



Girja Kaul

OCT 25, 1947 - NOV 19, 2010



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GP

Greenwood Memorial Park posted:

K.P. Pioneers In San Francisco Bay Area
A Brother Reminiscences On His Just Lost Sister
Girja (Zutshi) Kaul
Girja may have left her worldly form on November 19, 2010 but she will live in our hearts till almighty God wishes us to join her in heaven. She lives in her loving daughter Aparna, we call Bota, and her very adorable grand children, Inaya and Anika. She is very much here! May God bless Aparna and her husband Imran. Let us not forget Maharaj, Girja's husband, we called Bairaj, who passed away last year. He was a role model to us, the early KP immigrants, who came to U.S. and spent early years very closely with this most beloved couple, before their family members joined them. Whenever I travel to Albany and Berkeley areas, looking at the university housing with fond memories, the early years of 1972 come to my mind. Both Girja and Bairaj, along with little Bota, lived in the Albany village university housing in a two bedroom flat. When I arrived to the U.S. the first time, I stayed in their living room for 8 days (the other bedroom was taken by Bairaj's sister's husband who had arrived earlier from India with a green card as well). So much happened in those 8 days. Bairaj got his Ph.D from U.C., Berkeley, they both received a green card and we all moved into a two bedroom apartment across the university housing. We both took a bus to San Francisco looking for jobs and we both found one in the next month. Times were tough due to the U.S involvement in Vietnam. I found an apartment in El Cerrito and moved there, making Girja very hurt because she didn't want me to move out of her place. One day both Bairaj and Girja walked into my apartment and started picking up my stuff (very little there was that I could call mine!). I tried to convince them but Bairaj said "if you feel it is an obligation, pay the same rent to Girja but live with us till Usha (my wife) arrives. I bought my first car and took a loan against it. \$700 loan seemed so much then. One day, Girja was driving with me on San Pablo Avenue in Berkeley and she asked me to stop at the bank where I had borrowed the money to buy the car. She went in and paid off the \$700 saying "pay me back but I don't want you to pay interest to the bank." When Usha arrived a few months later, Girja bought bed sheets, kitchenware and everything we needed to start a life on our own. Usha and Girja were the best of friends. In mid 70's housing started to boom. Girja and her husband were fully aware of my deep financial commitments but offered a \$6000 loan so that I could buy a town house. My predicament was that being Girja's brother (an old fashioned young man), who would not feel comfortable taking help from a sister's husband. So very quickly I was able to borrow on the newly acquired home from a loan shark to pay them off. The interest rate was 19.5%. A dollar was then worth Rupees 6 and starting salary for a graduate engineer was less than a thousand per month. Girja was very mild mannered, soft spoken and anxious to help others. She loved everyone and will be missed by all those she touched. I will miss her for another reason: we both had the art of mimicking. It came naturally to us. When she learnt in October this year that she had cancer, she told me "It is OK. I lived good 60 years but am thinking about the young life we lost in 2008." She was referring to my son Amit (Chintoo), who passed away at 30. She loved my son very much and was very protective of him. In fact, when she moved away from the San Francisco bay area in 1999, after her separation with her husband, and bought a home in San Diego, California, Amit was a student there and was the first person to live in her brand new home, while she was still in a state of transition. She knew his girl friend and later heard from her neighbors about his helping nature and sweet behavior, making her very proud of him. Girja and Bairaj were envied by many for the love and respect they



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both had for each other. As they say, we have to seek God's blessings to save us from the evil eye. The evil eye separated them for a dec

December 1 at 5:00 PM



Bhanmatee Sita G.Gobin posted:

Music, when soft voices die
Music, when soft voices die, Vibrates in the memory?
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.
By Percy Bysshe Shelley
The Poetry Foundation

November 30 at 5:00 PM



Memories only last if you share them

Join us in honoring Girja by contributing to a collection of shared memories.



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