

Deep; Lessons from an Enlightened Doctor

Author- Rob Rice, Ph.D.

Overview of the Book:

What happens when a skeptic encounters something he cannot explain?

In 2022, mental health professor Rob Rice met an Indian physician who would challenge nearly everything he thought he understood about healing, consciousness, and the human experience. Dr. Deep Singh practiced an ancient healing tradition called Nadi, using pulse readings and water in ways Rice found fascinating, but difficult to reconcile with his training as a mental health professional and researcher. Then something happened that Rice could not easily dismiss. After struggling with declining energy and health related to his diagnosis of type 1 diabetes, he experienced a dramatic improvement after drinking Nadi water and soon found himself doing things he hadn't been able to do in years.

Rather than abandoning skepticism, Rice makes it the starting point for a remarkable journey. As Dr. Deep's influence expands into Rice's family, friendships, university community, and professional life, Rice begins asking what might lie beyond the boundaries of conventional understanding. His investigation takes him from the mysteries of water and sound to consciousness, time, ancient healing traditions, neuroscience, genetics, and emerging scientific theories about the nature of reality. Along the way, conversations with scientists, physicians, researchers, educators, and spiritual thinkers add fuel to the fire.

Ultimately, *Deep* is not an argument for belief in Nadi, extraordinary healing, or any particular theory of consciousness. It is an invitation to remain curious in the presence of uncertainty. Through encounters with Dr. Deep, conversations with longtime mentors, moments of wonder with family and friends, and his own struggle to reconcile experience with evidence, Rice discovers that skepticism and wonder need not be enemies. Ancient wisdom and modern science may have more to learn from one another than either can learn alone.

What begins as a quest to determine whether Dr. Deep is right or wrong becomes something far more personal: a reconsideration of how we live when we accept that our control is limited, our knowledge incomplete, and life profoundly impermanent. *Deep* ultimately asks a deceptively simple question: What might we discover if we remain curious long enough?

Outline of Table of Contents with Chapter Descriptions

Annotated Table of Contents:

Chapter One	Learning to Think Different	Tells the story of how I met Dr. Deep
Chapter Two	Dr. Deep	Dr. Deep's origin story
Chapter Three	Deep Stories	More stories involving Dr. Deep

Chapter Four	Deep Water	Understanding water's intelligence
Chapter Five	Deep Consciousness	Describes the limitless nature of consciousness through animal learning, near death experiences, autistic savants, Dr. Deep, and other perspectives.
Chapter Six	Deep Sound	For healing and as the location of consciousness
Chapter Seven	Deep Time	Time energy is not always linear. Many of Dr. Deep's lessons required looking at time from a different perspective.
Chapter Eight	Deep Interviews	Related lessons from global experts and followers of Dr. Deep
Chapter Nine	A Deep Conversation	A transcribed podcast with Dr. Deep
Chapter Ten	Deep Drops	Various lessons that didn't fit well in other chapters
Chapter Eleven	Deep Breakfast	A recorded and transcribed conversation with Dr. Deep over breakfast with the author's mentors
Chapter Twelve	Deep Thoughts	Final thoughts on lessons learned and implications for healthcare

Chapter 1- *Getting Deep*

The book begins with my first encounter with Dr. Deep Singh at a Harvard-affiliated conference in Cape Cod in 2022. Already feeling physically unwell and worried about my health, I agree to two sessions with the Indian physician despite being highly skeptical of Dr. Deep's ancient Nadi-based approach to healing. Dr. Deep's ability to identify seemingly private physical, emotional, and personal details leaves me questioning his assumptions about what is possible and what science currently understands. The chapter follows the immediate aftermath of that encounter, including my remarkable experience hiking in the Adirondacks and the gradual realization that my relationship with Dr. Deep may be the beginning of something much larger than a single healing experience. It establishes the book's central tension: *How can a scientifically minded skeptic remain intellectually honest while taking seriously experiences that challenge his existing worldview?*

Chapter 2 - *Dr. Deep*

This chapter introduces Dr. Deep himself, providing his biography, philosophical background, and the origins of his Nadi Human Flow approach. Dr. Deep's upbringing in India is described, along with his early connection to traditional healing, international travels, and unusual relationship with money, fame, family, and service. The portrait that emerges is intentionally complicated: Dr. Deep is presented as a physician and humanitarian who moves comfortably among ancient Indian traditions, modern medicine, prominent political and scientific figures, and what he describes as universal intelligence. I am simultaneously fascinated and skeptical, particularly as Dr. Deep makes increasingly extraordinary claims about his abilities, his relationship with consciousness, and my own future role in bringing Nadi to others.

Chapter 3 - *Deep Stories*

This chapter collects some of the most unusual and memorable stories from my growing relationship with Dr. Deep. Rather than organizing them around a single scientific theme, the chapter allows the experiences themselves to accumulate: the famous copper rod that seemingly “returned” after falling from Rob's truck, extraordinary encounters with influential people in New York City, healings, synchronicities, and moments in which events seem to unfold with uncanny timing. The stories gradually demonstrate how my relationship with Dr. Deep changes from an isolated curiosity into an ongoing journey involving my family, university colleagues, mentors, students, and an expanding international network. At the heart of the chapter is my struggle between skepticism and the growing sense that too many improbable events have occurred to simply dismiss them as coincidence.

Chapter 4 - *Deep Water*

Water becomes the central metaphor and medium of the book. I explore the controversial work of researchers including Masaru Emoto, Veda Austin, and Gerald Pollack and consider the possibility that water possesses properties beyond its conventional description as H₂O. I describe experiments involving water crystals, fourth-phase water, and Nadi-charged water, including experiments in which Nadi water produces striking lotus-like patterns when frozen. A visit to Niagara Falls with Dr. Deep becomes a particularly meaningful experience, culminating in Dr. Deep's instruction to “*invite water to be part of your family.*” Ultimately, the chapter moves beyond the question of whether water literally possesses memory or consciousness and toward a more personal idea that changing our relationship with water may change our relationship with ourselves, nature, and the living world.

Chapter 5 - *Deep Consciousness*

The mystery of consciousness is discussed, asking whether consciousness is generated entirely by the brain or whether the brain might instead function as a receiver or filter for a larger field of consciousness. Drawing on panpsychism, *The One Mind*, savant abilities, morphic resonance, psychedelic experiences, near-death experiences, plant intelligence, and synchronicities, the chapter presents a range of phenomena that challenge a strictly brain-based model of consciousness. My experiences with autistic savants are particularly important because they lead me to wonder whether extraordinary abilities may reflect access to information beyond conventional learning. The chapter does not claim to prove a specific alternative theory of consciousness; instead, it argues that the evidence and unanswered questions justify remaining open to a nonlocal or interconnected model of consciousness.

Chapter 6 - *Deep Sound*

The book next explores sound as a possible carrier of consciousness and a fundamental force in healing. Drawing on the Hindu concept of Nada Brahma (“Sound is God”), I consider Dr. Deep's claim that consciousness exists in sound. The chapter then turns to music, creativity, and the experience of artists who describe ideas as arriving rather than being consciously manufactured. The centerpiece is my interview with acoustic physicist John Stuart Reid, whose research with cymatics and the CymaScope explores how sound creates patterns in water and may influence biological systems. Their discussion connects sound with cellular communication, blood, the heart's electromagnetic field, water, collective intention, and consciousness. The chapter ends with a reconsideration of sound as a language through which life organizes matter, communicates information, and expresses consciousness.

Chapter 7 - Deep Time

Time becomes the next major conceptual challenge. Dr. Deep encourages me to think beyond conventional linear time and introduces the idea of *"time energy,"* in which creation, sustenance, and degeneration represent recurring phases operating across everything from a meal to an entire lifetime. I describe an experience in which Dr. Deep intentionally delays leaving for dinner so that they depart at the beginning of a *"creation"* period, resulting in an unexpectedly perfect evening. The chapter then explores the idea that the future may somehow inform the present and that *"the work has all been done,"* a concept I gradually connect to my own experience of taking one action and watching seemingly unrelated events fall into place. Ultimately, the chapter asks readers to reconsider the relationship between mindfulness, destiny, free will, intuition, and time, suggesting that living fully in the present may have a slightly different formula than we've been led to believe.

Chapter 8 - Deep Interviews

This chapter broadens the book from my personal experiences to conversations with scientists, physicians, geneticists, public-health leaders, educators, and other experts who have encountered questions surrounding Nadi, consciousness, water, healing, and human potential. Interviews with people such as Mauro Zappatara, Madan Thengalevu, Surekha Kishore, Sudhir Bagga, Vincenzo Valenzi, Cavellini, Rajendra Prasad, Manchanda, and Natasha Rockstrom reveal strikingly different interpretations of the same phenomena. Some approach Nadi through neuroscience, genetics, bioelectricity, pulse diagnosis, Ayurveda, public health, or education. Their disagreements are important because the book is not about assembling a group of people who simply validate Dr. Deep; it is about discovering how different intellectual traditions can approach the same unanswered questions from different directions. By the end, my skepticism has evolved; instead of asking whether Dr. Deep is simply right or wrong, I begin asking what might be learned by remaining curious.

Chapter 9 - A Deep Conversation

For the first time, readers hear extensively from Dr. Deep himself. After years of trying to arrange an interview, I finally record a conversation with him for the Complementary Treatment Methods course at St. John Fisher University. Dr. Deep attempts to explain Nadi in his own language, describing a universal intelligence that exists within and around human beings and operates through the nadis, sound, time, breath, and the body's subtle systems. He discusses the relationship between time and sound, the concept of *"junk DNA,"* the body's relationship to water, pulse reading, and the idea that human beings are participating in a much larger intelligence. I repeatedly try to translate these ideas into scientific and psychological language while recognizing that some of Dr. Deep's concepts resist conventional explanation. The chapter is important because it lets readers encounter Dr. Deep's worldview directly rather than only through my interpretation of it.

Chapter 10 - Deep Drops

This chapter functions almost like a collection of spiritual and philosophical *"lessons"* distilled from my years working with Dr. Deep. Among them are the *Center of the Circle*, which teaches that life's highs and lows are inevitable and that the goal is to find a centered place of love and acceptance; *"Every Healing Is Precious,"* which reminds me to value every person and every therapeutic encounter; and *"You Take One Action and 99 Things Happen,"* which encourages action rather than excessive planning. I

also explore Dr. Deep's ideas about old and young souls, toxicity and energy blockages, karma and eligibility, and the relationship between trauma and healing. The chapter culminates in *“Standing in the Garden,”* a clinical case illustrating the danger of allowing fear, diagnosis, and protocol to eclipse the individual human being. Its central lesson is not to reject medicine but to integrate scientific expertise with compassion, context, humility, intuition, and attention to the whole person.

Chapter 11 - *Deep Breakfast*

The book returns to one of its most important recurring settings: breakfast with my longtime mentors and Dr. Deep. During a final breakfast in August 2024, a conversation about time, breath, sound, death, and impermanence becomes an extended philosophical exchange. Dr. Deep explains the creation-sustenance-degeneration cycle and connects it to how people respond to painful experiences, while my mentors and I translate these ideas into familiar concepts from psychotherapy, mindfulness, and clinical practice. The discussion then moves into breath as a fundamental expression of life, the possibility of becoming *“pure breath,”* and Dr. Deep's provocative view that death is not something to fear but a beautiful part of life that can help people live more fully. The chapter is especially intimate because Dr. Deep is no longer simply teaching me; he is interacting with my mentors, and the reader gets to watch several different generations of thinkers wrestle together with the same fundamental questions.

Chapter 12 - *Deep Thoughts*

The final chapter brings the book's themes together and asks where to go next. I acknowledge that readers may find the material strange, provocative, or difficult to accept, but argue that skepticism is valuable when it generates questions rather than shutting down inquiry. I describe my evolving relationship with Nadi water and provide practical instructions for the Nadi water practice I have adopted. The chapter then broadens into a critique of conventional, problem-focused healthcare and a vision for a more holistic model in which people become informed partners in their own health. It imagines a future in which technology, ancient wisdom, integrative medicine, and personal experience coexist rather than compete, and describes emerging efforts to bring Nadi into research, technology, psychotherapy, and healthcare. Ultimately, the book returns to the simple mantra developed with my mentors: *“Let life happen with as much acceptance and curiosity as possible.”* The final message is not that readers must believe Dr. Deep, but that they should remain curious enough to consider what might become possible when science, ancient wisdom, direct experience, and humility meet.

Readership

When published, *Deep* will be assigned to students in the author's graduate courses. The primary audience includes readers of spiritual and consciousness-related nonfiction, roughly ages 25-70, particularly people interested in:

- Consciousness and the nature of reality
- Energy healing
- Water, nature, and interconnectedness
- Mystical or inexplicable experiences

In particular, *Deep* should also be valuable for people who are curious and skeptical.

Market

Comparative Works Within The Last 5-Years:

1. Jain, S. (2021). *Healing ourselves: Biofield science and the future of health*. Sounds True.
2. Randall, G. M. (2022). *Soul doctoring: Heal yourself, heal the planet*. Transformation Media Books.
3. Blackwell, A. (2025). *From medic to mystic: A transformative exploration*. [Publisher information should be verified against the book's copyright/title page before submitting a formal proposal.] The author's site describes it as a memoir of her journey from orthodox-trained physician into exploration of spirituality, paranormal phenomena, and energy healing.

**Deep* is unique because it approaches topics related to energy healing and metaphysics with a more skeptical lens, inviting other skeptics to be curious. *Deep* was also written with the intention of assigning it to graduate students in mental health counseling so it offers expert testimonial and cutting-edge research to present a balanced perspective on the author's experience.

Endorsements

"Steve Jobs did not change the world simply because the iPhone was advanced technology; he changed it because he made advanced technology feel simple. The hardest part was figuring out how to turn it on. I think this book does something similar. It takes concepts that could intimidate people and presents them in a way that invites curiosity instead of confusion." -Bill Moran (radio and podcast personality)

About the Author

Credentials

Dr. Rob Rice is a full Professor and Chair of the Graduate Program in Mental Health Counseling at St. John Fisher University. He earned his Ph.D. from the University of Rochester in 2009 and has focused most of his research on integrating technology such as video games with mental health treatment for young people. Dr. Rice's passion for the outdoors and natural world have inspired projects involving integrative medicine and he is the project director for the integrated health care training program at St. John Fisher University. He is also the author of *Video Games in Psychotherapy* (2022) and *Cliff Notes* (2024), along with many academic publications.

Platform

As a full professor with tenure and chair of the Mental Health Counseling Program at St. John Fisher University, I can assign *Deep* to my Complementary Treatment Methods class. I am also a regular guest on podcasts and will market the book at the many academic conferences and other events that I participate in annually. This approach has already proven successful for my book *Video Games in Psychotherapy* (2022).

Previous Titles

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Sample material starts on next page- (Chapter One/Introduction and Chapter Three)

Chapter One

Getting Deep

"I understand that everything is connected, that all roads meet, and that all rivers flow into the same sea."

— Paulo Coelho

In the summer of 2022, while attending a Harvard-run conference in Cape Cod, I had the opportunity to meet a medical doctor from India named Dr. Deep Singh (Dr. Deep). Dr. Deep practices an ancient approach to healing that harnesses the energy that holds water together to help people clear blockages to their optimum functioning. Despite my initial skepticism of the approach, I agreed to two sessions with him during the conference during which he proceeded to astonish me with his seemingly mystical understanding of my strengths and struggles, both from a physical and emotional perspective. He made me question how much we really know about the universe, and I became fascinated by what ancient cultures may have known, as his approach was based on 5,000-year-old knowledge.

To provide more context, I had been feeling awful for several weeks before the conference and was concerned that there was something seriously wrong with me. As a Type 1 Diabetic diagnosed late in life, I always had it in the back of my mind that the next shoe would drop at any time, hopefully without my foot in it. I had lost my appetite and had to turn back on each of my previous two mountain adventures due to unstable blood glucose levels. The week prior to the training, I camped in the Adirondacks with intentions of hiking the Dix Range with my daughter, her friend, and her friend's father. The other hikers in our group were relying on me for navigation and overall guidance on the hike but felt obligated to convince me to turn around at the base of Maccomb Mountain because I was shaking uncontrollably and struggling with my energy and balance. I was devastated and embarrassed for letting my daughter down and began to doubt whether I could complete the 46 high peaks of the Adirondacks with her as we had set out to do a couple years earlier.

My poor health persisted during the first couple days of the training in Cape Cod, resulting in periods of nausea and depression. I needed help getting out of my funk. Then something happened that I cannot explain but remain grateful for; something that helped me regain some hope in my future health.

On the third day of the training, I was sitting at a table with some other mental health people who were in the cognitive behavior therapy (CBT) training with me when someone from the meditation and mindfulness training spotted me from across the room and proceeded to walk in a straight line to my chair. It was Dr. Deep, dressed all in white linen. He had long, wavy black hair and a dark beard. After waiting for me to finish a conversation I was having with another psychologist at the table he said, *"I have been looking for you."* *"Looking for me?"* I replied. *"Do I know you?"*

Dr. Deep proceeded to introduce himself in the most unusual way possible: *"Your energy expressed an amazing, incredible human being with the sweetest of hearts. That's the reason the universe guided our meeting,"* he responded. *"I want to help you feel better."*

I felt immediately comfortable in Dr. Deep's presence despite the strangeness of the encounter, so I agreed to a session with him the next day. Besides, what did I have to lose? I was desperate to feel better and would try walking on my hands if someone with a medical degree told me it would help. Dr. Deep's nametag had M.D. on it so he met that criterion.

On the next day of the conference, I slipped out of the room where my CBT training was being conducted to go to the bathroom and touch base with my wife who was lying on the beach. It was our 20th wedding anniversary, and the training provided the perfect opportunity to celebrate away from the kids. Dr. Deep was waiting for me outside the training room and interrupted my plans. "*Are you ready for our session?*" he asked. I was still feeling like garbage and a large part of me wanted to believe that Dr. Deep had a unique answer to whatever was ailing me, so I agreed.

After he asked the conference organizer to take a picture of us together, I sat down next to him and allowed him to hold my right wrist for approximately five minutes. He then gave me important years in my life; years during which I experienced something that blocked my natural energy flow. Dr. Deep called these blocks, "*toxicity.*" Without going into too much detail, he nailed it. How did he know this? Was he psychic? What was he feeling for when he held my wrist? I had so many questions!

Now that he had my full attention, Dr. Deep began explaining his approach to me. "*Nadi,*" he said, "*is the energy that holds water together. When charged with Nadi energy, water can heal your toxicity and help you connect with the limitless mind.*" Everything that Dr. Deep said resonated with me, especially his assertions about the power of water, something that I had believed in since reading Dr. Emoto's work, *The Secret Messages in Water* years prior. I agreed to meet with Dr. Deep again on the last day of the training for a second session.

At the conclusion of the last day of the conference, Dr. Deep was waiting for me again. He brought me into the room where the meditation and mindfulness trainings were being offered, now empty, and asked me if I had any water. I pulled a bottle of Aquafina from my laptop case. "*That will work,*" he said. Dr. Deep then asked me to place the water in front of me, and he sat across from me at the table. He instructed me to put my head down on the table on top of my joined hands, with the water placed between us and proceeded to feel around on the top of my head for several minutes in silence before telling me I could sit up again. I had no idea what he was doing, but I felt the same sense of calm that I had experienced the day before, so I went along with it without asking questions.

After raising my head, Dr. Deep instructed me to drink three quarters of the water, then refill it throughout the day. He told me I would be feeling better soon. And he was specific! He told me that my nausea would improve and reassured me that my energy levels and vitality would return. How could he know? I listened and hoped that he was right. He was.

For the rest of that day and several days after my healing I felt amazing. My nausea was gone! I had an appetite! I had energy! And that wasn't all! I inexplicably felt more empathy and love for my family, friends, and colleagues; even those who had wronged me. Feelings of envy and pride that had been contributing to my depression were replaced with love and enthusiasm for others' success. I smiled the entire six-and-a-half-hour drive home from Cape Cod. The mountains were calling. I had to go.

The day after returning from the conference and my sessions with Dr. Deep I convinced my oldest daughter to embark on a long day of driving and hiking with me. Still equipped with my Nadi water, we left at 3:30am to make it to the trailhead for Grace Peak (East Dix; one of the 46 Peaks over 4,000 feet in the Adirondack Mountains) by 7:45 am. After eight and a half hours of the most enjoyable hiking of my life we were back at the truck and ready to drive home again. The day was magical. I felt more energy than I had in years!

On the hike back from Grace Peak (named after the first female 46er), I jumped in an idyllic mountain stream. It was a wonderful decision. "*Was Nadi here?*" I thought. "*How is it possible for me to be feeling this good right*

now?” I stopped doubting and allowed myself to feel good, running the final four miles of trail back to the truck. Any lingering feelings of guilt and self-loathing from the previous week’s failure on the Dix Range were replaced with satisfaction and optimism for the future. I knew that I wouldn’t always feel this good, but I also believed for the first time in a long time that I was going to be okay. It was time for my comeback.

For the next several months, I continued to meet with Dr. Deep virtually. During these sessions he would charge my water with Nadi energy, helping me maintain the healing achieved in Cape Cod. A few months after our initial meeting I received an e-mail from one of Dr. Deep’s assistants in India requesting a meeting with me to *“discuss plans for a visit from Dr. Deep.”* I was told that Dr. Deep would be visiting the United States again the following month and wanted to spend time with me because *“You (me) are eligible.”* My initial reaction to this was anxiety and fear of what others in my life would think. *“I’m too busy for this! People will think I’ve lost my mind or that I’m in a cult”* were the thoughts that percolated in my consciousness. But then things started to fall into place without any effort. It was wild- I called my mother to tell her about the possible visit and she asked me if he could stay with her before I even asked. The dean at the university I taught at caught wind of the visit and asked if Dr. Deep could present to faculty. A travel grant seemingly came out of thin air to support Dr. Deep’s airfare. The list of mystical coincidences goes on. I decided to accept that the universe had decided that the visit would happen.

It wasn’t until I picked Dr. Deep up at the airport that my anxiety finally subsided. He looked exactly as he had at the Harvard Conference. He was wearing all white, including his shoes, and his long black hair had not been cut. We exchanged pleasantries and embarked on an effortless and magical three-day adventure that included visits to and with all the most important places and people in my life. Dr. Deep did healings with my dean, friends, and family, consistently blowing their minds with his accurate diagnoses and powerful words. As he did with me, he held their wrists and provided two to three years in their life that were blocking their natural energy flow. For weeks after his visit people were reporting increased energy and improved mood. Miraculously, two people achieved rapid recoveries from serious physical ailments and one of my colleagues was reunited with an estranged son!

If I’m being honest, there was a part of me that was anxious that I might be hallucinating for a couple weeks after meeting Dr. Deep. I had moments that I was able to convince myself that he didn’t exist and that my meetings with him were realistic dreams. It wasn’t until enough of my friends and colleagues actually met him and validated my experience that I allowed myself to accept that he was real.

Dr. Deep’s presentation at the university was professional and well-received. He presented on the electromagnetic and quantum properties of water and how Nadi works within a greater universal consciousness. A guest presenter from Italy was also brought in virtually to discuss the growing body of research supporting the healing powers of water.

Dr. Deep closed the presentation by charging an eight-foot copper rod with Nadi energy that was then mounted in the university’s designated meditation space so that anyone could visit and charge their water. The rod charging ceremony was something to behold. Later in this book, I will share a pretty incredible story about the copper rod and how it made its way to the university.

Meeting Dr. Deep had a huge impact on the next year of my life and research trajectory. His visits became an annual event that many of my friends and colleagues looked forward to. Through my connection with him, I had the opportunity to interview global experts from institutions such as Cambridge, Harvard, and UCLA to name a few. Award-winning scientists in areas including DNA research, cerebrospinal fluid, and acoustic physics spent hours with me on Zoom, discussing their findings related to Dr. Deep’s work and the healing powers of water. I am now convinced that water has a quantum (i.e., atomic level) intelligence that we are just beginning to understand. It has become an important part of my research agenda and influenced a new

elective course at the university titled *Complementary Treatment Methods*. There is also a community of people locally who have embraced Nadi and wait eagerly for each of Dr. Deep's visits to Rochester.

A Community of Curiosity

Following the introduction described above, I engaged my university in pilot research involving the use of Nadi water to enhance wellness in students, faculty, and community partners. The results provided below are from an online survey that was administered to 75 graduate students in mental health counseling, as well as mental health and nursing faculty, and community partners who were present for Dr. Deep's presentation on Water Medicine in November 2023. Some of those who completed the survey received healings directly from Dr. Deep. Others charged their water near the Nadi rod at the university. A summary of relevant results is below.

Survey Question	Responses
Have you charged water using the Nadi Water Copper Technology at St. John Fisher University?	75% (yes)
If so, how often?	18% (once) 62.5% (every now and then) 18% (weekly)
Would you say that Nadi water has been helpful to you?	68.75% (yes) 25% (maybe) 6% (no)
Have you had any negative side-effects to Nadi Water?	100% (no)

Is there anything else that you can share with us about your experience with Nadi Water?
"Something about it makes me feel energized" "Intriguing concept worth learning more about" "I just noticed that my energy felt higher, and I overall feel more peace when I drink the water." "Amazing experience" "One of the stories I can share is when I brought my sister-in-law to St. John Fisher. She charged water for her sick father in another state. Shortly after he began drinking the water he made an incredible recovery from his illness." "After drinking Nadi water for the first time I felt like I was floating, happy, giddy. Since then I have more focus and less procrastination." "I no longer have the daily chronic headaches that have plagued me since childhood!"

Research progress since 2024 has been steady, with new technologies and studies involving both mice and humans ongoing in the UK and India. Study results consistently demonstrate Nadi's healing benefits, but

its actual mechanism of healing remains largely theoretical. The purpose of this book isn't to present this research; it is to evince the curiosity in readers that inspired this research to begin with. Although I remain skeptical that the knowledge shared with me and others by Dr. Deep will become mainstream in my lifetime due to its simplicity and misalignment with Big Pharma, I remain hopeful in the power of curiosity and the value of challenging traditional structures. Healthcare in the United States is a living thing that reflects the needs, desires, and beliefs of those it serves and who run it. As you will learn in the coming chapters, there are few things more capable of altering a reflection than water.

How to Read this Book

The goal of this book is to provide a balance of storytelling, research, theory, and expert testimony to reach other skeptics like me. The benefit of doing this is hopefully that it gives just enough of each to spark your curiosity in a compelling way. The risk of balancing small doses of the metaphysical with hard science is that it will most certainly miss key elements of complex concepts (e.g., quantum mechanics). So don't expect too many answers because this book doesn't provide them; only more questions that may sometimes help you feel just a little more accepting of a life full of impermanence.

The book is organized with an emphasis on stories early, followed by major concepts, expert testimony, and finally a more direct glimpse into the mind of Dr. Deep at the end. Skipping or skimming chapters is acceptable; you won't lose the meaning. At the end of most chapters there are a few *recommended actions* intended to provide practical applications for readers who are so inclined. Take them or leave them. I've tried them all with varying levels of success depending on the day.

Life is hard. Real hard. And made even harder by an ever-evolving planet that sometimes feels like it's actively working against us. Why does love hurt so much? How come everything is so temporary? Dr. Deep once asked me, "*What is one thing that I could say to you that would make you happy when you're sad or sad when you're happy?*" I was stumped and tried to make a stupid joke by saying, "*Look at you. Smiling like someone who hasn't realized that every happy moment becomes ammunition for future pain.*" Dr. Deep barely smirked and replied, "*This too shall pass.*"

During one breakfast meeting with my mentors when I was feeling especially uncertain about, well, everything, we came up with a mantra that captures several of the "*Deep lessons*" discussed in this book. I originally had it situated at the end of the book as a final "*Recommended Action*," but decided during a revision that it makes more sense to include it early to subtly guide the reader's attention.

"Let life happen with as much acceptance and curiosity as possible."

Chapter 3

Deep Stories

"We ourselves feel what we are doing is just a drop in the ocean. But the ocean would be less because of that missing drop."

— Mother Teresa

Several stories that I documented after Dr. Deep's visits felt worthy of inclusion in this book, but don't relate strongly enough to any chapter topics to be included. That's what this chapter is for- to share the stories that inspired writing this book in the first place. While the stories in this chapter may seem outrageous or unlikely, I can assure you that there were plenty of witnesses.

Dr. Deep would often make a point of saying that he isn't divine and that *"Someday someone will come along who knows more than me and build on my lessons."* If not mystical, he is certainly extra-ordinary. He lives what he teaches and is often around when something amazing happens. I've decided that there is no harm in believing what I've seen if I want to learn to believe what I can't see.

Copper Rod Story

During Dr. Deep's first visit to Rochester and St. John Fisher University, he presented on Nadi and emerging science in water medicine. His presentation at the university was professional and well-received. Many university faculty and community partners attended. He discussed the electromagnetic and quantum properties of water and how Nadi works within a greater universal consciousness.

Dr. Deep closed the presentation by charging an eight-foot copper rod with Nadi energy that was then mounted in the Wegmans School of Nursing's designated meditation space so that anyone could visit and charge their water. His research lead provided specific instructions on the length and diameter of the rod. Luckily, it was something that Home Depot carried. We stopped at my house prior to the presentation at St. John Fisher to pick the copper rod up and bring it to the university. I placed it in the bed of my truck (just as I had with similar items many times before). Dr. Deep looked at the way that I had placed the rod, with no rope or bungees securing it to the bed and said in his thick Indian accent, *"This is going to fall out."* I disagreed and reassured him that I often placed items such as this in the bed of my truck and never had an issue. I told him that I would take the back roads to the university and that everything would be fine. He shrugged his shoulders and got into the passenger's seat of my truck.

After arriving at the university and pulling into a parking space near my office, I was surprised and slightly panicked to see that the copper rod had indeed fallen out of the bed of my truck. I looked sheepishly at Dr. Deep and said, *"You were right. I will bring you up to do your second healing with the dean and run to Home Depot to grab a new copper rod. I should still have time before the presentation to do that."* Dr. Deep disagreed with the plan. He said, *"Don't worry Dr. Rob. The rod will come back. Someone saw it."* I responded, *"No, it's gone. That's not how things work. I should have tied it down. I will run to Home Depot and get another one."* Dr. Deep shrugged his shoulders again and said, *"You can go to the store if you want, but it isn't necessary. Someone saw it and it will come back."* We agreed to

disagree and I walked him to the dean's office to complete his second healing with her. I could tell that he was slightly frustrated with me for doubting that the copper rod would somehow "come back." I told him that if it didn't return on its own by the time I get to my truck I was going to Home Depot.

After dropping Dr. Deep off in the dean's office I went back down the stairs and exited the building so that I could quickly drive to Home Depot to buy a new copper rod for the presentation and rod charging ceremony. There were several people who were looking forward to the rod charging ceremony (including my boss) and I didn't want to disappoint them. I crossed my fingers that the lines would be short and traffic would be light. It wouldn't matter. Upon opening the doors of the building to enter the parking lot I was immediately greeted by a security guard holding an eight-foot copper rod. *"Is this your copper rod?"* he asked me. *"Uh, yes! How did you know?!"* I replied, my jaw on the ground. *"I found it in a pile of leaves at the entrance to the university,"* he said. *"It was glistening from under the leaves and something in my head told me I should pick it up. You were the first person I saw."* I thanked him profusely and ran back into the building and up the stairs with the copper rod held above my head. *"It came back!" "It came back!"* I proclaimed. Students and faculty continue to charge their water weekly by that copper rod. I now have one at my house too. Dr. Deep said that my house is *"Nadified."* So, I've got that going for me, which is nice (Caddyshack fans will get that).

New York City Trip One

It was late August 2023 when I decided to check with Dr. Deep's Nadi researcher in Dubai to find out when he would be coming to the United States again. It had been a while since I'd seen him, and I was noticing that it was more difficult to maintain the mindset that had helped me feel better since meeting him. After being told that he would be in New York City that very weekend, I devised a plan to go with my daughter, who had never seen the city and could be influenced with the prospect of back-to-school shopping on 5th Avenue.

We arrived around 6pm on Friday and checked into our hotel. My daughter wanted to hang out in the hotel that night, so I set off on my own for the Central Park apartment that Dr. Deep gave me the address for. I was on foot, but my GPS said that it was only a couple miles away. That must have been as the crow flies.

After a longer than expected walk, I entered the building on the west side of Central Park. Two doormen asked my name and directed me to the elevator where I was taken to the top floor. It was the first time that I'd ever been in a New York City penthouse, and it didn't disappoint. The elevator opened directly into the apartment. Everything in it was bright white and there was a beautiful view of Central Park from all the windows. Dr. Deep and the man who lived in the apartment greeted me in the living room. They were joined by Dr. Glen, a research scientist from Columbia University who had recently examined a sample of Nadi water. After a short conversation and introductions, Dr. Deep motioned the apartment's owner and Dr. Glen to the other room and told me to sit next to him for a healing. As usual, he held my wrist for several minutes, then felt around on my scalp before telling me to drink my water. He completed my healing and said, *"You are doing great. All of your actions are creating."*

Still in awe of my surroundings and a bit confused by how I ended up there in the first place, I was escorted by someone who appeared to work there into a large dining room with a huge round table. The room smelled wonderful. Food was always an important part of any meeting with Dr. Deep. In this case, the wealthy man who owned the penthouse had a cook who prepared some of the most delicious Indian food that I've ever had. We were sitting as far apart from each other as we could on a giant round table leaving us with at least five feet of elbow room on both sides. The entire table included me, Dr. Deep, the wealthy penthouse owner, and Dr. Glen.

About 10 minutes after starting the meal and focusing on the flavors with Dr. Deep's guidance, we began discussing Nadi and best ways to validate its health benefits. As with the interviews that I conducted

with global experts, I oddly felt prepared for the discussion in the moment, even asking about non-human animal research and other ways to rule out the placebo effect. I couldn't believe that Dr. Glen was taking me seriously, let alone nodding his head in agreement with me! Meanwhile, the wealthy penthouse owner was proclaiming things like, "*Dr. Deep has all the answers*" and "*We can bang our heads against the wall all we want but it is going to happen because Dr. Deep says it will.*" It was clear that this man had witnessed Dr. Deep's impressive healing abilities.

After dinner we gathered back in the living room around a huge sectional couch that had room for everyone to sit on it. We continued our discussion of how to move Nadi forward, now focusing on language and the words we should use to describe it. I suggested something related to the structural changes that they were finding in Nadi water, but my idea was rejected because they worried that people would just see it as "*structured water*" and write it off as a hippy thing. The owner of the penthouse finally called the question by saying, "*We will just call it proprietary! No one questions when you call something proprietary technology.*" Dr. Glen agreed and we moved on.

Now it was time to cure cancer. Dr. Glen described what is typically involved in a cancer treatment study but was interrupted by Dr. Deep when he got to the part about observing for the death of cancer cells. "*No!*" said Dr. Deep. "*Cancer cell become healthy cell.*" Dr. Glen looked at him with confusion and said he could try to study that, but it would require some pretty sophisticated and expensive equipment. In response, the penthouse owner said, "*You will have all the money that you need.*" And Dr. Deep said, "*Do the research and Dr. Rob will bring it to the world,*" pointing to me from across the room. I sat speechless. The evening concluded with the penthouse owner ordering us an Uber to share. I asked to be let out well before my stop. I needed a walk in the fresh New York City air to process what I had just experienced.

I convinced my daughter to attend dinner with Dr. Deep the next night after a day of unsuccessful school shopping. Dr. Deep gave me a different address on the Upper East Side of Manhattan to go for dinner that night. It was the address for the home of the Ambassador to the United Nations from Pakistan and his wife. It may not have been a pure white penthouse on the west side of Central Park, but it was impressive in its own way. It was an old brick row house in a lovely neighborhood that looked like Sesame Street. We took the subway to get there. I was greeted at the door by a man who worked for the family. He guided me up a narrow set of stairs and into an upper-level living room that was filled with small items that looked important. I looked at my daughter who was expecting a penthouse. She looked uncomfortable, but she was going with the flow, and I was proud of her. The Ambassador was sitting at the far end of the room in a recliner chair smoking a large cigar that filled the room with smoke. His wife and a younger man I didn't recognize were sitting on a couch at the other end of the room. Dr. Deep was sitting in a chair between them all, ready to welcome my daughter and me to the conversation.

Dr. Deep invited my daughter to sit down next to him where he promptly held her wrist to feel her pulse. I spoke to the Ambassador, his wife, and the other guest while Dr. Deep charged my daughter's water and told her to take a sip. The Ambassador then engaged my daughter in a discussion about field hockey, her chosen sport. He explained how field hockey was played primarily by men in Pakistan and spoke with pride about the strength of Pakistani teams. I was grateful to him for helping to make my daughter feel comfortable, but the smoke in the room was getting thicker and I knew she was ready to move out back where another beautiful spread of freshly prepared Indian food was waiting for us. The table was round, but far smaller than the table at the penthouse the night before, leaving little elbow room between us. I sat next to my daughter on the left and the other guest to my right. By now I had learned that this man was an important person in South Africa, but I still didn't know why.

The conversation was fueled by the Ambassador's insistence on constantly refilling our glasses with champagne, before learning that I enjoy tequila and demanding that I go "*double-fisted.*" The Ambassador and

his wife were wonderful conversationalists who were skilled at entertaining dignitaries and important people. They had watched the recordings of my interviews with global experts and had questions about my own experience with Nadi. I answered them as well as I could while under the influence of the fine tequila that he kept pouring in my glass. They shared that they have several Nadi rods in their home that provided immediate comfort and peace after being installed. We all took turns telling the story of how we met Dr. Deep, including the other guest whose brother had been helped by him in South Africa. The Ambassador and his wife were asked to host Dr. Deep while he was in New York City by someone else at the United Nations who was familiar with Nadi and the importance of a safe and supportive place for him to stay while in the States.

We also talked about best ways to spread knowledge about Nadi to the world, as Dr. Deep had made it clear to everyone in the room that I am supposed to play an important role in this process. As with the wealthy penthouse owner the night before, the Ambassador concluded that we didn't need to overthink it because the work had already been done and Dr. Deep said that it will happen. I couldn't help but feel skepticism when people spoke this way about the inevitability of Dr. Deep's proclamations. How come all these important and seemingly intelligent people trust Dr. Deep so implicitly?

At the end of the evening, the Ambassador had his helper call us an Uber, passing me a cigar through the window to enjoy at home and report back to him on. My daughter didn't have much to say about the evening, but it was apparent that she understood the rarity of the experience. I have continued to stay in touch with the Ambassador and his wife and have sent him some of my favorite cigars with Dr. Deep. The weekend in New York City provided context for what I was being told was happening at a global level- important people from around the world were taking Nadi seriously.



*From Left: my daughter Ava, the man from South Africa (Jason),
the Ambassador to Pakistan for the UN, me, the Ambassador's wife, Dr. Deep*

"To Grow Roses, You Must Expect Some Thorns"

It had been over three years working with Dr. Deep and we had gone several months without speaking with each other. It was easily the longest break in contact that I had with him, and I was starting to worry that the journey was coming to an end. I was having an excruciatingly difficult day that included a \$1,500 surprise transmission bill and a troubling nastygram from a former student who left the program during COVID because of pandemic-related anxiety. The email was sent to me and all my faculty and colleagues at the university and

included some of the most hateful comments that I have ever read about anyone, let alone myself. The student hated me with a fervor and had allowed this hate to fester and grow for five years before sending the email. It was distorted and disjointed but hurt nonetheless because it oozed with negative intentions. The idea that someone hated me that much for that long struck me deep.

After spending the day soaking in the negative energy and doubting whether I should even continue teaching, I shut off the lights, told my wife I love her, and tried to go to sleep. Barely asleep, I was awakened minutes later by a surprise phone call from Dr. Deep. He was in Washington, DC and said that he sensed that he should call me. I jumped out of bed, ran downstairs, threw on my jacket, and stood in the garage so that I could speak with him without waking my family. The call was exactly what I needed in that moment. I asked Dr. Deep how he felt about regrets, mistakes, and how to reconcile having hurt someone. For the first time since I met him, I understood every word he said. Of the many brilliant things he said, the one that stood out the most was, *"In order to grow roses, you must expect some thorns."* It fits wonderfully with my beliefs about the value of messiness. Dr. Deep then told me to *"Have some good food and spend time with good people"* before ending the conversation to help whatever important dignitary who was waiting for him in Washington, DC. I wondered who it could be and went for a short walk to process what he said to me on the phone.

I spent the next day shuffling between the negative feelings that were trying to follow me to feeling emboldened to embrace the messiness of life. During our conversation, Dr. Deep suggested that I call him in the morning for a healing, but as expected, he didn't provide a time. I was grateful that it wasn't the end of my Nadi journey and now less resentful of the nastygram I received from my former student because it reconnected me with him.

New York City Trip Two

The upsetting e-mail from a former student described previously helped me connect with Dr. Deep after several months of silence. On the phone, he joked that we must be *"in sync"* because he was in the USA, specifically Washington, DC. His schedule while in the States included a trip to Miami and multiple trips to New York City. Clearing my schedule for a weekend and driving to New York City became an inevitability. I left early Friday, May 2nd and arrived at my hotel in Manhattan by 3:00pm. Another adventure was about to begin.

Upon arriving in the city, I called Dr. Deep to ask what the plan was. I realized how silly the word *"plan"* was as it came out of my mouth. As expected, Dr. Deep was at the Ambassador to Pakistan's house on the Upper East Side. It was about two miles from my hotel, and the weather was beautiful so I told him that I would walk to him. I estimated that it would take me about 45-minutes. As expected, he told me to wait until the top of the hour to leave so that my departure would coincide with the creation period (see the chapter on Deep Time for more on the creation period). I cleaned up and prepared for the unexpected. It didn't take long. About five-minutes into my walk, Dr. Deep called me and said that he was headed my way in a car that was sent to pick him up by the Chairperson of AIMS, one of the largest health systems in India. He was on his way to do healings for the Chairperson's family, and he wanted me to meet them. I let go of my anxiety and chose to go with the flow. Another magical experience was about to commence.

Within minutes of the call, I heard Dr. Deep calling me from the back of a black van at the corner of 2nd and East 73rd, *"Dr. Rob! Come here!"* I hopped into the van and gave him the Cuban cigars that I had brought for the Ambassador to Pakistan, as well as some water-themed framed art that the faculty of the Mental Health Counseling Program at my university had purchased for him in appreciation of his contributions during the past three years. Dr. Deep examined the gifts with gratitude and proceeded to tell me about the family he was taking me to meet. *"They are very well-educated people. Beautiful people,"* he said. He explained his relationship to the

family, saying that he cured a sister's cancer and has been doing healings with the family ever since. He then pulled up some images on his phone and showed me the cancer test results for the sister before and after Nadi. Like so many other cases that I'd witnessed or been told of, it was a miraculous recovery.

We arrived at a large, high-rise, apartment building. It was only the second of its kind that I had been inside and first since my last visit to New York City to see Dr. Deep. A beautiful Indian woman, probably in her 30s, greeted us at the elevator. She looked like she had just come from the gym. We entered the elevator and I eagerly awaited our rise to what I imagined would be another incredible penthouse.

The elevator door opened and we entered the apartment. It was a long, brightly painted space with floor to ceiling windows on either end that provided a spectacular view of the New York City skyline. There was an older man and woman seated at the far end of the main living space. They appeared to be in their 80s. We were led by the woman in her 30s to sit near them on a white couch. Dr. Deep and the older man immediately began speaking in Hindi. I couldn't understand a word and they knew it. I was grateful for this because it allowed me to observe the room and appreciate the adventure I was having. It also allowed me to take a mental break from trying to understand what was being said when English was being spoken.

Two children peeked their heads in from around the corner: a seven-year-old boy and a four-year-old girl. They ran to Dr. Deep who embraced them both with enthusiasm, saying, *"My beautiful babies! How wonderful! Come here! You are so beautiful!"* The children appeared genuinely happy to see Dr. Deep, welcoming his hug with their own childish enthusiasm.

Soon after, a younger man, probably in his 30s, entered the apartment. It was apparent that he was the father. The whole family was there now. *"Go get your magic water,"* the man said to the two children, who excitedly ran to their respective bedrooms on opposite sides of the apartment to retrieve their water bottles. They ran back into the room at the same time and took turns sitting with Dr. Deep, who held their wrists and charged their water as I'd seen him do so many times before. He then moved to a table in the dining area to do healings with the children's parents, leaving me alone with the old man. My mental break was over.

The older man was difficult to understand, but I could tell that what he was saying to me was important. As with others that Dr. Deep introduced me to, it felt like he already knew who I was. He told me about his career in India and practice as a nephrologist. He was every bit the important person in healthcare in India that Dr. Deep had suggested, serving as chairperson for many important programs and initiatives. In a thick Indian accent, he kept suggesting that I need to help Dr. Deep *"fill the gap between expectation and acceptance"* in healthcare. I mostly understood. After about 10 minutes the younger man, the older man's son and owner of the apartment, entered the space and sat down on the floor across from me. I offered my seat to him, but he said that he likes to sit on the floor. Something compelled me to sit on the floor as well in response, so I did. Doing so initiated a series of meaningful events that helped to solidify the night as a lifelong memory.

Soon after I sat down on the floor, the older man scurried off his chair and sat next to me, grabbing my hand in his and holding it while giggling loudly. In any other context I probably would have been weirded out, but the old man's enthusiasm was contagious. After just a couple minutes of sitting and giggling he began slapping the palm of my hand and used his own hands to demonstrate how to hold my hands together with fingers interlocked, directing me to slap my palms together with enough force to make a clapping sound. It was a movement that felt reminiscent of childhood and offered an immediate calming effect. The old man explained to me that the palms of the hands are connected to the brain. He taught me about acupuncture techniques focused on the palms that are designed to reduce stress and anxiety. I couldn't believe that this was the first time that I was learning about this as a mental health professional specializing in childhood anxiety. Was the old man diagnosing me when he was holding my hand? Was he able to do that too? It concerned me a little that Dr. Deep, and now this old man, both sensed anxiety and stress in me after feeling my pulse.

Now more relaxed, I was ready to re-engage the room, which was filling back up after scattering for a few minutes to prepare snacks, tea, and get healings. The older man (who I now knew as Suresh) moved from next to me on the floor back to his chair next to his wife. The younger man (whose name I learned to be Sanchit) was sitting on the floor across from me next to his wife. Dr. Deep had moved back to the couch behind me and to my left, and the children were in their respective rooms. Dr. Deep asked me to tell the story of how we met, so I did. Sanchit listened intently and asked me my thoughts on, *“all of this stuff.”* He lit up when I replied by telling him that I was most interested in what might be happening at a quantum level. *“How does it work??!! Right!!”* he replied in earnest. This seemed like the perfect opportunity to show him Veda Austin’s images of frozen water before and after being charged with Nadi energy, so I did. Not surprisingly, the others in the room wanted to see the images too. I sensed that Dr. Deep was feeling joyful in that moment, seeing another one of his premonitions manifest.

The conversation was interrupted by the seven-year-old boy running excitedly into the room with a wooden box. It was apparent that he had been building up the courage to approach me with it. It was a magic trick, and I was happy to be his gullible subject. He sat next to me on the floor. The wooden box had a plexiglass window that allowed you to see into it. The boy began dropping coins into a slit on the top of the box, looking at me to see if I noticed that the coins were not dropping into the box behind the plexiglass window as they should have been. Through his laughter, he suggested that I try to open the box to see where the coins may have gone. I played along. As I pulled back on the lid, a rubber spider crept out of the box and onto the back of my hand on a spring. I’d seen the trick before on social media and considered getting it for my kids when they were younger. Without hesitation, I jumped off the ground and yelled as if I was terrified of the rubber spider. The boy looked around the room to soak up the moment of satisfaction before running back to his sister who was also laughing near the entrance to the hallway where their bedrooms were.

It was time to go. Suresh and Sanchit stood up and walked Dr. Deep and me to the elevator and the entrance to the building where Sanchit ordered an Uber and waited with us until it arrived. It felt like I was leaving Christmas with my family, and I didn’t even realize that I would be meeting them just a few hours before. I already felt satisfied with the productiveness of the trip. The drive to the city was worth the time and effort. Not surprisingly, it was as if all the work had been done for me already. I shook my head and sighed as we drove back to the Ambassador’s house on the Upper East Side.



From Left: Me, the Chairperson, and Dr. Deep

When we arrived back at the Ambassador's house Dr. Deep brought me in and charged water for me before directing me to walk with him down the street and around the corner to a small diner. He said, *"We can eat here. They should have small bites. It is like you like,"* he said. We were sat by a man who appeared to be from the middle east. Dr. Deep opened a menu in front of me and directed me to order. *"We will share,"* he said. I'd experienced this before and wasn't really up for sharing my dinner that night so I ordered him fish and chips because I knew that he would like that, and a turkey club for myself because I knew that he wouldn't like that since it had bacon on it.

It was close to 11:00pm and we were just starting dinner. Dr. Deep called the granddaughter of the former Prime Minister of India. *"Let's see if she is awake yet,"* he said. I remembered that it was early in the morning in India. She answered still groggy, but happy to hear his voice. *"Dr. Rob and I were discussing a very practical example of what we were talking about the other day,"* he said to the former prime minister's granddaughter. He then handed the phone to me and directed me to tell her about the difficult e-mail that I'd received from a former student. It wasn't easy. I was embarrassed and ashamed to tell her about the e-mail and what the former student wrote about me. Her response mirrored what Dr. Deep had told me, but with even more detail and greater comprehension because of her silky-smooth voice and excellent English. She told me about how she had recently visited a flower garden and was overcome by its beauty. She said that the gorgeous blooms filled her with joy and had her on an emotional high when she spoke with Dr. Deep later that day. She said that Dr. Deep's response to her slightly hypomanic demeanor surprised her. *"You must come back down to earth so that the universe doesn't impose a difficult balance,"* he told her. The former prime minister's granddaughter said that Dr. Deep's suggestion that she lower her frequency frustrated her. She didn't want to come down. She was feeling so wonderful. She went to bed with the image of the flowers in her mind, still on an emotional high.

The next day came and with it a series of unfortunate events starting with an upsetting phone call from an old friend. She was able to name the negative energy and recognized how and why it was with her that day. As Dr. Deep taught me when I told him about my former student's upsetting e-mail, she was able to follow the following steps to achieve acceptance and regain her balance: 1) Consider the person who is delivering the painful message. Is this person hurting or fragile, making her especially susceptible to negative influences? 2) Consider your own energy just before the negative occurrence. Were you on a high emotionally? People influenced by negative energy tend to target those at higher frequencies. Their good vibes make them uncomfortable; and 3) Have gratitude to the person who attempted to bring you down. There is always a lesson to be learned from their actions that can strengthen us if we let it.

The prime minister's granddaughter apologized for taking so much of my time. I laughed and thanked her for hers. We were now standing outside the diner, walking back toward the Ambassador's house. I gave the phone back to Dr. Deep who immediately pointed out that I left my Nadi water that he had charged for me that night back at the diner. I ran back inside, but it was too late. The waiter had already thrown it away. I started my walk back to the hotel, even more certain that I would be seeing Dr. Deep again the next day. Now I had to see him so that he could charge another bottle of water for me.

Despite arranging for late check out, I ended up leaving my hotel the next morning with a plan to retrieve my truck from parking and drive to the Ambassador's house to see Dr. Deep again. Doing this would allow me to leave directly from the Ambassador's house, maximizing our time together. Aside from the \$60 parking fee for a two-hour visit, the decision was a good one because it allowed us to catch up on new Nadi research and other projects that he was involved in, including a wrist band that would use AI to read pulses for diagnostic purposes as he did. Dr. Deep also charged more water for me, one bottle for my health and one for work. He then charged one for my mother because she was in kidney failure. He seemed concerned by what he felt in my pulse that day saying, *"You needed this protection Dr. Rob. The toxicity was in your blood."* He suggested

that in addition to the upsetting e-mail from my former student I also experienced something four to five months prior. I couldn't think of what this could be, but I agreed that I hadn't been feeling like myself for the past four to five months.

The Ambassador's son joined us for breakfast, telling me the story of how he and Dr. Deep first met, and how "magical" things have gotten around the house since Dr. Deep started visiting years prior. He joked that he was told "*Oprah loves him!*" by one of the people in Dubai who was facilitating their introduction. I suspected it was Sehr.

The food included an assortment of freshly prepared delicacies, headlined by a lightly fried fish that Dr. Deep said was given to him by Robert Kennedy Jr.'s wife a few days prior. My mind was blown for the moment as it tried to imagine a scenario where Dr. Deep would be speaking with Robert Kennedy Jr.'s wife, who would feel compelled to gift him some fresh fish. I shrugged my shoulders. This wasn't the first time, and it wouldn't be the last time that Dr. Deep surprised me with who he spends time with. Just a year prior he shared that he was charging water for Kamala Harris during her presidential campaign! Of note, he shared that she will do great work "*even if she doesn't win,*" a proclamation that I immediately interpreted as a premonition. We finished breakfast and I walked back to the garage that was ripping me off to get my truck. All the water bottles that Dr. Deep charged for me were carefully marked and secured. There would be no forgetting them this time.

The Delivery of Draft One

Upon completing the first draft of this book, I was eager to print it and deliver a copy to Dr. Deep during one of his visits to the US. Not surprisingly, the first draft of *Deep* was delivered to my house days before learning that Dr. Deep would be back in New York City for a weekend visit with the Ambassador. This visit coincided with a college visit to Staten Island for my daughter so I eagerly volunteered to take her and hoped that the stars would align for me to deliver a copy of *Deep* to Deep. In retrospect, it was a great example of *taking the first action* and hoping everything would come together as needed. It did.

After dropping my daughter off at Wagner College on Staten Island where she was committed to play field hockey, I embarked on what would be another journey through Manhattan to see Dr. Deep. Time was limited and I didn't have a plan for how to get to the Ambassador's house and back to Staten Island in time to pick up my daughter. It didn't matter. This time I was able to trust that things would work out. With a dying phone battery (my only way to control my insulin pump), no glucose on hand, and only limited experience using public transportation, I hitched a ride to the ferry terminal and headed off to deliver two copies of *Deep* to Dr. Deep and the Ambassador. For me, it was the ultimate exercise in trusting the universe. Was it irresponsible?

Within about 30-minutes of reaching the terminal I had boarded the ferry and was ready to start my journey. Within an hour I knew that I wouldn't be able to make it to the Ambassador's house on the Upper East Side and back in time to get my daughter. Within an hour and a half, it was apparent that my phone battery wasn't going to make it and I'd be left without my pancreas. Within two hours I was looking for the closest street vendor to buy a candy bar from. At no time did I doubt that I would reach Dr. Deep and the visit would be worth the effort.

I arrived at the Ambassador's door with sweat pouring down my brow. The Ambassador's cook greeted me and brought me to the second floor to wait for Dr. Deep. I used hand gestures to communicate to the cook (who didn't speak English) that my phone had died. Luckily, he had the charger I needed despite having an older-than-preferable iPhone. I plugged it in and waited eagerly for Dr. Deep who entered the room seven

minutes later, presumably because it was 2:53pm when I arrived and he wanted to start our visit during the creation period (top of the hour).

Dr. Deep accepted the book and said, *"Beautiful! This is such a wonderful action that you have taken Dr. Rob! I love the cover!"* I was both relieved and anxious that he wouldn't be as pleased with the content so I explained again that this was a first draft and that it still needed major revisions before it would be ready for publication. Dr. Deep nodded and said, *"I can tell that it will be perfect and ready for publication in time. We have new research that we can add."* He held his hands out and said that it was time for my healing. I offered my wrist so that he could read my pulse, stopping to open the bottle of water that I bought from the street vendor on my way.

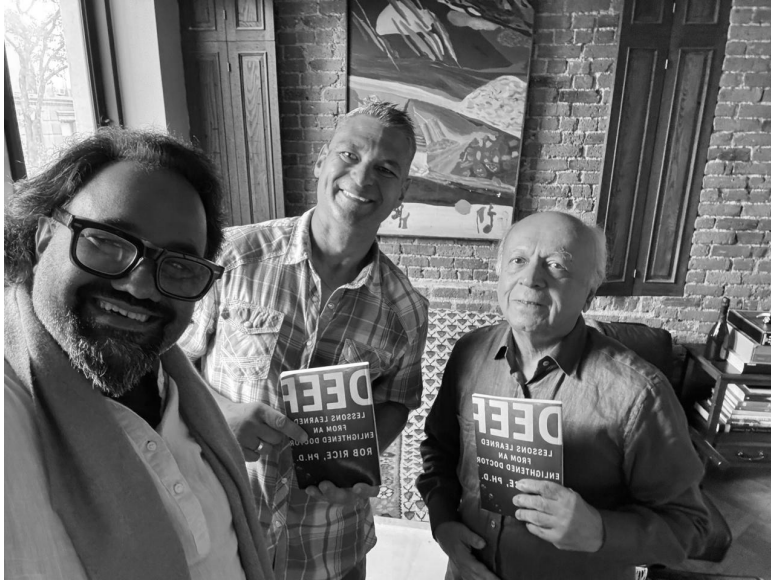
After my healing, Dr. Deep pulled out a small velvet bag holding gifts for me and my wife. For my wife, he gave me a bracelet made of blue stones that he had brought back from Machu Picchu, where he had just visited. For me, he pulled out a round seed about the size of an acorn that he said was from the base of a sacred mountain in the Himalayas. He told me that the seed held great power and would provide me with protection. He said that he had held it for 12 years and that I should now keep it for 12 years before passing it on to someone important to me.

Reflecting on the gift and Dr. Deep's message, I am reminded of the scene from the movie *Caddyshack* when Bill Murray's character told the story of meeting the Dalai Lama. He said that the Dalai Lama told him, *"On your deathbed, you will receive total consciousness."* Bill Murray's response to the interaction was, *"So I got that going for me...which is nice."* I almost always say this when I tell the story of Dr. Deep giving me the magic seed from the Himalayas (i.e., *"This will provide you with great protection"* Me: *"So I got that going for me...which is nice"* (in a Bill Murray inspired voice).

It's been several months since receiving the gift of the magic seed and I continue to wear it around my neck daily, despite my wife's (accurate) assertions that *"It looks like you have a mole on your chest."* I must say that I have felt more able to handle everyday life stressors since I started wearing it and others who claim to sense energy have said that they can feel energy emanating from it. I am envious of those who firmly believe that they have this sensation.

After being given the gifts of the bracelet and the seed, Dr. Deep led me to the kitchen and dining area of the Ambassador's House, where the Ambassador himself was waiting for me. The table was set for a celebration, and I was the only person invited. I had no choice but to sit and eat what the chef had prepared, a lightly fried fish dish, despite my need to return to Staten Island as quickly as possible to retrieve my daughter. As always, Dr. Deep made this task difficult, adding portions of food to my plate and demanding that I finish it as if imitating my Italian grandmother. In retrospect, I think he may have also been trying to delay my departure until the creation period, which, as always, was set to begin at the top of the hour.

I didn't have the Uber app, so at the top of the hour I ran from the Ambassador's house and hailed the first taxi I saw. The driver cleared space in the front seat so that I could sit and began driving, fast and while watching YouTube on his phone, to the Staten Island Ferry Terminal. With a charged phone, healthy glucose level, and five-minutes to spare before the next ferry departed, I paid the cab driver and ran to the front deck of the boat where I would stand in awe of another improbably successful visit with Dr. Deep. I was late for my daughter, but she made good use of the time, and we still had plenty of daylight for the five-hour drive home.



Me, Dr. Deep, and the Ambassador holding the first draft of the book

May 2026 Visit to Rochester

I had been working on revisions to the book for several months. Approximately 80 pages were cut, and a couple new stories were written, including the one above about the delivery of draft one. Concurrently, I was preparing to co-teach the third edition of the new Complementary Treatment Methods elective at my university and was motivated to take it to a new level. Fortunately, Dr. Deep was in the US and offered to visit for a couple days that included the university's commencement festivities. The time was never right for a visit so it was scheduled, this time with more confidence than in the past that things would work out. Nothing felt like it was in my control and I accepted it.

Dr. Deep flew into Rochester the day before graduation, and we drove directly from the airport to the university to pick up regalia for him to wear during commencement. He would be walking in with the faculty of the Mental Health Counseling Program and gave me the impression that he genuinely appreciated the gesture. I appreciated that he was there. It made my work feel that much more meaningful knowing that the person I had been telling my students about for the past three years would be watching them receive their degree.

After securing his regalia, Dr. Deep used my office to complete healings with eight students from the Complementary Treatment Methods (CTM) course, each having excitedly volunteered and agreed to share their experience with the class. I left one student in charge of checking everyone in and left Dr. Deep alone in my office while I ran across the parking lot to officiate an award ceremony for the graduates. Of course, I was not surprised when I returned to a room full of mesmerized grad students, each trying to comprehend and process what they had just experienced.

As he had so many times before, Dr. Deep read each student's pulse and provided them details on their energy blockages. He charged their water accordingly and spent time with each of them teaching them how to read a pulse. He had each student pose for a picture with him demonstrating what they had learned, elated that they were learning about Nadi in their class.

Later that summer, each student presented on their experience with Dr. Deep and Nadi as part of their CTM class. Their reports included being cured of chronic headaches, GI issues, and relationship problems. Some of the students wept during their presentation, prompting me to consider increased safety measures for

future students who are offered a similar experience. Even the few students who didn't have a profound experience spoke of feeling "*lighter*" and as if "*a weight had been lifted from my chest.*"

Each of my visits with Dr. Deep had a distinct theme and this one was no different. It may have been the most mentally exhausting visit despite the short, two-day duration because there was a palpable feeling that Dr. Deep was trying to train me at a higher level, and I suspect I resisted many of his efforts. From the time I picked him up at the airport he was focused on "*space and direction.*" He wanted me to keep my awareness on the space where I saw myself next and my body pointed in that direction. It felt like he was constantly analyzing my decision-making process to ensure that it was based on this space-direction concept. His purpose was to keep me aligned with what he believed the universe had in mind for me. He wanted me to be less doubting. Nonetheless, I spent much of the time he was training me questioning how anyone can function on planet earth without a healthy amount of doubt, worry, and overthinking.

The itinerary for this visit to Rochester was less structured than it had been in the past. Aside from the healing sessions with my students and graduation, there wasn't much else that required substantial coordination. As usual when Dr. Deep was in town, there was a gathering planned at my house for Friday evening, but it had always been more tentative in my mind, and I had a feeling it wouldn't happen this time. It didn't.

The evening he arrived was my oldest daughter's birthday and Dr. Deep accurately sensed that I was needed at home to celebrate with family. Despite my efforts to involve my family during his visits, they remained resistant. I wondered what this meant about how they perceived me since I was so outspoken about how much Nadi had helped me.

As planned, Dr. Deep walked in with the mental health counseling faculty during graduation the next day. I proudly made eye contact with him while I was reading the graduates names. When I decided to include him in graduation in this way my primary motivation was to keep him occupied during a busy time of the visit. He saw it differently, expressing his feeling that the decision will further solidify my university as an essential partner to Nadi.

After the commencement ceremony, Dr. Deep did a healing with the Associate Dean's close friend and then we went to the grocery store together to shop for dinner that night. My original plan was for me to cook for Dr. Deep, since I had been on a health kick in recent months and learned many new recipes. As expected, Dr. Deep had other ideas, allowing me to pan sear some fish for him, but taking over the rest of the menu to include his own recipe for spinach and paneer, a block cheese that many in India eat for protein in lieu of meat.

Dr. Deep is a bossy cook who will make a mess of the kitchen like no one else. He also epitomizes what it means to cook food with love. As always, he was excessively satisfied with the outcome of his cooking and ensured that everyone at the table ate their share.

Later in the evening, when it was only me, Dr. Deep, and my wife, he began suggesting glamorous vacations to places like Cape Town, South Africa and a spa near his home in India where the typical massage is conducted by eight therapists at once. He seemed to be trying to impress my wife or convince her that my efforts with him will pay off for her in the long run. I've always struggled with the idea of benefiting from Nadi because that doesn't seem to be what it is about, but in this moment, it was exciting to hear Dr. Deep talk this way. I dropped him off at his hotel down the road with an enhanced sense of intrigue for the future and my place in the story of Nadi. It was a feeling I'd felt before, each time holding on a little stronger.

I brought Dr. Deep to my private practice, MindFit Mental Health, on Saturday morning to charge a rod and meet with a few more friends and colleagues for healings. I was excited to have a Nadi rod at my clinical office to start using with clients. My mind was percolating with ideas for how to introduce it to clients in a way that they would understand and be open to.

After another productive morning, I dropped Dr. Deep off at the airport so that he could return to New York City. Days later he would be in San Francisco, visiting with an upper executive from Microsoft to discuss Nadi technology, then to Los Angeles to meet with Dr. Zappatara, a cerebral spinal fluid researcher who I had the opportunity to interview (discussed in Chapter Eight). His visit, originally scheduled to end in May, had been extended through June to take care of some important Nadi business.



Dr. Deep charging a Nadi rod at MindFit

Recommended Actions:

1. Try the hand clapping activity that I learned from Suresh! Simply lock your fingers and clap your palms.
2. Consider using the three-step process that I learned from the granddaughter of the former Prime Minister of India to achieve acceptance and regain balance when someone has hurt you.