

ओम नमः शिवाय

Babaji Kripa. Guruji Anugraha. Kangundi Sewa.

HOW BABAJI AND GURUJI SENT ME TO CLIMB A HILL AND I CAME BACK A DIFFERENT PERSON

(A First-Person Account of TadEkam's Kangundi Sewa,
January 2025 – January 2026)

The Instruction That Changed Everything

In 2025, Guruji Naushir — our Guru, our compass, our most loving tormentor — passed an instruction that quietly turned TadEkam's world on its head. And knowing Guruji, of course it came without any warning, any preamble, or any lengthy explanation. That was his style.

The gist of it: Sadhna is primary. Sewa must now serve sadhna, not replace it. The Foundation would henceforth not chase sewa volume for its own sake. Instead, sewa would become the forge in which sadhaks are hammered into sewaks, and sewaks into instruments of That One — TadEkam.

The corollary, naturally, was a project. Because with Guruji, an instruction without a project is like a puja without a lamp.

“Go to Kangundi,” came the guidance. “Introduce bouldering and rock-climbing tourism. Create livelihoods. Protect indigenous culture. And do it in Southern India first — Andhra Pradesh — and then expand to Central India. And also — since Babaji has given instruction — begin the sewa of Jal Tattva. The sacred rivers of Bharat await. Start with Godavari Maa.”

I remember thinking: wonderful. A sleepy village in Chittoor District I had never heard of. An Olympic sport I knew nothing about. And a 400-river civilisational ambition for good measure. Standard Guruji instruction. I was delighted.

So — Who Am I in All of This?

I am Sanjay Vishwasrao. A retired Major General. A sewak of Mahavatar Babaji TadEkam Foundation. A man who once won peace in Kashmir and Assam using Guruji's wisdom of 'social engineering.' A man who, in January 2025, found himself staring at Google Maps looking for a village called Kangundi, wondering if the boulders were bigger than his ego. (Spoiler: they were. Significantly.)

Guruji always said: I will make you my tool. I used to think that was a metaphor. At Kangundi, I learned it was a job description.

January 2025: The Logos, The First Steps, and The Village That Laughed at Us

We arrived in Kangundi in January 2025 knowing this: the village had extraordinary natural boulders — 600-plus virgin granite formations — a stunning Inselberg that rose like Lord Shiva's own murti from the earth, ancient cave paintings, a Valmiki tribal tradition, a Mahabharata Natakam performed nowhere else in Andhra Pradesh, and — most crucially — no toilets, no tourist infrastructure, no hope.

The villagers had an entrenched attitude of hopelessness that could have won awards. Three months we spent just earning their trust. Three months! I have negotiated peace agreements with armed militants faster than I earned

the trust of Kangundi's farmers. This, I told my sewaks, is Guruji's way of keeping us humble.



We began with the logos. The Kangundi Bouldering Festival logo. The Kangundi Climbing Cup logo. The Kuppam Marigold Fest. The Kuppam Coconut Fest. The Valmiki Tribal Fest. Each logo was a declaration of intent — a visual sankalpa — saying to Kangundi: we are serious, we are staying, we are yours.

Then came the village heritage paintings. One hundred and ten homes in the central village — painted for the first time with heritage motifs. This was India's first such heritage-painted village. And it began because a group of sadhaks-turned-sewaks showed up with paintbrushes and a stubborn Guru's instruction.

We coined the slogan 'I Love Kangundi' and installed a selfie point on 15th August 2025. The selfie point became the most photographed spot in the village. If there is one thing that unites all of humanity across class, culture, and century — it is the selfie. Babaji, I am sure, was amused.

We also launched the Swachh Kangundi Abhiyan — to end open defecation, banish single-use plastic, and remove the epidemic of public hoardings that disfigured this sacred landscape. I will not dwell on the details of the open defecation campaign. Some sewa is best performed without narration.

The Advertisement Videos, The History Video, and the Curtain Raiser

No sewa project lives in silence. Kangundi needed a voice. So, we made advertisement videos — sharp, vibrant, cinematic tributes to this

extraordinary place. We produced a history video that told the world: these boulders are ancient, this culture is living, this village is sacred. The Inselberg is not merely a geological formation. It is Shiva Himself, seated in granite.

The curtain raiser event was held on 6th December 2025, chaired by Hon'ble MLC Shri Srikanth Garu — a man who, in a moment of magnificent theatrical bravery, dressed as Bheema of the Mahabharata Natakam at the Kangundi Shivling View Point for our cultural programme. When a sitting MLC channels the energy of Bheema for your cause, you know Babaji is watching over you.

But the spiritual curtain raiser came before even that. From 13th to 15th November 2025, Swami Dattapadanand Ji — TadEkam's spiritual Guru since Guruji Naushir left his physical body in August 2022 — visited Kangundi. Standing before the great Inselberg, he declared with serene authority that the Kangundi boulder is a Living Shivling, carrying vibrations nearly comparable to Mount Kailash itself, and that the Valmiki tribal priests who tend it represent a daiva — a divine — tradition.

That declaration changed everything. We were no longer building an adventure tourism destination. We were protecting a sacred site. We were not merely offering homestays. We were offering darshan. The Kalikamba Temple in Kangundi, Guruji Naushir further revealed on 31st December 2025, holds unique potential for Kundalini elevation through meditation. Kangundi is — quietly, powerfully — becoming a centre for spiritual tourism as well.

So, by the time the curtain-raiser happened, Kangundi had a logo, a history, a painted village, a selfie stand, a clean-up campaign, a spiritual validation

from a Swamiji, and the backing of a deathless Himalayan Mahayogi. We were ready for the festival.

The ₹40 Lakh Gift: The Bouldering Gym

Guruji Naushir had instructed that the youth of Kuppam must have an indoor bouldering gym. So TadEkam built one — at a cost of ₹40 Lakh, in four months. The Kangundi Rocks Bouldering Gym stands today as the largest single gift of infrastructure this village has ever received from any non-government source.

The gym became the venue for the Kangundi Climbing Cup on 8th and 9th January 2026 — 51 participants, men and women and boys and girls from across India, including climbers from the Indian Army's Central Command. Prize money of ₹74,000 sponsored entirely by TadEkam. Judged and conducted by IMF, South Zone, Bengaluru — with route setters Shri PL Ashmatullah, Shri Gangadhar, and Shri Deepak Pawar of Pune's DISC. Climber Karan Singh of Haryana won the men's category. Climber Likita of Kangundi herself won a prize in the women's category. That last fact made every one of our sewaks cry.

The Festival, the Fests, and the Magnificent Chaos of Sewa

The Kangundi Bouldering Festival ran from 6th to 10th January 2026. Wholly homestay-based — every guest sleeping under the roof of a Kangundi family. 111 guests in total, including two nationals from the United States who, I am happy to report, figured out UPI before the festival ended.

Three satellite fests ran alongside — each a celebration of the Kuppam region's irreplaceable cultural wealth:

The Kuppam Valmiki Tribal Fest on 6th January in Motla Chenu — celebrating the ancient traditions of the Yanadi and Valmiki tribal communities who are, in fact, the original custodians of this Shivling.

The Kuppam Marigold Fest on 7th January in Kathimanapalle — held amidst the glorious marigold fields that burst into gold and orange around harvest season. Imagine 111 climbers covered in chalk suddenly surrounded by seas of marigold. I cannot decide if it was more beautiful or more ridiculous. Both, emphatically.

The Kuppam Coconut Fest on 8th January in Peddavanka — celebrating the region's coconut groves with the sort of enthusiasm that only people who have never shelled a coconut in competition truly appreciate.

Also during the festival: night bouldering under the stars, waterfall swimming, trekking, camping, cultural shows, a village bazaar (haat) with 12 stalls — and 18 virgin boulders topped out of more than 600 that await future climbers. Twenty rock-climbing routes bolted — 7 in Kangundi, 13 in Motla Chenu.

The government too rose to the occasion. Andhra Pradesh Tourism and the Kuppam Area Development Authority (KADA) allocated ₹45 Lakh for the festival. An additional ₹15 Lakh was released after the festival for beautification. TadEkam invested ₹1.2 Crore over the full year of the project. The village generated ₹27 Lakh in direct revenue from catering, homestays, guides, transport, haat stalls, and labour. The village economy — quiet for so many generations — began to breathe.

And yet — amidst all of this — the Instagram reels of Sanjay Vishwasrao (that would be me) generated nearly 40 lakh views. Which means more people watched Kangundi on Instagram than attended. This is called the magic of the digital age. Guruji would have called it a free amplifier. Babaji, I believe, simply smiled.

‘Shiva’s Carrier’ — The Boulder That Made History

On 11th January 2026 — a day after the official festival ended, as if the boulder had been waiting for the crowd to thin before revealing itself — climber Adarsh from Delhi scaled a boulder graded 8A+ (or V-11 in American bouldering notation). This is not merely a difficult boulder. This is an elite-level problem that puts Kangundi on the global bouldering map.

As per climbing tradition, Adarsh named the boulder himself. He called it — and every hair on my arms still stands when I repeat this — ‘Shiva’s Carrier.’ Not ‘The Big Rock.’ Not ‘Kangundi Boulder Number One.’ Shiva’s Carrier.

On a Living Shivling.

In a village whose Inselberg carries the vibrations of Kailash.

Coincidence? I think not. Babaji’s fingerprints are everywhere, if you know how to look.

This boulder will draw elite boulderers from across the world. Kangundi is now, permanently, on the global adventure tourism map.

The Indian Mountaineering Foundation: When the Establishment Arrives



One of the quiet victories of this entire sewa has been the partnership with the Indian Mountaineering Foundation — IMF. Not an NGO. Not a cultural body. The apex body of mountaineering and climbing in India, under the Government of India.

IMF, South Zone, Bengaluru — under the chairmanship of Brig (Retd) Krishna Kumar — conducted the Kangundi Climbing Cup. Their instructors trained over 500 students and elders on a mobile climbing wall. They bolted new routes on virgin rock. They brought their equipment, their expertise, and most importantly — their credibility.

And then they went back to Delhi and put Kangundi in their national calendar.

Let that sink in. Kangundi — a village that three years ago had no toilets and a deeply entrenched culture of hopelessness — now has two IMF-certified national events in the 2026-27 calendar:

25th October 2026: The Andhra Climbing Cup — the first state-level competitive climbing event in Andhra Pradesh's history.

9th-10th January 2027: The 2nd Edition of the Kangundi Bouldering Festival & Climbing Cup.

We have gone from zero to national calendar in twelve months. This is what happens when Babaji blesses and Guruji instructs.

30th January 2026: The Chief Minister, The Tricolour, and the Tears I Did Not Shed (Much)



On 30th January 2026 — the death anniversary of Mahatma Gandhi, a date that carries the full weight of Bharat's soul — Hon'ble Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh Shri N. Chandrababu Naidu visited Kangundi.

He came. He walked the village. He inspected our work. He saw the bouldering gym, the heritage-painted homes, the homestays, the Kangundi Rocks Café. He looked at a village transformed — not by a government scheme, but by a group of sadhaks following the instruction of a deathless Himalayan Mahayogi and his departed-but-never-absent disciple.

And then he unfurled a 100-feet-tall Tricolour.

One hundred feet. The Tiranga of Bharat, flying over Kangundi, over the Living Shivling, over the village that was told it had no future. If I told you that I felt nothing in that moment, I would be lying. If I told you that I wept, I would be giving myself too much credit. What I felt was something in between — the particular vibration of gratitude that arises when you realize that you were merely the instrument, and That One did all the work.

This is Guruji's greatest teaching, the one I carry with me every single day: the moment you think the sewa is yours, it stops flowing. The moment you remember you are a tool — a very ordinary, occasionally bumbling, Instagram-addicted tool — the grace pours through you like a river.

Like Godavari Maa. But more on that in a moment.

What Comes Next: Join Us at Kangundi — and at Godavari Maa

Dear fellow sadhaks of TadEkam,

I write this not as a report, and not as a boast. I write this as an invitation.

Before I say ‘come,’ let me share something that has stayed with me from Swami Chidanand Ji’s writings:

“Sewa tunes and tones our body and mind. We have to find peace and stillness in all forms of sewa — in a single deed or in a great project like Kangundi and Godavari.”

That is precisely what Kangundi taught me. Not in theory — in granite and marigold and monsoon rain and a double rainbow over stone benches placed at imperfect angles. Every act of sewa, however small, is an act of inner refinement. The village is the teacher. The boulders are the guru. The stillness is always there, waiting, inside the doing.

The 25th October 2026 Andhra Climbing Cup is coming. The 9th-10th January 2027 2nd edition of the Kangundi Bouldering Festival is coming. And Godavari Pushkaralu and Kumbh 2026-28 are coming — where TadEkam has been guided by Babaji and Guruji to undertake the sewa of Jal Tattva, the sacred water element, beginning with Godavari Maa and extending gradually to all 12 Pushkaralu rivers and ultimately to all 400 rivers of Bharat.

Kangundi is not just a bouldering destination. It is a sadhna kshetra — a field of practice. Guruji did not send us there to put up road signs and organize a festival. He sent us there because something in this landscape — in the Living Shivling, in the Kalikamba Temple, in the ancient cave paintings, in the songs

of the Valmiki tribal priests — carries the energy that a sadhak needs to grow. The sewa at Kangundi is not charity. It is your own tapasya.



You will arrive thinking you are helping a village. You will leave knowing the village helped you.

And here is the deepest reason to come: the Kangundi Inselberg is a Living Shivling. When you climb its granite face, trek its ridgeline, or boulder at its feet, you are not simply exercising. You are playing in the body of Lord Shiva Himself. And He — as only a loving father can — uses that play to absorb what you carry. The fears, the fatigue, the heaviness that accumulates in a life fully lived — He takes it all. Quietly. Without announcement. While you are busy looking for the next handhold. This is Kangundi's secret: that what climbers call 'flow state,' Lord Shiva has always known as grace. Come and climb. Come and be emptied. Come and be renewed.

The Coconut Fest is genuinely delightful. The Marigold Fest will make you want to move to Kathimanapalle permanently. Night bouldering under a sky with no light pollution is the closest thing to dhyana I have found that doesn't require sitting still. And the moment you watch a Yanadi tribal elder perform a ritual at the foot of the Shivling as a climber tops out a granite boulder above him — you will understand, in your body and not just your mind, what TadEkam means when it says: Sewa Hi Sadhna.

For those with Godavari in their heart — come. Maa Godavari is calling. From the mountains of Nashik to the sea at Antarvedi, the sacred river awaits its sewaks. The Panch Tattvas have waited long enough. Jal Tattva — the water element — is now our dhyana. Come and do your sewa in the waters that the ancient rishis called Vriddhaganga, the elder Ganga of the Deccan.

Write to me. Come to Kangundi. Come to Godavari. Babaji and Guruji are calling — through me, their somewhat bewildered, deeply grateful, permanently overcommitted tool.

With Folded Hands: My Gratitude

No story of Kangundi is complete without koti koti pranam to those whose grace made it possible.

To Mahavatar Babaji — the deathless, boundless, ever-present Mahayogi of the Himalayas, whose shakti moves through every boulder, every paintbrush stroke, every homestay guest, every marigold, and every Tricolour hoisted in Bharat. This sewa was yours from the first thought.

To Guruji Naushir — who left his physical form on 17th August 2022 but whose instructions, guidance, laughter, and loving pressure have never for one moment ceased. You made me your tool, Guruji. I am grateful beyond any words this page can hold. The joy of being your instrument is the greatest joy of my life. That I got to watch sadhaks become sewaks, and sewaks begin their journey toward something they themselves cannot yet fully name — that is your gift to me. I treasure it above all else.

To Hon'ble Chief Minister Shri N. Chandrababu Naidu — for visiting Kangundi on 30th January 2026, for unfurling the Tricolour, and for his P4 policy that gives organizations like TadEkam the space to serve. Your presence on that day told Kangundi: you matter.

To the Hon'ble Tourism Minister — for supporting Kangundi's inclusion in Andhra Pradesh's tourism vision, and for understanding that adventure tourism and cultural heritage are not opposites — they are complements.

To the District Collector, Chittoor — for administrative support that made the festival possible in the logistically creative way that all great Indian events require.

To the Tourism Department, Chittoor — for believing in a project that, in January 2025, existed only as a logo and a prayer.

To Shri Vikas Marmat, IAS, Project Director, KADA — who walked the haat, backed the vision, and released funds in a system that is not always designed for speed. His presence gave institutional weight to the sewa.

To Shri PS Munirathnam Garu — for his consistent support and ground-level partnership that kept the project rooted in Kangundi's reality.

To Shri Dhanasekar — for his tireless coordination on the ground, for the kind of sewa that happens in the background and makes everything else possible.

To Shri Sarpanch — for opening the village's doors to TadEkam at a time when trust had to be earned, not assumed. That trust is our greatest asset.

To Shri Padmanabhan, Secretary, Kangundi Nature & Adventure Society (KNAS) — for building the local institution that will carry Kangundi's story long after TadEkam moves on to the next sewa. KNAS is the seed. Water it well.

To all the sewaks of TadEkam who came to Kangundi — who slept on village floors, ate simple food, solved impossible problems, carried equipment up rocky paths, painted houses in summer heat, and did all of it without salary, without recognition, and without complaint (well — with very little complaint). You are the story. Guruji sees you. Babaji sees you.

TadEkam — Tat Ekam — That One, From Which All Arises

Sewa Hi Sadhna. Sadhna Hi Shakti.

— Sanjay Vishwasrao Sewak, Mahavatar Babaji TadEkam Foundation Kangundi, Andhra Pradesh, 2025–2026

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