

Foreword

When Kundalini awakens in a sincere seeker, it acts as an inner guide, quietly illuminating the path beyond the mind and into subtler realms of existence. With this awakening, there often comes a flood of questions calling for clarity, integration and guidance. This is when the presence of a true guru becomes essential, whether in physical form or through the quiet grace that arrives when the disciple is ready. Dr Kunwar Singh's journey is a reflection of this sacred process.

From a young age, Dr Singh was stirred by soul-level questions about life, death and the purpose of existence—questions that later paved the way for a spontaneous Kundalini awakening. Though untrained in any formal spiritual practice, his inner transformation began to unfold naturally, perhaps as a result of *karmic* readiness or past-life maturity. At a pivotal moment, the teachings of Advaita entered his life through his guru, catalysing an inner recognition of truths he had long sought. What emerged from the whole process is this book, a personal yet universally resonant account of spiritual awakening, written not to instruct but to offer a clear window into the often unseen terrain of inner transformation. It is free from dogma, grounded in direct experience and refreshingly sincere.

What makes Dr Singh's path remarkable is the natural integration of the three paths of Jnana (Knowledge), Bhakti (devotion) and *Karma* (action)—a harmony long emphasized by sages like *Ramana Maharshi*. His awareness, devotion to the guru and application of Advaita in daily life reflect a rare alignment of grace, readiness and sincerity. Having supported many on the path of Kundalini awakening, I recognize the rarity of such a journey.

This book is a testament to that divine alignment, offering genuine seekers both guidance and inspiration. The spiritual path is not linear. It is, as the scriptures say, like walking a razor's edge. Yet, with surrender, faith and love, it becomes a journey of profound reward. Dr Singh is one of the few who have asked life's deepest questions and been graced with glimpses of the answers.

May this work serve as both a mirror and a guide, and may your own seeking continue—with trust, humility and open-hearted surrender.

Santosh Sachdeva

Author of The Kundalini Trilogy

Acknowledgements

This book could not have come into being without the grace and support of many who have walked alongside me on this journey.

First and foremost, I bow in deepest gratitude to Gautam Sachdeva, whose guidance has been a lamp in the midst of my turbulent Kundalini journey. Through his peaceful and grounding presence, untouched by phenomena, and his simple yet profound Advaitic teachings, he has shown me the way to peace, clarity and stillness.

I wish to acknowledge my parents, who have stood by me with love and support. Though initially hesitant about my writing and sharing this book with others, they eventually embraced the journey with me and encouraged me wholeheartedly.

I offer my heartfelt thanks to Santosh Sachdeva, Gautamji's mother, whose pioneering works on the subject of Kundalini were among my earliest inspirations. It was through her YouTube channel that I was first led to Gautamji's teachings, and for this divine thread of connection, I remain ever grateful.

To Devika Khanna, Gautamji's wife, I extend my warm appreciation for the compassion with which she shares him with all of us (students and disciples), allowing us to receive the blessings of his presence.

Acknowledgements

I am also grateful to members of our community, including Meenakshi Rawa, Aritra Choudhury and Fida Shaw, as well as many others who have been pillars of friendship and support along the way.

I especially wish to express my gratitude to my editor, Mehernosh Unwalla, who taught me how to organize my spiritual catharsis—my raw outpourings—into a coherent, readable form. With immense patience and kindness, he guided me to work slowly, carefully and methodically. Despite my imperfect grammar and tendency to forget things, he remained steady, supportive and encouraging.

Both Gautam and Mehernosh, in their own ways, gave me an unexpected course in writing, publishing, formatting and viewing a book from the reader's perspective. Mehernosh is not only an editor but also a friend who has taught me invaluable lessons about life in addition to the craft of bookmaking.

Above all, I bow to the entire *Guru Parampara*, the unbroken lineage of wisdom and love, whose blessings have carried me through shadow and light.

I thank not only those who supported me, but also those who tested me, challenged me and were even unkind to me. They, too, were teachers—blessings in disguise—who helped me grow in forgiveness, compassion and transcendence.

Finally, I offer gratitude to all the beautiful souls, known and unknown, who have touched my life in ways small and great. This book is as much theirs as it is mine.

What Is Kundalini?

The word 'Kundalini' is derived from the Sanskrit word '*kundal*', meaning 'coiled up'. The primordial cosmic energy, also known as the Serpent Power, is the fundamental life force and, at the same time, the supreme spiritual energy usually lying dormant and coiled three-and-a-half times at the base of the subtle spine.

Kundalini is not just energy but the living presence of the sacred within every human being. In its sleeping state, it holds the potential for spiritual awakening, waiting for the individual's preparedness, characterized by the right balance of devotion, purity and awareness. When it begins to rise, it leads the seeker from the sense of 'I', of being an individual entity, towards the vast Knowledge that all is One. This awakening cannot be forced through sheer effort; it unfolds naturally through surrender, love and inner readiness.

As Kundalini rises through the *Sushumna Nadi* (the central channel of the subtle spine), it passes through the *chakras* (energy centres), one by one. Each chakra opens a new realm of perception. The lower centres deal with survival, desire and will, while the higher ones awaken compassion, clarity and divine wisdom. This process purifies both body and mind, balancing the subtle flow of the life force. It is both scientific and sacred. On the physical level, it refines the nervous system.

On the spiritual level, it dissolves the illusion of separation between the self and the Divine.

True Kundalini awakening happens through grace and guidance, and not by force or reckless experimentation. The energy rises gently and safely when awakened through devotion, meditation, the blessings of a realized guru, or a spiritual practice that has its roots in the guru's parampara and is, therefore, time-tested. The guru's presence acts as a steady light, keeping the seeker balanced, as old patterns dissolve and deeper energies awaken. This kind of awakening nurtures peace, clarity and inner strength.

By contrast, trying to awaken Kundalini forcefully—for example, through drugs, intense breath control or ungrounded techniques—can be dangerous. These methods can overstimulate the body and mind, leading to confusion, anxiety or even lasting mental and physical disturbances. It is also possible that Kundalini can rise accidentally, as it happened in my case during the practice of *trataka* (candle gazing), which one would take to be a harmless *yogic* practice. The energy of Kundalini is powerful and sacred; without purity, preparation and guidance, it can become overwhelming rather than enlightening.

In the light of the wisdom of Advaita, Kundalini and *Consciousness* are one: The movement of *Shakti* (divine energy) and the stillness of *Shiva* (Awareness) are not two separate entities but two aspects of the same Truth. When the energy reaches the crown of the head, all opposites dissolve. In this state of *Nirvikalpa Samadhi*, there is no longer seeker or sought but only the quiet radiance of the One.

Many *Hatha Yoga* and *Kundalini Yoga* traditions think of the crown as the final destination. However, a stable state of *Sahaja Nirvikalpa Samadhi* (ongoing effortless *samadhi*) results with the

permanent death of the ego, when Kundalini descends through the *Amrita Nadi* into the cave of the Heart (not the physical heart but the Spiritual Heart or Consciousness Itself), which is different from the *Heart Chakra*. In this state, one continuously abides as Consciousness while operating in everyday life. This process happens by grace alone and has been testified not only by Ramana Maharshi but also by Saint Kabir and Guru Nanak Devji.

Santosh Sachdeva, the author of *The Kundalini Trilogy* and an authority on the subject,* has this to say about operating from the Spiritual Heart after experiencing the highest state of Consciousness:

When a *yogi* reaches the *Sahasrara Chakra* (the Crown Chakra), they experience profound stillness and bliss in full awareness: the thoughtless state, where the mind is completely still. This is a state of nothingness—a state of soundless silence. No day or night, no dusk or dawn. It just *is*.

To permanently remain in this state would require complete dissolution, which, in turn, requires further ascension. So, for example, I, as a householder yogi, would opt to descend back into the Spiritual Heart from the Crown Chakra, where there is oneness and a feeling of love, and I would operate from there. As Sant Dnyaneshwar says, alone there is no happiness, so God created another.

The journey of Kundalini is not a single event but a continuous deepening. With each act of surrender, the divine presence grows stronger. The seeker comes to realize that the same power rising within us also gloriously pervades all of

* Refer to the foreword of this book.

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Creation. Life itself becomes worship. In this awakening, there is no struggle, no fear—only the living grace of Consciousness unfolding as peace, love and unity.

Who Should Read This Book

This book is not written for casual readers or those seeking entertainment through spirituality. It is meant for

- ❖ those whose lives have been touched by the raw intensity of Kundalini awakening and feel shaken, bewildered or broken by the mystery;
- ❖ seekers of Truth, who long for what lies beyond the mind and its restless search;
- ❖ those who, having undergone Kundalini awakening, face visions, bliss, fear and despair;
- ❖ students of Advaita, who wish to see how non-duality can illuminate even the fiercest storms of awakening;
- ❖ devotees of the *Divine Mother*, who want to bow more deeply to Her, not only in bliss but even when the fire of Kundalini is raging;
- ❖ those in suffering, who search for meaning in their pain, and who may discover that even anguish can be grace.

This book is not meant to glorify my journey but to remind you of your own. Whatever shape your awakening takes, know this: You are not alone. Others have walked through the fire and found peace on the other side. The path may strip you bare, but it never abandons you. The Mother's work is merciful, even when it feels unbearable.

Who Should Read This Book

May this guidebook offer comfort, clarity and companionship on the path. Above all, may it point you, as Gautam Sachdeva pointed me, to the silent presence that cannot be lost.

Introduction

This book was not planned. It was born of necessity.

Since childhood, I was always full of questions. My family often grew irritated at my constant enquiries, especially my favourite one: ‘Where have I come from?’ My mother would answer, ‘From my belly.’ To which I would innocently reply, ‘Then I want to return to it.’

Unlike many spiritual authors who describe extraordinary visions or mystical childhood experiences, my early years were simple. Yet, there was always an undercurrent of unease, a curiosity that wouldn’t let me rest. I carried a deep fear of death, and every few months, I would slip into a blank, thoughtless state. Instead of bringing me peace, these episodes left me terrified, throwing me into waves of panic until they subsided.

I often wondered about the point of all this living. I would tell my friends, ‘After seventy years, none of us will even be here. So why all this competition, hatred and self-importance?’ These questions made me contemplative, reserved and inwardly turned, but they also left me feeling alienated from the rest of the world.

Being overly sensitive, withdrawn and of a delicate nature, I was incessantly bullied by my peers and teachers in school. Though painful, this became a hidden blessing: the harshness

outside turned me inward. While others sought worldly possessions, I immersed myself in poetry, philosophy, Indian mythology and reflections on *karma* and past lives. I had no fascination for temples or *gurdwaras*, nor did I pursue rituals. My only compass was the quiet conviction that I should not do wrong, even if others wronged me.

I longed for validation and tried hard to fit in, but in the end, I often walked away disappointed. Friends were few, but the two who stayed with me became lifelines. Looking back, I know their companionship saved me from slipping into depression and suicidal despair. Even today, their families lovingly ask why I give so much of myself to them, and I smile silently in response. For me, it is simply a karmic exchange, since their friendship once saved my life. My love for them is a reciprocation.

During my pre-college years, I drew solace from books, such as *Chicken Soup for the Soul*. In my first year of college, I turned to the Bhagavad Gita, reading it every day with deep devotion. Around this time, in 2017, I began practising *trataka* to improve my concentration as well as my eyesight. I did not know then that this simple exercise would ignite the fire of Kundalini within me, setting me on a journey of bliss, terror and grace.



Bliss, visions or extraordinary powers. This is what seekers often imagine Kundalini to be. But the reality is quite different. It can be a walk through hell on the way to heaven.

Kundalini is fire—unpredictable, overwhelming and often merciless. She strips away illusions, burns through conditioning and leaves you naked before the Truth.

For me, this process was both terrifying and transformative. Sometimes, I felt I would go insane, be consumed by an energy I could not control, or even die. At other times, waves of bliss intoxicated me so completely that I longed for nothing else. The pendulum of fire and nectar left me bewildered.

Though my heart leaned naturally towards *Vedanta*, after the Kundalini awakening, I experimented endlessly—through books, techniques and practices—without guidance from anyone else. The ride was bumpy and full of trial and error. Till I met my guru.

The saving grace was meeting Gautam Sachdeva in person, in 2021. His simple guidance, rooted in the tradition of Advaita, lived by him as well as his predecessors—Siddharameshwar Maharaj, Nisargadatta Maharaj and Ramesh Balsekar—became my anchor. ‘Whatever comes and goes is not real. You are not the doer.’ These words, which guide many seekers who come to Gautam, were not ideas; they were a lifeline. They helped me walk through visions, despair and the temptation of acquiring powers, without losing my balance.

Gautamji’s steady guidance became the balancing force that kept me from being consumed by the fire and helped me return again and again to stillness. Nevertheless, the four years before meeting him were very chaotic and turbulent. This just goes to show the immense importance of a living guru.



The Kundalini journey left me raw, broken, confused and often desperate. Nights without sleep, days of unbearable energy surges and visions that terrified me—all of this pressed me to seek clarity. What emerged from this chaos as well as

Gautamji's guidance was writing: an attempt to articulate the inexpressible.

The account of my journey that follows is neither theory nor philosophy. It is a lived truth, shaped by fire and soothed by silence. It is the path of Kundalini, envisioned and stabilized through the light of Advaita. If I had relied only on the mind, I would have drowned in experiences. But by the grace of Gautam Sachdeva, I discovered the stillness in which even fire cannot burn.

The pages herein weave together despair and ecstasy, visions and silence, the ego and surrender. They bear testimony to the guru's steady pointing and the fierce compassion of the Divine Mother, or *Ma Kali* (Kundalini). She is deeply loving and fiercer than you can imagine. She ruthlessly dispels illusion.

Part I of this book is about my Kundalini experience. Part II and III comprise poems dedicated to the Divine Mother and the guru respectively, which I felt compelled to write after the experience. Part IV is an attempt to guide those who are on the Kundalini journey and need answers to some questions that give them sleepless nights (apart from the journey itself doing so).

The text contains a substantial number of non-English words and spiritual terminology in particular. Hence the reader (especially those who are unfamiliar with this terrain) will find it helpful to refer to the glossary at the end. All the first instances of the words therein appear in italics in the text (and vice versa in passages where the rest of the text is italicized).

This book is both a memoir and an offering. It speaks of my Kundalini journey in the light of my guru's Advaitic wisdom, where nothing needs to be attained but all that is false is surrendered at the altar of Truth. It is offered to the reader as a hand stretched out in the dark to comfort them; to make them

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feel that there's a compassionate voice telling them, *You are not alone. Know that the fire will eventually embrace you as grace.*

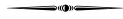
My words serve as both witness and companion to anyone walking this fierce yet merciful and divine path. If they bring comfort to even one seeker who feels lost on the path of Kundalini, then this book's purpose is fulfilled.

Dr Kunwar Singh

Shiva becomes capable of Creation only when united with Shakti; otherwise, even the Lord is not able to stir. Therefore, how can one who does not do good deeds or sing Your praises become adequate to worship You, O Goddess of mine, who is worshipped by the Trinity.

—Adi Shankaracharya
Saundarya Lahiri, Verse 1

PART I



MY KUNDALINI EXPERIENCE

1

The First Stirring of the Journey

As far as I can remember, there was a restlessness in me that nothing could ease. While others were absorbed in studies, friendships or small joys, I carried a silent ache, a question that refused to leave me: *What is the purpose of all this? Why am I here? What lies beyond death?*

These were not mere thoughts. They were like a flame in the heart, a longing that made it impossible to rest on the surface of life. Though I did not understand it then, this yearning was the first stirring of Kundalini, the subtle whisper of the Divine Mother, drawing me inward towards the Truth.

At that time, I did not know how to find the silence I was being called into. But something was already moving within, waiting for the moment when the hidden current would burst open.

First Lightning

When Kundalini finally decided to rise within me, it was without warning. I was practising *trataka* to improve my eyesight and concentration. I never knew it was a Hatha Yoga practice that could lead to an accidental Kundalini awakening. A surge of

golden energy shot through me like lightning, splitting open the world I had known. My breath caught, thoughts stopped and, for a few timeless moments, there was only light.

In that flash, the little self (the individual) I had believed myself to be, seemed to burn away. There was overwhelming bliss and, at the same time, terror. I felt I was dissolving into nothingness. Yet, even in that annihilation, there was completeness. If death had come in that instant, it would not have mattered, for all was already whole.

Then, just as suddenly, the experience passed. The mind returned with its questions: *What was that? Where has it gone? How can I get it back?* That was the beginning of the long and unpredictable journey of Kundalini awakening.

Seed of Surrender

In those early days, I thought I had 'achieved' something. I longed for a repeat performance—to capture the experience once again. I did not yet understand that no effort of mine could summon it, because it had never been 'mine' to begin with.

Years later, sitting with Gautamji, I heard words that pierced my very core: 'All functioning belongs to the Divine and not to the individual. The sense of being a separate doer is the root illusion. Life is lived through us, not by us.'

Those words struck me because they described exactly what my first awakening had shown me. The lightning had come unbidden. I had not called it, nor could I command it. Something vast had moved, and I was powerless before it. This was the first hint that the journey ahead would not be about control; what was required was surrender. But back then, I did not realize it.

In Retrospect

Now, when I look back at those first stirrings, I see clearly that both sides of the path were already present. Kundalini revealed itself as fire, burning away all that was false. But hidden in that fire was the Truth of Advaita: What I sought was ever present.

The golden lightning was not the beginning of something new but the unveiling of what had always been here. It was the crack in the shell of the 'I', through which I could glimpse that life is not what the mind imagines.

The journey had begun, not towards achievement but towards the dissolving of all illusion, until only the Truth constantly remains.

2

The Unpredictable Energy of Kundalini

At first, Kundalini's awakening was like being embraced by heaven itself. Waves of bliss coursed through my body, dissolving every boundary of who I thought I was. The mind, once a restless chatterbox, fell into silence without effort. In its place arose a luminous presence—alive, gentle and vast.

Colours around me seemed to shine with a deeper beauty. The sound of a bird, the rustle of leaves, the laughter of a child; they all carried a sweetness I had never noticed before. My body felt light, as if I were walking on air. At times, I wondered if paradise had descended into me.

For a while, I lived intoxicated by this sweetness. I thought the journey would continue like this: a steady unfolding of light and bliss.

But I was soon to learn that Kundalini is never predictable. It does not move according to the mind's wishes. It comes to purify, to dismantle, to tear down every falsehood. Bliss is only one of its aspects, and to experience it, illusions and fears need to be transcended.

Bliss Becomes Fire

The shift was shocking. The same energy that had poured nectar throughout my body suddenly burst into flames. What had felt like benediction now felt like unbearable heat.

Nights became my greatest trial. I would lie awake for hours, feeling currents of electricity rushing through every nerve. Sleep became impossible. My body jerked, as if invisible hands were shaking me. Strange inner sounds filled my ears—ringing bells, distant birds and even chanting that had no source in the outer world.

Sometimes, as I sat still, I felt fingers combing gently through my hair, though no one was there. At other times, a sharp burning rose up my spine, so intense that I thought my body might burst into fire.

The mind, frightened and confused, began to ask, *Have I done something wrong? Am I being punished? Am I going mad?*

This was the first time I tasted the other side of Kundalini. Fire. And this fire was merciless in challenging the ego, ignorance and illusions.

Flurry of Visions

Along with this turbulence came visions. Night after night, my dreams carried powerful symbols, as though the unconscious itself was being cleansed. These are some of the dreams I had:

Snakes slithering out of a suitcase, coiling and uncoiling like the energy inside me. Being in a taxi full of snakes. Although these snakes were biting me, I did not experience any fear. Being in a situation where fire was raging behind me, chasing me through landscapes, from which I could not escape. Riding a white horse into a church, only to watch the roof explode

open, as though every structure of belief was being torn apart. Collapsing or exploding buildings as well as crashing airplanes.

These dreams symbolize the crumbling and disintegration of the dense ego structure.

Sometimes, my past lives appeared before me: scenes of suffering, unfinished karma and echoes of forgotten identities, which were all demanding to be burned and released. These visions were so vivid that their after-effects lingered during my waking hours.

At first, I clung to these visions, believing they carried messages of deep significance. I wrote them down, tried to interpret them and even looked upon them as signs of spiritual progress. But, over time, I began to see what Gautamji would later confirm. These were simply the mind's way of processing the fire of transformation. They were not the Truth per se but only Its manifestation.

Long Nights of Fear

Nights were often unbearable. At times, lying in darkness, I felt sure my mind would crumble to pieces. Tremors shook my body, my heart raced uncontrollably and my breath grew shallow. There were moments when I thought, *I will not survive this. I will combust. I will die.*

And yet, death did not come. Morning always broke, and with it, a strange gratitude: *Yet another day to walk through this fire.*

Mixed Blessing

Looking back, I can see that the Divine Mother was teaching me through both sweetness and terror. She intoxicated me to

win my trust, burnt me to cleanse me, tempted me with powers to expose my pride and then humbled me into surrender.

What seemed like chaos was, in truth, perfect choreography. Every high, every low, every vision, every nightmare was Her way of dismantling illusions.

I began to notice a subtle shift. The questions that plagued me—*How can I control this? How can I stop the fire? How can I bring back the bliss?*—gradually transformed into a different attitude: *Let it come. Let it burn. Let it pass.* This was not resignation but surrender. A quiet recognition that the energy was wiser than me, that it knew exactly what to burn and what to reveal.

‘Do not measure your progress by experiences. What comes will go. What is constant cannot be lost.’ These words by Gautamji became my lifeline. They turned my gaze away from visions and towards the silent ground in which all visions dissolve.

Today, when I look back at those early storms, I see them not as punishment but as mercy. Without the burning, my pride would not have been exposed. Without the insomnia, I would not have learnt to rest in awareness instead of sleep. Without the visions, I would not have seen how easily the ego can disguise itself in spiritual clothing.

The Divine Mother was teaching me in Her fierce language. Every tear, every tremor, every sleepless night was Her way of preparing the ground for something deeper.

The unpredictable energy of Kundalini was not against me. It was *for* me. It was the fire that stripped me of everything false, so that the Eternal Truth could shine by Itself.