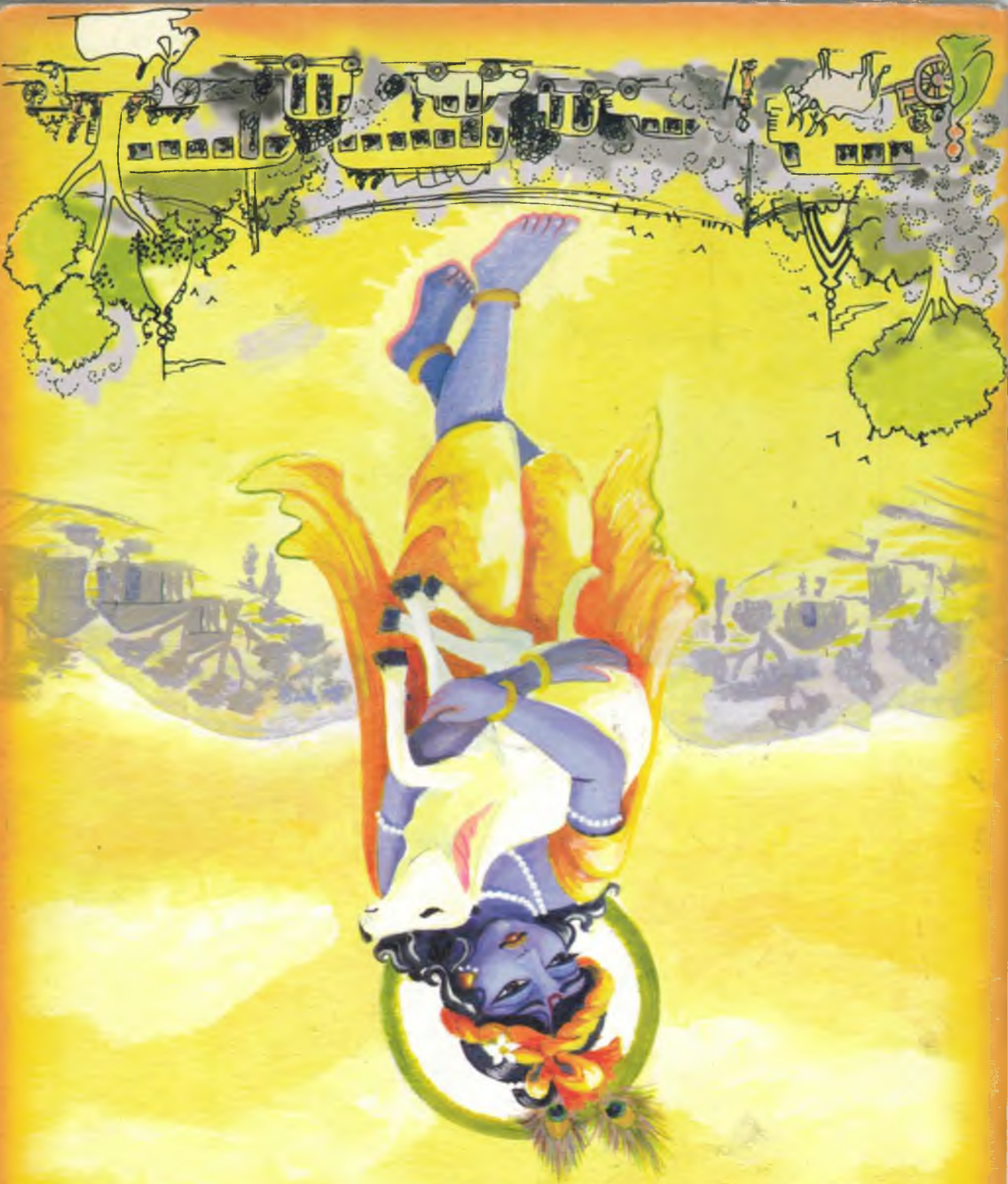


# A Change of Heart







Drinking Water



Trees for Life



Social Development



Education



Gift of Hope



Medical



Care for Cattle



Clothing

## Mission Statement

Food for Life Vrindavan Society is dedicated to the poorest of the poor, educating and guiding them in pursuance of a fulfilling life, enabling them to become exemplary members of society.

FFLV is also dedicated to protecting and developing Vrindavan's natural environment

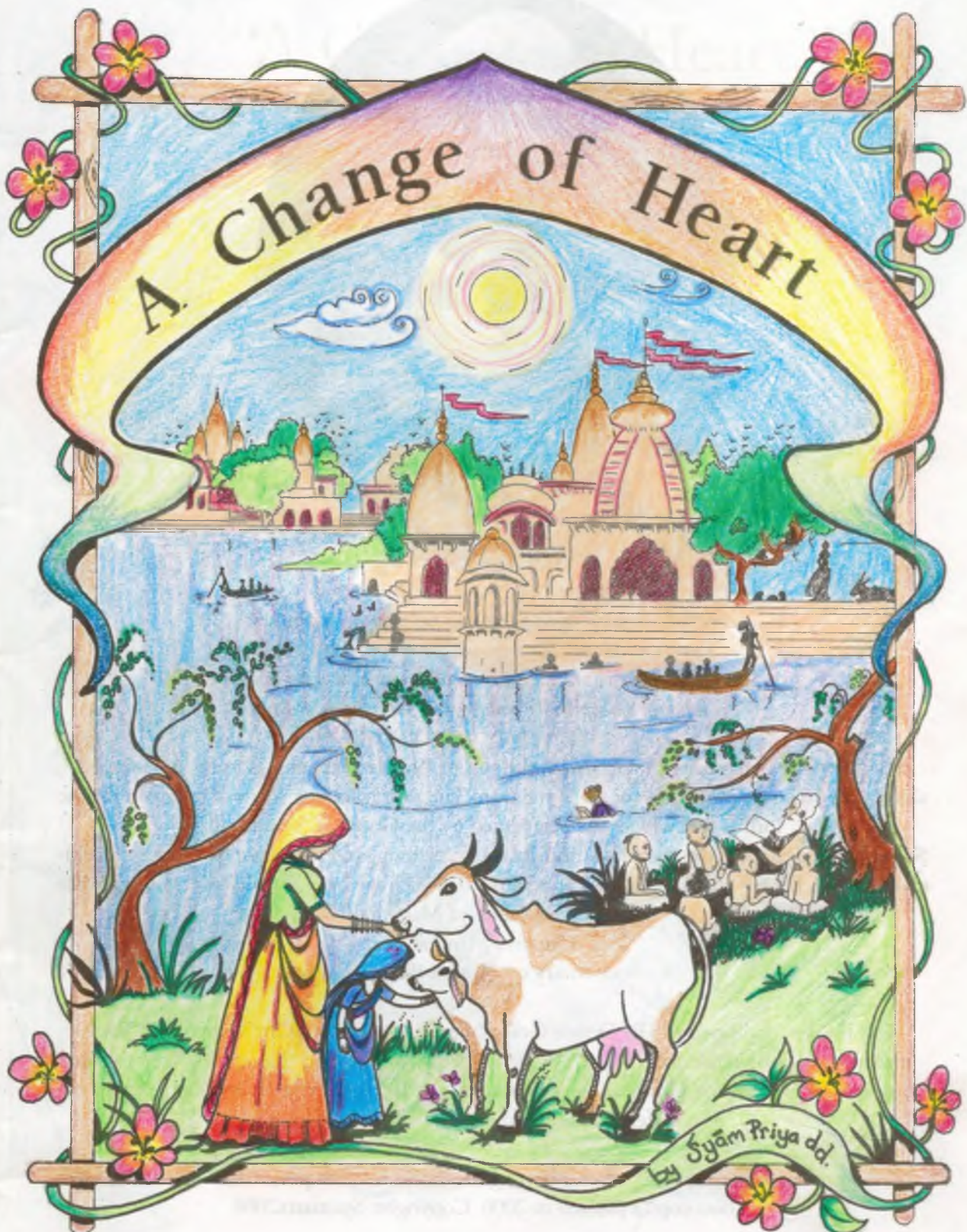


Clean Vrindavan  
Green Vrindavan

Email: [info@fflvvrindavan.org](mailto:info@fflvvrindavan.org)  
Website: [www.fflvvrindavan.org](http://www.fflvvrindavan.org)



# A Change of Heart



by Syām Priya dā.





*Aradhyo bhagavan vrajesa-tannayas tad-dhama vrndavanam  
Ramya kacid upasana vraja-vadhu-vargena va kalpita  
Srimad-bhagavatam pramanam amalam prema pum-artho mahan  
Sri-caitanya mahaprabhor matam idam tatradarah na parah*

The Supreme Personality of Godhead, the son of Nanda Maharaja, is to be worshipped along with His transcendental abode, Vrindavan. The most pleasing form of worship for the lord is that which was performed by the Gopis of Vrindavan.

Srimad Bhagavatam is the spotless authority on everything, and pure love of God is the ultimate goal of life for all men. These statements, for which we have the highest regard, are the opinion of Sri Caitanya Mahaprabhu.

Caitanya Manjusa

(A commentary on Srimad Bhagavatam)

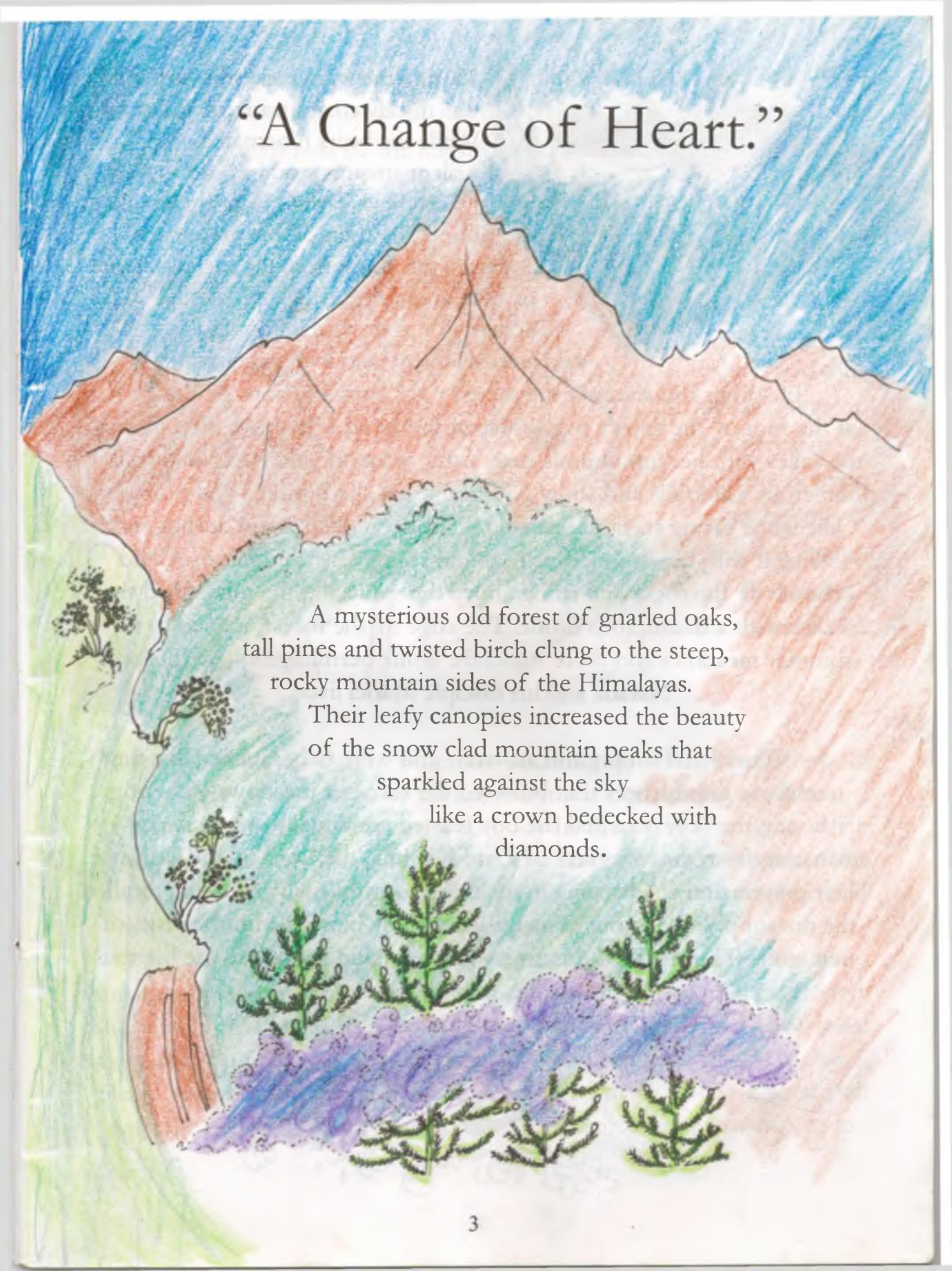
This book is dedicated to His Divine Grace Nityalila Pravishtha Om Vishnupada Paramahansa A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada, who explained that just as Krishna, the Supreme Personality of Godhead is worshipable, so His place, Vrindavan Dham, which is non-different from Him, is similarly worshipable.

All proceeds from the sale of this book go to Food for Life projects in Vrindavan.

5,000 copies printed in 2006. Copyright: Syamarts2006



# “A Change of Heart.”



A mysterious old forest of gnarled oaks,  
tall pines and twisted birch clung to the steep,  
rocky mountain sides of the Himalayas.

Their leafy canopies increased the beauty  
of the snow clad mountain peaks that  
sparkled against the sky  
like a crown bedecked with  
diamonds.





During the winter months everything was thickly coated with ice and snow. While the bears hibernated, the silent streams stood as still as glass and the waterfalls were frozen like pillars. The walls of the mountains protected the forest from the encroachment of man and it flourished as a natural sanctuary for many species of birds and wild animals threatened with extinction.

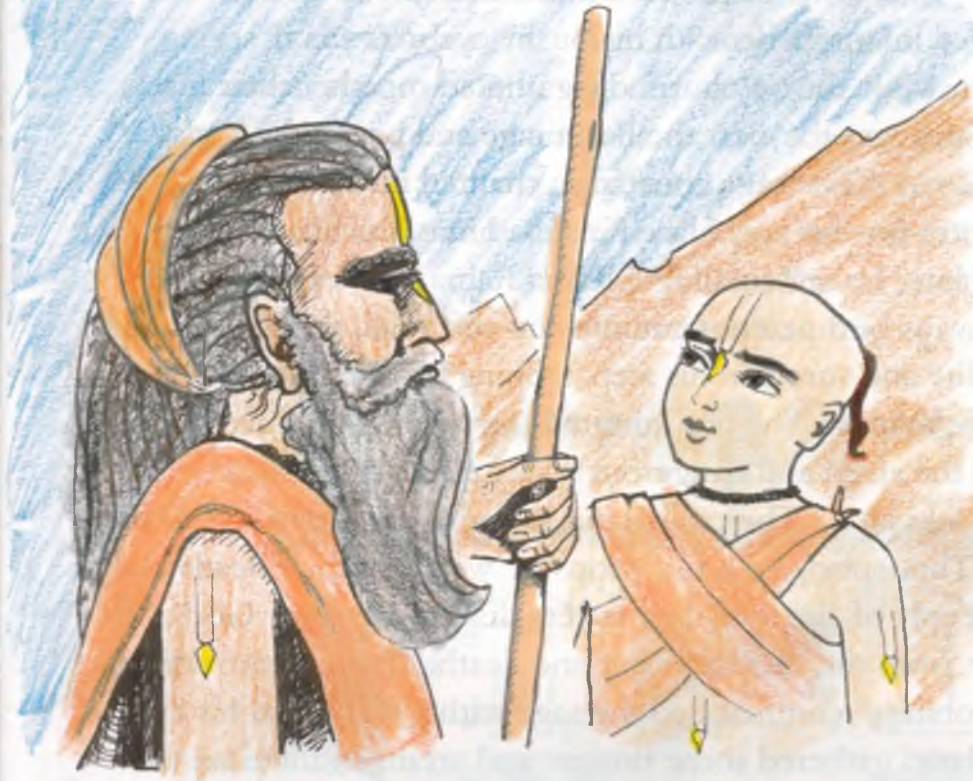
In spring and summer the sacred river Yamuna, born of the glacier at the foot of the snowy peaks several thousand feet above, dominated the valley with her tumultuous roar. After gathering her companions, the numerous waterfalls and snow fed tributaries, she tumbled and pounded like white racing stallions, carving the canyon deeper and deeper and filling it with her thunderous roar and spray. The tumultuous sound echoed off the rocks and rising above the spray and the mist, filled the valley with a thunderous drone. The edge of the forest opened to the summer meadows and there stood the stone hermitage where the sage Narada and his disciple Marici lived.

They lived simply and austerely and were fully satisfied like the numerous bumblebees that browsed the summer meadows gathering honey, the holy man and the boy feasted continually on the nectar emanating from the lotus feet of Lord Krishna, the Lord of the Universe. Their prayers and chants sung in melodies so exquisitely haunting, recalled the distant past when our planet was regularly blessed with the visits of demigods. They recalled the time when mankind possessed the highest knowledge, noble character, and long life span.



Their invocations mingled with the scented wind that thrilled the pine needles and tossed the heads of the flowers and grasses, and then danced upon the rising roar of the mighty river. The atmosphere was both

primeval and mysterious, wherein one might hear the celestial conch shells and the kettle drums of the denizens of heaven, echoing within the timeless sound of all creation, the sacred AUM.



One day the holy man said, "I am now reaching my 100th year. This body I possess is too old to be useful; rather it is becoming a burden. "It is my desire to leave my mortal body in the place I took my birth, The Holy land of Shree Vrindavan, the land of Lord Krishna. My dear boy, I have made my decision. Today we will start our journey to Vrindavan."

"But Vrindavan Dham is very far Guru Maharaj!" said the boy in surprise. "Your body is certainly as tough as an old tree, with a strength and vitality that belies its age, but Vrindavan is many hundreds of miles away and the first 50 miles are very difficult mountains tracks. Maharaj, please consider, there will be many unbridged rivers to cross, torrential with the melting snows which challenge the prowess of men even in their prime of youth."



“My dear disciple, I will now show you the secret path of the yogis!” said the holy man, taking up his stick.

“Come! Let us proceed immediately.”

His eyes burned intensely beneath his bushy eyebrows as if seeing his goal in sight, while the boy hurriedly gathered together their few belongings. In this way they left the hermitage and began the rocky descent to the river. The sage constantly chanted his mantra, the prescribed mantra for this age: Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare. On paths as narrow as bird perches cut into the cliff wall, the sage moved with agility and surety in his step, tapping his stick and chanting his mantra. The boy admired the way the old man descended the steep and dangerous rocky track to the river.

“Yamuna Devi ki Jaya!” They called out, offering their respects to the holy river. They sprinkled a few drops of water on their heads and drank deeply of the sparkling waters that give love of God and freedom from the cycle of birth and death. “Prepare the articles for worship,” commanded the sage with a twinkle in his eyes.

Marici gathered some flowers and arranged them on the tray. He watched while the holy man worshipped the holy river. Then the sage beckoned, “Come, the path is now open,” he said. With caution they entered the swirling icy current and sat down. The boy was surprised. He could breathe within the water! The sage smiled, “Fix your mind on Vrindavan,” he said. Marici prayed for the strength to fix his mind and the power to follow his teacher.

The myriads of colours in the translucent teeming waters swept by, aerated with trails of jewel-like bubbles. The life of the river, normally hidden under the



thrashing foam, rushed by, highlighted with occasional flashes of sunlight and sky. All the time the sage chanted his sacred mantra  
Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare,  
Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare.

How much time passed it was impossible to say, for the experience was as captivating and extraordinary as a journey into another world! All too soon the sage arose, and taking the boy's hand they walked out of the water. They both felt refreshed, as after a particularly pleasant and invigorating bath. As they climbed the steps of the ghats, the pigeons took to the air in a crescendo of wings and feathers.



“Shree Vrindavan Dham Ki Jaya!  
Shree Shree Radhe Shyam ki Jaya!  
Keshi Ghat ki Jaya!”

The sage cried out and they paid their obeisances to the jewel of holy tirthas.





“This is the place where Lord Krishna took bath 5,000 years ago, after He killed the Keshi demon who appeared in the form of a gigantic horse,” the sage said. “The demon was sent by the evil King Kamsa who planned to kill Krishna and destroy the Vedic culture. But Krishna very easily killed the demon by punching him in the mouth. His hand then expanded in the horse’s throat and choked him to death.”

Marici feasted his eyes on the palatial buildings that lined the bank of the Yamuna River. They were beautifully carved with arches and balconies in red sandstone. Their grandeur was now bathed in the golden light and long blue shadows that proclaim the end of the day. A brahmana sat with a small group of pilgrims on the ghats in the last of the sunlight and chanted oblations to the sacred river. The monkeys and crows, each keeping a comfortable distance shared the grains scattered by passing pilgrims. Some local ladies threw balls of chapatti dough down to feed the turtles while, the birds high on the evening breeze circumambulated the holy place before retiring to roost.

Another day was over.

Kettle drums resounded and conch shells announced the evening puja. The sage said, “Oh beautiful river Yamuna, thank you. You have brought me safely and rapidly to Shree Vrindavan Dham. I shall stay here and live in the greatest reverence on your holy banks, meditating on my best well-wishing friend Lord Krishna, drinking your holy waters and eating only that which comes without any effort on my part, until the end of my days. Oh Vrindavan, most sacred place of the divine couple Shree Shree Radhe Shyam, built of chintamani touchstones and shaded by numerous wish-fulfilling trees! Indeed! I am so fortunate to again take your darshan. Today my life has reached perfection!” Turning to the boy he said, “This place is just perfect.” He then swept the area with his cloth, spread his blanket, and arranging his matted hair as a pillow, lay down to sleep.







The sacred river Yamuna flowed like molten gold towards Keshi Ghat, radiant as if she remembered the ecstasy of the touch of Lord Krishna as He sported in her waters with His cowherd boy friends, slowly softening to saffron pink as she remembered His most intimate loving pastimes with the beautiful gopi damsels of Vraja.

The thin crescent moon sat above the horizon. 'A new era of my life has begun,' the boy realized, as the moon quickly followed the sun in to the golden haze and beyond his vision.

Stars twinkled in the rapidly darkening sky filled with prayers and incense, as if the firmament was a jewelled dome of an enormous temple.

'This is God's home,' the boy thought. He listened to the cacophony of sounds of the town: the birds' last songs, an old man shouting, bicycle bells, a distant radio, children playing, the humdrum of the thousands of residents that mixed with the bhajans, temple drums and bells.

He couldn't sleep!

Everything was so new and interesting.

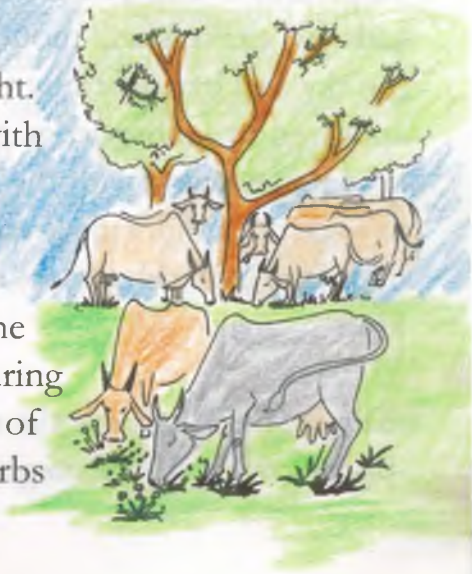
'I am in the holiest of all holy places,' he thought.

'This is where Lord Krishna played as a child with his friends and the cows.

Even the dust of this land is Holy.

I am so lucky!

As the boy slept he dreamt of Vrindavan. The huge trees residing in the expansive pasturing grounds gave shade to the tens of thousands of cows that grazed contentedly on the lush herbs







and grasses. He wandered here and there charmed by the rolling meadows of wild flowers, ornamented with glittering streams and jewel-like lakes that made Vrindavan soothingly cool and pleasant as a fragrant breeze. Along the banks of holy River Yamuna, he collected lotus blossoms to offer to his dear-most friend Lord Krishna. In great happiness, he hugged the trees and added their blossoms to his bouquet. In his cloth he collected the sweetest and ripest fruits to give to Krishna and Balaram.

‘When I meet Krishna, He will surely know how much I long to meet Him. Maybe He will embrace me and ask where I have been,’ the boy thought.

The sage awoke Marici after a few hours. It was past midnight. They hid their few belongings and after taking bath in the holy river they started their parikrama. The sage said, “Circumambulating the temple of Vishnu or Krishna frees one from many sins. In Vrindavan there are over 5,000 temples dedicated to Krishna. Now we will circumambulate the holy Dham and in this way we pay our proper respects and wash away uncountable sins collected over many life times.” As they proceeded along the sandy parikrama path, the stars glittered as a shimmering witness to the auspicious event. The domes of the temples, with their kailashs, chakras and motionless flags silhouetted against the sky and beautified by the statuesque forms of tall trees appeared to acknowledge them as they passed by. The holy land was buzzing with the sound of crickets and appeared to be serene and wide awake as the two figures chanted their japa intensely, discovering a new sweetness in the Holy Names.

The sage pointed out the main temples and places of interest; Pani ghat, where the gopis used







cross Yamuna to visit Durvasa Muni; Adi-badri ghat where it is said that the great saint Vyasadeva wrote the 10th canto of *Srimad Bhagavatam*; Raj ghat, where Krishna disguised himself as a boatman and tricked the gopis and Shree Chaitanya Visram sthali where the Jagannath Deity of Murari Gupta resides. At Bhaktivedanta Swami Marg they offered obeisances at the Samadhi Mandir of the great saint Srila Prabhupada, the Founder-Acarya of the International Society for Krishna Consciousness. Then they continued to the Krishna Balaram tree and along the sandy Cowherd boys' trail amidst tall trees and old walls where peacocks' shrill cries and a distant bhajan broke the stillness of the night and then they followed the trail toward Kaliya ghat.

“This is the place where Krishna danced on the hoods of the large demon serpent Kaliya and delivered him. The demon was so poisonous that all





the fish in Yamuna Lagoon died, and even the trees and vegetation in the area were dying. The fumes coming from the water were so poisonous that the birds who flew over the water immediately dropped dead. Krishna severely chastised the demon by expertly dancing from one hood to another until the demon became dizzy and spat fire from his many mouths. Just before he became unconscious, the Naga Patnis—the pious snake wives begged the Lord to spare their husband. Krishna then banished the giant snake and his wives to the ocean. Today, the area is dry because Yamuna has chosen a different route,” explained the sage.



They walked a while and paused to admire the magnificent Madana Mohan temple of Sanatana Goswami framed by the canopy of stars. Two hours before dawn they arrived back at Keshi ghat and sat to continue their japa. They didn't notice the many people who came to bathe in the sacred water before visiting the temples; sadhus with their blankets and water pots, flocks of young girls singing in high pitched voices and groups of bustling women. As the sky lightened numerous vegetable vendors came to wash their produce on the way to the market. The town was now awake and full of every kind of sound. As the sun cast a golden luster on the







temples and buildings showing Vrindavan in her most beautiful dress, groups of lively children stopped to offer respects on their way to school. Elderly brahmanas gathered under the archways

reading the scriptures while the monkeys squabbled over grains thrown by the pilgrims. Endless streams of people came and went having taken the sacred waters on their heads. They chanted, Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare, Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare.



Meanwhile, numerous monkeys, dogs, birds, and cows came to drink and take the sun. Thus another busy day began on the bank of the holy Yamuna.

As the sun climbed high in the sky, the landscape took on its familiar bleached-out look and as the blazing heat reached boiling point, the boy's meditation was disturbed.

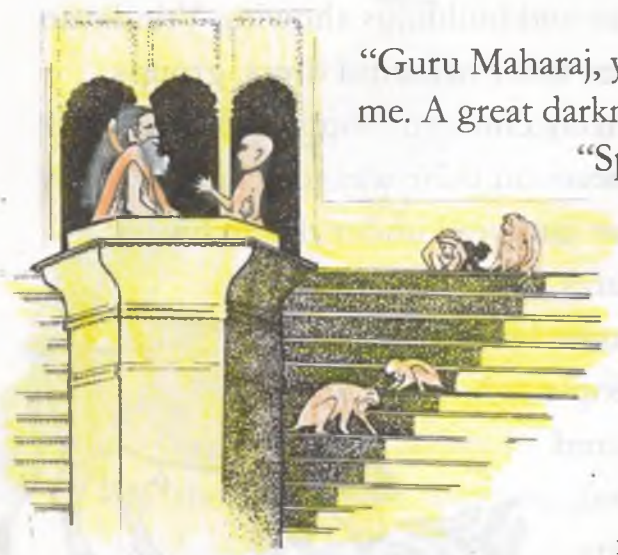
"What is that foul smell that mingles with the incense and the dry hot air, corrupting it like pigs' stool in a garden of fragrant flowers?" he cried out. His meditation broken and his mind disturbed, he looked for the source of the stench.

A stream ran near by.

"I can't believe it," he exclaimed. "Who has dared to foul this sacred place?" As he looked around under the spotlight of the sun his horror increased.

There was garbage everywhere.





He ran to the holy man.

“Guru Maharaj, you are wise and learned. Please help me. A great darkness has overtaken my mind,” he said.

“Speak my boy, I am here to help you,”  
replied the sage kindly.

“Guru Maharaj, throughout my life you have painted with words, radiant pictures of the dham’s transcendental position on the canvas of my heart. How I longed to take darsan of the world’s most sacred holy place. But Maharaj,

although I can feel that Vrindavan you described and I can see it in my heart; sadly, today I cannot see it with my eyes.”

“What are you trying to say my child?” asked the holy man.

“Guru Maharaj, the holy scriptures says it is an offence to think that a holy river can be contaminated.”

“Yes, indeed that is true.

Indeed it is stated in text six of the Upadeshamrta  
by Srila Rupa Goswami.”

“Then.... do my eyes like two swindlers lie to me?”

“Tell me..... what you see?”

“Guru Maharaj, the holy river is polluted by all kinds of filth. Right here, a disgusting sewer pours fouled waters straight into the sacred water Maharaj! The holy water is choked with plastic and debris of all types. The vibrant waters are suffocated by blackened sludge and thick, slow bubbles are rising to its surface.” His voice choked up, the boy could speak no more and tears poured down his cheeks.

“Things are worse than I could have possibly imagined!” murmured the sage. He sat in shock and it was several minutes before he spoke.

“Marici, try to understand that Vrindavan Dham exists on different levels,” the sage said slowly. “The physical location is found on any good map and can be reached by any mode of transport. But, to



enter the level of the spiritual Vrindavan one must possess the great spiritual qualifications of purity and devotion. The pure devotee sees the Vrindavan that is non-different from the divine realm of Goloka Vrindavan where the Lord permanently resides. Alas, alas for the general population, who can only reach the physical location where the age of Kali is making so many changes. How will the faith of the people develop and their attraction for Krishna blossom if the holy Dham is covered by filth?  
This is terrible!"



"Oh beautiful Mother Yamuna, daughter of the Sun God, these are indeed sad days," cried the sage. "My disciple, who has become my eyes in my old age, has told me of the great offense committed unto you. Oh sacred Yamuna, Lord Krishna has personally sanctified your waters by His touch and thus your waters are a hundred times more purifying than the waters of the sacred Ganges. Please merciful mother, forgive the people of Kali-yuga for their ignorance."

As he spoke a figure rose out of the water. She was radiant like the sun and exquisitely beautiful.







The goddess of the holy river sat within a lotus on the back of her turtle carrier. In a voice like a celestial music she said, “Oh holy ones, welcome to the sacred land of Vrindavan. Please know for certain that my holy waters can never be contaminated, on the contrary, whatever they touch is immediately purified. Neither can Vrindavan ever be destroyed; even when the three worlds are inundated at the time of universal destruction, Vraja sits in transcendence, above those waters like a lotus flower. However, I am very pleased by your concern for the fallen conditioned souls of this Kali-yuga and I have come to give them this awakening message: Dear Humans please hear my appeal. In this human life you are responsible for action and neglect of appropriate action. Everyone knows it is sinful to contaminate the rivers. Rivers are sacred. The river is not the place to dump your sewerage and chemical waste; it is a sacred place for worship and meditation.”

The radiant Goddess paused, “Do not support the industrial enterprises by purchasing their products. Economic development is an organized and gross manifestation of lust and greed, which are two of the gates that lead to hell. Industrialization exploits and ruins the earth and is the death of the life-giving rivers.

“Although human beings are free to choose their path of action, they are always held responsible for the protection of the planet and the welfare of all other living beings. They should not forget that the stringent laws of karma do not let offenders go unpunished. The modern life style degrades man to the level of an animal and leads to hellish existence, in this life and in the next. The Vedic culture elevates a man and develops fine qualities in him.





Compassion is a quality of the lovers of Krishna. Now please listen to the suffering of the residents of my waters. Please hear their appeal."



A shoal of silvery fish gasping sadly appeared. They sighed, "We can't survive much longer. The sacred waters are saturated with so many chemicals and waste. We are slowly being poisoned. Our children are born sickly and mutated. Dear Sage, please help us."



The timid turtles testified, "Oh holy ones, the terrible pollution is torturing us. We turtles who live in the toxic water are among the first to be traumatized, but all types of living entities, together with humans totally depend on pure water for a healthy life. This terrible situation is beyond toleration."



The representative of the Council of Grave Pelicans proclaimed, "O great Soul, we may appear presumptuous

to impart our firm belief, but it appears that human beings have completely lost sight of the goal of human life. Persuaded by their own greed and lust for sense gratification they are prepared to perform so many forbidden actions for





material profit and forget their prescribed duty to protect the earth, rivers and the living entities. Otherwise how is it possible there is so much pollution?"



The superintendent of the sophisticated storks said sadly, "Maharaj, we are shocked, by this situation. Seeing the self-interested leaders of men who have forgotten their sacred duty to serve, should we stand by silently? We see they have completely forgotten they will receive one sixth of the sinful reactions of

their subjects. Their neglect seems suicidal to us, simple storks. They are sabotaging their rarely attained human lives. We feel somewhat sorry for them, as their stupidity will make them suffer so much in their next birth."

The migrating bird said, "Many miles we fly and many changes we see taking place. All over the planet there are immeasurable cities spreading like malignant cancers that consume and trash the Mother Earth's resources. Misguided modern man, while masquerading as very learned is a menace to all species of life including his own species. Pursuing his love for military campaigns and dominance he discovers new machines of destruction in a type of genocidal madness. In his greed he is mutilating his own mother, the earth, who maintains him. He is creating his own miserable doom."



The Flamingos, fluttering their fine pinkish feathers said, "Our forefathers told us of the fertile forests that covered world and the fame and flourishing beauty of sacred Vrindavan where natural opulence abounds in the form of fragrant flowers, fruits, foliage and flowing streams. The natural wonders of the world allowed the souls in human bodies to experience the presence of God at every step and celebrate His glories by offering the abundance back to Him."



We flamingos, foresee a frightening future for a foolish civilization that follows the footpath of exploitation.”

“The people must act now,” the Goddess Yamuna said, “Everyone must examine their life and make appropriate changes.

Industrialization is known as Ugra Karma and is destructive. It leaves a trail of despair in its wake. The people of the land of knowledge, Bharat Varsha must not perform such ignorant action. At this rate, the children of the world will inherit a rubbish heap of junk and poison. I am leaving this place. My sacred and purifying waters are being misused. I can not tolerate these offenses.”

The saint Narada cried, “No! No! Most merciful Mother Yamuna, please do not leave us. If you leave, the Kali-yuga will take over with full force.

I promise we will try to do something.”



“You have promised and Lord Krishna fulfills the promise of his pure devotee, therefore I shall stay a little longer. My blessings are upon you kindly Sage. May your words be empowered to change the hearts of the people,” said the shining goddess as she became one with the sacred river.



“Guru Maharaj, What will we do?” asked the boy in dismay.

“Let us see, Lord Krishna will certainly use us as His instruments,” he said.

“Come! Let’s walk a little.”

As they walked they recalled the beauty of the Goddess Yamuna and the heartbreaking cries of the fishes and birds. They hardly noticed the gangs of monkeys who wreaked havoc by chasing and fighting along the ghats. They passed the little temple dedicated to Yamuna Devi and passed along the narrow alley and under the bending tree. At the end of the path some old cows stood. The sage was delighted to meet them and greeted them

just like old friends. “Oh my dear holy mothers, you are as dear to Lord Govinda as the brahmanas who spend their entire lives worshipping Him.

Just by your association I am purified,” he said, massaging their necks and patting them. “Krishna is described as ‘namo brahmanya-devaya go-brahmana-hitaya ca.’ This prayer from the Vishnu Purana states that the Lord specifically protects the cows and the brahmanas.”

“Guru Maharaj, the cows are eating plastic!”

“What are you saying, my boy. Who is eating plastic?”

Then the holy cow spoke, “Dear Sage, our lives are very hard. We eat anything and everything that is chewable in order to pacify our empty stomachs.”

“The cow is speaking!” Cried one man and a crowd gathered.

“I am too old to give milk and my owner was too poor to feed me, so he abandoned me,” she said. “I wander the streets and look for food, but Vrindavan becomes more like a desert with every year that passes.





There are no wild grasses or vegetation to eat and the vegetable vendors keep big sticks ready to hit us when we are tempted by their juicy vegetables. Some kindly people feed us chapattis and vegetable cuttings, but sadly it is never sufficient. We cows have many stomachs and we are always hungry! O Govinda! O Govinda!”

“This is more serious than you can imagine,” said the holy man to the crowd. “The well-being of the world depends on cow protection. War, famine, drought, pestilence and disease are the result

of mistreating the cows. Whatever happens in holiest of holy places, Vrindavan affects the entire world for Vrindavana is the spiritual center.

What would Lord Krishna say if He were here today? Try to imagine. He who is famous as Govinda and Gopala! He who has great affection for cows! He who knew each of Nanda Maharaja’s cows by name!

My dear Brijabasis what would Nanda Lala say?”

The sage looked around at the silent crowd. No one said a word. They knew he spoke the truth.

“The holy cow is undoubtedly India’s best and most valuable asset.” The sage continued. “She eats the stalks left from the harvest and gives rich creamy milk. Her milk is essential for developing the fine brain tissues needed to understand the highest spiritual truth.





“The opulence of milk, ghee, cheese, butter milk and yogurt are known to all, as are the medicinal and purifying qualities of cow’s urine.

Cow dung is excellent fertilizer, also the best fuel for cooking and perfect for building. Ghee is essential for performing yajna, and yajna insures there is regular rainfall. I know you are all aware of the need for rain. If we neglect cow protection which is the Vedic way of civilization, we shall certainly suffer.”



One man said, “That all sounds very fine Maharaj, but it is common knowledge that a buffalo gives greater quantity of milk which is full of fat and fetches a good price in the market. These days a cow is not good economically.”

The sage said, “My dear Sir, drinking buffalo milk is very unhealthy.

It makes the body stout and the brain dull just like the buffalo. Fine intelligence is only developed by drinking hot cow’s milk. Modern men only care about making money and short term solutions therefore they are very busy doing their monkey business. However the wise know, pleasing Krishna is the goal of action. When Krishna is pleased you receive eternal credit in your spiritual bank account which goes with you to the next life, unlike all your accumulated material wealth which you are forced to leave behind at death. A servant of Krishna is a spiritually rich man. He understands eternal economics!”



Everyone laughed including the man. The Brijabasis like to be reminded about spiritual truth.

“The wealth of this world is measured in land and cows not in bits of paper money.



“Krishna loves the cows and those simple folk who offer good homes and work to them.

Turning to the cows he said, “My dear mothers, do not despair. You will soon leave this miserable world and return home to Gopal in Goloka Vrindavan.”



The crowd was growing and it followed the sage and the boy like an excited shadow. Everyone was speaking at once.

"The holy man must be a very special personality that he causes dumb animals give up their silence and speak for one and all to hear," cried an old man.

"Only in ancient tales did men and animals speak," exclaimed a lady.

"What an amazing day, I can't wait to tell my children," said someone.

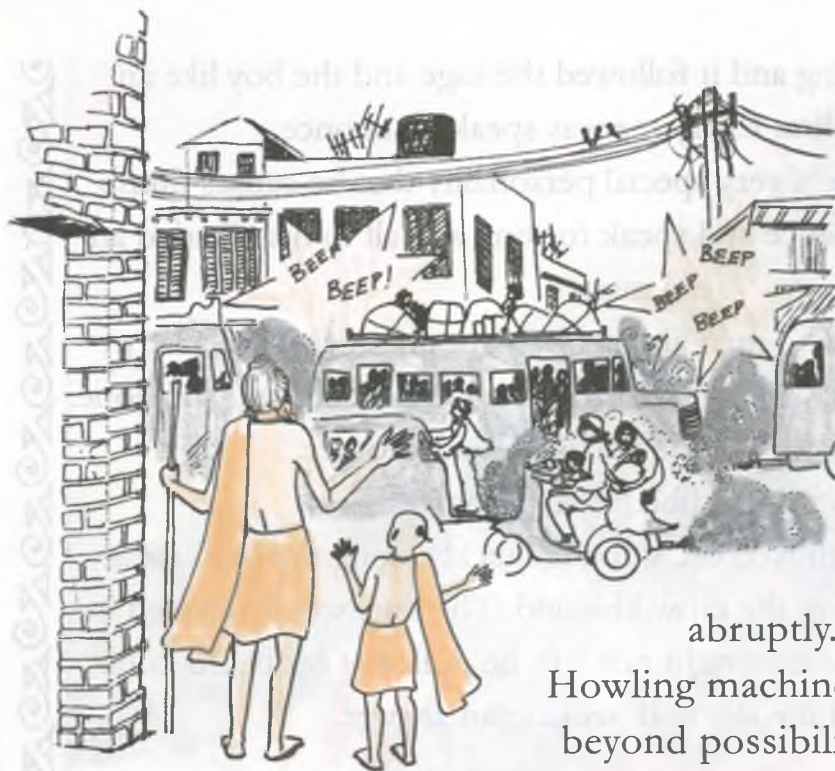
"This is history in the making," said another.

"This is incredible." they all agreed.

The sage and the boy moved on, walking quickly along the parikrama path. They hoped to leave the crowd behind. The sage was immersed in his thoughts, looking neither right nor left, he pulled at his beard as he scanned the sky as if seeking an answer.

The boy was thinking, 'Is this the same pathway we walked last night? How different it is now. The noise of generators cuts the tranquility into harsh tatty fragments and the hot dusty wind blows litter here and there. Many horns blare out prayers, as if the volume is necessary to pierce the coverings of the universe and reach the Lord's ears. Well, the noise is certainly piercing my ears and destroying the peaceful atmosphere!' He noticed how the young trees struggled to survive the onslaught of the heat, the hungry cows, monkeys and humans. 'Where have all the magnificent trees gone? Where are the pasturing grounds where Krishna loved to play? Where are the cooling streams and shady groves?'

After some time they left the town, the beggars, the litter, and the crowd dropped behind. They passed through the quiet sadhu's area where tall trees shaded simple ashrams and holy men sat in meditation. There were orchards and gardens where birds chirped and bees hummed. However the tranquility was short lived.



Soon the sprawling town announced its presence on horns that distorted the noise into an unbearable racket and the tar-sealed road burnt their feet. At the Mathura road they stopped abruptly. They were shocked!

Howling machines roared by, packed beyond possibility with people and things. They poured out black smoke that choked and blinded everyone. The tumultuous noise of the horns and engines was deafening.

“My dear boy, have we died and reached the hellish planets?” the holy man asked. But the boy couldn’t hear him. Finally, there was a break in the traffic. They safely crossed the road and continued their parikrama but from this point on, things got worse. The parikrama path had recently been tar-sealed. Now it had become a shortcut to Mathura. Huge trucks laden with bricks, screeching tightly packed buses, and nightmarish tempos roared along the little lane forcing the pilgrims to the walls in fear for their lives. They crossed the railway track and continued. On the side of the road a magnificent old bull stood. He was majestic and grave, yet tears poured from his eyes. “Look Guru Maharaj,” said the boy. “The old bull is crying!”

“What is happening to Vrindavan?” cried out the holy man.





“Oh respected Sir,” the bull said. “My life has lost all dignity. The farmers no longer have work for me. They now ride proudly on noisy machines of iron that puff out black smoke. Sooner or later I may end up in the slaughter house like the other old bulls.”

“Slaughter house!” No! This can not be. Oh Govinda! What a terrible nightmare!”

The boy caught the sage as he collapsed. His body had suddenly become frail and aged. The healthy glow left his cheeks pale and death-like. His powerful body that had withstood extreme austerities throughout the Himalayan winters now crumpled to the ground like a magnificent animal slain by the hunter’s arrows. “Chant the holy names,” cried the boy to the crowd who gathered around them. “Chant the maha mantra,

Hare Krishna Hare Krishna Krishna Krishna Hare Hare

Hare Rama Hare Rama Rama Rama Hare Hare”

The crowd chanted intensely. They loved the holy man who made the animals of Vrindavan talk. Soon to the boy’s relief the chanting had the desired effect and the holy man come back to consciousness. The sage cried out, “O Krishna, O Balaram where are you? I need to speak with you both on a matter of topmost urgency. The most terrible things are happening in your Bhumi Vrindavan.”





Just then, out of the crowd, two small boys appeared. One was dark complexioned and one was fair and both were extremely handsome. They carried sticks and ropes on Their shoulders just like cowherd boys and They smiled very sweetly. The tallest boy gave the sage a cup, saying "My mother sent this milk for you. Please drink it, you will soon feel refreshed." While the other, who looked more mischievous, jumped into the sage's lap. The sage became jolly. One boy was pulling his beard playfully, the other was talking animatedly and the old holy man was listening with rapt attention. No one could understand what was going on, but everyone felt very happy watching. It was as if time stood still, framed forever in a golden moment that no one wanted to end.

Suddenly a boy pushed his way through the crowd. He was carrying a calf with a broken leg. There was blood everywhere.

"She was hit by a car," he cried. "The driver was rushing to the temple and he just left her bleeding in the road."

The darker boy immediately took the calf in His arms. He caressed her and whispered into her ears. Tears rolled down his cheeks. The calf's eyes rolled and then became fixed. The boy looked up and said softly, "She is Mine and she belongs to Me forever."

The fairer boy said angrily, "The man hurts a calf, and he thinks Krishna wants to see his face!

What an ignorant fool!"

Turning to the crowd He said, "Oh good people, protect the cows and bulls and you will surely attain the merciful glance of Govinda."







They left suddenly and could not be found anywhere. The crowd was left stunned and euphoric. Everyone was attracted by the boys' charm and beauty but no one knew to which family They belonged.

The sage was a new man. The two boys had sat in his lap! Enlivened by Their association he looked around at the people in the crowd. Many were born in Vraja, some were from other places in India and some were from distant lands, but all had the sufficient pious activities to reside in the dham. He noticed with admiration their noble bearing and humble demeanor. 'A truly inspiring combination,' he thought. 'Their characters are nicely developed due to the combination of simple living and spiritual knowledge. Yes, they possess the most valuable asset of brahminical qualities. One who lives simply associates directly with God's creation and his life is noble and dignified.'

The sage knew a simple life is not an easy life. Looking at the residents of Vrindavan he could see they were not strangers to austerity for it embellished their faces with great integrity and character.

'These are fine people,' he thought. 'They are respectable men of duty and honor, and hard working women of great beauty, strength and chastity. Their children's bright faces and slender bodies decorated with the holy dust bring joy to the community, while the dignity and wisdom of the respected elders contributes a welcomed gravity and upholding of tradition.' The sage felt an overwhelming love towards the residents of Vrindavan. He thought,

'How I wish to give them the vision so they are not bewitched by the glittering illusion of modernization. To give them the realization of the valuable gem of the knowledge and culture they possess. To arm them

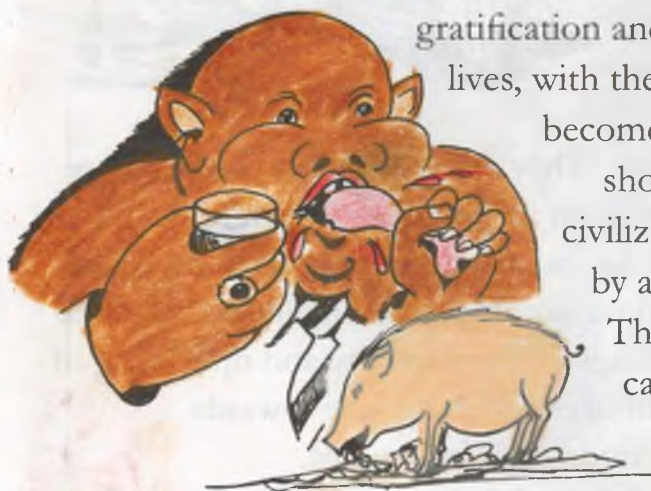


with the strength of conviction to uphold their traditions while the materialistic world encourages them to change. If only there was a way to show them what lies at the end of the road of modernization and industrialization. To show them the vast cities of the 'developed' nations which are concrete jungles, full of violence, poverty, greed, suffering, debauchery and mental sickness. How I desire to stop the expansion of the dreaded Ugra Karma which turns man into a two legged animal.'

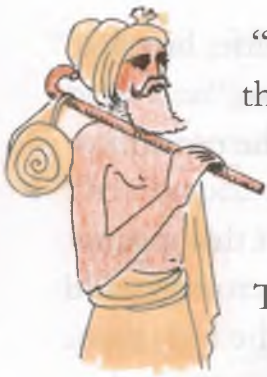
His voice expressed his deep concern as he stood to speak to them. "Dear devotees of Lord Krishna, my dear Brijabasis please hear me for I speak the truth. You have a chance to leave the material prison house and return to the spiritual world which is our real home at the end of your life. Right now you are so close to Krishna, please don't turn your back on Him and run after the flickering success of material life. You have the greatest advantage and with it comes the greatest responsibility. The wise can never act as the ignorant act. Those who see must never follow the blind. Those in knowledge should not follow the western life style but must teach a better way of life to those suffering in ignorance."

"People all over the world are madly engaging in sense gratification and in this way spoiling their human lives, with the risk that in the next life they may become animals or less. Human society should be saved from such a risky civilization and the danger of animalism by awakening to God consciousness. The devotees of Lord Krishna carefully study Vedic literatures and always teach the science of Krishna consciousness to everyone they meet.

Krishna consciousness is the only solution to the problems."







“The atheists, bewildered by their fragmental knowledge, think the great traditions of India are outdated and a ‘new and better way’ has been invented by pea-brained scientists in their laboratories. But only a fool could believe that mortal man knows better than Krishna.

Those greedy for wealth, the industrial entrepreneurs, want you to believe modernization is the solution because by creating so many unnecessary things they will become very rich. Their factories produce so many nuts and bolts and things but can not create anything essential like a grain of wheat or rice!”

“True,” said one elderly man. “Only the Supreme Lord can create such perfection. A grain holds within it the mystic potency to multiply itself.

Also it sustains life and is tasty and nourishing. One grain of wheat can produce eighty or more grains simply by putting it in the earth and giving a little water and each one of these grains can grow into another plant that gives another seventy or more grains and so on. This is truly miraculous.”

“Yes, everything Krishna makes is miraculous, perfect and complete and therefore completely perfect. By contrast everything that is man-made has so many defects. Sastra tells us that every material endeavour is covered by faults. So we are not surprised that every material solution man invents creates multiples of new problems, which get increasingly complicated. You can read all about it in the daily news. Like

the fly entrapped in a spider’s web, the more it struggles to free itself, the more it becomes entangled and its destruction is certain. All the modern solutions create problems worse than the ones they seek to remedy. Nonetheless, technology is not evil, but must be used with extreme caution and carefully regulated by the wise, who oversee its use for the good of all. Anything used in the service of the Lord and for the benefit of all living entities becomes a useful tool.



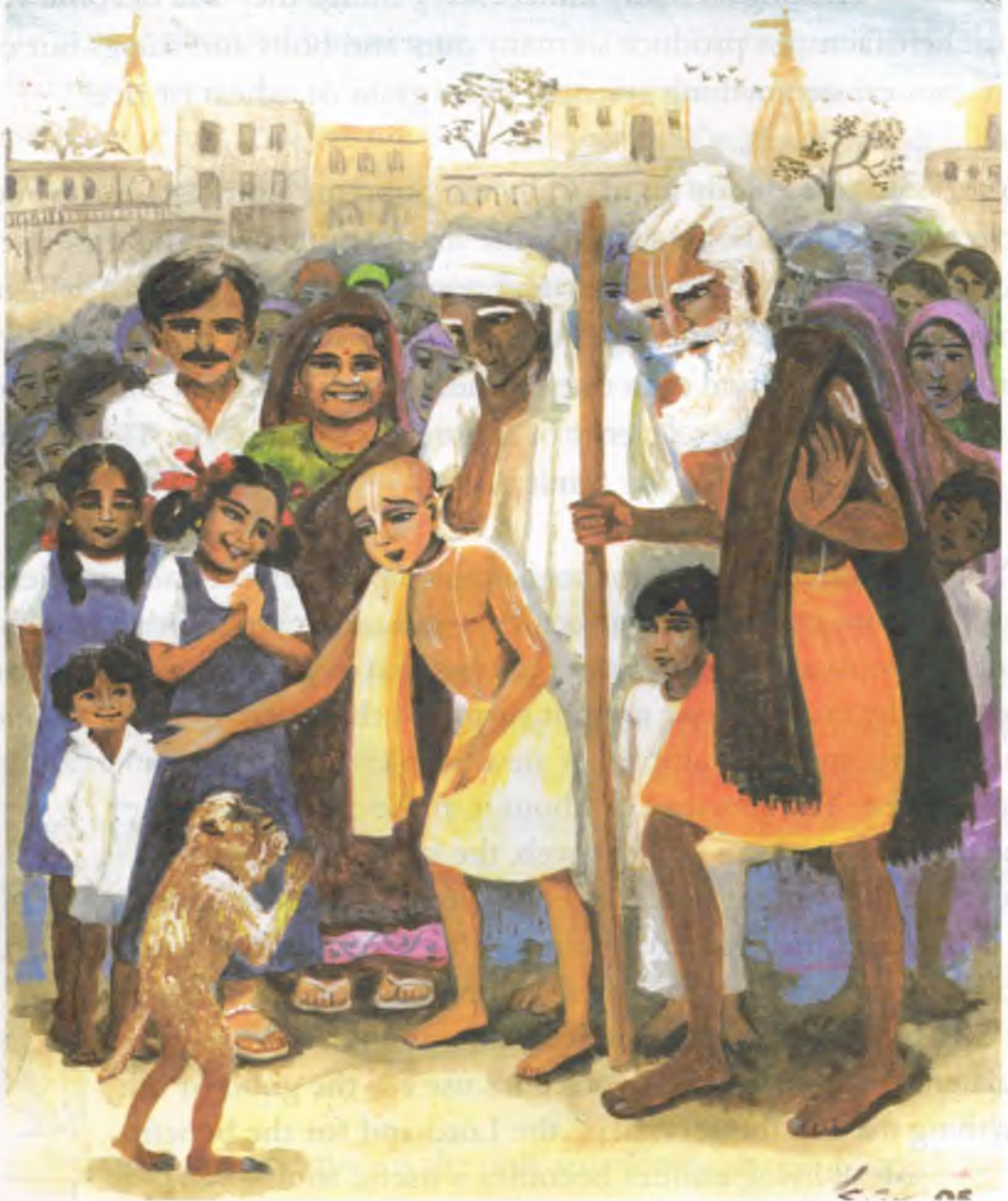
Just as a sharp knife in the hands of a surgeon can save a life, but that same knife in the hands of a madman is dangerous.”

Suddenly a little western boy burst in to the middle of the crowd.

He was trembling and crying “Help, Help!”

The holy man pacified him with kind words and found out that a gang of monkeys had stolen his bananas. To the surprise of the crowd an old monkey came forward, walking upright and bowed before the holy man.

The little boy hid behind the sage in fear, and the crowd murmured,





"Today is a very special day! Nothing like this has been heard of since the time of the great King and Incarnation of God, Lord Ramachandra."

"Dear respected Sir," the monkey said. "Please hear our sad tale. We monkeys are forest dwellers. We live on berries, shoots and leaves. But dear Sir, there is no forest left, it has all been cut for various reasons and we are left homeless and hungry.

Our babies are starving, therefore, we are forced to come to the towns and villages to steal. Wherever we go we are

chased away like vagabonds.

However our histories remind us that Lord Krishna stole yogurt and butter to feed us."

The crowd whispered, "It is true."

Just then a tractor with its cutting horn forced the crowd to the sides of the road.

"Look!" cried the monkey. "There goes one of the last trees to be sold as wood."

"My dear Villagers what do you say?" asked the sage.

"We need wood to build," said a man.

"We need wood to cook," cried one woman.

"Dear lady, the Vedas recommend cow dung as the best fuel for cooking.

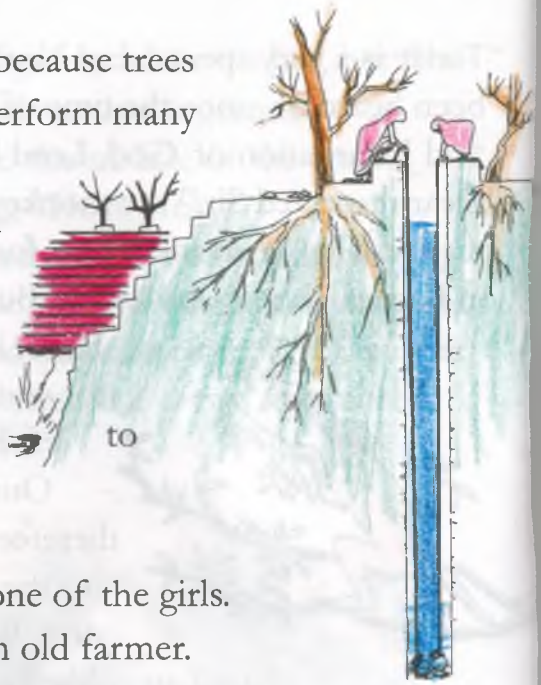
However it is true everyone needs wood," said the sage. "Without trees there is no forest of Vrindavan, only a sandy dessert. Trees are vital in every respect. Please grow the wood you need.

Plan ahead. You need wood then grow trees for cutting. But do not cut these old trees. They are sacred. In Sastra it says that great saints take the form of trees to live in the holy Dham.

Do not risk making such an offense.



Planting trees is a sign of intelligence because trees are beneficial in so many ways. They perform many important tasks on top of supplying everyone with ample wood. Can you tell me some?" He asked the crowd. The little western boy said, "The trees hold up the ground water so it is just a few meters below the surface and easy to reach. They also attract the rain."



"The trees make oxygen," said one of the girls.

"Trees provide shade," said an old farmer.

"Some trees provide medicines," said an old lady.

"The trees fertilize the earth when they drop their leaves and they keep moisture in the earth," said Marici.

"They provide homes and food to numerous birds, insects and mammals," said another.

"Trees also stop erosion of the valuable top soil," said another boy.

"Yes, the trees are the benefactors of mankind, providing all his needs," concluded the holy man. "While walking along the banks of the Yamuna and touching the leaves, flowers, twigs and fruits of the trees Lord Krishna said to the cowherd boys. "Just look at these most fortunate trees of Vrindavan. They have dedicated their lives to the welfare of others.

Individually they are tolerating all kinds of natural disturbances, such as hurricanes, torrents of rain, scorching heat and piercing cold, but they are very careful to relieve our fatigue and give us shelter.

They are like noble, highly elevated charitable men who never deny charity to one who approaches them. My dear friends, I think they are glorified in this birth as trees. They supply various kinds of facility to human society, such as leaves, flowers, fruit, shade, roots, bark, flavor





extracts and fuel. They are a perfect example, like a noble man who has sacrificed everything possible - his body, mind, activities, intelligence and words - for the welfare of all living entities.”



“We could plant more trees,” said one senior gentleman. “BRILLIANT” said the holy man. “That is the solution! I want you to organize Vrindavan’s residents for planting, protecting and watering the trees as practical devotional service to be offered at the lotus feet of Lord Krishna. The gopis took care of the forest, marrying the fragrant flowering creepers to the trees and in this way they beautified the land of Vraja. Is it not the perfect service for a Brijabasi?”

“Lord Krishna chose to grow up in the forest of Vraja with the cowherd folk and their cows. Later He went to Mathura and Dwarka but in His heart He longed to be in Vraja. The Queens of Dwarka were afraid that

Krishna might give up His opulent palaces

and His many wives and return to the

simple life with the cowherd folk of

Vrindavan. Yet these days, the residents

Vraja are giving up the beautiful rustic

village life and surrounding

themselves with

ugly and dirty machines. The

gentle cows and bulls are

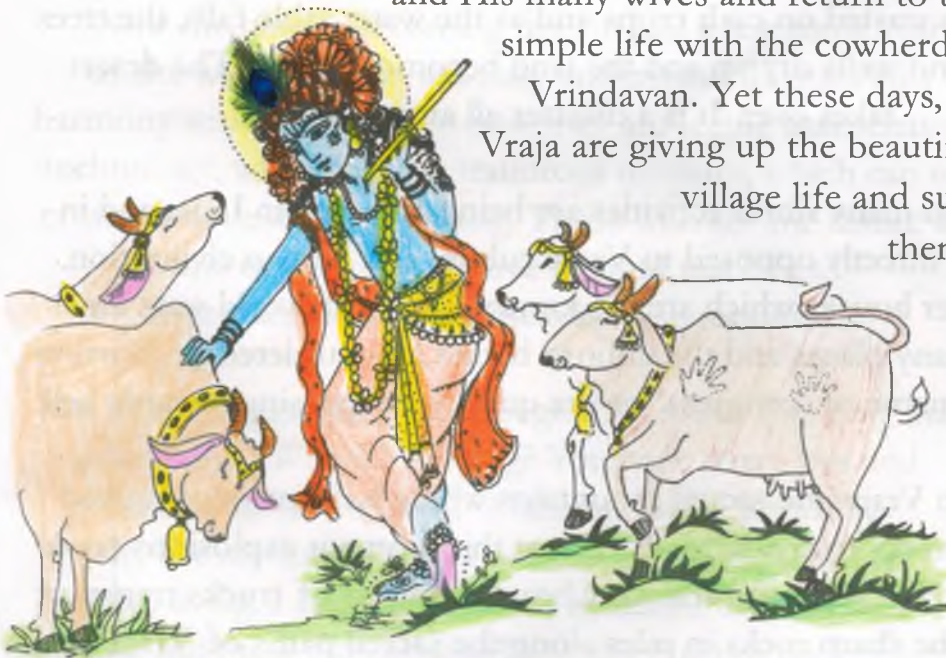
being sold.

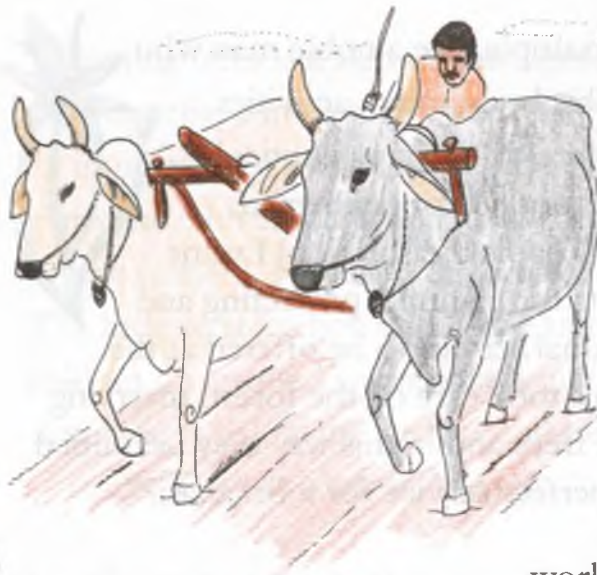
What is their destiny?

They’ll

probably end up at the slaughterhouse.

Oh Brijabasis this is a great sin!”





“Do you realize that mechanical farming methods exploit the land and put men and bulls out of work? One machine does the work of many men. How will those families live? They will have to find work in the new factories or workshops that are suddenly appearing everywhere. This life style degrades a man and due to the unbearable quality of life in the

workshops and loss of dignity the men spend their wages on alcohol and gambling. They purchase televisions, learn many bad ways and become lazy. Meanwhile the land becomes compacted from the weight of tractors, filled with chemicals and depleted of nutrients naturally supplied by the dung. The ground water is wasted on cash crops and as the water table falls, the trees die, kundas and wells dry up and the land becomes barren. The desert takes over. It is a disaster all around.”

“These days so many sinful activities are being accepted in India and in Vraja that are directly opposed to Vedic culture and human civilization.

The slaughter houses which are the known causes of world wars are appearing in many places and the unborn babies are murdered in abortion centers. In the name of ‘progress’ we are quickly progressing towards hell.

“Right here in Vraja, the sacred mountains where Krishna once walked are being blown up, to create roads. Yes, at this moment explosions crack the air like knives. The sound stabs my heart. Convoys of trucks transport and deposit the sharp rocks in piles along the sacred paths of Vraja.

Our culture is to welcome and honor the saints who walk bare foot and dedicate their lives to God realization, but now the local men are working hard to construct roads that bury the old

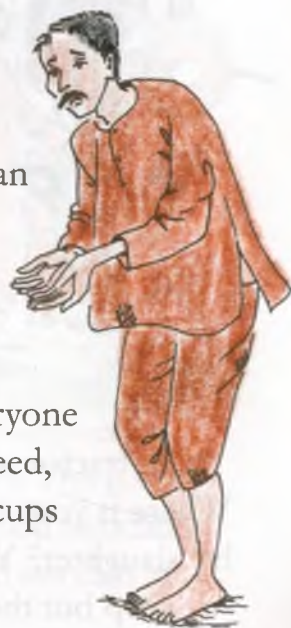




ways and welcome the chaos of the modern age. Oh simple village folk! This is only the beginning. On these new roads Kali-yuga will march her armies to defeat you and cheat you of Krishna. She will offer you so many industrial products and you will innocently buy them with the blood of your future generations. O Brijabasis, you are simple and trusting folk. Trust Krishna. But do not trust the servants of Kali with their 'new and better ways'. They will sell you television which glamorizes vice and sense enjoyment and turns normal people into brainless consumers, addicted to sinful activities. They will sell you 'miracle' chemicals for your fields that poison the land. They will sell you all kinds of machines to speed up your life so you don't have time to think and they'll never tell you the real price. The real price is the destruction of your traditions and your peaceful way of life. They will destroy all that is beautiful and enslave you in factories and you'll become instrumental in the destruction of the last remnants of Vedic culture.

"Now the time is becoming ripe; in just a few more years the people of the western lands will fully understand the necessity of living in harmony with nature. Even now they are seeing that science has created a technology, which is like a traitorous monster, which can turn against its creator and destroy everything. Those who see the future will come to learn how to live without machines. Your traditions are auspicious and precious."

Just then a beggar pushed through the crowd. The holy man asked him, "Why do you beg? You have arms, legs and good health." He replied, "Maharaj, I am a potter by trade, like my forefathers. I worked hard and earned a humble living. I liked my work. It is indeed the only work I know, but these days no one buys clay cups or pots. Everyone prefers plastic. I am out of work and I have a family to feed, and everywhere I see the streets are littered with plastic cups reminding me of my fate. Maharaj, what can I do?"



“What a tragic mess!” exclaimed the sage.

“What is the solution, my dear Brijabasis?”

“No more plastic cups,” said a smart little boy.

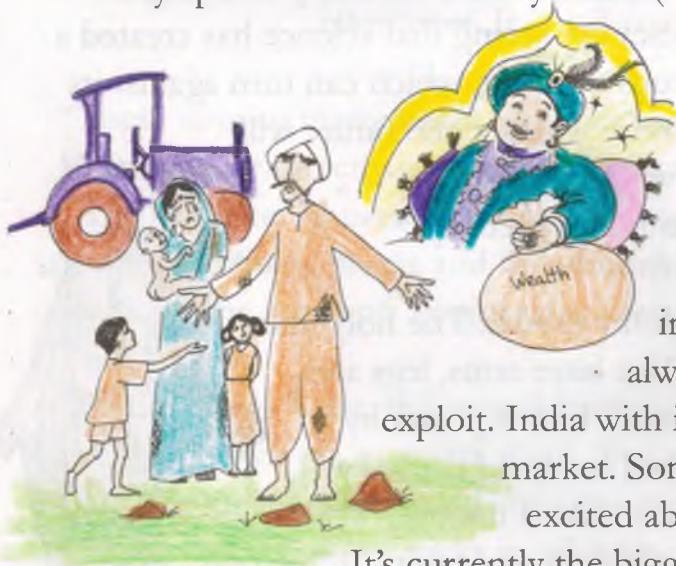
The sage was really pleased, “Simple and correct!” he cried raising his arms. “Support your local craftsmen. Give them an honest livelihood and re-create a life in the mode of goodness. Be an example to the world. Oh, greatly fortunate Dhambasis. Clay cups are so practical, they are bio-degradable and they give a simple man an occupation. Besides, according to the Vedas, plastic is never considered clean.”

The Brijabasis were impressed with the holy mans logic, humor and his concern for everyone’s well being.

Just then, a farmer came on his new tractor. The crowd made him angry because it blocked the road and slowed him down. He passionately beeped his horn. But this time the crowd surrounded him and he was forced to stop.

“What is the big rush?” demanded the sage.

“I carry special medicine for my fields (chemical fertilizer). I have seen the miracle, dried out land producing abundant crops, now all my problems are solved,” said the man on the tractor happily. The sage said, “Do not believe the promises of industrial entrepreneurs. They are always looking for new markets to exploit. India with its huge population is a targeted market. Some greedy persons are very excited about modernizing India.



It’s currently the biggest business! They sold you the tractor to replace the bull and now the fertilizer to replace its dung. Where is your faithful bull today and who will take the karmic reaction for his slaughter? You have been cheated. For a few years you will reap a good crop but these chemicals contaminate the earth, the crops, and will



eventually contaminate the water below and your land will become useless. As a vaishya it is your duty is to protect the land and leave it fertile for the future generations. Lord Krishna gave you the perfect method. The cows and bulls provide excellent fertilizer free, and work for some dry grass stalks.

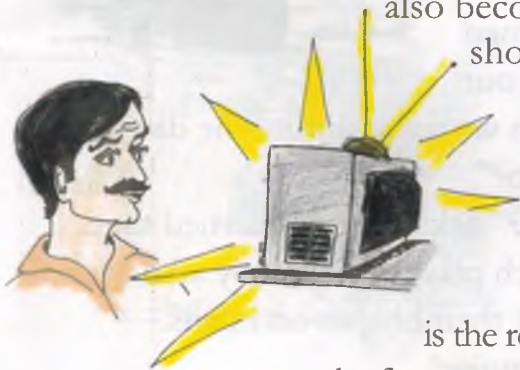


“Your tractor proudly boasts the name ‘svarat’ which means independent but my dear man; you are now totally dependant on the diesel supply. Oil is a limited and irreplaceable resource. It is so valuable that wars are being fought over it. Unfortunately dear sir, you can only depend upon oil products getting more and more expensive with every year that passes.” The man on the tractor could not say anything. He sat crestfallen on his shiny new machine, thinking about his large debt.

“Let us drink some lassi in the shop over there,” said the sage. The shopkeeper sat amongst trays of all kinds of milk sweets. He didn’t notice the small boy or the sage; neither did he notice the excited crowd which followed them. He had totally forgotten about his sweet business, his dear family and his rare human life and he sat mesmerized by a small but powerful black box. From that box came some high pitched passionate noise. The boy shouted, but the man’s attention was glued to the black box. He was totally transfixed by the Bombay dancing girls with their revealing dresses and suggestive movements. The crowd was

also becoming captivated. They felt a mixture of shock and fascination. “He has become a slave of the one eyed guru called television,” said the sage, sadly addressing the crowd. “His downward path is now guaranteed.

Let us leave immediately. This is very bad association. Just as good association is the royal road to spiritual life so is bad association the fastest road to hellish planets.



Let us find refreshment instead, in the cool waters of a near by kunda.”

The boy asked the Brijabasis, “Can you direct us to the nearest kunda where we can take bath?”



A young man led the way through the narrow back streets where dogs lazed in the sunshine and thin cows ate whatever they could find. He was followed by the sage, the boy, and the increasing crowd.

A very thin, ragged lady came running with a small boy, O Mahasaya!” she cried, “Please bless this poor boy who is my son.” The child had a badly burned face and upper body and one eye was badly damaged.

“We are very poor and this small child was by a fire to keep warm in the winter with other street children,” She explained. “We often light fires using rubbish like old truck or bicycle tires, and the black smoke made him faint and he fell into the fire. He is coughing a lot and we wonder if he will survive another winter. Please bless him.”

The holy man blessed the child and said.

“Dear lady, the smoke of burning rubber is very toxic and extremely bad for health and the environment. The cold is far less dangerous to the young than breathing the poisonous fumes from the burning rubber. Please consider this.

Plastic and rubber should never be burnt.”

An old lady approached the sage. “Oh learned and holy man. There is no more peace for our

family. We can’t sleep at night, nor can we think during the day.

What can we do?”

“Dear Mother, why are you so distressed?” asked the concerned sage.

“Near my house there are many shops which play music loudly all day and at night the sadhus loudly broadcast their bhajan on horns.

There is so much noise!





There is a constant competition to be the loudest. I know it is all holy and therefore I should not complain but it is becoming too much!"

Another lady said, "The noise is unbearable, our children can not sleep and we can no longer think straight. We are pulling our hair out with distress. It is such a disturbance!"

Another said, "I am sure that Lord Krishna, who is an expert in all the musical arts would never be attracted by this dreadful noise."

The holy man replied, "A peaceful atmosphere is of top-most importance

for spiritual life therefore sound pollution is a very serious matter."

Suddenly the sage noticed that he was shouting to be heard. A terrible crackling and distorted noise was coming from a horn on a nearby post.

"Where is that dreadful racket coming from?" he asked.

The locals led him down a small alleyway to a small insignificant hut from which a mesh of tangled wires emerged. The area was neat, clean and peaceful. The sage was very curious, peering inside the hut he saw an simple sadhu bent all most double with age, nicely

chanting his mantra into a microphone that dangled from a piece of string. The hut was simple and bare except for an old blanket, walking stick, water pot and a very big amplifier.

"That dreadful noise comes from here," the lady said pointing at the box.

The sage was amazed. "Such a nice sadhu is making that terrible noise?" he exclaimed.

The lady pointed to the amplifier. "That box magnifies the sound," she said.



“Nowadays there are so many amplifiers and the noise is disturbing the peaceful atmosphere of Vrindavan.”

The sage addressed the sadhu. “Dear holy man, the chanting of the holy names is the yuga dharma, the quickest way to attain love of God and to purify the atmosphere. It is good and beneficial in every way, but my dear holy man, please do not use the amplifier. It is not at all necessary.

Lord Krishna can hear your prayers even if you whisper. For it is the sincerity that the Lord hears, not the volume. The locals need to rest and sleep, so how will the Lord be pleased if you disturb them? You are very old and sleep very little, but please consider everyone else. In very highly populated places like Vrindavana everyone needs to be considerate of others. This noise is disturbing everyone in the area. So many people are complaining. Even the birds are disturbed and have left for a distant place. This is not good Baba!”



The old sadhu bowed humbly before the sage. He was very happy to be corrected by such an exalted holy man and stopped from making more offenses to the brijabasis and ruining his spiritual progress. He begged forgiveness and promised he would convince the other sadhus and shop owners to stop using the amplifiers. The sage blessed the sadhu and then continued on his way.

Addressing the crowd the sage said, “The wise see everything in creation as sacred. They cultivate humility and have great respect towards all life and they see the natural wonders of the world; the forests, mountains, rivers, land and seas as worthy of the topmost reverence, because they see Krishna everywhere. This is the culture that makes India great.

This is the culture that can save the world.

“My dear residents of Vraja, do you know that all over the world there is an increasing interest in Indian culture. Daily, tens of thousands of books on the science of Bhakti-yoga and Krishna consciousness are distributed in airports and cities all over the world in more than forty different languages.”





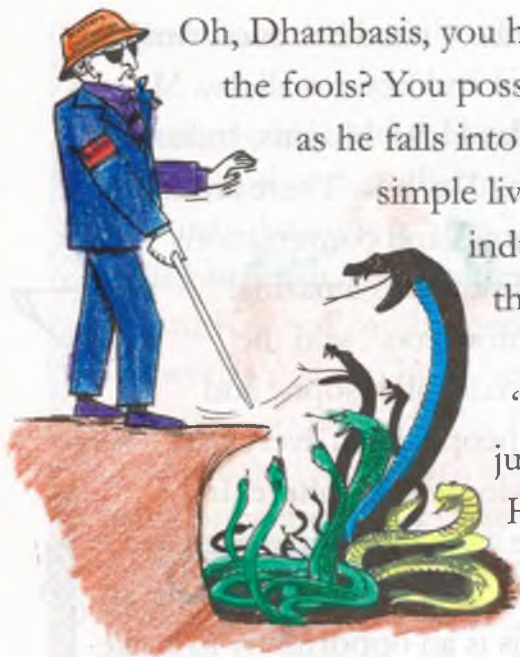
"It's true," cried an elderly Brijabasi. "Also in the United States of America there are radio stations that play Krishna music and lectures all day. My son lives there, he listens to it all the time. They play Hindi bhajans, Indian folk music and also contemporary music glorifying Krishna. There are stories from the Mahabharat and Ramayana and a dramas and conversations where the atheistic scientific theories are defeated. It's amazing!"



"Yes, there are radio stations in other countries too," said the sage. "People are increasingly interested in Vedic philosophy and alternative life style. Every year thousands of people from every part of the world throng to India eager for knowledge and culture. In their lands many traditions, skills, knowledge and values have been lost due to industrialization. They are seeking a different way of life. There are many practical things you can teach them. This is an opportunity to make Vrindavan the world centre of devotional service."

"Now is not the time to modernize India. The oil fields that sustain the modern way of life are running out, therefore fuel prices will raise without limit. Nuclear power is a deadly alternative. The waste produced by nuclear plants is extremely radioactive and takes over 20,000 years to become safe. Where this waste will be stored and how it will be kept safe are questions to which the scientists have no reliable answers. The modern civilization, driven by greed and sense gratification is digging its own grave, and within the past few decades has consumed and contaminated the resources of the planet that are meant to sustain the future generations. It is a kind of insanity. Already, mighty wars are raging to gain control of the oil fields because the modern world is totally dependant on oil. On top of all this, the pollution caused by burning oil products creates so many global environmental problems. You have probably read about the depletion of the ozone layer and the greenhouse effect of global warming. Yearly there are more and more natural catastrophes. They are warning signs that man is on the wrong path and is upsetting the balance of the earth."





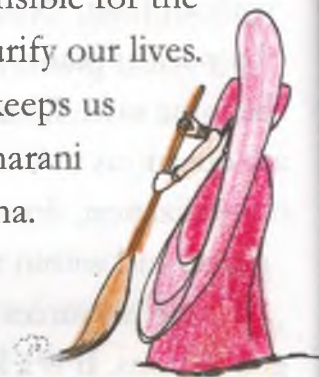
Oh, Dhambasis, you have inherited knowledge, why do you follow the fools? You possess eyes, why do you follow the blind man as he falls into the pit of snakes? Vedic culture is based on simple living and high thinking and warns about industrial development. Vedic culture possesses the highest truth. Make no mistake.”

“Please keep your hearts spotlessly clean and just try to please Krishna. The chanting of the Hare Krishna Maha Mantra is the recommended way to cleanse the heart, and simple living in the mode of goodness is essential for realizing truth. The dirt we

see around us reveals the state of the people’s inner consciousness.

Pollution on earth is like a huge notice board announcing the tyrants of lust and greed who rule the heart. We are all responsible for the environment. Every one of us needs to simplify and purify our lives.

Cleaning Vrindavan is a highly prized service and it keeps us humble, it is not a job for paid workers. Srimati Radharani Herself finds pleasure in sweeping for Lord Krishna.



“The western countries are dependent on oil and machines, but the devotees are learning to depend on Krishna. There are simple living projects developing around the world where devotees work with the cows and bulls. They build their own houses with local materials, grow their own food and invite guests to share the benefits of a natural life style based on the science of Bhakti-yoga. They report that a simple life is rich with realizations about Krishna. They say “Why just meditate on Krishna, why not live as Krishna lived in Vraja?”



When they reached the kunda it was not at all as Marici had expected. Far down, at the bottom of the steps was a pool of stagnant water where many plastic bags and empty bottles floated in green slime. He ran down for a closer look. “Guru Maharaj, the kunda is very dirty,” he yelled back.

The surface of the kunda became suddenly turbulent as if a big fish were surfacing. The crowd watched in amazement as the presiding goddess of the kunda appeared.

“Holy Sage,” she said, “please request the locals to stop putting soap in my sacred waters. The soap destroys the ecological system by killing the fish and frogs, who keep the water clean and fresh. As you can see, all kinds of harmful bacteria grow and stagnation takes place.”



The crowd was amazed. Never before had so many miracles happened.

“This day will be recorded in history,” said a man.

“This is amazing,” said another.

Then someone said, “Let us remember this day by acting as the residents of Vrindavan did during Krishna’s childhood pastimes.”

“What a good idea!” said one lady.

“I agree,” said another and another and then another until the whole crowd agreed it was time for a change.





“My dear Brijabasis,” the sage said,  
 “you are most fortunate. When you  
 act in this way Krishna is personally  
 present and the spiritual world  
 manifests here on Earth. Then  
 everyone becomes happy.”

## Epilogue

The change of heart increased the  
 fortunes of Vrindavan a thousand  
 fold. The Brijabasis planted trees and  
 flowers and kept everything spotlessly clean.

They met regularly to assess their progress in living  
 and working in harmony with nature. They became an  
 example of Vedic culture for the world. They protected all creatures,  
 supported the cottage industries, and re-established their time-honoured  
 ways of farming and transportation. They avoided factory manufactured  
 goods and as a result the local arts and crafts flourished and markets  
 all over the world sold their handy work. The foreigners who lived in  
 the dham adopted a renounced lifestyle, strictly following the  
 regulative principles and performing devotional service. Their  
 sincerity inspired the locals with more faith in their culture and  
 the locals inspired the foreigners with their natural devotion  
 and austerity, and their ingenious ways of doing everything  
 simply. The brahmanas performed their sacrifices very  
 nicely and maintained the temples with devotion and first  
 class cleanliness. The government established  
 Vrindavan as a holy place and banned alcohol  
 sales. They worked out the sewage and water  
 problems and Vrindavan was made traffic free.

Peace was restored.







As Vrindavan flourished, more wealth came and it was used in Krishna's service, and thus Vrindavan bloomed into a beautiful lotus flower where Lord Krishna was always pleased to keep His lotus feet.

As the world leaders struggled with the unending problems of Kali-yuga, Vrindavan and its residents became a guiding light to the world.

The sage and the boy retired to a place on the bank of Holy Yamuna a few miles to the north, and the holy man lived the last days of his life in bhajan.

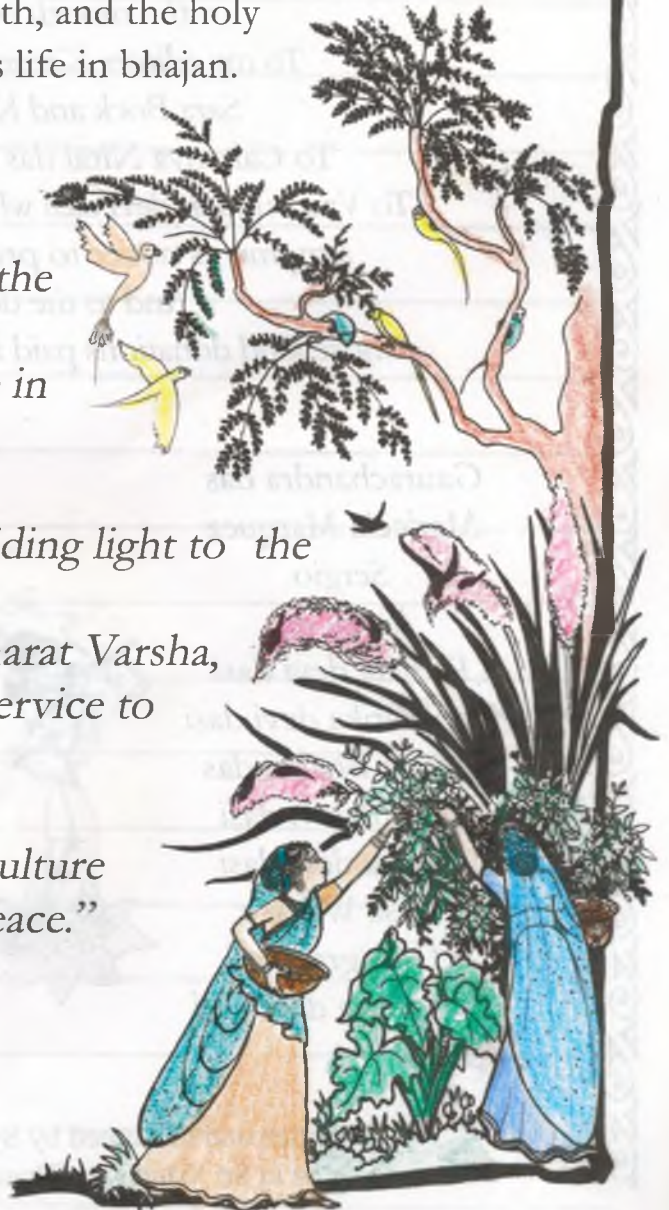
In his last days the sage said,

*"Just as Vrindavan Dham is the holiest place in India,  
So is India the holiest place in the world."*

*Let India become a guiding light to the world.*

*Re-kindling the spirit of Bharat Varsha,  
The spirit of devotional service to Lord Krishna.*

*People of India live your culture  
and lead the world to peace."*



I would like to express my sincere gratitude to those who took part in the production of this book.

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and arranged free distribution all over Vraja.

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## SMS Educational Services - a Social Revolution

A street kid grows up living on begging. Frustration and suffering are his companions, ignorance and delusions make up his living habitat. No confidence, no hope, no mercy, no compassion. He ruins his life and the lives of those around him. A social curse!

Sandipani Muni School stops at the station where nobody stops, and takes on board those who cannot afford a ticket even for the shortest journey—the poorest of the poor!

With affection and patience, Sandipani Muni School carries them across the most difficult part of their journey. From babies of nine months to youth, SMS gives them the tools and confidence which will allow them at the next stop to get off the train, wave farewell with tears of gratefulness in their eyes. As the train leaves, they stand firm with dignity on the platform of adulthood.





## The change of heart

increased the fortunes of Vrindavan a thousand fold.

The Brijabasis planted trees and flowers  
and kept everything spotlessly clean.

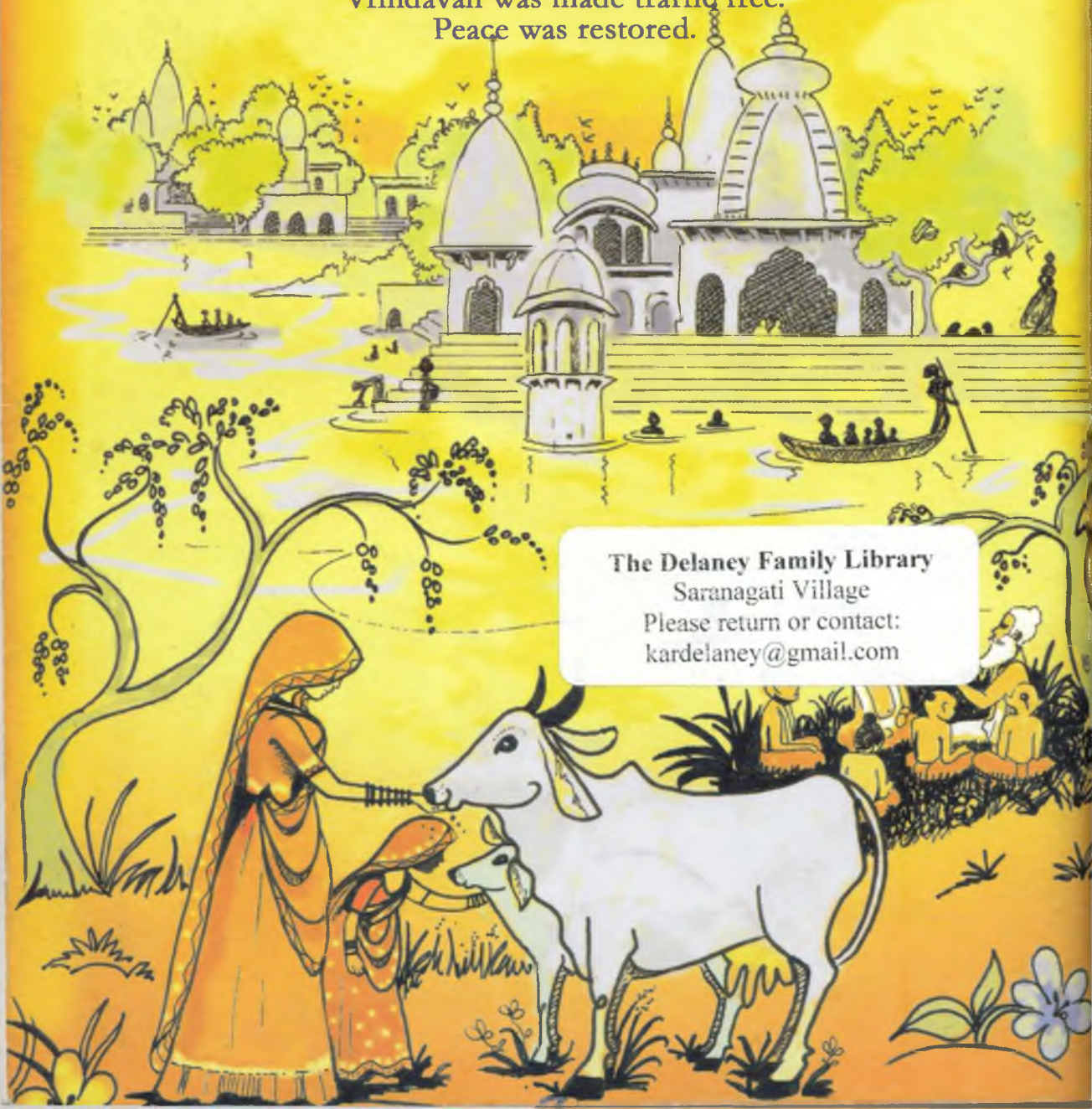
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The brahmanas performed their sacrifices very nicely  
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The government established Vrindavan as a holy place.

They worked out the sewage and water problems and  
Vrindavan was made traffic free.

Peace was restored.



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