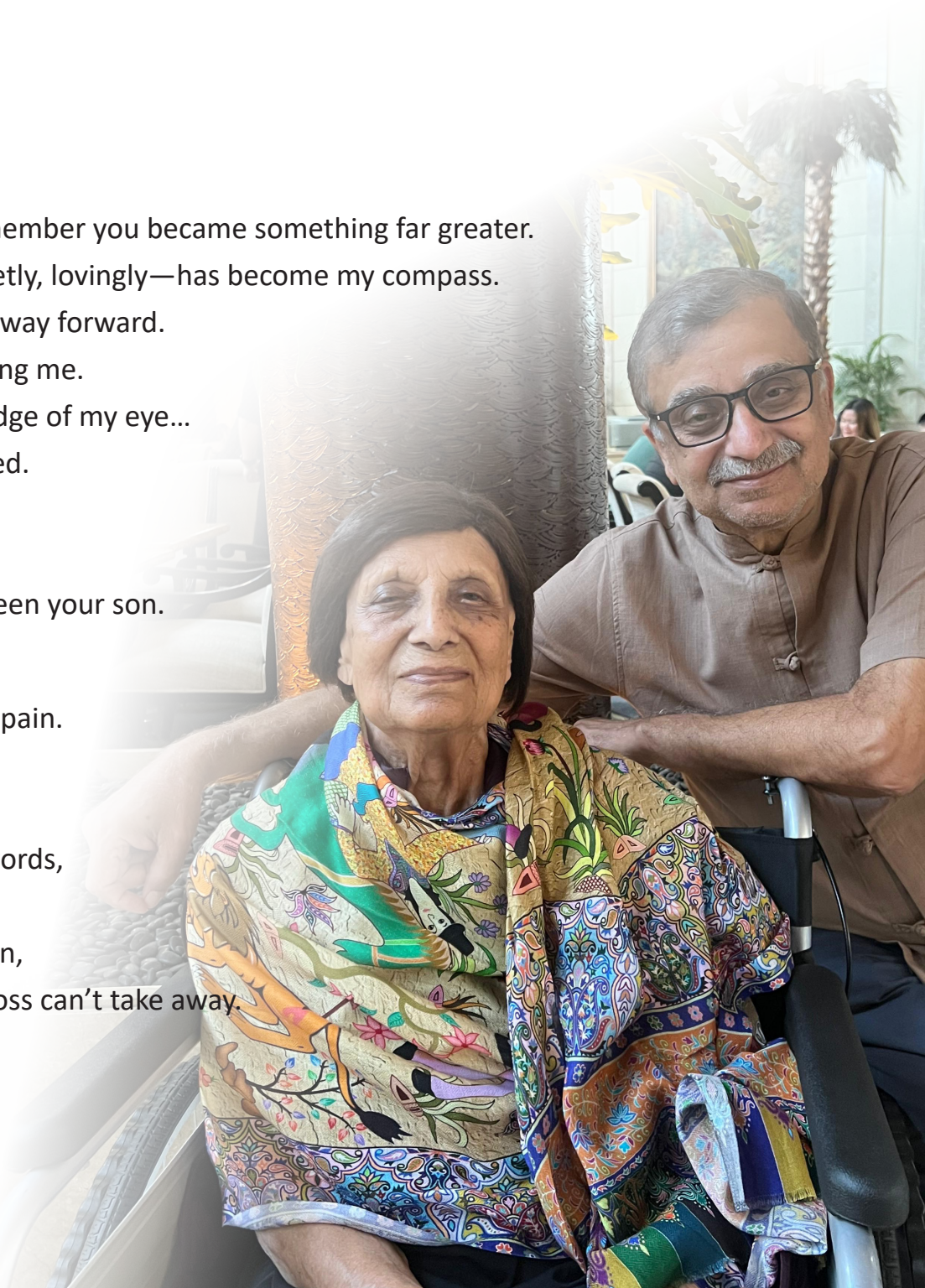
What began as my attempt to remember you became something far greater.
Every lesson you left behind—quietly, lovingly—has become my compass.
Even now, you're showing me the way forward.

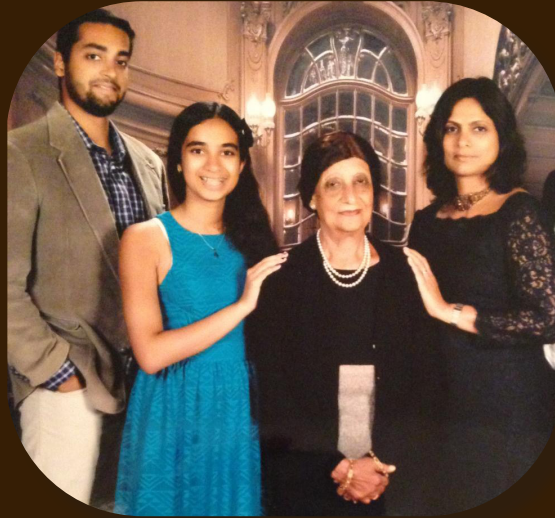
In your absence, you are still guiding me.
That tear that once clung to the edge of my eye...
It hasn't vanished—but it's changed.

Now, it carries pride.
It carries warmth.
It carries the quiet joy of having been your son.

I miss you every single day, Mom.
But now, I miss you with love, not pain.
With gratitude, not grief.
With reverence, not regret.
And if someone else finds these words,
I hope they feel your light too—
in the quiet strength you passed on,
and in the kind of love that even loss can't take away.

Love always,
Raju





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this book.*



“Nothing can ever replace a mother’s embrace”

Colors of the artwork in this book inspired by the pictures generally found on the walls of Arya Samajs, which was her favorite go to place.