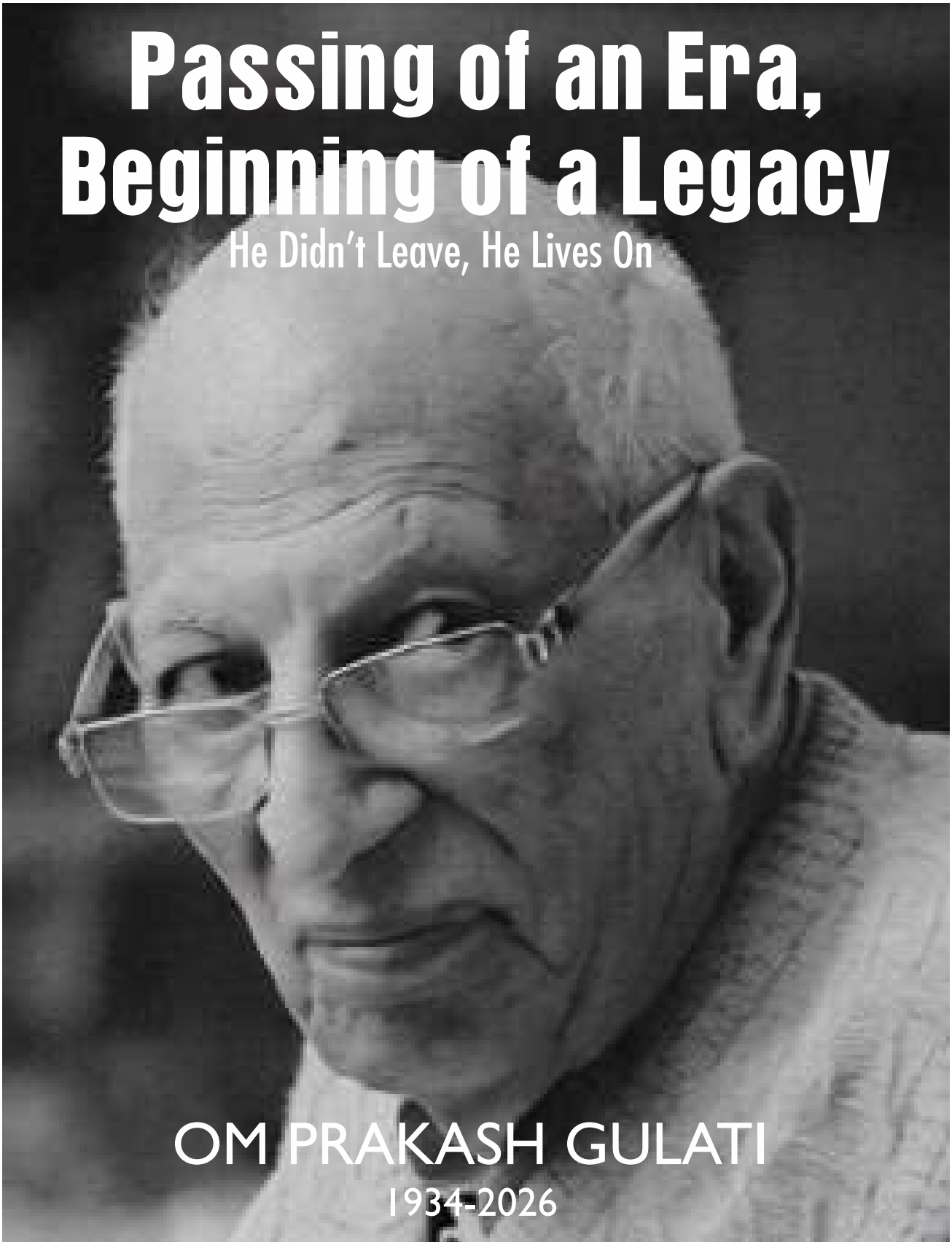
Passing of an Era, Beginning of a Legacy

He Didn't Leave, He Lives On

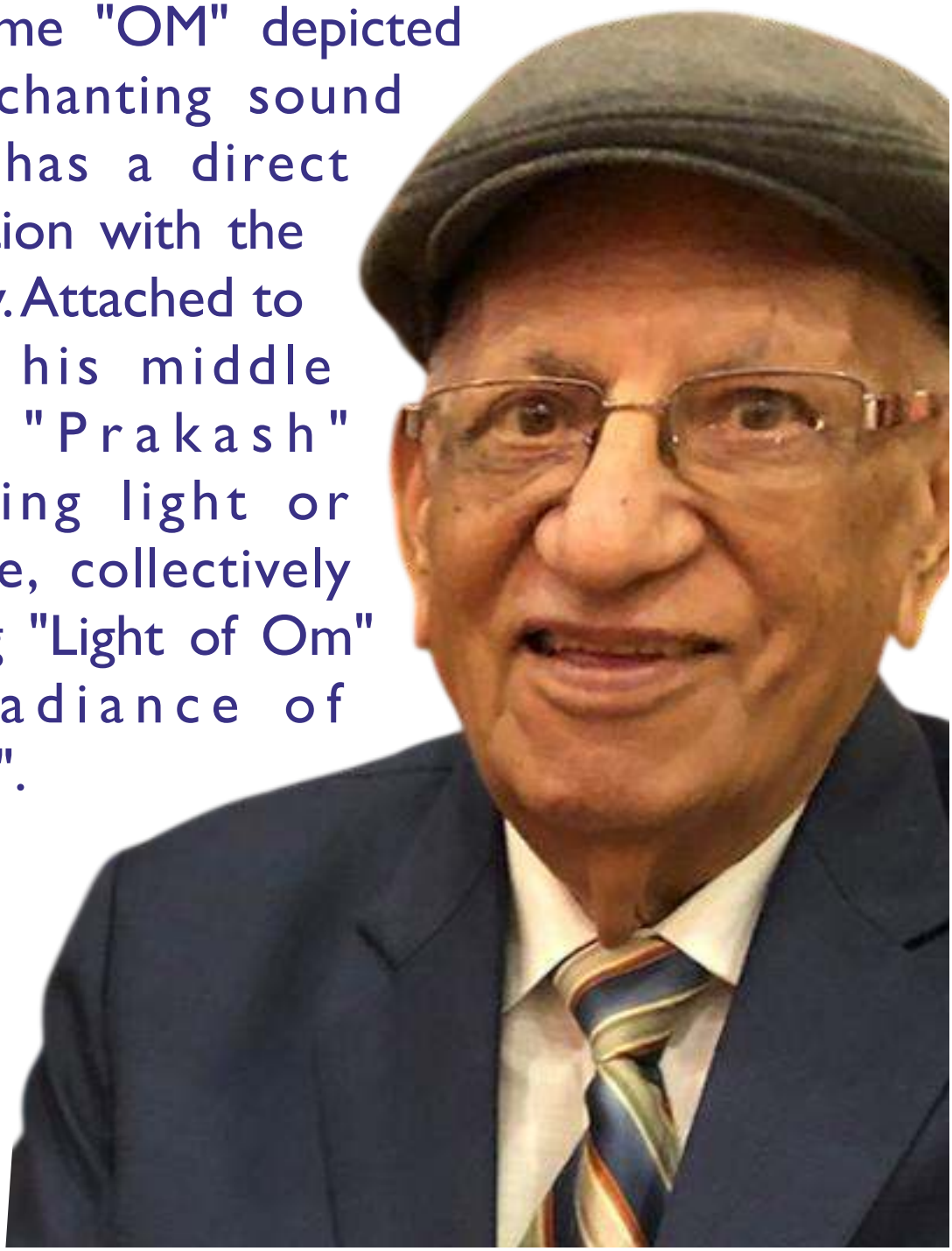


OM PRAKASH GULATI

1934-2026

A Name that Carried Divinity

Our Dad, Sh. Om Prakash Gulati, the iconic hero of the PREMPRAKASHIANS - his first name "OM" depicted the enchanting sound which has a direct connection with the almighty. Attached to "OM", his middle name "Prakash" signifying light or radiance, collectively implying "Light of Om" or "Radiance of Divinity".



Dad was born in a village called "Vaniki" in the Punjab province in the “Hafizabad” district of Pakistan, on October 17th, 1934. Our grandfather in the Army, then, died of a heat stroke, leaving behind our Grandmother and their four children, out of which their youngest child (DAD) was just half a year old. After the passing away of our Granddad, our Grandmother looked after the whole family boldly and confidently, despite being a single parent.



After the partition, in 1948 the family had to rush to India, seeing the scenario in Pakistan. The whole family after reaching Amritsar headed to Prem Nagar in Dehradun. After having finished his schoolhood, Dad worked as an Army Instructor in Secunderabad, near Hyderabad (AP). The shifting tides of time compelled him to redirect his passion and profession, responding to the pressing needs of the era. He had to come back to Doon to extend and manage the already existing family bakery business "MILKMAID", which came into existence in 1953 and later turned into "Anupam Shawls".



Fortunately, our elder generation managed to acquire a larger premises adjacent to Milkmaid, which Dad named "ELLORA", that started functioning on September 1st 1962 and a few days later, Dad and Mom - Mrs. Prem Lata alias Urmil got married on October the 3rd.







Since my very existence, I've been an avid observer of Dad's diligent and dedicated work, whether within the family shop or in the comforting confines of our home. After the birth of Big Bee (1964) and Dr. Rakesh (1967) (my elder brothers) and before I was born (1972), Dad constructed a "HOME" called "Green House" in Dilaram Bazaar, which was completed and ceremoniously inaugurated on December 6th, 1970. The Green House, now known as the "Old House" (after the construction of the New House, the New Road House and the IBM House), was renovated with the addition of its 1st floor, in the year 2014-15.





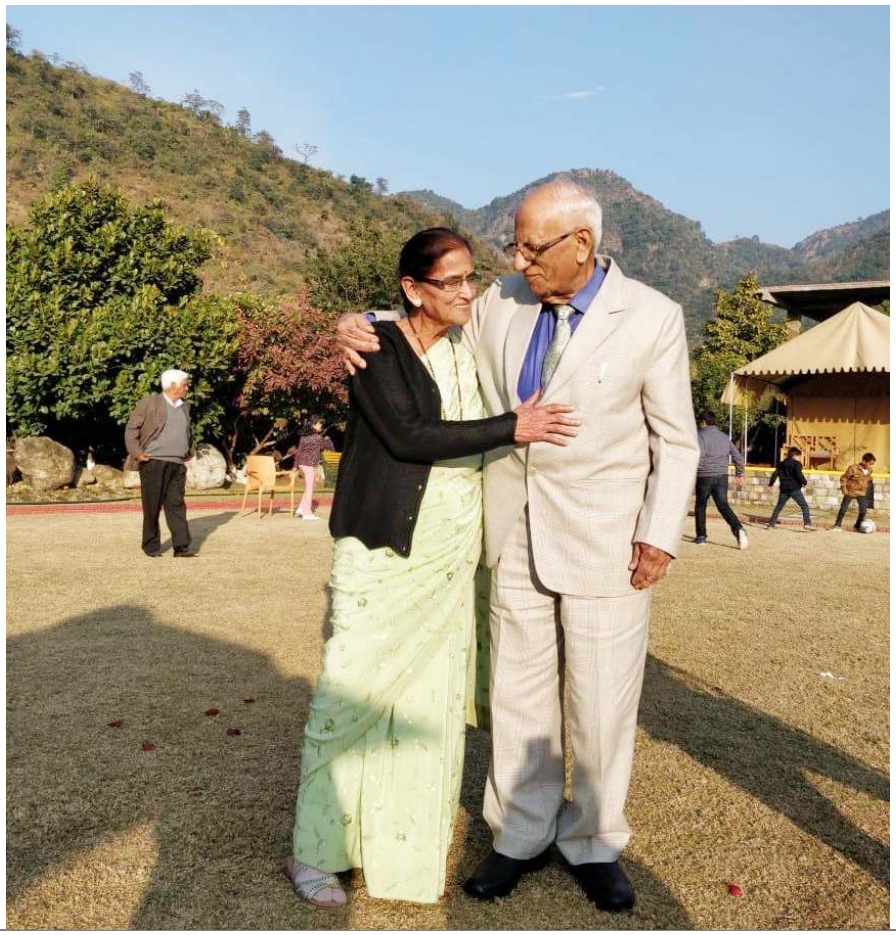
Dad got us admitted into the best schools of the town namely CJM, SJA & SGC Mussoorie. During our school years, a plethora of responsibilities - from crafting diverse sandwiches to meticulously packaging dry fruits and gift boxes and overseeing the production of Plum-Puddings fell under Dad's vigilance. Above all, we had no boundaries and we never complained about duties assigned to us by Mom and Dad, which could include any kind of job at home, other than studies.



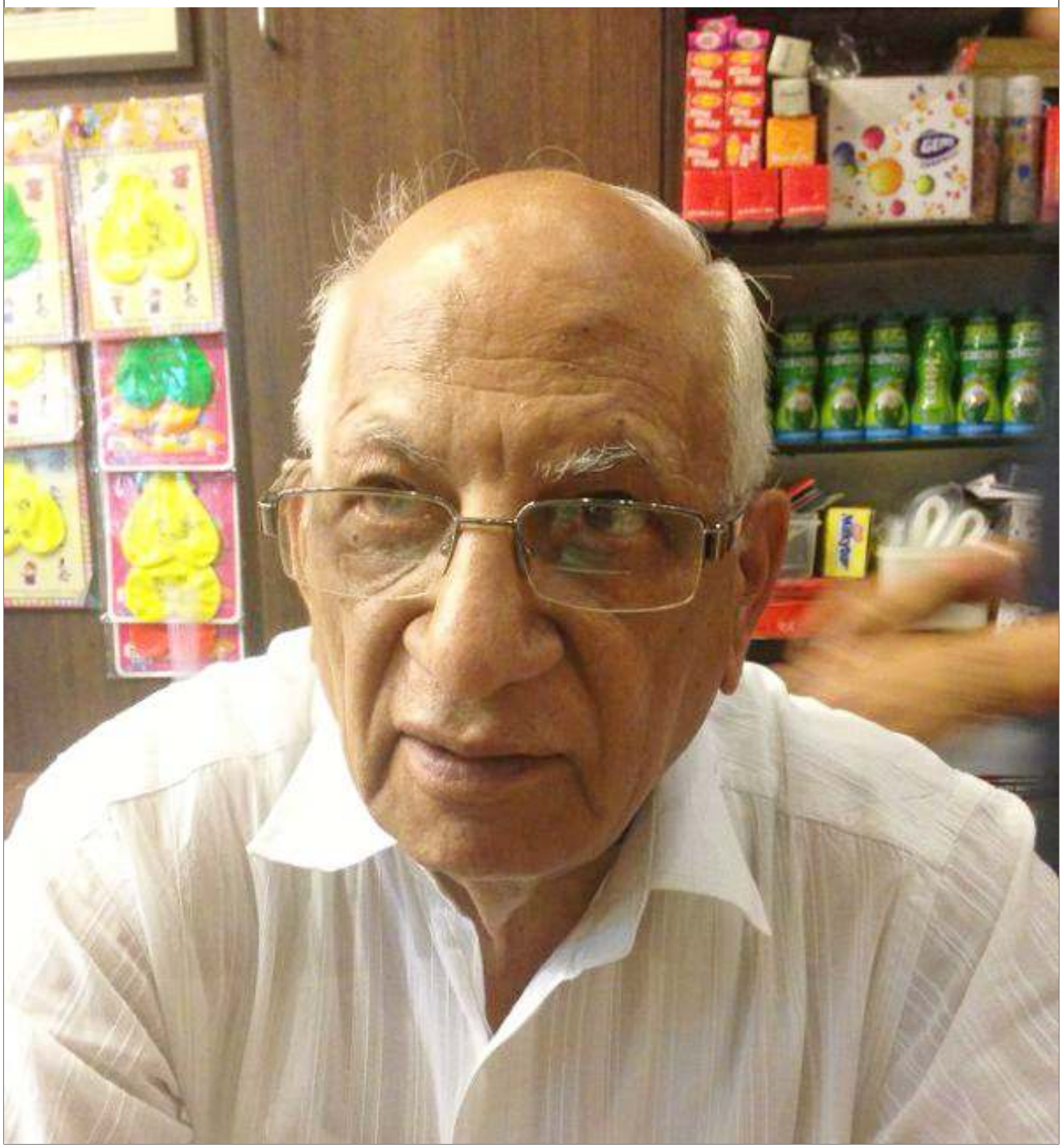


Dad's simplicity was his ecstasy! Dad was a sophisticatedly disciplined man in all respects. His eating habits, he always wore well-ironed clothes, polished shoes, always had a neat and tidy haircut and he shaved everyday, even when he was travelling.

He couldn't shave only one day in his lifetime, which we know was when he was unwell; he was then at the middle of his age. He always wore a tie and a blazer to work, in winters.



How well he has worked throughout his life upto the date he worked at both of his establishments - Ellora Homeaids & Opee's.



However, Dad diligently looked after his family, including his Mom. I remember pretty well when everyone was busy gossiping, singing and dancing at "Anand Bhawan", he took care of me once again - he literally eloped me from the venue and managed my bath and change in the annex room over the garage, on our lucky wedding day - the day Dear Sugandha and I got married in 1998. This was done to avoid any kind of delays in the wedding program, "Baarat", "Jai Mala", "Milni", Dinner and "Phere". Rather, he monitored this foreseeable delay during the wedding ceremonies of all three of his kids.



Subsequently, in 1998, Dad, along with our family, gave life to "Opee's", a production unit named in his honor; now managed by Aniroodh Prakash (nephew) & Mrs. Jyoti (SIL) after Big Bee passed away in April, 2018. This new unit Opee's which started in 1998, exclusively catered to Ellora Homeaids, esteemed educational institutions, hotels, and some cafes in town.

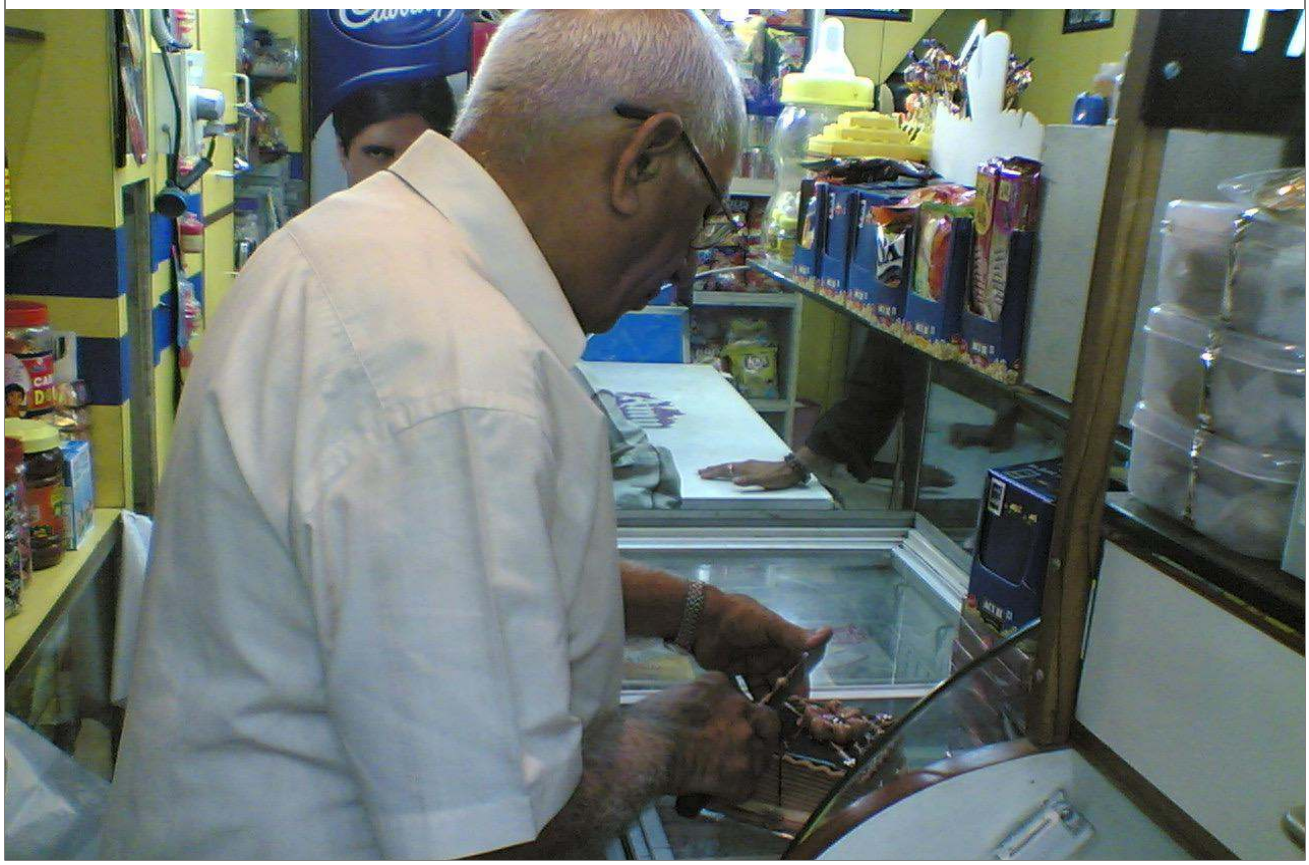


Unyielding in his commitment, even an unfortunate accident at home in 2016 resulting in a broken hip joint did not deter Dad. He continued to embrace work at both Ellora and Opee's, dedicating his mornings to one and afternoons to the other. After Dad broke his hip ball in 2016, though very strong and bold from within, the passing away of Big Bee was another major jerk for him; however, he continued to be as bold as ever.



An aficionado of cutting yellow papers used in baking Plum Cakes, Dad's precision in this task was unmatched by anyone among us or even the staff. His unwavering commitment to perfection symbolizes the very essence of Ellora and Dad, where dedication knows no bounds.





During the peak of the COVID-19 pandemic, both Mom and Dad were compelled to isolate fully. Despite the challenges, Dad, relying on a walker post an extended preventive quarantine, remained actively engaged. He insisted on receiving daily performance reports, reflecting his enduring dedication to the business. Work was Dad's passion. He could never be tired of working. His favorites included packing of dry fruits and cutting of yellow papers used for baking of Plum Cakes, making samples of gift hampers among others.

Dad had a perfect and an unmatched handwriting, Hindi as well as English, comparable to a font. He was very fond of writing. Above all, he would inscribe names very neatly on cakes and customers heartily appreciated it.

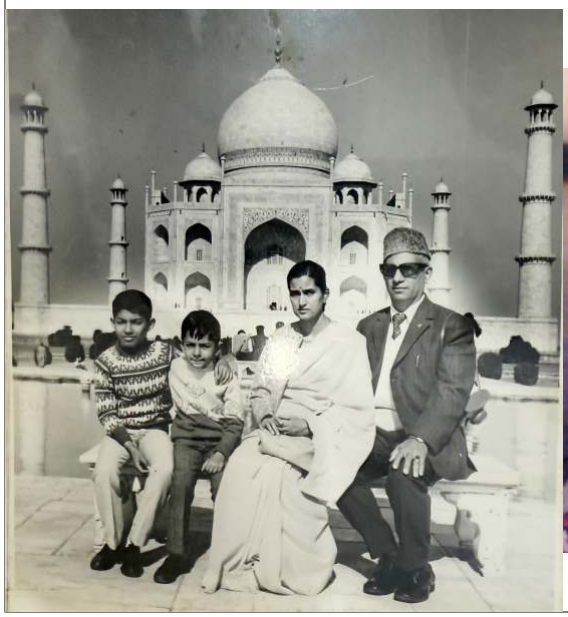




Dad's hobbies included presentation of the best to customers; he would never bluff his customers. On the first day of every year, he along with his very close friends would walk around and wish all the nearby shopkeepers a "Happy New Year". At home, Dad would help Mom with many of her tasks and Mom would take full participation in his jobs at home or jobs brought to home from shop. His hobbies also included playing cards, especially "Sweep" with Mom every evening, after work. Dad performed Hawan himself on most of the auspicious occasions like "Nam Karans" Birthdays and Anniversaries.



Dad having a caring nature and an excellent understanding with Mom, I named them "An Ideal Couple". When Dear Sugandha and I got married, I tried to follow Mom and Dad. My ultimate goal was to be an ideal couple like them and as far as their mutual understanding was concerned, I tried too hard, but I particularly couldn't really be like him. Dad was always smiling, he never shouted at anyone, not even at the staff at shop or at the workshop. Mom and Dad went to Kashmir with Susheel Mamaji & Kanta Mamiji on their 25th wedding Anniversary, in 1987 and we celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary in 2012, at Hotel MJ Residency.





Daadu was a thorough gentleman with ethics & principles. He has taught us all so much. I have immense love & respect for him in my heart and will never forget the way he loved us all. He was like a backbone for us and kept us all tied together no matter what. He was a man of character, I will always miss him and he will always hold a very special place in my heart. Coming back home will never be as special without him.- Pragya





"Daadu" as only Pragya and I used to address him tells enough about how close we were to Daada Ji. An epitome of perfection, simplicity and principles, he was the glue that bound the family together. What I absolutely adored about him is how he never lost his temper in the toughest of times. Always being his usual calm and patient self, he encouraged everyone to follow the same. What I'll really miss about him is coming back home after months to see his brightest smile.

I'm going to forever cherish the last memory I have of him from 28-02-2026, when he kissed my hand and told me that I looked handsome that day.

We will miss you, Daadu - Parth



Dad loved all his daughters in law Mrs. Jyoti, Mrs. Dr. Archana and Mrs. Sugandha as if they were his daughters and above all, he loved his grandchildren - Aniroodh, Karishma, Garima, Kartik, Soumyaa, Pragya, Parth and Sara more than anything else in the world and vice versa. He was lucky to have two of his great grand children, Kayra & Suveer.



Dad was fond of eating all kinds of vegetables, especially bottle gourd, apple gourd, ridge gourd, pointed gourd, carrot, spinach, bitter gourd, and turnip to name a few and out of these, bottle gourd (lauki) was his most favorite; he loved to have it everyday. Once on Dad's birthday, Big Bee made a cake for him in the shape of a "lauki".





Dad was very fond of travelling, he would explore new routes to reach different cities, his favourite city being Indore where he used to visit very frequently along with "Uncle Ji" from Yamunanagar. Dad was punctual in all respects, woke up early, fond of neatness and a clean atmosphere and very particular about his plans. He indeed was very helpful. Moreover he was a mentor to many others along with the three of us.

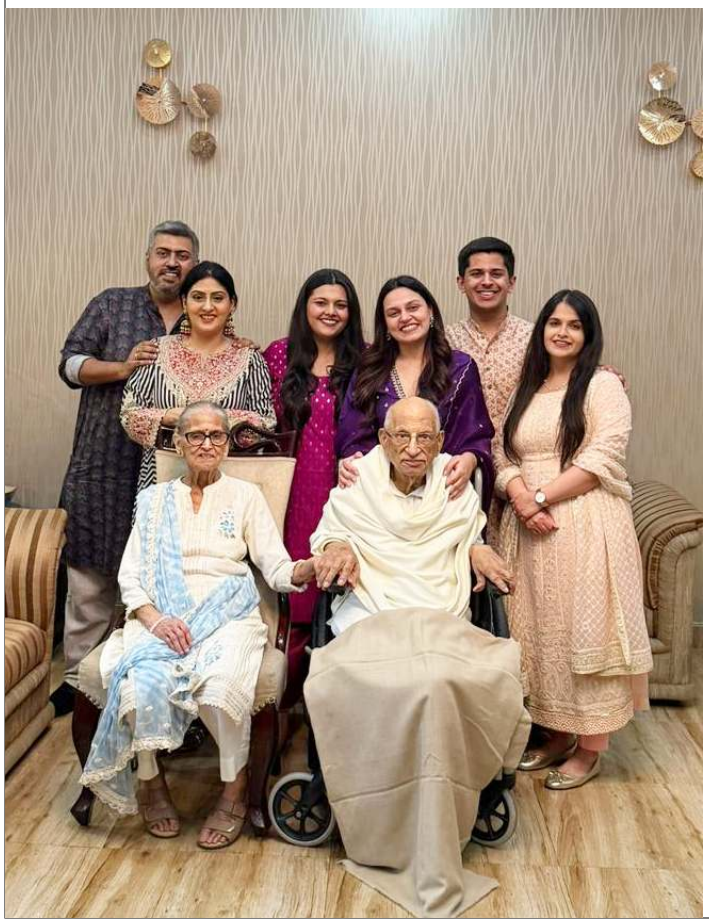


Dad actively took part being in the management committees of the General Merchant Association, Doon Bakers Association, Lions Club Shiwalik, Rajpur Road Vyapar Samiti, Doon Udyog Vyapar Mandal and Arya Samaj Dehradun.



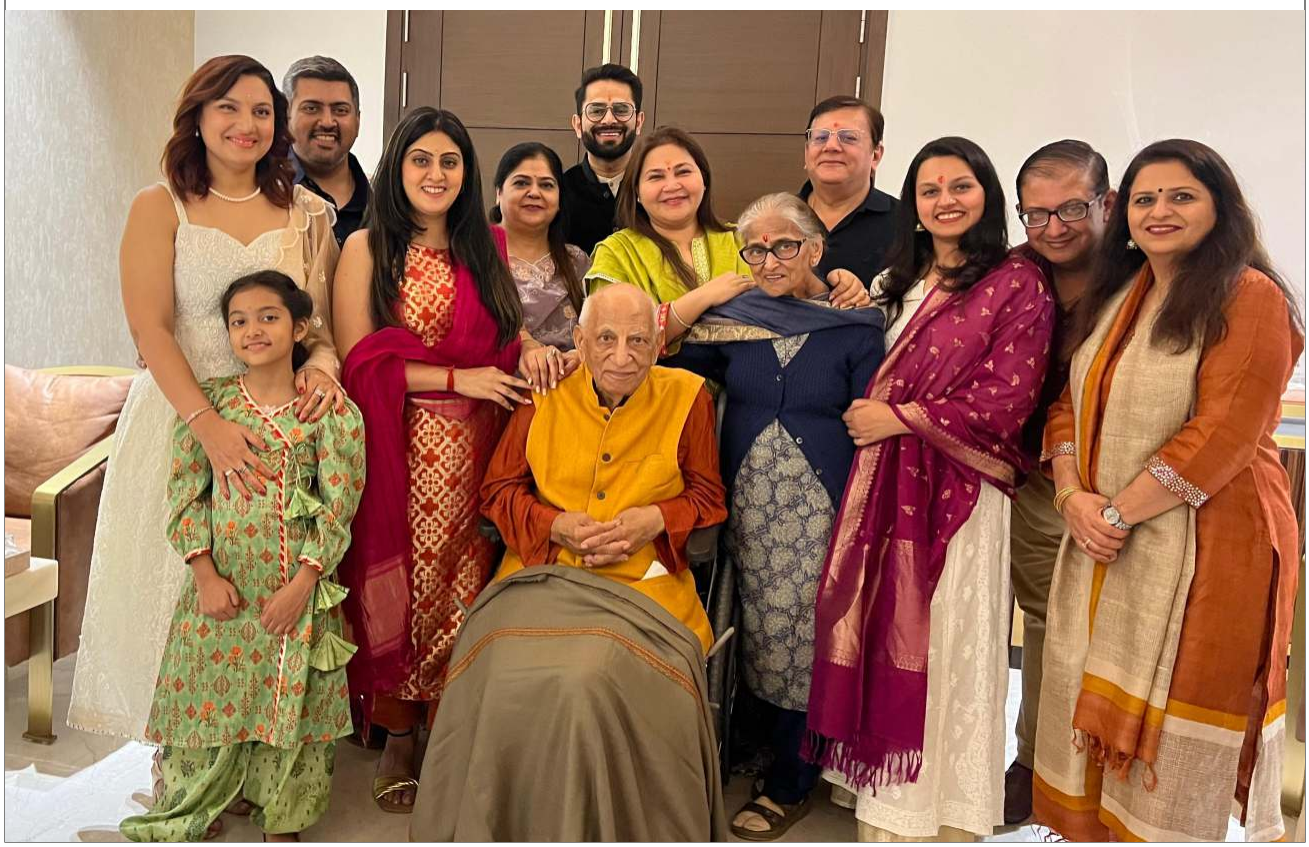


Unfortunately, he was totally bed-ridden during the last few years as a result of his hip ball malfunction after the Covid's quarantine. Throughout 2023, he had a lot of visitors, specially from Indore. Even the last couple of weeks of him being with us, we had a lot of visitors from out of station as well as from within Dehradun, especially on the eve of his passing away. I met Dad at night and he looked finer than usual. He had his haircut that day.





The next morning when he breathed his last, we heard from Mom that he was in his full senses, had his bed tea with Mom and was being talkative enough when Mom asked him to go to the bathroom and get ready first. The sight when he was sitting still on his chair after he was brought out of the bathroom was absolutely unbelievable! It was the moment when I could actually understand the meaning of "peacefully passing away". It really took me time to realize that we had lost Dad.



Other than the family members, Dad was the favorite of countless people; he was loved by all. The "Swami Ram Teerth Ashram" where Dad's prayer service was organized was jam packed with hundreds of people standing outside the prayer hall to pay their homage to the departed soul. Dad was a "Gem of a Person" and was indeed a "Man of Principles".

We all will miss you.

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Designed & Published by Anuj Rastogi, Jugal Kishore & Co.





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• गया वक्त फिर हाथ आता नहीं,
सदा ऐश दौरां दिखाता नहीं।

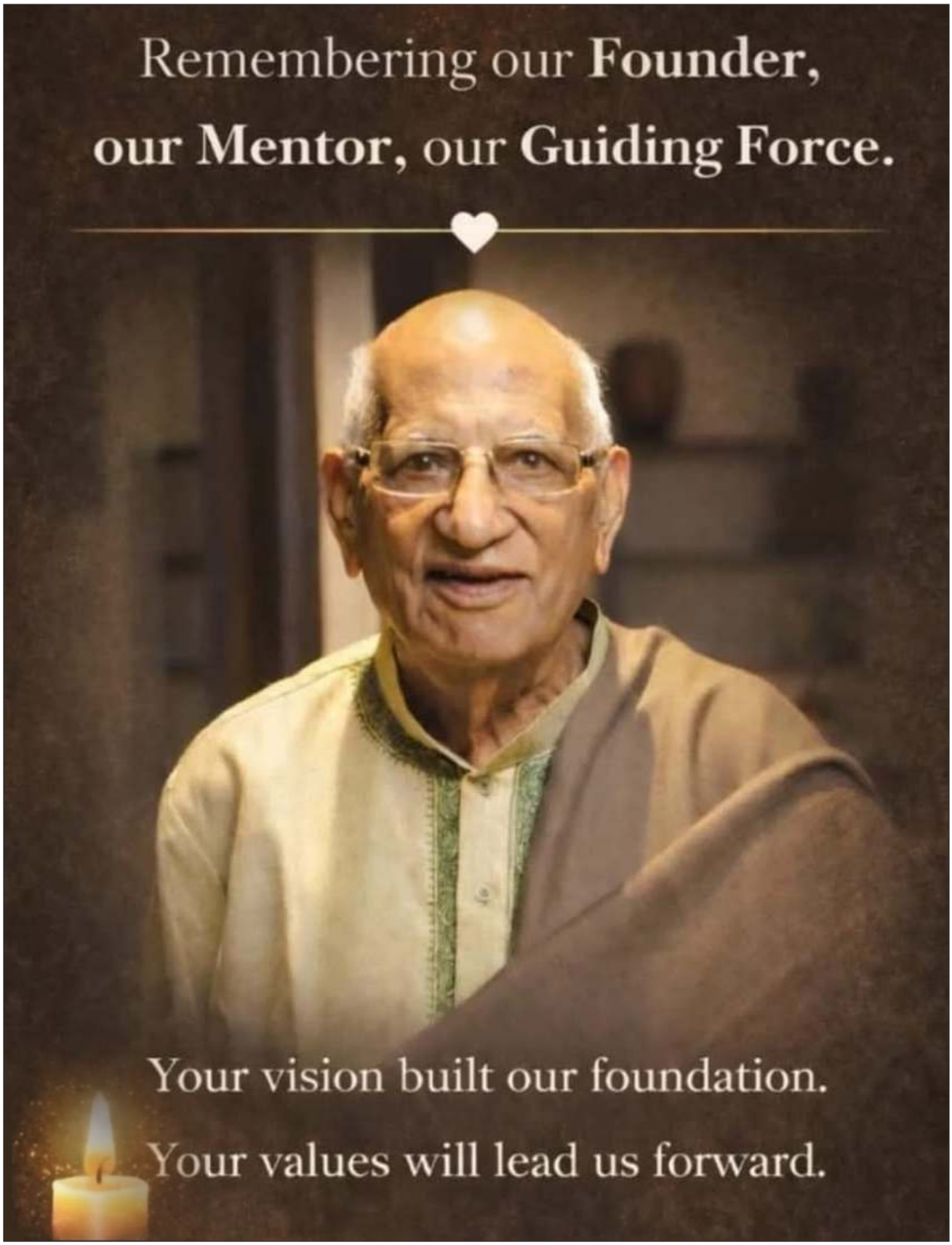
• जीवन में कामयाबी चाहते हो तो
समय का मूल्य पहचानो।

• खुदी को कर बुलन्द इतना कि हर तक़दीर से पहले
खुदा बन्दे से खुद पूछे बता तेरी रज़ा क्या है।

• अपने अन्दर इतना आत्म बल पैदा करो, अपने
शब्दों में इतना वज़न पैदा करो कि अपने कथन
को सत्य साबत करने के लिए सौगन्ध शब्द
का प्रयोग न करना पड़े।

• जीवन में देने के लिए प्यार और लेने के लिए
आशीर्वाद से बड़ी कोई वस्तु नहीं

• Satisfaction Guaranteed के मात्र 10 पृष्ठ रोज़
पढ़ कर उन पर मनन करें यह हमारा प्यारभरा
अनुरोध है। प्रेम प्रकाश 15.6.97


Remembering our **Founder**,
our Mentor, our **Guiding Force**.
Your vision built our foundation.
Your values will lead us forward.


Gone from our sight, but never from our hearts;
A legacy that lives on, long after an era departs.