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Fall Like A Rose Petal

A Father's Lessons on How To Be Happy and Content while Living Without Money by AVIS Viswanathan

In his book *"Fall Like a Rose Petal (published by Westland Books, August 2014; Chapter 6 - What Goes Around Comes Around)"* AVIS Viswanathan, Principal Consultant at *a v initiatives*, a Specialist Consulting Firm that inspires Workplace Happiness, shares his experiences in life on how to be happy while living without money and how Dr. Muhammed Majeed came in as a saviour and pulled AVIS out of the financial burden of meeting a part of his son's University tuition commitments.

Dr. Majeed delineates, that it was an indication from Allah to help AVIS' family during his prayer. Dr. Majeed has helped AVIS with cash in the past when his company was in a bad phase of bankruptcy...



A father's lessons on how to be happy and content while living without money

VERBATIM FROM THE BOOK

We thought it was all over for Aash. That's when my phone rang. It was our client Dr. Muhammed Majeed, the Chairman and Managing Director of Sami Labs, whom I will refer to as Doc, calling from Bengaluru. The time was 9:45 PM. 'Doc? At this hour?' I remember wondering as I excused myself from the table to take his call.

"Hey AVIS! What are you up to, maan?" Doc thundered over the phone, in his inimitable Malayalam - soaked American accent.

I replied in general terms. Doc had helped us personally with cash in the past when he came to know of our bankruptcy through one of his colleagues. So, I also told him things were bad and that we were still stuck for business and cash.

"AVIS, I want you down here. Let's talk, maan," he said.

I told him I would fix up time with his office and come over on my next visit to Bengaluru. But Doc said he wanted me there the very next day. When I told him I didn't have money to buy the tickets, he admonished me for thinking that he expected me to pay for it. He said he would have the tickets purchased online in the

next hour and that he wanted me to meet him first thing in his office the next morning.

Mom and I really didn't know what this was all about. We felt I must go because Doc has been very good to us. So, I arrived in Bengaluru the next morning. Doc's personal chauffeur was at the airport to receive me in a Mercedes Benz. I reached his office and was immediately ushered into his corner office. All the way till 3 PM, five hours on the trot, we remained undisturbed. All we did was talk management subjects: leadership, decision - making, people management, innovation and executive coaching. We had lunch together. And cups and more cups of green tea. Every hour, we stepped onto a beautiful balcony, and while Doc sat on an ornate swing and smoked, I walked about the greenery while talking to him at the same time. During the day, Mom texted me wanting to know what this trip was all about. I remember replying I had no idea what this was about and what I was doing there.

Then, at 3 PM, I told Doc that I must leave in

the next 30 minutes, because my flight was at 5:30 PM.

Doc replied, "Sure, Yes. You must leave." Then, almost as if, he had suddenly remembered something, he asked, "So, tell me AVIS, how can I help you and Vaani?"

I replied thanking him profusely for his kindness and said I really could not expect or accept any more help from him because we were already indebted to him.

But he cut me off and said, "AVIS! Do you think I am a fool to fly you down and spend a full day with you leaving aside all my work? Let me tell you that I was doing my Namaaz in the evening yesterday and suddenly your face flashed in front of my closed eyes and I understood it was a sign from Allah to me to help you. That's why I called you. So, tell me how can I help you?" Though surprised, intrigued and overwhelmed, all at the same time, I said again I couldn't think of anything.

Doc, who knew Aash was in Chicago, asked me, "How's your son? How are you meeting his University commitments?"

I replied, "He's fine but the truth is I am not

meeting his University commitments?"

Doc sat up. He asked me for the exact amount. When I told him \$6, 700 was outstanding, he said, "Just send the account details to me over email when you get into Chennai this evening and consider it done. Today, during business hours in the US, the wire will reach your Son's University account from my personal account. You can repay me when able."

I wept when he told me that. I held his hand, looked in his eyes, and wept.

Embarrassed perhaps by my display or raw emotion, Dr. Majeed walked me to the door and said, "Come on AVIS! We are all human beings sent here to help each other. Now get going maan, you are late for your flight!"

Sure enough that night, India time, as Mom and I slept peacefully, the money went into Aash's University account, unknown even to him at the time!

This is just one instance, but this has happened every single time.