



FIRST FEMALE TURBANED SIKH PILOT

8 January, 2018: Arpinder Kaur of San Antonio, Texas was the first turbaned pilot hired by a commercial airline in the United States. As a Sikh, she has helped pave the way for both Sikh men and women to wear a dastaar/turban to fulfill their passion for flying. SGPC President Gobind Singh Longowal on January 4 also congratulated Arpinder Kaur on becoming first turbaned commercial Sikh pilot in United State of America. He has also congratulated her parents for providing her such a high cost pilot training and especially training while remaining steadfast on Sikh tenets. In March 2008, after resolving the issue of wearing her dastaar on-the-job, with the help of the Sikh Coalition, Arpinder Kaur was officially hired by American Airlines as a First Officer.

She filed her grievance for accommodation of her religious article of faith based on American Airlines' allowance of "regulation approved hats". An agreement was reached that is consistent with state and federal anti-discrimination law. In June 2008 she finished her pilot training program and is now flying Embraer Jets for American Eagle, a regional airline that is part of AMR based out of the Dallas-Fort Worth International Airport. S. Gobind Singh Longowal has said that Bibi Arpinder Kaur has made the entire Sikh community feel proud He added that Sikh identity will be recognized worldwide with appointment of Bibi Arpinder Kaur as a commercial pilot in a full-fledged Sikh dress. Longowal also hailed the United States' commercial airline for appointing

Bibi Arpinder Kaur as a commercial pilot sidelining religious discrimination. He added that the appointment of Bibi Arpinder Kaur as a commercial pilot has proven that the Sikh students can do anything while studying abroad without trimming their hairs. When Arpinder Kaur was asked why she chose to do this, she said: "Two of the reasons I did this were: first, my love of flying and, second, to set a precedent for the community so they know you can be in your Sikh appearance and do anything out there; so, that my younger brothers and sisters (the future generation) will pursue their passions while practicing their Sikh faith." Her passion for flying first started when at the age of 15 she got to sit in the cockpit of an airplane when moving from Panjab. Despite having a degree in Information Systems and her mother's belief that it was too dangerous for a girl to be a pilot, Kaur has chosen to follow her passion; while using it as a means for supporting her family. Kaur said it was the love and support of her husband, Pritpal Singh that pushed her forward on the path toward becoming a pilot. Kulbir Singh Sandhu, captain with AMR mentored her throughout her aviation career. (We first wrote about her in 2008 Newsletter, on completion of her pilot training)



GURPURABS & PROGRAMME Dec. 2017 – Jan. 2018

Shahidi Wadey Sahizadae	21-12-2017
Shahidi Chotae Sahizadae	26-12-2017
Parkash Guru Gobind Singh Ji	25-12-2017
Final Kirtan Darbar (7pm - Midnight)	31-12-2017
Parkash Guru Har Rai ji	29-01-2018
Monthly Youth Prog: First Friday of the month held at Gurdwara Sahib from 6 -8 PM	

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Nit Chardi Kala

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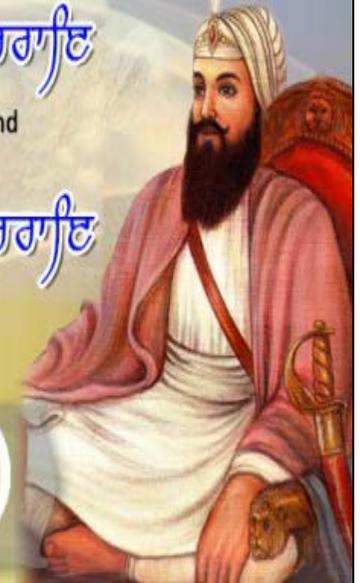
ਹਕ ਪੁਰਵਰ ਹਕ ਕੇਸੁ ਕਰਤਾ ਹਰਗਾਇ

Guru Kartaa Har Raaye Was the nourisher and the anchor for truth,

ਗੁਰੁਤਾਨੁ ਹਰ ਦਰਦੇਸੁ ਗੁਰੁ ਕਰਤਾ ਹਰਗਾਇ

He was royalty as well as a mendicant.

**Parkash Purab Of
Guru Har Rai Sahib Ji**



This year Guru Har Rai Ji's Parkash Purab falls on 29th January. Known to be a very compassionate and kind person, he was concerned not only about the welfare of human beings, but also that of the animals. In fact he was so soft hearted that he even helped to heal the son of Shah Jahan from an almost fatal illness despite the hostility the Mughals had shown to the Sikh guru's. Guru Har Rai Ji was the son of Baba Gurditta and Mata Nihal Kaur and grandson of Guru Hargobind Sahib Ji. Guru Hargobind Sahib anointed His younger grandson Guru Har Rai ji to succeed him as the seventh Guru. Upon assuming the Guru Gaddi, Guru Har Rai continued with the military tradition of maintaining a cavalry force of 2200 strong horsemen even though he never indulged in any direct armed war with the Mughals. He also established a hospital and a herbarium at Kiratpur Sahib. He had great respect for Gurbani - he even disowned his elder son Baba Ram Rai for altering a Hymn of Guru Nanak Dev ji. He left for his heavenly abode at a young age of 31.

UNITED SIKH VOLUNTEERS AUSTRALIA ਸੰਯੁਕਤ ਸਿਖ ਸੇਵਕ ਔਸਟ੍ਰੇਲੀਆ

Naked Truth ~ A True Story (From Sikhnet.com)

Guru Pyaareyo, waheguru jee kaa khalsa waheguru jee kee fateh,

Here is a true story. It has helped someone and I am sure it will help others also.

Sikhi was never of any importance to me. I was still young, and always believed it was something that people did in their fifty's to pass time. I wanted to "live life to the fullest," and that wasn't possible if I was living the lifestyle of a Sikh. I didn't care to understand the concept of God, or why people had so much faith in Him. All I cared about was looking good, and having as much fun as I could before I got married (I knew my parents would marry me off to a Sikh). If I was to get into Sikhi it would be a lot later in my life. I had just turned 22, and because I had finished my degree and was able to support myself, I thought it was time that I went my own way. I had been under the control of my parents all of my life and although I respected that they were devoted to Sikhi, I knew that it wasn't what I wanted in my life. I had been thinking about getting my hair trimmed for a while. I was getting sick of putting my hair up in a bun. My eyebrows took after my Pitaa Jee (Dad), bushy as can be, and I couldn't wait to get those plucked. I didn't tell my parents since I felt I was old enough to make my own decisions. I knew it was a bit selfish of me to go behind their backs, but I didn't think too much of it. I went into the shop and got my hair trimmed a couple of centimeters and had my eyebrows shaped. There was a look of accomplishment when I looked at myself in the mirror for the first time. The reflection showed a new person, it was the person I always wanted to be. "Freedom!" I remember thinking to myself. I drove up into the garage of the house I had lived in for the last ten years of my life, and hoped that it would recognize me. As I walked into the house, I could feel my heart beating rapidly. My parents were in the kitchen so I walked in hastily, said my hello's and headed into my room. I didn't stay long enough in the kitchen to see my parents' reactions. Maataa Jee (Mum) had just looked up at me when I left and Pitaa Jee was too absorbed reading the Punjabi newspaper. I could hear murmurs coming from the living room. And then for a couple of minutes they stopped. My heart was beating so fast. "Simran?" I could hear my mom calling for me. At first I didn't want to answer. "Hanjee Maataa Jee?" I whispered back hoping she wouldn't hear me. "Can you come outside please?" ... "Okay, I'll be there in a minute." I started feeling guilty for cutting my hair but kept my composure and walked down the hall towards the living room. My parents were sitting cross legged on the rug, holding gurtak in their hands. My mom looked up at me and handed me a gutka and then nodded her head downwards (her way of telling me to sit down). It was the first time since I can remember that my parents called me to do paath with them. At first I wanted to get up and tell them I had work to do but then I just felt relieved that they weren't yelling at me, so I sat down beside my mom and read along with Reharaas. It was finally over, and by this time I was yawning and just wanted to go to bed. We all got up to do ardaas. Pitaa Jee did it. Although I didn't care for Sikhi, ardaas was the one aspect of Sikhi that meant something to me so I actually listened to the ardaas. Pitaa Jee came to the end of the ardaas. He did ardaas for Reharaas and then in a calm loving tone he asked, "Guru Sahib Jee, please bless our daughter with a Gursikhi life. Sachey Paatshah Saadee sabhnaa dee Sikhee Kesaa Suaasaa Sang Nibhaaho Jee" Maataa Jee was sobbing. I wanted to cry as well, not because I felt guilty but because I was hurt. Why would they do that to me? They could have done ardaas on their own time. I didn't sleep that whole night. Pitaa Jee's words kept running through my head no matter how high I turned up the radio. Two to me I gave her one word answers. Although two months had passed, I could still hear Pitaa Jee's voice from that night. His ardaas was straight from his heart and I was afraid that it would come true. I had even done ardaas to undo the ardaas he did. That night my good friend was having a keertan at the Gurdwara. I never liked going to anyone's programs, especially if they were at the Gurdwara, but that day I kept getting this push from inside to go. I arrived at the Gurdwara early and after failing to find someone I knew I proceeded towards the main Darbar hall. I took a glance at Guru Granth Sahib Ji to make sure I was walking in the right direction. As I looked down at the ground I felt warmth take over my body. I felt calm. The vision of Guru Granth Sahib Ji covered with royal blue rumalay was grounded in my mind. I stood still for a moment and embraced the vision in my heart. Everything around me slowly disappeared. I took a step forward and then another, until I had reached the

end. I looked up at the Guru. My mind was silenced in admiration of the beauty that was in front of me. I once again remembered Pitaa Jee's ardaas and started to shed tears. Kneeling down to Maataa taake I could hear Pitaa Jee's words so clearly, "Guru Sahib Jee please bless our daughter with a Gursikhi life. Sachey Paatshah! Saadee sabhnaa dee Sikhee Kesaa Suaasaa Sang Nibhaaho Jee" The moment my forehead touched the Guru's Charan I could hear whispers in my ear. I was trying to listen to what was being said but I couldn't make out the words. I concentrated and tried again to listen to the sounds. "Vahe-Guroo. Vahe-Guroo. Vahe-Guroo..." At that time I didn't know what to think of the moment. But, with the energy I had left I got up and sat in the Sangat. Time had vanished. My eyes were tightly fastened together and my mind was still. A soft white filled the room and I could hear more voices repeating "Vahe-Guroo." I absorbed myself in the moment. Some time had gone by and I could see two figures appear in the distance. They were too far away for me to see if they were male or female but I could see that one was shorter than the other. I couldn't see any details because the colours were meshed into one blur consisting of black, red and a pale brown. I tried to focus on the two figures hoping that I could piece together who they were. The two figures had vanished and then for a split second materialized again and this time I could see them clearly. That was the day that my Pitaa Jee's ardaas had been answered. I took Amrit a week later. Every night in my ardaas I ask that everyone be blessed with a Gursikhi life. There are still days that go by when I feel distant from Sikhi. But, when those days come, I think back to the day when Guru Sahib Jee, with my naked eyes, showed me the Piyaar in the face of Bhai Taru Singh Jee as his scalp was being cut away from his body.

Guru Gobind Singh Ji

(Bibi Shanti Kaur Khalsa)

So, it was that he was born on this earth as Gobind Rai, the only child of Guru Teg Bahadur and Mata Gujri. His parents were both holy incarnations and had done long years of meditation. At nine years, Gobind Rai became the 10th Guru of the Sikhs, Guru Gobind Rai. But that was not enough. When Baisakhi 1699 came, Guru Gobind Rai became Guru Gobind Singh Ji. This you should tell your children as their bedtime story. This should be your morning Ardas. Beautiful Guru Gobind Rai, who was already perfect, already a God merged being, who was born under the request of God Himself, and he took a sword and asked for a head. The faculty of beauty in Sikh Dharma is this: Guru Gobind Rai within his lifetime gave birth to Guru Gobind Singh. A transformation happened openly where Guru Gobind Rai, the ordained Guru, openly transformed himself to a student, and openly again got bestowed as a Guru. Guru Gobind Rai was the tenth Sikh Guru, with all the virtues



and respect. As well as being mentally strong Guru Gobind had also established his immense physical strength. He was so strong that he could keep two swords in his hands and circle them around his body for hours at a time. He was fast, also His skill and speed of movement were unbelievable. Guru Gobind Singh Ji was so graceful that even in war, when victory could have been achieved by an action that would be just a little less than graceful, he would not do it. Bhai Nand Lal wrote, "Naziraan rooee Guru Gobind Singh. Masat hak dar koee Guru Gobind Singh Those who glance at the face of Guru Gobind Singh, get lost in the love of Guru Gobind Singh" The life of Guru Ji was very short on this earth. According to the standard of beauty and grace, he was very regal, very human and very perfect. My father, Guru Gobind Singh, did a great thing, though it has taken a long time to understand and accept. Guru Ji gave us the Shabad Guru so that we may not worship man ever again. Finally let us praise Guru Ji for instructing us to maintain our essential identity. All personal objectives were given to the Khalsa. All blessings were given to the Khalsa. For all this, the Guru gave us just one simple condition. That was solid divine hit to let you know that you must be **niaara**, "exclusive".

