



Vaastu & Homes

Mrs. Komal Rao - My Vaastu Journey



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Born in Bhavnagar, Mrs. Komal Rao pursued a full-fledged course in interior designing from SNDT, Mumbai, after completing schooling from Bhavnagar. She practised interior design successfully for many years but is currently on a break to look after her children

Dr Ravi Rao and Madam Komal were married in 1999

On her career as an interior designer:

For me, SNDT was a defining experience full of fun, bonding and learning. My parents felt that Bhavnagar had poor options for my higher studies. They were keen that I live in a larger, fast-paced modern setting that would groom me for a future career and life in a large city.

The three and a half years that I spent there have been very valuable. I learnt many things there though, coming as I did, from Bhavnagar, a small, traditional town the transition at SNDT took time. I confess, the first few months were a cultural shock. Our professors belonged to the old school and insisted on discipline, application and commitment. In retrospect, I am grateful to my parents for having the vision to send me there.



Mrs Komal Ravi Rao

On my return, I began working with an architectural firm. Much work came my way and all of it helped me grow and broaden my understanding.

There is a belief that involving an interior designer means additional costs. This is not true. An interior designer helps the client to crystalize and organise his wish-list into a to-do list. For example, in a limited budget the client will have to decide whether to spend more on paint or furniture or carpeting.

Another crucial role of the interior designer is the vendors and contractors he brings in and his knowledge of the latest products that are available in the market. An individual home owner would surely slip-up on budget and schedule on these two counts. To re-state the case the interior designer takes over the onus of bringing in and supervising the various contractors and vendors; he also brings in his knowledge of the entire spectrum of products available in the market and can procure them at competitive rates. The job of an interior designer is a mix of in-depth understanding of the client's brief coupled with full-time hands-on task management and solid on-site supervision at every stage. Unlike an architect, the interior designer becomes personally responsible for even the smallest goof-up.

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Vaastu is a powerful enabler. A Vaastu perfect house is a sure-fire formula for a life full of good health and smooth success. Right from the very beginning, even when we were staying in a rented flat and Ravi was working out of a small room within that flat, we have lead a contented and complete life. I think the good Vaastu of our homes has played the most crucial role in this.

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Vaastuyogam: Can you share with the readers your Vaastu journey with Dr Rao as well as some startling incidents you have witnessed.

When I married Ravi, Vaastu was in the dim zone of probable incompatibility. Vaastu was something I was not ready to believe in. I had a comfort factor with architecture and interiors that would surely be unsettled by Vaastu. So, as a newly married bride I just pushed Vaastu under the carpet.

Ravi knew my stand and so never brought up Vaastu between us. With the passage of time, I learnt from his clients and the others around

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Spotting lions at Gir

It was the month of August 2010 and we were off to the famed Gir forest in Junagadh, Gujarat, for some lion spotting. Despite all the talk of the lion population multiplying, anyone who has visited the Gir will tell you that spotting lions is a matter of chance; there are no guarantees that you will get to see them.

It was the third uneventful day as we set out in the Jeep. Almost in jest Ravi said "At 4.08 P.M we will see lions eye to eye." Even for Ravi, this was getting too much. I believed in him totally; but I am from Bhavnagar and the Gir forest is Bhavnagar's backyard. Lions have a mind of their own. They don't know of Vaastu or Astrology.

I knew it. Ravi knew it and so do you.

The trip began with fanfare and hushed expectancy. Haribhai our guide was full of stories about how he had missed spotting lions for the unlikeliest of reasons. The driver added to the gloom by joining in with his set of similar stories. Suddenly, we received a radio message that a lion had been spotted at this particular place. We rushed there but – as Haribhai had warned - the lion had vanished. Another message. Another rush. Another Haribhai warning. Same result. It went on and on.

All of a sudden the driver took a sharp turn to escape hitting a boulder, There was a shout from the children! Three lions had sprung from nowhere and stared at us straight in the eyes. Instinctively, without even looking at the lions, I checked my wrist-watch. The time was sharp 4:08 PM

him about the scale and impact of his Vaastu practice as well the positive changes it had on the life of so many people. Every new day brought with it newer discoveries about Vaastu and Ravi. Ever so slowly the Vaastu resistance whittled and even before I knew it I became not just a Vaastu believer but a true follower.

The whole journey cannot be narrated within this short span of time and space. I will speak about a few random episodes from the hundreds that I have experienced.

Delhi Conference

One of my first Vaastu experience with Ravi that startled me to the core was a seminar at Delhi arranged for him where about seventy people were in attendance. Most of them were businessmen and industrialists while a few were practising professionals. The

conference was progressing fine with Ravi familiarizing the audience with the finer nuances of Vaastu etc. All of a sudden, without a cue of any sort, Ravi called for business cards of the participants. He promised them that by studying their visiting cards he would be able to tell them about their business and how it was faring. This came as a bolt from the blue for me. What's happening, I thought. This was an altogether new wizardry. How is it possible to just look at a card – without knowing anything else whatsoever -and tell a businessman about how his business is faring. Surely, Ravi is going to walk into a trap of his own making, I thought.

The cards were dropped into a box. Ravi randomly picked out cards and made his comments. "This company did well for about three years but now it is under dispute. The

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gentleman to whom this company belongs may please give his comments. The gentleman in question got up, identified himself and admitted that what Ravi had said was true Next case. Mr So and so. This XYZ co belongs to you "Yes" comes the reply. Ravi, after a pause "But this company has closed down a year ago" After a hushed silence in the auditorium comes the reply in a shaken voice, "Yes, that's true. I just dropped the card as a test." The reading went on. Ravi hit the Bulls Eye with all the cards.

Recalling the story now is fun. But on that day I was colder than ice. First with fear and then with awe.

Nails in puja room

I remember another incident vividly. We were to move to our current residence. The interiors were going on in full swing. Various agencies were working shoulder to shoulder, night and day to finish work. We had decided to use wooden floor tiles in the puja room. Ravi had insisted that whilst fixing the tiles no nails were to be used. As it so happened this part of the job was done during a short absence of mine. However, I did cross-check twice to ensure

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Shortly, Ravi fell terribly unwell. He had to be hospitalized. When I was with him in the hospital he remarked, "Komal, I am sure that nails were used whilst laying the wooden flooring in the puja room. Just check again."

I checked again. It was true. Though no nails were used to fix the wooden tiles they had been used to hammer the plywood sheet on which the wooden tiles were overlaid.

Post-haste I got the whole flooring ripped out and re-done after removing all the nails. Soon enough, Ravi was well again to the utter surprise of the attending doctors who were still carrying on with their tests to diagnose the problem.

Vaastu

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Mrs Komal Rao with family