

BHAKTI



BHAKTI



BHAKTI

Story:

Alarka-devi dasi (Agneta Kempe)

Art Work:

Padyavali-devi dasi (Patricia Sohlén)

English Text:

Sri Rama dasa (Thomas Klimek)



Bhakti is eight years old and she is a devotee of Krishna. Krishna is a special name for God. It means that He can attract everyone.

It's early in the morning. The sun is sending its warming rays through the window of her room.



Suddenly, Mother comes in.

“Bhakti, would you like to come with me to visit Grandmother and Grandfather?” she asks. “Dress quickly because the train leaves soon!”

“Wonderful!” says Bhakti as she rushes to get ready.



Grandmother and Grandfather have a small farm with cows and many hens. Nearby is a lake. The water is so clear that you can see all the way to the bottom. Sometimes, Bhakti swims there in the summer.



In the train, Mother and Bhakti sit by the window.

“Are we there yet?” asks Bhakti impatiently.

“Not yet. But it’s only one more hour away,” says Mother. “Let’s read a little and the time will pass quickly.”

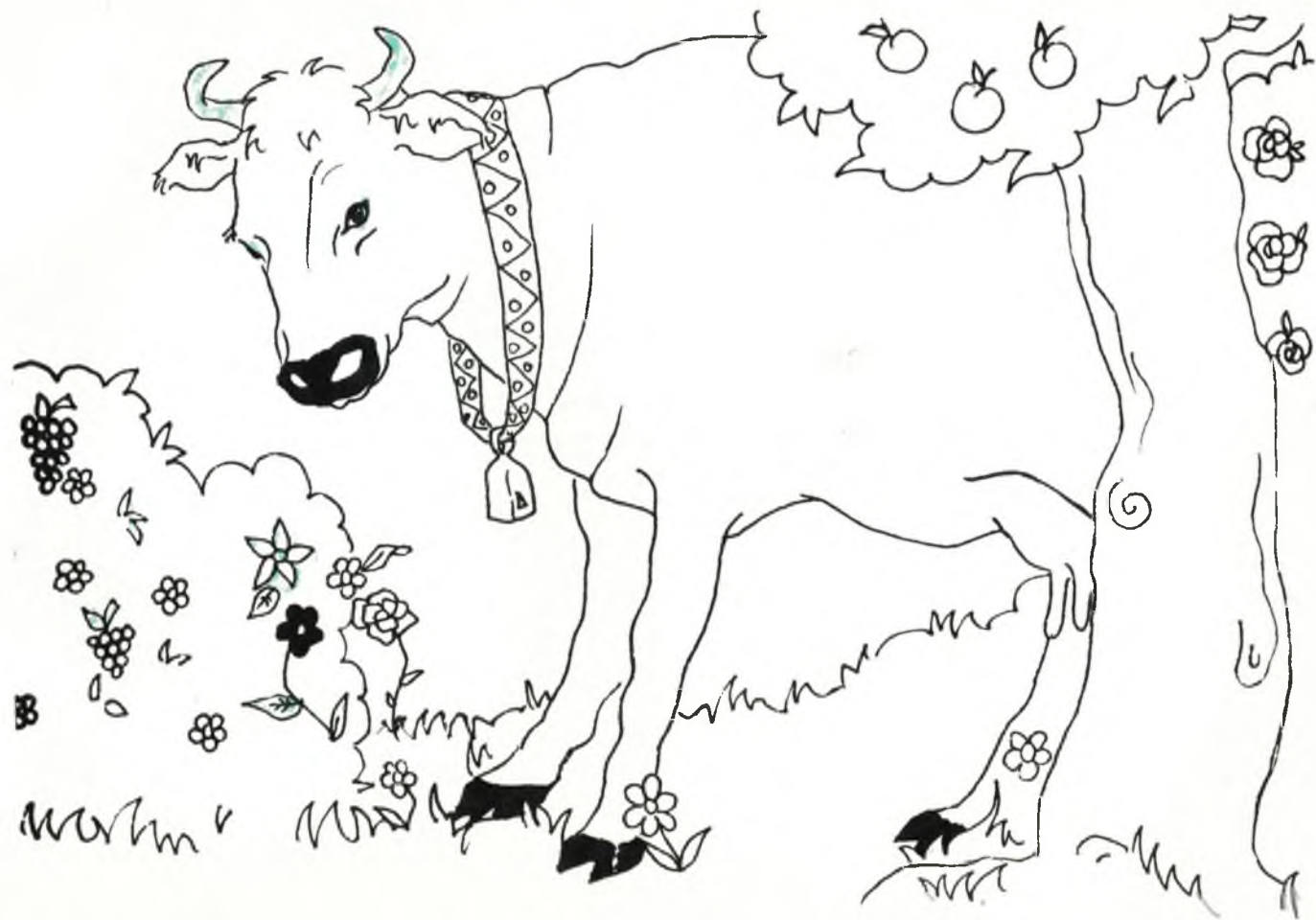


But it's hard for Bhakti to read. She's thinking about how nice it will be to tell Grandmother and Grandfather all the things she's been learning.



Grandfather and Grandmother have a nice old cow named Buttercup.

“She’s so pretty and so smart,” thinks Bhakti, “I’ll bet she’ll remember me.”



Finally, the train stops at the station.
Grandfather is waiting there with the car.
“Hello my little friend,” says Grandfather
as he gives Bhakti a big hug.
“Hare Krishna,” says Bhakti happily.



Mother brought some nice things to eat from the temple. Grandmother and Grandfather are so happy. It's been a long time since they had these kinds of treats. "Oh, how delicious!" they say. Everyone eats until they almost burst.



“Yes,” says Bhakti. “That’s how nice it becomes when you offer it to Krishna.”

Bhakti tells them how she sometimes makes nice sweets. But before eating, she puts them in little bowls and places them on the altar.



“Then I ring my bell and ask Krishna to accept what I’ve made. You can do that too. Make lots of nice things out of vegetables and fruits and milk and grains. That’s what Krishna likes.”



Bhakti runs ahead of the others to see the animals. She's almost flying on her way to the barn.

The first thing she sees is a little bull calf.



The calf sniffs carefully at Bhakti and stares at her with his big, brown eyes.

Bhakti notices a funny mark on his forehead.

“I know, your name is going to be Tilak and you’ll be my calf someday.”



“But where is Buttercup?” she thinks, as she looks here and there.

Just then, Grandfather and the others come in.

“Where is Buttercup?” calls Bhakti. “I can’t find her anywhere.”



Grandfather hangs his head down a little.

“Well, my dear,” he says, “we had to kill her because she didn’t give milk any more and”



Bhakti doesn't want to hear any more
Tears flow down her cheeks.
“Grandfather killed Buttercup. How could he!”





Grandfather now thinks he might have done something wrong.

Mother says, "The cow gives us milk, cheese, butter, yoghurt and many other good things. She's like a mother to us."



“The cow is a peaceful animal, and she’s also spirit-soul just like you and I. To unnecessarily kill an animal is terrible. And to kill a cow is worst of all.”



“Bhakti, Bhakti where are you?”

“Up here,” Bhakti sobs.

“Go back and talk to Grandfather. He has something to tell you,” says Mother.



Bhakti slowly walks back to the barn.
Grandfather has a sorry look on his face.
“Dear Bhakti,” he says, “I’m an old man.
But you’re never too old to learn. And
today I’ve learned something very important.”

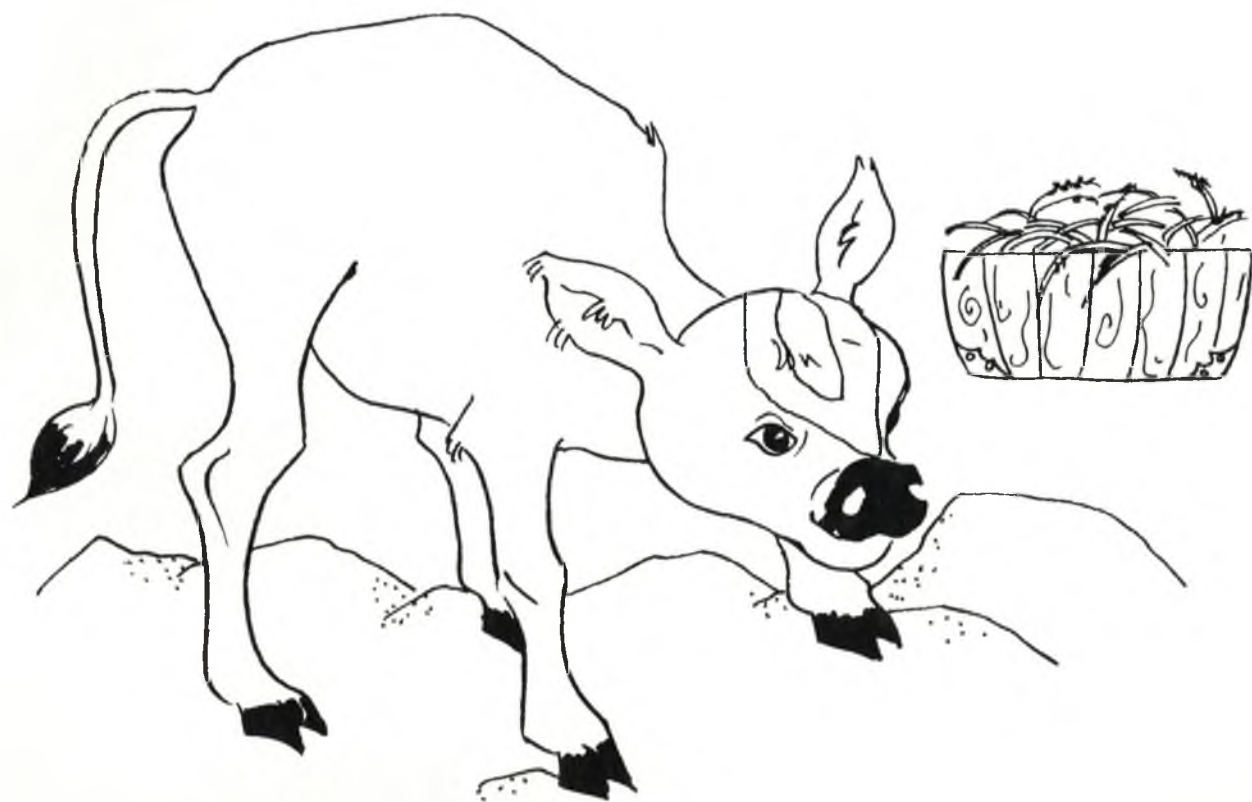


“Come here. I’ll show you something.”

He takes Bhakti to Tilak. “How do you like him?”

“I like him a lot,” says Bhakti.

“He was also going to be killed soon, but now I’ve changed my mind.”



“Would you like to have him on your farm?” asks Grandfather. “He can become a big, strong ox and help with all the farm work.”

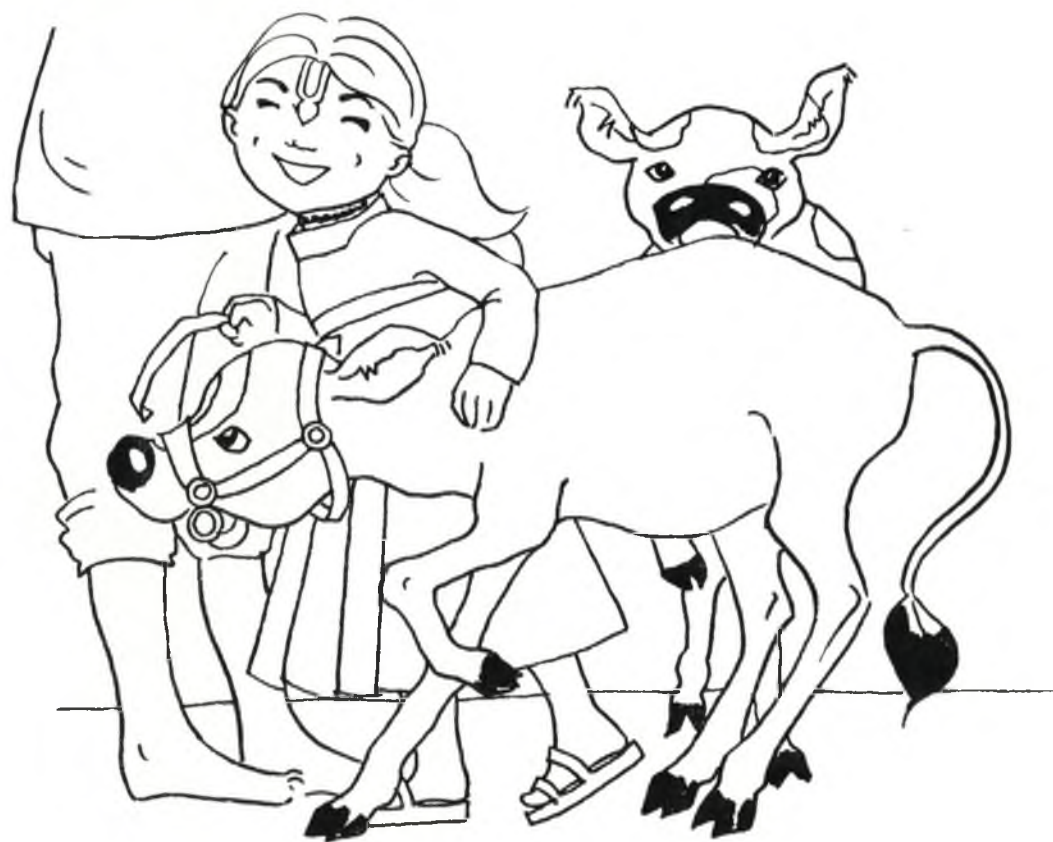
Bhakti is so happy that she throws herself around Grandfather’s neck.

“Thank-you very much, Grandfather,” says Bhakti.



On the way home, Tilak will ride in a different car with other animals.

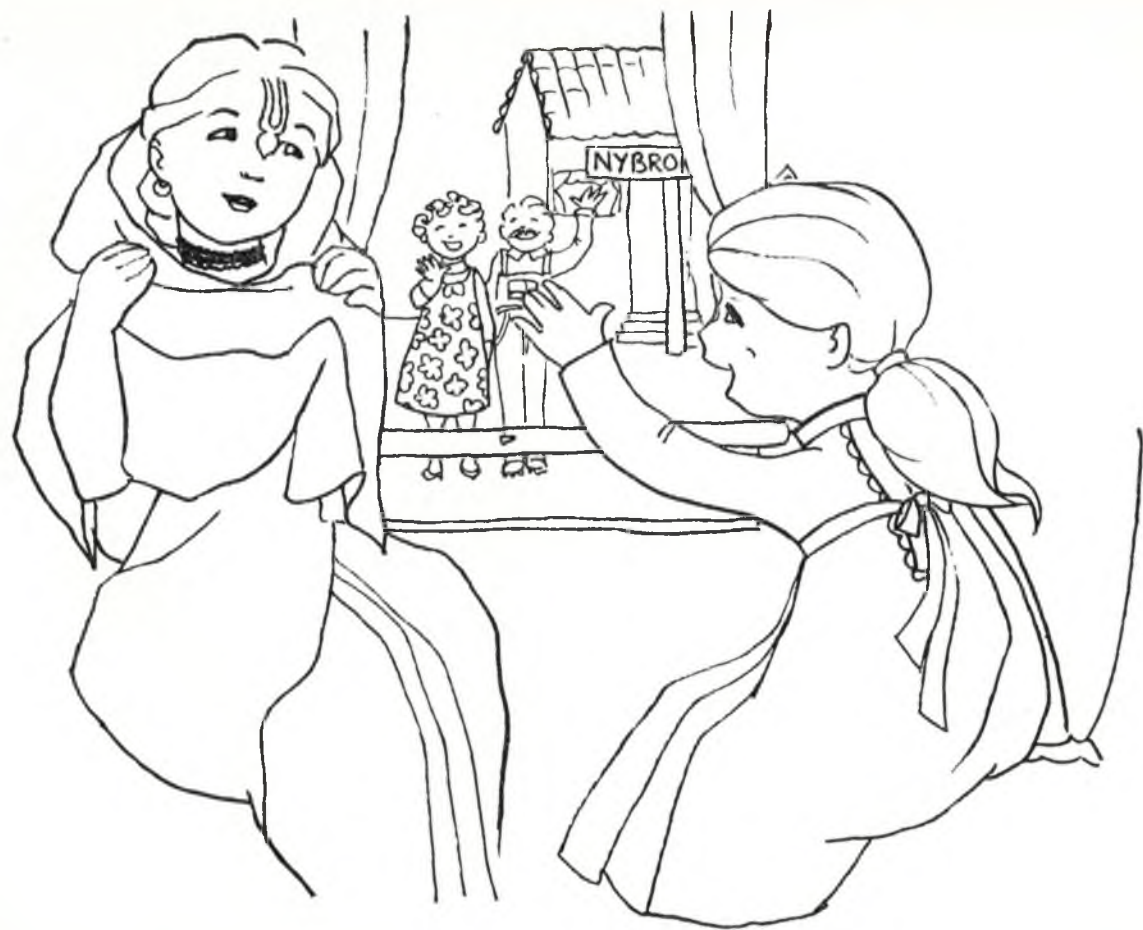
“I wish all cows could have such a nice life as Tilak,” thinks Bhakti. “He never has to be afraid that someone will kill him. Krishna protects him!”



“Grandmother and myself would also like to learn how to eat without killing animals,” says Grandfather. “So now, you have to come back soon and teach us to cook food that we can offer to Krishna!”

Grandmother and Grandfather wave as the train gets ready to leave the station.

Bhakti is so happy. No longer will they make the innocent animals suffer.



Bhakti opens her Krishna Book.

“Krishna is God,” thinks Bhakti, as she smiles to herself. “He can make us all understand what is right and what is wrong. And when you learn that, you can start to serve Him and be happy!”



m m Rādhā.
m m kṛṣṇā.
m m rādhā m.

If you want to know more about Krishna Consciousness
or vegetarianism, please write to:

**Secretary
International Society for Krishna Consciousness**

**305 Schermerhorn St.
Brooklyn, New York 11217
USA**

**Bhaktivedanta Manor
Letchmore Heath, Watford
Hertsfordshire WD2 8EP
England**

**3764 Watseka Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90034
USA**

**GPO Box 1477
Sydney, NSW 2001
Australia**