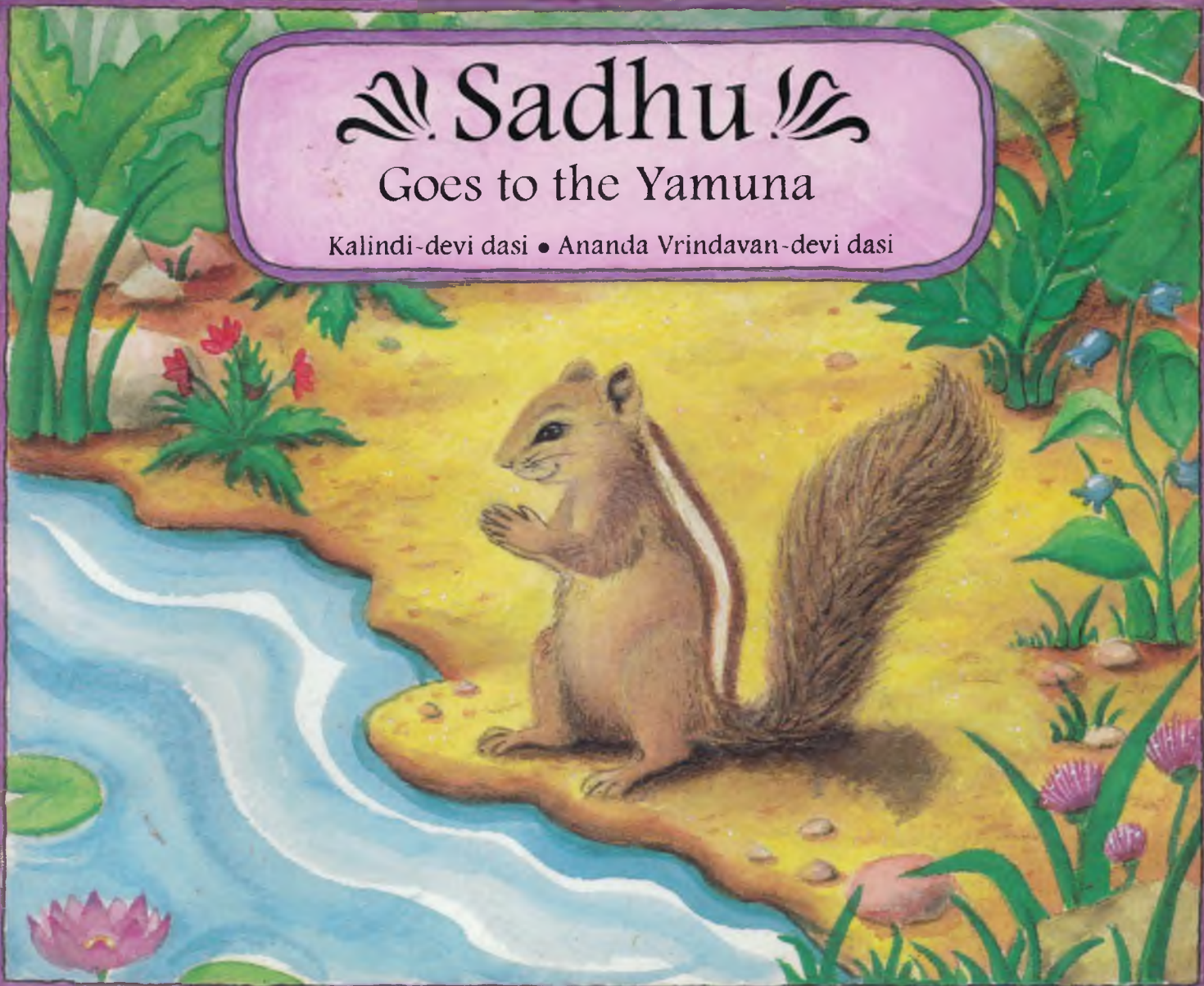


# ॐ Sadhu ॐ

## Goes to the Yamuna

Kalindi-devi dasi • Ananda Vrindavan-devi dasi



# Sadhu

## Goes to the Yamuna

Text by Ananda Vrindavan-devi dasi and Kalindi-devi dasi  
Illustrations by Kalindi-devi dasi

Offered with love to  
His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivedanta Swami Prabhupada



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Torchlight Publishing, Inc.  
PO Box 52, Badger, CA 93603 USA  
1-888-TORCHLT toll free  
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It was a beautiful spring afternoon when Sadhu and Priya, his cow friend, made their way down the dusty lanes of the sacred land of Vrindavan. Sadhu was so excited he could hardly stop chattering and running here and there. Priya smiled lovingly. "After all, it is his first trip to the Yamuna," she thought to herself.











“Tell me about the Yamuna,” Sadhu asked, as he settled himself comfortably on top of Priya’s head.

“Oh, this river is a very special devotee of Krishna,” Priya began. “Do you know that she bathed Lord Krishna’s lotus feet 5,000 years ago?”

“Wow!” Sadhu exclaimed.

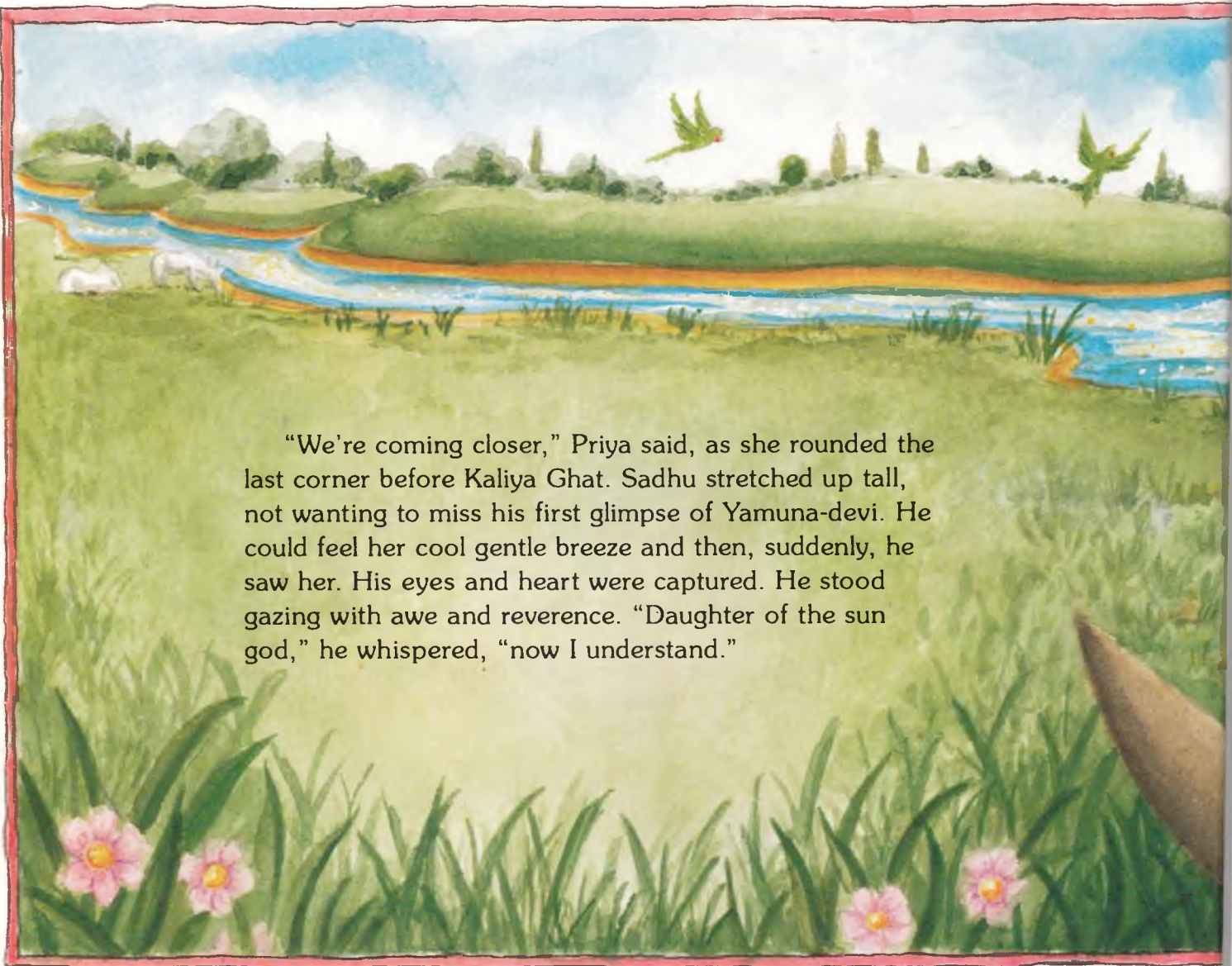
“Yes, when Krishna was here He would play in the Yamuna with all His friends. That’s why this river is sacred and just like caranamrita.”

“Caranamrita!” Sadhu echoed, thrilled by the thought of a whole river of nectar. “What happens when you go in her water?”

“When you take bath in the Yamuna, your heart becomes clean and pure, just like a jewel.”

Priya spoke on and Sadhu listened. He knew he was fortunate to be in Vrindavan and to visit all these holy places.



A vibrant, painterly illustration of a landscape. In the foreground, there's a field of tall green grass with several pink flowers. A winding river with blue water and orange-brown banks flows through the middle ground. In the background, there are rolling green hills, some trees, and two green birds flying in the sky. The entire scene is framed by a red border.


“We’re coming closer,” Priya said, as she rounded the last corner before Kaliya Ghat. Sadhu stretched up tall, not wanting to miss his first glimpse of Yamuna-devi. He could feel her cool gentle breeze and then, suddenly, he saw her. His eyes and heart were captured. He stood gazing with awe and reverence. “Daughter of the sun god,” he whispered, “now I understand.”











Dazzling and charming, the Yamuna river stretched far before his very eyes. The sunlight sparkled upon her waters like hundreds of thousands of stars. Birds circled and swooped above her, while deer and cows grazed peacefully by her side. Butterflies fluttered around the lotuses and the other colorful fragrant flowers which garlanded her edge. She was flowing along gracefully, brimming with mercy and sweetness. "Come," she seemed to say, "come with me. I will take you to another world."





Priya lowered her head and Sadhu slid down and ran in front. "Don't forget to pay obeisances," she called after him, "and put three drops on your head." But Sadhu was an educated squirrel and knew how to behave properly at holy places. He also cupped a little water, offered it back to the Yamuna, and carefully sipped some.







They stayed for some time by the side of the water. Sadhu was thinking, "How amazing it is that Krishna actually sat here, right at this very spot. Sometimes He would take lunch with the cowherd boys and sometimes He would play tricks on the gopis."

Sadhu prayed out loud,

*"Yamuna-mayi, gentle river so sweet,  
Please give me shelter at Krishna's lotus feet."*

He looked at Priya who smiled with appreciation.



“Come,” she said, “hold on to my tail and I will bring you into the water.” Sadhu was nervous, but he was never one to miss an adventure. He jumped on eagerly and held tight. Priya slowly entered the river, her tail floating on top and moving with the current. The transcendental water felt soft and sacred as it lapped over Sadhu’s body. He felt happy yet very small in the big, deep river.









Priya was also happy, so much so that she forgot herself — and Sadhu — for a moment, and whipped her tail high in the air in ecstasy. She heard an “eeek!” and a splash and turned just in time to see the body of her little friend disappear into the water.

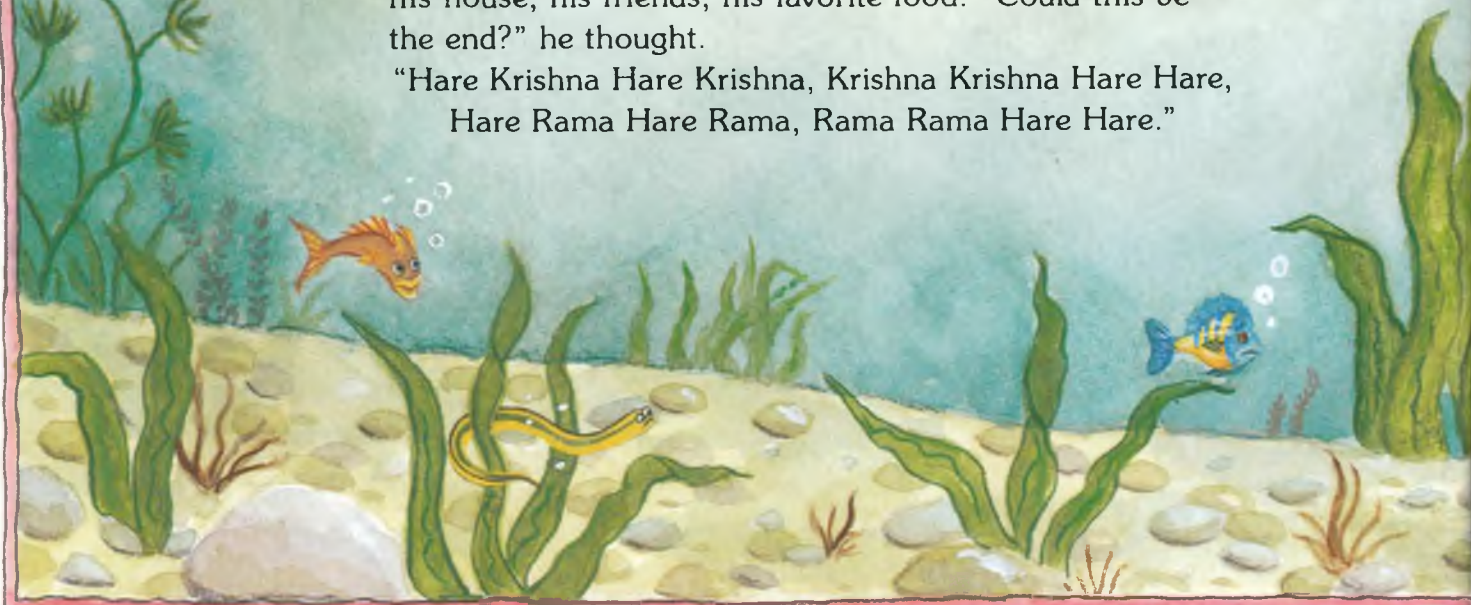






Sadhu found himself tumbling and swirling in an underwater world. "O Krishna! O Yamuna! Please help me! I can't swim!" He opened his eyes and began to move all four legs at the same time. His heart was beating wildly and his whole life flashed before him — his house, his friends, his favorite food. "Could this be the end?" he thought.

"Hare Krishna Hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna Hare Hare,  
Hare Rama Hare Rama, Rama Rama Hare Hare."











The very next moment he felt himself being lifted up and out from underneath. Something — or someone — was helping him. It looked like a moving stone and brought him to the water's edge, where Priya was anxiously waiting. When he finally made it to sandy ground Sadhu turned and was glad to see it was Bhisma, the old turtle.

"Thank you, Bhismaji," said Priya, as she nudged wet Sadhu onto a rock.

"Any time," he replied graciously, nodding his head with quiet reassurance. Sadhu lay flat on the rock, trying to recover from all the excitement.



"Whew," he said to Priya, "that was scary."

"Yes," she agreed, "sorry about that."

"No problem," replied Sadhu. "Even a small squirrel like me knows that nothing moves without the will of Krishna and there's always a lesson to be learned."

"Oh, and what did you learn?"

"Never to hold a cow's tail in the water again."

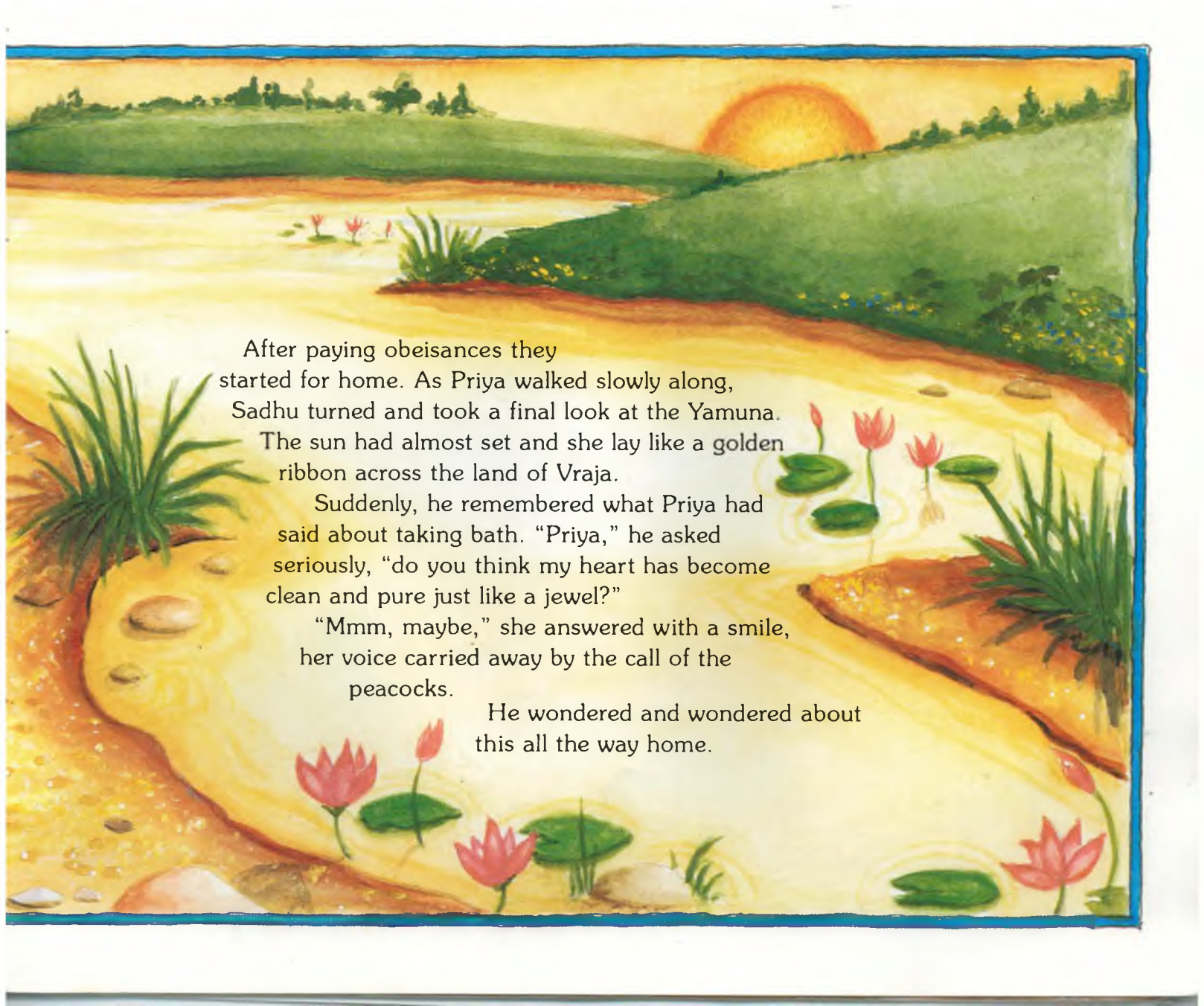
They both laughed.

"But really," Sadhu continued, "I learned that Yamuna-devi is so merciful. She allowed me to take bath in her waters, even though I am insignificant. Also, when we take shelter of Krishna and his wonderful devotees, we will always be protected."









After paying obeisances they  
started for home. As Priya walked slowly along,  
Sadhu turned and took a final look at the Yamuna.  
The sun had almost set and she lay like a golden  
ribbon across the land of Vraja.

Suddenly, he remembered what Priya had  
said about taking bath. "Priya," he asked  
seriously, "do you think my heart has become  
clean and pure just like a jewel?"

"Mmm, maybe," she answered with a smile,  
her voice carried away by the call of the  
peacocks.

He wondered and wondered about  
this all the way home.





That night, as he was taking rest beneath the stars, on the branch of his favorite tree, he whispered his prayer.

*"Yamuna-mayi, gentle river so sweet,  
Please give me shelter at Krishna's lotus feet."*

Then, putting his hands over his heart he listened carefully, still wondering if it had become clean and pure, just like a jewel. . .







...and that's exactly how he fell asleep!

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Join Sadhu in his adventures as he discovers the sacred land of Vrindavan.

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