

Light Up Your World!!



DEDICATION

Dear Srila Prabhupada
How can I write when I'm not free
of the desire for name fame and glory
My heart is not pure nor
my motives untainted
I wallow in the self-congratulatory
mode of nature

But you Srila Prabhupada
are still our inspiration
The light from your heart
burns with effulgence

You offer us Krsna even when
we're found wanting
We know the way to
repay our debt
But when will we act
on those realizations?



PREFACE

This is a series of poems
riddles and short stories which
grew out of our terms work.

It was not originally intended
for publication but manifested
that way towards the end of term.

We hope to start earlier and
do better next time.

Your servants,
M.Hari-lila and
YugaIa Priti (13) Krsangi (13)
Nirmala (13) Nila (12) Rukmini
(11) Tara (9) Vrnda (8)
Nimesh (8) and Gopesa (7)



GURUKULA

By Hari-lila

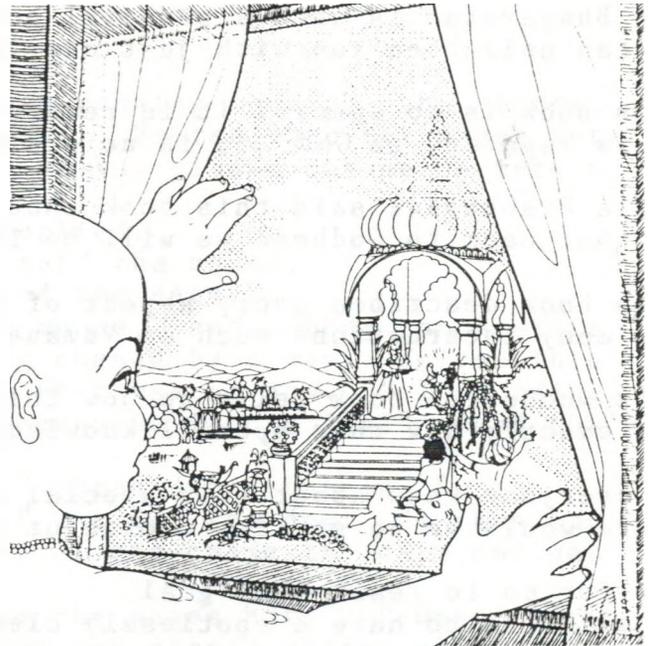
My dear Lord Krsna
Can I carry the torch for You
the All-pervading, All Knowing
and myself so small
Entangled in the concept
I am my body and these
are my relatives
Unable to burn with
the fire of devotion
Does maturity bring maya
or better understanding?

In You the children find something
all encompassing
Its 'strangeness' blocking them out
of 'cultural norms'
Many many cultures exist on the planet
let's pray for faith
and strength in our own
We too have a right
to be able to worship in the
manner we have chosen

Bringing up our children
isn't a dead end
It's a flowering an opening
to the spiritual dimension
So sadly so lacking
lurking only in the by-ways
of our cultural expectations

These are Your children
help us to raise them
To teach them Your wisdom
and help them to learn
To profit and foster
from their understanding

To lead fulfilling lives
on a spiritual plane
With material necessities
not striven for blindly
but giving them peace



To dovetail their karma
A springboard to search
their inner realities
To see side-by-side
the soul and his Lord

To look out as from a window
from the mind and intelligence
And harness the senses to
life's unending goal
Love of god not bigotry
hatred and fanatacism

Gentleness and wisdom
forebearance and courage
Imbided with these qualities
to walk through this life
Not fearful unwanted
the ultimate being darkness

Not locked in the chains of
maya's dictates, dancing to the
tune of three timeless servants
But honest and humble
and dispensing Your blessings

THE BHAGAVATAM

By Yugala Priti

The Bhagavatam is such a powerful book
it can enlighten you with just one look

This book is so special it is read every morning
It is regarded as God and is no ordinary thing

Srila Prabhupada said this book should be read
so that Back to Godhead we will be lead

This book describes every aspect of Krsna
His many incarnations such as Vamana and Nrsimha

This wonderful book tells us how this earth was created
and exactly how this special knowledge was related

If everyone knew about this special book
there would be no strife, famine or war in any nook

Now for us to reach this goal
we all have to have a spotlessly clean soul

We hope as this Krsna Consciousness progresses
we will get it published in many different places



OH RADHA

By Nirmala

Consort of Kesava
so pretty and fair
Dressed by devotees
with love and care

Mother of devotion
without Your blessing
We'd stay in this world
hardly progressing

Radha, standing there
flowers in one hand
Showering mercy
as She stands

Oh Radha
grant me today
I shall always serve You
in some way.

THE SAGE AND THE MOUSE

by Rukmini

Once upon a time a mouse was running through the forest because he was being chased by a cat. He ran into the sage's hut and said, "Dear sir, dear sir, can you please change me into a cat?"

"I guess I will," the sage replied.

"You will? Oh thank you," said the mouse.

"Abracadabra babalu," chanted the sage.

Now I am a cat," thought the mouse, "and nobody can disturb me. The next day the cat was being chased by a dog. He ran into the sage's hut. The sage asked him what was up now. "I am being chased by a dog. Can you please change me into a dog?" asked the cat.

"All right," said the sage, "abracadabra babalu."

"Ha,ha,ha, now I am a dog," cried the dog. "I can go anywhere and no one can agitate me. I can chase the cats and eat the mice!"

But later on he again came to the sage's hut. "Dear sir, dear sir, a lion is chasing me, can you please change me into a lion?" he pleaded. So the sage changed him into a lion. But just then he looked at the sage. With a great roar he said, "Now I am going to eat YOU up!"

"But why do you want to eat me?" asked the sage. "I turned you from a mouse into a cat, a dog and a lion. Now I can change you back into a mouse. Boo!" And the mouse ran away.

SPRINGTIME

by Taravali



Birds fly back to their warm nests
Robins lay their blue eggs
Yellow flowers bow their heads
before the white temple

Pretty flowers grow
Rainbows fill the sky
with pretty colors
We skip and throw the ball.



SOMETHING

By Nirmala

I sit tall
by the wall
it is my support
I cannot talk
I cannot walk
I'm the inactive sort

Inactive I may be
but I'm helpful you see
I help with the dirty work
My very best friend
a helpful hand does lend
Without us the dirt would lurk

I glide across the floor
in the corner around the door
when I clean the room of dust
My bristles are strong
my handle is long
I'm essential
I'm a must

If you use me rapidly
I may make you sneeze
because the particles will fly
Can you guess
in a second or less?
If so you're fast! Oh my!

NIMAI EATS DIRT

By Vrnda

One day Mother Saci said to Nimai, "Here Nimai, take these sweets and try to be good." But when she left him and then returned she found that he was eating dirt. "What is this, what is this, why have you eaten dirt?" she cried.

"Mother, why are you angry with me?" asked Nimai. "You have already given me dirt to eat. What is my fault? Sweet meats or anything eatable are just a transformation of dirt. These bodies are also a transformation of dirt."

"Oh, what can I say, who has taught you this philosophy?" cried Mother Saci. "Nimai, if we eat dirt transformed into grains it will make our bodies strong. But if we eat dirt just from the ground it will make our bodies sick."

"Mother, now that I understand this philosophy," Nimai replied, "I shall eat dirt no more. I will climb on your lap and drink your milk."



THE LIBERATION OF KALIYA

By Gopesa

Once upon a time Krsna and His cowherd boy friends were playing in the forest. Then they became thirsty so they went and drank from the Yamuna river. But when they did they fell down dead because the great demon Kaliya had poisoned the water.

When Krsna saw that His cowherd boy friends were dead He became angry. Then He saw Kaliya and knew He had to fight. He climbed up a big Kadamba tree on the bank of the Yamuna river. The Kadamba is a round yellow flower generally seen only in Vrndavan. After climbing the tree He tightened His belt and flapped His arms just like a wrestler. Then Krsna jumped in the water and made a big splash that over flooded the river.

Kaliya caught Krsna in his coils for two hours. When Krsna saw that His mother had fainted He freed Himself and began to dance on Kaliya's head. After a while Kaliya grew weak and surrendered unto the Supreme Personality of Godhead.



by Yugab Priti

FIND THE 26 QUALITIES
OF A DEVOTEE

By Nila

A E P O K R O W E R A F L E W S M R O F R E P C O M L I
C G C B D C X Y C A N O Y P Z O P R M I J K L M E A R N
D I T O S X O T R E P X E U Z P T N H C C B A N T Q S D
F T C O N O T O X I N P S T S U O P L G F V L V A T A I
G S F I X T E O X O S I W U Z I Z G B T A U U P N U V F
I E X O E O R D P S O T L I T T L E S R V Q F X O E F F
A R P Z I P T O O T D I D A S A W E D D D D D T Y I Z W E
C P O O P E E R L G J R I P J X N O N D D D D C C S S U B R E
P E L U T T P O T S O R O G E R M I N T D D D E D S E D E
G S J U C I P L O P B O G N A E L C O D D D D P S A N U N
U L S U G O R G O E P A G H E R M I N A X O S S P O R T
F A L S U R R E N D E R D E D T O K R S N A E O M O M O
L F O F A L S I G O D I E Q U A L T O E V E R Y O N E A
A T X Y N O T K R S K D D O U C O K M Y D P C O C I R N
K U Y G J U S U O M I N A N G A M I L O D O Y D N D C Y
S O L O O G O D P P E A C E F U L E U O C O O M O M I A
E H O H J O O E D O G O P I O D O I C C O D P J O Y F C
I T T Z U F E X I D O V E C O D J U T R G P D O L E U Q
J I O H D E S I R E L E S S O C D N E I R F O Y A Y L U
W W I T H O U F T O E J U G O P G A N D E S S W A Y O P I
W I T H O U T M A T E R I A L P O S S E S S I O N S Z S
B P B M U B M X O P D G E Z F S U O J L A I L N S O P I
C O F A U L T L E S S P V U O T G U A A L U F H T U R T
B O P D E R I U Q E R S A H C U M S A S T A E N I R M I
E P Z D A U B L C O R O R C A M U C O P Z Y O Q U I T O
C A N L E D O B C C Z O G E G I T S T N A I F E D T O N

SRILA GURUPADA

By Yugala Priti

Srila Gurupada is just like a beautiful white swan
who looks for the sweetness at Krsna's lotus feet
just like a bumble bee.
He preaches to the mlecchas who are like flies
hovering over stool.
And he counteracts their philosophy just like the sun
counteracts the fog.
He is my only way to Krsna just like the paved roads
are the only way for a car to get to one city or state.

FREE VERSE

by Nirmala

A big fat jolly man
he came rolling down the road
"Howdy Ma'am"
He tipped his hat smiling broad

She ignored his kindly gesture
On a high horse she rode
Her pride would make
her fall
Oh wretched woman
with haughty nature

She was owner of all property
All she knew was rich
no average life or poor
To all men she was mean
and rough
'till they liked her no more

Her husband left
'her highness'
he could not bear her cold
he ran away from her
in front of whom no one
could be bold

Now one day she got old
She was all alone
Still she never thought
she would have misfortune

The lady she was now sickly
of children she was bare
The people felt sorry
though she was mean
they still did care

Kind hearts would bring her
flowers and sing to her
for hours and hours
But still the lady
would only give a cold stare

Then one day she dismissed them
"go you wretches
scratching at my door
go home, go home, sleep on
your floor"

They were quiet and sullen
They had very much tried
Some women of the village
started to cry

Her dying day had come
She knew this through and through
She suddenly began to think
and feel very blue

She realized today
no one will come to mourn
They have tried to be kind
"I will give them
my riches away"

She called the village near
told them to come
She threw a party fair
So through kindness she learnt

To be mean does not pay
through pride you will fall
But the lady realized
and brought kindness to all

HOW MANY WORDS CAN YOU MAKE FROM THE FOLLOWING ?

(suggested number in brackets- 5 minutes per word)

Heteropterous (30)

Cfypthesia (45)

Eisteddfod (30)

Antidisestablishmentarianismist (70)

I HEAR SOMETHING!

by Yugala Priti

Lord Krsna is playing His flute
in the beautiful forest
The music is so sweet
it enchants all creatures
moving and inert

The peacock is so pretty
dancing around the Lord
showing off his feathers
and his royal blue neck

Golden deer prancing
gracefully near Krsna
to hear flute notes more clear

Rabbits stop their munching
ears pricked up so high
for Krsna's notes so sweet
Creepers lower their limbs
to Krsna they offer respects
they also can hear

Krsna's purest devotees
the cowherd damsels
stop everything they're doing
for Krsna is playing His flute
and to Him they must go
whether day or dead of night
Krsna is their Lord.



RADHA-KRSNA KI JAI

By Rukmini

The Deities look so beautiful
when wearing green and white
I feel blessed from the Lord
who plays His flute and watches the cows

His altar is big, pretty and gold
with black backgrounds candles and conchshells
It's rectangular in shape and surrounded
by mirrors in beautiful designs

His temple room is gold and brown
painted in blue and covered with pictures
Prabhupada's vyasasana faces the Deities
Beautiful stained glass windows shine all around

His devotees are chanting and dancing
looking at the Deities and feeling happy
because they are getting the Lord's blessings
Radha-Krsna Ki Jai

SRILA PRABHUPADA

By Hari-lila

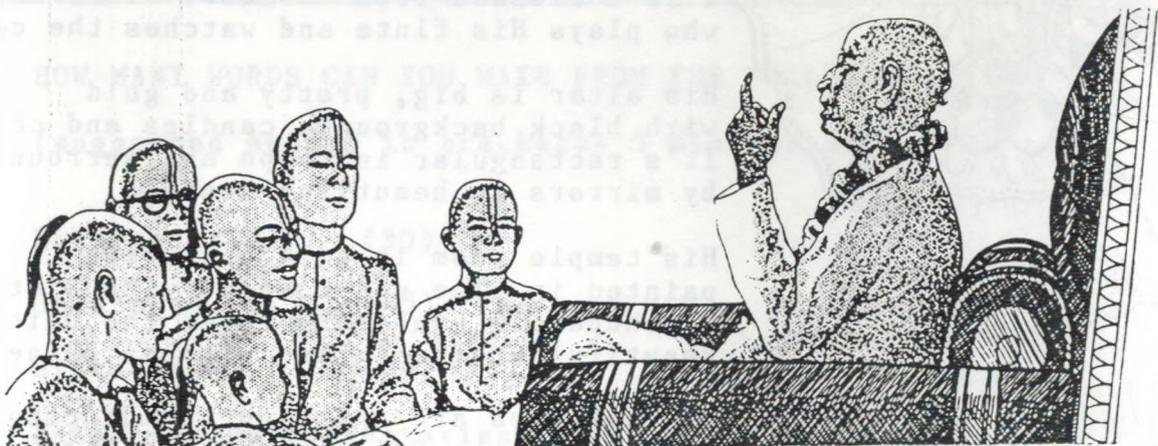
When we walk Krsna who is in our heart
walks beside us
When we act Krsna who is in our heart
is there to guide us
But how can we know this presence
without you Srila Prabhupada?

And you Srila Prabhupada
When will we let you into our hearts?
Not physically for there you are
already residing
but mentally
Let us hear your words
as you gently smilingly cajole us
to turn around and face our Lord

Oh humbleness and humility
where are you now
I need you to pray
for the shelter is there
I'm too blind too self-centered
to seek it and share
its light and its wisdom

Oh Prabhupada grant us the
knowledge our spiritual lives to defend
Eternally bound by your devotion
we nonetheless glide along the
paths of sensual titilation

But you have revealed what
is right and what is just
grasping at a straw I am begging
reveal to this infinitesimal jiva
the wisdom of your path



WRITING!

by Nirmala

I don't know what to write
now I'm just writing
what it will come out like
no one knows
maybe like a rotten egg
maybe like a rose

This may seem crazy
but I'm writing about
not writing
I have too much energy
today
Or that's what they say
anyway

Gosh! If I could find
something to write
it would be nice
but with my kind
of luck it would come up
with nothing all right

I tried to write a song
it came out all weird
all wrong
I think it's taking
too long to find
something to write

We have to write something
almost anything
to go in a book
but when you have a look
I don't think
this will make it

I wish I was outside
playing around
when you're in a classroom
there's just boring sounds
pencils scratching the
paper away

Oh why can't
I find
something to
write today



SPOT THE DIFFERENCE !

WORD SEARCH OF THINGS TO DO WITH THE SPIRITUAL WORLD

by Nirmala

E J O Y F U L N E S S T S L R Q P O N M L K J I H G F E D C B A N
F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T S L R Q P O N M L K J I H G F E D C B A N
Y Z N O I S T S E R O F W L K N W S E N I A S E S D W T H I U I S M E H Y
A W I L L B E P L P A S T I M E S E N I A S E S D W T H I U I S M E H Y
R E E E E E C S T A S Y H A A E R N W H V D O L N T O L I S H O U L N K D
A C R V E A U C S W O C H T H O H D E M O W W L E E F S U T U I O B L T G O N L O
P R V E A U C S W O C H T H O H D E M O W W L E E F S U T U I O B L T G O N L O
H O I V O T I H U H G T H A S A A E R N W H V D O L N T O L I S H O U L N K D
U L C C W Y T O S A E H A L E L K N O O H R W E H U E R B A N I X T P A
N E E U Q R S T I P Q R S T U V W K V U Y D L O H E R B A N I X T P A
A Y U K Y U K Y H P L A N B E L L Y S A M V G R D A T O S C C Y M O P P T
H U K L A R A M A A N O R S E O G O S A M A O T R U H G N S P D E V F H M T A S
B A C C O U N T S E R V A L L S M S A T I E V L E P A R Y I U S A R R N A L S H T S Y
S L O C C O N O C T S Y A S O D A N C I E R S O E J A B K T A R R N A L S H T S Y
R M M J E A L O T T O T S O T D L O V I C C E R S O E J A B K T A R R N A L S H T S Y
V U P B U P T T O T T O T S O T D L O V I C C E R S O E J A B K T A R R N A L S H T S Y
R S E M F P I N M I T S T O F A A F K R R A S A I A S T A R R N A L S H T S Y
T B T B O R N O I N G A S D N E I R F U T F F N O R M A U T I M B A N T G U E N U G E M L S
U R T I I M O O I G A S D N E I R F U T F F N O R M A U T I M B A N T G U E N U G E M L S
T R T I E A I G A S D N E I R F U T F F N O R M A U T I M B A N T G U E N U G E M L S
L O I O L C H T N G S R E N I O T O M S H E A S H N A B N M N O S O A L E S S Y F H I K M
B S O R E H A G T N G S R E N I O T O M S H E A S H N A B N M N O S O A L E S S Y F H I K M
I D N A S B I M W Y R N I O T O M S H E A S H N A B N M N O S O A L E S S Y F H I K M
A E T E F L U T E O I D N T E N J O Y M E N T A N O R Y O U M R T P N E S Z F H I K M
L O B S I E D A U G D N T E N J O Y M E N T A N O R Y O U M R T P N E S Z F H I K M
C O M C I N G D Y M O U M T H I S G N A I J T K L M N O S O A L E S S Y F H I K M
T I H O T U H X Z A W K A W M A C A A E A D L S D T N O S O A L E S S Y F H I K M
V E P P V E W Y N A B H I Y Z A L O L D L O A L T L S H I P S S Y F H I K M
I N O M A O S U R A B H I Y Z A L O L D L O A L T L S H I P S S Y F H I K M
Y O H D P Q R S T U V W X H L L O Y V R I N D A V A N P S M P Q R S U
U R H L H A R E K R N O I T A L E R D E G I D J L M N O P Q R S U
G A R G S P I H S N O I T A L E R D E G I D J L M N O P Q R S U
R A G E R L O V E O F K R S N A L E R D E G I D J L M N O P Q R S U
M L F G F E D C B A R P O W Z Y X E M O T I O N B O O W A N P Q R S U

WORD LIST

Absolute	Ecstasy	Lalita	Servant
Ananda	Emotion	Liberation	Service
Auspiciousness	Enjoyment	Lotus feet	Spiritual
	Eternal	Love	Surabhi
		Love of Krsna	
Balarama			Talavana
Beauty	Flute	Monkeys	Tulasi
Birds	Forests	Mooing	Transcendental
Bliss	Friends		
Bumblebees	Frogs	Nanda	Unapproachable
Butter			
	God	Om	Vatsa
Cintamani	Godhead		Visaka
Cit	Gopis	Parental love	Vraja
Competition		Pastimes	Vrindavana
Conjugal love	Happiness		Vrsabhanu
Cowherd boys	Illusion	Queen	
Cows			Worship
		Radharani	
	Jealousy	Rasa	
Dancing	Joyfulness	Relationships	Yamuna
Demons			Yasoda
Desire trees	Kadamba	Sakhis	Yogamaya
Devotees	King	Sat	Yoghurt
Devotion	Krsna	Separation	Youth

PRALAMBASURA

By Tara

Vrindavan is such a beautiful place, peacocks dance, birds sing, deers run and bees hum.

Everyday Krsna and Balarama went to the forest. The cowherd boys smeared themselves with sandalwood clay. Krsna and Balarama danced and their friends began to clap and say; "Very nice, very nice."

One day while the boys played a demon came. Krsna said, "My dear friend, it is very nice that you have come to play with us. Sridama carried Krsna and the demon, Pralamba carried Balarama.

While they were playing Pralambasura carried Balarama away. As he was running he changed into his real form. Balarama thought that his carrier had suddenly changed in every way.

Balarama immediately punched Pralambasura with his bare hand and the demon fell down dead.

All of his friends rushed towards the spot where Balarama was. "Well done, well done," they said.

'THE OLD DAYS'

By Krsangi



This morning the furnace was broken so all eight of us took a cold shower and I, being last, just made it to arati as the curtains opened. There are many different hardships to endure when one lives in the brahmacharini ashram in New York City as a full time sankirtan devotee. I guess you could say I'm used to it after living here for twelve years. It is enlivening to think that exactly 12 years ago Srila Prabhupada established the first Hare Krsna temple here in New York City's lower east side.

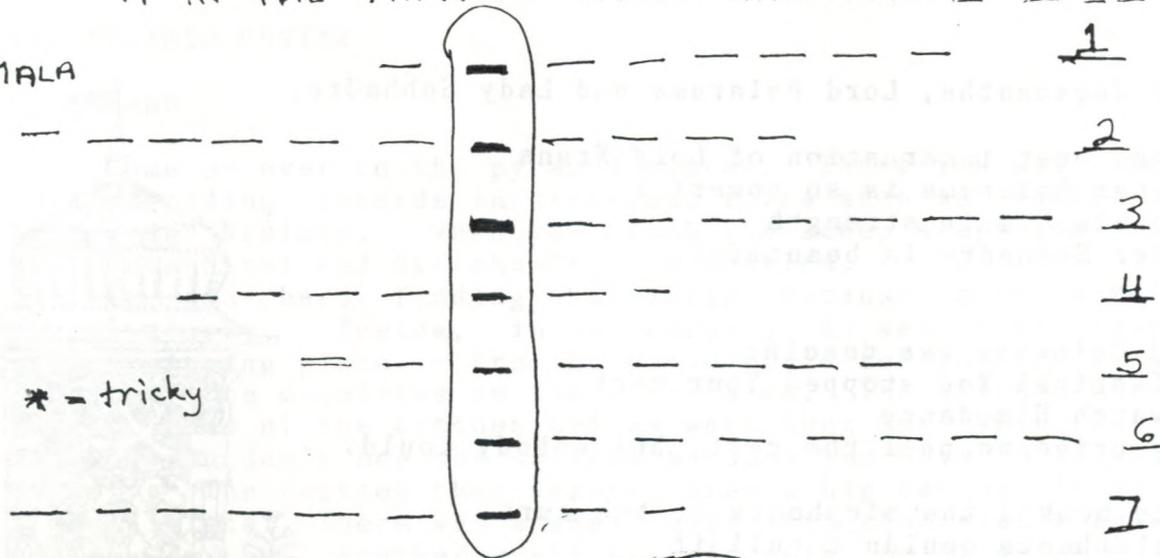
That night as I thought about Srila Prabhupada on 26th Ave., I drifted asleep and began to dream. I'm walking, dressed in my sankirtan clothes, down Second Street. Now I'm in front of a shop which says 'Matchless Gifts' and has a sign announcing 'ISKCON. A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami lectures on the Bhagavad-gita, Monday, October 17th, 1966 at 7pm. Krsna As He Is. Daily morning class, 7 am.

I walk through the door into a long narrow store front. A kirtan is in session. Srila Prabhupada, dressed in his sannyasi top and saffron dhoti, his head freshly shaven and with beautiful tilak on, is leading the chanting. Many young men and women are sitting around on the floor and some are standing. Many are playing different types of instruments that they either made, brought from India or from a thrift shop. The sweet music of the kirtan drifts to my ears and I realize I'm among the young hippies getting high on the swami's music. After a relishable kirtan there is a lecture on the Bhagavad-gita and then Srila Prabhupada asks for a basket of apples and begins to serve them out to the people who have gathered. I take a bite and all of a sudden hear a loud noise. Srila Prabhupada is fading, so is the storefront turned temple along with the young hippies. Suddenly the lights turn on and I'm lying in my sleeping bag on the hard floor.

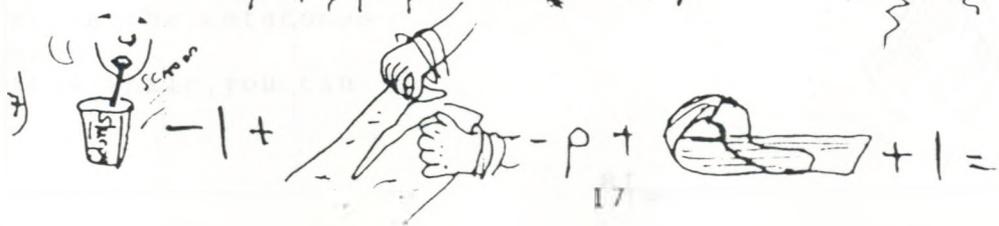
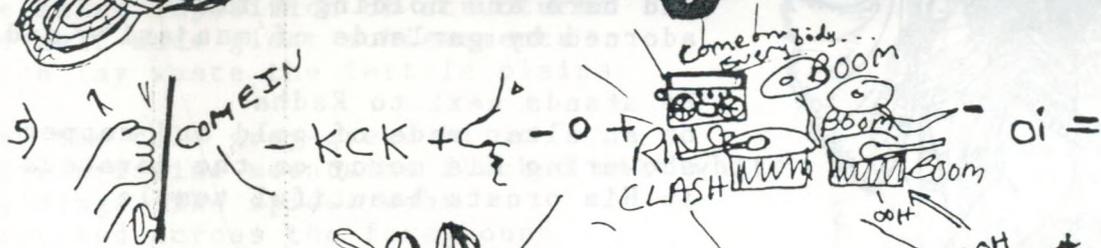
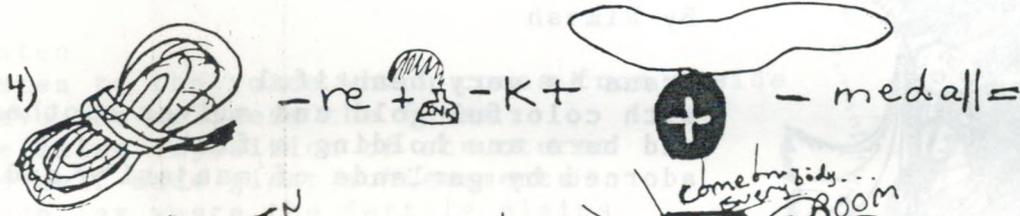
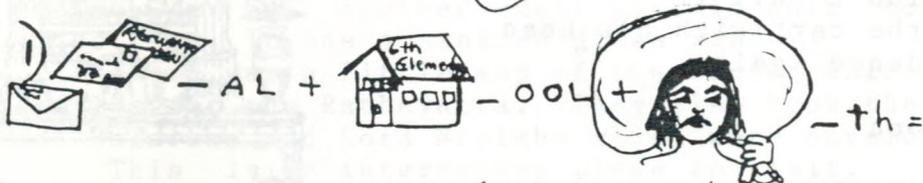
In that dream world I felt the mellow of what we now call 'the old days' or 'planting the seed'. I heard his pure voice and saw how personal he was with his disciples. We should learn how to behave from those old days. Chanting, dancing and feasting inviting everyone to join this great spiritual mission.

RIDDLE! If you PAINT LOTUS FEET ON A ROCK AND THROW IT IN THE YAMUNA WHAT HAPPENS? - - - - -

by
MIRMALA



* = tricky



PLEASE GET WELL SOON

By Vrnda

Dear Lord Jagannatha, Lord Balarama and Lady Subhadra,

You are the best incarnation of Lord Krsna
Your brother Balarama is so powerful
no one equals Him in strength
Your sister Subhadra is beautiful.

When Lord Caitanya was dancing
at Your festival You stopped Your cart
just to watch Him dance
Everybody tried to pull the cart, but nobody could.

The people hooked the elephants to the cart
but the elephants couldn't pull it
Lord Caitanya pushed the cart with His head
Everybody started to dance again.

I hope You get well soon



KRSNA

By Nimesh

Krsna is very beautiful
with colorful gold and silver clothes
and bare arm holding a flute
adorned by garlands of manjari's and lotus

He stands next to Radha
on an altar made of gold and copper
showering His mercy on the devotees
in His ornate beautiful temple

His temple is surrounded by
many non devotees yet the
devotees are so strong they meditate
on how to increase His glories more

THE PYRAMID CENTER

By Nimesh

Come on over to the pyramid center. There you will see the Lord residing outside in different forms such as Kalki, Rama, Krsna and Nrsimha. When you climb the steep steps you can see the Gaura-Nitai and Nrsimha-Prahlad deities.

It was hard finding the temple because there were other houses nearby. Inside, in one corner, it went a bit lower and made a sitting place. From here you could see through a window and see the mountains on the other side. The kitchen was also good. Some of the kitchen things were hung up. When you first walk in you don't see the deities because you have to walk up the steps. The deities they worship aren't big because it is only a small place. There was a small gift shop that didn't have much inside. It has another small pyramid next to it which is the video room. It has a stained glass window.

There was a little map of the center which they took to Los Angeles for the Rathayatra. They also took the deities of Krsna and Balarama and Lord Nrsimha which were outside.

This is an interesting place to visit. I hope you can go there soon.

IT'S TIME

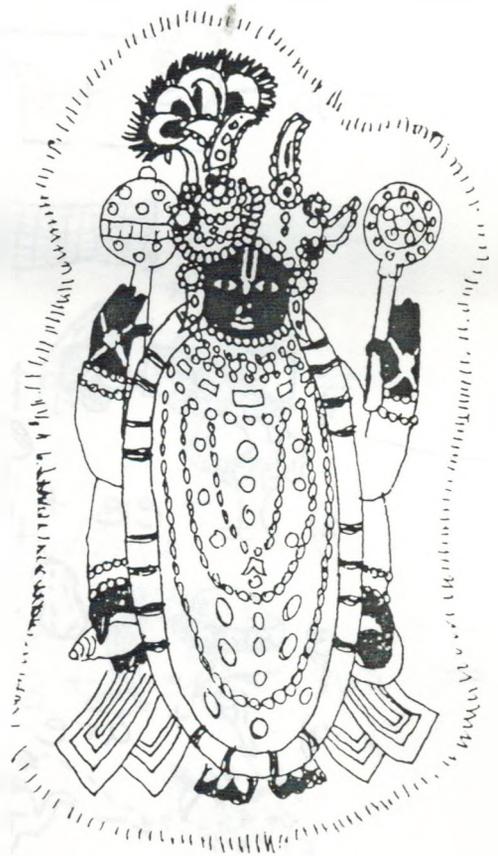
Hari-lila

Listen

Listen to the voice which comes from inside
Leave the ugliness the fumes
The false imposition of structures
and self-made giant achievements
which lay waste the fertile plains

View the cold grey-green hills
below pristine mountains flecked with white
Buildings like spider webs
stretched across the foreground
No substance

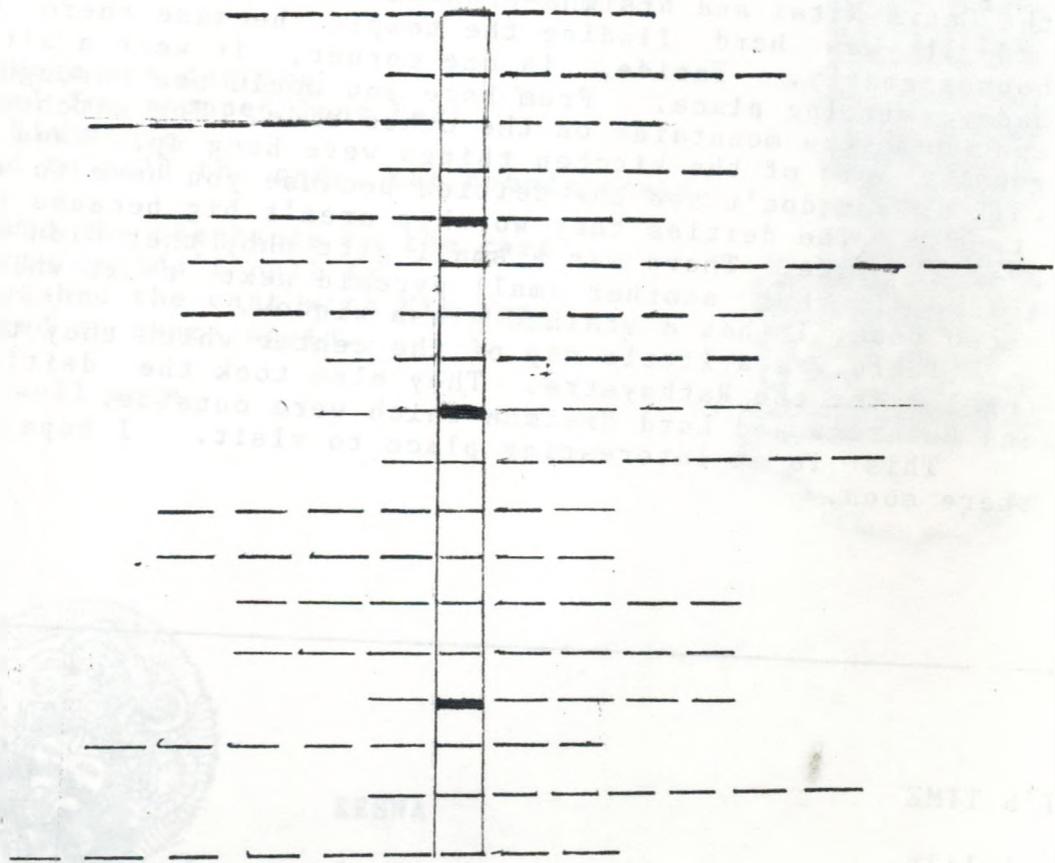
One shake one rattle
One whiff of poison
20 million voices crying
Lost in the catacombs
Listen
Listen while you can



Riddle: What has 54 tales?

note: If something has a * beside it; means it's tricky

By Yugala Priti



- 1) + her - h + - =
- 2) - ee + - * are + - ha - =
- 3) + + - * =
- 4) + * are + - Fl =
- 5) - + e + - + =

6) -le + + + + -cl + -pa =

7) -a + + -he + -cr =

8) -gg + + -you -e =

9) -er + + ag - + + -p + -c =

10) + + al - + -lc =

11) + + d - + - =

12) + m - + -a + -c + -are =

13) -allright -c + -t + + -a =

14) -ll + + e - + -e =

15) + -f + -a + - =

16) + $\frac{2}{4}$ -d + -are + =

17) - + -hgt + s + -ha =

"RAINBOW BRIGHT"

By Vrnda

Trees bloom pink and white
their flowers paint the blue sky
Pretty flowers start to bloom
and yellow flowers bend their heads

The sun is so bright my eyes hurt
Different colored rainbows
bend across the sky
I skip and look at the flowers.



CRYPTOGRAM

By Nila

1. CN MNS KDS BTQHNRHSX FDS SGD ADSSDQ NE XNT. LDCCKHMF VHSG
NSGDQ'R ZEEZHQ R CNDR MNS AQHMF Z FNNC NTSBNLD. (clue C=D)
2. LBH PNA'G FBYIR LBHE CEBOYRZF OL SVTUGVAT LBH QB VG OL
CYNAAVAT NURNQ. (clue T=G)
3. ERCA FVCN KMJV VJSJXXRDN FEMJDKLXJ LE IRN ZJE NFY LV
EDFYQCJ. (clue V=N)
4. NM NV NWMRTTNGRWFR, WEM MSR XVR EL LEAFR MSKM VETDRV
QAEITRPV. (clue N=I)

WHAT AM I?

By Yugala Priti

"My friend and I work nicely together. We get along practically better than anything. In fact we never leave each other. But there may be just some exception. As far as I know there are only two of us, but I never look up because I'm too busy with my work. I guess someone tried to make me look pretty although to me I look pretty awkward. I like the color I used to be. Usually I don't make any noise, but I'm getting a little old so I make a little now. I hope someone will give me medication.

Anyway I think you've heard enough about me, let's see if you can guess.

WHO, WHAT, OR WHY ?

By Nirmala

I am made up of many little atoms. In fact I am made up of many souls. However, I am the chief of this form. I have taken up residence in an organ. I am higher than the highest of the three subtle elements. The color of this bag is white, and I have five things which I can manipulate to fulfill my many wants. I know where I belong and I know how to get there, but I find it hard sometimes. I am happy that I was lucky enough to take birth in this form. You cannot measure me. I am mentioned somewhere special. I am unseen.

REACHING THE SUPREME ABODE

By Hari-lila

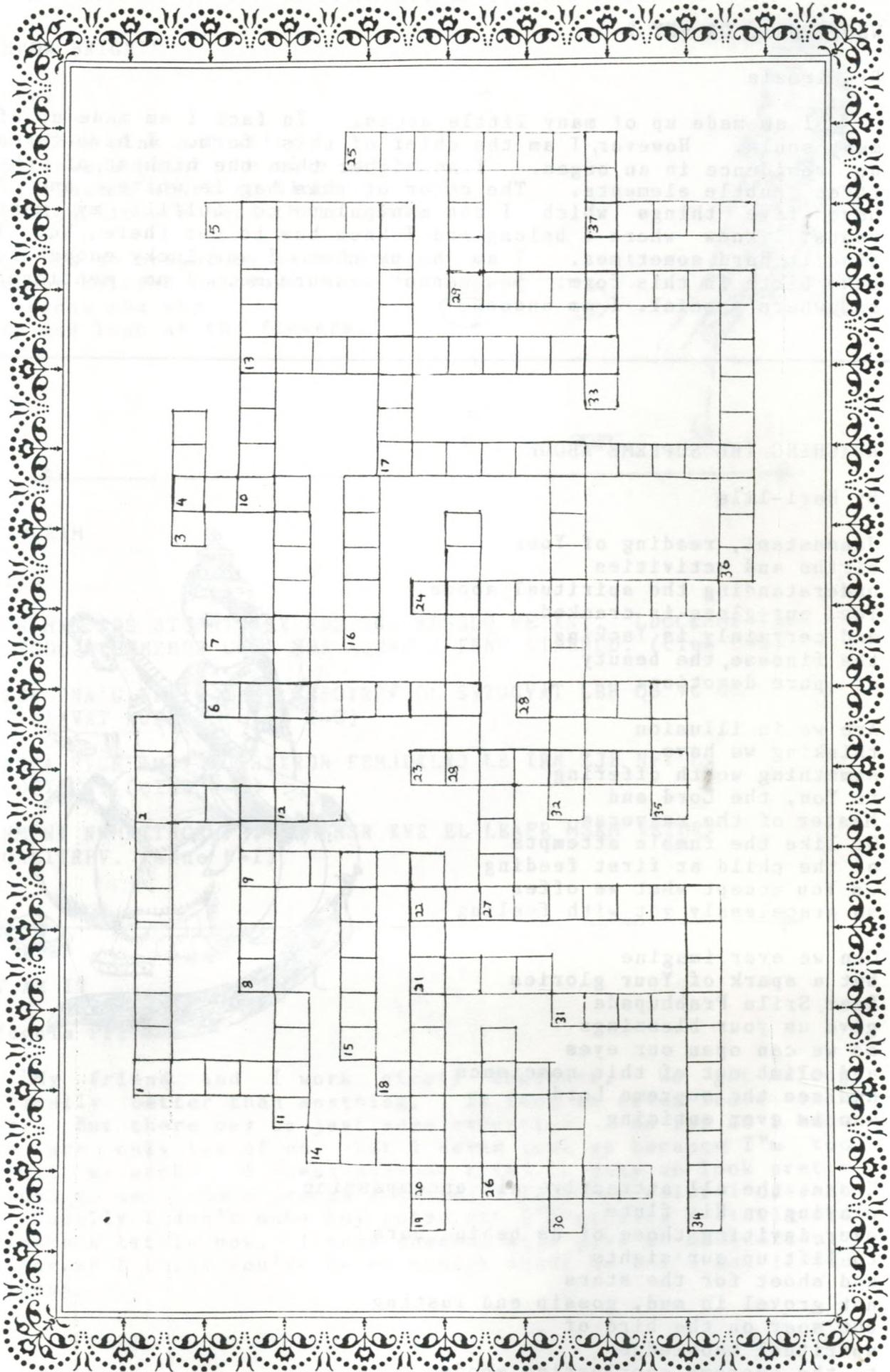
Janmastami, reading of Your
births and activities
understanding the spiritual abode
Yes, our glass is cracked
and certainly is lacking
the finesse, the beauty
of pure devotion.

Are we in illusion
thinking we have
something worth offering
to You, the Lord and
Master of the universe
Or like the fumble attempts
of the child at first feeding
do You accept what we offer
so gracelessly yet with feeling

Can we ever imagine
but a spark of Your glories
Dear Srila Prabhupada
give us your blessings
so we can open our eyes
and climb out of this nescience
and see the supreme Lord
who is ever enticing

Krsna, the all attractive all encompassing
playing on His flute
ever inviting those of us behind bars
to lift up our sights
and shoot for the stars
not grovel in mud, gossip and lusting
but soar on the bird of
spiritual knowledge
to the supreme everlasting abode.





MAHABHARATA CROSSWORD

by Nila

DOWN

1. Ambalika's son
2. Son of Brahma and Sarasvati
4. Club in sanskrit
5. Any incantation
6. Name for Satyaki
7. Wife of Athiratha
9. Son of Virata
13. Ambika's son
14. Name for Mayavati
17. A great enemy of Satyaki
18. Partha Sarati
20. Mother of Ghatokacha
21. Acharya
22. Son of Ganga
23. Famous Nisada boy
24. Draupadi
25. Someone who took a strong vow
25. Who relieved the Vasus from their curse
29. Sahadeva's son by Draupadi
31. Son of Gautama
37. Son of Satyaki

ACROSS

1. Krsna's conch
3. Brahmana who ate Khandava forest
8. Fourth Pandava
10. Arjuna's conch
11. Worship
12. Suyodhana
15. King who was scared of his lusty brother-in-law
16. Wood from a sanri tree
17. Haladhara
19. Satyaki's elder son
26. Son of Bharadwaja
27. His wife was pregnant for 16 years
29. Sanskrit word rhyming with tree
30. Shikandi in his last life
32. Nakula's disguise name
33. A specific sacrifice
34. A person named for his bald head
35. A demon that lived in Ekachakra
36. Son of Ganga
38. Forest protected by Indra.



CAN IT EVER BE TOO LATE...?

by Nirmala

Once, in France, there lived an artist who struggled to meet his bare necessities. He was thinking one day about his condition and promised himself that the next day he would change his life.

The next day he woke up early and started to paint. His art was usually of a peaceful nature; birds, bees, butterflies and flowers. But today something strange started to appear as he drew. It was a court room scene with a man being sentenced to death. The look on his face was one of contempt and hate. He stared out of the picture with such ferocity and fright that the artist stopped painting, took the picture, folded it and put it in his back pocket. His mind full of questions about his painting, he went walking.

He walked and walked, just thinking, going through alleys and avenues. Then he realized that it was getting dark so he looked at the signs to see where he was and realized that he was lost. His feet had carried him to a strange place without him even noticing. All the lights in the houses were out except for one. So he approached the house which was old and rickety, it creaked and cracked as the man seated on the steps chiseled persistently at the stone which he was carving. As the artist approached him the carver turned and looked at him with piercing eyes. The artist looked at him and realized it was the same man he had painted in the court room setting. The artist asked him nervously for directions and the man gave a cold smile and said, "It's too late, you have to stay here."

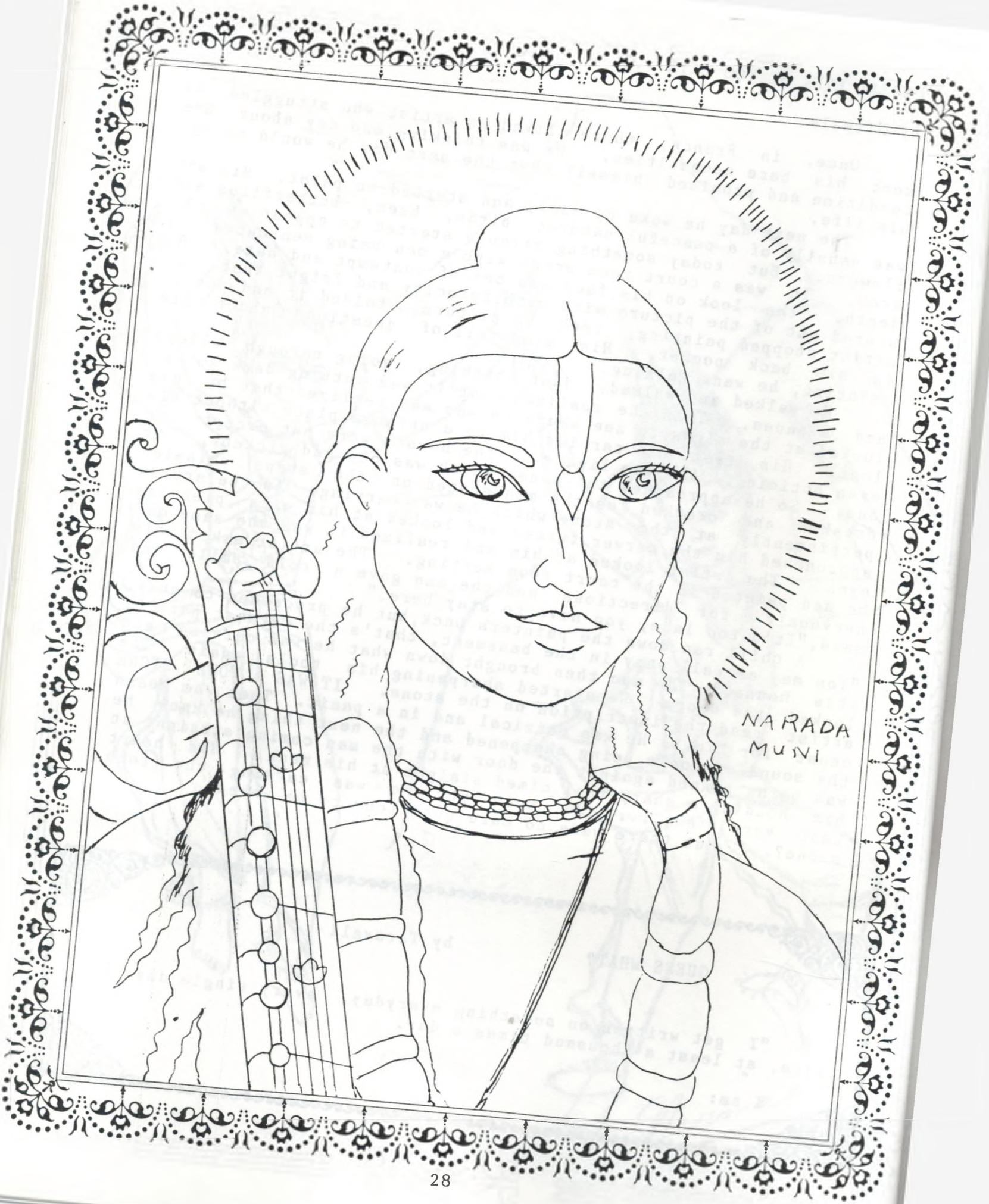
A chill ran down the painter's back, but he proceeded to stay. "You may as well stay in the basement, that's the warmest part of this house." The man then brought down what he was carving and locked the door. He started sharpening his tools again. The artist read the inscription on the stone. IT WAS A TOMB STONE meant for him. He was quizzical and in a panic. Then he heard the sound of tools being sharpened and the next thing he knew he was being pinned against the door with the man coming straight at him holding a sharp tool aimed straight at his neck. His heart beat very fast.....Is this why he was carving the tomb stone?.... But there were no more questions to be asked.

GUESS WHAT?

by Taravali

"I get written on something everyday, every single day of life, at least a thousand times a day.

I am:



NARADA
MUNI

MAKE ME A SERVANT

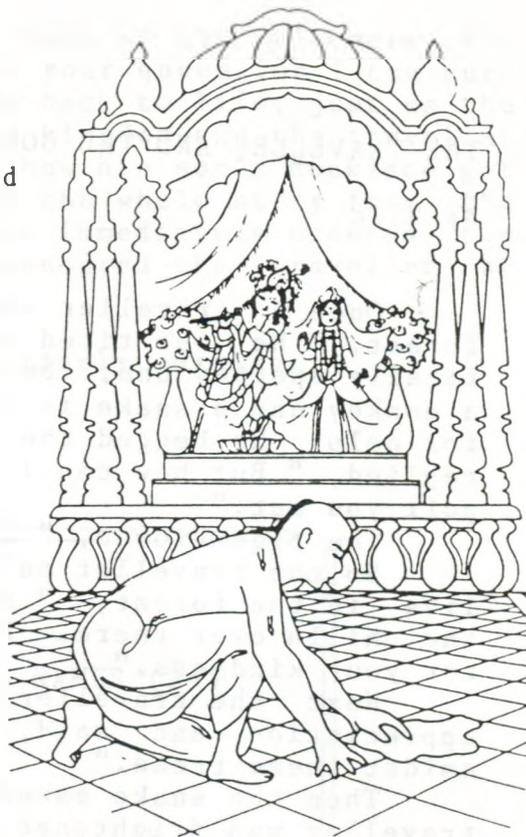
By Hari-lila

The incense burns and I dance before my Lord
Sweet-eyed and gently smiling
Feeling the flight of the soul
and a mind controlled

How special is the Lord
who enters my house
despite my poor service
and neglectful ways

Perhaps that's why
I never make advancement
But what can I do
but try

I cannot let Him go out of my house
Perhaps Srila Prabhupada will send
Him a proper servant, or better still
make me one



THE TEMPLE ROOM

By Vrnda

The Radha-Krsna deities
are sparkling white marble
They have beautiful clothes
decorated with bright
sequins and jewels

The altar is decorated
with gold and silver
and brown arches
sand-blasted mirrors and
beautiful blue curtains

The temple room is
decorated with arches
like the altar
And the roof is covered
with cloud sky paintings

The devotees in the temple room
wear dhotis, saris and cholis
They all dance and sing in ecstasy
because they all love Krsna
our Master and Lord

WORD SEARCH OF KRSNA'S ASSOCIATES

By Vrnda

P	R	A	L	A	M	B	A	S	U	R	A	Z
U	O	T	B	Z	A	B	A	C	D	E	F	G
T	D	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	L	M	O	E
A	E	E	S	K	L	D	H	I	J	K	N	P
N	M	Q	V	A	S	U	D	E	V	A	R	O
A	I	R	I	A	M	N	C	B	A	W	S	T
A	G	J	S	C	K	A	M	S	A	Y	V	U
A	O	K	H	D	R	I	P	U	V	W	Y	A
C	D	L	N	E	I	O	O	J	A	F	E	B
D	S	M	U	F	S	R	S	E	B	G	D	C
E	P	N	I	G	H	D	E	F	C	H	I	V
E	Q	O	J	H	N	F	F	F	D	K	J	R
Y	A	M	U	N	A	G	H	U	E	L	M	N
A	T	R	J	A	L	I	J	L	F	N	O	D
S	U	S	K	V	M	K	L	G	G	P	R	A
H	V	Y	X	D	N	M	M	E	H	S	T	V
O	A	W	Z	A	O	O	D	N	I	U	V	A
D	B	D	F	H	P	R	S	C	J	W	Y	N
A	C	E	G	I	Q	T	U	E	K	A	B	C

THE TRAVELLER AND THE GOLDSMITH

by Nila

Once a traveller who was on a long journey entered a large forest. He was tired and thirsty so he looked for a well. He finally spotted one, but he was surprised to see a man, a tiger, a monkey and a snake in it. The tiger was the first to cry out for help. He begged the traveller to get him out. The traveller replied, "But how can I trust you? You may kill me the moment I pull you out."

The tiger vowed, "I take an oath to never harm you."

So the traveller pulled him out and the tiger was happy. "I live in the forest," he told the traveller, "and my den is in the hills over there. Please pay me a visit so I can repay you for your kindness."

Next the traveller pulled out the monkey. He was full of appreciation and said, "Please pay me a visit. My home is amidst these trees."

Then the snake asked the traveller to pull him out, but the traveller was frightened and said, "If I pull you out, you will bite me."

But the snake assured him by saying, "I vow never to bite you and whenever you are in danger just think of me and I will be there." So the traveller pulled him out.

The traveller took pity on the man inside the well and was about to take him out when all of a sudden the three animals said, "Don't take out that man, he is full of vice and meanness." But the traveller paid no attention to their warning and pulled the man out.

The man said, "I am a goldsmith from the next town. If you need any help let me know."

After freeing them all from the well, the traveller bade them farewell and once again resumed his journey. He visited all the places he wanted to go and started homewards. He once again passed through the forest. He visited the monkey who gave him fruits and roots, and the tiger who gave him a gold necklace.

When the traveller left the forest he visited the goldsmith who was happy to see him. He asked the goldsmith if he would sell the necklace for him. The goldsmith arranged to do that, but first he went to the king and said, "Oh king, a man has come to me with the necklace that once belonged to the prince who was killed a while ago."

The king then said, "Put this traveller in prison. He is surely the one who has killed my son."

The guards bound up the traveller. "Just as the animals said this man was full of meanness and vice," thought the traveller, "and he has deceived me."

As he thought this the snake appeared. He told the traveller, "I will bite the queen, and only by your touch shall she get well again." The queen fell just as the snake had said. The king sent out a proclamation that whoever could bring the queen back to life would be rewarded richly.

When the proclamation reached the ears of the prisoners, the traveller told the guards, " Take me to your queen for I can cure her." Sure enough, the queen was brought back to life, just as the snake had said. There was joy in the kingdom and the traveller was rewarded. The king then asked him how his son's necklace got into his hands. The traveller related the whole story from the beginning. When the king heard it he immediately ordered the goldsmith to be arrested. He then honoured the traveller by making him his privy counsellor.

So we should know - always heed a timely warning.

WORD SEARCH OF DEVOTIONAL NAMES (29)

by Rukmini

B A L A R A M A A S T N A N D A Y A L
M B T N A R A Y A N I L N K P L O B S
G T L A T T A R A S N I R M A L A R N
O H D E M G O D S I D E V A K I H H O
S Y T P O S N M L T S N R K L T U A T
N L N P I T A V U A T G O P I S S M Y
A Y U G A L A S A H T V I S H N U A M
M S U D A M A A T S Y L R U C N L Y A
I N U R U K M I N I U T Y T T T H T N
K I N A V R I N D A K D V A A T Y H T
R L L D N A R A D A L E E U M H A N I
S A V H L U L T K L P Y L U T U Y M Y
N P O A K A M A L A M P R U A L N N A
A A D Y A S O D A P R I N D R A L A S

GUESS WHAT?

by Yugala Priti

"I am an object that is used a lot. Sometimes I go swift and sometimes slow. At times my user uses me nonchalantly although other times I am used very harshly. Sometimes part of me is changed because I'm messy or no good. If you ask me I'll say I work a lot but my user doesn't think much of me. Oh yes, before I go, I haven't told you who I am, let's see if you can guess."

TRANSCENDENTAL BLISS

By Gopesa

Radha is golden and beautiful
Krsna is blue and playing His flute
Wearing clothes of yellow and pink
They allow us to worship Them

His altar is made of pure marble
mirrors surround it
above shine crystal chandeliers
It is very beautiful

Brahma and Shiva are showering flowers
The ceiling is covered with clouds
The temple room is big and round
and used for large exciting kirtans

Your devotees are chanting in bliss
and flying through the air
Because they're glorifying You
they gain transcendental bliss.



THE FIRST TIME

By Hari-lila

Life's changing
but Your form stands
beautiful beckoning

Wide-eyed they stand
their first glimpse
of Your visage

Eternal bliss and
knowledge, beauty fame
and renunciation

Gaily coloured flowers
adorn Your clothes
of quilting and lace

Painstakingly willingly
wrought by dedicated gopis
living materially but spiritually serving

What do they think on these
first occasions, can we remember
the first time we saw?

Just the flowers and
the beauty and Your
tireless servants

But You're always smiling
gently beckoning wake up
wake up sweet jiva soul

KRSNA

By Nila

On the altar is Your place
There You stand full of grace
Your bending form is so strong
Many have described You in their songs

You attract even cupid by Your beauty
it inspires the devotees to do their duty
Radharani stands serenely by Your side
showering her mercy far and wide

The pujari offers arati on the altar
The demigods offer flowers to no other
Devotees sing and praise You Oh Lord
It is You only that we adore



JAGANNATHA SWAMI

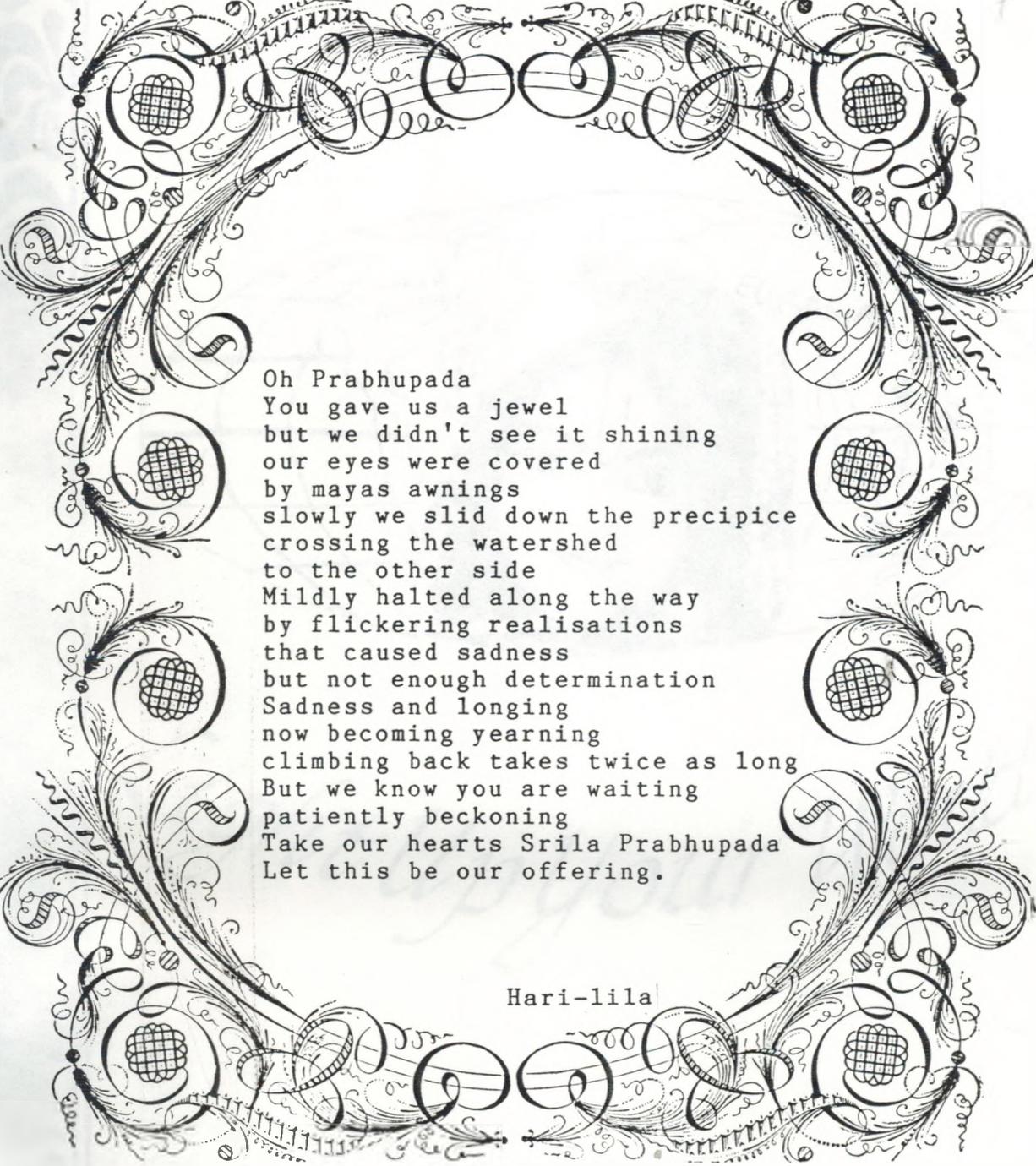
By Yugala Priti

Lord of the Universe Jagannatha Swami
Please bestow your mercy upon me
With your beautiful eyes and big bright smile
You have been sick for such a long while

Lord Balarama your older brother
is stronger than any other
He stands there by your side
To you he always abides

Lady Subhadra so pretty so fair
Gentle as a lotus beside you there
Her beauty is lovely to behold
And her bodily complexion is of molten gold

You three personalities are sick at the present time
But we know in a while you will be fine
parading down the streets of Vancouver
and around you all the people will hover



Oh Prabhupada
You gave us a jewel
but we didn't see it shining
our eyes were covered
by mayas awnings
slowly we slid down the precipice
crossing the watershed
to the other side
Mildly halted along the way
by flickering realisations
that caused sadness
but not enough determination
Sadness and longing
now becoming yearning
climbing back takes twice as long
But we know you are waiting
patiently beckoning
Take our hearts Srila Prabhupada
Let this be our offering.

Hari-lila